



POEMS OF

HELEN M. HURD



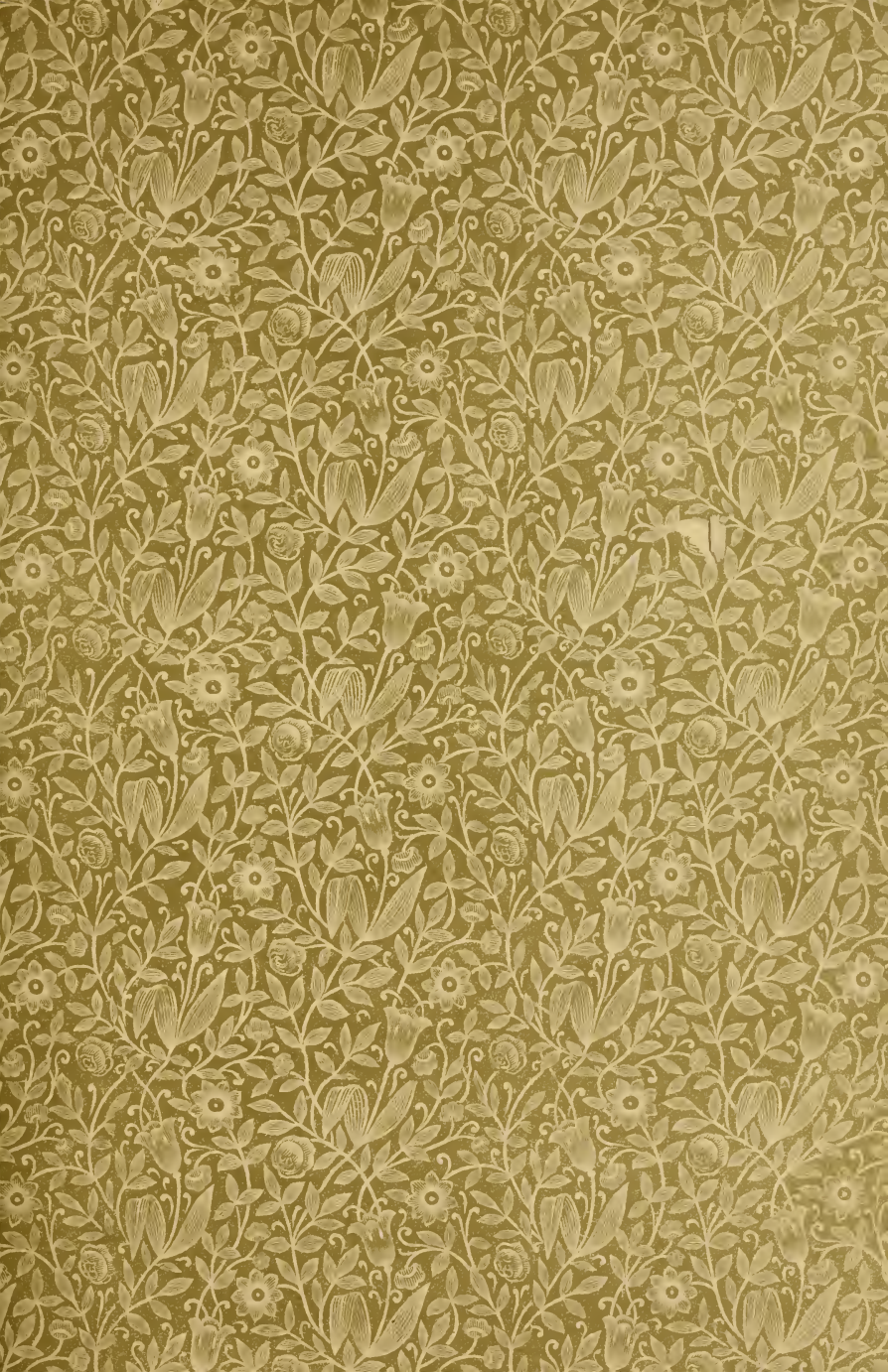
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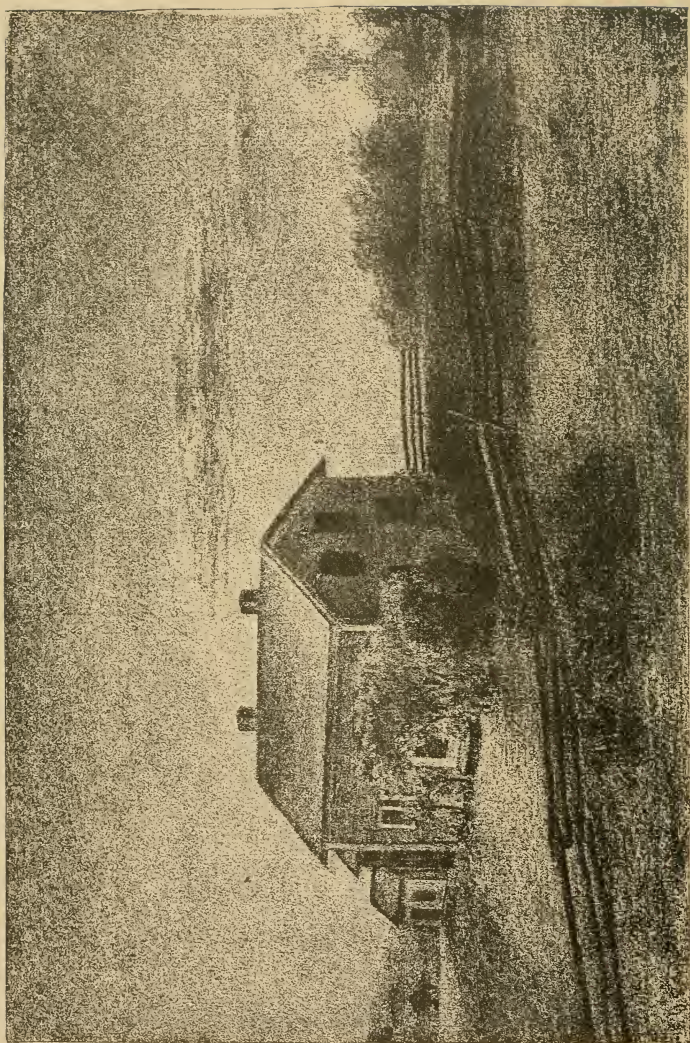
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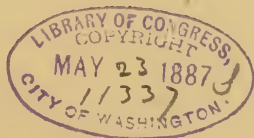
LILYBELL VALE.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HELEN MARR HURD.

ILLUSTRATED BY MISS ALLIE COLLINS.



BOSTON:
B. B. RUSSELL, 57 CORNHILL,
1887.

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PREFACE.

IF, in coming before the public, any apologies are needed, there are only these that I can offer: At a very early age the gift of arranging ideas in rhythmical measures was manifest, and although my talent may be a limited one, yet I have been advised not to bury it; also a physical deficiency which renders other methods of maintenance quite difficult, has influenced me to some extent.

As regards notoriety, I scarcely know whether I care for it or not; my impression is a strong reaching out toward a life of seclusion, where my thoughts, imageries and creations might be put forth for the few without being approved or disapproved by the many.

As prominent authors have been called imitators, so I may also be thus denominated; under such an accusation my earnest hope would be that my models had been the superior and beautiful

minds which have gone before me into the enchanted and beautiful realms of Poesy.

Some who seemed not to realize that thought is the great highway of progress, along which laborers climb and upon which the world is pushed toward completeness, and within whose vast course it is sometimes impossible not to step upon the conceptions of other laborers, in order to reach higher and broader, or even in diverse and divers directions, have accused the noblest and most original intellects of plagiarism, and my lesser intelligence may be condemned. However, being conscious of not having, to my own knowledge, appropriated aught that belongs to another, gives me hope of a favorable acceptance of my work, according to its merits.

I trust my publishers will permit me to say that their taste, skill and efficiency in the work command my full appreciation, and commendation to others who wish work done neatly and well; earnest thanks are extended to them for their patience and forbearance with my inexperience.

Hoping that none who have patronized me, or may do so in the future, will be disappointed, and with earnest thanks to all for their kind support, I dedicate my book to my friends.

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INVOCATION.

O ! Infinite, Omniscient God !
 Lord of the day, Lord of the night !
 Thou holdest darkness in Thy palms ;
 And through Thy hands obedient light
 Comes forth ; and heaven and earth evolve,
 And wax and wane in measured zone
 Around a Center fathomless,
 Thyself its force upon Thy throne !

“ All things, minute, mighty, entire,”
 At Thy command, spring into life !
 Before Thy breath the oak tree bends,
 And waters in tumultuous strife,
 Lift up themselves and heave on high,
 From wrestless deeps, resistless might,
 And measure wrath with elements
 Upon the left, upon the right !

Thy laws disgorge volcanic floods ;
 Thy fiat loose the hurricane ;
 Then, at Thy bidding, fire, and air,
 And raging waters sleep again ;
 And fragrant zephyrs, through Thy lands,
 Rock forth and back the mignonette ;
 And in the soft blue of Thy heavens
 Millions of shining drops are set !

We know, Thy perfect principles
Apply the smallest grains of sand ;
That every thought of human heart
Is gathered by Thy tireless hands ;
We know, Thy Mighty Wisdom works
“A miracle in all we see !”
Yet, underneath such Providence,
Prone in the dust we know not Thee !

We take the burdens and the yokes
Of sin, receive correction's reed ;
And blindly stumble to and fro,
With hidden hearts which faint and bleed !
We know not Thee ! know not ourselves !
Nor can we know These as we would,
Until the wars within us, cease,
Betwixt the Evil and the Good !

Prone in the dust beneath Thy foot,
O'erwhelmed by countertides we lie !
In speech confounded lest our tongues
Their worthless Babels build too high !
Complexed, to serve Thy purposes,
And yet, a unit of Thy care,
Receiving, through Thy bounteous gifts,
Rich blessings scattered everywhere !

For good come sore calamities !
As scavengers afflictions rise !
And every curse a blessing holds,
Which stirs the soul it sanctifies !
And yet, “our thoughts are not Thy thoughts !”
“Our ways are not Thy ways,” dear Lord !
We shrink and turn from just rebuke,
And fret beneath Thy chastening rod !

Prone in the dust under Thy foot,
 A contra minded, stubborn race,
 Fallen, though raised by Perfect Love
 And cleansed by Everlasting Grace !
 O ! Matchless Love ! O ! Boundless Grace !
 O ! Limitless and Probeless Power !
 Which by our complexed destinies
 Through travail, purges souls, each hour,

Lift us, O ! Blessed Lord ! by means
 Whichever Wisdom knows is best !
 Lead us by whatsoever ways
 All creatures in Thee may be blessed !
 Still exercise Thy perfect Will
 In mercy, till enlarged and free
 From complications know we self,
 And through this medium know we Thee !

A MONUMENT.

Look ! and behold a monument !
 A huge colossus, reaching out
 From orient to occident.

Rugged in outline, massive, tall,
 Its every nerve a beam of might ;
 Alive with muscles, and in all
 Its giant bulk a perfect sight !

Strength bounds the overhanging brow :
 Swift genius from the flashing eye
 Breaks forth ; upon its bosom bow
 Faith, hope, and charity ; and lie
 About its nostrils energy
 And brave desires :

Fine eloquence leaps from its lips ;
On its face health and plenty rest ;
Upon its ears refinement sits ;
Upon its back content and ease ;
Within its broad and royal breast
Burn loyal fires !

One foot is placed upon dry land ;
One foot upon the great high seas ;
A giant lever in each hand,
Covering the South, covering the North,
Continually exercised !
Above its head a band
Of glory blazes ! jets of flame
Five letters form which spell a name,
And labor is immortalized !

Out from whose mighty heart comes forth
Continuous tide of surging life ;
It leaps down o'er the mighty arm
Which sweeps the waiting universe
With soft content or fierce alarm,
Which covers South, which covers North
With its strong lever on the right,
And subtle strength and force disburse,
And through the great hand, come to sight,
And rushing o'er the giant bar,
Become a weight whose pressures strike
From solid rock rivers of gold
That overflow the world, break down
Kingdoms o'er vast, or build a crown
Whose yellow lustre sways the earth !

Out from whose mighty heart flows forth
Upon the left, continuous tide

That creates South, that creates North
 Of breath enormous and of length
 Unmeasured and immeasurable !
 The rocks are searched and lapse of years
 Marked by whose records ! the great deeps
 Yield up their secrets to whose strength !
 Adown the giant bar it rolls
 Created worlds and probes their bulk,
 Upon them puts a measurement,
 And lifts them to their place again!
 O'er steps their intervening space
 And reads their orbits at a glance,
 And tracks them through the firmament !
 The balance of immortal soul,
 Outweighs, and lifts the restless mind—
 A heavier weight than wood and stone,
 A heavier weight than golden ore—
 Upward as high as highest heaven,
 Or downward than the hell sinks lower !
 Order, and law, and chaos bind
 Issues from this unyielding force
 Of talent whose maker is God,
 And labor whose unequalled source.

IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

Upon the branches serpents lie ;
 "Wheel the cicala and the bat ;"
 Within the jungles moreeains cry,
 "And fiercely screams the forest cat."

Alive the marsh is with complaint ;
 The she-wolf's lair is in the brake ;
 And sullied by the dropping taint
 Of poisonous weed expands the lake.

Near the great swamp's dismal abyss,
With whirl of insect on the wing,
And screech of beast, and serpent's hiss,
Comes the fleet bloodhound's clammoring.

Far in the rear of fugitive
The whole, swift-footed, roaring pack,
With that keen power their nostrils give,
Amid the sludge have found the track.

And now, God speed the dusky feet
Which from the chains of slavery fly !
God strengthen every pulse's beat !
Send cunning both to ear and eye !

A bloody footprint in the soil,
Shows the sharp stab of stone and thorn !
A sideway leap avoids the coil
Of fangs, but still the trail goes on.

Upsprings the wildcat from the bough ;
Outdarts the she-wolf from her den ;
And deadly fogs from bog and slough
Unite with blistering dews of fen ;

Yet on and on, more swift, more sure, —
Each muscle swollen to a cord !
Each heart-pant stronger to endure,
Each footprint firmer in the sod !

But hark ! the uproar in the rear
Has reached a pandemonian height !
And in the van waters appear,
And deep morass at left and right !

O God ! how shrinks the quivering flesh,
As though it felt the steaming breath
Of bandog ! how the heart afresh
Rebels 'gainst slavery's living death !

O God ! see how the rolling eye
In frenzy turns from hand to hand !
Hear how the loud pulsations ply !
Behold each nerve a throbbing band !

Ten paces upon either side
Bottomless marshes stretch away ;
A pace in front a sluggish tide,
And rearward brings the bloodhound's bay !

One moment there upon the bank,
Steadfast as marble — motionless —
Knee-deep in marosh, lush and dank,
She lists how near the hounds press !

Now, face to face upon her foe
She turns ; and that God-given force
In man, if he be high or low,
Is dominant to check their course !

Thus far they venture, but not near
Enough that either lolling tongue
Can touch her kirtle ! back in fear,
Half crouching on their haunches hung,

They, faithful to the hunt and chase,
With deafening howls hedge in their prey,
Until the captors in the race
Come guided by their ceaseless bay.

Unmoved she waits the close advance
Of her pursuers with their whips !
Then never was the heaven's expanse
Rent with such shriek from human lips !

Master and hound tremble and shrink
In superstitious awe and dread ;
The negroes cringe ; for from the brink
Of hell seem echoes overhead !

Legions of tongues in agony
Seem in the startled atmosphere !
Anathamas from every tree
Seem slapped against each shivering ear !

Nor driver, prostrate in alarm,
Lifts up the turban or the sash ;
Nor brute stirs ! nor the slaver's arm
Has strength to raise the braided lash !

No foot of all her enemy,
Lately so valiant in pursuit,
Her awful path to liberty
Moves to obstruct, or to dispute.

Across the bog swiftly she flies
Where thousands of quickpits rotate !
And oft her pierced feet seem to rise
As though were pinions 'neath her weight !

Foul, smoky vapors from the mires,
Hoarse, gulching sounds thrust up to sight ;
And spurt erect serpent-like spires
From soil engulfed behind her flight !

Through the foul mists her kirtle gleams ;
 And over arms and shoulders bare,
 Upon the sultry breezes streams
 Her silken wealth of raven hair !

Until is hidden from their view
 The Quadroon maid, not from his place
 A foe moves, nor the fear-blanced hue
 Recedes from any foeman's face !

But now the planter lifts his torch
 And speaks, " Surely the girl's a witch !
 Yet, though our night's work be a botch,
 God save us from such filthy ditch !"

Upon the backward trail they turn,
 And ere the morn the slaver's whip
 Vengeance threefold unvexed will earn,
 And ere the noon with blood will drip !

IN THE COTTON FIELDS.

The long and heavy hours of cloudless, sultry day
 Succeed the sultry hours of cloudless, starlit night ;
 And tawny sunlight pours amain its molten ray
 Upon the cotton fields ripened to snowy white.

Beneath tropical heat the humbee and the bird
 Drowse under leafy screen and within waxen cell ;
 And all the thousand tongues by music's measures stirred,
 Before the high meridian into deep silence fell.

Insect and animal in shady coverts hide ;
In the oppressive warmth reptile and slug are still :
Inert within the depth the finny tribes abide,
And not a breath uplifts a leaf upon the hill.

Reclined upon his couch 'mid dainty opulence,
Serene the planter waits the shadows of the west ;
And while the glowing day from heaven flames intense,
In indolent pastime all of his household rest.

But where the meads are white is unremitting toil ;
Manhood in hearty prime, and silver head of age,
And woman's helpful hands pick yields from fertile soil, —
And youthhood's tender years in almost every stage.

And stamped upon each form whose hands labors discharge,
When heat intolerant gives nature animate,
Dull inactivity, there is the mark at large
Which binds its liberties with slavery's servile fate.

Some of the aged ones, bending beneath their loads,
Once basked 'mid lavish growths beside the flowing Nile,
And near the feathery date constructed rude abodes,
And tasted priceless joys of freedom for awhile.

Now, in a distant land, filling coffers with gold,
Self-profitless and snug under the slaver's scourge,
Subject to taskmasters, bartered, and bought, and sold,
Into vile vassalage the hapless victims merge !

Sometimes, wearied, and worn, and burdened to the dust,
The longings of their hearts to see their native shore,
Make them forget their tasks and servitude unjust,
And happy visions bring, — and they are free once more !

Stretches before their eyes the wealth of Afric's ground ;
 Mimossa groves and palms, dense woods of creeping vine,
 Whose bloom, and fruit, and leaf by tropic richness crowned,
 With balm of sweets are full, and ripe with fragrant wine.

Swiftly adown its banks the stately river lowers
 Under midsummer's sun ; and all the region wide
 Of inundation thrives. The kingly lion roars ;
 And they themselves roam free without even a guide !

But ere their frames, fatigued, a moment find repose,
 And ere their weary feet tarry a moment's space,
 The pictures of the past, which in their minds uprose,
 Beneath the cruel lash to present scenes give place !

Blissless realities force up their naked shapes ;
 Cane-brake and cotton-plant their scope of vision bound ;
 The chain of slavery lies on their helpless napes ;
 And endless servitude presents its ceaseless round.

MIDSUMMER MORN.

Soft languor lies upon the hill :
 The scattered yarrow in the vale,
 Among the crowded clover-blooms
 Lifts phantom faces wierd and pale.

Beneath the hazy, sensuous warmth
 The crimson rose-leaves drop and die ;
 Quivers the slender harebell's blue,
 Touched by the serpent gliding by.

The wood with heavy emerald crowned,
Casts an uncertain, perfumed shade.
Stirred only by the transient breath
That labors in the sultry glade.

The sparrow has not hailed the morn ;
The robin's song thrills thin and slow ;
The seeth of insect cuts the air,
The waters murmur soft and low ;

Is heard the clashing of the ferns,
Jostling each other in the breeze ;
The sharp tongue of the locust breaks
Monotony of whispering trees.

Where whirred the beetle through the night,
Rises the morerain's plaintive woe ;
And in its lonesome hiding-place
Pulses the cricket's tremulo ;

But at the broad'ning day's advance
The brooklet seems to laugh and sing ;
And fills the valley and the wood
The fuller voice of everything ;

Then suddenly from leafy screen
Outdarts the joyous bobolink,
And sparkling drops of melody
In bubbling measures rise and sink ;

And from the screens of fern and leaf,
Afar and near, and all about,
In answer from the merry throats
The diamond songs come gushing out ;

Music seems into jewels turned,
Sparkling and dancing on the glow
Of tawny sunlight o'er the hill,
Which floods with gold the vales below.

Still swells the fuller voice of day
From air and wave, from branch and sod,
'Till nature's perfect harmony
Rolls forth in rich and grand accord.

THE DEARTH.

The famine was in the land !
Rich soil which the plow had turned,
Under the cloudless heat had burned
Until as dry as the sand !

The grass on the hillside was sere !
The valleys were desolate !
The lowing herds at the open gate,
And the hungry flocks were near !

Stood in the dawn of morn,
And stood at the evening's close,
Withered corn in the parching rows,
And the tree of its fruit was shorn !

The bog in the marsh was dry ;
And upon the river's bed,
Beautifully gilt with gold and red,
The trout was left to die !

Dry stubble were fields of grain !
The red and the purple plum
Swiveled where starving birds were dumb,
All dying from want of rain !

And still in a sultry sky
The glowing fires of the sun
Rolled forth till cloudless day was done,
And a sultry moon rose high !

The gaunt and the fleshless frame
Of man in the bitter need,
Were pitiful, woeful things indeed !
As hard the famine became !

But the crying, *crying* for bread,
And the hunger, lean and wild,
In the face of the little child,
Were terrors to hearts that bled !

Plague and the famine abroad !
What evil had there been wrought
Which the terrible curse had brought?
What gift would appease the God ?

“ Not blood,” said the holy man,
“ Not blood,” said the famished throng
“ But earnest prayer, and sacred song,
Though we feed upon husk and bran !”

Out on the scorching plain,
Out by the stubbled wheat,
At the altar and in the street
The cry went up for the rain !

The beautiful Sabbath dawned,
Glorious in cloudless heat ;
Cots in the valley were white and neat ;
The little church was beyond.

At the altar matron and maid,
The youth and the stalwart sire,
A needy throng with but one desire,
In the early morning prayed !

The babes with their hands upraised,
All meager with hungry pain,
Joined in the longing cry for rain!
As the cloudless sunlight blazed !

And still, as the hours went by,
The starving people plead,
Hundreds were dying, hundreds were dead !
Scarcely parched lips could cry !

High noon into midway space
Rolled upward its flaming zone ;
And dust o'er the arid hill was blown
Where the sunset left its trace.

But where the sultry west lay
Its circle upon the earth,
Seemed as the width of a finger's girth
Cloud flecked into golden spray.

And a dirty thread in the east
Stretched from the north to the south ;
And the sea, asleep through the burning drought
Surged up into foamy yeast.

“Thank God !” said the holy man ;
 “Thank God !” cried the famished throng !
 “Famine is bitter, dearth has been long,
 We have fed upon husk and bran !

“But the purpose of God is good ;
 His mercies are over all !
 Though earth be parched, or the raindrops fall,
 Or wrath of floods be withstood !”

Out on the desolate plain,
 Out by the profitless wheat,
 At the altar and in the street,
 Glad tongues praised God for the rain !

IN MEMORY OF I. W. HURD.

Good-bye, dear heart ! we know your worth !
 Your brave, true spirit know we well ;
 And your keen mind of ample girth
 Wrought in the mold of poet's spell,
 And sharp and large 'gainst shirk and sham,
 Brought to the world loss when you fell.

Bold in the cause of liberty,
 A valliant warrior at your post,
 Ready dispatch and energy
 Rendered you fit where needed most ;
 And your undaunted courage held
 Within your single arm a host !

When all the world seemed pledged by fire
To slaughter ; and upon the hill
Were brooks of blood ; and crimson mire
Steamed in the marsh, you, dauntless still,
Example to your comrades gave,
And led them by your dominant will !

The battle seemed to wane, and waged
Fiercer the foe, when on the wall
Your trusty sword hung unengaged,
And deeper gloom seemed over all.
The fortunes of the war seemed turned
Against the country at your fall.

And in our hearts so dark a void,
And in our lives a loss so great,
Not only happiness alloyed,
But peace fled at the cruel fate
Which dragged you to the filthy den
Within the rebel's prison gate.

O ! noble heart ! — the stagnant drop,
The meager portion, and the crust
That tortured pain it could not stop !
That could not quench your thirst ; and thrust
Death in your blood ! — your country holds
Such souls in memory's sacred trust !

And every hearthstone in the land
Becomes an altar where is laid
Such sacrifice ; and freedom's hand
Gathers the gift, and lease is made
Of liberty unshackled, free,
Uncursed by an *unholy trade !*

Forever shall the nations sing
 The praise of warriors of the blue !
 And down vistas of time shall ring
 Their glory ever great and true ;
 And in our hearts shall ever be
 Proud love, O noble soul, for you !

OUR SOLDIER.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES HURD.

He fought for his country and died ;
 Died nobly, and bravely, and well :
 Cut down in the beautiful pride
 Of young manhood ; in conflict he fell
 'Mid the booming of cannon and the bursting of shell.

No monument, marble, or stone,
 No shaft in chiseled adornments drest ;
 Nothing but the sorrowing dome
 Of the willow weeps over his rest,
 And the sod which his own feet in battle have prest.

Although to the beautiful land
 Where sorrow is not he is gone,
 Although he has joined the great band
 Clad in peace and with grace " clothed upon,"
 And although our dark night is to him brightest morn.

Although in a brave soldier's grave,
 Although the dust over his head,
 And the flowers which over him wave
 With the life of the bravest were red,
 Yet do we regret and do mourn our dear dead

Sits empty beside the hearthstone
A chair ; and the sound of a voice
Is hushed forever, — and we alone
Know how our saddened hearts would rejoice
To hear it, — and would we if given our choice.

Oh ! we long for the noise of his feet
On the rock by the old door-sill ;
Oh ! we long his presence to greet,
And to clasp the dear hands which are still,
And to kiss the lips which lie 'neath sods on the hill !

But love cannot quicken this sleep
Which closes his eyes ; nor the test
Of sharp woe, nor tears which we weep
Can e'er disturb this beautiful rest
Which folds his arms peacefully over his breast.

LITTLE MILLIE.

Our beautiful darling has fallen asleep ;
The heavy, wakeless slumbers of death
Wrapt her in silence strange and deep ;
From her pale, closed lips there issues no breath.

As fair as the beautiful flowers of May,
In her snowy dress she quietly lies ;
Her golden hair is brushed away
From her brow, and white lids cover her eyes.

Her busy, pattering feet are so still :
The little hands are upon her breast :
Her cheek is white with death-cold chill,
And we are in sorrow who love her best.

Oh ! only a few short days ago
Her sweet voice echoed within the hall ;
And o'er the threshold, shaded and low,
We heard her restless footsteps fall.

Oh ! only a few short hours ago
Her kisses were warm upon our lips.
Now time drags on with a sense of woe,
As one moment into another slips.

But our thoughts go back, as our sad hearts grieve,
To her hours of pain twixt then and now ;
We think of the fateful yesterday eve,
When dews of anguish were on her brow.

When our hearts poured out in earnest prayer
To the Father, laded with this request :
“ Oh, take her not from us ! ” she, lying there,
Said, “ Mamma, let me go to my rest ! ”

Like sharp reproach, from the little tongue
Came the strange, clear words, as if had spoke
Her spirit ; and with bitter sorrow wrung,
We yielded, and life's frail thread was broke.

Oh, darling ! resting beyond the sin,
And care, and trouble of this hard world,
Stand at the high gate and beckon us in,
Where stainless banners of truth are unfurled.

Where peace and happiness crown the land ;
Where are heights of joy ever complete ;
Guide us, until on the mount we stand,
With valley and shadow beyond our feet.

THE VISION.

I stood by his grave at sunset,
On beautiful Indian ridge,
While clouds where the lights had gathered
Formed into a golden bridge ;
And afar in the low horizon,
Where evening shuts gates of the day,
Moved shades as of souls in the distance,
Where the shadowy rafters lay.

And then arose to my vision
A halo of golden spray,
Which seemed to open the vistas
To the spirit lands far away ;
And unto the shining entrance
The beautiful bridge floated in,
And spanning ethereal spaces,
Touched where the eternals begin ;

And up through the hazy halo
The soul of a poet trod ;
Nor paused at the bridge, but passed over
To measures of sweetest accord ;
And out of the hazy distance
These echoing words uprose :
“ As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes !”

And clearly a chorus of voices
Seemed, out on the heavenward side.
Sweetly singing, singing, and singing
As earthward voices replied ;
And the burden of all the chorus
Were words from the poet's song,

And melody grandly glorious
 In the gloaming swelled loud and long.

I said, as the poet went over
 Through music exquisitely sweet,
 "The bridge is a beautiful cover,
 Made of his labors complete ;
 Truths which his wise tongue has uttered
 Are formed into luminous beams ;
 His robes which heaven's breeze has fluttered
 Are wove of the poet's pure dreams.

"Ah ! life as 'tis lived ere the portals
 Of death have received it, insures
 After-life restful and perfect,
 Or to the Inferno inures !"
 But scarce had these thoughts an expression,
 When somewhere a voice seemed to say
 "Scan the bridge, and let intercession
 Of truth index heaven's highway."

Then suddenly opened my vision
 Into immeasurable space,
 Filled with souls 'twixt whom no division
 To entrance of the bridge had place !
 Some ran with the fruits of their labors
 Like crowns on the burdens they bore ;
 Some walked with the flashing sabres
 Of vigilance on guard evermore.

And right in their midst and around them
 Were many that crept in the dust,
 Bowed down with burdens which bound them,
 O'erwhelmed with the moth and the rust.
 Then searching and seeing more clearly,
 I saw that the burdens were sin ;

Those *running* the race were the strongest ;
 Those walking and fighting would win.

And then I beheld, in amazement,
 A band like the thread of a skein,
 That reached from one to the other
 Who ran, walked, and crept on a plane.
 And also I saw, as I marvelled,
 The bonds from the burdens spun ;
 And the bridge served souls which were creeping,
 As it served the strong souls which run.

And ever as they passed over,
 These words in the distance uprose :
 "As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes."
 And I knew that thoughts of the poet
 Had leaped to a heavenward height ;
 And words that his grand soul had uttered
 Were sung in the regions of light ;

And over the distance was wafted
 The gloriously sweet refrain,
 To show why the fingers of mercy
 Made equal the sins on the plane.
 "As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes,"
 The strong shall conquer in battle,
 The weak be o'erwhelmed by their foes.

As long as the heart has passions,
 The *evil thought* in the *strong*
 Is as *foul* as the *deed* of evil
 Of the weak that stumble along.
 One in his strength with his burdens
 Runs in his swiftness the race ;

One in his pitiable weakness
 Creeps slowly unto God's grace.

"Oh! great is the truth that is taught me
 On beautiful Indian ridge,"
 I said, as I still looked westward
 At the luminous, golden bridge.
 But the beauteous, golden splendor
 Was breaking and floating away,
 And the marvelous vision had faded
 Where night shuts gates of the day.

But the shadowy rafters, gathered
 Afar o'er the shadowy vale,
 Dropped into the rosy likeness
 Of the beautiful, holy grail.
 And this was my prayer and its burden,
 As the shadows of night uprose,
 "*As long as the heart has passions!*
As long as life has woes!"

THE THREE PRAYERS.

The children played at the open door,
 Or in and out of the house they ran,
 Around the seats or over the floor,
 And skipped and danced, while the rush and the roar
 Of the crowded, busy city shook,
 And tumbled against the atmosphere,
 And broke continuous waves of sounds
 Against the ear.

Looking upon the children's mirth,
And listening unto their guileless joy,
A woman, heart-sore and weary of earth,
Glanced back o'er the arid and cheerless dearth
Of life ; and lifting the burdens again,
Which had taxed her strength from her early years,
She bore them one by one, and weighed
 Their bitter tears.

Backward step by step she trod,
Scanning the woes that had scathed her peace
And burned her heart ; while up to the God
Floated the sounds of the sweet accord
Of child-joy cleaving the sunny air,
On which came the angels quietly down,
That watched o'er the good, and the true, and the brave,
 Within the town.

As over the past the woman grouped,
Hunting the memories of sorrow and care,
Recalling the failures where she had coped,
And the disappointments where she had hoped,
Out of the blackness of error and woe,
She stepped down into the merry days
Of girlhood, ere her young feet had found
 The rougher ways.

Suddenly off from her soul there fell
The years of life as a garment falls ;
And again a child she rambled the dell,
And wished her wish at the wishing well
In the magic circle of rosy girls,
Decked gaily and treading the mystic round,
Where the cowslips, girdling the mystic stones,
 With gold were crowned.

She had breathed a prayer in the name of Christ,
 Instead of a wish ; but so set about
 Was it with self, that higher priced
 The simple wishes were paradised,
 And came toward the Jehovah's ear,
 While the prayer floated forth and back through space,
 Waiting for the lips which would breath it again
 To get more grace.

But the years slipped by, and the floating prayer,
 With repetitions day by day,
 Grew heavily laden, and through the air
 Wavered and waited everywhere ;
 Still loaded with self, it could not stand,
 Had it come, before the holy supreme,
 Until the heart that uttered it broke
 The soul to redeem.

From meditations the children's play
 Wakened the woman as echoes awoke ;
 Then the wishing circle was formed, and to pray
 Instead of wishing, a demoselle gay,
 Stepping over the magic ring,
 Paused ; but not for herself did she plead ;
 But she asked that the needy, more than she,
 Be blest indeed ;

That instant the weary woman, aware
 Of the self wrapped closely within her breast,
 Thrust out with strength in her wild despair,
 Her foe, and uttered a fervent prayer
 For the blessings of God and the love of Christ
 To rest on the children and keep them from sin,
 By strength and grace ; through the opened Heaven
 The prayers went in,

And met, and floated together away
 Unto the holy of holies, where grew
 The mercies which under the mysteries lay
 To sanctify through the scourging sway
 Of ill, or chasten souls with the good,
 As fitting the spirit, required the flesh ;
 God heard, and off from the woman's life
 Withdrew the lesh ;

And down on the beautiful, rosy child,
 Unselfish and pure as the lily's leaf,
 He poured the strength of endurance, and smiled ;
 And the maiden forever, howe'er beguiled,
 Or tempted, or chastened under the rod,
 Up to old age from her sinless youth,
 Conquered, and stood on the threshold of heaven,
 Crowned with her truth.

MAINSTREAM TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF FRIENDS.

Behold, a lurid sun sinks down
 Upon a brother's wrath ;
 And myriads of worlds move forth
 Upon their westward path.
 In cloud-crowned, dark magnificance
 Circles the azure dome ;
 And night comes, spreading out the heavens
 In one vast, star-writ tome.

And earth, holding in soil and rock
 Volumes unread, is shod
 With speed, and treads the restless air
 Beneath the breath of God.

Vast fires within its bosom burn,
 Holding destruction's power,
 Till 'neath the Great Jehovah's hand
 Time points the signal hour.

Yet man, an atom of the earth
 And of the Heaven combined,
 Sees sunset on his scathing wrath,
 And wrangles with his kind.
 'Tis morning. In the flaming east
 The crimson light of day
 Floods the horizon; and night shades
 Noiselessly fade away.

And as morn's golden gate uplifts,
 "The rising splendor" rolls,
 And through the glowing gateway pours
 Its light on angry souls.
 Sunset and sunrise on the wrath
 Of brothers! and again
 Sunset and sunrise, until hate
 Rends love! and frenzied men

Stand face to face; and in one heart
 Is murder! and his hand
 Whose heart is hardened swift obeys
 The dread, evil command
 Of dread evil within him! swift
 As Satan's promptings came,
 Steadfast, covers its victim's life
 The deadly weapon's aim!

No time for thought of death is given!
 Only a sudden dread
 Clutches the nerves! only these words
 In quick protest is said:

“*Forbear, my brother!*” and swift raised,
 The hands a signal plead ;
 But fury hurls its hatred out,
 Nor to the words gives heed.

And hark ! a groan of mortal wound
 Breaks from a brother’s lip ;
 And from the weapon’s shining ridge
 The drops of crimson drip !
 A flood pours, reddening the feet
 Of the mad murderer ! his hands
 Are stained with blood ! and sanguined pools
 Are round him where he stands !

And lo ! with flying feet there comes
 A fair and youthful dame.
 She sees her dead mate on the ground !
 She sees the evil flame
 Of heated wrath within the eyes
 Of the fierce fratricide ;
 And shrieks of wild, woeful despair
 Her palid lips divide !

Upon the prostrate, lifeless form
 She flings her poor heart down !
 Her dark hair dabbles in the blood,
 And blood is on her gown !
 And broken accents, sobbing, say,
 “ Oh, husband of my choice !
 I cannot live to know you are dead !
 Speak ! let me hear your voice !

“ Come back to me ! I would have died —
 I would have died for you !
 O love ! O love ! come back to me !
 I would have died for you !”

Upon the winds her bitter cry
Is borne ! in field and glen !
The wild lament blanches the cheeks
Of hardy, stalwart men.

A concourse gathers ; from the cot,
From farmhouse and from shop
Throng horror-stricken faces ! feet
Run frantically and stop
Before the awful scene ! throats choke
With pity, and hot tears
Dim many eyes and wet the cheeks
Of old and younger years.

Frozen with horror, through the streets
Courses the hurrying crowd !
And heaven, as if in sympathy,
Belches its thunders loud !
And now, across his threshold stair
They bear the murdered man,
And through the entrance where so oft
A baby's footsteps ran

To meet papa ; now scared and white
The trembling little one
By thoughtless hands is lifted up
To see his sire ; and son
And mother look in soothless grief
Upon their silent dead !
She broken-hearted, he in fear
And keen, appalling dread !

The blood stains on the lifeless face !
The pierced and blood-drenched breast !
The heaving crowd like restless waves
With horror all oppressed,

Fill up the tender little heart
With terror ; and this cry
Bursts from his mouth : " Dear, dear papa !"
The dead eyes where they lie

Open expressionless, give back
No answer, and away
They bear the terror-stricken child !
But when the night and day,
And night and day have passed again,
And months and years do go,
Seems stamped upon the baby's face
An incubus of woe !

The prison walls the murderer holds ;
The grave contains the dead ;
And poignant grief becomes consoled ,
And o'er the baby's head
The fleeting time brings older years,
And pleasant days bring joy ;
And yet, pitiful, undefined
Sadness seems on the boy !

His sparkling eyes, even when they smile,
A hidden terror wear,
Which, like a subtile, misty veil,
Follows him everywhere ;
And like the curse of Cain enstamped
Within his blood, the woe
Sits on his countenance, and tracks
His feet where e'r they go !

And still the heavens roll on ; and earth
Moves 'neath organic laws ;
And from its source the universe
Its vital motion draws.

The night walks o'er the purple skies,
And drapes a wrangling world ;
And ensigns of its beauteous hours
Are on the clouds unfurled.

Still, do accumulations vast
Compile the deed word ;
And vengeance in the hearts of men
'Gainst fellow-men is stirred ;
And by the waves of influence rocked,
The sea of life expands,
And lives, and dies ; and earth remains
An *atom* in God's hands.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

IN 1875.

In the doorway of her thatch,
Sitting in the summer sun,
Watches she the slender thread
By the wary spider spun,
And the fly upon the latch,
With its gauzy pinions spread.

In the clover on the lawn
Sips and sips the drowsy bee ;
And the lilies in the mead
Stately are and fair to see ;
And the rustling of the corn
Comes with sounds of bending reed.

Waves the cypress in the breeze ;
 Droops the willow near the brook ;
And above the grassy road
 Loudly caws the noisy rook,
Hidden 'mong the leafy trees
Where it feeds and rears its brood.

In the fields of ripened grain
 Stalwart forms, dark-hued and tall,
Pleasant-browed as e'er are men,
 Self-content — at peace with all —
Laboring with might and main,
Reap the plain and mow the glen.

By the sweat of brow their bread
 Do they earn from day to day ;
But no whip behind the back
 Urges on without delay ;
By no chains their feet are led ;
And no hound is on their track !

Up and down the trodden road
 Dusky children loosed from school
Chase each other round the run,
 Climb the hedge, or wade the pool,
Or each one his own abode
Seeks as soon as school is done.

All of this before her eyes
 Passes 'neath the summer sun,
While well-woven is the thread
 By the wary spider spun ;
And the purple wings of flies
In its meshes thick are spread.

Old and wrinkled is her face ;
And her hands are lean and thin ;
Wool is snow upon her head,
And the cheerful strife and din
Of the children's merry race
Seem a noiseless play instead ;

But she smiles upon their joy,
And her heart is full of glee,
For her ears have heard the peal
Of the day of jubilee ;
And no *chains* these sports annoy,
And she sits 'neath freedom's seal.

Swiftly to her aged heart
Thrills an everlasting peace,
As she rests against her chair,
Watching still the spider's leace,
And the gay flies as they dart
Off and on her snowy hair.

When the romping boys and girls,
With swart faces in a glow,
Mischief-loving, full of fun,
Over grãndma's locks of snow,
Shake their tangled kinks and curls,
Death has sealed what time had won.

In her easy chair she sits ;
Clasped her hands are on her breast ;
Slavery's scourge has seared her flesh ;
Toilsome years denied her rest ;
Pleasure came in grudging bits ;
Often bled her stripes afresh ;

But upon her upturned brow
 Holy faith and love are set ;
 And the shadow of her soul
 On her features lingers yet ;
 And across her face even now
 Peace eternal seems to roll !

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Tinkle, tinkle, the teacher's bell
 Sounds for the merry jubilee ;
 And more quickly than tongue can tell
 Young hearts from arduous tasks are free :
 Over the threshold in and out
 Trip the footsteps of rosy girls ;
 And handsome lads laugh gaily, and shout,
 As scheme after scheme of fun unfurls.

There are dark eyes, blue eyes, eyes of gray
 Brimming over with innocent glee ;
 Ethel, and Celia, and Minnie, and May,
 Pretty and merry as maidens can be :
 Ivan, gallant, and brave, and gay,
 Glances over the damsels so fair,
 Then leads dark-eyed Minnie away
 To the skating-ground smooth, sparkling and glare.

Ghoram, and Eddie, and Nanie, choose
 Among the girls their mates for the dance ;
 And pretty Pinkie in pretty shoes,
 With eyes as bright and keen as a lance,
 Observes the pretty romances
 Among the older girls and boys,
 And unto her childish preferences
 Confides her pretty griefs and joys.

Ephraim, Raymond, Cinclair and Nell,
And youths and maids by the name of Grey,
And Irving, and Pliny, and Cristabel,
All merry, all happy, and all at play ;
Augustus, and Arthur, and many more
Marking the blackboard with snowy chalk,
Wrestling or leaping over the floor,
Or measuring their steps to dance or to walk.

Laughing, talking, playing the prig,
Running over or round a seat,
Jumping, racing, dancing a jig,
Until the hubbub is quite complete ; —
Tinkle, tinkle, the tiny bell
Lifts its silvery din in the noise ;
And a sudden hush, and a silent spell
Of reverence drops o'er the girls and the boys.

Before them the arbitress of the law
Of their school is standing beside her desk ;
Her pencil is lying upon the draw,
As her lips pronounce a pleasant burlesque
Of the noisy confusion just made still
By the tinkling, tinkling sound of her bell ;
Then her words, which methods of wisdom fill,
Inspire her pupils to study well.

By example, and precept, and line upon line,
She teaches young minds o'er which she has rule
To incline toward merits both high and fine,
Thus making a perfect success of her school.
Scarce older than some whom she teaches, she lifts
Her standard of excellence up to their gaze ;
And each little heart reveres her, and drifts
Swiftly and surely into her ways.

So, not only nobleness crowns her, but power,
In fullest accordance to life's perfect law,
Exalts whom it touches, and from her full tower
Of strength she incites to high excelsior,
Thus showing the truth of this maxim of earth :
However conditioned in life, no mind
Lifts itself to the higher levels of worth,
Without helping to strengthen and lift up mankind

HAPPINESS.

There is no worthier aim than this ;
And no attainment which can bless
Life with a holier, truer bliss,
Than pure *unselfish* happiness.

It comes not with the trumpet tone
Of glory to the longing soul,
But through the unselfish life, alone,
Its calm and peaceful rivers roll.

The hands may reach to wealth untold ;
The feet may gain the mounts of fame ;
But these are heights which only hold,
Uplift, engrave, and gild the name.

The heart turns into simpler ways,
And estimates far, far above
The world's salute, the simple praise
Of lips whose only gift is love.

TRUE FAITH.

Is that within whose compass sits
 Self in sublime obscurity ;
 And through whose open portals flits
 The wing of holy charity ;

Whose ministries are ceaseless brought
 Within the passing of the hour
 Where duty circuits ; and is fraught
 Whose speech with truth's almighty power ;

Whose works are love ; whose element
 Is God-like, self-abstaining, pure ;
 Which reaches down to hell, and pent
 With mercy, makes the heaven sure !

 NINETEEN.

Rollicking, frolicking Carrie Ward,
 Only nineteen,
 Telling stories so quaint and odd,
 Laughing between ; —
 With Beckie Davis and Annie Fry,
 All of an age, and all of the three
 Roguishly looking, looking at me,
 And making me laugh as tho' I must die !

Into the kitchen with white arms bare, —
 Whatever work
 They see that ought to be done, they share ;
 Never a shirk
 Is either ; but merry, and blithe, and gay,
 They are busy as bees from morn till night ;

They work, they play ;
 Their cheeks are rosy, their eyes are bright.

“Name my apple,” three voices say ;—
 Before my face
 Three mellow, golden pippins sway
 As though the fingers which hold them in place
 Are eager to call
 A name from my mouth, and the hearts of all,
 Though merry and free,
 Leap to their lips ; and plainly I see
 That the happy three
 Hold in their bosom the endless law
 Of woman’s lot ; they will love, and pray,
 And watch and weep
 Over their idols turned to clay.

THE SUICIDE.

WRITTEN WHEN A SCHOOLGIRL.

Ghastly, and cold, and still ;
 'Neath the gathering storm of a moonless night ;
 Great sheets of flame most vividly bright,
 Covering the valley and wrapping the hill,
 From the heavy folds of the clouds are flung ;
 And mutterings deep from their entrails wrung,
 Follow the brilliant flashes of light,
 And the leaves are stirred where the corpse is hung !

Not a word, not a sigh
 Comes forth from the silent, soulless form
 In answer to shouts from lips which are warm !
 No quick response to the anxious cry !

Speechless ! with the brown hair tossed about
By the wind ! and the purple tongue thrust out !
These that love him have braved the storm ;
They search for him ! they call ! they cry ! they shout !

Now, out of the awful gloom ·
That lowers and lies like a thick, black pall
In the sky, and the earth, and over all,
The tree and its horrible burden loom
Beneath a lurid, scathing flash !
Then into the sudden blackness dash !
And the terrible peals of thunder boom,
And roll, and rumble, and break and crash !

What was it? a fearful crime
That urged his hand? did his frightened soul
Hurry away from the profitless dole
Of the heavy wages of awful crime?
In the solemn hours of the deep midnight,
Did he plunge the dagger with merciless might
Into the breast of a foe? at what time
Was it done, in the depths of quiet midnight?

Or by the light of day
Was his hand uplifted against a friend
Who had wronged him to reach to a selfish end?
Or because it had come in his way
Had he betrayed an innocent trust
Loving and pure? or, through his lust
Had he tainted his honor until it lay
So worthless that life was as worthless as dust?

Or was it terrible woes,
A rigid, rank sorrow which sat in his heart,
Incurable, bitter, rending it apart?
Who knows? do his friends or his foes?

Nothing that's foul has just broken the peace
Of the people ; good charity on the increase
Wonders and pities, but nobody knows !
And the tireless tests of the slanderer cease !

With gravel his grave is sealed !
And the swift-footed years go on and on !
And over his ashes rose and hawthorn
Cluster and bloom, but naught is revealed !
Grey threads creep into the widow's hair ;
Her brow is wrinkled that was so fair ;
And her heart is broken by woe concealed,
And her life is blasted by grief and care !

How will the record stand
When the books of the great, good Judge unfold,
And the cause of the dreadful deed is told ?
Will it be shown that destiny spanned
What unavoidable fate had willed ?
Will doubt, and wonder, and censure be stilled,
As the pages open in God's just hand
Reveal His purposes well fulfilled ?

Or will a soul that's lost
Cry out from the depths of a yawning hell ?
Suffering such torture as none can tell,
For sin of which he weighed not the cost ?
Although through weakness and blemish of kin
The yawning deeps had gathered him in,
Will billows of hell rumble, tumble, and tost
O'er morbid, inherited, ignorant sin ?

Who in the God's world knows ?
Do the learned, who analyze, sift, and divide
The Word, to find if the truth be inside ?
Do stolid believers ? or do those

Who have God in their hearts, and the welfare of men?
 Who so pure are, that one has the wisdom of ten?
 Ah! whereso the wind listeth thereat it blows!
 Jehovah is God, Revelation is — when?

AXE AND PLOW.

Behold, upon the sloping hill,
 Behold, upon the plain,
 A mighty harvest fills its sheaves ;
 And where the rust had lain
 Upon the marsh thousands of years,
 And where the waste-lands lay
 A hundred years ago, now stand
 Cottage and hall to-day !

Here, where impenetrable swamps
 Rocked 'neath the hurricane,
 Where was a wilderness of trees
 Ripens the golden grain !
 Here, where the wooded valley was,
 Now sits the giant town ;
 Its hearthfires burn upon the spot
 Where once the wolf lay down !

Upon the river's bushy banks
 Go round the busy mills ;
 And where once the wild brake grew,
 The rose its blossom fills.
 Where once the Indian's birch canoe
 Sat idly on the main,
 A thousand masts the glittering rays
 Of sunlight cut in twain ;

Upon the great, high seas go forth
Enough of meat and bread
To nourish nations ; and the fen
Of reeds bears wheat instead !
Art's mighty revolutions move
The world ; its products lie
Where labor, leading, tills the earth,
And reads the changing sky ;

And yonder, where the mountain-tops
Reflect the crimson glow
Of sunlight, and toward the west
These, in their robes of snow,
Beyond whose heights no foot had trod
A hundred years ago,
The soil now treasures yield to hands
Which wield the axe and hoe.

Wherever clamps the busy mill,
Where whirls the ponderous wheel,
Where architecture rears its walls
To cast the polished steel,
Wherever commerce stretches out
Traffic by car or prow,
Before them all right steadily
Go forth the axe and plow.

Lo ! these are kings upon their thrones !
And none of mighty spoil,
So kingly in his broad domains
As the tillers of the soil !
No valiant conqueror wears a crown
So rich upon his brow,
As that which marks the husbandman,
The king of axe and plow !

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

O'ercast with a rosy shadow
Of the light of the rosy morn,
Each leaf a beautiful censer
Full of sweet incense born
Of the day, and giving the breezes
More than it took away,
Blush-red a beautiful, perfect bloom,
In the hand of love it lay.

A type of itself, love holding
The beautiful, rosy gift,
Felt subtle joy fovever
Into his pulses drift ;
And a presence drawn from the blossom
Seemed like a soul ; and then
The hand that was holding the dainty rose
Could never be empty again.

Over the hilltops the evening
Was flooding the valley with gold ;
And the purple veil of the gloaming,
Outspread soft fold upon fold ;
Stirred were the withered grasses
By low winds out of the west ;
And the leafless branch in the purple dusk
Rocked gently a desolate nest ;

Unbroken the autumn silence
Was swathed in the purple gloom,
Where the moth 'neath the drooping willow
Had woven his silken tomb ;
But a presence of life and beauty
The summer hours had instilled,

And upon the tossing, leafless branch
The empty nest was filled.

“Lullaby, lullaby baby!”

Joyously smote on the ear ;
The mother-heart-melody ringing
Was a beautiful thing to hear !
The gloaming o'erfull with the music,
Seemed holy with absolute joy !
And mother-love graced the simple words
With pearls as she sang to her boy.

But alas ! the fierce winds of autumn
Sweep over the cottage wall !
And over a desolate cradle
Is covered a sombre pall !
Is hushed to oppressive silence
The voice that the melody stirred ;
Yet, something is filling the empty crib
As it filled the nest of the bird.

Summer, from opulent treasures,
Flung over jubilant earth
Her jewels in lavish abundance ;
And luxuries of harvest had birth ;
Then followed a white desolation
By tempests of winter abroad,
Yet, clouds in volume o'er volume rolled,
Are filled with the forces of God.

And upon the hill, in the valley,
Wherever a bird tongue has sung,
Wherever a green leaf has fluttered,
Wherever a blossom has sprung,
Where wrapped in the white desolation,
Asleep in the tiniest thing,

The germ of vitality folded,
Is waiting the advent of spring.

The spirit of Life and Beauty
Stands in its glory apart,
And fills its place as the cradle is filled
Which the mother rocks in her heart ;
Lingers the subtle presence
Of souls of the flowers in the glen ;
And the heart once full of a beautiful thing,
Can never be empty again.

LITTLE NELL.

Twelve summers o'er her golden head
Had dropped the sunshine and the shade ;
The blush of health a rosy red
Upon her cheek and lip had laid.

A mirror of so fair a soul
Was she, so full of lovely grace,
The stranger would his haste control
To look and wonder at her face.

Among her people was not one
Who had seen a soul so pure and fair,
Nor wisdom which could prompt a tongue,
So young to speech, so quaint and rare.

And as the years a growth imparts,
So with her growth her wisdom grew ;
And love was tribute which all hearts
Yielded to her, as it were due.

The village children in their play
Arranged and moved their games with care ;
Nor strife nor envy all the day
Vexed them if little Nell were there :

If absent, and in wrath or glee
They strove, some questioned, "Is it well
To fight, or tease, or disagree,
When it would grieve dear, little Nell?"

Then quickly all contention ceased ;
The mischief-loving boy was kind ;
And sullen hearts from cause released
Soon clothed with joy the elastic mind ;

And each one with the other vied
To find some pleasing thing to tell
About old games, or new games tried,
When they should see sweet, little Nell.

But one day when the lily-bells
Were white and fragrant in the vale,
When violets blossomed in the dells,
Nell's rosy cheeks were wan and pale.

A fearful malady had drained
Her strength and glazed her lustrous eye ;
Her gentle voice was slow and strained,
'Twas certain little Nell must die.

No more her busy feet might tread
The unmeasured rounds of childhood's hour ;
No more where perfumed pathways led,
Her eager hand might pluck the flower.

No more upon the village green
Her merry voice might cheer the game ;
Nor might its winsome force between
The feuds of childhood peace proclaim.

Each one its measure swift to fill,
The years would come, the years would go ;
But she would sleep upon the hill,
'Neath summer's bloom and winter's snow.

The milk-white thorn as it did now
Would bud and whiten o'er the place ;
The blood-red leaf upon the bough
Would sear above her covered face.

Still, souls in the eternal race
Would run to gain the happy clime ;
And records on the page of space
Would fill 'neath lightning strokes of time.

Among their countless rank and file,
In characters of living gold,
This record without blot or guile
To grace the book of Heaven was scrolled.

And, was it finished? when the sod
Should lay above her lifeless clay,
And she had hastened up to God,
Would she from earth have passed away?

Or, as the boundless deep is stirred
When but a pebble's weight is cast
Within it, would each deed and word
Instinct with life, live, till at last,

That boundless, measureless, unstill
Ocean of influence laps the strand
Immortal, where earth's leases spill
Their hidden issues 'neath God's hand?

Grief-stricken hearts beside her bed
Scarce gave expression to such thought,
When dying Nell aroused and said,
"Please let my treasures all be brought!"

Then with her almost nerveless hands
She chose among them, one by one,
Gifts for her little playmate bands,
Naming them all, forgetting none.

"Tell them," she said, "when I'm asleep
If they would not disturb my rest,
Never to cause an eye to weep,
Never to vex a heart distressed!

"Tell them if they would love to live,
And when God calls them, love to die,
Some good from their own lives to give
To those who have a scant supply.

"Tell them in play, at work, at school,
That it is always safe and well
To keep and use the golden rule;
Please tell them this from little Nell!

"I love you all! — good-bye, good-bye!"
Upon her brow death's gathering dew
Broke forth! "Pray with me while I die,"
She said; each grieved heart backward drew.

No moving lip, no bended knee
 Responded to her last request !
 Her death-veiled eyes refused to see !
 Her hands were pulseless on her breast !

And yet, upon her countenance,
 An eager, wistful waiting lay,
 Increasing still with death's advance,
 As if expecting them to pray.

But suddenly, as moments passed,
 And heavy silence did pervade
 The place, her brow seemed overcast
 With glory, and aloud she prayed ;

And this she said, " Now I'm awake
 Because the light of day has broke
 I pray Thee, Lord, for Jesus' sake
 To bless these who have not awoke !

" I praise Thee, Lord, and on my tongue
 I hold thy new and holy song ;
 But let me ask e'er it be sung,
 That these who slumber sleep not long !

" In this unwholesome, sluggish sleep
 Let them not miss Thy pleasant ways ;
 Awake them, Lord, and help them keep
 Strict watch, lest they may waste Thy days !

" Renew my strength and make me fit
 For larger labors, which combine
 Earthly and heavenly work, and sit
 Near me, that peace and rest be mine ! "

From her white mouth the words dropped out,
 As though her soul within it stood,
 Well clothed upon and wrapped about
 By lore from the great source of good,

And then, stepped out into that day
 Which breaks upon the soul through death,
 Leaving its lovely dress of clay,
 Speechless and cold, and without breath.

Then from that couch which held the dead,
 Filled with life's unread problem, turned
 Sore hearts ; yet, from her influence shed,
 A clearer light within them burned.

PICTURES — SOMETHING GAY.

Morn aflush with rosy light,
 Up the eastern sky,
 Comes, until the shades of night,
 Hidden in its splendors lie ;
 And all aflush — and all aflush —
 The clouds in deep'ning red, —
 Every one a crimson blush,
 Floating overhead ;
 And all aflush in gala dress,
 The forests glint and gleam,
 And in the soft, uncertain stress
 Of rosy light do seem
 Like shadows of the shifting clouds ;
 And all the quiet lake
 Is but a shadow of the heavens ;
 And all the blue opaque

Of mellow atmosphere
 Overshadowing the lake,
 Looks like the water's calm expanse ;—
 Which is the one, there's scarce a chance
 For choice, until the golden sun,
 Dispelling shades of night,
 Touching the shadows one by one,
 Comes up the distant height,
 And changes crimson clouds to gold,
 And floods with golden light,
 Forests aflame with crimson fire —
 Afire with golden flame —
 And ripe in gay abundancy
 For harvests of the northern wind
 Which forth with autumn came,
 To scatter treasures from her hands
 Far over hill and plain,
 That after many days break forth
 In bud and leaf again.

SOMETHING RARE.

Low, sweet sounds are stealing, stealing
 Through the air,
 While the Christmas bells are pealing,
 Something rare ;
 Is it echo from the hillside
 Or the fen?
 Is it murmurs from the brookside
 In the glen?
 Something lovely, something bright,
 Something rare
 Fills my vision in the moonlight ;

Something fair
Hangs rich drapery on the willows
Over me,
Spreads the lawn with sheeny billows
Like the sea ;
Spread with delicate white netting
Hedge and tree —
Sparkling drops in silvery setting,
Hangs o'er me.
Underneath the lamps of ev'en
Lit anew
And hung upon the arch of heaven,
Silver dew
Seems to fill the space between me
And the sky ;
And rare faces which have seen me,
Seem to hie
Forth and back behind the curtain,
Looking through
Oft ; until my heart is certain
That the blue
Far beyond these silver tissues,
And above,
Is the heaven, and its issues
All are love.

SOMETHING GLORIOUS.

Spring and Summer hand in hand,
Walking over all the lea,
Scattering violets in the land,
And upon the red rose tree
Leaving roses red as blood,

And adown the sunny vale
Pouring forth a fragrant flood
Of mayflowers ; primrose pale,
And golden cowslips lift their heads
Where the purple heather died ;
Close beside the myrtle beds
Red plums of the ivory hide ;
Summer blossoms, blooms of spring,
All together blush and nod
Up the hillside ; everything
From the loving Hand of God ; —
Here vernal forests, grove, and branch,
Alive with music, rock their leaves
Beneath soft sunlight ; insects launch
Their lances full beneath the eaves
Of heaven ; and on the wing
Are graceful shapes of bird and bee ;
And down the valley, murmuring
Waters flow to the open sea ;
Shallow brooklets sing aloud,
Deeply blued is th' mellow air,
And tiny heaps of snowy cloud
Dot its surface everywhere ;
A mirror upon the waters low,
A mirror upon the waters deep,
Show the clouds their dresses of snow,
Show the litheness of little feet
Standing up on the mossy banks,
Beautiful, bare, and soft and white,
Touching the bell-shaped crimson tanks
Of flowers that lie in full sunlight ;
Mirrors a wealth of golden hair,
Curled, and crinkled, and tossed about
The loveliest face ; small hands bare

Are full of richest blooms culled out.
 And over yonder in open space,
Labor is tilling the soil ;
He eats bread by sweat of the face,
 And his hands are hard with toil ;
 But his glad soul is *well* content,
 And his broad lands *well* tilled ;
 And progress widened, forces spent,
 Bring promises fulfilled.
 Spring and Summer hand in hand,
 Earth with pregnancy of spring,
 Large with growth throughout her land,
 In hard travail laboring ;
 Everything of mortal birth,
 Every insect on the wing,
 Every fiber of the earth
 With hard travail laboring !

MY MOTHER.

My mother, when the young new year
 In garments white dawned bright on me,
 Its beams recalled an image dear
 Which first my waking fancies see.

Deep, golden shadows, soft and fair,
 Floated across the azure's blue ;
 I looked upon their beauty rare,
 And thought, and longed for home and you.

O ! how the glittering, snowy sheet
 Spread out in spotless depths afar !
 Pure as the paths 'neath angels' feet,
 Where human footsteps did not mar

Its ermine softness ; and the sun
Came at its own appointed time
And touched the nightshades, one by one,
And left a radiance rich and fine.

Just so did your love, mother mine,
Touch the dark shadows of my youth ;
And lighted was the old "lang syne"
By your clear views of blessed truth.

Just as the sparkles gild the snow,
Because the glorious orb of day
Shines on it, so my feet do know,
By your pure life, the better way.

How often, when the day was past,
And you from daily labor free,
Our childish toys away were cast,
And we gathered about your knee,

Each little, eager, upraised face
In truth's great cause becoming bold ;
Each little heart receiving grace
And strength from every story told.

And often, when my truthful sire
With you his evening fare did sip,
I've treasured, sitting by the fire,
Rich precepts from his bearded lip.

And when he taught, your gentle eyes,
A sure approval answering,
Looked up to him with sweet surprise,
As if to you he were a king.

Ah ! mother, mother, be my love,
And joy, and pride in your true heart,
A constant gladness far above
What other blessings yield in part.

And be my love and pride of birth,
Though I were poor and lowly born,
Greater than that of worldly worth
Which of true honesty is shorn.

Be truths to which my sire adhered,
And noble purposes and aims,
So imitated and revered,
That on my days shall rest no stains.

And may your heads when crowned with age,
Be also with rich honor crowned
By uprighteousness in every stage
Of life among your children found.

TO EVALINE.

How well do I remember when,
Long, long ago,
We rambled over brook and glen,
And valleys low ;

And laughing gaily hand in hand,
Went to and fro,
Climbing rough rocks and up high land,
Long, long ago.

How we bounded over the lawn
So smooth and green !
And last at eve and first at dawn
“ Hunted the bean.”

O ! we were happy then, and gay,
And blithe and free ;
Life to us a perfect way
Did seem to be.

But dark grief gave us a cup
Full of swift woe,
And we drank its contents up,
Long, long ago.

And many thorns have pierced our feet
In Flora's bowers ;
And oft we've drank from Lethe's deep,
Since those sweet hours.

Yet, we will love, and trust, and pray
Beneath the rod,
And surely we shall find the way
Up to our God.

SORROW.

Little brooklet, in thy song
All of joy partaking,
Hush thy babbling all day long,
For my heart is breaking !

Every sound in earth and air,
All thy shouted surges,

All the voices everywhere
Seem like lonesome dirges !

Sad as wailings o'er the grave,
Is thy joyous sweeping ;
Let the North Wind still thy wave
To a silent weeping.

Let the West Wind from His sheath
Fling an icy quiver,
Till thy waters underneath
Silent meet the river !

Little brooklet, clear and strong,
Laughing, tumbling, shaking,
Hushed to silence be thy song
While my heart is breaking !

A LETTER TO THE FOLKS OF LILYBELL VALE.

AUG. 24.

Sweet, guardian angel, loved mother dear ;
Oh ! how I do wish just now you were here,
To glide along softly, as oft you have done,
To peep o'er my shoulder with eyes full of fun ;
For I'm somewhat sad, and desire now to rest
In your magic presence, awhile to be blest.
Oh ! mother, I crave, as I craved when a child,
The love in your dark eyes so tender, so mild.
How vivid the picture of soft, dusky hair,
Smoothly drawn from a brow calm, lofty, and fair ;
A patient deportment, a life without blame,

In joy or in sorrow forever the same,
Steadfast, pure, exalted, loving, and true ;
How vivid this picture in full thoughts of you !
Also, in my vision there rises to view,
This morning, the home valley glistening with dew ;
Each leaf and each spire in the low, grassy mead
With rare jewels are decked as the shadows recede ;
And the rustling corn, and the rich, flexile grain,
A sheeny green spotted by sheen-golden stain ;
And the cool, circling wood, the hills, one by one,
Coming out of the shades to full light of the sun ;
Eastward, are the voices of babbling brooks ;
Westward, in its course through the prettiest nooks,
Leaps, surges, and rushes the noisiest stream
That e'er caught in its ripples a golden sunbeam ;
There are glades on the hillside and glades in the glen,
Retreats fair as gardens, the brake and the fen ;
There are soft, mossy banks and rose-red bowers,
And valleys of lilies snow-white with sweet flowers ;
And over it all to-day the blue sky
Is intense in its azure where foam-white clouds lie.
Oh ! fair is the picture, as fair is the spot
Whose beautiful prospects can n'er be forgot ;
But as glories of morning in benison fall,
So the dear, mother love beautifies all ;
As garnished by dewdrops all nature the while
Is alive in the sunlight, so under your smile
All hearts in the valley enliven and glow ;
Your love is a safeguard, a swift overthrow
To evil temptations, your example is set
Like a rock in those lives which your influence has met.
And mother, dear mother, my heart, as I roam,
Reaches back to the hearts in the humble, old home ;
Yet the skies are as bright and the earth is as fair

Wherever I go, and friends everywhere ;
Wit, music, the dance, the pen, and the tome
Instruct, please, and bless, but there's "no place like home."
Our Queen of the Valley, the fairest of all,
With dark, lustrous eyes, and dark braids which fall
On her neck, with glossy crimps combed from her face,
And a form like a fairy's all beauty and grace,
Resides in her own green, beautiful dell,
And the new ties which bind her, by her are loved well ;
But immortal and precious are dear ties of old,
Her innermost being their sweet cords unfold ;
And we, as a unit in earnest home-thought,
On the wings of the mind in swift ardor are brought
To the valley. We hear in your sweet, gentle words
How we have been missed ; how the songs of the birds
Seemed less gay since the dark and the golden-hued hair,
And dark eyes of Queen and blue eyes were not there ;
And I ask, "Did you miss my wild voice?" you say "Yes."
And my heart says, "That is the most you did miss ;"
For I sang with the birds as they sang in the bowers ;
I sang to the babes, and I sang to the flowers ;
I sang at my labors, and sang in my plays,
And measured to music my own roundelays ;
And ah ! to what wild and extravagant grace
The things of my imagery always gave place !
How lavish with loveliness beings were crowned,
Whom our Nymph of the Forest and I often found
In our plays ! invisible, courtly, and wise,
Unsought and unseen by all other eyes ;
And she, our sweet Nymph, was as pretty and gay
As imaginary folks which she gave to our play.
Ah ! is she less happy and merry just now,
When I am not with her to wreath her white brow
With silex, and myrtle, and lilies so pale,

And blushing wild roses from Lilybell Vale?
And at twilight's lone hour, so dreary, so still,
When she steals out to list' to the sad whippoorwill,
Oh! then does she miss me who makes lengthy stay
From the fair, lovely, Lilybell Vale far away?
Methinks I see tears; so give her a kiss
From my letter, and into her ear whisper this:
"However by fortune our fates be arranged,
However by new joys or by sorrow be changed
My life, and if it be castled or granged,
My love for my darling cannot be estranged."
How fleetly swift memory speeds off on the track
Of our joys, sports, and mischiefs, bringing them back
With so sure, exact vividness, scarcely behind
In the past seem realities fresh to my mind;
And mother, I laugh out aloud as I write,
When I think of dear Nymph and myself in delight
Frightening the grave fleecy flocks or the herds
Of cattle, when, tired of chasing the birds
And butterflies, tired of pictures, of rhyme,
And of play; how well I remember the time
One clear Sabbath eve, when the day had been long
With large, sacred teachings and old, sacred song!
Permission was given us quite early to go
And drive home the cows; the green meadows were low
Where they fed; their tapered horns, slender and white,
Ever and anon, from the left to the right,
Were tossed at the insects; and near the high shore,
Abrupt in its slope to the fine sandy floor
Of the edge of the stream, the large-eyed, red ox
Cropped grass 'twixt the knolls of ivory and box;
And just at the brink of the thick, woody mere,
Half feeding, half looking at us, the wild steer
And the younger part of the herd, to the knee,

Stood in the lush grass. Then Nymph looked at me,
And I looked at her. "We'll scare them," she said ;
Then laughed, and so roguishly nodded her head ;
I seized with avidity at the idea,
And hid myself under the bars, which stood near,
Taken down, and all ready for them to pass through ;
But the herd feared some mischief as near them they drew,
And raced away, scattering out over the brake,
And Nymph scampered after, armed with an old stake ;
But when her brave efforts the cattle had brought
Back in sight of the bars, with a bound and a snort
The wild steer dashed outward toward the thick bush,
And kicking and leaping with many a push
Of their horns at each other, again they ran off ;
Then Nymph her neat sunbonnet quickly did doff,
And prepared with resolute purpose to speed
In their tracks, determined that she would succeed ;
Again the whole herd was gathered ; the chase
Had been hard, and rosy was brave Nymph's sweet face ;
But just as Wild Buck, two grave cows between,
Came forward, dear father appeared in the scene ;
The scared-looking herd he observed with surprise,
Then full upon Nymph turned his wondering eyes ;
"What's the trouble," he said, "with the cattle to-night ?
They seem to be nervous, half crazed with affright !
Just look at that bullock, whose head is so high,
And whose nostrils distended — just look at his eye !
It beats everything that I ever saw !
Terrup, Brindle ! whoa, Buck ! gee, Golding ! gee ! haw !"
I could see darling Nymph, as I peeped through the bars ;
Her whole face was startled ; her eyes were like stars !
I said to myself, "She would give me some sign
If she wished me to rise, so the feat must be mine
To bide in my hiding-place snug as a mouse,

Till they have passed over and gone to the house !”
So quietly tucking myself in
Just where the far end of each bar on its pin
Was resting, I waited ; at last, so hard driven,
The creatures came forth to the fate they had striven
To resist ; the sober old moolies came first,
And I should have frightened them much, had I durst ;
But where I lay, quietly, sideways they cast
Their glance and shied nimbly away as they passed !
The stout ox came next, and surely by half,
Ran faster than ever before since a calf !
Then the yearlings — and then with tail and head high,
Wild Buck leaped the bars half way up to the sky,
And bellowed as loudly as thunder, it seemed,
To my startled eyes and scared ears ; and there gleamed
A glossy black streak in the path trodden hard,
Which led from the pasture right into the yard !
Confounded, dear father looked over the line
Of fence. “ ’Tis queer,” he said ; then straight into mine
Looked his eyes ; for, scared half to death, I had risen
And stood just outside of my self-imposed prison !
No language, however expressed on the earth,
Can describe father’s face ! from half amused mirth
And wonder into huge merriment it broke,
While comical efforts at sternness there spoke
In every lineament ; but ah, how in vain
Were serious attempts ; he glanced once again
At Nymph and at me, and then back posture took,
And with ill-suppressed laughter most heartily shook !
We had feared, Nymph and I, that a hasty reproof
Would punish us justly ; but standing aloof,
We looked at each other and laughed on the sly
To see father laugh ; and yet, by and by,
The punishment sure to o’ertake us we knew

Would come when his tempest of laughter withdrew !
At last, towards us he turned ; then he said
So gravely that all of our jollity fled :
“ My girls, I am displeased, quite displeased by the fact
Which shows me so plainly how interest you’ve lacked
For me, while my love, and labor, and care
Must provide all those comforts in which you both share ;
Still, you frighten my cattle and frighten my sheep ;
Among calves, pigs, and poultry such capers you keep,
So careless you are of my grass and my grain,
I fear through your mischief great loss to sustain ;
To-night, some accident might have occurred
To the very most valuable of my healthy herd !”
While he was thus speaking, a culprit I seemed
Of flagrant ingratitude ; Nymph’s blue eyes beamed
Also with quick gleams like the glancing of light
Through raindrops, as stalking out into the sight
Of conviction of mind, came a goodly array
Of mischievous deeds not performed in one day.
First, there rose to my vision a great flock of sheep,
In the picture, obliged high upward to leap
In frenzy at something outstretched on the ground,
That looked like a girl whirling round and around,
And queerly manœuvering with movements grotesque,
Which terrified wild sheep and troubled the rest.
Then, dashing up swiftly, the same fleecy flock
Seemed crazy with terror from some sudden shock,
And ran, leaped, and hustled, and swept in a ring,
And scattered, and crowded, and fled from something
Which scampered close to their heels and appeared
Like a sheep with a huge quilted head and a beard.
Three bows linked together comprised a queer yoke
For yearlings, which idle girls thought should be broke ;
But the yearlings, whose thoughts must have differed, with ease

Had turned in their yoke, and braced at the knees,
In sport butted fiercely, each embryo horn
Tipped down at its neighbor or deftly withdrawn :
The wit of cute mischief, whose chance never fails,
To keep them in order, interbraided their tails ;
The sturdy, young bullocks, not liking such fun,
Jerked forward and backward, then went on the run,
Each one pulling sideways, and each its apt heel
Kicked viciously out with oft renewed zeal ;
The big doors of the barn were open ; for these
The young quadrupeds aimed still braced at the knees ;
And doubling 'midst outward pulled hard at the head
And hard at the tail as right onward they sped ;
But alas ! before the great entrance they reached,
The bow in the middle was suddenly breached,
And their heads torn apart as if wrenched by strong gales,
Left no bond betwixt them but the close braided tails ;
Now, such a queer spectacle none may declare
Who ne'er saw the like ; each snug woven hair
At its roots was much straightened and strained at its best,
As each calf, now this way, now that, stoutly pressed ;
But the one that in the cool barn wished to stop,
For the one that wished to stay out was *de trop*,
And pulled him clear over the threshold at length ;
But the spunky young ox, quickly gathering strength,
Braced his hoofs on the planks where the big entrance gapped,
And pulled until both extremities snapped !
The terrified girls, turning round and about,
Expected each moment the tails would come out !
At last, with brave firmness each girl did enclasp
The neck of a calf, with such tenacious grasp,
That, panting and puffing, the creatures forebore
To struggle, and stood just within the big door ;
But immediate action quite surely began

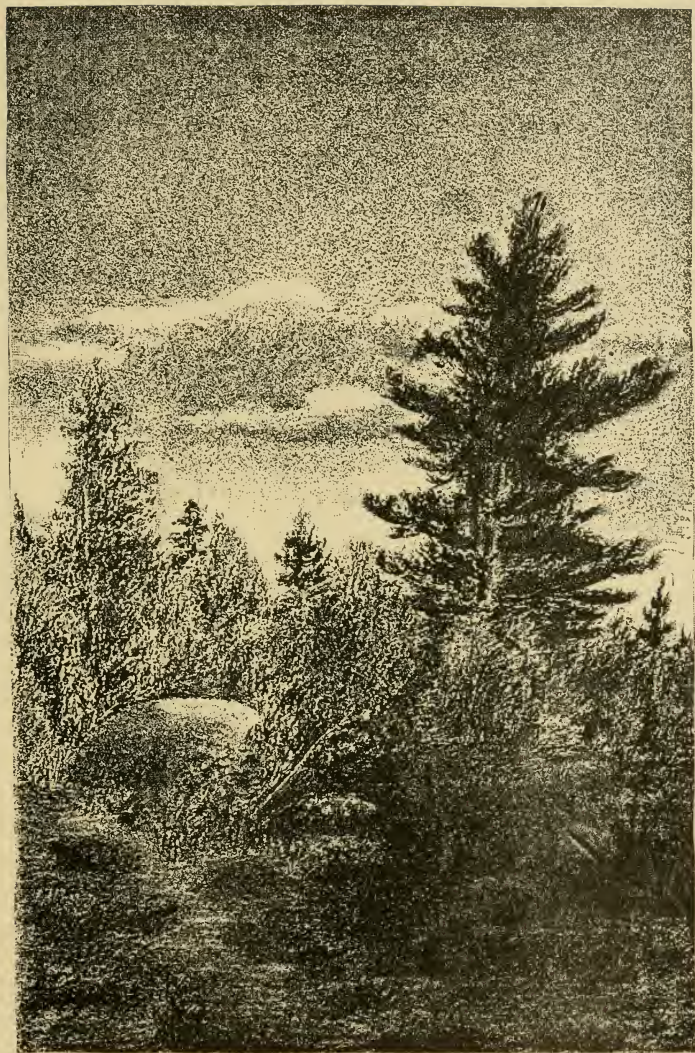
The moment their arms were removed from the span.
And thus moments passed through which hours seemed to press,
And neither dared call for help in distress
Which was caused by mischievous pranks, so steadfast
They held to their purpose, and conquered at last
With two handfuls of fragrant, red-clover hay ;
The bond being loosed the two girls ran away
To hide in some nook, where, unseen and unheard,
They could weep and rejoice, and each give sure word
That never, however should need to be broke
Young yearlings, should tails braided help at the yoke !
Another picture that to memory's canvas slipped,
Was an empty hay bay and a goose with wings well clipped ;
She brooded on a nest where ten eggs, warm and white,
Waited their habitants to wake to life and light ;
The patient, watchful gander, in a dark cloak and cowl,
A portion of his time stood near the mother fowl ;
Ate he breakfast, dined, or supped, then straightway did he put
Himself as sentinel and stood upon one foot ;
Or near his partner, with head beneath his wing,
Contentedly he slept through changeful nights of spring.
Now, mother, by your mandate each child had been forbidden
To look toward this goose, whose nest was only hidden
By boards nailed to the posts upraised upon the sill
Betwixt th' floor and th' bay, lest we should make her kill
Her younglings ere they hatched by jostling in her nest ;
Or lest the eggs should break by being too hard pressed ;
And mother dear, your word more strictly was obeyed
Than e'er it would have been, had we not been afraid
Of that fierce, dark, old gander, which gave immediate chase
The moment that our eyes glanced at the magic place.
But one bright afternoon, after Nymph and myself
Had washed quite clean and put each dish upon the shelf,
We went into the barn to frolic and to play,

And after running round and round, we climbed upon the hay ;
Now, we had heard it said that goose and gander talk
At the pipping of an egg ; so softly we did walk
Toward the edge of the mow, and kneeling on the hay,
We peeped cautiously down into the empty bay ;
Directly we decided that eggs were surely pipped,
When ganders reaching forward, their ugly bills well tipped
Toward their mates, talked soft and fast, and lower down we bent
To see if goslings were not pipped, what the gander meant.
Nymph, more daring far than I, o'er the scaffold leaned ;
Her eager face from my scared sight by a wool hood was
screened,

And then, as quick as thought, her dusky head was bare !
And up above her nest the goose whirled in the air,
Crying aloud with fright, while the fierce gander stood
With outspread wings and straining eyes, scanning the hood !
From Nymph's head, fallen, it had fluffed with sudden whack
Straight down into the bay near the fierce gander's back !
In consternation we, in helpless terror gazed,
Upon the deafening hubbub ; and more and more amazed
Were we when with loud, shrill, spiteful, earcutting shrieks,
Both pounced upon the offending hood, fighting with beaks,
And wings, and feet, beating, biting, with venom'd zeal,
So often and so fast, it seemed the hood must feel !
At last, exhausted, triumphant they withdrew ;
And stretching out their necks they talked and boasted, too,
About the brave chastisement which they had given the foe ;
Then smoothing out her plumage as clean and white as snow
Upon her breast, and bidding him watch at his best,
The expectant mother fowl went back unto her nest.
Closely scrutinized was the object of offense
By this fierce old gander, who gave it search intense,
Hissing a vengeful challenge until upon one foot
He stood guard, and 'neath his wing his ugly head he put.

This gave to Nymph and I a gladness quite supreme,
For it seemed that miles around had heard the creatures scream ;
And each minute seemed an age, in which we did expect
Your presence, mother, our mischief to detect.
Appearances against us, and by conscience condemned
For thoughtless curiosity, we saw ourselves condemned
By all obedient children ; but as the moments flew
By with anxious thought, nor brought father nor you,
Hopeful courage filled our hearts, and quickly we resolved
To take the lengthy rake that stood where Star was stalled,
And slyly lift the hood, and softly draw it out,
Before that fierce old gander knew what we were about.
According to our plans so noiselessly we did ;
But, ere we got the hood, off from the rake it slid,
And fluffed again with sudden thud before the goose !
Ah, then it seemed, indeed, that Bedlam was let loose !
Shrieking round and round swift flew the mother fowl !
Yelling at his utmost, with bristling wing and cowl !
In angry terror stood her spouse, scanning the foe !
Although sorry, yet we laughed, and you'd have laughed, I know.
Serious thoughts and plans soon at ideas strained ;
But within our sinking hearts not a hope remained
That such Bedlamia as those two geese had clacked
One moment more could fail your notice to attract.
Yet, determined not to shirk blame nor even to skulk,
We called the goose a fool, and called her spouse a hulk ;
We boldly put the rakestaff down to lift the hood,
But stubborn as a stubborn mule the creatures stood,
And hissed, and gabbled much, and boasting at their will,
Chastised the hood ; and we, waiting, till they were still,
Sat down upon the hay and closely watched the door,
Expecting you ; but ceased as it had ceased before
The tumult : and as sentinal again the gander stood,
When Nymph instant sprang down and caught up the crushed
hood.

Escaping with the gander's teeth close to her fleeing feet.
How hastily we did secure a safe retreat !
But as the days passed on no goslings did appear.
This filled our troubled minds with secret, haunting fear ;
And you may guess, dear mother, our joyous, full surprise,
When nine wee, yellow, downy things one day met our eyes !
While all of these naughty pranks whirled through my mind,
Dear father regarded us — never unkind —
But now very grave with displeasure he said :
“ My girls, if again by mischievousness led,
You risk harm to my interest whatever it be,
There'll be a stern credit between you and me.”
And always a man of prompt tact, even his next
Words were as loving as though never vexed ;
And we understood quite clearly the part
We had acted, and each was repentant at heart,
And promises made, as we walked by his side,
To try to be good more than we'd ever tried.
And when left alone on the smooth, grassy lawn,
In the soft afterflush of the day that was gone,
Dear Nymph turned her sweet, serious face toward mine,
And it seemed to us both we were bad half the time.
And beside our thoughtless and mischievous sport
With dumb animals, there was the homely report
Of conduct to mamma, when asked to amuse
Our Blossom, and Lone-Flower, and Sylph ; to refuse
To comply with requests outright we dared not ;
But we formed almost an immediate plot
To be as ungracious and cross as we could ;
And once when we wished for a romp in the wood,
With almost the swiftness of winds we pursued
Our course to the beautiful, grand solitude,
Unmindful of dear little feet in the rear
That tried to o'ertake us, but faltered in fear ;



THE PINES.

As swept by the north winds the whispering old pines
Spread out in the sunlight their tasseled ensigns.

As swept by the north winds the whispering old pines
Spread out in the sunlight their tassled ensigns.
How vividly now to my mind is portrayed
Every inch of the ground we passed o'er, as 'tis laid
In the fair, living picture by memory's pen ;
The field, the green vale, the mossy-knolled glen,
Young forests of cedar so fragrant and green,
With slender young gum-trees and fir trees between ;
And then the grand sweep of the stately old wood,
And back in the distance Mount Ledye's dark hood ;
With what distinct utterance now comes to my ear
Those shrill, pleading voices ; one hisping and clear,
And reverberant amidst the great wood, as a bell,
Appealed to our hearts ; ah, dear little Lell,
Our Prince of the Valley ! could we have but known
That ere the days of the springtime had flown
Again o'er the northlands with birds and with flowers,
Pale death would garnish some niche of his bowers
With beautiful graces of his lovely soul,
How swiftly the woodland, the field, and the knoll
Would have been retraversed by the two pairs of feet
So heedlessly treading their flowery retreat !
How few would the fast, fleeting moments have been,
Ere sisterly arms had gathered him in
To assurance of love and protection ! ah ! yet
Retrospection of that hour brings thorns of regret !
O mother ! how early in life there begins
The small, self-asserting, self-indulged sins !
How often, dear, I might have lightened your care
And your labors, quite fully I now am aware ;
And hard on my heart subtile memory lets fall
Delinquencies you recollect not at all ;
Or, if recalled, they are tenderly crowned
By sweet palliations in mother-love found.

But mother, dear mother, my soul, overjoyed,
Seizes at tidbits of peace unalloyed,
When memory some page of time's volume unfolds,
Exhibiting some priceless hours which it holds,
Whose moments were filled with a glad sacrifice
Of ease, that sweet slumber might visit your eyes ;
And bring rest to your tired and o'er wearied frame,
From the cares which with increased motherhood came.
Quite often I hushed, on my little fond breast,
The babes, and sang softly, till soothed and at rest
They lay in my arms as I trod at midnight
Forth and back right athwart the squares of moonlight,
Or rocked forth and back when the flickering glow
Of fire seemed to kindle flames out in the snow.
With the hush of my voice a silence profound
Held empire around me ; no footstep, no sound,
Except the soft breath of the babe fast asleep,
And the breath on my own lips broke stillness so deep,
So strange, so awful to my childish mind,
That I made all haste to leave it behind ;
And noiselessly gliding away to your bed,
So carefully yielded the babe's helpless head
To your breast, that you, scarcely roused, could repeat
But half of your approval, to my ears so sweet.
Then stealing again to the great, silent room,
And darting out swiftly away from its gloom,
By the light of the moon or the stars' silvery gleams,
I went to the beautiful land of gay dreams.
And, mother, dear Nymph was as tender as I
With the babes, though she could not, when they would cry,
Soothe them so quickly, for each little thing
At a very young age loved to hear people sing ;
And, mother, if we were rude and ran off
To the woods to shirk duty, and were often loth

To yield our amusements and give up our plays
To those who were younger, yet there were whole days
When Listra, our Blossom, her dark violet eyes
Dilated with pleasure and joyful surprise,
As guiding her gently, we carefully stept
To show her the nests where the little birds slept ;
And May, our frail Lone-Flower, and Martha, our Sylph,
Who called river 'iver and called the rill rilph,
And peeped with such big, bright, gray eyes at each bird,
And wanted to take it ; and when we demurred,
Nymph and I, quite wilfully they would insist,
Till they had been scolded, then cuddled and kissed,
And bribed by odd frolics so funny and gay,
That forgetting the birds they were pleased with the play.
And, mother, my conscience is given so much balm
In gathering these tidbits, there can be no harm
In bringing them forth. So now just one more
Good deed I'll recount, sure of an encore
From your loving lips, if only a thought
Suggested that into my heart could be brought
A pleasure by telling my story again
To you ; so now I begin : It was when
The jubilant bird-songs began to surcease,
As clover-fields yielded their fragrant increase,
And, swept by the sultry winds, rocked to and fro,
Their canopies green all aflush with the glow
Of their rosy lamps. One bright afternoon
When the rickman was handling his gleaming spontoon
With vigor, each haycock being placed on the load
At advantage and trodden well down as he rode,
While betwixt the two streams in luxuriant meadows
Dear father and I were raking the winrows ;
Breeze melodies mingled with the swish of the hay,
And I knew just how beautiful, 'neath the bright ray

Of the sun were the waters ; how sparkling and cool ;
How shady the brake was beside the still pool ;
And ever the perfume came up from the vale,
From the cups of the lilies ; and dainty and pale,
I knew they were standing almost in a row
With the rich, vivid red of the canna, graced low
On its tall, slender stem, with its velvety sparks
Of color, so frail that if crushed, blood-red marks
Seemed the petals between whose tracery of veins
The fingers seemed touched by more delicate stains ;
Then there was the giant oak tree, 'neath whose limb
The silver birch flourished lithe, graceful, and slim,
Beneath which were mossed banks o'erlooking the ledge
That sloped from midwaters toward the clear edge.
With all of this loveliness, comfort, and ease
Around me, which I might enjoy, should I please
To tell father I was too tired to assist
In gathering the hay, that I did resist
The temptation, (being but in the last years
Of childhood) would be strange, as now it appears,
Without doubt, even to you, mother, when you recall
The fact that young years love the hoop, and the doll,
And romps in the sunshine, and rest in the shade,
And the gathering of blossoms in glen and in glade ;
Indeed, mother dear, so intense was desire
To break from my task and hide from the fire
Of the great, blazing furnace which stood in the sky,
Making green grass look so withered and dry,
I almost decided when out to the end
My long swath was raked ; but I turned at the bend
Near dense woodlands, and eagerly glanced over the range
Of work to be done ; how lonesome and strange
The solitary figure of father appeared
In the great field of labor ! his brow and his beard



SILVER BIRCH.

The silver birch flourished lithe, graceful, and slim.

Dripped moisture ; the sleeves of his frock were all wet,
As though dipped into water, by hot, pouring sweat.
And as he drew nearer, my shocked eyes beheld
Exhaustion so great that quick was expelled
All desire from my heart to frolic about,
And taking my rake, I helped his swath out.
And all through the hours of that bright afternoon
The swish of the hay seemed fully in tune
With voices of waters and rustling of leaves,
And all of the songs beneath the blue eaves
Of heaven ; and pleasure, tenfold, seemed to rise
In my happy heart, up as high as the skies.
Afterward, whenever I helped rake the hay,
And father behind at hard labor alway,
When my lighter part of the winrow was done
I helped his part up with mine in each one,
And was happy ; but, somehow the time for our rest,
Ere beginning again, at dear father's behest,
Was lengthened ; and blithe was the merry recess.
And often odd puzzles were given us to guess ;
Yet, oftener our minds, for some practical lore,
Through father's plain teaching, became a sure store ;
And, mother, your sympathy scarce can compute
My regrets for misdeeds since his dear lips are mute
In death, nor measure the joys which reflect
A double proportion of peace, as collect
The meager account of good deeds ; but you'll say
Ten bad days in childhood weigh against one good day ;
And his voice would answer approval to you,
Could he speak, when with comfort my mind you imbue.
Oh mother ! how sadly we miss him ! how rough
The swift days have been, and burdened enough,
God knows, for us all with labor and care,
Since his pulseless hands have omitted their share !

And your heart, dear mother, has sorrows beside,
Deeply traced for the two lovely boy babes that died
Before I was born, and for Lell, our sweet Prince,
And tiny Lavony, whom we've buried since !
But their rest is unbroken, their peace undisturbed,
Their holy ambition for grace never curbed
By elements which in this world so conflict,
That means of attainment confuse and convict.
And, mother, our loss being their blissful gain,
Whom we love, should forbid our tried hearts to complain.
So let us be hopeful, and trust in the love
And strength of the pitiful Father above,
Whose mercy afflicts, and whose chastening rod
Brings souls out of darkness into full light of God.
And now, mother, tell them at home, one by one,
How fully I love them ; with sweet Nymph begun,
Continue to Blossom, then Lone-Flower, then Sylph,
Who called river iver, and called the rill rilph.
Then Florence, our Fairy, comes next ; (and so rare
In beauty) just part her wavy, brown hair
On her forehead, and give her a tender caress
Like the one I gave her, when in her long dress
She ate from my hand ; and her dark eyes so bright
Were a baby interrogation at sight
Of the cup whose fount her hungry mouth pressed,
So different, dear mother, from your snowy breast ;
And our Baby Prince, dear, five-years-old Will,
Who in his long dress nestled snugly and still,
When I walked o'er the squares of brilliant moonlight,
And sang him to sleep in the solemn midnight.
Give him many kisses and much love from me,
And ask him if he remembers when he
And Fairy tripped gaily along the old lane,
To see the swift waters just after the rain,

And asked me droll questions the half of the time,
 That would puzzle a head much wiser than mine.
 Oh mother ! I wish that my shadow was thrown
 Just now on the walls by the lamp with your own ;
 But the hour for home-coming I still must abide,
 And eager home-yearnings a gay smile must hide ;
 My eyes must be merry, my voice must be glad,
 Lest Queen's heart be rendered uneasy and sad ;
 So, mother, just take to your own lovely self
 A whole heart full of love from your odd, naughty elf
 Who writes you a letter in rhyme, crude and dry,
 And lengthy, perhaps, but which ends with good-bye.

SUSTAINED.

Amid the conflicts and the strife
 Upon life's busy battle-field,
 Faith in my weary heart is rife,
 For God is Rod, and Staff, and Shield.

He is a Rod to sound the deeps
 Within me under sloth concealed ;
 He stirs my soul whene'er it sleeps,
 And probes the fruits my efforts yield.

He is a Rod to search my ways,
 And rouse me when my zeal is low ;
 He proves my speech and counts my days,
 And chastens me through stubborn woe.

He is a Rod to urge my strength,
 A Staff, when tired I fain would die ;
 And when the foe is armed full length,
 A Shield where venom'd arrows fly.

He is a Staff, steadfast and sure,
 When through the cheerless wastes I go ;
 A Shield almighty to endure,
 When lurking hell would strike a blow.

Faith is my sword both keen and bright,
 Upon life's busy battle-field ;
 My peace by day, my rest by night,
 For God is Rod, and Staff, and Shield.

MARTHA.

What ! Martha "lying in state ?"
 And "clothed upon" with the grandeur of death ?
 It was only last night, and the hour was late,
 That I touched her hand !
 It was warm with life and love ;
 And her pure, sweet lips, when they met with mine —
 I said " she's a stately, peaceful dove ;"
 As I saw her stand
 Within the circle of light
 Where the phantom shadows begin their dance,
 When flickering flame is now dim, now bright.

Why ! pain strikes hard at my heart
 At the thought that she never can speak again !
 If I had but known that we must part
 So soon ! so soon !
 But where is the little child ?
 Alive at the cost of its mother's life ?
 In snowy flannel and drapery piled,
 And fed with a spoon !
 Oh babe ! the richest and best
 Of all God's blessings was taken away
 With your mother's voice and your mother's breast !

FAITH'S TO-MORROW.

Sweet is rest, and joy is dear,
And good is chastened sorrow ;
But never a doubt and never a fear
Troubles faith's to-morrow.

Gay is mirth as the merry breath
Of zephyrs over the hill ;
Deep as the sable shades of death,
The cup despair does fill.

Pure and white as a dove is peace,
And hopes small troubles borrow ;
But true as the needle's point is the lease
Of royal faith's to-morrow.

Content with ease fills up the soul ;
Sweet love sometimes brings sorrow ;
But up as high as the heavens roll,
Is loyal faith's to-morrow.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Somebody's darling, pure and white,
With hands folded over her breast,
Lying "in state" —
In beautiful, solemn rest.

Somebody's darling hushed in repose
Silent, and sacred, and deep ;
Somebody's pet,
Dreamlessly, sweetly asleep.

Somebody's darling "clothed upon"
 With peace which knoweth no strife;
 Someone's treasure
 Up with the angels in Life.

RIGHT ? OR WRONG ?

"War right? or wrong?" he repeated and laughed;
 "How strange that any should think it wrong!"
 Then was raised red wine to his lips, and quaffed,
 And he turned again to the earnest throng.

Spreading his hands with the gracious mein
 Of wealth, he resumed: "Life must not omit
 In its drama so awful and grand a scene
 As battle with fire of the cannon lit!

"A man would scarcely withhold his arm
 From combat, knowing that serried hosts
 Would never stand in the awful calm
 Before the conflict, all at their posts!

"'Tis worth the death to look at a sea
 Of faces set to desperate fight!
 Yea! war's worth what it brings! such force must be,
 Even to strengthen the standard of right!"

His questioner stood with his back to the wall;
 Silently listened an eager score;
 For higher in rank and wealth than all,
 Were Reuben Stein and Ralph St. Levore.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-one,
Both had paused with their hands on spade and plow,
To listen to echoes of Sumpter's gun !
To hear the rash Secessionist's vow !

In eighteen hundred and sixty-four,
There was Reuben Stein with an empty sleeve !
In the list of the wounded was Ralph St. Levore !
And Audley Kene had got a reprieve !

He had slept at his watch one weary night,
When he had done double duty by day ;
And one face had paled with pained affright,
As he was condemned and led away !

Then there was desertion ! roll-call failed
To elicit an answer from Benton Ray ;
And to tell his mother a letter was mailed,
When his place was empty day after day.

Time rolled on ; and the hour drew near
When Audley Kene was to suffer death !
They were leading him out ! men at the rear
Held muskets, with shut teeth and hard drawn breath !

But forward swiftly there rode in their midst
A messenger bringing a hasty reprieve !
And there also appeared in their midst
A man so jaded he scarcely could breathe !

A union soldier his garments bespoke ;
But ragged, faint, and as pale as a shroud :
He looked at the lines, their rank was unbroke,
And he stood in the van with his haggard face bowed !

“ Ben Ray !” the soldiers exclaimed in a breath !
“ Where has he been ? How dared he come back ?”
Asked one. “ Somehow he’s saved Kene from death !”
Said another ; at that moment, from lack

Of food, Ben Ray fell down at their feet,
And comrades bore him away to the tent !
He opened his eyes as the drum was beat
With the glad salute of the regiment !

The volleys boomed on the echoing air,
And scarcely the men forebore to shout !
For Kene was a favorite everywhere ;
Of his faith and courage there ne’er was a doubt.

Ever his hand helped any in need !
All knew how helped he that fatal day
A comrade ! and now, when pardoned and freed,
Made he haste again to aid Benton Ray !

But when the roar of the cannon was loud,
And echoes awoke up on every side,
And Kene in the midst of a jubilant crowd,
Ben Ray starved and jaded had silently died !

As the news spread abroad the officers came ;
The tent was surrounded and thronged by the men,
All earnest to give only praise and not blame,
And eager to hear everything about Ben.

But paper shut hard in his cold, wasted hand
Only was found ; upon it this outlined :
“ I give retrieve to his friend, and command
Pardon for him !” A. Lincoln was signed.

To-day, as Stein looked at Ralph St. Levore,
 And heard his light speech, he remembered that time
 Of horrors, and lived its terrors once more !
 And he thought, "Ralph speaks from strength of red wine !"

How vividly old Libby prison uprose
 In horrors appalling and filth to his mind !
 And Andersonville, bringing all its vile woes,
 As clearly as e'er in the past, was defined !

He shuddered, and said as he turned straight away
 From Ralph and the wine, "War and wine alike,
 Are evil, and 'gainst them Progress, some day,
 In all of its glorious power will strike !"

The words clearly cut pressaged argument ;
 But just at that instant Ralph St. Levore,
 Aware of a presence, lovingly bent
 To greet his dear little son at the door !

Unnoticed for moments, had listened and thought,
 Earnest and eager, the fair little child ;
 Now he asked, "Papa, in battles you fought,
 Did you kill a man?" Seemed in Ralph's face compiled

Varied emotions at contest ! downcast
 Avoided his eyes the innocent glance !
 "I hope not, my darling," he answered at last,
 "Such things, in battle, are decided by chance !"

As the fair little son espied in the street
 His playmates, and joined them with laughter and glee,
 Ralph said, "When sinless, guileless, complete
 Innocence questions thus, *let none look at me!*"

Kene said, " We can boast of the grandeurs of war ;
 Pride may be stirred by brave deeds, and all stand
 Guiltless ; but probed by a babe, by *some law*
 Murder seems stamped on our hearts with a brand !

No one disputed ; and silently scored
 The coming idea of progress its sign
 On their thoughts ; battles fought with the sword
 And men facing death, all drawn into line

With fire in their hearts and eager to kill,
 Grandeur had lost and savored, indeed,
 Strongly of the narrow, uncivilized will
 Of war-loving heathen and barbaric creed.

AMO.

O'er the fields and o'er the heather,
 Ivan went a wooing ;
 Arm in arm with love together,
 Olden vows renewing ;
 Through the blushing fields of clover
 Tripped their footsteps gaily ;
 And the words repeated over,
 Had been spoken daily.

Joyous love was in their laughter ;
 Lovelight in the glancing
 Of their eyes ; following after,
 Pretty Amo, dancing
 O'er the crimson cups of honey
 Where the brown bees hover,

Whispering, wishes love and money ;
 " I shall have a lover
 Rich and handsome, when I'm older ;
 And he'll be much finer,
 Graver, darker, and some bolder
 Than the love of Nina.

" Steadfast will his eyes look on me
 Ere his lips have spoken,
 And the blush which will adorn me,
 Gives him faith unbroken ;
 Then his love will swift enfold me
 With a rapturous greeting ;
 Bonds as strong as heaven will hold me ;
 And our glad heart meeting
 Will unite in deathless union ;
 One will hold the other ;
 And my soul will have communion
 With my handsome lover."

Thus does little Amo whisper,
 And the crimson blushes,
 As if bearded lip had kissed her,
 O'er her white throat rushes.
 And her fingers, long and slender,
 Touch with quivering whiteness
 Blossoms rivaling with splendor
 Of the pink clouds' brightness.

Little Amo, earnest living
 Fervent life of dreaming,
 Love to an ideal is giving,
 In her future gleaming ;
 Standing waistdeep in the clover
 With the bees about her,

Vivid fancy brings a lover
 Which will never doubt her ;
 And her heart will yield in measure
 True as heaven above her,
 All the fullness of its treasure
 When such lips shall love her.

DEIGH AND I.

HOLY LOVE.

Wandering 'neath the glories
 Of a sunset sky,
 Hand in hand o'er meadows,
 Brother Deigh and I ;
 More than friend or brother,
 Tender as a mother,
 Ever true and tender,
 Wiser far than I.

'Neath the purple gloaming,
 Where the dead leaves lie,
 Pause we in the valley
 Brother Deigh and I :
 Pause we 'neath the gloaming,
 Golden-purple gloaming
 Growing gray and sombre
 In the western sky.

Lingering by the river
 Just below the mill,
 Till the low night breezes
 Whisper on the hill ;

Close beside the river,
Till the mystic quiver
Of the soft, low breezes
Whisper on the hill.

Happy, very happy,
In the starlight dim,
Watching wavy ripples
With a silver rim ;
Watching changing shadows
On the waters — shadows
Of the wavy ripples
With a silver rim.

Through the dusky night-shades
Creeping slowly nigh,
Softly homeward turning,
Brother Deigh and I.
Dearer than a brother,
Tender as a mother,
Ever true and tender,
Wiser far than I.

All through life together
Walk we, Deigh and I,
Till beside the river,
'Neath our sunset sky,
Wait we to pass over,
Wait we to go over
To the life beyond us,
Brother Deigh and I.

Wait we to go over,
Trusting, loving still,
Till the solemn night-winds
Whisper on the hill ;

Close beside the river,
Till the mystic quiver
Of soft breezes whisper
On the Holy Hill.

YESTERDAY EVE.

Something so beautiful, something so pure,
Something as fair as heaven,
Went out of my lonely, lonely life,
Yesterday e'en.

Just as the golden rays of the sun
Slanted across the lawn,
An earthly existence was finished,
And an angel born.

Like wax work, quiet, and white, and still,
The beautiful casket lay,
Which did hold the little white, white soul
That has flown away.

Oh ! my heart is sad, my heart is sore,
And something is lost to me,
Though I do know that safe in God's care
My blest treasure be.

Oh ! I miss the touch of her baby lips,
Like velvet crimson and fine !
Oh ! I miss the touch of her baby hands,
Nestling close in mine !

Oh ! I miss the sound of her prattling voice,
 The tripping of tiny feet ;
 And the days are so long and desolate,
 I turn aside and weep !

Oh ! my heart is sad, my heart is sore,
 For something is lost to me,
 Though I do know that safe in God's care
 My blest treasure be !

EVIE MARY.

Oh ! low so low ! oh ! low so low !
 Lieth Evie in her grave
 Underneath the gay, green grasses !
 And the westward water's flow
 Murmurs, as it onward passes
 Near her little lowly grave,
 Lullabys to soothe her rest ;
 And the golden sunlight closes
 Day while fading in the west,
 Lingering long where she reposes.

How soft and low ! how soft and low !
 All the night the water singeth
 Sweet and graceful lullabys !
 And the south winds, when they blow,
 Flowers above her slumbers bringeth,
 And above her where she lies ;
 Ah ! the south wind ! ah ! the south wind
 Brings her rare and fragrant posies,
 (For her soul had never sinned)
 Brings her white and crimson roses ;

And the south wind and the north wind
Love the place where low she lieth
'Neath the roses white as snow ;
And the west wind and the east wind —
And the east wind, when it crieth,
Weepeth sadly, weepeth low ;

And the west wind, when it blows —
And the north wind, when it cometh,
Heaps the autumn leaves in rows
O'er her rest, as loud it hummeth
Lonesome dirges o'er her grave ;
And the golden sunlight falling,
And the blossoms where they grow,
And the grasses where they wave,
Seem a-moaning, seem a-calling
Ever softly, ever low !

And the graceful, mellow dew,
O'er her little bed still dropping,
Shot with jewels through and through,
O'er her golden head still dropping
Half the early hours of night,
Seems to mourn her heavy sleeping,
Seems to mourn and seems to fret
Underneath the silvery starlight,
O'er her heavy, wakeless sleeping ;
And the gay grass all is wet ;
And the moonbeams shadows throw
Tall and black upon the sward,
Right athwart its radiant glow ;
All things of the day and night
Tireless watch beside her keepeth,
And laden heavily with woe,

Ceaselessly their sorrow weepeth ;
 Thus many mourners come and go
 Where so wakelessly she sleepeth.

RECONCILED.

I watched the day pass silently ; and so softly fell
 The breath of autumn's breeze, I scarce could tell
 If summer's fragrant zephyr fanned my cheek,
 Or lightly lifted in the sunny vale
 The heather's feathery bloom or flowerless leaf of asphodel.

But for dreamy stillness, and golden haze upon th' hill,
 But for the bluebird's lonesome wail and the cricket's trill,
 But for the red and gold upon the bowers,
 I must have thought the glorious time of flowers,
 The happy time of all things beautiful was with us still.
 As I did watch, and watch the noiseless sunlight on the wall,
 And listened eagerly to the sweet, amorous call
 Of mild-eyed white doves, flying to and fro,
 Or peaceful, cooing, nestling in their nests,
 I thought my weary, dreary cross less heavily must fall
 Upon my wasted strength, because of all the beauteous things
 That please the eye, and soft and mellow sounds this season
 brings ;

I hoped the balm of summer from the vale,
 And from the mountains, the clear, cool breath of autumn's gale,
 Mingling, might bear the bliss of healing on their wings ;
 But bitter thoughts came with memory to mar my peace ;
 And pride stood up and taugth my stubborn heart to give a lease
 Of life to discontent and sullen woe,
 Until my soul a " leper white as snow "
 With ingratitude, its sad complainings did not cease,

Even when the glorious day was past ; then the night
I watched : the hours went solemnly : the moon's pale light
Lay like a gauzy sheen upon the trees,
And painted silent shadows in the leas,
And over the sloping mountain's sides, soft glancing down,
Threw showers of silver radiance on the sleeping town.

There was one idol close beside me, fair as thought can see ;
A solace to my lonely heart, and all the world to me ;
As pure as heaven, without a single trace
Of earthly grossness in her baby face.
Sometimes I felt her dear, sweet breath upon my brow,
And touched the supple, satin limbs, and then and now
Drew to my breast the precious, silken head,
And kissed her tenderly, and often said,
“ My darling ! ” yet, my proud soul did not bow
In thankfulness for blessings well received.

Such clean, substantial gifts should have relieved
My haughty heart of bitter, woeful pride,
That did (because my life some gifts had been denied)
Cry out aloud for that which I believed
Was needful to my happiness — a blessing rich and good ;
And not content, not reconciled, my soul before the Lord,
Fretful, and doubting, and hard murmuring, ever stood
Faithless in asking ! then the loving God,
Who giveth talent to be wrought upon,
Not to be buried ; Who giveth all blessings, also
To be acknowledged and confessed by every one
To whom He giveth them, displeased at my ingratitude,
Which made my favors seem as though I had them not,
Stretched out His hand over my fancied solitude,
And took from me even that which I had got !
My heart craved earthly love, and idols made of clay !
But lo ! what I possessed, even that He took away !

His chastening rod fell almost in a day !
And up across the blindness of my soul came death,
And sat beside me ! and his blighting breath
Fanned in my darling's cheek a clear, red fire,
Which slowly burned her life away. And fond desire,
And proudest hope, and tenderest love of earth,
Had I in this little white soul, whose birth
Gave *me* no throe — nor knew I until night was gone,
And o'er the hills soft-footed came the morn,
How near the shadowy form of terror's king
Had crouched beside me, touching with his wing
My treasure ! How my trembling heart drank up
Unto its bitter dregs the proffered cup,
Which none but Him who gave it me could put aside !
How utterly I shrank beneath the rod, and cried !
How did my poor soul try to hide from grief
Which rent it sorely ! but found not relief
Until my earthly treasures, one by one,
I gave to God, and said, "Thy will be done !"
It was a glorious noon ; the sky was mildly blue,
And decked with cloudy drapery of snowy hue ;
Sunshine and shadow, half veiled light and duskier shade,
Alternate, chased each other across the glade ;
And up the heights beyond the murmuring stream
Were red and gold, with purple foliage between ;
And all was quiet as a tranquil dream,
Save in the sanctuary, where to pray
Were met a congregation on this holy day.
A rare and subtle fragrance, only of autumn born,
Came on the balmy air from dead fern on the lawn ;
Two gorgeous butterflies before the window played,
Flitting about the panes the while the good man prayed ;
The burden of his wise discourse had been,
" Have faith in God, who cleanseth all from sin."

To my proud heart had come a fearful test,
 And I was weak and heavy laden, so I sought my rest,
 And found it in the holy purity
 Of faith, and love, and patient charity ;
 And now I rest in hope and watch the days go by ;
 And trusting do lie down to sleep when the night draws nigh ;
 Nor do I put to usury the talent I possess ;
 And every blessing which I have humbly do I confess.
 I see the shadows and the sunlight fall,
 And know that after darkness light comes to us all ;
 And oft the sunshine brings us sad surprise,
 And oft the cloud is mercy in disguise ;
 And always by whatever hidden paths I am led,
 I know that Christ is leading me, and goes Himself ahead.

THE DWARFED SHRUB.

Velvet plush was never softer
 Than the plush of thy green leaf ;
 Never finer, never softer
 Than the velvet of thy leaf ;
 And pink-tipped buds grouped together,
 Slowly grown in winter weather,
 All the pale days cold and brief.

With one pretty, snow-flake, silken
 Bloom quite open to the light,
 One sweet flower with foam-white petals,
 Starred with scarlet on its white ;
 Only one frail, silk-soft blossom,
 With a red heart in its bosom,
 That burst to beauty in a night,

Crowned thy velvet clustered branches ;
But because a crooked stem
Bore thy lovely, mantled emerald,
Just because was dwarfed thy stem,
Did a fair hand, white and careless,
Fair, and white, and soft, and careless,
Cast thee from the haunts of men,

Pull thee from thy rooted posture,
Cast thee rudely with her hand,
Fair, and soft, and white, and careless,
From the bit of loamy land,
Where are plants of graceful beauty,
Grown in easy, graceful beauty,
And she loves them where they stand ;

Loves them kindly, loves them well ;
Often drops her lovely face
Closely down to touch their softness,
Where they grow in easy grace ;
Standing tall, and straight, and stately,
Rich in pink and white blooms lately,
Scarce as lovely as her face.

And her blonde hair falling over
On her forehead smooth and grave,
Hides the eyes like soft, grey velvet,
And its glossy, golden wave
Pushes 'gainst the tendrils slender,
And caresses, slow and tender,
Blossoms with its golden wave.

Oh, her hands are white and dainty ;
Beauteous is her face, and rare ;
And the golden gleams like sunlight

Shift and glimmer in her hair ;
 Perfect is her form, and lithesome ;
 Rich her voice, mellow and blithsome.
 Is her spirit just and fair ?

Would a dwarfed soul, living near her,
 Feel the flinging of her hand ?
 Would a sin-sick spirit fear her ?
 Would she draw a closer band
 Round her pure, proud self, (I wonder)
 If hard pierced and rent asunder
 Hearts should be beneath her hand ?

Ah ! I know she's fair and gentle,
 Loving all things gay and sweet ;
 Perfectness is joy forever.
 But, if something 'neath her feet
 Quite deformed, should ask protection,
 Would she give, instead, correction
 To a soul beneath her feet ?

LOVE'S TRYST.

Be still, O, passionate heart !
 'Tis the voice of the turtle dove
 Thou dost hear : why tremble and start ?
 His white breast as white as the snow
 Is only o'erflowing with love

For his mate. They coo where they sit
 In the beautiful light of the day,
 Which touches the clouds as they flit,
 With crimson and purple shades,
 And gold from the gold sun's ray.

Be patient, unquiet heart ;
 For every passionate beat
 Disturbs thee and makes thee start ;
 And thy quickened measures hide from my ears
 The noise of his coming feet.

Be still, throbbing bosom, be still ;
 The shadow I know is his own
 That is moving beyond the hill ;
 I should know if my eyes were turned away,
 And the shadow over me thrown !

CHANGED.

Musk of rose upon the wind,
 Golden blooms along the shore,
 Crimson flakes of cloud behind
 Purple drapery, " silver lined."

Mossy banks along the way ;
 Joyous voices up the glen ;
 Youth and maiden glad and gay,
 Walking where the shadows play ;

Talking, walking hand in hand
 Through the shadows, while beyond
 Scarlet bar and amber band
 Crown the forests and high land ;

Milk-white lilies pure and sweet,
 Golden-hearted, pretty things,
 Blossom, bud, and leaf, complete,
 On the waters at their feet.

Cradled softly on the wave,
Tiny boat with oaken oar,
Fettered where the waters lave
Graceful cress and sandy cave.

Out upon the lakelet's breast
Happy youth and happy maid ;
Something makes the glowing west
Seem in richer colors drest.

Something makes the lilies' snow
Purer still, and whiter seem ;
Lip and lip with crimson glow ;
Whisper softly kisses low.

Autumn in the earth and air ;
Heavy rods of scarlet plumes ;
Dead brake scented sweet and rare,
Forest branches brown and bare.

Clumps of low-grown, hardy weeds ;
Snowy berries crimson stemmed ;
Down among the slender reeds
Blue and purple globs of seeds.

Solemn, stately mullien stalks ;
Lonesome cries of autumn birds ;
Round and round among the rocks,
Silent watching eager hawks.

Where the summer wild briar ran,
Coming close beside the lake,
Haughtily, a dark, stern man,
In the sunlight pale and wan,

Sauntering slowly all the way,
Backward walking in the past,
Hot with scorn for worthless clay,
Broken gods of yesterday.

A woman walking in the glen,
Proud-lipped, royal-browed, and tall,
Careless, counting o'er again
Conquests made of hearts of men.

Formal speech of lip and eye ;
Formal clasping hand with hand ;
Measured footsteps passing by,
Where the leafless shadows lie.

WE MEET AND PART.

We met and parted years ago,
Still do we meet and part the same ;
The broken link is still unbound,
And we are friends only in name.

We meet and part, and meet and part
With seeming kindness, friendly care ;
And yet is something in each heart
Which tells us bitterness is there.

Each watches each in daily life ;
Each wishes each all life can give
Of happiness, of noble peace,
Of all that makes us love to live.

But 'twixt our souls a deadly mist
 Has gathered, which will not depart
 Until upon the golden shores
 Each one shall see the other's heart.

O, broken ties ! O, broken ties !
 O, long, long years ! O, long, long years !
 O, fatal mists ! O, stubborn woe,
 That could not be washed out with tears !

FRAGMENTS.

Within the hollow tree to-night
 In silence grave the great owl sits,
 Which yesterday boded a storm
 With its "tuwhoos" and its "tuwhits !"

Adown the mountain's sloping side
 The brooklet dashes ! frowns the sky !
 Darkness is dense ! clouds crowd the west !
 Among the lichens dead shapes lie !

The great frame of the giant oak
 Rocks madly 'neath the hurricane !
 And by forked tongues of lurid fire
 Huge rocks are swift smitten in twain !

The angry billows, mountain high,
 Sullen, and dark, and capped with foam,
 Roll upward, until sea and cloud
 Seem to be surging sea alone !

Destruction in the forest rules !
Ruin within the valley reigns !
And ruthlessly with ghastly death
Wild havoc strews the fruitful plains !

How wonderful and irresistible is thought !
A power alive with spirit, begot by mind
With mind, receptacles for embryo in space
Being wrapt in mystery ; swifter matured
Than glance the swift sped shafts of light, it leaps
Into the mental scope and lives, but sinks
Entombed by intellectual force until
Formed for resurrection ; potent, then it wields
The wands of evil or scepters of the good,
Enters into the secrets of the universe,
And is enlarged and filled with knowledge of itself.

The manner of the soul is individual,
As is the mode and person of the physical ;
And is the recognition similar,
When earth rolls downward from the spirit's life,
And mind released cleaves through the air ?
Or by that intuition, subtle, undefined,
Unmeasured, not encompassed, does the soul
Take knowledge of the soul complete in shape,
Structure, motion, till resurrection strikes
Away the separation and reunites
Immaterial with the material,
And wisdom reaches out into eternity ?

MIDSUMMER DAY.

Cool are shadows in the forest,
Bright the sunlight on the hill ;
Pleasant sounds of happy voices
Echo near the busy mill ;
Echo, echo, echo near the busy mill.

Slender spires of shining grasses
Bend and rustle in the breeze ;
Large-eyed oxen graze and slumber
Underneath the spreading trees ;
Slumber, slumber, slumber underneath the trees.

In the shadows of the hedges
Milk-white lambkins lie asleep ;
While beyond upon the hillside
Feed the patient mother sheep, —
Feeding, feeding slowly downward where they sleep.

Tiny wasps in velvet jackets,
Within crimson blooms of clover,
Softly tuning little trumpets,
Wade in honey-sweets all over,
Tuning, tuning in the crimson blooms of clover.

Oh, the birds are singing blithely !
Oh, the flowers are sweet and gay !
And the soft-tongued, summer zephyrs
Are coqueting with the day ;
Sporting, sporting, and coqueting with the day.

Gathered on the drooping branches
Of the elm tree, sit and sing
Twenty scores of dusky songsters —

Twenty scores with ebon wing ;
Trill and treble, trill and treble, — sweet they sing.

Up on high at early morning
Soars the skylark from his nest ;
Higher soaring, louder singing,
While his mate, with wounded breast,
Answering softly, softly, softly near her nest,

Sits and broods among the daisies,
Sits a dying on the lea,
Sits and moans, and meekly utters
All the saddest sounds there be ;
Dying, dying, sits a dying on the lea ;

And the wild bird hangs above her,
Merry bird as merry song, —
Hangs, and sings, and swings above her,
Swings and warbles all day long ;
Warbles, warbles, merry bird as merry song.

THE MOUSE.

Poor little thing ! haunted by fear,
With either, silken, maltese ear
Laid closely back against thy head,
And looking as though thou'rt scared dead ;
In such a little heap curled up
Behind the saucepan and the cup.
Thy eyes with sudden terror bright.
Why didst not wait until the night

Could cover thee, thou little sprite?
Why camest thou here in broad daylight
To drink sweet cream and get a bite
Of something good? I had to laugh
To see thy funny paw put half
The distance 'twixt thee and that shelf,
To get a morsel for thyself!
Thou sleek, fat creature, pantry fed
On cream, and cheese, and light yeast bread!
How many prints, sir, didst thou make
With thy sharp teeth upon that cake,
Fruited and frosted all so nice?
I would have spared thee quite a slice
If thou hadst not so wronged me twice.
How many of thy brother mice
Didst thou bring here, thou little fool,
Because that pie was set to cool,
Before I put it snug away
Out of thy reach? Thou dusky fay,
Thou ninny, think thou of that souse!
I doubt if thou dost know, small mouse,
That I know thou didst eat thy fill
And race across it at thy will;
Sir, I have half a mind to kill
Thy life, and give thee to the cat!
I spare thee such a fate as that,
Because thou'rt such a tiny thing,
With such a funny, satin string
For a tail, curled in a ring
Upon thy glossy, maltese back;
Still, I will give thee such a whack
As quick will send thee to thy nest,
And make thee scamper at thy best,
Thou saucy, funny, little pest!

I wonder where thy nest might be?
Behind the lath, or in the knee
Of that old stovepipe up the stair?
If it is not, I wonder where?
In some forbidden place, I trow ;
If 'tis, I'll punish thee, I vow !

I wonder if thy cousin mouse,
Who for a weasel did keep house,
Was mischievous as thou canst be?
That stately, brown-backed, soft-furred mouse,
The one that came over the sea,
In a great ship over the sea ;
Came at a time when times were strange,
Escaping from the moated grange ;
Came with her pretty sisters three —
Came in a ship over the sea.

She acted well the mother's role
To them, always gnawing the hole
Through roughest board, barrel, or chest ;
And always gave to them the best
Of everything ; and once so lame
She got by bearing all the blame
In some misdeed ; yet not a whit
They loved her better ; nor of it
Thought they ; for, when upon the land
They safe arrived, they broke the bond
Of union, just because they thought
She planned for them more than she ought ;
And when the poor thing went astray,
They cast her memory away
With scorn — with bitter hate and scorn ;
And when to her one day was born

Some pretty little weasel mice,
Acquaintance with her they did thrice
Deny ; but when the babes were grown,
And all throughout mousedom 'twas known
That this velvet-furred mouse's deed,
In so departing from her creed,
Had given the world another race
Of creatures in which was such trace
Of beauty as in mouses' face
Was never seen, and excellence
To which their tribes gave no pretense.
Then was their wonder quite intense ;
And every one boasted abroad
That Lady Weasel, wife of Lord
White Weasel, was a sister dear
Unto their humble selves ; and said,
Those little darlings, with such queer
White velvet fur, and such soft red
About their eyes and on their feet,
To them were every bit as dear
As their own offsprings, and as sweet
As sugar-plums to hug and kiss.
And Mrs. Weasel smiled at this,
And Mr. Weasel was in bliss ;
Both were much puffed up by their fame,
And gloried in their sounding name ;
And both, with mingled fear and pride,
Their skeleton did safely hide,
So they did think ; but one foul day
The thing got out and ran away
Into the world, and blazed abroad
The shame of my lady and lord.
And this was what it was : with those
Soft, pretty creatures in their nest

Was born two monsters with such nose
Upon each face so long and slim,
With crouching bodies lean and thin ;
And ears narrow and small, which rose
Straight back upon their heads ; like dirt
Their color was ; and these two things
Went off together, soured and hurt
By the neglect they'd ever borne,
And spread the story of their birth ;
And the ill-treatment they had known
They published over all the earth ;
Then, made themselves dens upon knolls,
And christened their dull race *the moles!*
Now, mouse, these facts I did not see,
But somebody told them to me,
And said that some one else, who knew,
Told her, and vowed that they were true.
But true or not what has been told,
Be sure that I think thee quite bold
To listen to my speech this morn ;
And now, sir, I bid thee begone !

LOVE'S FALSEHOOD.

Out from the noisy town they came,
Along by the river's side,
Where golden-rod and fire-weed's flame
Swung almost down to the tide.
Gay with laughter and glad with joy,
And happy with love of life,
A beautiful maiden, gently coy,
And a tender, loving wife

Came arm in arm ; once in a while
Shyly the maiden looked back,
And often stopped to pluck at the file
Of mulleins along the track ;
Somebody coming closely behind
Watched her, and with pleasant pride
Quickened his footsteps, then changed his mind
And carelessly turned aside,
Only a moment, to laugh and chat,
As his white hand threaded his hair,
Pleased with curls and a feathered hat,
And a face that was only fair ;
But not for one instant losing sight
Of the maiden modest and gay,
He smoothed his dark beard and guessed aright
That her proud eyes were turned away ;
Hopes and fears of her heart he knew,
And he heard each word she said,
Though she but spoke of the skies' blue,
And the maple's gold and red.

When he lazily sauntered near,
And searched with his steadfast eyes
Her sweet face, clouded with fear,
Feigning the coolest surprise,
Amused he looked out over the glade,
With smiles on his bearded lip,
While to the waters the blushing maid
Stooped down her fingers to dip.

Not far beyond the boats were moored,
And only a step below
The waters over rough ledges poured
And foamed as white as the snow.
Over and over the mossy banks,

When flowers in springtime were gay,
Vines, covered with bell-shaped crimson tanks,
In fragrant disorder lay ;
And often and often up the ledge
Where colorless mosses grow,
Where stunted shrub, and " hatted sedge,"
And stubbles stand in a row,
Often and often a graceful vine
Climbed over the wayside hedge,
And over the bowlders a scarlet line
Crept down to the water's edge ;
But to-day the bonneted herbs
Were ripened within the vale ;
And sentinel mulleins and hooded herds
Of weeds, in the autumn pale,
Stood together ; and purple heath,
And fern in an emerald coat,
And fragrant brake, and ivory-leaf,
Grew almost down to the boat.

They had sailed half of a score of times
This season when skies were clear ;
But to-day Maud counted the lines
Of waves, while a nameless fear
Crept to her heart with sudden dread ;
And her cheek, a moment ago
Vividly flushed as the maple's red,
Paled, and her footsteps were slow,
As she walked with Carl where paths were beat
Down and over the low lands,
Leaving prints of her delicate feet
With his firm tracks in the sands.

"So much afraid, Maud, you dare not smile?
And your feet seem weary," Carl said,

“As though our ramble had been a mile
Than a half of a mile instead.
What's here to make you afraid to-day?
Just look where the waters meet
Round the island, then look this way;
Isn't the picture complete?
See, on the waters along the wake
Where the fishers' bateaux drift,
Gold-rimmed circles with only a break
Across where the tide is swift.”
Then laughed he gayly, looking round
Where the wife, with heavier tread,
Came with her king over the low ground;
“Our Maud is afraid,” he said.
Then laughed they merrily; all three
Quite merrily laughed at Maud;
And Verr Herman in impious glee
Said, “Carl, as liveth the God,
I truly think that little Gay,
With her feathered hat, and curls,
And dimpled mouth, and childish way,
Loves thee best of all the girls;
She would dare tempests to get a glance
From a pair of eyes I know,
Which are dark and as keen as a lance, —
Ask Maud if it is not so.”

“I care little what Gay Magee
Would do,” Maud said; a crimson stain
Touched her fair cheek, “but as for me,
I've said and will say again,
I would dare nothing for a man's life
From *love*, unless he had said,
'Maud, I want you to be my wife!’”

The maples paled beside the swift red
 Of her face, which was all in a blaze
 From the white brow to the lips ;
 And still blushed she swiftly 'neath the gaze
 Of keen eyes, to her finger tips.

Mary cried softly, " Ah, Maud, ah, Maud,
 You would love lightly, I see !
 I would have dared death for this lord
 And king who stands beside me."

" I would dare any danger on earth
 If peril to my darling came !
 Tell me, Maud, what is such love worth ?
 And what reward should it claim ? "

Carl Errol spoke gravely and low,
 His beard just touching her cheek,
 In her eyes for the steady glow
 Watching, when she should speak.
 Spoke she softly, and clear, and plain :
 " Love for love is amply enough ;
 Less joy than sorrow and pain
 For wife and mother through duties rough
 Is only what she will gain."

" No, by my own soul, Maud ! " he said,
 Her gain shall be, if she rest
 Or labor — in pleasure or dread —
 All of my life which is best."

No glance for her king on his throne,
 Never a word did she speak ;
 Though he retained her hand in his own,
 And crimson staid on her cheek ;
 Silent she stood in the balmy air

Of a soft breeze out of the west,
And azure ribbons which bound her hair
Fluttered gaily against his breast.
Heavily rolling, an inland wave
Scattered its white, foamy crest
Over her beautiful face so grave,
And over his velvet vest ;
Over dark beard and brown braids of hair,
And dashing up high — up high
Above the sail-boat anchored there,
And rocking a lullaby
To scarlet leaves, and golden leaves,
And a globe of ripened seeds,
And feathery bits of purple heaths,
And tangled pieces of weeds.
Stood they together, but spoke no more
Until unmoored was the boat,
And launched and pushed out from the shore,
With its joyous freight afloat.

Then Carl said, " Our Maud cannot smile,
So much she's fearing some harm.
Sit beside me, dear girl, awhile,
Closely within my strong arm,
Until the waters are swift and deep ;
There, fairest maiden, just so ;
Now we will talk and our tryst will keep,
Hearts beating time as we go."

Scarce the fond words came from his mouth,
When, leaning little aside,
To catch a beautiful leaf just south
Of th' wave where th' boat did ride,
His movements unguarded balance lost,
And into the waters he fell.

Poor little Maud, with terror so tost,
More quickly than words can tell,
Sprang after him ; but he caught her up,
Mirth from his eyes shining out ;
And loudly the fisherman's pup
Barked, and the fisherman's shout
And laugh of ridicule mocked her distress ;
May laughed ; and impudent Verr
Said, as he helped wring her wet dress,
" Gay could not dare love with her."

" There was no danger, Maud," Carl said,
His face brimmed over with fun ;
But Maud's meek face, as white as the dead,
Shame drooped as some guilty one,
Touched his proud soul ; this womanly pride
As dear was to his gallant heart,
As this girl whom he loved as his bride ;
So he whispered to her apart.
She answered as blushed her fair cheek,
" You ought, before I jumped in,
To have told me your wife's is my place,
And saved me that little white sin."
She looked up so archly, Errold's teeth
Showed squarely under his beard ;
And peals of laughter echoed beneath
The bluffs whose shadows they cleared,
Just as the hazy, golden sunlight
Slanted across the high hill,
Making the brown old church panes bright,
And touching the rod on the mill.

A LESSON.

Where side by side two sisters sat
 In pleasant talk (each one a wife
And each a mother), on the mat
 Two children played with doll and fife.
A golden door the sunshine made
 Within the hall ; and in the pane
Glimmered where squares of light were laid
 Before the day began to wane.

Seeing the shining, golden door
 The little children ceased their play ;
And leaving toys upon the floor,
 They laughed, and danced, and skipped away ;
And soon among the fragrant flowers
 Their merry voices might be heard,
Where through the long, bright, summer hours
 The balmy zephyrs softly stirred.

Round and around the crimson rose,
 The dancing footsteps ran a race ;
The lilybells began to close,
 The pansy veiled its lovely face ;
The sunset on the red rose bower
 The gold and purple shadows threw,
And every leaf and every flower
 Were gathering silver drops of dew.

And still the merry laugh and shout
 Rang on the purple evening air ;
And 'mid the roses in and out,
 The tripping feet danced everywhere ;
But when the maddest freak of fun
 Was at its height, each took her stand,

And through the air red blossoms spun
As sped the game from hand to hand.

But ah ! the cruel thorns were keen,
And pierced the slender fingers sore ;
And sobbing softly on the green,
The little maids could play no more.
The sisters in the dusky light
Talked together till no thrill
Of happy laughter filled the night,
And even the tripping feet were still.

Then undefined and subtle sense
Of ill which mother love imparts,
If evil hap or violence
Touches the darlings of their hearts,
Gave such unrest that silence dropped
Between them, ere within the hall
Slow footsteps came, lingered, and stopped,
And sobs answered the mother call.

Then soiled, and torn, and drenched with tears,
To mamma's presence slowly came
Two little girls ; one mamma hears
The sorry story without blame.
" I'll wipe away your tears," she said,
" And kiss you, darling ; " well she knew
That little hands which ached and bled,
The heedless thing no more would do.

Thus Annie, soothed and comforted,
Smiled, but grieved Grace, with eyes still dim,
Saw mamma frown and shake her head,
And say, " You're in a naughty trim ;

And now, wipe your own tears away,
 And recollect some ill is sent
 On girls who rude and rough at play,
 Always deserve a punishment."

Soon did the night hush to repose
 The little girls ; and in full sleep
 Each one forgot her pain ; but rose
 A principle steadfast and deep,
 From the day's lesson, in each heart :
 Kind sympathy, gentle and sweet,
 Became of Annie's life a part,
 And crowned her days with love complete

Grace wore her beauty like a crown,
 But wiped no tears except her own ;
 And her stern creed put Mercy down
 Neath Justice, ere her years were grown ;
 Her stately womanhood made void
 Gracious charities, which enroll
 A woman's worth ; her heart employed
 Stern judgment for an erring soul.

PEACE, BE STILL.

High and higher surge the waves
 On the heaving sea ;
 And its banks in fury laves
 The tide of Galilee.

Cloud and water seem to meet
 Round the tossing ship ;
 To the billows' foamy sheet
 Now do her topsails dip !

Louder, fiercer shrieks the gale !
And the hands which row,
In their tiresome labors fail,
And men fainthearted grow.

Though on board the Master lies
Wrapped in restful sleep,
Yet their faith, beneath rough skies,
Ceases its watch to keep.

And aloud in ardent tongue
They awake the Lord ;
From their lips the summon wrung,
Bursts in rough unaccord.

“That we perish carest not,
Master !” Now erect
From His couch, where rest He sought,
Rises Heaven’s Elect.

Calmly falls His soft reproof
On the winds, the sea :
“Peace, be still.” Clouds hang aloof
Far over Galilee.

But the winds, at His command,
Quick obey His will ;
Quiet rests upon the land,
And all the sea is still.

When the Lord slept in your waith,
Could your courage flee ?
“How is it that ye had not faith,”
O men of Galilee !

Blessed Master, if thine own
 Forgot the withered hand,
 Forgot the wonders thou hadst shown
 Upon the sea and land,

If those who ate their daily bread
 And slept their sleep with Thee,
 Lost faith when rested Thy tired head
 Upon rough Galilee.

When rolling, surging waves of woe,
 And breakers of despair,
 Grief-capped with seething foam like snow,
 Heave round us everywhere,

How is it that our faith can stand,
 Or steadfast watch we keep?
 If heavy slumber hold Thy hand,
 Though in our hearts Thou sleep.

Oh, Christ ! like Peter do we cry,
 Though bid to come to Thee,
 We sink. O save us, or we die,
 Upon rough Galilee !

KENNEBAGO.

Like a mass of molten silver,
 Kennebago 'mid the hills,
 Fringed with fern and drooping willow
 Lies ; and not a surging billow
 From the brooklets to the rills,
 Lifts its foamy crest,
 While the day its measure fills
 In the cloudless west.

Fragrance from the upland forests
 Cool and balmy zephyrs bring ;
 Blush the wild flowers in the valley,
 And the giant oaks keep tally,
 Times swift circles numbering ;
 Reaching to the core
 On each grey trunk, greyer ring
 Silently they score.

From the mountains on the westward,
 To the sloping eastward height,
 North and south, beauty supernal
 From the unknown, Great Eternal
 Clothes the day and wraps the night.
 Here with wholesome rest
 Underneath the twinkling starlight
 Is the traveler blest.

Here upon the sparkling waters
 Or beside the purling stream,
 Far away from all protrusions
 Of life's many, dire confusions,
 Earth and heaven nearer seem ;
 And the sacred goal
 Half disclosed is in a day dream
 To the wondering soul.

APRIL 2D, 1863.

Tearful, sobbing April, sensitive and changeful,
 Smiling first and weeping next, then weeping first and smiling.
 To-day borrows enough of winter's rougher nature
 To wail and bluster in the style of winter's wrathful riling

An hour ago, swept past in little gusts a-moaning,
April's breath with crystal drops, giving old earth a bathing,
And blotting out the last of winter's frosty footsteps,
But now she takes a winter's dirge and shames December's
raving.

The drops of crystal change to feathery flakes of ermine ;
Winter, pleased with April's freak, strides proudly o'er the bier
Of boisterous, stormy March, to stand by pouting springtime,
And gaze with glee and wonder at April's frozen tear.

Then grown bold he offers to let her share his nature ;
She calls the robin to the birch and to the log the drummer,
And flinging up the clouds resting upon her forehead,
She gaily laughs and bids him wait and try his suit with summer.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

Underneath a gorgeous sunset
Sat the stately town ;
Sheeted flame the western heavens
Dropped in glory down.

On the hills the purple gloaming
Eastward lay afar ;
And above the sombre forests
Gleamed the evening star.

Up so high the robin singing
On the topmost branch,
Seemed a songster, 'mid the golden
Cloud-thick avalanche.

Ladened with full loads of honey,
Loitered to the hive
Laborers, late upon the mountains
Where the sweet blooms thrive.

Perfect peace and joy in nature
Ever seemed to rest ;
Even the streets with rosy children
Happily were blest.

On their faces bright reflections
From the golden sky
Shone ; and merrily they shouted .
As the hoops rolled by.

But was hushed in solemn silence
Every gladsome sound,
When in drunken sloth a woman
'Neath the hedge they found !

Said one tall lad, looking at her,
" She deserves a kick ;
Come, boys, let us make this creature
Leave our playgrounds, quick ! "

Then a lad, some years the younger,
Raised a tear-stained cheek ;
" Boys," he said, " 'tis someone's mother,
And her soul is weak.

" Her poor boy, perhaps, this minute,
Waits for her to come ;
With the bread she should have purchased
In the stead of rum !

“ We must pity her and help her
 Kindly on her way ;
For her boy, no doubt, is crying,
 While we laugh and play.”

Every little heart was troubled,
 Every little face was sad,
As beside the wakened woman
Gently knelt the lad.

Softly in his childish fingers
 Did he hold her hand ;
Like inebriate's, coarsely bloated,
 Wrinkled, hard, and tanned.

On them dropped the molten glory
 Of the golden west.
What a picture for the angels
 This rare scene expressed.

Said he simply, fearing greatly
 Lest he should annoy :
“ Are not you somebody's mother ?
 Have not you a boy ? ”

“ Aye, young sir,” she said ; “ most surely,
 And my boy, to-day,
Just your height, this moment worries
 At my long delay.

And the street is dark and lonely,
 Which, seven streets from this
Lies beyond the lamps, in shadows
 Of the night's abyss ! ”

Steadfast at the gathering twilight,
For a moment's space
Looked the lad, then slowly westward
Turned his troubled face.

Said he, " Will your boy be lonesome?
Isn't he afraid,
In the darkness of those alleys,
Where no lights are made?"

Sudden pictures, wild and awful,
Hoarse and angry cries,
Oaths, and shouts, and drunken laughter,
Leaped before her eyes.

In the thickest of the hubbubs
Down the filthy lane,
Oft she'd striven with the fiercest,
And she might again!

Oft again might be unheeded
Ties all else above;
But that moment, strong and tender,
Sprang the mother love.

Through her being every fibre
Thrilled beneath its spell;
And the blindfolds of intemperance
From her eyelids fell.

Measuring her depth of sorrow,
Shame, and filth, and woe,
By the lives of those beside her,
Pure as unsoiled snow,

From the horrors of the wine-cup,
Shrank her guilty soul :
And remorse its bitter billows
O'er her heart did roll.

Rising from the drunken posture
Her unsteady feet,
Turning swiftly toward the alley,
Hurried down the street.

But the boy, refined and gentle,
Who had unaware
Brought before her eyes her foulness,
Danger and despair,

Knew not that his simple questions
Were a sharp appeal,
Cutting through her hardened conscience
Like a knife of steel.

JASPER.

Ah ! where is the spirit so fearless and free ?
So resolute and so unsubdued ?
So laded with honest gallantry ?
So genial, cheerful, gay and sincere ?
We almost feel that our feet do intrude,
We almost feel that a stranger is here !
And yet, the broad, white forehead is crowned
With the same dark locks ; and only closed
In restful slumber, deep and profound,
As if the mind when the body reposed

Yielded to sleep, are the keen, dark eyes ;
But the awful grandeur of silence unbroke
By breath from the lips, a stony disguise
Brings over the countenance ; and ever a stroke
Of sad and slowly returning surprise
Comes to our thoughts again and again,
As we turn again and again to gaze
On the steadfast stillness and motionless rest
That undisturbed on his presence stays.

And the pangs of mortal pain has left
Such a high and spiritual look on his face ;
And the awful shadow of death has cleft
His features in marble and clothed them with grace
Of supreme peace and reconciled ease,
As though the secret of death has riven
The veil of all mysteries, and set
Them forbidden betwixt his lips, and given
Him vigilant guard o'er the fate he has met !

And we turn again and again in our grief
To look at the face so strange, yet well known ;
And we feel that somehow this jovial form
Has into a silent stranger grown ;
But, somewhere around or within us a glimpse
Of dim intelligence soothes and assures ;
And we know, when silence which seals his speech,
And the rigid stillness which secures
His strong, young limbs, wraps us about,
An infinite sphere of action and force
For the soul and infinite knowledge all doubt
Will dispel ; and out in eternal space
Again we shall find and love our friends,
And dwell in a God-appointed place.

THE WRECK.

Upon the shores of Kennebec,
Where the swift waters whirl
Around the eddy, lies the wreck
Of the good boat Le Merle.

Never prettier little shell
Did rock upon the wave ;
Never did sailboat sail so well ;
Never did waters lave

A trimmer little craft than this ;
And never brighter day
Did dawn to give the blithsome bliss ;
Never a softer ray
Of dreamy sunlight drank the dew
Upon the purple heath ;
And never were more softly blue
The skies ; and underneath
Flamed the maple, and below
Flared the gay, golden thorn ;
While fleecy clouds like puffs of snow
Above them floated on.

All the gay glories of the time
Of autumn's regal sway
Were here ; the rose and eglantine
Her hand had swept away ;
And in their place the asters' bloom
To western breezes lent
Its sweet and delicate perfume ;
And golden-rod soft plumes bent
Before the north wind's rugged breath ;
But never fitter day

Mourned the graceful summer's death
Where the dead flowers lay.

Never merrier hearts sailed out
From the Skowhegan shore ;
Never merrier laugh and shout
Rang forth as dipped the oar ;
Nor before was maid e'er seen
Fairer ; as dark as night
A wealth of hair with shining sheen,
And eyes of starry light

“ Looked love to eyes which spoke again ;”
And clear as ringing bell
The voice which answered to her swain ;
And words were chosen well ;
She said, “ Oh, never, never boast
Of what to-morrow'll bring ;
To-day's swift changes are a host,
And disappointments fling
Often in gay to-morrow's lap ;”
But still he stoutly said,
“ To-morrow is a finished map,
And you and I shall wed ;
And you 'll 'be all the world to me,'
Forever mine, most fair ;
To-day my darling 'Mavonie,'
To-morrow Madam Claire.
I know ourselves we cannot save
From dire confusion's fall ;
I may be dead and in my grave !
But what amounts it all ?
My substance, where the soil had laid
Above my crumbling clay,
Would burst and bloom along the glade,

In purple flowers of May.
 And you would touch their slender stems,
 Inhale their sweet perfume,
 And know each petal was a lens
 Through which we could commune !
 Believe me, dear, the narrow tomb
 Could not confine our love !
 Or if in Hades was my doom,
 And yours in bliss above,
 Our love would span the awful space
 'Twixt heaven and my degree,
 And bring me up from my low place,
 Or bring you down to me !
 Or if the heavens like a scroll
 Together should be rolled,
 And all the earth and every soul
 In chaos uncontrolled,
 In an eye's twinkling should be thrown,
 My spirit still would free
 Itself, and quickly find its own
 In all eternity !”

These glowing words with ardor spoke,
 Said he unto the maid ;
 O'er her face a radiance broke,
 Although almost afraid
 Her heart was of this living flame,
 So subtle and so fine,
 (Pervading all her slender frame)
 That scarce dividing line
 Lay 'twixt her thoughts of holy things
 Her love of holy thought,
 And this soft fire with arrowed wings
 Which into one had brought

Two souls. Sudden, as if to mock
Their joy, the falling oar,
Glancing aside, upon the rock
A stone's throw from the shore,
Was dashed the gallant boat Le Merle,
And overturned and crushed,
And over it the foaming whirl
Of surging waters rushed !
Never he gave a hand of aid,
Never a word or sigh
His lips breathed to the drowning maid,
Although her sudden cry,
With shrieks for help from other lips,
Aroused the busy town !
But silently and dumb as slips
The dead, so slipped he down
Into the waters out of sight !
While upon either bank
Gathered the people in affright,
Calling for ropes and plank !
Women were shouting fast and loud,
And hither, thither ran,
Until amid the frenzied crowd
Hastened a fearless man !
Into the waters swam he swift !
Twice came he to the shore,
Bringing all that his arms could lift,
And back went he once more !
With steady hands he grasped the maid ;
But to some lifeless thing
Which under the water partly laid
She frantically did cling !
“Fast holding to some sunken knurl !”
He thought ; aloud he said,

“ Let it alone, quickly, my girl,
And cling to me instead !”

Half drowned and strangled by the wave
That ruthless o'er her broke,
The noble maiden, fair and brave,
In gasping accents spoke !
“ O, sir ! save Willie !— this is he !
My Willie, sir, you know !
He's hurt, and he will sink, you see,
If I should let him go !”
This was a man of gallant heart,
And courage firm and true ;
And these he *would* not tear apart,
Toward the shore he drew !
But onward swept the raging waste
Of waters to the dam ;
White surges one the other chased
Over the struggling man !
And he, convinced fully at last,
How utterly in vain
Had been his hopes and efforts past,
Addressed the girl again.
“ If you wish Willie to be saved,
Unclasp your hands,” he said ;
She half unconsciously obeyed,
Nor knew that he was dead !
Nor saw him slowly drift away
Half sunken as would one
Who without life in waters lay,
Which surge and swiftly run !
Renewed the man his failing strength
When of dead weight relieved ;
And soon by arms outstretched full length,

The maiden was received.
Where friends stood with her on the bar,
 Stood she for moments brief ;
But wistful looked her eyes afar,
 As waters raged beneath,
And brought in their rough, foaming tide,
 Which leaped with roaring sound,
Something that with the circles wide
 Went swiftly round and round,
Nearer and nearer, where the rush
 Of billows rose and fell !
In the maid's breath there came a hush !
 And then, whose tongue can tell
What force it was which her feet drew ;
 What strong, unbroken bands
Lured her away? They only knew
 Who, left with empty hands,
Gazed where divided waters shut,
 With horror-stricken mien,
How seemed it that their strength was cut
 By sudden touch unseen !
How seemed it that as true souls meet,
 So met upon the air
Something as if of joyous feet !
 And something, sweet and fair,
Throbb'd through their pulses as would dart
 Joy for another's bliss ;
And something sounded to each heart
 Just like a holy kiss !

How ceaselessly the water sprang
 Over the fatal spot !
How ceaselessly its voices rang
 Aloud, and heeded not

Sore lamentations on the land !
Nor cast out from its deep
A tress of hair or a white hand !
But as wild waters leap
So leaped and swept the Kennebec,
With angry rush and whirl,
Leaving upon the ledge the wreck
Of the good boat Le Merle !

THE DRUNKARD.

Upon a pallet of straw,
In a garret filthy and old,
A man lay covered with dirty rags,
Dying from hunger and cold !

No pennies to buy him bread ;
No love to his couch did come ;
Nor did he ask for food or for fire ;
He only pleaded for rum !

To strangers whose tearless eyes
Watched over his bed of pain,
Ever he turned and aloud cried out
That he was thirsty again !

But when they brought from cool founts
Pure water and gave him some,
He put it aside with bitter curse,
And hoarsely pleaded for rum !

And as the moments drew near
When he must go down to death,
The demon within him stronger grew,
And he with his latest breath,

Raised his nerveless hands and said,
"To go to heaven it is well ;
But I would rather to-day, my friends,
Have rum and go down to hell !

"For hell is not worse than this
Which now burns within my breast !
I would give an eternity of heavens
For a moment of *mortal* rest !

"This flame is the fire of fires !
This thirst is the king of ills !
Men drink hell when they put to their lips
The bowl which alcohol fills !

"Give me, O ! give me some rum !
To go to heaven it is well ;
But a man must quench such fires with fire,
When *once he has drunken hell !*

"Give me, O ! give me some rum !
And whatever thing that's true
There is which an earnest tongue can say,
Or an earnest hand can do

"To rid the earth of this curse,
*Then in God's name let them give
The warnings unceasing with their might,
That all who can heed may live !*

"But I *must* have rum ! rum ! rum !
These damning thirstings to quell !
For men *must* quench these fires with fire
When they have drunken a *hell !*"

SOMEWHERE.

Forty leagues from wealthy Brenton,
In the little town of Somewhere,
Were fine houses and fine farm-lands,
And the lands were tilled with care.

Waters in the shady valleys
Sparkled where sleek cattle fed ;
Brake, and glen, and sloping hillside,
Into fragrant luxury led.

In the summer milk-white lambkins
On the shadows lay asleep ;
While for sweet bits 'mid the brambles,
Searched large flocks of healthy sheep.

Rightly stored were ample harvests,
In the pleasant autumn days ;
Filled were bins with wheat and barley,
Filled were racks with golden maize.

Amber juices of the apple
Overflowed each brimming cask ;
Softer drink, or more insinuous,
Scarce the epicure could ask.

Yet, before the gurge of autumn
Was redeemed, had effervesced
Every measure of mild liquor
From the mellow fruitage pressed.

Freely drank industrious Somewhere,
As they wielded hoe and axe ;
'Twas their boast, they made good cider,
Owned their coats and owed no tax.

Later, when the glittering white-frosts
Gathered on the window-panes,
Every household sat in order,
'Gainst the winter's snows and rains.

All the farm-tools under cover,
Safely as their price in gold ;
Even the outer sheds and stables
All secured against the cold.

From the heaps of odorous cedar,
From brush-piles of unsound blackheart
Masses of dry birch and maple,
Tiered and corded, stood apart.

Also good hard wood for fuel,
To be burned in Sabbath times ;
Compact as a wall, and even,
Near the vestry stood in lines.

Proud the people were of turrets,
Reaching upward toward the sky,
Upon church-roofs on the commons,
Standing massive walled and high.

Wholesome comforts and contentments
Blessed, indeed, the thrifty town ;
Sat upon the public welfare
Peace and plenty like a crown.

Fully satisfied, and fully
Self-assured, they freely ate
Of the products of their labors ;
Knew no strife and felt no hate.

Every good law enacted
Every motive from good source,
Found within the town of Somewhere,
Strong, because united force.

Yet, amid sundry perfections
Clothing influence with much grace,
Great defects, with issues certain,
Struck progression in the face.

Then to raise young foals was given
By these fathers, every one,
Less of time to train his daughter,
Less of care to rear his son.

Better had the church no steeple,
Better its grates had lacked dry wood,
Or ripe wheat had not been gathered,
Or yellow corn unshorn, had stood ;

Than should sit among the lowlands,
Close to an unwholesome mere,
Such mean shanties where the children
Lived nearly one-half the year.

Latchless doors on rusty hinges,
Patched and broken squares of glass,
Roofless sheds and crazy chimneys,
Every wall an ugly mass.

Through the crevices in winter,
In the walls and in the floors,
In the loose sash of the windows,
In the old and battered doors,

Swept the fierce breath of the northwinds,
On benumbed and frosted feet ;
And the little bodies shivered
Sitting in the warmest seat.

Yet, no task could be omitted,
For the townfolks of keen Somewhere,
By short wages got long school terms,
And if skies were foul or fair,

Grudged not time, neither spared trouble,
Made it an unbroken rule
To secure for sons and daughters
Daily exercise of school.

If were dense the glistening snowdrifts,
Morgan Brown, or Silver Gray,
Groomed until his hair was glossy,
Tramped along with loaded sleigh.

From the youthful lads' broad foreheads
Boreas lifted straying curls ;
While beneath the robes' gay fringes,
Warmly wrapped were red-cheeked girls.

Snugly guarded safe in boxes,
Ample dinners close were packed ;
Cheese, and pie, and fruit, and fruit-cake,
Nor the allowance cider lacked.

Said the good dames, filling bottles,
" This will warm you like hot fires ;"
" Aye, 'twill warm you like a furnace ;
Best of cider," said the sires.

Also, said they, "Boys, remember
That you go to school to learn ;
Think, ' time lost is lost forever,
Moments past will not return.'

" Now, while you are young and sprightly,
Is the time to study hard ;
Grapple with your education,
Let nothing your work retard."

So, although an aged building
Creaked and rocked under the blast,
Though the smoke from drafts defective
O'er their eyes mistiness cast ;

Though the hard, high seats swift tortures
Caused throughout each restless frame,
And through compressed lungs imperfect
Respiration went and came ;

Though the young blood crept but slowly
To the chilled limbs from the heart,
Still the blessed little children
Patiently performed their part.

At the cost of injured vision,
At the cost of diseased spine,
Verbatim the lengthy lessons
Well were measured, line by line.

Though in summer, from the jungles,
Strong miasmas filled the air ;
Though straight through the shadeless windows
Poured the noonday's heat and glare ;

Yet, small heads with bursting temples,
Throbbing eyeballs and strained nerves
Found the unknown quantities,
Convex surfaces and curves.

Through great seas of tribulations,
Rolling as the high waves roll,
Labored harrassed, weary teachers,
In patience scarce possessing soul.

Forty leagues from wealthy Brenton,
Is the little town of Somewhere ;
Less of harvest brings the autumn,
Tilled the lands are with less care.

Fifty years have marred the churches,
Peace and plenty both have fled ;
Where sleek cattle culled the meadows,
Now graze meagre herds instead.

Petty districts, subdivided,
Give the thriftless place to-day,
Fifteen shanties, where degenerate
Rough and ragged scholars play.

Near the merchant's stately dwelling
Now swings out the tavern sign ;
In the streets, half after midnight,
Men reel homeward drunk with wine.

Wealthy Brenton, looking backward
At the downward course of Somewhere,
Firmly against divers errors
Surely makes herself aware.

Understands she at her firesides,
In the church and on the street,
That intemperate discipline
Is a system incomplete.

Tempered wisdom puts good schoolrooms
In the fairest spots, and best ;
Moderation gives its pupils
Lessons which they can digest.

Mothers blessed with wholesome knowledge,
Lead their offspring by safe ways ;
Teach they them that temperance
With success will crown their days.

Fathers, show by full examples
That the deep and deadly woes
Lurk within the amber juices,
As in wine when color glows.

TO SARA AND WILLIE.

If in your memory lingers yet
The tenderness supreme,
Given us by mother's gentle heart ;
If to your minds be clear
The richness of her love serene,
Perfect, holy, and high ;
If on your souls is photographed
That precious gift divine,
That beautiful and priceless gift
Which once was yours and mine ;
If the true depths of sister love

Your hearts can comprehend,
And if your thoughts can these two loves
Together mix and blend,
Then can you measure in my heart
The depths, earnest and true,
Of love exalted, holy, pure,
Which it contains for you ;
If you can realize how swift
Such love would put away
All sorrow, pain and care,
All things unpleasant from the paths
You tread from day to day,
Then do you know how bright and fair,
How wholly good should be,
How full of happiness and peace,
Your gifts if given by me.

LADY LE CLARE.

“ Ho ! ho ! my sailor boy, where do you go ?
Ho ! ho ! my sailor lad, where do you sail,
Through the dashing foam that is white as snow ?
Canst thou and thy frail craft weather the gale ?
Close-reefed and scudding along the shore,
Whither goest thou, we can not tell.
Is the gray-haired grandsire's gout more sore ?
Is the gentle old dame not well ?
And hast thou now come to gather the herb,
Bitter-sweet, which grows on the edge
Of the scraggy bluffs with mosses and serd,
That cover the face of the ledge ? ”

“ Oh ! miner, ah ! miner, hast seen, hast seen,
 In thy search for jewels to-day,
A wee white twin lamb, the smallest, I ween,
 That ever did creep far away
Behind some rock from the driving, chill mist,
 Hid away to die or to sleep,
Ere its little face had been kissed
 By its patient young mother sheep?
Oh ! miner, ah ! miner, pray, tell me true,
 Oh ! tell me ! tell me, hast thou seen
This wee white lamb left to die by the ewe?
 The weest and whitest, I ween,
That ever crept off to die or to sleep
 Ere its little face had been kissed
By the young, white-wooled, mother sheep?
 For I must bring it to Lady Le Clare,
The wee thing, if dead or alive !
 Then, perhaps, I may touch her fingers fair,
Though I might never dare call her dear Clyve.
 My lady came out to the flocks this morn,
After the herder had gathered them in,
 And said that the little white mite just born
To her young, white ewe, was a twin ;
 And my fair lady clasped her lily-white hands ;
And my fair lady's eyes were bright ;
 And she said to me, said she “ Dear Rande,
There is a young and gallant knight
 And a brave young lord in love with me,
And I do not know which to take.
 Tell thou them, I pray, that my heart is free,
Until there is brought for my sake
 The white twin lamb that crept away
To hide and to die, or to sleep,
 The little creature that was born to-day

Unto my pretty, white-wooled sheep.

The one who bringeth to Lady Le Clare
The lamb, whether dead or alive,

Shall kiss this hand, which they say is fair,
And tell me, "I love thee, dear Clyve ;"

And I will give back to him love for love,
Will give him a kiss for a kiss,

And our vows shall be registered above,
And heaven shall equal our bliss."

"Now I am nothing but the herder's son,

But I could not, I do vow by my soul,
Stand beside her, as often I had done,

And hear her soft voice and be whole ;
But I did as she bade, told the young knight,

And told the young lord what she said,
But they would wait till the dark skies were bright,
And bring the wee thing to her dead.

To-morrow morn, if the heavens be blue,

Each one with the other will vie

To find the wee white twin lamb which the ewe
Left upon the ledges to die ;

So I bethought that not the one,

Neither the other was worthy her gift :

And I hoped, though I were the herder's son,
If I came when the waves did lift

Their foam up far, and far on the strand,

And, if I brought the lamb home alive,

Then I might dare touch her beautiful hand,

Though I never might call her dear Clyve.

But I've searched down low, and I've searched up high,

And even where the children hunt the May,

And wherever I thought a ewe might lie,

Or a lamb be hidden away ;

And now I am rowing along the rock,
For at time, when the tide is out
And the weather is fine, the entire flock
Do saunter and gnaw close about
The roughest boulders for morsels of leaf
And sorrel, and a hardy, wild weed,
Which grow in abundance among the reef,
And on which they delight to feed.
I see in the cavern beyond where ye stand
A little white heap like the foam,
Up clear and quite safe from the seething band
Of waters, and lying alone ;
It may be a dash of the snowy spray
Thrown up where the lichens lie ;
It may be a milk-white stone, or it may
Be the twin the ewe left to die.
But, oh ! miners, look, for your eyes are keen,
And tell me what it is I see
On the boulder out eastward, mossed so green,
With white arms beckoning to me.
Oh ! tell me, is it my Lady Le Clare ?
Is her golden hair wet with spray ?
Is she reaching her beautiful arms all bare,
And speaking ? and what does she say ?
Listen ! listen ! do you hear — do you hear ?
For the high gale is lulled, you see ;
And my lady's voice is so soft and clear,
And I'm sure she's speaking to me !
Listen ! oh listen ! do I hear aright ?
“ Dear Rande, whether dead or alive,
Thou dost not bring the wee twin lamb to-night ;
Thou shalt kiss me, and shalt call me dear Clyve,
And I will give back to thee love for love,
I will give thee a kiss for a kiss,

And our vows shall be registered above,
And heaven shall equal our bliss ! ”

“ Oh sailor ! oh sailor ! thy joy be complete ;
For hear we the clear dulcet tone,
And such words as thou shalt love to repeat :
Fair Lady Le Clare is thine own !
Fly, fly to her who is waiting for thee,
Nor tarry, nor tarry, nor wait ;
Hie, hie thee, swift, for impatient is she
For the dear, loving glance of her mate.”

“ Oh miners ! oh miners ! dost hear the bleat
Of a lamb ? it is the little white twin ;
It comes from the cave where the foam-like heap
Was lying ; I'll gather it in,
And take it with me to Lady Le Clare,
And under the light of the sun
I'll kiss the damp mist from her golden hair,
And bless my own, beautiful one.”

A NEW THING UNDER THE SUN.

Sat on his throne a good old king,
More than half of a century ;
His kingdom prospered in peace and war,
So prudent a monarch was he.

With sheaves of plenty his lands were full ;
Overflowed they with milk and wine :
Of gold and of silver lacked he none,
Nor of jewels quite rare and fine.

Emeralds, sapphire, amethyst,
Carbuncle, agate, and beryl,
Diamonds of wondrous depth and gleam,
And combinings of gold with pearl,
Flashed and sparkled upon his crown,
And buckled his gay breeches' knee ;
Glittered his harness, spear, and shield,
So rich an old monarch was he.

Yea, good, and wise, and wealthy, too,
And hearty and healthy as well ;
Honored at home, honored abroad ;
And even the children could tell
Of great exploits, of brave old deeds,
And of his good deeds old and new ;
And he, the king, loved well his fame,
And was vain as older he grew.

Not that his heart was a jot less kind,
Nor his hand a jot less was true ;
Not that his steel a jot less was sharp,
Nor less sure was the blade he drew.

But he decked his throne most gorgeously,
And himself in grandest array
Of finest linen, purple and gold,
And appareled every day
His household in garments rich and rare,
And gaily his servants he drest,
And unto his utmost strove to be
The greatest, and wisest, and best.

Upon his fame as discreet, just,
Magnanimous, magnificent,

Handsome, gracious, and pleased, withal,
Looked he with easiest content.

But little mildews soil the leaf,
And "little foxes spoil the vines;"
And little imperfections mar
The grandest characters sometimes.

Among the many graceless traits
In all humanity, 'tis plain,
The silliest, least elegant,
Most graceless one, is to be vain.

And this great king, though wise and good,
Was very vain as he grew old ;
Being not satisfied with fame,
Being not satisfied with gold.

All kings' crowns with jewels were set ;
Also every breeches' knee,
Whether of king, of prince, or of lord,
By diamonds buckled might be.

Something new underneath the sun
Greatly desired this good old king ;
And vanity to gratify,
He did design that this new thing
Should be an outward ornament ;
And as new so must it be fine ;
And to obtain his wish, throughout
His vast domain he did assign
That every trade and every art,
If of high or of low estate,
Should well devise, and untiring search,
And labor both early and late.

Every artisan plied his skill ;
The spinners and weavers of cloth,
Rich patterns produced of new design ;
And lace-makers, not at all loth
To surpass the makers of silks,
To outdo the workers in stone,
Vowed that the new thing under the sun
Should be, with its reward, their own.

Never before such fabrics were wove,
And never such laces were wrought ;
Never such devices of stone and gold
As unto this wise king were brought.

But to the weavers of all the cloths,
Strict models of each he did shew
In art or nature ;—artists had not,
Nor lace-makers aught that was new.

The artificer his guage and mall
Resumed with a resolute face ;
Honest workers at distaff and loom
Still toiled ; but the makers of lace,
Convinced that nothing under the sun
Was to be that never had been,
Resolved to play a desperate game,
And die if they failed, or else win.

So each day they netted, and warped,
And wrought, while they merrily sang,
A web so fine that never a thread
Was seen where the laces should hang.

One day an idler sauntered about
The rich old city, and looked in

Upon the spindles and looms at work,
And curiously watched the din.

Lazily loitering down the streets,
Turning about from right to left,
Into shops of the workers of stone,
Listening to the ringing heft
Of the hammer, or slyly askant
Glancing as he craftily spoke
Of the king's desire and fruitless search,
And labor of souls 'neath his yoke.

Naught gained he from the royal crowd
Of workmen ; never a complaint
From their bearded lips ; not a man
Paused in his work ; with proud restraint
Answered they him ; civil each tongue,
And grave and dignified each mien ;
Disgusted, the loafer turned away :
" The tamest set I've ever seen,"
He muttered. Out on the street again
Neither to right nor left turned he,
But straight to the place where was wrought
Fine lace. Twinkling with merry glee,
Bright eyes saw his inquisitive phiz
Assume a look of great dismay ;
They seemed to him, as they warped and filled,
Mad women at mechanical play.

But soon a maid, the fairest of all,
Greeted him with a merry bow.
Dropping her dark, beautiful eyes,
And blushing as maidens know how,
She ran her fingers up and down
The width of spaces where the lace

Should have been. "Isn't it beautiful?"
Naïvely questioned she. "Empty space
I see," he said, then put his hand
Out softly; "nor aught can I feel!"
A shade of astonishment came swift
To her face; she turned to her reel.

Every woman looked from her work;
"Blind man," one of them softly said,
Each countenance pity expressed,
Every one nodded her head.

This was sufficient; over his brow
He hastily put his white palm;
Blandly he said, "I must have been blind;"
Sharply looked he under his arm
Up and down the long widths of spaces,
And across each long width of space,
And little oaths he swore to himself,
And declared he could see no lace.

But aloud he said, "Madam, so strong
Is the sunlight this brilliant day,
It must have effected my eyes somewhat
With dimness, — it's now passed away."

Back to his side the little maid tript,
The maid that was fairest of all;
"See," she said, "'tis of silken thread,
And this is the tiniest ball
Of golden dust caught by our art
Among its fine meshes throughout,
And silver crossbarred and silver starred!
The king will accept it, no doubt,
As something new beneath the sun,

For never was a like design ;
And never before a hand has wrought
A web of lace so rich and fine.
It has cost us many hungry hours,
And often a sleepless midnight ;
But new inventions are dearly bought,
And all who would conquer must fight.”

So spoke this maiden fair and gay —
This maiden both cunning and wise ;
She opened his heart with the hand
That dazzled and blinded his eyes.

Awhile he tarried, and ere he went
He could see, as he turned his head
Away from the spaces, rich, new lace,
Woven just as the maid had said.

When on the streets again, his lips
Such a marvellous story told
About fine lace with jewels strewn,
And woven of silver and gold !

“ A fabric,” he said, “ so rare and fine
That scarce common vision can trace
Its texture ; a new thing most sure
Is found in this beautiful lace !”

Many men, many shrewd old wives,
And many young folks visits made
The lace-makers ; wond’ring they looked,
And flattering compliments paid
To something, they knew not what it was,
For never did a fine-drawn thread,
Nor crossbarred silver, nor golden dust

Greet their eager gaze, but instead
Was empty space ! yet none so bold
Among them all who cared to allow
That his vision a keenness lacked ;
And so every tongue did avow
Truths of this new thing under the sun ;
But each did in secret confess
That if all other eyes were so sharp,
Indeed, his in keenness were less !

At last the king came down to the place
The wonderful thing to behold ;
Amazed, he watched the women at work !
But the swift thought that he was old

Kept him silent ; for even the king
Shrank from exposing a defect
In fine, large eyes of which he was proud ;
Therefore, with proper respect
To dignity and kingly reserve,
He spread his white hands and averred
That the wonder then before his face
Was the greatest he ever heard !

So time rolled on, and had come the day
That was called the day of the kings ;
For many crowns would feast at his board,
And many knights enter his rings
To joust for fair lady ; and queens
From all of the kingdoms around
Would join with the wise old king's good dame
In honor of the new thing found.

At time appointed repaired the king
To be dressed by the cunning hands

Of the makers of lace, — this their wish ;
And gold, from his bounteous lands,
To the amount of the larger half
Of a common kingdom, was weighed,
To be paid directly when himself
In his rich, new robe was arrayed.

Deftly their fingers arranged the dress,
And shook out each fold upon fold
Over his under garments white
And of simple linen ; none told
His vain, good liege the honest truth !
Not one of his courtiers were true ;
Not one of his many subjects dared
To denounce this great thing so new
That each beside himself could see
And so fully appreciate ;
For had not the king uttered its praise
As a miracle truly great ?

But the courtiers, and every page,
And would all of his people with shame
Have covered their eyes when riding forth
Their much loved old sovereign came !

In simple drawers and linen shirt,
Through the greatly astonished throng,
Of his people's veracity sure,
Slowly, proudly, rode he along.

The crowd of strangers that filled his court
Looked at his dress, — looked at his crown,
And laughed outright, as if he had been
Instead of a monarch, a clown !

And the little children clapped their hands,
And laughed, and jovially said,
“Why, mamma, the sire is all undressed !
Is he ready to go to bed ?”

But the Lion Beard, a man of war,
Shook his head as lion his mane,
And roared aloud, “Each man to horse !
No loitering until is slain
This insult ! Ho, there, my guards ! advance !
His steed bring us every one !
For this befoolery is, indeed,
Something new underneath the sun !”

Leaped from its sheath his ponderous sword !
His battle-axe wheeled in the air !
And every knight of the king's great league
Swore hard by his lady fair.

And deafning tumults disturbed the town !
The thundering of ironed hoof
Shook the city ! the castled court
Trembled from basement to roof !

Every stranger within the port,
Maddened and all eager for fray,
As solid walls uniting at once,
Turned swiftly like bloodhounds at bay !

Uprose the old king in mighty wrath !
On his stout roan steed sat he well !
And sounded he the herald himself !
Then afar over hill and dell,
And in the streets of the city throughout,
Piped the signals both loud and long,

And gathered together men of might,
To war 'gainst Shibolet^h the strong !
Face to face and hand against hand,
Between them but short space of ground ;
Each gate and every avenue,
And every dormer around
Issued warriors fully equipped
With broad sword, and in polished shield !
And every score appeared a host,
And every housetop a field !

Twanged the bowstrings from left to right !
Glanced as swift lightning the steel !
And the solid wall of armed men
Like a shattery mass did reel !

Never for mercy requested the foe ;
And no mercy the old king gave,
Until his streets were rivers of blood,
And his court was a spacious grave !

Then withheld he his angry hand,
And his voice rose loud and high ;
“Did ye think to slay me in my den?
Yield now, or else utterly die !”

Then straight to the front the haughty sire
Of the Shibolet^h hasted forth ;
“We have turned our faces east and west,
We've looked to the south and the north,
We've supped in the south, and supped in the north,
Drank wine in the east, and the west,
But, by the most holy Rood ! none dared
Such insult to offer, at best !
Where is the new thing under the sun

Which came all the world out to see?
Wherefore naked dost greet thy guests?
If thou dost dare then answer me !”

Over the wounded, over the dead
Passed slowly the prudent old king ;
“ A *woman* fooled a nation,” he said, “
“ And this is the marvellous thing !
No insult, but every courtesy
Was purposed for thee and for thine ;
Though (not as we thought) no lace was here,
Yet the linen was very fine ;
And never there waited better cheer —
Quite welcome thou art to it still,
If thy Irish ire has cooled a bit,
And of blood thou hast had thy fill !”

“ By heaven !” and Shibboleth stroke hard
Upon his mailed breast, “ bad fare
Thou hast given five kingdoms at thy feast !
And we have laid thy tables bare,

“ By swift conjecture and much haste
In judgment ! Come, let us depart !
Thy wines untasted, thy songs unsung, —
We pray thee now let us depart !”

“ Ho, there, my men !” the king proclaimed,
“ Cleared be the court, and these brought in
To sing our songs and sip our wines !
To let them go were greater sin
Against our hospitality,
Than this that they this day have done,
Or our wrong undesigned 'gainst them ;
Welcome as guests are every one !”

Sat 'mid his visitors the king,
In kingly state and kingly dress ;
And lengthened was the feast for days ;
And wine a hundred years from press
Foamed white within the golden bowl ;
And courtly honors filled the hour,
Until the guards had searched and found
Among the debris of the tower,
The guilty makers of the lace,
Who, hidden, hoped in quiet time
To flee the realm, and so escape
Punishment for their daring crime.

When fairly brought before the throne,
And each great guest in honored place,
The maiden fairest of them all
Before the king stood face to face.

“ Wherefore didst thou play the ugly trick ? ”
He questioned her who was apart
From her contemporaries ; “ verily,
Thy face is fairer than thy heart !

“ Thy lily hands are red with blood !
Thy soul is covered with thy guilt !
Will hempen skein round these white throats
Wash out the blood that ye have spilt ? ”

Toward the scared and trembling group
Of rash conspirators glanced she ;
“ Yea, sire,” she humbly said, “ perhaps
It were enough to punish me.

“ If these might live, the hardest death
Thou mightst decree I'd glad receive ;

For great extent of wrong is done
By our mad trick, we do believe.

“ And I, the most to blame of all,
Made fools of nine out of the ten !
O, sire ! ’twere almost worth the death,
For we were weak, and ye wise men !

“ My arm is small ; my waist almost
A courtier’s hands or thine could span ;
If we first sinned, and none offense
Than ours ye see, the triple clan
Of crimes cast full upon my head ;
For strong was I offense to give,
And strength is here the penalty
To bear, whether to die or live ! ”

The frown had wholly cleared away
That sat upon his spacious brow,
And mildly spake the good old king ;
“ Perchance,” he said, “ thou’lt tell us now,
Since thou dost reason well, fair maid,
And bold dost speak of clans of crime,
What is akin our hot misdeeds
To this cool, preconceived of thine ? ”

“ Yea, sire, with thy permission, sure,
I will tell thee as I’m constrained
By truth. According to my thoughts,
Thy sin and mine should both be named
A lie, provoked by vanity,
With vanity on either side.
Went it not forth in thine own heart,
Before my wrong ? and thy mouth lied,
When, to appease thy lust for praise,

A great, new thing thou didst demand
 With which to deck thyself, yet said
 Thy aim was to honor the land.

“ And, sire, I ask thee, what untruths
 Were these less rank than thy staunch friends
 Have practised? they negotiate
 With thee, and then, to make amends
 To vigilant pride for insult
 Fancied, straightway their steel they lift
 Against thee; and leave within thy gates
 Butchery for their feast-day gift!”

Straight on his throne leaped up the king!
 Straight from his seat leaped up each guest!
 Loud clanked the sword on courtier's thigh!
 And criminal smote hard her breast!

But lo! the king stretched out his hand
 And spoke. “ We bade her speak,” he said.
 “ If she but told us wholesome facts,
 'Tis well; if not, better were dead
 The little maid before her birth.
 How think ye, friends? speaks she untrue?
 Say out your minds, or lift your swords,
 That we may have this matter through.”

Remained unlifted every sword,
 Reseated every guest became;
 Toward the damsel turned the king:
 “ Thou gavest the triple crime its name,”
 He said, “ and at our best we'll try
 To profit by thy just reproof,
 And henceforth forward will sit
 From silly vanity aloof.

"And as some retribution small,
 For our offense pardon we give
 To these and thee — provided this,
 That ye, as honest burglars, live,
 And toil unceasing at your art,
 And make us lace of thread fine spun,
 Until, forsooth, ye do invent
 A new thing underneath the sun!"

This was the fiat, and 'tis said,
 Instead of new, a rich old lace,
 Lost years before, was found by her
 Whose heart less fair was than her face.

THE VISION OF BRENT.

Not in the olden times there stood,
 Among the circling hills, a town
 Rich in large tracts of thrifty wood ;
 And ample fields of waving grain,
 And goodly plats of golden maize
 Ripened 'neath summer's sun and rain.

Under the azure skies of June
 Gardens of fragrant roses blushed ;
 And on the breeze was rare perfume
 From mignonette and violet ;
 And sweet syringa blooms at morn
 With mellow dews of night were wet.

Also were vegetables and plum
 In plenty reared upon the lands ;

And fruits of all kinds. The great sum
Of numbers, telling the true count
Of bushels gathered at the time
Of harvest, was a vast amount.

And yet, upon the sunniest slants,
Spaded and tended with much care,
Grew rank, filthy tobacco plants, —
The nastiest weed that e'er the Lord,
In his wisdom for wise designs,
Suffered to cumber the earth's sod.

Large crops of this foul weed each year
Yielded great profit to the purse
Of him who planted ; but in rear
Of big debts for the poorer man,
A multitude of smaller debts
For pipes and foul tobacco ran.

Many creations of God's hands
Who upright should have walked as kings,
Were slaves, bound close by stronger bands
Than bonds which held Africa's race !
Nicotian fumes forged chains of steel ;
And veils of flint to wrap the face
Of reason ; and with iron heel
Stamped out the watch-fires on the height
Of knowledge ; and from intellect
Extracted all the nobler light !
And paved the way for alcohol,
And upon many sacred things
Brought down an everlasting blight !

With energies weakened by use
Of this vile poison, fathers sat,

And by example heaped abuse
Upon their sons greater than that
Given to the negro by the lash.
They diligently chewed and chewed,
And smoked away the hard earned cash
That should have clothed little bare feet,
A part of their own flesh and blood,
Shrinking and shivering on the street.

Lived in this town among the hills
Young bachelors of high degree,
Merchants, clothiers, owners of mills,
Lawyers and doctors ; also three
Who owned plantations, reaching west,
East, north, and south, to some extent ;
Each labored with praiseworthy zest
To bring his land to that high point
Where it should stand ahead, as best
Of all lands in the town of Brent.

These three young men were social souls,
And did intend some future day,
When they had gained enough of wealth,
To visit certain pattern homes,
Famed for economy and health,
And bear three worthy girls away,
To walk with them the paths of life,
To bless their days with loving care,
To fill the holy place of wife.

But time passed on, — men grew less young ;
The waiting maidens grew less fair ;
And still the three were bachelors,
With gray slightly sprinkling their hair.
Still, lack of mammon was increased,

And each one, inclined more and more
To sit beneath the untrimmed vines
That clambered all about his door,
And puff between his bearded lips
A curious, dusky little roll
Of cured tobacco, or chew up
Large mouthfuls, or from the clay bowl
Of nicotine soaked pipe to whiff
Foul smoke ; and often at high day,
They lazily paddled a skiff
Upon the waters of the bay,
And smoked and fished, while all around
Their fields, ready for sickles, stood
Scattering rich harvests on the ground.

Only one thing escaped neglect
Upon their premises ; and that
Was on each sunny, southern half, —
A beautiful tobacco plat !
This worse than useless crop was stored,
And cured, and ready made for sale
In boxed cigars, in portly fig,
In junks exported by the bale.
Often the three with merry hearts
Whistled or sang over this task,
And often drank in moderate draughts
Wine from an ever handy flask ;
And always chewed or smoked the while
They packed the rank and filthy leaf
In foul compounds. Nor did they care
If, from the cuds between their teeth,
Ejections of discolored spit
Dropped upon dark, strong-scented heaps,
Ready for those who bought and sold ;

Neither concerned were they a whit,
If in thick pools upon the floor
A fig splashed, or a cigar rolled.

One lovely evening, when the moon
Was at its full and bridged the lake
With silver, and o'er the lagoon
Cast up a highway, sat the three
Together in a chosen spot,
Secure and from intrusion free,
Where they oft met, — all cares forgot,
To smoke, converse, and meditate
Upon the present and the past,
Also upon the future state.
A little "brown jug," to the brim
Filled up with madeira, was passed
From hand to hand ; each bearded chin
Was lifted as the jug was tipped.
Then each young bachelor talked fast,
And from his pocket quick there slipped
Pipe and tobacco ! Soon the air
About their heads with sickening fumes
Was loaded ; and the moonbeams fair,
Which lay upon the heath-plant and broom,
Gleamed rapidly through the dense cloud
Of blue, strongly pernicious smoke,
Wrapping them in a hazy shroud.

Swift flew the hours ; the high midnight
Walked in the zenith ; still, the glen
Echoed pointless, insipid speech
And boisterous laughter from three men ;
But as the contents of the jug
Got low the conversation ceased ;

The noxious smoke also grew less,
And meditative moods increased.
At last, unbroken quiet reigned,
Save from the gurgling of the stream.
No leaf nor branch stirred ; all was hushed
As in the stillness of a dream.
In the strange silence a tall form
Came slowly through the glistening dew
From the dark swamps whose undergrowths
The outer thickets hid from view.
Another and another shape
Soon joined the first from dismal flats
Where briars in great abundance grew.
And earnestly they talked aloud,
And each one's shadow multiplied,
Until behind, the three tall forms,
Upon the green sward, cast a crowd
Of shadows, lengthening out and out,
As near the bachelors they drew ;
And soon prodigious shades covered
The entire farms of these young men,
From the great orchards on the north
Unto this chosen southern glen.
Astonished at so strange a sight,
Each man gazed with dilated eye ;
And, though all saw not just alike,
Nor heard alike, yet, so well blent
Were points of similarity
Which strongly marked the incubi,
They properly were called " th' vision "
Of the three bachelors of Brent !

Still reached the shades broader and higher,
As nearer came the three tall forms !

So noiseless were their footsteps fleet,
Making no prints upon the sod,
That not a leaf, nor slender spire
Of grass, nor bending reed was trod
Beneath the pressure of their feet !
But all the glen shuddered and reeled
As they passed by ; and on the wind
Floated a low, despairing wail,
As of something whose soul had sinned !
And the first shape exposed to view,
Beneath the midnight moon's bright glow,
The foot which marked him as the one
Who roams the broad earth through and through,
Coming and going to and fro.
And lo ! as out toward the town
These young men were constrained to look,
The veil of night was taken down,
And high day glinted rill and brook,
Which, murmuring, ran through broom and brake,
And shone in splendor upon hills,
And sparkled in the rolling waves
Upon the surface of the lake.

To these who gazed upon the scene,
It was a grand and goodly sight
To see the proud and stately town
Standing beneath the golden light.
But sudden anguish rent the air,
And struck the ear a heavy blow,
As troops and legions of vile shades,
Measuring distance rapidly,
Lengthened from satan and his aids,
And wrapped the land in grievous woe !

A plague among the people sat,
And ate the flesh and sapped the bone
And sinew of the populace !
Even wee infants raised a moan
Of pain under this evil thing
Which smote with mighty hand the place !
As these three bachelors of Brent
Questioned within their hearts what ill
It was cursing the goodly land ;

The distance 'twixt them and the town
Contracted ; and each vale and hill,
Each mount touching the azure skies ;
Each dome and turret seemed to stand
An arm's length from their wondering eyes !
Within its streets walked man and maid,
Mother and babe, and son and sire,
And aged heads with hoary hair,
Dark smitten as by smoke and fire !
And from their nostrils issued forth
Columns of vapor foul with smell
Of rotting flesh, mixed with strong fumes
Of nicotine and fumes of hell !
Tobacco stench and stench of rum
Were everywhere ! the valleys sweat
Nicotian juices ; and the groves
In black and slimy pools were set !
All of the land before the gaze
Of these amazed and awe-struck men
Was stricken sore with leprosy,
Blackening all flesh ; and high o'er glen,
Ocean, and mountain, sending out
Foulness, as though a slaughtered host
Unburied lay and decomposed

On field, and street, and plain, and coast !
And high above the clouds swept up
Smoke from hot nostrils to the sky !
And to the ears of all the earth
From the doomed city rose a cry !

Shaken by heavy horror, turned
The bachelors, and swiftly fled
As men, pursued, would flee from death !
But everywhere the shades reached higher,
And everywhere the plague was spread !
And as they ran 'twas in their breath ;
And over them from foot to head
Dark spots crept till their flesh became
Smitten as if by smoke and fire !
And from their lips issued a wail
Like that which came upon the winds
From every hill and every vale !
In awful agony of soul,
Backward they turned toward the glen,
And sat upon accustomed seats,
And stared hard as stare mad men !
But lo ! as up toward the town
They glanced, the distance lengthened out
To its full measure ; and looked down
Upon the earth the morning light ;
And from the land the shades had gone,
And on the people lay no blight ;
Neither was scath, nor filth, nor taint
Upon their garments ; but the three
Sat 'neath the curse, trembling and weak,
Seeking ways by which they might flee
From self and from the face of man.
As helplessly they sought escape,

Out from the clouds a voice outbroke,
Softer than sweetest melody.
It filled the glen, and thus it spoke :
“ As sits the plague upon your flesh,
So sits upon your souls within,
Dark taints of many filthy things
Which breed the leprosy of sin !
If from the face of men you fly,
To hide your foulness and your shame,
Then from the seeds which you have sown
Shall spring the pestilence again
To curse the people ! if of self
You make a humble sacrifice,
If unto men you show the filth
Cursing your bodies, you shall stand
A warning to their blinded eyes
'Gainst many evils in the land ! ”

The voice ceased ; and a silence deep,
And great, and awful as the hush
That lies about the covered grave,
Was o'er the glen ! in death asleep
All things seemed both on land and wave !

Swift hours passed on ; and still the three
Were loathsome lepers, struggling sore
'Gainst self and pride inordinate !
But as the mid-day sun sank lower,
Triumphant from these bonds they rose,
And sundering each mighty band,
They vanquished all their inner foes,
And bursting forth in holy songs,
Forward they went to save the land !
No shame was upon either face,

As with outstretched and plaguesmit hands
 They stood and warned the populace !
 Then, as the admonitions fell
 In earnest precepts from their lips,
 Nicotian fumes and fumes of hell
 Departed from them, and their flesh
 Was cleansed clean as Jordan-washed ones !
 Upsprang from their glad hearts loud shouts,
 And from their lips leaped hymns of praise ;
 And in the dust upon their knees,
 They blest the Lord and all his ways !

As from their mouths thanksgivings poured,
 Before their wakened eyes all Brent
 Was gathered, and upon them gazed
 With faces of astonishment !
 Upright arose the bachelors,
 And signs and prophesies they taught
 That in their vision they had seen,
 Self faults and evils sparing not.

All of the goodly land gave heed,
 And many errors of great weight
 Growing apace from evil seed
 Were swept away ! and although late
 In life, quite happy and content
 Now are those three young bachelors
 As the three benedicts of Brent !
 Full peace and plenty crown the years
 Successively as they go round ;
 Autumn fulfills all promises
 Of springtime, bringing ear and sheaf ;
 But in no harvest is there found,
 Upon the soil of this wise town,
 A single foul tobacco leaf !

TO CASSIE.

Ah ! Cassie, how the fleeting years,
Touching our heads with silver threads,
Have swiftly flitted by !
While rainbow gleams of joy through tears
We've gathered, you and I.

How swiftly speeds the busy mind,
Away, away, backward, to-day,
Toward the azure sky,
"Where molten gold the sunshine lined,"
So thought we, you and I.

How burdenless, how glad, how free !
No care nor strife was in that life,
All things we wished seemed nigh ;
For loving hands then held the key,
And rich were you and I.

Rich in content and rich in bliss,
That has its art in childhood's heart,
And lifts its faith so high ;
That hoards wealth in a mother's kiss,
Thus rich were you and I.

Yet, now though discontent of days,
That know the world, and are unfurled
Imperfect as they fly,
Lie on our hearts, in all their ways
Glean gems both you and I :

Gems of sweet memories in the past,
Gems of kind thought by duty brought,
As valiantly we try
To grasp the perfect, till at last
Grace find we, you and I.

BEARING BURDENS.

One day when summer clothed the world,
And spread the fields with grasses,
And hung the hare-bell's blooms of gold
And blue in pendant masses ;
When robins on the bending bough,
Their evening hymns were trilling,
And 'neath the mountain's rugged brow
Night shades the vales were filling ;

When on old porcupine the ledge
Bristled with less distinctness,
And rosy clouds for sombre pledge
Exchanged their vivid pinkness,
Through forest trees the night winds blew,
And from her silvery quiver
Pale Luna pierced the drops of dew,
And with silver bridged the river.

This day, just twelve brief years of age,
And her arms with wild blooms laden,
Came tripping over the purple sage,
A joyous little maiden ;
The fading light upon the hills,
Which rock and ledge were sharing,
Haloed her face ; and rippling of rills
The winds to her ears were bearing.

Every sound of the beauteous hour
Touched her young heart with pleasure ;
Every simple and pretty flower
Which she held in her arms was a treasure.
She loved the blue heavens over her head,

And the beautiful earth around her ;
And as she mused her mind was led
To the duties of life which bound her.

“I must obey my parents,” she said,
“And I must obey my teachers ;
Must say my prayers when I go to bed,
And be kind to all God’s creatures ;
I must keep holy the dear Lord’s day,
Nor steal nor speak false ; to the letter
The Word of Jesus I must obey,
And as I grow older, grow better.

“Burdens I must bear for the weak” —
She suddenly paused, and wonder
Mantled her face, and with flushing cheek
She put her small hands asunder,
And all of the blossoms fell at her feet,
And on the night winds there drifted
Fragrance disturbed, odorous and sweet,
As both of her hands she uplifted.

Earnest she scanned each delicate palm,
She measured each little finger,
She tried the strength of each little arm ;
Then scarce in her haste did she linger
To gather the beautiful blossoms up
From the ground where they were lying
As they had fallen ; each golden cup,
Each crimson petal was dying.

The vivid emerald of their leaves
Was losing much of its beauty,
While little Vestal amid the sheaves

Of barley had studied life's duty ;
 Again o'erloaded with fragrant bloom
 She tripped through the green fields lightly,
 And over the threshold, just as the moon
 Up over the ledge shone brightly.

Putting her burden of blossoms down,
 She went to the side of her mother,
 Within whose arms, in snowy nightgown,
 Nestled her baby brother ;
 "Mamma," she asked, "does the great God mean
 That I must be good to my kitten,
 And everything? For sister Cathleen
 And me are His great laws written?"

Holding her infant close to her breast,
 The past and the present linking
 In her thoughts, the matron with care oppressed
 Said, while earnestly thinking :
 "For you, my darling, and every one,
 The mandates of God are given ;
 For you and for all, His Holy Son
 To Calvary's cross was driven.

"We must keep His laws, obey His will,
 And even be kind to the kitten ;
 And if we would all His mandates fulfill,
 Which in His great Book are written,
 We must be good even to our foes,
 And thankful for those who love us ;
 And grateful, even, for the pretty rose,
 And the glorious heavens above us."

"I think I'm thankful for all things nice
 And fine," said the little maiden ;

“ I help you, mamma, and yesterday, twice
I guided blind Mittie Hayden ;
But I am little, my hands are small,
And how can I help by sharing
Burdens of those who are weak and fall,
And are hopeless and despairing ?

“ That’s what teacher said I must do.”
The child’s sweet face was eager.
Answered the mother : “ Darling, if you
See people whose lives are meagre
In happiness, in dress, or in thought,
If only you speak to them kindly,
Needed help from the words may be brought
To guide some who walk blindly.”

Thoughtful, fair Vestal, turning away,
The words of her mother pondered,
As over tasks and sports of the day,
Busily her young mind wandered ;
And when at school she stood in the class,
Where the boys and the girls were spelling,
Below a lad who his time would pass
Idly, his roguish pranks telling,

She spelled the hard, long words he missed,
And just as though she loved him,
She kept her number in the list,
And would not go above him ;
The scholars laughed ; but the merry whirl
Of mischievous laughter hushing,
The teacher said to the little girl,
Whose pretty cheeks were blushing :

“ Tell them, if you think it is not wrong,
Why you kept the place below him.”
“ He’s weak to get lessons, I am strong,
It is plain to us who know him,”
Said Vestal. Her face was brave and true,
Her eyes o’erfilled with pity,
As when her lips fair pictures drew
For the eyes of poor blind Mittie.

Downcast was the face of the lazy boy,
And the dormant powers within him
Were roused from pleasures of play and toy,
By the only force that could win him.
Soon not a laggard, he stood at the head
Of his class ; and if shorter or longer
Were tasks, it never again could be said
That any girl was the stronger.

BABY BESS.

I’m as tiny a mite as you ever saw,
My eyes are as black as a sloe ;
I have hands as fair as the lily’s leaf,
And little feet that won’t go ;
I look at them often, and wonder why,
As I play with my little pink toe.

I’ve a tiny mouth, as red as a rose,
A beautiful bib and a dress ;
I have cunning ears and a pretty nose,
And who I am, you may guess ;
I shall help you only by telling you this :
My name it is sweet Baby Bess.

My hair is soft and dainty as silk,
 And I grow as the older I grow ;
 I have pretty dimples in chin and cheek,
 And little feet that won't go ;
 I look at them often, and wonder why,
 As I play with my little pink toe.

My laughter is sweet as the songs of birds,
 And sometimes I'm vexed and cry,
 Yet, must be amusing even when tears
 Are falling from each little eye ;
 For the mother she hugs me, and all of my folks
 Nod their heads as they pass me by.

Baby Flossy, my neighbor right over the way,
 Runs out on the beautiful snow ;
 Her eyes are as bright as the diamond drops,
 Her soft cheeks are all in a glow ;
 And rosy-cheeked Agnes, and fair Lena May,
 All sliding down hill in a row.

And Errald, and Theran, and little Hal Hurd,
 And Guy, who is quiet and still,
 And Charley McLaughlin, and sprightly Bernice,
 Harry Hurd, Eva Davis and Will,
 All pretty and lovely as babies can be,
 And sliding out door down the hill.

They tell me that babies older than I,
 Walter Bartlett, and grave little Merle,
 And up the stairs within the same house,
 Pretty and gay little Erle,
 Stay within doors the most of the time,
 And also, "I'm only a girl."

But Baby Bartlett, so handsome and stout,
 Who is not as aged as I,
 Takes sleigh-rides often, and glides about
 O'er the snow, 'neath the beautiful sky ;
 And sometimes, while musing upon this fact,
 I get very angry and cry.

But my heart is merry, my eyes are bright,
 And I am a darling, I guess ;
 They call me a fairy, a pink and a bird,
 And names which I can't express ;
 So guess who I am, if you can from my name,
 Which is fairy wee' Baby Bess.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

TO DELIA.

Speak it not carelessly, nor yet
 With hopes too high.
 Beneath the roseleaves in your way
 Some thorns must lie.
 In cups of joy your fancy spans
 Some dregs are laid ;
 And hidden trials in these bonds,
 My pretty maid,
 Will measure all your strength of **soul**,
 And measure love ;
 And you will need, to conquer self,
 Help from above.
 This vow will bind you hand in hand
 And heart in heart ;
 For what God joins the power of **man**
 Puts not apart.

Through evil and through good report
 Your love must bless
 Your chosen ; and through you must come
 His happiness.
 Through thoughtless words and thoughtless acts
 Love's faith grows dim ;
 From all the world your feet must turn
 To follow him.
 Then speak your vow not carelessly ;
 And holy rest,
 And royal truth, and peace be yours,
 And heaven's best.

BARTHOLDI STATUE.

Over the waters from sunny France,
 Comes out to America
 An offering unto the sacred shrine
 Of free-palmed Columbia ;
 Over the billowy, sea-blue wave,
 With its snow-white surges unfurled,
 Is wafted Colossus of Liberty
 O'erlooking, enlightening the world.

Foremost in the ranks of the dainty arts,
 Æsthetic and epicure,
 High-standing on the pedestal of fame,
 And founded steadfast to endure,
 Ingenious and beautiful France, from depths
 Of a gloomy political night,
 Through the fearful realms of terror comes forth
 Into blest Liberty's light.

Among the nations a potent force,
 Politic, old in renown
 Of chivalry, with her victories,
 She places a wreath on her crown,
 As she holds in enlightened, thrifty hands
 The royal gift, grandly unique,
 Whose chiseled lips of inanimate stone
 The language of liberty speak.

America, meeting with open palms,
 Halfway from the stately piers
 Of either land, the donor, receives
 The gift which a hundred years
 Maturing in thought and sympathy,
 From embryo now is unfurled
 Into a conception matchlessly grand,
 Of Liberty enlightening the world !

And the voice of Columbia, hearty and free
 As her soil, breaks forth into thanks ;
 And greeting meets greeting between the powers
 Foremost in progression's full ranks ;
 And gratitude flows from the mighty heart
 Between the great seas in the west ;
 And the mighty heart 'twixt seas in the east
 In the beautiful gift is expressed.

And pulsing in union each lends to the past
 Retrospection ! listening, France
 Hears the cruel stroke of her guillotine,
 And sees the dark ages advance !
 She hears the thud of the lifted axe,
 She numbers her martyr-fires !
 She measures the ocean of throbbing blood,
 Which kindled funeral pyres !

She hears the din of the battle afar !
She wrestles with foes at her door !
The sacred veils of her temples are rent,
She quakes at the cannon's roar !
But out of the germ by freedom instilled,
There leaps into vigorous might
The dawn of her glorious morning of power,
Through clouds of her darkest night !

Columbia, fair as the rising morn,
And potent as risen day,
Beholds the Mayflower upon the wave,
O'erdrenched by the ocean spray !
She hears the cry of hunger ; and hears
The whirl of the tomahawk !
But she sees a Puritan faith upreared,
Steadfast as her Plymouth Rock !

She feels the grip of a tyrant's hand !
She measures a blood-red stain !
The sound of a whip-lash breaks on her ear,
And the clank of a filthy chain !
She feels the pressure of traitor feet !
She reels 'neath a vipor's teeth !
But she shakes the world as a conqueror,
Ere her sword returns to its sheath.

Up through the darkness into the morn
Her wheel of excelsior is rolled ;
And liberty points to the perfect heights
Where her glorious noon will unfold ;
And haloed by scars Columbia and France,
Through struggles which freedom has wrought,
Outspread on their banners the statues of truth
By which the whole earth shall be taught !

Hand meeting hand reached over the sea,
 High-throbbing with pulses of life
 Of unborn civilization, drops
 From each clasp all error and strife
 Of the past ; and grasping the present success,
 Each holds in its excellent laws
 The Infinite purpose fully devolved
 Through Freedom's infallible cause !

And France and Columbia rear on its rock
 Their emblem with symbols unfurled,
 Which prototypes ages of future advance
 Where liberty governs the world.
 When law of true equity ruling each land,
 Makes wars of oppression to cease,
 And right being might, through the wisdom of power,
 The watchword of Power is Peace !

LELL LENORE.

The vales were red with clover,
 The mounts were white with snow ;
 And half way up the dizzy heights
 Where the mountain streamlets flow,
 Abandoned shafts of the miners
 Gapped in the mountain side,
 And trailing plants and beautiful vines
 Screened the chasms deep and wide.

Down, down in their depths the ledges
 Which covered each dismal floor,
 Were filled with pits where the miner's toil
 Had gathered the golden ore ;

And fearful, jagged pieces
 Jutted from floor to brink ;
And slimy pools, and creeping things
 Were in each sunken sink.

The vales were red with clover,
 The mounts were white with snow ;
And half way down from these dismal pits,
 Where the mountain wild flowers grow,
Nestled the huts of the miners ;
 And one near the bubbling spring,
Echoed to tiny, pattering feet
 Of a sweet and beautiful thing.

Glanced in the golden sunlight
 The silk of its golden hair ;
Its eyes of brown were soft and bright,
 And its brow was pure and fair.
Its restless feet all over
 The grounds about the door,
Ran after the birds and the butterflies ;
 And its name was Lell Lenore.

Its prattling tongue the praises
 Of the great wise God was taught,
When the shadows over the towering mounts
 By the hand of the night were brought.
Into rough hearts of the miners
 The pattering feet had come ;
Under the brown eyes, soft and bright,
 The roughest speech was dumb.

The hardest hand was tender,
 The fiercest mouth was mild ;
And out from the life of every one

Flowed love for the beautiful child.
One day when snow-white blossoms,
And purple, and pink, and blue,
Sweet fragrance gave to the summer breeze,
Which sported where they grew ;

Amassed the trailing roses
In their gorgeous loveliness,
Reached clear across to the ragged edge
Of each fearful, deep recess ;
And the little feet had wandered
From the grounds about the door,
And the eager hands had plucked the blooms
Which the mountain garlands bore.

Nearer the pits, and nearer,
The restless footsteps drew,
Until they paused upon the brink
Where the wild red roses grew.
Down toward the valley the miners,
Aroused from a goodly feast,
Stood with their backs turned unto the west,
And their faces turned to the east,

Alarm was swift upon them !
The little child had been missed ;
Its toys were there on the soft green moss,
And the band from its pretty wrist ;
Over the fields of clover
With crimson blossoms aglow,
Out where the budding heather stood,
Up to the mountain's snow,

Had darted eager glances ;
And now where the search begun,

With anxious faces turned to the east,
 Silent stood every one ;
Scanned was the vast horizon,
 Where the clouds and the highlands met ;
Then glancing along the open gorge,
 Where crimson roses were set,

They gazed in speechless terror,
 Where the child in ignorant bliss
Reached over to gather the beautiful bloom
 Which spanned the treacherous abyss !
The mother's eyes were tearless,
 Her face was still and white,
As she saw the danger of her babe
 Half up the dizzy height !

Then one quick glance appealing
 To the rough souls gathered near,
Found on the faces, set and grim,
 Only a hopeless fear !
No foot among the swiftest
 So quickly could measure the space !
No hand could avail ! No power could save,
 But the power of Eternal Grace !

Out from the lips that were faithful,
 Broke the poor mother's prayer !
She said, " O, God of the pure and the just,
 I give my babe to Thy care !"
The loosened, rolling pebbles
 Down into the chasm sped ;
The slim vines bent 'neath the little feet,
 Then over the golden head,

More gorgeous than the roses
 Two beautiful butterflies,
 Whirling and sporting upon the air,
 Seemed to descend from the skies ;
 Around they flitted a moment,
 Then darted swiftly away,
 Directly past the rosy cheek,
 To rest on a purple spray !

One moment upon the blossoms
 Lingered the longing eyes ;
 And then the little feet turned back
 To chase the gay butterflies !
 Suddenly up from the shanties,
 A score of the roughest men
 Fled over rock, and broom, and fern,
 Fled over the fox's den !

Up, up, like swift-spiced arrows,
 'Til the swiftest one had pressed
 The lovely form of his wondering child
 Close, close to his heaving breast !
 Down toward the valley descending,
 Where the good feast still was spread,
 They gave the child to its mother's arms, —
 "The Lord He is God," she said.

"The God is the great Jehovah !"
 Said the rough sire's bearded lip,
 "He holds the thunders within his hands,
 And causes the lightnings to skip !"
 "De dood Dod divs ve woses
 And ve bootiful butterflies !"
 Lisped the little child ; "Amen? and amen !"
 Said the miners with covered eyes.

Laughter and songs of pleasure
Followed within the hour ;
And the golden head of the pretty babe
Was crowned with a crimson flower.
But down in the hearts of the roughest,
Forever and ever more,
Lived an unending, steadfast faith
In the God of Lell Lenore.

THE AMMOOSANTA PLAIN.

Large were its woolly flocks asleep
Under the noon ;
Large were its herds in forage deep,
Many its spans of horse and mule ;
Ample the boon
Granted by good old Mace Macyule
To all of his hiremen who worked well ;
And all who lived near the plain could tell
Of the rigid Ammoosanta rule.

Reaping, the reapers, many or few,
Must reap aright ;
Tilling or planting, the tillers must do
Whatever work their hands could find
With earnest might ;
Whether to gather or whether to bind,
Less or more, the new or the old,
Every hireman's heart must hold
Benignity for all of his kind.

Whosoever might garner the seed
Or guide the plow,

Whosoever might harvest the mead,
Whosoever might fodder the hay
 Or build the mow,
Upon his beast of labor must lay
Only such burdens as he could bear ;
And every hireman's hands must dare
Good means of toil for full means of pay.

One-seventh of the days brought rest to maid,
 And man, and beast.
One-seventh of the years a Sabbath laid
Upon the broad lands of all the plain ;
 A royal feast
Of fatted lamb and huge ox slain,
The hungry mouth of the orphan fed,
And gave the widow supplies of bread,
When ripe were marshes with brake and cane,

And seven times seven years and one
 The jubilee
Brought to servant, daughter and son ;
And every soul with Mace Macyule,
 If bound or free,
Walked by the law and lived by the rule,
Or tarried not upon the land ;
For any obeying not the command,
Was straight discharged by old Mace Macyule.

Knelt they at morning and evening to pray,
 He and his hire ;
And all of his household, seeking the way,
Asked to be guided through the Christ's name ;
 And "as by fire"
The Spirit in quickening answers came ;
And swift conviction contrition wrought.

And sharpened self-knowledge submission brought,
And mighty Jehovah spoke in the flame.

Straight accepted old Mace Macyule,
The naked truth ;
Nor sought he to cover it with the dreul
Of fallacy ; nor warped he a bit
The law ; forsooth,
He under its snug injunctions did sit,
Convinced that whatever measures it taught,
Only the good of God's creatures was sought,
And by his acceptance he verified it.

Ever he made it a light for his feet ;
His sword and shield
Made he of love and faith so complete
That lived he so by the word of the Lord,
His food and his field,
Every morsel and every rod,
Unto his living was sanctified ;
And peace and plenty with him did abide,
And grace he got from the hand of God.

Eighty rounds had the wheel of time
Successive rolled ;
Eighty seasons the Christmas chime
And the sacred fires of Candlemas
Their rights had told,
Since Mace Macyule had mown the grass,
And planted corn and gathered grain
Upon the Ammoosanta plain,
Beyond the gulch in the mountain pass.

Five score and ten full years of age
Silvered his head,

And marked his face as a "written page,"
 And bent his form as the ripened yield ;
 And now he said
 Unto his hiremen on fallow and field,
 Unto his kinsfolks many and dear,
 "The time for my departure is near,
 For in the last midnight a trumpet pealed."

But so hale was old Mace Macyule,
 No one took heed ;
 They worked the land, and observed the rule,
 And loved and honored his silver hair,
 And filled his need,
 Doing whatever their hands could bear,
 Whether to gather or whether to bind,
 Working their measure, each earnest mind
 Ever devising with diligent care.

Reaped the reapers from early morn
 Until the night ;
 Ripe were the ears of golden corn,
 And ripe were the fields of rustling grain ;
 Happy and light
 Were the ten gallant hearts of the swain
 Binding the bundles as reaped the ten ;
 And all were merry and stalwart men
 Reaping the Ammoosanta plain.

Over their heads the fleet swift flew,
 Under their feet
 Stem, and stubble, and young clover grew ;
 And stood in full shook, and stook, and row,
 Barley and wheat ;
 Came from the tree-top no caw of the crow,
 Out from the groves no song of the bird,

Up on the mountain no leaflet was stirred,
And all was hushed in the valley below.

And over the Ammoosanta dropped
 Silence so strange,
That every hireman his labors stopped,
And every kinsfolk of Mace Macyule,
 Upon the grange,
Were he master of book or of tool,
Fearful, granted a listening ear,
And waited, expecting some mandate to hear,
From the God of the Ammoosanta rule.

Then out of the east and out of the west
 Only a breath

Rocked the leaf on the oak's tall crest,
And left a whisper upon the air :

 "The call is death,"

Uttered the dame and the damsel fair,
Uttered the kinsfolk in hunt and hall,
Uttered the hiremen one and all,
And every heart was lifted in prayer.

And every reaper his sickle laid down ;
 Binders of sheaf,
Kithman and kinsman in cowl or gown,
Kithman and kinsman whither or where,
 Upon the reéf,
Holding the snath or setting the snare,
Turned from whatever thing he did,
And came together as they were bid,
By the awful summon upon the air.

Passing under the shades of the grave,
 Old Mace Macyule
Greeted his hiremen faithful and brave,

Kithman, kinsman, lady and lass ;
 And horse, and mule,
And flocks, and herds, and the whole great mass
Of wealth well gotten divided he
Among the stalwart and sturdy three
Beside him counting the sands in the glass.

And this was the blessing with which he blest
 Daughter and son,
And all who saw him go to his rest :
“Blest be the good in manhood and youth,
 Curst be the one
Sinning, for bitter is evil’s sharp tooth ;
Ye, as ye scatter so shall ye reap ;
Ye, as ye cover so shall ye keep ;
Ye, if ye seek, shall walk with the truth.

“Blest be all ye who submit unto God
 Body and soul ;
Blest be all ye, who searching the Word,
Fill up your mouths with its full accord
 Out of the whole ;
Blest be all ye, who accepting the Word,
Measure your hearts with its holy probes
And dress your lives in its stainless robes,
 Ye die in the faith and live in the Lord.

“Blest be all ye who fraud not the right
 Of flesh or soil ;
Blest be all ye who do with your might,
If nudeness ye clothe, if hunger ye feed.
 Blest be your toil,
If ye swallow not God’s time in your greed ;
If ye rob not the Master of what is His due,
Well shall it be with the land and with you
Forever, and ye shall be blest indeed.”

THE PARDONED CONDEMNED.

Stood before the king and the court
A thief who, taken in crime,
Received his sentence to hang by the neck
At what hour the curfews should chime.

Sank the sun upon the great sea,
And every golden ray
Arrowed the billows and touched the green shore
Enclosing the quiet, blue bay.

Beneath the gold and the crimson clouds
The gallows was reared not afar;
To see the thief pass the highway was thronged,
And great castle gates were ajar.

Sat his accusers many and grim,
And he, before the stern king,
Unmoved, serenely awaited the time
When the signal curfews should ring.

Well he knew that the clangor of sounds
From musical tongues of bells,
Bringing him death, brought feasts to the town,
From its mountain lawns to its dells.

Lip would breathe love to answering lip,
And lovely cheeks would blush red;
And there would be pleasure, and mirth, and joy,
While he by the neck hung dead.

Sudden over his heart there glanced
A gleam of hope, and his hand
Drew slowly forth a curious coin,
In shape like a tiny wand.

Then looked he out toward the west,
And looked he hard at the king,
And said, "I have kept this coin, great sire,
For years, as a sacred thing.

"No urgent need at noon or at night,
No hunger, however great,
Has tempted me to part with this gift,
Which holds in it golden fate.

"In times agone it was given me
By that wise departing seer
Whose register forth from middle age
Recorded its hundredth year.

"By magic of this coined wand, great sire,
For him the rocks became meat ;
And softest beds were spread on the earth,
Where tarried his weary feet.

"'Twas fire to warm him, cloth to clothe ;
It was sun, and shade, and rest ;
And the hand which is clean may plant it now,
And with golden yields be blest.

"Ago, myself had lifted the ground,
And dropped in the precious seed ;
But only can honest hands avail
To call up the golden meed.

"Take it, O king ! in thy rich soil
Cover it both well and deep ;
And ere thy meadows of grain be ripe,
Thou a priceless fruit shalt reap."

Frankly replied the king, "My hand
Can scarcely be clean, my friend,
For I filched from my father's treasury,
When he would not give nor lend.

"And although, for those youthful faults
Repentance comes swift to-day,
Yet, should I till for the wise magi's charm,
Its worth might be driven away.

"But here is this man — prime minister,—
In honesty he is secure ;
This seed he shall drop, and unto our realm
Make the rich recompense sure.

Out spoke the man of high dignity,
After considerings brief :

"To break the spell of the wizard's wand
By blunder, it were a grief.

"For, from the people under thy rule
Their taxes do I receive ;
And many more funds are run through my hands
The needs of the land to relieve.

"So how can I be sure that no whit
Of capital never mine,
Has added weight to my purse or my lands,
Or unto those in my line."

Then spoke the king again, and said,
"My good governor is he
Whose hand is fit to conquer the soil
And grow the fair, golden tree.

“Steadfast as the truth itself his arm
Defends our proud citadel ;
He guards our friends and guards our homes,
And feeds his soldiers right well.”

“Ah ! liege !” quite humbly the chief replied,
“I serve to the soldiers their pay,
And distribute their food and their clothes,
So how am I certain, I pray,

“That e’ersoever small a mistake
May not have tainted my hand
Enough to render void the reward
Of the magi’s precious wand ? ”

“Well,” answered the king, “it must need be
That the lot shall fall to yourself,
My great high priest ! come, plant the coin
Which gives to us golden pelf !”

“O liege !” responded the guilty priest,
“Forget you that I gather in
Disbursements for sacrifice to the Lord ?
I may not be free from sin !”

Astonished the ruler turned to the thief,
“It is without hope,” he said ;
“’Twere better the wizard’s secret had died
When you who possessed it were dead.”

Answered the thief, “If all are thieves,
O master ! be sure of this :
When only one his penalty pays,
True equity sits amiss !”

“Well spoken,” quickly affirmed the king,
 “Your wit has been a sharp plea ;
 New sentence we give you,—release from death
 The chime of the curfews shall be !”

WHICH IS BEST ?

Royally as kings at banquet sat the aged Duke ;
 On the tree-tops near his castle loudly cawed the rook ;
 Clear and soft was autumn weather ;
 And five horsemen, from the heather,
 Merry-hearted rode together
 Through the bearded wheat-fields shorn,
 Through the shocks of yellow corn,
 Through the rye-fields and the barley,
 Past the vineries where always
 Purple vintage ripened early.

From the chase these loiterers unto the feasts were late ;
 Each huntsman's horn except their own hung near the castle
 gate.

At the board of Ponce Dekemble
 Did the jovial guests assemble ;
 On red wine did white foam tremble ;
 But each man forebore to taste
 Until, without pomp or haste,
 Gave the host Old England glory.
 Then loud cheers burst forth in chorus
 'Neath young beard and mustache hoary !

On the air the laughter loud, the toast, the cheer, the shout
 Of high-born mirth through open doors and windows floated out ;

Heard the horsemen the blithe clamor,
 Heard the pestle noise and hammer
 From the cookery ; saw the banner,
 With its flaming folds outspread
 To the breezes overhead.

Said Sir Rothsford, " They 're at dinner,
 Eating wine, and milk, and honey,
 Just as sure as I 'm a sinner ! "

Said Sir Ancell, pointing to the blue sky with his lance,
 "'Tis past midday at the chateau, past midday at the manse ;
 And 'twas in the early dawning
 Of this fine autumnal morning,
 When the sounding horns gave warning
 That the fox had left his den,
 That the hare was in the glen ;
 Swift and far as we they 've ridden ;
 Let them feast, for they are hungry —
 'Tis the hour when we were bidden."

Gaily laughed Sir Orm St. Marr ; " Honey, milk, and wine,"
 he said,

Feast they may who can on these : when I'm hungry, give me
 bread."

Then Lord Danton, bending over
 Where the sheaves sat on the clover,
 Plucked a handful from its cover.

Said he slowly, " Where 's the test
 That we know which is the best,
 Bread or wine ? when men are dying
 Of parched thirst and raging hunger,
 Wine is good, there's no denying."

" Wine is good for genial cheer," gravely proclaimed Lord West,
 " To satisfy man's hunger, none will question which is best."

York of Yorkshire, young and merry,
 Bronzed and plump-cheeked as a cherry,
 Broke a single purple berry
 From the vine ; holding aloft
 The ripe fruit luscious and soft,
 Said he, " When a man is weary,
 Or for food if he be needy,
 Which is best is not the query ;

" But when famine feeds the flesh on itself till strength is low,
 And within the veins life's current courses thin, pale, and slow,
 When the pulses stop and flutter,
 When the weak tongue cannot utter,
 Would you bring him bread and butter,
 Or a drop of rosy wine
 From the ripe fruit of the vine ? "

Said Lord West, " I am so cruel,
 I should bring him broth, I 'm certain,
 Or a drop of wheaten gruel. "

But Sir Rothsford and young York did most earnestly protest,
 " What we 'd do is not the question. 'Tis this : which is the best ?
 In that land over the water,
 Where the temperance son and daughter
 Doom old alcohol to slaughter,
 There 's a power whose growth is strong.
 Is it right or is it wrong ?
 Are they truths or are they fables
 That black crime and woes are gendered
 By the red wines on our tables ? "

Laughed Orm St. Marr ; then vowed he by the gay flag overhead,
 That his hunger he must satiate with lunch of meat and bread,
 Ere he could be in condition
 To give rational rendition

To such radical position.

“Wine is strong and fruit is good,

But the wheat is best for food.

There, sirs, let us leave it squarely,”

Said he, “to the Duke at dinner ;

He decides a question fairly.”

When the query to the Duke was propounded long he sat,
Pondered well the weighty matter ; then ordered from the vat

Wine a hundred years had sundered

From the vine ; but when plundered

Were the hawks of meat, all wondered !

“Bring them to the feast,” he said,

“We will give them wine and bread !”

Oft these birds well trained and wary,

Perched beside him ate light muffins,

And fresh milk brought from the dairy.

’Twas a trick they had been taught in the happy years gone by,
When mid-manhood crowned his forehead, and its fire was in
his eye ;

Now his aged face was wrinkled,

In his beard much gray was sprinkled,

And the golden bell which tinkled,

Now, upon each old hawk’s breast,

Decked his helmet’s glittering crest

When in tournament he tilted

With the bonny highland chieftains

Gaily bonneted and kilted.

That was half a lifetime past ; many troubles since that time
He had drowned and half forgotten in bowls of rosy wine.

But one great and bitter sorrow,

Which could never comfort borrow,

Gave no hope for the to-morrow !

It was this : a noble son
 Had the drunkard's swift race run !
 Awful was the end ! not pity
 Nor grief, but horror filled their faces
 Who bore him to the silent city !

Now the stately Duke of Lorne pledged anew each wondering
 guest ;

Said he, " Bread and wine we've tasted ; can none tell me
 which is best !

See, then ! " On the golden holder
 Sat two grave hawks, one grown bolder,
 Perched contented near his shoulder.

They were hungry, but they waited,
 As was taught, their master's pleasure,
 Eating daintily when baited.

The brave bird above his arm with white blocks of cake he fed ;
 To the others gave he nothing but wine sparkling and red.

Soon the drunken birds were blinking,
 At each other glaring, winking,
 Then to silly stupor sinking !

Round the board not even a smile
 Touched a single lip the while ;
 For the Duke's grand face had sickened
 To the hues of death ; his fingers
 Shook as if by palsy stricken !

Softly crept the gentle whisper from kind mouths, one by one :
 " May the good God bring him comfort ! he's thinking of his
 son ! "

Then uprose the old man slowly,
 With a mien subdued and lowly !
 Said he, " By all things that's holy,
 Wine is evil ! fiends of hell

In its ruby sparkles dwell !
 I will mourn my son no longer,
 If the pledge which now I give you
 Makes some father's weak son stronger !

“ As I live, as God above hears me where I stand and speak,
 If again the subtle poison of the foaming cup I seek,
 If I banish not forever
 From me this that does good never,
 May my right hand from me sever ! ”
 York of Yorkshire said, “ Amen !
 I'll not touch the cup again !
 I will, with the son and daughter,
 In the goodly land beyond us,
 Doom this evil thing to slaughter ! ”

There, within the hour, beside the rosy wine was drawn
 A pledge, enrolling but two names : York and the Duke of Lorne.
 But, when next day's noon was shining,
 As he and his guests were dining,
 Back upon his chair reclining,
 When each one had been well fed,
 “ Bring the hawks,” the old Duke said ;
 “ Reparations must I truly
 Make to them ; for yesterday
 As my guests they fared unduly.”

Quick obeyed the page ; but when was brought within the door
 The birds, one to his master's side hopped o'er the polished floor ;
 But the two, with swift course wheeling,
 Soared high up around the ceiling,
 Their cries with sounds of gold bells pealing ;
 Then from the open window's edge
 They flew ; “ The birds have sworn the pledge,”

Said one : " let their names be written ;
 For they mean never again
 By the serpent to be bitten ! "

Laughter ran around the room. " If they had left some sign
 Upon the contract," said another, " we 'd forswear the wine."

Lady Rothsford, smiling sweetly,
 Managed the affair discreetly,
 Took them at their word completely ;
 For upon the pledge outspread
 Near the window, had been shed
 From a hawk's wing a gray feather !
 Quickly she passed round the paper,
 And they signed it altogether.

With measures of their courses filled, years have come and gone :
 And dust to dust among the tombs lies the Duke of Lorne.

But as symbol of the dawning
 Of that bright and perfect morning
 For the world, his pledge gives warning !
 In the ancient banquet hall,
 Hung upon the paneled wall,
 Pledge and plume remain as token
 That by none from Lorne descending,
 Has the contract e'er been broken.

CHRISTMAS CAROL,

Softly rising, softly falling,
 Melody,
 Like a far-off vesper calling,
 Spans the sea.

Where the silvery frosts are wreathing
Hill and plain,
Softly mystic tongues are breathing
A refrain,

Till triumphant and sonorous,
"Unto men
Peace, on earth good will," in chorus
Fills the glen.

"Christ is risen," in the distance,
Loud and clear,
With the clanging bells' persistence,
Fills the ear.

And the mystic, mystic voices
Of the air
Seem to shout as earth rejoices
Everywhere.

All the joy-bells ringing, ringing
Merry cheer,
Larger promises are bringing
The New Year.

And the Christmas days uniting
Old and new,
Wisdom, which the truth is lighting,
Thrusting through

From the old year's deep researches,
Brings keen quest ;
But the Saviour of the churches
Stands the test.

And in broader guise and better,
 Christ is He !
 Christ unto the perfect letter !
Christ to be !

Oh ! ye Christmas bells in ringing,
 Ring him in,
 Perfect love and wisdom bringing,
 "Ring out sin !"

Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !
 Shout again !
 Progress from the great Jehovah
 Comes to men !

JANUARY 12TH.

Dawned gloriously the day as erst
 In the sweet years ago ;
 And ere the glittering quivers burst
 From the great shafts of golden light,
 The crimson shadows drifted quite
 Across the stainless snow.

So many years of thrift and care
 Had brought all life employs,
 My busy mind did not compare
 The day with past days, nor recall
 Grievs of the past, nor lift the pall
 Covering the past dead joys.

So vast the ills of life outspread,
 So many by my side,
 Who needed to be comforted,

I knew not that I thought of you,
For lies the world between us two ;
And all the world is wide.

But when the crimson shadows lay
O'er earth at evening's hour,
And thought went backward o'er the day,
I found in every shadowy thought,
A shadowy presence strangely wrought
Into a deathless tower.

Then hushed my soul its quick surprise !
I said, " He's thought of me
To-day, perchance, the earth and skies
Are such a lovely counterpart
Of those in our young past ; and art
Of thought so strong and free

" In his strong mind, which drew at will
My thoughts, in the far past,
Have but the power to draw them still ;"
And yet, stood in my heart the tower
Of that strong presence when the hour
The night had overcast.

"THE TWO VOICES."

I meditated where I sat ;
But thoughts were bitter in my mind ;
For heavy grief was in my heart,
And all its meagre joys confined.

My life before me stretched afar
 From near mid-age back in the past ;
 And to my blindness it did seem
 That o'er it naught but ill was cast.

And still my soul sadly complained,
 And to me all its sorrows brought,
 Until so large my burdens grew,
 I shrank from them, and solace sought.

Slowly my hand moved from my side,
 And through the mists which wrapt my eyes,
 I groped for comfort on the leaf
 That opened ; but to my surprise,
 Instead of “blessed are the poor
 In spirit,” this in metre clear
 Not only lay beneath my gaze,
 But seemed low-spoken in my ear :
 “Thou art so full of misery,
 Were it not better not to be?”
 And from that page a suasive voice
 Took stronger terms and tempted me !

“What is there in this life to prove
 There's aught beyond the grave?” it said ;
 “That this vitality in earth
 Is spirit when the flesh is dead ?

“Is needed but a little space —
 A moment's time will quite suffice
 To bring forgetfulness and rest
 For which thy vital essence cries !”

Then made I answer, “Though the grave
 Be final ; though unto this end

Our troubles and our labors tend ;
 Though day by day I fret and weep,
 Though rough and grievous be my lot,
 Though misery be mine, few hearts
 The right to rend, sure I have not !"

The voice replied, " I saw last year
 A mother stand in dread and fear
 Over her babe whose scalded breast
 With direst torture was distressed ;
 The gayest of the gay, to-night
 She dances with its tomb in sight !
 " A father smote to death his son ;
 A mother's daughter was undone ;

A widow's child — her help and hope —
 Died with his throat against a rope ;

" A husband steeped himself in crime ;
 Red wines degraded womanhood ;
 A high priest of the Christian faith
 Practiced vile things while preaching good ;

" And though by his example, slain
 Were scores of souls, yet, where had lain
 His precepts, wholesome spirits grew
 In numbers equal them he slew !
 That mother comfort finds to-day ;
 That father kneels and learns to pray ;
 That widow puts aside the crape,
 And wears a bridal cap and cape.

" New sorrows and new joys succeed
 The old ; old evils new ones breed.

“ Even thy heart knows not distress
For thine whose bones the cold sods press !

“ The living fills thy hours with woe —
How often have thy thoughts confessed
If these were dead, ’twere better so ?

“ Thou walkest alone — thy anxious friends
At ease may rest when thy life ends ! ”

The voice ceased speaking, then I spoke ;
But through my speech my anguish broke !

For to decease and not be mourned,
To follow where grim Death may lead,
To drop into the silent tomb,
And not be missed, were death indeed !

But through my tears I sobbing said,
“ Although ’twere well if I were dead,
Living, I may enhance some good,
Dying, some ill not understood.

“ Better that I abide my time
And struggle on and suffer still,
Than, howe’er small my mission be,
To fail its mandates to fulfill.”

Through tears and sobs the voice made way,
And, stronger grown, made haste to say,
“ Two kingdoms, each against the one,
Do battle underneath the sun !

“ If thou thyself of misery rid
By forcing down thy coffin lid,

And if the act weigh down the beam
 On the one side, a counteract
 The counterbalance will redeem.

"Insect, reptile, and animal,
 Ugly, or fair, howe'er minute,
 The animate, and the inane,
 All on the earth do constitute,
 Maintain, and keep a complete world !
 As it is certain that the globe
 Into dire chaos must be hurled
 If not attracted and repelled
 By contraforce, so good and ill,
 Each power against the one, must work,
 The larger purpose to fulfill."

"Heartily granted," answered I ;
 "And God makes useful in his world
 The smallest lives that creep or fly ;
 And every plant, and every tree ;
 Even the noisome thistle thrives
 To feed not only bird and bee,
 But to administer a good
 To man, as medicine and food ;

"And not in all the endless scope
 Of infinite creation, lies
 A self-destructive force or will,
 Except in man ! the nettle dies
 When it has lived its day, or falls
 By cause wholly outside its self ;
 Its brood the sombre seabird calls
 With a limp worm, which on a shelf
 Of heated rock, through all the noon,

Had lain writhing, and scorched, and sore,
Thrust by mishap from its cocoon.

“ The rose beneath the morning dew
Sheds perfume sweet upon the air ;
And in the valleys blush and nod
A thousand blooms fragrant and fair.

“ But when the blistering sun is high,
Day after day, in a hot sky,
They shrink and shrivel in the glare,
And by no will of theirs they die.

“ Myriads of insects on the wing,
Existing but a single hour,
By perfect adaptation, show
God’s wonderful, omniscient power.

“ Here on the hillside, ’mid the fern,
Flutters a frightened, wounded hern.

“ The sportsman’s shot has pierced her breast,
Her young are starving in their nest.

“ Her mother instincts for them yearn ;
Troubled she is with sharp unrest ;
The deathful wounds corrode and burn.

“ She sits and moans under the brake,
And her dumb anguish, undeserved,
A heart of stone a babe’s might make ;
Or a steadfast and wholesome faith
Almost might turn aside or shake !

"And lo ! over the smiling west,
In mighty wrath a storm-cloud lowers ;
The branches o'er her bend and snap,
The whirlwind shrieks ; the torrent pours !
The shrubs and ferns are wrenched and torn,
The rocks the electric bolts do split !
The giant trees are overborne !

"The strickened creature sits and cries,
Exposed and helpless on the ground ;
Kind mercy's hand might close her eyes
In sudden death, or heal her wound !

"But see ! on either side her wing,
Two half-fledged younglings, wet and cold,
Nestle their heads and chirp and chirp ;
Ten times their bulk her breast can hold ;
Yet her last effort gives them room ;
And till the fearful storm is past
They sleep beneath the downy plume.

"Now in the sunny hours of morn
They leave the bosom where they slept,
And in a moment more are gone
To seek for food, to find their nest,
And ere it storms again, have grown
Full-fledged, and to the woods have flown.

"The dying henn feeds a lean fox ;
Her young brood, panting in the sun
And shivering in the wind and rain,
Have slowly perished, one by one.

"But flitting forth, and back and forth
From branch to branch, from tree to tree,

Four graceful songsters help to swell
A joyous, bird-sweet jubilee.

“ A doubting soul, with tome and staff,
Comes down across the gurgling brook,
And slowly up the rugged hill,
Pondering the texts within his book.

“ His faith is waning ; in his heart
God’s glorious photograph is veiled —
Thickly obscured by fallacies ;
Through arguments his trust has failed.

“ He sits beneath the shady pine,
Turns the blasphemous pages o’er,
Drinks deeply from the poison vine,
Eats the dead fruit — one moment more,
And unbelief were sealed ! but hark !
The pendant tassels overhead
Rustle, and on the drooping limb
A lovely thing in gold and red,
And sombre brown and russet green,
Adjusts the plumage on its wings,
Uplifts its pretty beak and sings.

“ The soft, azure heavens above,
The sloping hill, the grassy glade,
The brooklet like a thing of life,
Betwixt its shores of blossoms laid,
The green leaf stirring in the breeze
Whose balmy breath is on his cheek,
The beauteous bird, its song of praise,
Have fenced his doubts ! he does not speak ;
But slowly his awakened mind
Turns inward, and, surprised, beholds

A glorious image wrapt about,
And covered up with tattered folds !

" He flings aside the ragged tests !
He tears the worthless argument !
The subtle force of sophistry,
Beside the truth, is weak and spent !

" In meekness and humility
Confesses he God's Providence ;
In every spear of grass he sees
His wisdom and omnipotence !

" With reverence turns his heart within,
To praise the image of his Lord ;
But it has fled ! and in its place,
Revealed in all His grace, is God ! "

I paused ; but now my listening ear,
Except the pulses of my heart,
No inward utterance could hear.
I said, " The bitter plaint has ceased ;"
But as I spoke, the wretched woe
That cankered in my being rushed,
And seven-times heated seemed to glow.

And in my anguish I did cry,
" Unmerited as is this grief,
More helpless than the hern am I ! "

That instant, stronger than before,
Glided upon my tortured sense
The voice : " Arise, and get thee hence ! "
It said ; " go walk on yonder moor ! "

And I obeyed ; the day was dark,
Nothing to please the eye nor lure.

Masses of cloud swept o'er the sky ;
The earth was nude ; the winds were high !

The gloom upon my soul and gloom
In nature, meeting, tore all hope
Of comfort from my breast ; my doom
Upon me seemed ; and that smooth sound
Within me, with its tongue of fire,
My theories and reasons bound !

“ God's grace is wisdom, mercy, love,”
It said, in bitter, calm disdain ;
“ Would mercy wound the harmless dove,
Or give the heron needless pain ?
Or pierce the gentle, timid hare
Which of misdeed is unaware,
To hush a fear or grind a doubt
In the superior mind ? Would love,
To bring what it decrees about,
Reach forth its hand and persecute
The helpless creatures of its care ?
Torment and tear the poor, dumb brute,
Which no offense had given, nor aid
Against such plans as grace had made ?

“ Would Wisdom, clean and measureless,
Foreknowing, swift, and infinite,
Lash mute creation to suppress
Ills in a thing of larger light ?

“ God is in universal law,
And universal law in God !

Complete, unique, without a flaw,
 Cause and effect the staff and rod
 By which creations fall and rise !
 Evil and good the awful wheels
 Upholding all his mighty works ;
 Either made void the law repeals.

" For good, unlimited by ill,
 The earth with life would overfill,
 And thus were sure destruction sent ;
 And such were ill's equivalent,
 Were it not coequaled by good,
 And each against the one withstood.

" Behold, where stretches leaf and branch
 O'er many acres of the land,
 The nocive brute tribes from the ranch,
 Grunting and rooting, daily stand,
 Growing and fattening ; nest and egg,
 And carcasses of hapless bird,
 Whose superabundant numbers broke
 Their refuge, feed the greedy herd ;
 Yet equal numbers sit and lie
 Unhatched, half-fledged, 'twixt earth and sky.
 Chance-deaths, intemperance foul and lean,
 Rash suicide, gorged opulence,
 Hot fevers, scrofulas, and spleen,
 Murder, famine, and pestilence,
 The wrench of war's convulsive throes,
 Decrease twofold of ten times ten
 Of man's race, yearly ; yet, embryo,
 Two-fold increased, shape bones of men.

" A single insect, caught and crushed
 Betwixt the palms, would terminate

In more disaster to its kind
 Than to thy own would thy decease ;
 No ill nor good would culminate ;
 A pang might touch a sister's mind,
 Regret a brother's cares increase
 One hour ; but always equal gain
 Is somewhere made by loss or pain.

“Thy woe enfolds thee like a shroud,
 Coarse food is watered by thy tears ;
 Thy meals are scant, thy couch is hard,
 No hope assures thy future years ;
 Want wraps thee in its ragged pall,
 Death is the remedy for all.”

“Who knows if it be so?” I said,
 “Or what is man when he is dead?
 If soul be in him or if not?
 Scarcely I care, so close and hard
 Trials oppress me ! but is brought
 Back to my mind that which in youth
 Was taught, bearing eternal truth.

“My lot is meagre ; and o'ercast
 My life is with a bitter blast ;
 To rid myself of these, the risk
 Of what eternal days may bring,
 I might have tried ; nor doubt nor fear
 Aside my purpose striven to fling ;
 Even now, my heavy, wearied eye
 Had sought a covert where might lie
 A pulseless form secure from sight
 Of careless, merry passers-by.

“But, from the pressure of this force
 Constraining me to do such deed,

Perceive I that I am beset
 By evils of an evil creed.
 Much truth is with whose counsel mixt ;
 Yet, impositions, skilled and shrewd,
 From satan's kingdom slide betwixt.

" My mind can reach, but cannot span,
 Nor measure what an inward sense
 Reveals ; and yet is recognized
 Superlative co-excellence
 In those unknown and awful powers
 Which round their circles so complete,
 Encompassing cause and effect
 So wholly, that at sportsman's feet
 A wounded sparrow cannot fall
 Unnoticed by the Paraclete.

" The smallest atoms of the earth,
 Conglobed, the mass of matter make ;
 Merest, most trivial accidents
 The bounds of hidden truths may break.

" A robin sits upon the wall,
 Its early morning hymn is sung ;
 Its mate and he have dined and fed,
 With tender care their helpless young.

" Harmless and beautiful beyond
 The poet's song or artist's draft,
 Yet, in an hour its graceful shape
 A victim is to feline craft.

" But loitering near, a thoughtful lad,
 Who neither likes to work or play,
 Eases his mischief-ready mood
 By robbing tabby of her prey.

“His prying mind often has asked
 ‘What helps their flight so swift and far?’
 And from the structure of its bones
 He learns ere gleams the evening star.

“Such knowledge broadens in his thoughts,
 And deepens, and the truth expressed
 In other minds takes larger depths,
 Till science, not yet at its best,
 Rides on the wave, explores the deep,
 And scales the ether-blue aloft,
 And conquers distance with a leap
 Of voice and eye,—nor space, alone,
 In future time, shall be o’erstеп
 By telescope and telephone.

“Confervæ, barely visible,
 Year after year, in layers thin,
 Make a great storehouse of the fen,
 And warmth for nations gather in.

“The corals, from the slimy caves
 Of ocean, lift their little isle
 Heavenward, but die when first they feel
 The lovely dome of sky-light smile ;
 A naked rock is their bequest
 To man, till busy servants haste
 At the Almighty’s great behest,
 And overspread the barren spot
 With silky network bright and gay ;
 These die when they have lived their day,
 Leaving scarcely a tinge behind ;
 But in this shadow lie the germs
 Of mighty growths when future arcs
 Of periods have rounded terms.

"The gorgeous harvest of the leaves
 In such abundant shades of gold
 And crimson, interspersed and flanked
 By softer colors, views unfold
 So rich and lavish, tongue and pen
 One-half their glories never told.

"But in the east a sullen blaze
 Reddens the skies at early dawn ;
 And ere the night sleeps in the west,
 On hill, and vale, and field, and lawn,
 Beneath the hedge, beside the mere,
 Are rustling heaps withered and seer ;
 Alterant processes unite
 And give the soil rich properties
 Through reeking mildew and rank blight ;
 And from the compost sprung anew,
 Young life drinks sunlight, and expands,
 And strengthens 'neath the evening dew."

Then broke the voice upon my speech :
 "Thy imagery is large," it said ;
 'Twould touch that which thou canst not reach ;
 Thy words in compressed circles run,
 Middling, ending where they begun.

"Thy Deity throughout its breadth
 Savors of heathen god ! its wraith
 Is in thy half-awakened mind
 Whose scope is narrowed by thy faith ;
 Cast it aside and let it die ;
 And if a living soul thou hast,
 Shake shackles off that it may fly.

“Thou seest the lilies how they grow ;
 Thou knowest small lichens split the rocks ;
 And wonderful and fearful things
 Disclose with earth’s severest shocks.

“But dost thou know thyself? reveal
 Thy thoughts God’s wisdom in this pain?
 With this thy heart and I must deal.
 What availed, which, matter or mind,
 Diseased beyond capacity,
 To death the quaking flesh assigned?
 When centuries had set their tracks
 Forward, would men disaster find?”

“The aim, the end I cannot see,”
 I answered, “yet, this misery
 May force to action dormant strength
 Within me, or may straight compel
 Some growths of virtue not possessed,
 Or check some blemish grown too well.

“For, my own arguments and thine,
 Prove by a sure, unvaried line
 That forces, each against the one,
 Do battle underneath the sun ;
 Each power against the one withstood
 For larger purpose, which ordains
 That all together work for good.

“My selfish grief so fiercely raged
 At such white heat, this verity
 Its violence had not assuaged ;
 Nor fear of unknown consequence
 My milder reason had engaged ;
 But on the easel of my brain

Pictures are swiftly perfected,
Which faintly lined and sketched had lain ;
Grave men, sweet women, true and kind,
Patient beneath their crosses, do
Daily their various tasks combined.

"The gold, and brown, and jetty hair,
That floated o'er their shoulders free,
When on the hills and in the vales,
Joyous they plucked the blooms with me.
Show many threads of silver-grey ;
And on their faces, once so fair,
Sharp lines of suffering rest to-day.

"I love them ! and were mine the woe
That gives a life-long anguish lease,
And I had knowledge it were so,
And knew that death would bring me peace,
To these dear hearts, burdened enough,
I would not add one shock of pain,
However short or quickly cured,
For all the rest that I should gain ;
For, soon or late, if I my time
Abide, the subsequence will come,
And the result will then be mine."

Again I paused, shrinking, intent,
Fearing the dreaded voice might break
What seemed my weakest argument ;
But, suddenly, contentment sat
Upon my spirit ; deep and calm,
The troubled waters of my soul
Slept under sweet ambrosial balm.

I looked about me on the sod
Swept by the wind, herbless and seer ;

Nothing of summer's loveliness,
Nor autumn's gala grace was here.

The leafless dell, the hedges bare,
Dead undergrowth and withered weed,
In bold relief upreared in air
The ragged ledges drawn too near
The startled eye by far grey mists
And cloud-girt, narrowed atmosphere.

The dry leaves whirled ; rocked in the gale
The trees ; the naked branches swung ;
Sterility did quite impale
Verdure ; except the nimble hare
Drest in his winter garb, no life
Stirred 'neath my vision anywhere.

Yet, in' the desolation spread
Above, around, beneath my feet,
Appeared no gloom, only entire
Nature's repose, grand and complete.

I saw beneath the shriveled stalks,
In branch, in hedge, in everything,
Securely folded germs pregnant
With resurrection of the spring.

Then small and still another voice,
As of a wise and happy one,
Spoke to my heart these whispered words :
“Self-conquest is a work well done.

“Self is a murderer on whose list
All crimes are written ; deaf and blind
He seeks to find the eternal gist,
In every creed whose essence lives,

In every soul whose pith is God ;
 But chaff and husk by mouths are blown,
 And scattered far and wide abroad,
 And God so near, yet still unknown.

"Men panting, eager, vigilant
 To grasp Him, catch at floating straw ;
 To right and left they turn and search ;
 From Alpha and Omega draw
 Conclusions ; but o'erlook the fact
 That God is law within the law.

"The elements which make the world
 Are life and death ; life must be fed,
 Therefore, in water, earth and air,
 Constituents are perfected ;
 And life feeds death through many ways
 And divers means. The lower tribes
 Succumb to death, not knowing Him ;
 From youth His forms man's mind transcribes,
 And shrinks his flesh from Him in dread ;
 But pallid horror on his soul
 Would sit, which, never reconciled
 To die, distressed in blackest dole,
 Would mourn till age grew from the child ;
 Or, shrieking, earlier close its roll,
 Were sorrows not upon him piled ;
 Also, growthless and quite inert
 Body and spirit would become,
 Were purposes and aims not girt
 By opposition's countless sum
 Of trials keeping them alert.

"So Mercy spreads its hands and rains
 Upon earth all expedients

By which a thrifty world maintains,
 Through grand and steady advancements,
 Its odds against its own decay ;
 These woes upon the lot of man
 Swiftly wean him from viler clay ;
 And by the perfect law, a plan,
 Through faith, and hope and love, reveals
 The dawning of a brighter day.

“ But to man’s arts may yield the sea,
 And to its core the earth be probed,
 And with the knowledge of God’s power,
 As garments man’s success be robbed,
 Still will his search for God be vain,
 In soil, ocean, or galaxy,
 In creed and systems underlain
 By greedy self’s monopoly.

Although provisions from His hands
 One teardrop from the eyes that weep,
 O’erlooks not, nor one grain of sand
 Is built for naught ; yet, these exact,
 Minute, awful, inscrutable
 Edicts which all His laws enact,
 Processes moving heaven above,
 And earth beneath, are but His works ;
 He knoweth God, who knoweth love ;
 And yet, unfathomed, faultless, sure,
 God is the law within the law,
 Steadfast, eternal, just and pure ;
 On righteousness rests like a dove
 His spirit ; through unrighteousness
 Of man He dies to build the plan
 Of great salvation ; thus is love
 The law within the law complete.

And universal rounds of cause
 Betwixt His mighty palms do meet,
 Whose mighty motives are so vast
 And of such weight, the mind of man
 Must reach deep depths and mount high heights,
 Ere it His purposes can scan ;
 If God be known, Him knoweth he,
 Who, through His complete grace, has grown
 To perfect love and equity."

This spoken, also ceased this voice ;
 And o'er its teachings mused my thought,
 And backward o'er a summary
 Of what that suasive voice had taught ;
 Before my soul the truth was plain
 That dormant strength had been aroused,
 And faults corrected by my pain ;
 And demonstrations to the point
 These inner strifes had clearly shown
 As combats of that contraforce
 Universe moving, not alone
 But kingdoms, each against the one,
 Even in the breast of man withstood,
 Serving that purpose which ordains
 That all together work for good.

These disquisitions in my mind
 Also self-knowledge had increased ;
 And faults I knew not I possessed
 Thrust up to sight, and God revealed,
 And through His grace so strongly leased
 The passport to Himself unsealed.

KEEP COOL.

Somewhere upon a busy, stone-paved street
Of an old town which sat in regal state
Amid the hills, in gifts of wealth complete,
There lived an aged, irous potentate.

Time which he oft misused and oft misspent,
Vengeance had brought ; upon his naked head
Were many ills ; his cumbrous form was bent,
And gout its tortures through his system sped.

His household feared his face, yet served him more
Than aught they loved ; the serving maid and man
Full dread and hatred for their master bore,
Yet to fulfill his mandates swiftly ran.

One proverb in his lesser years he flung
At all who vexed broke forth and played the fool ;
And it was this, " Howe'er by passion stung,
'Tis policy and wisdom to keep cool."

And while years of young manhood told his age,
Ere not good habits had despoiled his health,
In tribulations, steadfast, cool and sage
Before the world, he raved and swore by stealth.

And now, the habits of his earlier years
Thrust themselves out upon his later days ;
And as his many plagues their full arrears
Presented, stealthy faults were open ways.

If pain, anger, or just the least offense,
Or smallest contradiction checked his will,
With whom he did contend they lived suspense
Until his fearful passion-storm was still.

No tongue of all his household dared reprove,
Nothing within his presence dared rebel,
Or counter to his wishes dared to move,
Except the prating parrot, saucy Pell.

He was his favorite, ere his head was bald,
And many mottoes he had learned at school
He'd taught to him ; and one his voice extoiled
As daily by-word ; it was this ; "keep cool,"

Now, when satan, through habit and disease,
Pronounced that he should serve him as a tool,
Sagacious Pell, the household pet and tease,
Ruffled his plumes, looked wise, and said, "keep cool."

Impatiently his wit his master bore
As harder raged his ills ; and when one noon
His gout was dreadful, Pell was pert, and swore,
And said, "keep cool, and screech not like a loon."

Without a word the tortured man arose
In fearful wrath, and cherished, petted Pell
Was held a moment by his neck quite close,
Then from the shutter to the pavement fell.

"There," hissed the master, "now be still, you pest ;
You've mocked me quite enough ; your broken neck
You earned." Helpless, the stones the poor bird pressed,
Then stirred, stood up, tottered, began to peck.

A bit of fruit upon the paving stone
Had caught his eye as strangled life returned ;
Slowly he ate, as though the twisted bone
In his gay throat was sore, and ached and burned.

But cool and dignified he stood, nor looked
Upward where mad the potentate looked down
Enraged and baffled ; the hooked beak more hooked
Appeared, and more erect the saucy crown.

Tongs, ottomans and books the mad man threw,
Savage with the intent the bird to kill ;
But Pell beyond his reach slowly withdrew,
Holding the fruit quite coolly in his bill.

The enraged man glared, clenched his fingers tight,
And might have burst with potent, angry spleen ;
When round the corner, hard toward the right,
Creeping at stealthy pace, old puss was seen.

A gleeful chuckle from the man had vent,
And gloating on revenge, he watched the cat,
As crouching tiger-like she slyly went
With lashing tail, raised nose, and ears laid flat.

Near old puss came, nearer, but Pell stirred not ;
He slowly pecked and ate the luscious fruit ;
Nor glance of eye a fear of being caught
Betrayed, nor knowledge that he saw the brute.

Nearer crept puss ; by feline habit led,
She paused half-crouched, her tail its lashing ceased ;
Then, quick as lightning on the feline's head
Pell struck his beak, and screamed out, "scat, you beast."

In sudden terror puss whirled from her prey
With bristling tail and round the corner flew,
Like something with winged feet ; Pell turned away
And coolly did his feast of fruit renew.

The potentate in gusts of laughter roared,
Unmindful of sciatica or gout ;
Wide-eyed his folks into his presence poured,
To earn what all the uproar was about.

Then ordered the great man a golden cage,
With triple roost and silver tank and stool,
For Pell, the only thing he'd seen so sage
As to keep, in vast trials, grandly cool.

THE FOUNDING OF A CITY.

The bubbling stream that leaped from the rock,
And rushed o'er the beetling ledges,
Covered many a quartz in block
Interspersed with golden wedges ;
And mother-of-pearl in snowy bands,
Marked lumps of the hidden treasure,
Where the waters rippled o'er golden sands,
Ere they flashed in the sunny azure.

Ages and ages had rolled and rolled,
In the building of mountain caverns ;
And nature deposited mines of gold,
While art reared its churches and taverns ;
But the hidden wealth of the shining quartz,
Uncovered by man's researches,
Revealed rich rock, with its priceless spots
And veins, under scrubby birches.

The grand hotel and elegant church,
And comforts of town and city
Were left for the mines 'neath the scrubby birch,
By illiterate, learned, and witty.
Many were the homes left desolate
Where the old folks toiled and waited ;
And the young wife hopped with a bitter weight
Of fear which never abated.

And love grew weary and oft expired
In the heart of a lovely maiden,
As the far-off pen got loth and tired,
Or with cold, brief words was laden ;
And oft, return from the Golden Gate,
Filled hearts and hands with deep gladness,
And often letters with western date,
Dispelled all sorrow and sadness.

And thus the swift years passed on and on ;
And where alone was standing
A single tent, on one summer morn
The compass of camps was expanding ;
And away, and afar 'mid the mountain groups,
The miners' trail had extended ;
And the sunken shafts and the scanty coops
In the mountain sceneries blended.

A hundred and more were above the pass ;
And over beyond the eddy
Of the creek, where pebbles were smooth as glass,
Shanties for hundreds stood ready.
Many and many a year had gone,
Since manhood, young, stout and ruddy,
Came from the cities where they were born,
From mill, from farm, and from study.

And many a hand grown rough with toil,
Where the creek the sunlight reflected,
Had bound the heart with a golden coil,
And all the dear love-ties neglected.
'Twas here, where life 'mid the mountains is health,
Where grandeur upward is carried,
That many men with surplus of wealth,
Like the lotus-eaters still tarried.

Moonlight was soft ; and the mountains rose higher
Than silver cloud-circles which bound them ;
And the sun, from its great yellow disk, gave fire
Which called forth rich beauty around them ;
Yet hearts were fossiled by distance and gold,
No man that their hardy band numbered,
But the better part of his life had sold,
When his thoughts from home-life were sundered.

In the uncouth dance, and the card saloon,
Where riot and revelry mingled,
Hilarity trod to the squeaky tune
Cracked violoncellos jingled.
It was Christmas night. The dark ravine,
O'ergrown with the mountain heather,
Stretched far, and far the ledges between,
Where the mountains were grouped together.

The gambling shanty was overrun,
Rough feet were treading a measure ;
And faro-dealers, when bets were won,
Swept the trays with evident pleasure.
The cards were shuffled ; the glass went round,
Where the lunch-board was overloaded ;
Then sudden silence hushed every sound
Which good or ill had foreboded !

Every ear was strained at its best,
 And every heart was beating
 With quicker throbs, for with childish zest
 Clear cry after cry was repeating ;
 And nearer the sound came, borne by the blast
 Of the chilly December weather,
 Till reaching the door, the threshold it passed,
 Where the miners stood silent together !

The cry of a child ! what joy ! what surprise !
 To every countenance started,
 As a slender woman with dusky eyes,
 Stood in warmth which the fire imparted.
 And, soothed by the leaping blazes, the child,
 With the sovereign sway of a baby,
 Looked at them ; then, as the lunch-board piled
 He saw, he lisped, " Cake gib to daby."

But quickly from under her thread-bare cloak,
 Something that her arm was enfolding
 The woman outdrew, and a single stroke
 Touched chords the past was withholding.
 Softly and sweetly arose and fell
 The marvellous old Christmas story
 Of the shepherds watching their flocks in the dell,
 When the angels appeared in their glory !

"The Virgin and Christ !" said a bearded rough,
 " Stepped down from some mighty conception
 Cf artist or poet !" " Likely enough !"
 Said one, at the counter's projection.
 And one upon tiptoe glided along,
 His countenance strong feeling showing,
 With bread for the babe, then hushed while the song
 Was sweetness and grandeur outflowing !

Oh, how the past rushed out of the past !
 How swiftly home-pictures did rally !
 The old cathedral, with fresco o'er cast,
 "The little brown church in the valley !"
 Here leaped into sight the woods of old Maine,
 Aflame with autumn's rich token ;
 And its soft clouds tinged with delicate stain
 Where shafts of the sunset were broken !

Wisconsin maples and sumacs ablaze ;
 Green fields, and the young corn springing ;
 And tropical languor, and purple haze,
 And the mocking-bird's melody ringing ;
 The English oak, and the Scottish heath,
 The emerald beauty of Erin ;
 Grace of Italy above and beneath,
 And the roseate waters of Bingen.

Every country and every clime
 Into the shanty was crowded ;
 And arrowy swiftness marked the time
 Which covered memories unshrouded.
 Love stood in the bower, stood by the mill ;
 The faces of sister and brother
 Gleamed 'mid the heath on the Scottish hill,
 And home held father and mother.

Every heart was singing the words,
 And, at last, tongues joined in the chorus ;
 And the melody startled the mountain herds,
 As the bass struck deep and sonorous.
 All sang with a might, all sang with a will,
 Who the grand chords ever had sounded ;
 For the stately psalm, like the Piper's Trill,
 In subtle enchantment abounded.

The last strain sang left the shanty so hushed
That the breath could be heard ; and the beating
Of hearts ; and unshed tears hotly rushed
To eyes unfamiliar to weeping.
But when in broken accents was told
By the woman her pitiful sorrow,
Men wept ; and out of their hoarded gold,
Sweet charity filled her to-morrow !

Orphaned and helpless ! and down at the Flow,
Where was rock, wave-beaten and serried,
Ranged foot to foot with the grave of his foe,
Was the grave where her husband was buried.
Bruised and affrighted she fled afar,
And in dreadful and fearful misgiving,
From camp to camp, with her loved guitar,
She had earned but a scanty living.

But here, protected, long she remained
As every man's sister and mother ;
And babe was a little king, and proclaimed,
And ruled as ne'er ruled another ;
Often the sweep of a ragged beard
Fell like a mantle around him,
As strong arms bore him to ledges upreared
Over glades where with blossoms they crowned him.

Ever and ever his tripping feet
Found welcome wherever they entered ;
And even the faro was scarcely complete,
If babe in their midst was not centered.
Less and less grew the deeds of ill,
And the good in rough natures upspringing,
Seemed from the sweet little life to o'erfill
With grace which the pure lips were bringing.

Every heart held friends it had known,
With tender and infinite yearning,
And when the year had rolled forth, not alone
Were the camp fires cheerfully burning ;
But households united sat on their hearths,
Where the Christmas cheer was inviting ;
And the hidden heaths and the mountain paths
The casements of homesteads were lighting.

Magic seemed opening the barbarous camp
Into the full beauty and glory
Of civilization ; and thrift fixed its stamp
Near the great heights rugged and hoary ;
Sprang up around the castle and the cot,
And women, as fair as the morning,
Came from the purple heaths of the Scot ;
Came from the gay Spanish awning.

Came from tent, from farmhouse, and town,
Mother, wife, sister, and daughter ;
And seasons went round, and the leaves grew brown,
And the rose blushed red by the water.
And the grand old psalm was oft sang again
By literate, and fair, and witty,
That probed the hearts of a hundred rough men,
And founded a beautiful city !

A TIME OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Preceding preparations stand upon the board
 Under white coverings ; the great house fills
 Slowly at first, then hastening crowds are poured
 Along its aisles ; then sudden silence thrills
 Its great capacity, e'er and anon,
 Broke by light footsteps of a blushing maid,
 Or heavier treading of belated men.

The vast, melodious, brazen tongue is swayed
 In noiseless, swift vibrations overhead,
 And echoes die among the highland steeps,
 As though the mighty mellow voice were dead,
 Which waiting a fit summons, only sleeps.

Arching, the azure dome of heaven expands,
 Reaching and circling, an immensity
 Vast as a thought of God, its cloud-wove bands
 Illumed and softened by intensity
 Of golden splendor from the solar sun,
 Flooding the earth, as an ethereal wheel
 It turns in space. The hills are "clothed upon"
 With silence ; vales a silence fitly deal
 To silent nature ; even the winds are hushed ;
 The spreading branch and clinging vine are mute,
 The gold and crimson foliage away is brushed,
 And keen frosts to the streams silence depute.

A Sabbath rest, indeed, is all around ;
 The closed and empty dwelling rears its wall
 In quiet where the shadows on the ground
 And sunlight from blue skies alternate fall.

No sound, within the inspiring house of God,
 Except the breath of multitudes, and pulsing stroke

Of heart-beat, and the rustling of the broid
 Of silk, and clashing jet of drapery, is awoke.

But soon before the altar, which contains
 In amplest volume the great book of books,
 Touched by rich gleams from half-masked window-panes,
 The shepherd all his gathered flock o'erlooks ;

And into fertile pastures of the love
 Of the blessed Christ, he points the holy road,
 Within whose grand portals the snowy dove
 Of peace has taken permanent abode.
 No muffled supposition clouds the hour,
 No ragged fallacy obscures the light ;
 No foul denunciations chill the flower
 Of hope, nor give the buds of faith a blight ;
 But large and lofty springs the vigorous thought,
 Clothed in pure beauty, up toward the Lord ;
 And truth is found which earnestly is sought,
 And in each heart the Eternal Lord is God.

Large worship given, and elegant and chaste
 All things around, as fitting holy place
 Where the dear Christ is guest, now, souls make haste
 For the communion with Him face to face ;
 But, ah ! how meagre, when the services
 Are ended, and the covering white removes.
 How meagre is the fare ! toy devices
 Might stand upon each crumb ; and what behooves
 Such haste ; the cup touches a waiting lip
 An instant, then hurriedly is borne away
 To touch another lip which waits to sip,
 And so whirls on with just this brief delay.

Here is the aged man with white and scattered hair,

Hoary as winter's frosts upon his time-marked brow ;
His bent form and worn limbs are guided with sharp care

By dim eyes ; painfully his palsied knees do bow ;
His full days have learned of Christ for seventy years ;

Beside him patiently his aged partner kneels ;
(Every blot upon her life has been washed with tears) ;

In kneeling half her blessing dies in the pain she feels.
Knelt near are fair-browed groups with youth upon their cheeks,

Whose blushing beauty now receive the drooping lash
Of sparkling eyes grown reverent ; yet language speaks

In glances at the dust where sweep the frill and sash ;
Yonder a maiden lady, whose hard life has learned

Economy, who feels that wholesome cleanliness
Is next to Godliness, with patient cheek well burned

By fears of after speech, spreads 'neath her tidy dress
Her snowy handkerchief ; and here at left and right,

Delicate nerves quiver, wearied and quite deranged
By lengthy sitting ; and even the men of might

Are glad to have confinement to recreation changed ;
And the tired preacher pity needs and strength of Christ,

As, with spent, throbbing brain, exhausted lungs and tongue,
He implores that blood by full salvation priced,

And adds the ordinance hymns to those already sung.

And thus, Christ's great memorial of God's passover

Which with disciples He desired to eat,
Is made the hasty, fagend, quarterly cover

Of lengthy worship in its self replete ;
How small such entertainment for the Holy Guest !

Where is the table spread, the social hall,
The social teachings through which souls are blest,

And interchange of thought through speech for all ?

Ah ! man has many anniversaries ;
 He celebrates blest freedom's natal time,
 And fit, ready and sumptuous obsequies
 Deck soldiers' graves ; and Lent, saint's day of rhyme,
 And the Thanksgiving day, and merry Christmas come,
 Ushering in the gay festivity ;
 The granger has his harvest feast, and none
 Are limited to meagre mimicry,
 Or pompous form and ostentatiousness,
 But this the holiest memorial
 That reaches down through ages to the heart
 That loves the Saviour ; oh, how menial !

How meagre ! how ritual the hasty part
 Of His disciples lowly kneeling down
 In a cramped posture where soiled feet have trod,
 When they should sit under faith's noble crown,
 At His full table, to receive their Lord ;
 Nor should the native, God-given dignities
 Be bartered in the stale emporium
 Of superstition ; but with fit insignias
 His friends should make His feast a full memoriam.

LINES.

LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO MRS. R. L. PHILBRICK.

Dear sister, fifty years have passed
 Since, in the dearly loved old home,
 Your dark eyes earnestly were cast
 Upon the glory of God's day,
 And closed in babe-sleep when away
 The day on wings of light had flown.

As babes gaze wisely, and do seem
To look at everything they see,
With undefined and steadfast gleam
Of rapt intelligence, as though
They have remembrance, dim and slow,
Of something clothed in mystery.

So looked your bright eyes on the morn
That filled our mother's heart with joy,
And blessed our sire when you were born ;
And they with hearts which beat in one,
Wondered, as since ourselves have done,
What thoughts do babies' minds employ?

And now that years have reached along
Into mid-life for you and me,
And to my thoughts come full and strong
The days of bliss and days of woe,
Since we were babes so long ago,
Helpless upon our mother's knee.

I wonder if the new-born babe
Has faint remembrance of some time,
That in some former life was laid ;
Or if, within its sinless thought,
A knowledge of God's power is wrought,
Of which a babe can give no sign?

Or when this life is first begun,
Is there possessed in subtle force
Of intuition, ere is spun
Occurrences of life to mar
Its scope, an outlook that so far
Reaches, it sees the end and source?

Did you, within your cradled nest,
 Have a dim glimpse of future years,
 When sorrow's barb should pierce your breast?
 Or when a heaven-born happiness,
 So potent in its power to bless,
 Should fill your eyes with joyous tears?

Did your dear hands, so fair and frail,
 Feel on their palms the years of care
 Measured by God, and which avail
 As blessings since by Him is given
 Evil and good to call to heaven
 Souls through the burdens which they bear?

Was it a sense, feebly defined,
 Of all the busy, useful days
 Awaiting you, which fixed your mind
 On objects with such serious grace
 Portrayed upon your baby face,
 And marking all your baby ways?

Ah, sister ! this we know : you grew
 Unto your work, and proved the test
 Of trials, till your footsteps drew
 So near to God, that in your heart
 You feel, however hard the part
 That's given you, 'tis for the best.

Idols are leveled to the dust,
 That, stepping on the broken clay,
 Souls may uplift a worthier trust
 To the Creator, in whose palm
 Is life eternal, and whose arm
 Out of the darkest night brings day.

Still waiting for your feet, may be
Trials further to prove your zeal ;
Paths hidden where you cannot see
God's purpose ; yet, as in the past,
To those who trust, all's well at last,
And on true faith God sets His seal.

Also, your years have seen more good
Than they have ever seen of ill ;
And labors which your strength withstood,
Have brought a goodly recompense,
And crowned you with an excellence,
And all your womanhood o'erfill

With a serene and beauteous grace ;
And gracious kindness marks your ways,
And stamps its impress on your face ;
To all around you there expands
A blessing through your busy hands,
And all your household bless your days.

True counsellor to all in need,
Your husband's helpmate and his friend,
Your life has well been blest, indeed,
In blessing others ! Oh, alway
May your strength be as is your day,
And God's grace shield you to the end.

A FRAGMENT.

What is it that thrills swift within me,
At the sound of thy mighty voice,
O, pitiless, pitiful ocean?
What subtle sense bids me rejoice?
Why surges my soul with thy motion?

What speech would my panting heart utter?
What thoughts that it cannot express?
Why is it o'erwhelmed with a rapture,
So mingled, so full of excess?
What wild moods of thine would it capture?

What wisdom from thee would it gather
To search out a Divinity?
What secrets of thine would it ferret?
And why does an affinity
Rush inward and over my spirit?

Oh, even the small mellow echoes,
From mountain-high, foam-crested surge,
Which ripple the beautiful river,
Thrill through me ; and as they emerge
They waken my soul with a quiver !

But when from thy rest-riven bosom
Thy billows leap up to the sky,
Beneath my awe-laden vision
My soul rushes out with a cry,
And wrestles to make an incision.

With inquiry into thy forces,
With inquiry into thy measures,
To render thy language of wonder,

To lay bare thy might-yielding treasures !
 But my answer is only thy thunder !

And the infinite, infinite longings
 Reaching out after infinite truth,
 Rushes back upon full aspiration ;
 And chaos, confused and uncouth,
 Holds riot in dizzy rotation ;

Till, humbled and weak unto nothing,
 I turn from thy terrible might,
 O'erfilled with the boundless assurance
 That ocean, and darkness, and light,
 But a thought is in great God's endurance !

FEBRUARY 2ND, 1883.

TO THE FOLKS OF LILYBELL VALE.

Thirty years ago to-day,
 We who are now women and men,
 Then were children at our play
 In the farmhouse in the glen.

When the mantle of the night
 Wrapped the valley in its shade,
 Just as now, the starry light
 O'er the azure heavens was laid.

Pure and white the winter's snow
 Lay upon the leafless earth ; .
 And the ruddy ember's glow
 Flushed the faces round our hearth.

What a goodly group we were !
Eleven in number with our sire,
And our mater, and Macquer
Gathered with us round the fire.

How the puzzle and the pun
Into mirthful mischief dipped !
While the sharpened shafts of fun,
Even from older wisdom, slipped !

Even the sprightly babe had learned
Laughter at our joyous glee,
And from mater's bosom turned,
Shouting gaily on her knee.

But instruction found a tongue
In the riddle and the game,
And the practiced precept hung
On the lip of sire and dame.

And in every mirthful sport,
Harmless prank, and play-day feast,
Did Macquer always deport,
When from wholesome tasks released.

And although his heavy mind
Wandered 'mid the hopeless woof
Of unsoundness, all were kind
To the chore boy 'neath our roof.

Then, when winter days did pass,
And the spring in vernal showers
Brought young leaves and fields of grass
To the valley with the flowers,

When white cherry blossoms flanked
All the green wood on the west,
And the glades, with cowslips banked,
Sat near glens in violets drest.

How the fragrance of the wood
And the fragrance of the field
Seemed an incense richly good,
Which the earth to heaven should yield !

How the birds sang in the trees !
How the clover, sweet and red,
Nodded in the summer breeze,
Born of white clouds overhead !

How the sunlight, night and morn,
Poured a golden radiance down,
Stretching shadows on the lawn,
Tall as giants of renown !

How the music of the streams,
Sparkling in each shady dell,
Lulled us into blissful dreams,
When the day had ended well !

Little knew we of the ways
Of the life thus well begun ;
Saw we not the tangled maze
Through which life's success is won.

Not a hint of combats long,
Fearful grappling to the death
With life's foemen full and strong,
Touched a single merry breath !

Gradual as the dawning noons,
 Rolled the burden and the heat
Of life's searching, fierce monsoons,
 Leaving deserts at our feet !

But we've crossed the arid sands,
 Buffeted, and bruised, and sore,
Bearing weapons in our hands,
 Giving victory evermore !

For we've fought, as forth we've trod
 On life's busy battle-field,
With the broad-swords of the Lord,
 And his arm has been our shield !

'Neath the shadows of the cross,
 Looming darkly over us,
We have counted gain and loss
 By the lights of Candlemas.

And no heart in all our band
 Which the hand of Death has spared,
Knowing on what grounds we stand,
 Can regret life's warfare dared.

Not for happy meagreness
 Of the child-life gay and loth,
Would a tried heart suffer less,
 Nor its burdens would cast off.

Knowledge for the ear and eye
 Comes through ills 'neath which we stoop,
And arenas rough and high
 Into wisdom's stronghold troop.

As material growth is brought
To vigor, strength, and symmetry,
By full labor, so is got
Perfect immortality.

All of life that strive and pant,
Live to be builded upon
By grace and power always extant
In all work which God has done.

While life's ceaseless conflicts rage,
Duty calls for you and me ;
And if promptly we engage,
As our day our strength shall be.

Let us build and help to build
While we tread our brief career,
Till our missions be fulfilled,
And our labors ended here.

Let our hearts and hands be strong ;
Let our hearts and lips be true ;
For the right against the wrong,
Doing whatever we find to do,

With all valor and all might,
Pursuing with a swift accord,
Attacking every foe in sight
With the broad-sword of the Lord.

MAMMA'S ECHOES.

Running over the playgrounds,
 Bounding in at the door,
Climbing over the stairway,
 Pattering over the floor,
Are feet of the little echoes,
 To mamma's example so true,
That the little hands are ready and prompt
 To show what mamma's hands do.

Prattling over their lessons,
 Whirling and skipping away
After the wild-wood blossoms,
 Restless and busy all day ;
Quaint little men and women
 Full of mischief and fun,
Speaking the words that mamma has said,
 And doing what papa has done.

Funny and fair little faces,
 Mirrors are every one,
Reflecting the lives around them
 As water reflects the sun ;
Precept may rest upon precept,
 Line may rest upon line,
But deportment of each little one
 Is of example the sign.

Clouds upon mamma's forehead,
 Clouds upon mamma's tongue,
Bring storm to the little children,
 Into their future flung ;
Sunshine in mamma's language,
 Sunshine in mamma's face,
Unto the lives of her girls and boys,
 Giveth a living grace.

BOSTON.

The rush and the roar of thy busy streets,
Come up to my weary ear,
As I lean from my open window to look
At a dead leaf, withered and sere,
Which the pitiless winds have lifted and whirled,
And left on my casement near.

And thought, as my vision roams o'er thy towers,
And turrets, and steeples, and fanes,
Takes in thy wonders of gilded domes,
And numbers thy gilded names ;
And I seem in my meagreness sere as the leaves
Which flutter against the panes.

The rush and the roar of thy crowded streets
Come up to my weary ear,
And a thrill of vigor measures each nerve,
As thy ceaseless thrift I hear ;
And I struggle to shake the shackles off,
Which make this living so drear.

But bound with the fetters like iron forged,
Which nature has given to me,
I long from the noise, the whirl, and the rush,
To my native quiet to flee ;
And to leave the thunders of crowded life
And gilded grandeur to thee.

Like sere leaves, driven upon thy winds,
Are souls for the green hills born ;
And spirits which drink in life with the flowers,
Must the forest sun shine on ;
For them peace flows 'mid the waving wheat,
And the fields of rustling corn.

The lifted mountains, the flowery vales,
The sounds of the winds in the trees,
The gurgle and ripple of babbling brooks
Through shaded and grassy leas,
To these from thy grandeur and greatness of wealth,
O Boston, my tired soul flees !

Build, work, and invent till tracks of new grounds
Are checkered by jostling cars ;
Roll upward thy walls, till their twinkling lights
Throb nearer the glistening stars ;
Coronal thy splendors with priceless stones,
And wedge them with golden bars.

Expand thy gardens of beauty and bloom,
And light them with myriads of shade,
And pave the walks through thy arbors with pearl,
Or let them with jasper be laid ;
And yet they would pale, in beauty and grace,
Beside what the forest has made.

The delicate mosses 'mid grand old woods,
Festooned on the bending bough,
And spread in the softest, richest plush
O'er grounds unturned by the plow,
And hanging and clinging to everything,
As only the moss knows how.

The dark, grand gloom of the dim old aisles,
The firefly lamps, at night,
That in and out of the foliage,
Dart quivering, lambent light,
That throw out upon the beautiful green
Soft sparkles of twinkling white ;

Surpass thy gardens of tinted rays,
As nature surpasses art ;
And although thy structures of magnitude
So vast, and thy wealth-crowned mart
Live high in my national pride, yet the fields
And forests abide in my heart.

TO MRS. N. S.

If youth, with sure unvaried line,
Measures the worth of older years,
And weighs upon its balance fine,
Its after life's arrears,
Then must your worthy womanhood
Succeed such earlier days
As show a record true and good,
Deserving noble praise
From all who know you ; honor's voice
From all the world ; while those whose test
Has tried your worth, finding no choice
But proud approval, love you best.

MINNIE'S BIRTHDAY.

Riding in a wagon through the golden morn,
Riding with a lady o'er the grassy lawn,
Past the seeded rose-bush, down the woody way,
Riding with fair Minnie on her natal day.

Riding in a wagon, Minnie, Alle, and I ;
Minnie's eyes are lustrous as they search the sky ;
Minnie's lips are smiling, Alle and I know why :
Thinking of the boat-ride coming by and by.

Gentle, tender Alle, how she loves this girl ;
Little, dark-eyed Minnie ! as the days unfurl,
Bringing near and nearer woman's hopes and fears,
Woman's cares and sorrows, woman's smiles and tears,
Back to careless childhood she would turn her years.

And my love as tender, if not quite as strong,
From her hidden future would extract all wrong,
Making peace and plenty in its pathways throng,
Filling all its vistas with life's happiest song.

Riding on the water 'mid the floating leaves
Of the fragrant lilies. How the blue wave heaves !
How the golden sunbeams o'er the ripples glance,
Kindling tremulous sparkles on the broad expanse !
How they roll and waver, how they flit and dance !

Billows blue as heaven come forth with the tide,
Lined with sheeny silver on the sunward side ;
How they sway and glitter, how they rise and fall,
While the pulsing sparkles dimple over all !

In the hazy distance rears the frowning ledge,
With its range of forest like an emerald wedge
Springing from the centre of its steep descent,
Flanked by grassy hillsides like a rainbow bent,
Sloping into valleys, glades and brooklets blent.

How the great deep darkens where the great rocks lean !
And the mighty branches, crowned with varied green,
On the graceful islands its low shores between,
Stretch their giant shadows on its silver sheen ;
Alternate hill and valley circling round its edge,
And even the morass sunken and overgrown with sedge,
Inclose the throbbing water like a sacred hedge.

Riding on the water, isolated far
From the town and hamlet, lying like a star
Of azure, sheeny substance, dropped for mortal good,
With wealth of waxen lilies betwixt the fen and wood.

How the blossoms whiten ! how their golden hearts
Perfume like rare incense to the breeze imparts !
With what haste the sweet buds, delicate and frail,
Fill our hands, as fast we ride underneath full sail !
How we grasp the blossoms full, fragrant and pale !

How the glossy leaves in their native element,
And the pliant stems in flexile grace are bent
'Neath our weight ! What hurry, what nervous, merry haste
Directs our hands ! What failures, what laughter, what waste
Follows ! Broken lily-cups are scattered in our wake ;
And what regret we feel for each sweet flower we break !

Minnie's hands are brimming, Alle's arms are full,
And the mater gathers with a steady pull ;
From their generous bounty round me is no room,
I am so o'erloaded with rich bud and bloom.

On the frail, white blossoms of the fragrant heaps,
Over which with pleasure watchful care each keeps,
Slants the setting sunbeams, touching every one,
Reaching to the odorous hearts golden as the sun.

Now, the gleaming drapery of the day-god's train,
Our prow homeward turning swiftly cuts in twain ;
Through the golden vapors hovering o'er the fen,
Through the shadows creeping softly up the glen,
In the purple gloaming we ride home again.

LALLA LIEGH.

“ Oh, what is life ? ” said Lalla Liegh.
She stood on the sloping, greenwood banks
Beside the waters which foamed like the sea ;
Where the arbutus trailed its roseat tanks,
And in odorous air were bird and bee.

Her face was like a dainty flower,
Her presence like the balmy dawn ;
Star-lighted, her deep eyes full of power
Looked at the billows whirling on,
Nor turned toward the rosy bower.

The violets were fair to see :
A butterfly upon the wing
Went by, all beautiful as could be,
Crimson and purple, a dainty thing,
Close to the cheek of Lalla Liegh.

Regnald Rollins, standing so near
That muslin sleeve and jeweled hand
Came in contact, as on the pier
He struck his gold-capped cane in the sand,
Knew that Lalla to him was dear.

Said Regnald Rollins, “ Life is a dream !
Look yonder where the water flows
Dead black, except where the sun-ray’s gleam,
And in its tumults, as white as the snows :
Life, like that, is an intricate theme !

“ Look ! the timbers down from the mill,
In the smooth current softly emerge ;
But, with a bound and a mighty thrill,

They dash and plunge in the awful surge,
And the water struggles and surges still !

“ Not one escapes the underwhirl,
But is thrown and beaten against the rock !
Then, rising, they float in the upper curl
Of the wave ! and yet, is given by the shock
No good nor ill ! such is life, dear girl !

“ Ah ! life,” said he, “ such as is seen,
Is an empty show, and meaningless !
All of whose laborers strive and glean,
Seeking after true happiness !
Life is death, with love between !”

“ And what is love ?” said Lalla Liegh.
Said Regnald Rollins, “ Love is supreme !
An earth-born gift to you and to me,
And to every one : 'tis a pretty dream
In the dream of life ! all things that be

“ Succumb to love ! what foot e'er trod
The earth has yielded obedience to love !
'Tis a tireless bliss with a scourging rod ;
Its realm is around, below, above !
Love is supreme ! and love is God !”

The swallow after his mate did flee,
And waited Regnald's hand and heart ;
Waited his coach and black steeds three :
Lalla plucked a blossom apart ;
“ I do not love you, kind sir,” said she.

“ Oh, what is life ?” said Lalla Liegh.
She stood on the sloping, greenwood bank,

Beside the waters which foamed like the sea ;
 The waste-drift struggled, and rose, and sank,
 And rose, and floated along the quay.

The winds coqueted with golden hair
 Upon her brow and about her neck ;
 Oh ! Lalla, the fairest of all the fair,
 Was dainty and pure as the snowy fleck
 Of beautiful foam dashed up in the air !

Douglas, standing beside her, smiled,
 Looked out on the broad expanse of the wave,
 Looked out on the chaos of surges wild,
 Then his handsome, merry face grew grave :
 " Life," he said, " is the sports of a child !

" We are children, seeking upon the shore
 Of Time the brightest diadem,
 Which is happiness ; at whose sweet core
 Dear love is the finest, richest gem !
 Life to love is the open door ! "

Waited Douglas : had never been free
 His heart and lips from love's strong thrall :
 Waited his coach and his white steeds three ;
 Waited his wealth in the Douglas hall :
 " I do not love you," said Lalla Liegh.

" Oh, what is life ? " said Lalla Liegh.
 She stood on the sloping, greenwood bank,
 Beside the waters which foam like the sea :
 The large-eyed cattle came down and drank ;
 Flocks of fine sheep were beyond the quay.

Purple as violets, Lalla's eyes
 Took in the beauty of everything ;

The foaming surges, the azure skies,
The speckled eggs in the nest by the spring,
The flowers, the birds, and the butterflies.

Dark Earle Errald when passing by,
Saw her standing upon the pier ;
Naught but the bird and the butterfly,
And the herds and the fleecy flocks were near ;
Slowly his lingering feet drew nigh.

Tall, and rugged, and every nerve
And muscle a ready mine of strength,
Keen-eyed under the massive curve
Of brow, he could measure the width and length
Of souls, and could rule like a king, or serve.

Standing beside her, the tender love,
Hidden away in his faithful heart,
Leaped to the strong, proud eyes above,
And struggled and wrestled, as if to depart !
She stood aloof like a timid dove.

“ Oh, what is life, kind sir ? ” she said.
He swept his hand toward the boiling deep,
To look at the heavens, threw back his head ;
He looked at the herds on the hills, and the sheep ;
He looked at the blossoms, purple and red.

“ Life,” he said, “ is the breath of God !
A priceless gift, to be built upon
With grace and wisdom, as with glory shod,
The day builds upon the rising morn ;
Life is probation under the rod !

“ To the living spirit in living flesh,
That God all purposes may fulfill,

And the floors of evil and good to thresh,
Come the burdens and the yokes of ill ;
The powers of the soul stir under God's lesh ! ”

“ Then, what is love ? ” said Lalla Liegh.
The strong man trembled. “ A conqueror !
For God is perfect love,” said he ;
“ God chastens in love, and his perfect law
Only can make love true and free ! ”

Under her eyes 'neath the greenwood tree,
Waited his proud heart, quivering, bare.
Her sight, o'erflowed by her heart, could see
One of God's noblemen true and rare.
“ I love you, Errald,” said Lalla Liegh.

Foaming and rolling, the billows surged,
And struggled, and roared like a living thing ;
And the waste-drift, tossing and plunging, emerged ;
And the bird went back to her nest by the spring ;
And the willows over the billows verged ;

While, out from the shades of the greenwood tree,
A firm track upon the river's sward
Was traced with delicate prints on the quay,
Where strong Earle Errald's footsteps trod
The path from the waters with Lalla Liegh.

TO MRS. AND MR. H. E. P.

'Tis only our baby lying asleep,
See how quiet and how profound
Are his slumbers ; ours only to keep
Till God should call, to His call we are bound,
Hush, step softly, and do not weep.

See, the fringe of his beautiful eyes
Rests on the beautiful, rounded cheek ;
My longing heart it would scarcely surprise,
If he should stir in his sleep and speak,
Or utter his little baby cries.

If he should stir in his sleep and say
The only word which his language knows,
If he should rise up as yesterday
He did, and reach his hands as he rose,
In a baby's irresistible way.

Oh, how our bosoms long for our babes !
God help us, when their sleep is so still !
Hush, I'm not weeping, 'tis but the cascades
Of the brook purling softly and swiftly down hill,
And leaping along through sunlights and shades.

Oh ! 'tis a sorrow, a grief and a cross,
To lose our baby out of our arms ;
But he gains heaven, and what is our loss ?
Only the pretty, innocent charms
Which were wrought in the flesh of earthly dross.

His spirit is ours, to hold quite complete
In our souls, something unsullied by sin ;
If God had not called, his darling feet,
Grown older, might have been gathered in
Through the wicked ways where guilt has a seat.

Now we do know that safe in God's care,
No evil can touch him where he has gone,
A little, guileless spirit somewhere
In heaven, he puts heaven's beauties on,
And waits for friends here to meet with him there.

Perhaps God called him away from our hands
To be a beacon-light at the high gate
Of the path which leads to the beautiful lands,
To guide us up through the evil estate
Of earth, to holiness, where he stands.

We cannot know what the purpose has been ;
Whate'er it be, we know it is best ;
We are spared to each other, let us begin
To follow our baby into the rest
And peace which those who gain heaven do win.

Ah, 'tis our darling, wakeless in sleep !
God help us, when it is so profound !
He was only ours to hold and to keep
Until God called ; to the call we are bound ;
Hush, step softly, and do not weep.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. A. W. DAVIS.

Silence as deep as silence of the tomb
Lies on her lips ; no motion of blessed speech
Their wasted outlines stir ; nor does illumine
Her gentle eyes the language which could reach
Up from her heart, patience and hope to teach.

There is no answering movement, even when drops
Of heavy grief from weeping eyelids pour,
Nor when a lingering footstep comes, and stops,
And tarries sorrowfully at her door,
Does she glad welcome give, always given before.

Why are her hands so quiet? why does strange,
Utter indifference fold them acrost
Her quiet breast, as if the ample range
Of their great, busy usefulness is lost,
Which labors of her noble life has cost?

Never until this moment did the sign
Of grief or trouble on a daughter's lip,
Or cares which caused a son's heart to repine,
Or served the blessings of their lives to clip,
Fail her fond lips with comfort to equip.

Nor fail to call forth words of hopeful cheer ;
Or if was needed words of wise reproof,
Vigilant love, seeing the danger near,
From paths of ill their footsteps held aloof,
And succored them from evil's tangled woof.

Her ready help ever lightened the toil
Which burdened them in duty's ceaseless rounds ;
Her wholesome influence, in the mixed turmoil
With which the sphere of earthly lease abounds ,
Crowned the example which her life surrounds ;

And wisdom taught, and aspirations great,
For a perfect endurance to the end ;
That God's approval them might compensate,
And all their efforts duly might commend,
And give them peace where rest and labor blend.

But now her lips are still, her voice is hushed ;
Although grief's iron barb enters their souls,
And sorrow's floods over their eyes have gushed,
And trouble all their yielding thoughts controls,
No glance of pity with their woe condoles.

Not even when over her strange, still repose,
In bitter anguish that dear form is bent,
Which walked her life-path with her to its close,
Is there a single glance or one word lent,
To cheer his loneliness or bid him be content.

His dark hair freely mixed with silver thread,
Drops on his brow which time's deep tracings show ;
In all the years since these two lives were wed,
Whene'er his head was bowed and bent so low
With weariness, or busy care, or woe,

Her tender hand in closest sympathy
With her true, loving heart, smoothed back the lock
Upon his brow drooping so wearily,
And as a true wife, when misfortunes mock,
Soothes, so she soothed with cheerful and blest talk.

Oh, how the utter silence, which withholds
For the first time her greetings glad and warm,
Their saddened hearts with cheerless void enfolds ;
How swiftly vivid recollections swarm
With her unselfish deeds in sun or storm.

And all around them whereso'er they turn,
Tokens of her industrious life appear ;
And trophies which all valiant souls do earn,
Proclaim her living earnest and sincere,
And casts a halo round about her bier.

And as they look upon her sainted face,
Her admonitions each sad mind enthalls ,
And from the silence deep, endowed with grace,
Language deeper than uttered language falls,
And to each mourning heart tenderly calls.

And through the cloud of sorrow o'er them spread,
Beckoning their steps along the way she trod,
Gleams her true life, by death now perfected,
And marking with harmonious accord
The highway of the soul up to its God.

CALEB AND JOSHUA.

“We will christen them Caleb and Joshua,
If it please you, Luther,” the matron said ;
“They are good old names ; and it does not pay
To puzzle our brains from the board to the bed,
After a name for a child, when are writ
In this good old book the best of names,
As thickly as grapes on a vine do sit.”

The mother of three fair girls, and sons
Stalwart and handsome, whose number was nine,
Counting the two little helpless ones,
Who were twins, and hearty, and hale, and fine
As babes can be, had earnestly looked
At her sleeping infants, and smiled as she spoke,
And Caleb and Joshua promptly were booked.

And the doting sire, in fatherly pride,
Bent over the crib where his two boys slept,
Helpless and innocent, side by side,
And some strong feeling over him swept,
When smiles flitted softly again and again
Over each little face ; and aloud,
As if he had prayed, he said, “Amen !”

“A goodly number of children, dear,”
 He said, as he turned to his true, brave wife ;
 “But if just one of them should not be here
 When home with the shades of night is rife,
 Our slumbers would lie on us lightly I think,
 And out from the chain of domestic bliss,
 Most sadly we should miss a dear link.”

“There is not one of them I could spare —
 Just look at them, Luther, as they come in,”
 She said, as the children, some dark, some fair,
 Some short, some tall, as if hardly akin,
 Flocked into the room. Edward, who had lain
 First in the cradled nest, came first ;
 Then Moody, Rosanna, Luther, and Jane ;

John, David, Gilman, and Lois came next ;
 Then Gardner, a babe, except that the twins
 Had taken his place, without even pretext
 Of asking permit. “His are rights, who wins,”
 The irresistible baby sway
 Of the dominant *infante terribles*,
 Without an argument, plainly did say.

And even now, as they rested in sleep,
 One dark and one fair, not alike as are twins,
 The fiat of power each one seemed to keep,
 And the motto, “His are the rights, who wins,”
 Seemed held in the double of each little fist,
 And each little countenance held in its self
 Self-assertion which older ones might not resist.

Two pink little creatures lying “in state”
 Of baby dominion ; and ten pairs of feet
 Hushed to the tiptoe ; and lying in wait

With love, ten hearts that now scarcely beat,
So eager were they to be quiet and still,
That they might not disturb dear mamma, nor wake
The babes until they had slumbered their fill.

This is the picture past years do reveal,
Fully a fourth of a century and more.
Ah, how the time speeds ! and fortune's swift wheel
Whirls its commissions, and o'er and o'er
Brings the blessing, the woe, or the curse,
Hid in the folds of its seasons and dropped
In the bridal veil, and the crib, and the hearse.

Ah, how the time speeds ! and yet no change
In the rising sun or the waning moon
Comes over the earth ! the winds do arrange
Æolian harps or the shrill bassoon
Of melodies 'mid the leaf and the branch ;
The thunder-bolt and the hurricane
Destruction outpour and swift terrors launch.

The golden calm of rich summer days
Touches the forest and lies on the plain,
Imparting the sheen of a glimmering haze
To the growing corn and the ripening grain ;
And the skies are as blue as when years ago
Three girls and nine boys plucked the blooms of May,
Or slid down hill o'er the beautiful snow.

The glen and the lawn with flowers are arrayed ;
The fields and the meadows with grasses are green ;
And where the dead foliage slowly decayed
By the brookside, feathery willows lean ;
And the sparkling waters are deep and swift,

And dash a miniature cataract
Up over the gathered piles of drift.

The homestead, sequestered and amply retired
From din of the market and noise of the town,
Is unchanged, except where its roof has acquired
Grey moss, and its gables and walls have grown brown ;
The orchard mellows its luscious fruit ;
The seeth of the insect is in the grass,
And the cricket trills on its tiny flute.

But where are the noisy young feet that step,
And the sounds of prattling young tongues at the door?
None are there ; the hearthstone is cleanly swept,
And sunlight shines through the panes on the floor ;
But no cradle stands by the easy chair,
To be softly touched by the foot or the hand,
And no merry young voices are anywhere.

A grey-haired woman and a grey-haired man
Sit and talk in the old familiar rooms ;
And undisturbed in the shrub, the clan
Of moths are building their silken tombs ;
And the slender threads of their webs are drawn
In gleaming fibres of glossy floss,
'Neath the crimson rose and the snowy thorn.

Year after year the shrub in its leaf
Has lived, and the beautiful moth has swung
On the wings of its resurrection brief,
And the birds their melodies sweet have sung,
Since the busy step of a baby's foot
Climbed the threshold, or mischievous hands
Made waste where the choicest things were put.

But the voices of women and men full grown,
And brows well marked with burdens and cares,
Come oft to the scenes which their childhood has known,
And sit round the board in the family chairs,
Or group round the hearth when the meal is done ;
Or over the threshold they scatter abroad
To their burdens and duties, one by one.

Yet, some of their places are empty always !
One mother sickened and died in the west.
In old Carolina's foul prison, one day,
Came death to a soldier in union blue dressed !
And others, wearily into the grave
From the family circle have quietly dropped,
And some sailed forth and came back on the wave.

The grey-haired mater and the grey-haired sire
Pray for the living and mourn for the dead ;
And the living trouble, like living fire,
Burns while the dead woe is comforted ;
And yearning love and anxiety sway
The mother's weary and care-worn heart
For the peace of Caleb and Joshua.

One by his household is basely betrayed,
And one has looked on the ruby wine ;
Yet, though less guileless than when they were laid
In the cradled nest in the "old lang syne,"
As tenderly round them mother-love clings,
As when sweet lullabies softly she sang
To two little helpless, innocent things.

She hopes they are safe from danger, and hopes
The trouble which threatens will soon be past ;
But scarcely strong faith with haunting fear copes,

When over her threshold a shadow is cast
Which darkens all joy ! and keenly is flung
A shock of agony into the heart
Of the mother who unto twelve children had sung.

Ah ! what does her care-burdened vision behold ?
Wounded and blood-stained the dearly loved forms
For whom her thoughts were just troubled ! so bold
The traitors have struck while the daylight still warms
Full day ! and home to the family hearth
They are bringing Caleb and Joshua,
Along by the old familiar path !

How often her watching eyes have seen
Two little children, one fair and one dark,
Rolling the hoop on the level green,
Or building houses of pebbles and bark,
Or making the rind of the silvery birch
Serve for ribbons around their hats,
When they were playing " going to church ! "

Now, the sudden grief of a youthful wife
Breaks on her ear and adds to her woe !
The indignation and angry strife
Of brothers threatening the treacherous blow
To avenge ! the rushing of hurrying feet !
The moans of pain from her wounded boys !
Noise ! crowds ! excitement upon the street !
All thrust within every quivering nerve
Disaster ! and, weakened and shocked by the strain,
This mother, who never from duty did swerve,
The dire calamity fails to sustain !

And, crowned with her mission fulfilled, she sleeps
In the grandeur of that dread mystery

Which awful stillness and silence keeps,
 And wakes not but in eternity!
 And they carry her out to return no more,
 And their shadows fall as they pass along,
 On the sunlight flooding the open door!

The moths in the shrubs still building their tombs
 Pause not; the cricket merrily trills;
 The morerain complains, and the beetle booms,
 As night draws its mantle over the hills;
 But something lost seems in every spray
 Of blooms; and sorrow chastens the thoughts
 And the lives of Caleb and Joshua.

MY REFUGE.

Christ is my refuge; to Him, day by day,
 From the unrighteous thought I flee away;
 I stretch my hands to Him and humbly cry:
 "Just as I am, O Lord, redeem me, or I die!"

I cannot walk alone even in the light,
 I stumble at slight cause, and brightest noon is night;
 Confused, my mind gropes, and when good is near,
 Evil is present; so in doubt and fear,
 I scan my way, that I may walk aright,
 And ask the Lord to lead me, even in light;
 And I am led with love, and girded with full skill,
 And when the path is rough I trust His guidance still.

If weakness of the flesh unclasps my hand from His,
 Or unbelief and doubt bar me from where He is,

I stretch my hands to Him and humbly cry :
 “ Just as I am, O Lord, redeem me, lest I die ! ”
 Great Christ, to Him no prayer is ever made in vain ;
 He gives the weak strength, and cleanses every stain
 Of sin ; from bondage again He makes me free,
 And leads in the straight path to pure eternity.

Great Christ ! within the heavy shadows of God’s will,
 Being kept for good my mission to fulfill,
 How precious to my shivering, wounded soul,
 Is His dear presence, which has made me whole.

THE PHANTOM LOVER.

’Twas in the times of war. The foe had risen
 Out of the digests of a prosperous league ;
 The giant feud had grown, and grown, and thriven
 From embryos of wrong until intrigue,
 And anarchy and tyranny had striven
 With justice at such lengths, that sword and prison
 Filled the good land with horror and fatigue ;
 From all the country’s limits sprang to arms
 The brave defenders of her unity ;
 Steadfast amid the terrors and alarms
 They fought ; nor thought they that impunity
 Would mark the task they took ; with every breath
 They understood the peril, weighed the odds,
 Before their eyes were deadly work, sure death,
 And fields of blood ; but their good cause was God’s
 And all humanity’s ; so scythe in swath,
 Axe in the chip, and plows just turning sods,
 And whate’er labor served to fill the need

Of thrifty, prosperous people did become
A secondary matter ; all gave heed
And comprehended what a giant stroke,
What tireless valor must soft hopes dismiss ;
What woe must fall to break the servile yoke ;
So happy homes were left and hearts were broke,
And legions of brave souls plunged into death's abyss.
No unit of the great confederacy
More foremost raised their banner to the breeze,
Nor truer souls marched to the appalling work,
Not one a fleeter, surer charging made,
(Although its military drill was crude)
Nor fought more gallantly any than these
From staunch old Maine ; none kept steadfast faith
Inviolate with larger promptitude ;
And none, according to its portion, laid
A greater number in death's solitude.

Gallant and brave, amid the fearless ranks
Which fought for freedom, justice, mercy, truth,
Was one who, reared among the fertile banks
Between Shoal Ferguson and sweeping Main,
Had passed his childhood ; now a tall, fine youth,
Dark-eyed and handsome as his heart was true,
The vigorous, chanking war-horse swift he rode,
Dressed in the soldier garb of loyal blue.

Upon the fields of conflict at his post
Of duty, always doing that duty well,
His arm against the foe was a strong host ;
And when into the rebel hands he fell,
Although his heart longed for the loved at home,
His patriotic, brave spirit did chafe
To break his prison-bars ; and as for Rome
Horatius fought, to fight till, free and safe,

Columbia rested 'neath her flag in peace ;
But ah, the brave, true soul, too choice and clean
For filth of ruthless war, got its release,
And traveled to the lovely "border land,"
Which lies under God's grace and love between
The city's portals and the great white throne ;
And the Herminius of his gallant band,
With Lartius fought in the brave ranks alone.

Beneath the southern skies a soldier's grave
Was made among the fragrant southern flowers ;
And in sad hearts which lived where blush and wave
The foliage and the blooms of northern bowers.

The fertile fields along the Ferguson,
Clothed in their robes of undulating green,
Spread their soft verdure to the forest's edge,
Whose rich old crowns, upreared in majesty,
O'erlooked the valleys of the grand old ledge ;
And in the hedges cool, sweet, northern blooms
Lifted their delicate petals ; the rose
Flourished richly where in their leafy looms
The spiders wove their dew-entangled webs,
And half-bloomed bud and full-grown blossom shew
Such perfect beauty that the o'erfilled heart
Bowed down and worshipped softly where they grew.

Here in the soldier's lovely northern home,
Grief-stricken ones sorrowed over the grave ;
The father grieved, the mother's sacred woe,
Sister's and brother's tears that pity crave,
Flooded the vistas of apt memory
And drowned the tender plants of joy ; and one
Large heart, as steadfast in fidelity

As was the mother's heart or sister's, wept,
And as a loving friend mourned his decease.

Often and often, ere Sumpter had broke
The solemn league of unity and peace,
Ivan and Mara confident had spoke
Kindly together, and had walked and talked
Among the flowers ; exchange of thought
In weighty matters and in pretty themes
Employed their speech ; and vivid imag'ries
Were lavish with the pretty grace of dreams ;
But one day, when the guns of Sumpter shook
The government, they discoursed on true love
And friendship, as they wandered in the glade,
And each the same noble position took ;
And earnestly Ivan looked at the maid ;
But Mara, in whose unsuspecting heart
No warmer sentiment than friendship throve,
Blushed not as her sweet words truly portrayed
Unblemished love, and thus unwitting wove
More firmly bonds which bound him. When they met
Again the Sabbath day was calm and fair ;
The azure sky was flecked with snowy clouds ;
The radiant sunlight built its golden stair
Of sparkling rays on which the crystal dews
Went up to revel in the balmy air ;
Beneath their feet blossom, and bud, and leaf,
Various, in loveliness complete,
Exhaled an odorous breath ; interlaced,
The spreading branches cast their cool, deep shades,
And 'mid their shadows wild birds sang and wooed.
Mara's feet blithely walked ; her voice was glad ;
Her smiling lips were in a merry mood ;
But sober grew her face, her mind perplexed,

Her step less sprightly, drooped her sparkling eyes,
When Ivan, just as though his heart were vexed
Or sad, was silent ; but seeing the change
In Mara, he quickly with gay pretext
Jested as usual when his heart was gay ;
But Mara, undeceived, quite sadly said,
“ Deceit should not be practiced by true friends.
Some trouble vexes you : tell it to me,
And by my sympathy be comforted ;
If it so serious be that it depends
On larger measures to be rendered less —
At least, if it be such you would not tell,
Something beyond a cure or a redress,
Do not attempt a make-believe mind at ease,
Lest I, by merry, thoughtless carelessness,
Should make it more ! ” Quickly did Ivan turn,
And taking Mara’s hand within his own,
Look earnestly upon her serious face,
Then said abruptly, “ Ere the leaves are strewn
In gold and crimson through the autumn days,
I shall be far away, lifting the sword
Against the standard which the rebels raise ! ”

A sudden terror leaped into her eyes
And blanched her cheek to white from rosy red ;
And her firm hands were tremulous. “ Fierce war
Is, then, inevitably sure,” she said ;
How it appalls the mind to think of it,
And shakes the heart to know that those we love
Must suffer worse than death ! May wounded sit
Within the gloomy walls of a foul prison !
Or sick with thirst and hunger, or disease !
Oh, friend ! my soul cannot be reconciled
To sufferings and dangers such as these

That are with blood-stained war inseparate !
I wish there was not such a thing as war !
I wish there was no cause for war ! I hate
The monster !” He said, “ But since it does exist,
And will exist so long as life has sin,
And wrongs to right ; as long as passions sway
The earth, by war to death the right must win,
And man must fight !” “ And woman must pray,”
She said. Then there was silence for a space ;
And then more cheerfully she talked to him :
“ Since war is of the earth, a man is brave
Among the bravest who his life or limb
Gives for his country ; and I ’m proud of you
That you lift up the sword in the defense
Of liberty and what is just and true,
In the beginning of the dreadful strife,
Which cannot be a lengthy contest, since
In all the stronger states those powers are rife
Which keep a nation true to self and God !”
Seeing the happy warmth upon his face,
And thinking it a little strangely odd
That thus so quickly her more cheerful view
Should take effect, not dreaming that his heart
Flowed up into his face at the light touch
Of her white fingers and those words apart
From all the rest, “ and I am proud of *you*.”
She, thinking she would cheer him more, began
To picture the rich scenes in southern climes
Which he would see ; the gorgeous clan
Of cactus in the hedges, jessamine,
Camelia, orange, fragrant with perfume,
Heavy, luxurious, filling the air ;
And opalescent insects which illumine
Themselves with light from glowing lamps within ;

And rich, metallic plumages amid the broom,
 Nestling, or darting, drinking from the cups
 Of varied, velvety, voluptuous bloom,
 Odorous honey ; lavish foliage,
 And giant growths of trees, and vine, and shrub ;
 And gold and amber fruits, luscious as food
 Set for the gods ; and sensuous and rich,
 The grand estates of spacious amplitude ;
 Then fervently and fully she portrayed
 Life after a short contest ; olden faith
 In equal liberty would resurrect ;
 And northern soldier and the dark-eyed maid
 Of fervid, spicy southerlands would wed.
 And thus oblivion of the harmful feuds
 Would come ; “ even I do expect,” she said,
 “ That ere another summer does roll round,
 To give you a glad welcome back, and kiss
 The brow of the fair one you will have found
 That is your finer self, moulded to fit
 The self which is within you as the rose
 Does wholly fit the stronger branch ; and lit
 With life from the full veins of the strong branch,
 Both 'neath God's grace, as rose-tree neath the sun,
 Full beauty hold, and worthy excellence,
 Making branch and sweet bloom a perfect one.”

Chained by the graceful, guileless, noble soul
 That shone through Mara's words, and half amused
 That innocence should blind her to his love,
 And fearful lest his troth might be refused,
 Half earnestly, half playfully, he said :
 “ So many of the brave ones of the north
 With queenly daughters of the south will wed,
 'Twill be the duty of a few of us

To wait and take unto ourselves fair wives,
Whose sunny hair and lovely, lustrous eyes
Their beauty from a northern life derives ;
Lest what is fairest, loveliest, and best
Remain unmated, doing the thrifty land
A greater wrong than war, I of that few
Shall speedily return when conflicts cease,
And ask you, now, if I may wed with you ?”
Catching the lighter spirit of his words,
And blinded still to any deeper sense
’Than friendship, in like spirit she replied :
“ If you come home to wed with northern maid,
’That she be married, I will be your bride.”
No blush was on her cheek, nor quickened pulse ;
A laughing light was in her merry eyes ;
But Ivan, although quite dissatisfied
With her deportment, in happy surprise
Her ready answer heard, and would have clasped
Her to his breast ; but her passionless face,
Uplifted and radiant from brow to lip,
And overflowing with cool, merry grace,
Forbade him. “ Mara loves me well,” he thought,
“ In her pure style ; her steadfast heart is deep,
And thus the surface ripples quietly ;
Such natures, often in their love asleep,
Slowly awake ; but when fully aroused,
Give love so full, so holy, and so true,
That side by side with God’s love it endures
And sanctifies the life it does endow.
A man upon his knees, with lifted hands
And covered head, may humbly thank the God
When such a love within his life expands.”
So reasoned Ivan with himself, and drew
Respectfully and reverently her cheek

Upon the glossy velvet of his vest,
And to her startled glance of inquiry
His good-bye kiss upon her lips he pressed.
“Not till the wars have ceased shall I again
Dear Mara, converse hold with the best friend
I have, who a full inspiration is
To lead me to existence where do blend
All God-like qualities within the range
Of human eminence ;” thus speaking he
Abruptly went away, lest in the strength
Of his vehement love he might affright
Her gentle love which seemed like holy light.
And Mara, trembling with a sense of shame
At his strange act, troubled, confused, stood still
Among the flowers and meditated long ;
That 'neath his careless proposition hid
Earnest proposal, in tumult did throng
With myriad fears her uncollected thoughts ;
But retrospection of their pleasant past
As friends, in which no single word or sign
Of deeper feeling marked their intercourse,
Extending in her mixed ideas the line
Of calculation, calmed the riot of fears
Within her ; and an hour had scarce elapsed
Before more vividly upon her mind,
The pretty pattern of the velvet vest
Of black, with tiny golden stars defined,
Was stamped, than the unusual incident
That marred for her their friendly interview ;
But Ivan's happiness was quite entire ;
So thoroughly his preference he knew,
So wholly conscious of his love was he,
No doubt, that Mara mildly understood,
And that acceptance of his troth was free

And frank, disturbed his pleasure unalloyed,
Except a vague impression unexplained,
Which quite unwelcomed kept his mind employed
With the strange fact that immobility
Could so conspicuously and wholly mark
So fervid and emphatic quality
As love ; or how a soul largely imbued
With such replete ideas of that grand sweep
Of rich emotion, which, even when crude,
Robs self of self in an ample degree,
Could be so self-reserved and so restrained ;
But, thinking once again, " in her pure style
She loves me," he grew truly confident ;
And when the din of battle loudly raged,
And fearful missiles of red death were sent
By foe against his foe ; when the broad sword
Dripped blood ; when over the green hill and plain
A sickly, sullen dye was cast, and flower
And leaf were tarnished with the sullen stain,
Fond thoughts of Mara kept his soul secure
From evil things which evil war includes ;
And in swift answers to his letters came
Dainty epistles, bringing interludes
Of rare, sweet music to his noble heart,
Which hungered for the white-plumed wings of peace,
And often fainted 'neath appalling deeds,
Yet fought and struggled, hoping war to cease.

And Mara, in her rural, northern cot,
Her daily tasks performed, and day by day
Prayed for the time of peace. Wholly forgot
The incident had been which Ivan held
Sacred ; sometimes the language of his pen
Expressed such tenderness and strong desire

For her, a vague unrest partly expelled
Placid thoughtlessness ; yet, unapprised
Of his true sentiments, her kind response
Always assured him, while invariably
It kept the truth of matters in absconce ;
And being an earnest, tireless philomath,
Absent in mind somewhat, and knowing naught
Of love, except from tales of romances
And tales of confidence by young friends brought,
Unconscious Mara dealt her friend a wrong.

In Mara's childhood days there was a boy,
A sprightly scion of a wealthier house,
Whose notice she most dreaded if her plight
Were ill ; and yet, amid the herbs and browse
He searched for specimens, and tore his frock,
And rolled the hoop, and soiled himself with dirt,
Like those in meaner dress ; or he would rock
The cradle where his baby brother slept,
Or turn the cows to graze ; to manhood grown,
His eyes of pleasant blue were kind and keen ;
A golden beard of finest texture swept
His breast ; graceful and lithe, no high-born spleen
Put its defect upon him ; thrifty, prompt,
Holding within him reasoning faculties
Of weight, his judgment like a knife between
The methods of success and non-success
Entered ; being *faber suæ fortunæ*,
He built upon so broad and firm a base,
Established was success permanently ;
And first in wealth and individual worth,
Homage he got from the community ;
And Mara, but the daughter of a king
Among the farmers, although she possessed

Rich germs of intellect and growing germs
Of genius, by worldly riches unblest,
And being not beautiful, but simply marked
With that superiority of form
And feature which carry nobility
In a rare countenance, earnest and warm,
And high grades of mental power reserved,
And having no deft guile to fascinate,
She did retain a longing undefined
To hide herself from his keen estimate,
If lack of elegance were in her dress ;
And being aware that beauty was to him
“ A joy forever,” which could charm and bless
His delicate, ideal capacity,
And knowing herself not beautiful, nor placed
In that position where her time or means
Afforded the material for rich taste,
Directly she was awkward 'neath his glance,
Or did avoid him with peculiar haste.
And thus the years passed on, bringing to her,
For such strange freak, no plain analysis ;
And 'twixt them scarce acquaintance did occur ;
But 'twixt beginning and the close of war
Within her heart for other mates at school
Sprang up a friendship sisterly and kind ;
And Aldan, being of large persuasive force,
Won Mara's troth, and hedged her liberty,
And ill directed her well-chosen course.

When Mara, in those years which intervene
Childhood and womanhood, softly upraised
Her gilded “ castle ” in a cloudless air,
A shadowy phantom met her as she gazed,
And ever after traced her everywhere ;

'Twas not like the ideal of sprightly girls,
Nor did it live at all in her day dreams,
But a dim presence, as a flower unfurls,
Slowly assumed a more definite shade,
Until it did become like unto those
Which stand before us when our thoughts revert
To actual life ; and yet, barriers uprose
As in deficient memory, when some word
That we have spoken scores of times is craved
For use immediate ; and although heard
Or seen within the hour, does still elude
Our tongues, so this plain presence dwelt alway
With Mara's soul, and almost could conclude
Her mind what quality of flesh it wore,
And when young Aldan with persuasive lip
Prevailed upon her heart to pledge its vow,
She thought the presence into him would slip ;
But woe to Mara's constant, guileless soul
Came forth with Aldan ; young, dominant, proud,
Ambitious, and inconstant as the wind,
He wrapped her shivering heart in a thick shroud
Of fear and sorrow ; nor did comprehend
Each one the other ; she, knowing him wrong,
Thought he was wicked where his traits were weak ;
He thought her weak where she was true and strong ;
And ever twixt her life and him matured
The phantom lover, seeming to enlarge
The bitter anguish which her heart endured ;
And distance between them lengthened ; yet, troth
In Mara's creed was a full, holy link,
Inviolable as the laws of heaven,
And though her ear oft' turned from Aldan's speech,
To listen to a firm, melodious voice
Of purest tenor, in whose mellow tones

Inharmonious lack did well rejoice
Inmost existence, yet her heart was true
And loyal to its vows as heaven is just,
Nor exposition brought ; and if the two had wed,
She would, by constancy and patient help,
Through influence, though his feet were slack and loth,
Have drawn him surely nearer her ideal ;
And though the phantom lover were not merged
In him, it never would have been the real ;
But Aldan's heart, unstable as the wings
Of summer-loving, gorgeous butterflies,
Divided readily under the smiles
Of tender blue, and dusky, oval eyes ;
And Mara, turning from him more and more,
Grieved that she gave her faith ; and thus apart
They drifted, until wholly was annulled,
By unspoken agreement the rash bond ;
And even their friendship, greatly marred and dulled,
Grew daily less, and slowly did unfold
The phantom, till a living presence seemed
Forever by her side ; and nearer drawn
She almost named him when in sleep she dreamed ;
And keen reflection, growing with her age,
A retrospection cast, and Ivan's love,
A revelation definite, did not assuage
Self-reprehension for stupidity
In that which is at infinite extent
Salvation to the probatory state
Of the God-given spirit ; and there blent
A superstitious fear and a dim dread
That for her great, although unconscious wrong
Toward him, Ivan claimed her from the dead ;
And yet, her ear with thrills of joy gave heed
To the rich tenor, when in speech or song

It did articulate ; and in her meed
Of poverty deperiment did become
Still more conspicuous with awkwardness,
If in the presence of the golden beard
That grew richly like an elegant cress
Beneath the pleasant eyes of steadfast blue.

One day when the first dreamy autumn hours
Flushed the slim maples with vermilion dyes,
And clothed the forest with a varied hue
Of green and gold, amber and russet-brown.
And touched the vales with shades diversified,
Mara walked from the cottage to the town.
The azure of the atmosphere was veiled
With a soft drapery of gauzy haze ;
And where her feet were treading thrived and bloomed
The dwarfed field flowers of the autumn days,
Flecking the emerald carpet of the fields
With pallid blue of the lobelia's spray,
And yellow cups of windweeds, and white cups
Of the wild amaranth, in whose depths lay
Tawny or yellow drops, filling them up
With deathless richness to the snowy brim ;
And all along the wayside flamed and swayed
The plumes of golden-rod ; flexile and slim
The fireweed lifted up its burning brand,
And clumps of blazing red and flaming gold
Softened by neutral tints on either hand,
Beside her, over her, and all around,
Glowed where the meadows and the glens were dressed,
And where the highland and the hills were crowned.

Considerate and in meditative mood,
Yet with that swift and graceful energy

Which marks the high-born laborer, each rood
Was measured ; her fine temperament
Thrilled with poetic ecstasy and drank
Full pleasure in the rich and faultless scene ;
And the pure joy leaped from her heart and flung
Its perfect mantle o'er her thoughtful mein ;
And thus she came into the village shop,
Where goods wholesale and retail were disposed,
And made her purchases ; and her firm hands,
By labor made less white than those which closed
The packages of groceries for her,
Were less steadfast as the fine, golden beard
Bent down so low to figure the account,
Placed for her glance to reckon, that she feared
The keen, blue eyes comparison would make
Between them and a pair most delicate
With idle whiteness, which beside her own
For orders to be filled, dimpling did wait ;
But, though those eyes the shapely sunburned hands
Measured with one-half glance, Mara, unaware,
Grew quiet and forgetful of herself,
And secretly admired his beard and hair.
When the fair computation left her purse
Some pence, the fact that through the kitchen fire
Her thrifty thimble passed a day ago,
Recalled necessity and the desire
To substitute a new one for the old ;
A pretty silver thimble she would get ;
So holding out her pence her wish she told,
And Deigh Bartelle, looking straight at the hand,
Slender, nervous, supple, trusty and tanned,
Said, "Silver is desirable and fine,
But nothing truer is than fine, true steel,
Nothing more valuable ; for in the van

Of both labor and trade it does reveal
Its mettle ; with its sure edge is cleared the way
For agriculture, commerce, artifice ;
And having not the silver cap to-day
For pretty, thrifty fingers, perhaps this
Will fill your need until we do replenish.”
A frank and pleasant smile upon his lip
Rendered the pretty compliment, half hid
In the eulogy of steel, a wholesome clip
To her fine, morbid fancies ; and frank smiles
Dimpled the firm, proud mouth, and set a light
In the large eyes, such as is only lit
Within the curtained windows of the soul,
Where back and forth the wings of genius flit ;
And smiles still graced her lips and eyes, as out
She reached her finger for the trusty cap
He had selected ; and white hand and brown,
Coming in contact, felt their pulses tap
With increased vigor in the life-filled veins ;
And sense of some great soul need, satisfied,
Flashed its communication. “ It is strange,”
He mused, as Mara reluctant turned aside
To greet some friends, then hurried on her way
Toward the farm ; “ ’tis very strange, indeed ;
The girl was never my ideal, but still,
A wholesome vigor seems to strike itself
Throughout existence, if her pulses fill
Against my own.” And Mara, moving on
Under the gorgeous canopy of leaves,
Reasoned thus softly : “ He’s not dark, and tall,
And grave, like the ideal fancy would weave
With my dim future ; but much, when a child,
Did his disfavor trouble me ; and grand,
And whole, something which spans a perfect life

Glimpses within me when I touch his hand
Or hear his voice ; he's like some attribute
Which I do not possess ; which, if possessed,
Would make my mental scope broader, and lead
It into truer orbit." Thus expressed
Mara her mind in thoughts, touching a point
In psychologic law, that, if fulfilled,
Would equalize those properties which hold
The balance with which fully is instilled
Those supplements yielding a perfect brain
Out of two intellects, knitting two hearts
So that into one flesh enters the twain.

While Mara mused, the phantom more distinct
Became, and more in contrast with the ideal ;
And so unlike dark Ivan, that where linked
Weird dread with superstition, simply lay
A vivid wonder that she did permit
Morbid imagination, so grotesque,
More wholesome judgment boldly to outwit ;
And bravely thrusting forth reason's keen blade,
She sought to pierce the phantom ; but secure
Against annihilation as her soul
It stood steadfast a presence doubly sure,
And a suspicious likeness round it sprang ;
But from the depths of her proud, startled heart
A sharp, forbidding cry bitterly rang,
And passionate denial did appease
Her pride, and thrust the likeness from her sight,
And taught herself lofty, imperial scorn
For love unsought taking so easy flight
Beyond its rank in worldly wealth ; and yet
No nearer, ranging down through all the past,
Had that strange phantom come, or o'er her thoughts

The shadow of a surer presence cast.
And inconsistent Mara prized with price
At a high estimate the useful, neat,
And trusty thimble ; and, as years rolled by,
Valued it more, until could not compete
Another keepsake for the higher worth ;
And oft, when she had met with Deigh Bartelle,
Slowly the spectre presence did assume
A golden beard, and by some magic spell
Twined with her soul seemed living with her life,
Until with pride and terror she would dash
The likeness out, and by incessant toil
Tax faculties which images abash ;
And thus, accompanied by her strange fate,
Mara went on into womanhood's years ;
By labor and adversity was paved
Her path ; and grief oft realized her fears,
And worthy lovers came, but her heart slept ;
The partial waking unto Aldan's call
Had left a morbid slumber undisturbed
Except by a dim consciousness whose thrall
Strengthened daily. One midnight when perfume
Loaded the breeze and floated in the air
From the rich cups of thousands of sweet blooms,
In deep midsummer Mara in deep dreams
Heard a voice calling, " Mara, come, awake !
The day is passing and the time is late ;
The hour is come, and fate is what it seems,
And such an hour a soul should hardly miss !"
Then quickened her deep heart leaped to new life,
And darted out into love's tender bliss,
Even as from slumber woke her startled eyes.
And oft, as lonely wandering o'er the lea,
When gorgeous autumn flamed along the brake,

There seemed a presence ever at her side,
And she knew sometime Deigh Bartelle would wake ;
And somewhere in the holy paradise,
The bond betwixt their souls, well understood,
Would bring out of the bitter years rich sheaves
Gathered in sorrow for eternal good ;
Nor did the years bring hardness to her face,
Such as a woman's face accumulates
Within whose heart the fount of mother-love
Has not been opened when her medium age
Is full. Love of the beautiful gave grace
And all the noble qualities of mind ;
And all the gentle charities refined,
Vivified sense to such a rare degree
As made her more a mother than are scores
Of coarser natures that upon the knee
Hold helpless babes in proud maternity.
So many cares and burdens were possessed
By those for whom tender solicitude
Was in her thoughts, Mara scarce had the time
To grieve for self ; only upon the moors
Alone, and by her loneliness oppressed,
Or when two lovers drifted swift apart,
Did she thus softly make this sad lament :
“ Twixt us might whiten arid desert sands,
Mountains their summits lift toward the sky,
And valleys dressed in beauty by God's hands,
Reaching great distance twixt our feet might lie,
Yet would it seem as now to me it seems,
That our souls tender, sacred nearness holds,
And holy friendship fuller love redeems,
And rare communion vivid thought enfolds.”

It was a day when autumn in the air
Hung gauzy curtains of a hazy blue,
And dropped a dreamy stillness everywhere ;
The sumac flamed along the fragrant brake,
Amassed in colors all the wood stood forth,
Their gold and crimson fires a perfect foil
To the pale azure of the dreamy skies
And the pale azure of the quiet lake ;
The slender maple, like a burning bush,
Aloft its vivid branches did outreach,
And intermixed with the pale golden leaf
Upon the far outspreading fruitful beech,
That through the lovely days, hazy and brief,
Dropped softly down upon the mossy ground
Its harvest store of nuts, where plenteous sprung
Young growths of beech, pushing aside the leaves
Bleached to a colorless and papery mass,
That the last autumn days had thickly flung
Upon deposits of many autumns.
The groves were full of joyous hearts, and feet
Over the mossed and leaf-strewed woodlands tripped ;
For a glad carnival from house and street
Had brought the children of the hamlet out,
Bright-eyed, and rosy-cheeked, and crimson-lipped,
To whom the healthy air had brought the rosier cheek,
And given the gladsome voice a merrier shout.
Among the children, grown in years were those
Whose lives almost renewed eternal youth,
Under the wisdom and the purity
Of days infilled with temperance and truth.
Mara among them, cheerful, yet more sad
Than she had been for many, many a day,
Often thought of a trouble strange and new,
Which did disturb her, even when at play

With the young, careless creatures, o'er whose tongues
Bubble laughter, the shout, the roundelay ;
And oft her quiet eyes, with trouble in them,
Turned to a face which wore a golden beard,
In whose blonde hair were scattered silver threads ;
And as she looked as though she saw not one,
But everybody, yet saw but the one,
A rosy mother, whose sweet babe was reared
Upon her slender hands toward Mara,
Was saying playfully : " Treasure like this
You should have had the right to call your own."
And Mara, giving the sweet babe a kiss,
Answered, although her face more quiet grown
Tinged with a quick, soft flushing as she said,
" My soul is mother to more babes than you."
And Deigh Bartelle, a little distance, heard
And turned ; the rare and holy thought, the voice
Which seemed inseparate, so strangely stirred
Something within him, scarcely caught his ear
His earnest questioner, whose words were these :
" And so a mortgage of the old estate
Of the old king of farmers snaps its lease
And liability rich issues yields
To your full coffers from its ample fields."
Thoughtful and absent answered Deigh Bartelle :
" There is a strong contestant, I am told,
Whose rights are whole per cent. Whose heavy hold
Is it among the scant and honored name
Of Mowbray that opposes me my claim?"
" Mara, yonder, the noblest and the best."
The matron close beside him quick remarked :
" The passing of the homestead from her hands
Would render the lone maid fully oppressed."
" Somewhat acquaintance had we years ago,

I call her true as steel ; and if the claim
Versus Bartelle be hers, some deficit
Not in her own accounts herself has placed
And myself claimant and defendant." Thus
Spoke Deigh Bartelle, and straight around he faced
Suddenly upon Mara, in whose eyes
Stood forth her soul, thinking itself unseen ;
Confusion smote her cheeks, a slow surprise
O'erspread his countenance, and once again,
Beside the counter in a village shop,
Mara before him stood, troubled keenly
About a pretty, shapely, sunburned hand,
Near one most delicate, soft and untanned.
"For me, perhaps, she's walked alone," he said
Within himself, "and I, because I found
Not a Mara in a prettier guise
And she so beautiful, and we unwed ;
And I awake, and I awake at last ;
And always we, each one has truly been
The other's ; and I knew it not till passed
The sweetest years of life — Mara," he called
Softly ; and she, lifting her eyes, beheld
Her happiness, as greeting hand in hand
Each gave the other. When the autumn day
With all its joyous beauty passed away,
Parted two of the happy revelers
Only in closer bonds to meet again ;
And Mara, in o'erfull and tranquil bliss,
Sighed only softly, when within her arms
She gave some mother's babe a tender kiss.

PROGRESSION.— THE SWORD.

Said Olaf of Norroway, "Christ is true creed."

"The Christ and the cross," said the king of the Swede.

And the Dane and the Vend

Unto Olaf did bend,

As the Gospel of Jesus the Saviour was poured,

And forced in their midst with the edge of the sword.

And yielded to Olaf or died by his law,

Followers of Odin, followers of Thor.

Scalds of Hœder the Blind,

Scalds of Balder the Kind,

Sang of the Christ and the holy ensign,

And also the Sagas told of the Divine.

Drank "Christ and the sword" at this Olaf's feast,

The berserk, the bishop, the scald and the priest ;

Until Drontheimland,

From its bound to its strand,

Instead of the Havamal chanted a hymn,

And swore for the Lord o'er the Yulecup's brim.

And over their books in the Icelandic vale,

Thowald and Vetilid, drinking their ale,

Perished by the stout hand

Of the learned Priest Thangbrand,

Because their wise satire and gay merriment

Annoyed and perplexed him wherever he went.

But never a soul in all Altafiord,

Did this priest of King Olaf bring unto the Lord ;

Then loudly he swore,

And back went he once more,

And said to King Olaf, "these Icelandic men

Are heathens, and stubborn as wolf in its den.

“ Their aie and their rhymes their good moments beguile,
 Their boast is their insignificant isle ;
 Their faith is their wit,
 Which I like not a bit ;
 Come thou, O king, and baptize the vile horde
 In their blood to the Christ, with the edge of the sword ! ”

But Sigurd, the bishop, and Olaf, the king,
 Sailed northward, after had ended hus-ting,
 Against the Viking Raud,
 To drive him unto God ;
 So Iceland was spared to book and to song,
 While strove the champions with great Raud the Strong.

Swept the sword and the cross o'er the tawny Lap ;
 And the prelate and the priest, in gown and cap,
 The holy sacrament
 Administered, as went
 Tearing through the Godoes the evangelist,
 Bringing many Gentiles to the eucharist.

Its hilt the crucifix, and death upon its blade,
 The sword to Calvary a fearful tribute paid ;
 Yet from necessity,
 For preached this faith must be ;
 And as the heart receives so will the hand indorse,
 But close behind the steel forth there went the cross.

THE SWORD.

Over the sea,
 Over the sea,
 Sailing away,
 Sailing away,
 Back to Drontheim went King Olaf.

Down in the deep,
As waves did sweep
The dragon ship,
From unseen lip
Out of the skerry came there a low laugh.

And with the breeze
Troubling the seas,
Uttered were shrieks
Which paled the cheeks
Of sailor, and scald, and bishop, too.

Signs of the cross
Made the bold Nors ;
“By my blest faith,
It is the wraith
Of the Wizard Eyvind Kallad’s crew.

“Where they were bound
Dwell they around ;
Afar off and near,
Norway shall hear
The wild skerry shriek when rough billows roll.

“For it is well
That in some hell,
Always distressed,
Never at rest,
Ever should welter the unrenewed soul.

“Witchcraft must die,
Thor we defy ;
None shall refuse,
But all shall choose
Christ and the cross by word or by sword.”

Thus spoke Olaf ;
 And the low laugh
 Sounded again ;
 And shrieked the slain
 Out from the skerry where great tides roared.

Suddenly, high
 Up in the sky
 Boreas broke,
 And its voice spoke,
 Spreading, and deepening, and filling the blast.

“ I'm the god Thor ! ”
 “ I'm god of war ! ”
 “ Thunder am I ! ”
 “ Christ I defy,
 As o'er the earth my terrors I cast !

“ None shall withstand
 Strength of my hand !
 I am expressed
 Where the oppressed
 Groan 'neath the yoke of the sword or the cross !

“ Seek I my reign
 Never in vain,
 When in the heart
 Force bears its part ;
 But where injustice rules, Nazareth meets loss ! ”

“ Hark ! ” said Olaf, “ in the tempest
 Thor's defiance comes again ! ”
 “ Hear we nothing but the surges,

And the whirlwind, and the skerry
Wild with shrieks, with laughter merry,"
Said all the men.

Then swore Olaf loud and bitter :
"I accepted when I came
Into Dronthimland in summer,
When in sailing northward sailed I,
And heard Thor the Christ defy ;
In the Lord's name

"That swift challenge I accepted ;
And have I proclaimed with steel,
Unto Norway, unto Godoe,
Unto Lapp, unto Norwegian,
Christ the Lord's blessed religion,
Through woe and weal.

"In the land, nor Thor nor Odin
Stands upon the temple's floor ;
All the crowds of Eyvind Kallard
Sang their death-song on the skerry,
And the viking's stranded wherry
Is on the shore.

"But with sounds like blasts of trumpets,
To my hearing comes there strong
Thor's defiance ! Is there viking,
Thane, or Jarl to witchcraft given?"
Then King Olaf, by the heaven,
Swore hard and long.

Answered Sigurd, "Nothing hear we
Save the storm upon the sea,
And the surges on the skerry,

And the wraith of sorcerers crying,
As they cried when they were dying,
Naught else hear we."

And the champions swore to Olaf,
One and all they loudly swore,
That 'twas wraiths upon the waters,
That 'twas wraiths upon the skerry,
Crying sometimes, sometimes merry,
And nothing more.

But within the mind of Olaf
Rang the swelling tones of Thor,
Multiplying and expanding,
Going a step toward the lightning,
Of the truth already brightening
Progressive law.

And he thought the voice within him
Mingling with the shrieking blast,
Was a challenge from the "Thunderer,"
And he listened, till in seeming
Brighter still the red lights streaming
Around were cast.

And the words became the burden
Of the tides upon the strand,
Of the waves upon the ocean,
Of the violent winds in motion
On sea and land.

But his reason comprehended
Not the fullness of their sense,
Nor his instincts were developed
So their weight might be received ;

Yet within him was conceived
Intelligence

Which should be enlarged and strengthened
In the growing souls of babes,
In the unborn souls of children ;
When the space of time had lengthened,
This should be enlarged and strengthened,
As astrolabes.

But this Olaf, king of Norway,
O'er the boundary, past the fiord,
With seven times the greater vengeance,
With seven times the greater ardor,
Pushed the cause of Christ the harder
With the broad-sword.

THE WORD.

Said Aubert and Anschar, "The Christ is true creed."
"The Christ and the cross," said the king of the Swede ;
Said Eric of Norway, "The Christ and the cross."
Said Aubert, "Give we to the barbarous Norse
This gospel ; and well by the speech of the mouth
Must be taught this good word which we bring from the
south."

"Amen," said great Anschar, "amen, and amen ;
In the service of Christ and the cross we are ten.
Our weight and our might in the cause of the Lord,
Our weight and our might, by the mother of God,
Must search out these souls and them wholly reclaim ;
Unto uttermost Scanda preach we the Lord's name,
Until shall be drunken around every board,
Was-hael to Nazareth, from haven to fiord.

Spoke Aubert and Anschar, then straightway they went
 Across the high seas, in the waning days of Lent,
 Until upon their vision arose in the west
 The bergs, in their masses of glistening ices drest ;
 And over the sails of the Serpent were thrown
 Fierce breaths of the north from the throats of his zone ;
 And upon the skies the quivering of flame,
 From the strokes of Miolner in red billows came ;
 While dark in the nadir the furnace of Thor
 Concealed with its vapors his anvils of war ;
 And where ploughed the keel of the vessel, the deep
 Blood-red, the swift surges around it did sweep.

Said Anschar, far looking out over the tide
 That leeward and windward dashed 'gainst the ship's side,
 "Most fearful the night is when red lights do stream,
 And stained are the waters beneath their bright gleam ;
 When high rolls the ocean, and hurricanes low
 Lash foams on its bosom as white as the snow,
 And lash the earth's surface with bellowings loud,
 And scour through the heavens to drive forth the cloud,
 Most fearful such night is for warlocks abroad,
 And demons withstand the true faith of the God ;
 Then did the good Anschar, upon the ship's bows,
 Put the holy Crucifix and pronounce his vows ;
 Larboard and starboard the tapers alight,
 Larboard and starboard the choir in its might
 Hymns chanted ; and aves and incense arose,
 And sacred oblations, until the night's close ;
 And then in the beautiful light of the day
 The steel-crested Serpent at anchor soon lay ;
 Bishop rich mitred, and monk in rich hood,
 Priests girded with jasper and sandalled with wood,
 Entering the Northlands north of Saltern fiord,
 With pageantry preached the good Word of the Lord :

THE WORD.

Mass-bells tinkled, holy water
Did bedew the golden altar,
And the jeweled sash and sandal ;
Norsman's son and Norsman's daughter
Saw the pomp of "rites baptismal,"
Saw the viking shrink and falter,
Saw the warlocks grim and dismal,
Jarl, and Hun, and Goth, and Vandal,
Yield the old gods up to slaughter.

On the bergs the swift declining
Of the short and rapid summer,
Bringing shadows of the winter,
Left the wan sun dimly shining ;
But the Christian ranks, increasing,
Welcomed every boisterous comer ;
And the mass-bells, scarcely ceasing,
Called the toiler and the minter
Till the yule-tide bells were chiming.

Loudly cheered, and stamped, and swore
Noisy Berserks drinking wassail
To the Lord ; and Thor defying,
Learned the heathen priestly lore ;
Crowds of roaring mouths were sprinkled,
Street and ale-house echoed "mass-hail ;"
Scalds and sagars, old and wrinkled,
In the old gods not relying,
Told of Nazareth evermore.

Thus conversion, not contrition,
By the means of grand proceeding,
Paved the way for true salvation,
Bringing souls to that condition,

Which, the former depths perceiving,
And the former heights exceeding,
Blessed them simply in believing ;
Height on height of such probation
Reaches the great exposition.

As the sword idols had broken,
Out of wood and hard stone fashioned,
So was abject superstition
Lifted by the good word spoken ;
And the sure wave of progression
Raised the mind, rough and impassioned,
Unto yet a higher possession ;
And the next tide in position
Upward swept a richer token.

Shores of Greenland heard the story,
How the Christ from highest heaven
Lived on earth and died for mortals ;
And young age and foreheads hoary,
Near the great and icy mountains,
Through their faith for the forgiven,
Saw the never-failing fountains,
Saw the eden's opened portals,
And beheld the crowns of glory.

Lest the stones aloud should utter
Acclamation and thanksgiving,
Lest should skip hills in the air,
Lest the birds, that sing and flutter,
Should cry out in adoration,
Lest entire dumb nature living,
And inanimate creation
Should awake to vocal prayer,
Lest the thunder praise should mutter,

Sang the mouths of men cantatas,
 Spake their tongues the hallelujah ;
 And though Christ was but a vision,
 Undefined as fabled satyrs,
 Though (being *in rerum natura*)
 In their thoughts the golden glimmer
 Of paved streets, with more precision,
 Form assumed as solid datas.

Though within the future hidden
 Were those truths whose broad interior
 Compass unknown, great Jehovah ;
 Though by ignorance bestridden,
 Though convened into a by-way
 And o'erstepped by eager error,
 Perfect lay the heavenly highway,
 Wisdom's highlands passing over,
 Yet was simple praise God bidden.

LEIF ERICSON'S BAPTISM.

From the belfry in his tower,
 Saw the priest the midnight sun ;
 Scarcely heeded he the hour
 When morn ceased or was begun ;
 For rounds of light
 Whirled day into night,
 And night was day when the day was done.

Skyward reaching mounts of ices,
 Sitting fathoms 'neath the wave,
 Chiseled o'er with strange devices,
 Rocked above the ocean's cave ;

Their shafts and spires
 Mirrored crimson fires,
 And golden, where waters always lave.

Bubbled up from spangled seawolds,
 Where the merry merfolks bide,
 In their sea-halls and their lea-holds,
 Magic surges with the tide ;
 Violet blued,
 Amber and rose-hued,
 Washing the ices on either side.

Nature, lavish and redundant,
 Filled the scanty summer-time,
 Insect life, superabundant,
 Buzzing forth an endless chime,
 In revels of glee
 Seemed ever to be
 Living in ceaseless pantomime.

The shining morn, the shining even,
 Bringing an excess of light,
 Drew the herbage under heaven
 Into such exuberant might,
 That man and brute
 Ate bread and ate fruit,
 From grounds where late lay the winter's blight.

Vales were green with goodly dower,
 Soft and warm the sunny skies ;
 Hurried forth the shrub and flower
 In monotonous supplies,
 Clothing the fields
 With their copious yields,
 And staining hillocks with roseate dyes.

Came Leif Ericson through heather,
 Pausing not in brake or broom,
 Caring not if foul the weather,
 Nor how wierd the waste land's gloom ;
 Saw not his eyes
 The gay butterflies,
 Nor blushing waters, nor plant, nor bloom.

Heard he only mass-bells ringing,
 Throughout goodly bishoprics,
 And the Christian people singing
 Before golden candlesticks ;
 To be baptized
 His soul was advised,
 And he came and kissed the crucifix.

LEIF ERICSON'S PROPHECY.

Sat Leif Ericson with sagas,
 In the ale-house near the sea ;
 Told they of old gods and magas,
 And of new gods, one in three ;
 With full regale,
 And filled with strong ale,
 They spoke of days that were to be.

Then Leif, earnest, stout, and handsome,
 Quickly from his seat arose,
 And swore to give himself as ransom,
 To men north of Saltern snows ;
 And in swift zeal
 He lifted his steel,
 And prophesied until the night's close.

Said he, " God grows large before us ;
 In the compass of the mind,
 Narrow was the circle o'er us,
 When to Odin 'twas confined ;
 Or to great Thor,
 The fierce god of war,
 Or Balder the Fair, or Hœder the Blind.

" God is something which within us
 Lengthens, deepens, and expands,
 Something which will draw and win us,
 Something which our soul commands ;
 We must adore
 This God evermore,
 For he is the Lord of seas and lands.

" As we know Him more and better
 Than our fathers did Him know,
 So shall souls unto the letter
 Into perfect wisdom grow ;
 And grace unsealed,
 When He is revealed,
 Shall over every spirit flow.

" Than this God there is no other ;
 And give I my heart and hand
 To convert our heathen brother,
 Living north of Drontheim's strand ;
 Who will agree
 To hasten with me ?
 Who, for our great Lord Christ will stand ?"

All the berserks stared in wonder,
 All the priests his zeal extolled ;
 Cheered, till almost burst asunder,

The wise saga and the scald ;
 The league was broad,
 Who pledged for the Lord,
And many vows swore the noisy band.

ERICSON'S VOYAGE.

Rolling, surging, and sweeping, dashing against the rocks,
Pouring the tides against its shores, which trembled under the
 shocks,

Rocking the mountains of ice reaching up into the cloud,
Rushing, foaming and swelling, shrieking and roaring aloud,
The ocean asserted its strength, made manifest its powers,
And flung its mists to the tops of the tallest icy towers.

Beneath the flaming ensigns spread in the beard of Thor,
All of the rosy maidens threw up the flexile straw,
And counted, by a token, the groomsmen, handsome and bold,
Who should dance at their weddings, mantled with scarlet and
 gold ;

While all of the stalwart Northmen, noisy, and gay, and fair,
Counted the golden glimmers in the merry maidens' hair.

Leifrinn startled the blushes upon a damsel's cheek,
Taught her heart the language that his own heart learned to
 speak ;

Wooed her and won her,—looked outward upon the boiling
 wave,

Called together the champions boisterous, fearless and brave,
Hoisted his sails to the breezes, broke through the seething
 foam,

And wafted his farewell signals back to the friends at home.

Over the foaming billows, out on the great, high sea,
Sailing, sailing, sailing, the Northmen, stately and free,

Missed their way on the waters, and came to a fertile west,
 Luxuriant in foliage and with luscious fruitage drest ;
 Here in a beautiful harbor, made by the hand of God,
 Their moorings they cast, and anchored ; nor knew they in this
 rich sod,
 With its lavish blooms and fruits beyond where their sails were
 furled,
 And where their feet were treading, that they had discovered a
 world.

From bleak and distant Northland again the boat was unmoored
 By hands whose hearts the richness of the sunny land allured ;
 Ladened with all their treasures, fair-haired women and men,
 Tossed and torn by the ocean, came to the beautiful glen,
 Gave it the name of Vineland, roved in its beautiful groves
 Like the bee that gladly 'mid sumptuous honey-cups roves ;
 Here they built a temple unto the name of Christ,
 And the whole of beautiful Vineland seemed to be paradised ;
 But signs of lurking evil looked forth from the red man's soul,
 And the tireless destiny, which mortals cannot control,
 Forged its links around them and made the temple a tomb ;
 Though symbols of deathless progress ages could not consume.

CUDLIEF'S VOYAGE

Hoisted were the strong, set sails ;
 And the roaring northern gales,
 Straight over the foaming sea,
 Bore the good Icelandic ship,
 Throwing forth her heaving lee,
 With many a bound and skip
 Toward future woe or weal ;
 Blithe and rough were the Northmen's hearts,
 As the rough, wild sea which parts
 Underneath the northern keel.

But deep was the dark night's scowl ;
And each dawning day was foul,
And the gusts of the howling blast
Hurried the vessel aside ;
Hurried her surely and fast
Out into the boiling tide,
Out upon the ocean wide,
Away from her destined port ;
And then in mad, vengeful sport
Bade her into Vineland ride.

Oh, then did the bold, bold Norse
Have swiftest, bitterest cause
Neptune's decree to regret ;
For, although Vineland was fair,
And on tendrils and in nets
Between the earth and the air,
Ripened rare fruit and rare flower,
Also quite lithe was the limb,
And their dark faces were grim,
Who peered through the bloom-sweet bower.

Red men's hearts were bold to dare,
Red men's hands were loth to spare ;
Whose deeds in cruelty set,
Oft had leaped like a sharp flash ;
And their green soil had been wet
With red dew ; a crimson splash
Had reddened the limped wave
Sparkling in the river's bed,
When the fatal arrow sped
Which made Thorwald's lonely grave.

In the after years that came,
When that ignominious dame,—

Fair Freydisa, the base child
Of the bold Eric the Red,—
Dire disasters had compiled
O'er the colony, the tread
Of the stealthy red man's feet,
And his cunning, ruthless hand
Broke and bruised the little band
Till extinction was complete.

Now they peered in angry mood
At the sea-whipped, northern brood ;
Then with fearful, fiendish yell,
Thrice in number down they poured
Like incarnate imps of hell ;
Seized and dragged the hapless horde
Through the midst of branch and vine,
To the spot where wigwams stood ;
Midway 'twixt the border wood
Circling in a heavy line.

How the red men yelled and leaped !
How the sun-dried brush was heaped
All around the horrid stake,
Which is smooth with oil of flesh ;
When the ashes boil and bake
With burnt blood, when with the lesh
Helpless victim is secure ;
How the council speech aloud
Did incite the savage crowd,
How brave Norsemen to endure.

But the scorching tongues of fire,
Than the knee had scarce leaped higher,
When a chief, whose wigwam door
Had not opened to his step

For space of three days and more,—
As on meagre trail he'd crept
Where a skulking foe had trod,—
With his wampum belt well graced
By his scalp whom search had traced,
Came, but with fatigue well shod ;

Hunger, also, in his mien,
And sharp weariness was seen ;
Yet, his eagle-whetted glance
Looked beyond the children's freak
Of loud whoop, and roll, and dance,
To where he heard Norsemen speak ;
Quick he mingled with the tribe,
And as swift as lightning slips,
Came a signal from his lips :
Unmatched prowess was his bribe.

Every chieftain turned about,
Not a warrior stood in doubt ;
Indian youth, and dame, and maid
Prompt obeyed the council call ;
Quickly spreading flames were stayed,
Then they listened, one and all :
Powerful was the chieftain's tongue,
Powerful was the chieftain's might ;
Though his head was streaked with white,
Yet his voice with valor rung,

Oft a chieftain of more years,
Oft a chieftain of less years
Stood erect and answered him.
Said an old chief, " Strangers came
When the summer's noon was dim,
And the autumn was aflame

With the fruit and with the leaf ;
They were arrogant and proud,
Like the gale their mouths were loud,
Council made their tarry brief."

Said a young chief, " In the eve
When the fleeing zephyrs grieve
O'er the dying flowers, the sires,
Ere the midnight walked the vale,
Gathered round the council fires
In the moonlight, clear and pale ;
And, ere women broke the sheaf,
To the loud-mouthed stranger's heart,
Did the well-spiced arrow dart ;
Council made the action brief."

Said an old chief, " At the dawn
Of the harvest of the corn,
Strangers in a big canoe,
From big waters came ashore ;
Ripe grapes, wet with morning dew,
Added to their greedy store ;
Huge of frame, strong to endure,
Full of braggot, full of brawl,
Noisy as the waterfall ;
Council made their absence sure."

Sullen was the speaker's eye ;
Eager was he to comply
With the council's major mind ;
But the wise and shrewd old chief,
By his wit and will combined,
To the doomed men brought relief ;
Potent tact was in his brain,
Eloquence was in his mouth ;

Turned he north and turned he south,
Pointing out their broad domain.

Said he, " See this goodly tract,
Which your hunting-grounds had lacked,
Ere myself had got you gain ;
When the Coochee's tomahawk
Left the squaws and warriors slain
'Twixt big waters and the rock,
Whose strong arm led victory?
Who in day-springs of the years,
Words of the Great Spirit hears?
Who last morn made inquiry

"Of the Gitche Manito,
If his feet should stay, or go
To the soft Shawondasee
Where the Gitche Gumees melt
Into sparkles wild and free ;
Where the north wind never felt,
Touches not the blooming tree ;
And when ready answer came,
Did he tarry? did he wait
Thirst or hunger to abate?
Or to snare the wholesome game?

"When the forest, dead with gloom,
For a chief's feet scarce gave room,
Did he falter? did he fail,
In the ambush, on the track?
On the deadly Coochee's trail?
Did he rest, or even turn back,
Till this trophy decked his girth?
Till by the Great Spirit turned
To extinguish fires which burned
'Mid his children on the earth? "

Such the aged chieftain's plea ;
And the scalp which reached his knee,
Knowledge gave that a dread foe
Had their cunning leader missed ;
But the council, loth and slow,
From their purpose did desist ;
Yet at last each Norseman's arm
Loosed ; felt sinews of its spur
With hot vengeance madly stir,
Though these hosts it could not harm.

So their numbers, few and brave,
Took the freedom which they gave,
Glad of unscathed life and limb ;
Overcome, but not subdued,
O'er their captor swarms did skim
Norseman eyes ; nor mercy sued
In their glance ; upright and cool
They accepted liberty
As a proper subsidy,
As does ruler from his tool.

Then their shrewd preserver strode
Straightway to his own abode,
Taking with him as his guests
All those stately northern men
Who had nobly stood the tests
Of so barbarous a den ;
Food he placed for them to eat,
Nor his own great hunger fed,
Neither rested heel nor head,
Till satiation was replete.

Wonder to their faces crept
As he served them ; swift there swept

Blank amazement, as his speech
Changed upon their listening ears
To Icelandic tongue ; and each
Thrilled with superstitious fears ;
But when inquiry withdrawn
From themselves, his questions sought
After others and their lot
In Iceland, all fears were gone.

Not his name nor when the sail,
Favored by propitious gale,
Brought him from the northern isles,
Would his bushy mouth disclose ;
But the heart the lips beguile
Through the actions ; and there rose
Not a doubt that that great scald,
Lover of Gudrida fair,
Ere white flecked her golden hair,
Stood before them, gray and bald.

Many years had come and gone,
Since sharp disappointment's thorn
Sent Bard Biorn far away
With adventurers in a ship,
To this Vineland, in whose bay
Savage paddle plied its dip ;
Yet, a subtle tenderness,
When his lips uttered the name
Of the wise and noble dame,
Gave his voice a soft caress.

Ring of gold and sword of steel
Jewel gilded, was the deal
Which his eager hands outdrew
From his treasures, as pledge

Of friendship to the dame he knew
 In the past ; the sword's keen edge,
 Jewel hilted, for her son,
 Whom his eyes had never known ;
 Richness lay in every stone
 Of the settings of each one.

“Fraught with good and fraught with ill,”
 From their tongues Saga did fill,
 Who from Vineland sailed away,
 Ere one morn had reached the noon ;
 And its pages, thick and gray,
 Gave to history rich boon.
 Boisterous welcome, noisy zeal,
 Met the Northmen ; wassal dipped,
 Bearded mouths like nectar sipped ;
 All rejoiced in gleesome weal !

Left among the dusky souls
 Basking on the Vineland knolls,
 From the sagas told to them
 In the wigwam of the chief,
 By the stately northern men,
 Was a tale of woe and grief,
 Saga grand of Calvary ;
 But traditions of their race
 Gave the Nazarene no place,
 Nor crucifix, nor rosary.

In the camp, or in the chase,
 Or where Indian foot did trace,
 By their own Great Spirit ruled,
 Lived the red man ; and his child,
 In his superstition schooled,
 Was a savage, rude and wild ;

But from dim intelligence
 Entered into him a light,
 Reaching to a clearer height,
 Prognostic of the ages hence.

THE WORD AND THE SWORD.

Dark drops the ages down upon the world,
 As mingled popery, idolatry,
 And islamism, clashed, and clenched, are hurled
 To death, each by the other. In policy,
 Wisdom, and truth, all lack ; and honesty,
 And purity, and mercy, lacks the pope !
 Infallibility, security
 Gives foul indulgences, and such broad scope
 Unto black sin, that in it the dark age
 Seems to exceed all depths from which is called
 The creature by the great Creator's voice ;
 But underneath the sure, unerring gauge
 Of Reason's hand, though no soul, unappalled,
 Measures their filth, the evil years rejoice
 In larger lights of that intelligence
 Which penetrates all time with quenchless ray,
 And introduces God to man ; and hence
 The Middle Ages is the dawn of day,
 Clouded with chaos by conflicting streams
 Of faith, and power of arbitrary rules ;
 But through the lurid clouds a Wycliffe gleams,
 And Brandt steals forth, crowned with his ship of fools ;
 Erasmus lifts the fog, and clears the way
 For blazing truths of Luther's ample soul ;
 Upon utter untruths sharp projects prey,
 And caricatures, grotesque, ugly, uncouth,
 Shame superstition. Grapple sword and word

Unto the death with each opposing foe !
 Even to the Reformation is administered
 Strength through the Diet of Worms ! Larger grow
 The feuds ! and stumbling forth, swift zeal,
 Like rushing torrents of the cataract,
 Quadruple-throated, in unison peal
 Forth tumults, adverse, poured, and thrust, and whacked
 Together, gendering mists and spitting spume
 Till density of fogs obscures the light,
 And drops sickly, impenetrable gloom,
 Covering the dawn of day with dusks of night !

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

“By my blest faith !” the royal Henry said,
 “No razor comes upon my growing beard,
 Until I visit on the field of France
 My good brother. Where his tents are reared,
 He waits me, and solicits well, and strong,
 And cordially my presence.” Francis spoke
 Before the kingly nobles of his realm :
 “By my blest faith ! my vow shall not be broke,
 Also to be unshaven till the helm
 Of Henry rests within my goodly port,
 And moves his foot upon the soil of France,
 And joins his heart with ours in timely sport.”

So waited Francis, loyal to his oath,
 Until upon his mouth and chin his beard
 Had thriven and grown enough for both ;
 And every courtier's beard, grown at its best,

Hung *in extenso*, till full beards became
Lex loci, sweeping down the broidered vest,
And adding elegance and dignity
To manly visages, which God's intent
Provided, when forth from his able hands
Perfect conceptions of creation went.

And radiant mornings o'er the city came,
Stirring to occupations busy throngs ;
And evenings wrapped the skies in golden flame ;
Upon the woods, and fields the foliage
Budded and blushed, was trodden 'neath the foot,
Or scorched and blackened where the martyr's stake
Blazed, or the soil reddened with blood from rage
Of sects. Politic Charles cutely awoke
To hostile interests, counseled with West
The tardy Henry, who forgot his vow,
And dressed his beard, and cruelly oppressed
The Protestant, before the shores of France
Hailed him with rich, magnificent display,
In which no deficit in tournament
Or banquet did occur to mar the day.

Pavillions clothed in tapestry and gold,
Armors that glanced with flaming suns, the lance,
The sword reflecting light from polished blade
And point, all things that satiate and entrance
Eye and palate, voluptuous, profuse,
The entertainment gave the royal guest,—
And thus for Henry's favor Francis sues.

The merry monarchs feasted long and late ;
Fair women graced the banquet with their charms,
And gilded heralds watched the city's gate ;
The day waned, and the athletic games

Were closed. The royal pair in hearty mirth,
 Had ate, and drank, and tilted in the van,
 And now stood side by side ; in height and girth
 Slight difference was marked ; in royal mein
 Not much unlike ; in speech and courtesy,
 Affable and keen ; in passions not serene.

Suddenly Henry turned, and laughing, drew
 Upon the collar of his royal host ;
 “ ‘ Come, brother, I must have a fall with you, ’ ”
 He said ; and merry Francis, hardly loth,
 Sure of expertness, wrestled readily.
 Manœuvres swift and apt, toward the north,
 Toward the south and the east, turned them about ;
 Then with the elbows bent toward the west,
 The right foot, then the left foot, tripping out,
 They swayed and balanced, till the trim, lithe limb
 Of Francis executed the prompt trick
 Of scienced wrestlers, and a ready fling
 Brought to his back upon the turf, as quick
 As thought, the merry, fickle, English king ;
 Much and gay laughter greeted the exploit ;
 The laughing king acknowledged his defeat,
 Acknowledged his “ good brother, ” more adroit
 Than was himself, and wished him more discreet.

The gleaming lances, 'neath the setting sun,
 Were gold ; the flaming swords gold blades appeared ;
 Thrice gilded seemed the richly broidered folds
 Of drapery where the rich tents were reared.

The day slept ; and the revelers asleep,
 Forgot their sports, or lived them in their dreams ;
 The royal head uncrowned, in slumber deep
 Reposed ; by the night winds the leaf was stirred ;

The realm was hushed, save where the Huguenot
 From persecution fled, or by the sword
 Surprised, through storms of blood was brought
 From slaughter, but to light the martyr-fires,
 Through which the truth, purged of a meaner dross,
 Came forth to kindle the great funeral pyres
 Of ruthless error, and black falacy ;
 And by intermixed creeds to give large birth
 Through the great throes of chaos, to free faith
 To worship in all portions of the earth,
Ad libitum fully as grinds lathe.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Freedom of worship being given,
 The hunted Huguenot,
 In open day, held services,
 And Scripture lessons taught.
 Good cheer broke forth from lip to lip ;
 Loud hallelujahs rung !
 The voice of earnest prayer was heard ;
 And hymns of praise were sung !

And festive fields were white with tents ;
 And rose, near and far,
 The simple offerings of their faith,
 In honor of Navarre.
 For him was tuned the minstrel's lute,
 For him rich feasts were spread,
 When to the sister of King Charles,
 His crown and he were wed.

From all the provinces around
The glad reformers thronged,
Suspecting not the arrant foe
By whom they had been wronged.
With life the city overflowed ;
Revel, and mirth, and glee,
Wine, and sunshine, and fruits, and flowers,
Graced the gay jubilee.

Gay Paris, in whose palaces
Were precious gems like dew,
Rested in trust, feasted in ease,
On St. Bartholomew.
Within her walls seemed smiling peace ;
The moistures of the night
On lawn and glen no foe had tracked ;
The silvery stars were bright ;
Circled the heavens, warm and blue,
Adorned with clouds of white,
Whose downy borders held the gleams,
Of morn's first glimmering light.

But in the sumptuous palaces,
On gilded spire and dome,
Were symbols of the haughty faith,
And cruel power of Rome ;
And ere the rising of the day,
The tolling of a bell
Gave signals of the treacherous deed
Worthy only of hell !

Instantly as the solemn peal
Rolled out upon the air,
Sprang up to arms, a ruthless host
Like beasts from hidden lair

Leaped forth the blade to stab the breasts,
 Of babes ! and rent apart,
 Woman's fair bosom poured the tide
 Of crimson from the heart ;
 Old, white-haired men, young, stalwart forms,
 All shared alike the fate
 Determined by pitiless Rome !
 Nor did vengeance abate,
 Until in state and capital,
 Fifty thousand lay dead ;
 And spotless blooms, and emerald fields
 Were marred by sickening red !
 Gay Paris ! in her streets, and bowers,
 And temples gilt like flame,
 In all her states and provinces,
 Blushed with a blush of shame.

And thus the dawning of a glorious day
 That opened on the earth when Christ was born,
 Though darker than the midnight with dense clouds,
 In the impervious gloom rolled on, and on
 Though divers eras, each bringing in turn
 Such elements of progress and delay
 As ultimate purpose for final ends
 Requires ; art led to pinnacles, where lay
 Beauty, and grace, and symmetry, and power ;
 And taught the mind of man to make and blend
 Comparisons, and rear a perfect whole.
 Science, instructing him to comprehend
 An atom of the Great Infinity,
 Stretched measurements and computations grand ;
 Varieties of knowledge did enlarge
 The immaterial growth, did expand
 And quicken the tellural temperament ;

Sick superstition abject fear begot,
 Which rounded into shape, grew reverent ;
 And revolution being its subsequent,
 Unlimited dominion ruled, which breeds
 Corruption, that freedom might have birth ;
 Increased religions, each confuting each ;
 Their dominant and interdicting creeds
 Unwittingly scattered the truth abroad,
 And through unwitting, slow assimilation, stepped
 Into those pathways, which, being well trod,
 Is in conjunction with the great highway,
 In which all faiths must centre, when the noon
 Rolls upward, bringing the eternal day ;
 And kindly chivalry, which holds the germs
 Of godly charity and perfect faith,
 In the dark dawn was a pure gleam of day ;
 Instilling clean, unblemished impulses
 Into all sects, it multiplied good sway
 And ruled with holy love and argument,
 And brought the world into the broadening light,
 Where fuller morn pronounced its sure behest,
 And made its era serve all purposes
 Toward the world according to its age ;
 And apt interpretation's voice it gave
 Alike in deserts and in inland fair,
 And rendered clear translations to the tongue
 Which in growing souls plainly did declare.

"I'm the god Thor ! I'm god of war !"
 "Thunderer am I ! Christ I defy."
 As o'er the earth swift terrors I cast !
 None can withstand strength of my hand !
 I am expressed where the oppressed
 Moan 'neath the yoke of the sword or the cross !

“Seek I to reign, never in vain,
When in the heart force bears a part !
And where oppression rules Nazareth meets loss.
‘ I’m the god Thor ! I’m god of law !’
‘ Force is my name ! Will is my name !’
Nothing shall ever o’erthrow me or bind me !
When souls are grown, when is made known
Things hid away, even in this day,
Then in their search shall mortality find me !
Love with me is filled, and I’m instilled
Into the core of life evermore !
All of the earth shall worship great Thor !
In the full day I shall hold sway !
Three in the one in me shall come !
I am the god ! I am great Thor !
Tangible form, sunlight and storm,
Spirit and will, I am god still,
And am developed by knowledge and grace.
Christ I defy ! yet Christ am I !
Idol of stone, and flesh and bone,
Soon ye shall know me, face unto face !
‘ I’m the god Thor ! I’m god of law !’
‘ Force is my name ! Will is my name !’
Nothing shall ever o’erthrow me or bind me !
When souls are grown, when is made known
Things hid away, even in this day,
Then in their search shall mortality find me !”

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

And thus the ages roll, and eras form
And propagate constituents to fill
The future eras whirling in the track
Of evolutions of the immortal mind ;
And the full age of liberty is reached,
Whose bountiful, gracious, and lavish lease
Permits each tongue a creed, each heart a faith,
And spreads interpretations on the law,
So large that boundaries are overstepped ;
And precept and example err, and shape
The moulds for adverse elements of power,
To wedge the subtle wars of contraforce,
Until, within this era, manifold
In signs of progress, and o'erfilled and gorged
With wisdom, still behold the scars
Of the Dark Ages, intermixed and blent
With rainbow promises of high excelsior !
Behold, puffed up with full predominance
Of lower faculties grown in the dust
Of circumstances on the morbid fields
Of life, men bold to dare all risks of ill
From transgressed laws of God ; fine sense inert
Giving no conscience, or brute force enlarged
To such extent, that soul scarcely a spark
So feebly recognizes God, less than a shade
In them He lives : Behold hearts rough-grained at core
Modelled aright, loud-tongued, in act and speech
Doing grievous wrong one hour, the next
Despising sin and fearing God, and thus
Rotative coming into aged years.
Behold grades of minds so o'ergrown by self,
Groveling upon the ground, seeing naught but self

Shadowed upon the day, upon the night,
And narrower than the Godless man, secured
With prizes first in games of life, at cost
Of curse to universal good of men,
And reaching but for self, o'erreached by self.
Behold innocent souls zealous for right,
Yet lacking strength and depth to measure life
And separate its mixed and mingled grains
Of good and ill, and blind and deaf, indeed,
To iron links binding cause and effect ;
Behold them teaching ill in equal shares
With good, making influence doubly void
In eminence or victory of force ;
Behold simple and great spirits of worth
Self-sacrificing, self-content, and just,
And God-content, and clean, yet without force,
Unto their own fair greatness not attained,
Nor lifting but a few from lower scale ;
Behold intelligence unwieldy, sharp,
A two-edged sword, and strong as battle-horse,
Exact and fine, and plumbed proportional
In social lobe and intellectual,
Yet fearfully malformed, lacking that weight
Which if possessed in full with these, would make
That unity which breeds millennium ;
But unpossessed with these, breaks into strides
Gigantic, tireless, insuperable,
After concealed things of universal law ;
And massive rocks of truth from hidden depths
Flung forth with might thunder into the world,
Half serviceable, because they hold no God !

Behold huge intellects disgorging from excess
Of fullness, thoughts of such capacious mould,

That triple bodied gush they forth, bursting
With arguments stupendous, grand, superb
As midnight with its starry heavens, and wit
Sublime and varied as the rainbow hues,
And oratory beautiful as flowers,
And as glorious as the universe,
And filled with Deity and Paraclete !
These God-like spirits, from their threefold worth,
Diffuse rich knowledge, truth, and grace,
For the uplifting of the multitude ;
And these are they who trim the quenchless lamps,
And forge the levers of the coming age ;
Yet, marred by some deformities of mind,
Which, strictly measured 'gainst their greater gifts
And holier inheritance, reduced
Their wages are to that paid to all souls,
Howe'er deformed, toiling beneath the curse
Through woe and death, for purposes of heaven.
Behold prophets and many men deceived !
Lo ! Christ is here, and there, and everywhere
In tenets of the many sects which still
Multiplications yield ; and priest, and curate
And prelate preach, exhort, extemporize,
And circuit hard-earned theories, till springs
A wilderness of creeds ; and brains, confused
By many-leafed polygraphy, leap up,
And each its babel lifts toward the sky,
And rolls confounded language on the ear !

Till in the wilderness of life and death,
Through which the soul its tiresome journey treads,
Seeking the gates to the eternal truths,
Are giant growths of ignorance and sin ;
And cloud o'er cloud thick fogs of unbelief

Condense ; lax disquisition roiled blurts lies ;
 And superstition stagnates o'er the ground
 In noisome pools ; sleek expositions lie
 Like network all around, well warped and filled
 With lusts in silken webs of filthy snares,
 Where keen cupidity, concupiscence,
 And notoriety revel, and cast
 Corosions at the face of truth ; and sloth,
 And seas of error lapse over the wilds,
 And sham and shallow trick the wary eye.

But through the tangled mazes of the creeds,
 Through seas of error and through seas of sloth,
 Through filthy sloughs of many-throated lusts,
 Through stagnant pools of ignorance and doubt,
 Through thickening fogs and clouds of unbelief,
 Speaks from the old mosaic law, and thrills
 Such souls as listen, a clear voice, steadfast
 And changeless ; down the slumbrous aisles
 Of buried ages do its echoes come ;
 And ringing through vistas of present years,
 Its clarion tones this mandate swift rolls forth :
 " Make straight, make straight the pathway of the Lord ! "

And, though innumerable difference
 And imperfections without estimate,
 A jumbled mass, vital with breath of God,
 Wrangle and strive, confounded in their speech,
 Doubly confounded in their principles,
 Lest all being of one will and of one grade,
 The deep foundations of the earth should search,
 And spread a measurement upon high heaven,
 Before the mission of the world fulfilled
 Brings Christ to reign in it a thousand years,

Yet, through her labors well performed, that hands
 Could cover not in haste, but in God's time,
 Surely, earth shall beget the day when men
 Will love the Lord their God with all their hearts ;

And each his neighbor love as loves he himself ;
 And crowned with probity and continence,
 The hungry shall be fed, the naked clothed ;
 God's day shall be a holy day indeed ;
 Adultery, a curst thing of the past,
 Shall stand with murder, theft, and perjury ;
 Covetousness and slanderous tongues shall cease,
 And hastening of the gossip's feet be still ;
 And clearly shall be known, and taught by men,
 The unity of God's word, old and new ;
 Then will the rigid and refining fires
 Of statutes from the just Jehovah's hand,
 And merciful, and loving precepts given
 By the blessed Mediator, coalesced,
 From the beginning, bring God's kingdom down,
 Upon the golden year of jubilee !

Behold ! the symbols now are in the air,
 And on the shadows of the future year
 In radiant light their prototypes are stamped !
 A lever stirs the great unweildy weights
 Of error, lifts the bulk of ignorance,
 As temperance in the highway of 'the Lord,
 Through wisdom its vast heights, and widths, and depths
 Proclaims ; and through exhaustless founts, reveals
 The hand of great Jehovah moving forth
 Upon dark waters of iniquities,
 Commanding light, and light dawns as the morn,
 To be perfected through the realm of Christ.

Lo ! over orient, and occident,
The gradual breaking of its twilight gleams,
Succumbed to order by established law
Thorough and perfect as celestial rule,
Is broadening up toward the brilliant day ;
And though with earthly empire's ebb and flow,
Seems its ascendancy and its decline,
Yet, like the everlasting rocks upheld
By laws omnipotent, in midway air,
Closed in the center of the globe to shape
And regulate its firmness and its poise,
So is this voice, amid the wilderness,
And chaos of conflicting faculties,
A gravitation in the mass of mind
Toward the Eternal Center ! kingdoms rise
And to their zenith forth in splendor roll,
Widening in art, and wisdom, then decline,
But leave ascensions as the stepping stones
To still more glorious ascendancies
For each succeeding laborer to grasp,
And push still higher, till cause and effect,
Transfixed to order in each laborer's hand,
Enrolls the statutes of the laws of life
In every heart ; and every soul is blest
With union of threefold empire of brain,
Rounding that glorious period of time
Which brings transition of Immanuel,
And perfected through Him, the Golden Year
Shall melt into eternity of God.

IMAGRIES OF MERCURY.

Fleet-footed favorite of the god of day,
In space the swiftest, nearest to his light,
Caressed by goodly warmth, each solar ray,
A blessing tempered by the Lord of might.

A soil adapted to its changeful clime,
Absorbing richness through the summer days,
And food and heat for rougher winter time,
And strength and life for rougher winter ways.

Where golden splendors in the mid-day skies,
Made out of golden haze, spreads 'neath the cloud,
That rolling upward in the zenith lies,
A beauteous thing, a bright continuous shroud,

To shield from burning sunbeams all the land,
And give to all the living creatures there
A home so beautiful, a world so grand,
Circling so swiftly up in purple air ;

Peopled with little folks of fairy mien
And fairy forms, with hair like threads of gold,
And sparkling eyes of purple starry gleam,
And lovely hands of most exquisite mold ;

Purer in living, lovelier, far, in death,
Than these which have their mission on the earth ;
Not nobler, nor so grand, nor with each breath
Cunningly wise, but beings of holy birth.

When golden sunsets flinging o'er the clouds
And up the mountain tops a crimson glow,

Deepening to purple all the clustered crowds
Of hills, and mantling all the vales below,

Until the heavens with starry lamps are lit,
And welcome night brings sudden darkness down,
With earnest prayers and zealous love they sit
In rainbow-tinted dress and braided crown.

VENUS AND MARS.

Sparkling brightly, softly beaming,
Queen of beauty, god of war,
Sending red and silver gleaming
Through terrestrial space so far,
To such distance as Bode's law ;

In their pathways ever moving
Steadily around the sun ;
Perfect laws of order proving ;
Brightly is their night course run
When the brilliant day is done.

What are these high in the azure,
Which upon their centers turn ?
With a bulk of so vast measure,
Whose swift courses all else spurn,
And whose lights forever burn ?

Are these worlds ? and in the ether
Of illimitable space,
Do countless worlds move on together,
Ceaseless, ever each in place,
Running an eternal race ?

In whose valleys summer blushes ;
Whose rich harvests autumns bring,
O'er whose mountains winter rushes,
Blooms in blossom, birds on wing
Coming with the fragrant spring ?

In whose bounds material being,
From the mighty hand of God,
Lives and loves beyond our seeing,
With supernal wisdom shod,
Passing never 'neath the rod ?

Who by faith and works united
Unto holiness do tend ?
And within, divinely lighted,
Innate grace and knowledge blend
Which translate them at the end ?

Then perfected into Aidenn
Come they up with glory shod,
And their hands with honor laden,
These who never felt the rod,
Come they up to worship God ?

Where before them from probation
An unnumbered company,
Brought through seas of tribulation
From estates of low degree
By the cross of Calvary,

Is in highest heaven dwelling
With the throne of God in sight !
Goodly palms their victory telling !
And their garments all in white !
And their foreheads crowned with light ?

And who cry with holy voices !
And who worship at the throne
Till the farthest heaven rejoices,
And the Saviour's hand alone
Reaches out to lead his own

Into fields of peaceful glory !
Into groves of joyful rest ;
And tells He all heaven their story,
Till by most high grace are blest,
These, who forgiven most, love best ?

SIR WHITE.

Ah ! none was just like him, as white as pure milk ;
His fur was as soft as the glossiest silk,
His eyes were so sharp, so quick, and so bright,
Oh ! a wonderful cat was my sprightly Sir White ;
And this is the way that he came unto me :
My dwelling which stands by the wide maple tree,
Is low roofed and small, unpainted and old ;
Yet, full clouds of crimson and full clouds of gold
As they wander across the azure expanse
And seem so far up above the great manse,
When they come over the fair maple trees,
They seem to yield up the magical keys
Of their fullness, and open, and drop down a flood
Of rich light as red as the rich, living blood ;
Or drop down from every full, fleecy fold,
On my humble dwelling, soft showers of gold ;
And light, through the panes, which the fair moon does pour,
Is silvery white upon my lowly floor.

Then, the moss on the roof is fresh in the rain,
And fragrant when sunlight shines forth once again ;
And a babbling, swift rushing, and glistening thread
Of water flows on under my tiny shed ;
Half its length is a sparkling, wee water-fall,
Only barred from my feet by its high, rocky wall ;
And even when the droughts are long and severe,
Its handful of water is limpid and clear.

The grass on its banks is a mass of rich green,
All mixed with the buttercup's gay, yellow sheen ;
And forests of roses their petals of pink
Hang and drop down o'er its steep, rocky brink ;
Ah ! nothing more evident pleasure e'er took,
Than sprightly Sir White on the shores of this brook.
He chased his long tail, chased the fly and the bee,
And this is the way that he came unto me :

Ere gardens began to be rich with sweet thyme,
There dwelt 'neath my roof in the pleasant spring time,
A proud, handsome papa, and a fair, little ma,
And a sweet little cherub, a gay, little star
Of childhood, a rosy-cheeked, dear baby boy,
Who was fond of good sweet-meats and pleased with a toy :

Some time passed away, and the baby at play
Seemed the source of contentment the whole of the day,
And nestled at night with his rosy mouth pressed
In undisturbed slumber to mamma's warm breast ;
But oft, when at play, he would suddenly pause
And listen when there seemed not the least cause :
Now, rosy-cheeked, rosy-mouthed baby used a word,
The oddest and funniest I ever heard ;
Save papa, and mamma, and milk, which was mleek
In his language, only this word he could speak ;

“Nickbarberperdicker,” he fluently said,
 If he wanted water, or wanted some bread,
 Or when in need he was of any one thing
 Which pleasure or profit to baby-life can bring ;
 And I am convinced that translated, ’twould be,
 Help baby, please, quickly ; he expected, you see,
 That we ought to know what it was he desired,
 So plain to his mind was the thing he required.

Quite often, when mamma and I were at work,
 And he at his play, a queer little jerk
 Would trouble the door ; we thought ’twas the wind ;
 But babe, in his white bib, all clean and well pinned
 By a pretty gold brooch, tugged hard at the door,
 With a glad little face, and exclaimed as before,
 “Nickbarberperdicker,” and when we obeyed
 His summons, and nothing an entrance had made,
 A blank disappointment and sudden surprise
 Clouded the clear light in his beautiful eyes.
 “You thought it was papa,” his mamma would say,
 But looking the negative, babe turned away.

One day the sweet birds which brood up ’mid the leaves
 Of the maples, all flew from the trees to the eaves
 Of the house, and chattered and cried at their best,
 As birds do when something is troubling their nest ;
 And then such a scampering began on the roof,
 One might have imagined the fleet little hoof,
 Of a deer of St. Nicholas prancing about ;
 I said “ ’Tis a rat or a squirrel, no doubt,”
 Outright mamma laughed at the idea of a rat
 On the house, and averred that she thought ’twas their cat
 That had watched, and at last found where they had moved ;
 And this was the truth it afterwards proved ;

For up in the trees, on the roof, down the shed,
In frolicsome mischief a white kitten sped :
But only when quietly we were at work,
Would he trouble the door with that queer little jerk ;
And, if never so softly with gentlest care,
We opened the door, yet no kitten was there ;
But one lovely night when the violets in bloom,
And spicy syringas filled the air with perfume,
In through the high casement he noiselessly crept,
And on the soft cushion he cosily slept,
Thus two or three nights he came in, but at dawn
At the sound of a voice, like a flash he was gone ;
One fine sabbath morning the hour being late
When the house was astir, bold babe did not wait
For papa and mamma, but scrambled outside
On the bed quilt and quickly his kitten espied ;
And kitten as quickly had recognized him,
And getting up shyly, stretched out either limb
Sharp clawed, yet so daintily clothed in white fur,
Looked at babe, at the casement, then softly did pur,
Ate breakfast, and afterwards sleek and content,
Forth and back at the door, or the window he went !
And such frolics there never was heard nor was seen,
With babe in the house, with his tail on the green ;
And babe did the spirit of mischief imbibe,
And to all imaginary tricks did subscribe ;
Ascertaining the fact that it made us all laugh
To hear his queer word, he would make a sure staff
Of the back of a chair for his plump little wrists,
And giving his plump face such queer little twists,
And bending half double with safely braced feet,
“Nickbarberperdicker,” he would glibly repeat ;
If the sign of a smile appeared on a lip,
His roguish face took more decided a tip,

And over and over the queer lengthy words
His rosy mouth hurried, with trills like a bird's,
Till bursting with laughter each one held her rib,
And hugged babe so close that we rumbled his bib ;
But the wonderful part of the story is this :
That when Sir White came he didn't make a miss
And enter my window, instead of the one
Where the papa, and mamma, and their little son
Were sleeping ; and rich and abundant as fee
For my verse is to tell how he came unto me ;
And this was the way : ere the summer exhaled
The fragrance of roses, the time had not failed
To bring to my people a home of their own,
So once more I was left in my dwelling alone ;
For into a box they had put young Sir White,
And with slats had made for him, quite cosy and tight,
A prison with straight, unsashed windows betwixt
The smooth-cut closely-nailed and well-arranged sticks.

I had kissed the dear papa, and kissed the dear ma,
And hugged to my bosom the gay little star
Of childhood, and blest them and sent them along
On their journey, then stood amidst the swift throng
Of mixed recollections, to watch the quick pace
Of the steed that bore them away from the place.
The swift turning wheels round a curve in the street
Hid them a moment, but their numbers complete,
Beyond the old bridge, were soon whirled into sight ;
And then, all at once there was somethiug all white,
That shot forth like a streak right over the ridge,
From the carriage, and whirred like the wind o'er the bridge !
With astounding velocity onward it came !
And so bristled its fur was, scarce could a name
Be given it, when near me it checked its wild speed !

Nor did it look back, nor to aught it gave heed,
Not even to rude boys that hooted and screeched ;
But it hastened along till my doorway it reached ;
Straight o'er my threshold young Sir White did tilt ;
And like something guilty, yet happy in guilt,
He besought my protection with great golden eyes,
And into my arms as a frightened child flies
From threatening dangers, he quickly did flee !
And this is the way that he came unto me.

THE GOLDEN VISION.

I slept ; and, lo ! upon the eastern heavens,
Where reared Mount Ledge its scowling, scraggy height,
A prophecy, engraved at hour of even,
In characters of gold, rose to my sight.

Each symbol, wrought distinct within azure space,
Emitted softened splendor as the night
Deepened ; no planets spangled heaven ; no moon
Upon its westward course gave silver light.

The lettered radiance filled the orient
With a square block of glory, clear and pale,
O'er vales in solemn quiet 'twixt the hills,
And hills upreared in grandeur o'er the vale.

And earth, not still, revolved within its track,
Lifting the wondrous beauty of the east
Slowly, as heavenly bodies after day
Roll on, until the starry night has ceased.

Words fail my sleeping vision to portray,
In all its marvellous and perfect grace,—
Richness indefinable, grandeur, elegance,
Clear cut and moving at the planets' pace.

As on the God's chirography I looked,
Startled, astonished, filled with trembling awe
And sense of beauty satisfied, inward
I was aware God spoke in what I saw.

Not like that servant of the olden time,
Had I the curse of lameness in my speech,
But strong myopia so chained my sight
I thought I could not read what God would teach.

And yet, each line distinctly marked, was traced
Upon its space of blue ; each word was clear,
Inlined with azure, and each letter spaced
Equally right athwart the atmosphere.

And each its ray emitted separate ;
Yet each gold spark uniting with the next
So fully, rays converged illumined the earth,
As by one globe from surfaces convexed.

And still I looked upon the whole as one
Looks upon written sheet ere read, to see
The shade and shape, relative length and bulk
Of elegant, unique chirography.

Not trusting God's hand to adjust the lens
Of eyes he gave, to distance measured out
By His own rule, no effort did I make,
But of ability steadfast stood in doubt.

Then, awed and silent, turned for human aid,
Which sought and brought, with hurried feet I trod ;
But, ah ! the eastern heavens contained no more
The golden letter from the hand of God !

O'erwhelmed with grief for unbelief I looked
Midway ; the zenith, arching high and blue
Bent o'er me ; north, south, westward turned my glance
And there beheld it passing from my view.

Behind the western highlands it sank down
Like setting planets, leaving in its wake,
Softer than sunset clouds, gold retinues,
Vapor condensed in mass, and fleck, and flake.

Then smote my heart awful regret and pain ;
My soul aloud cried and did humbly pray ;
" Lord ! send thy message back ! " and there in clouds
Sombre, haloed with bronze, gold letters lay,

Not as the first, upon a cloudless heavens,
But in a cloud, and but a single line ;
And not fully content, I tried to read,
But for short vision 'twas too far and fine.

Those whom I'd sought for aid had gone. I looked
Steadfastly on the words upon the sky ;
And full faith broke o'er me, from my heart,
" O Lord ! my sight is short ! " went forth the cry.

Then did contract distance ; voluminous cloud,
With motion grand, awful, did my vision fill ;
Its brightness, softly dimmed to shield my eyes,
Held in its folds these words : " Trust in Me still. "

Bitter discomfort seized upon my mind,
Resentful thoughts rose ; all those golden lines
First written, did I crave, the prophecy
That faith might grasp within those sparkling signs.

But inward by a voice was I apprised
That opportunity had once been mine,
And not secured was lost ; and now God's gift,
Through good or ill, was in this single line.

And there it stood before my face, engraved
In folds of sombre cloud, whose gloom it made
Beyond comparison so beautiful,
That all my fear, and dread, and doubt was stayed.

And I accepted ; not without regret
For what was lost, but wholly to God's will
So reconciled, that all my heart stood forth,
Receiving through his hand the good or ill.

THE MOURNER.

A LEGEND AMONG THE FLOWERS.

The mountains round Jerusalem
In graceful grandeur stood,
'Neath fragrance-laden breeze ; a gem
In rare and priceless wood,
And elegance and craft of art,
And marred magnificence,
Polished from temple unto mart,
In myrrh and frankincense
Rich to repletion, proudly sat
The city ; towered imperial
Obelisk and parapet ;
The highway, like a mighty mall,

Continuous life beset ;
And mighty traits of glory lost,
Begirt and strewed the site
Of her vast greatness ; ruins tossed
Rebuilt splendors bright ;
Cedars and firs of Lebanon,
Algum and molten brass,
Huge wall and pillar hewn of stone,
Carved posts and lights of glass.
Bustle and swift confusion filled
All life in house and street ;
The Passover was to be killed,
Unleavened bread was eat ;
Silver and golden dishes decked
The gorgeous board ; and vase
And pottery with jewels flecked
Held sensuous plants in place.

Each one among its leaves of green,
And each after its kind,
Blue heaven and emerald earth between,
Each to its place assigned,
The flowers bloomed ; scarlet, rose-reds,
Azures, purple, and white,
And royal yellows mixed ;
The lotus clan on crystal beds
Floated in golden light,
And slept beneath the silver stars,
And filled them one by one,
The full, rich, odorous cups ; its cars
Of ottar 'neath the sun
Of orient heaped to the brims
The sweet, voluptuous rose ;
And perfumes wafted from the cups
Which the sweet lily grows.

And all the rare and graceful shapes
Of blossoms fragrance gave ;
And flower of fruits, and bud of grapes,
All which do blush and wave,
Among the moss or on the branch,
Swung odorous globe or bell
On hill and vale, on lawn and ranch,
In woodland or in dell,
Or wheresoe'er bidden to grow ;
The lowliest and the best.
The blood-red heart, the leaf of snow,
Pearly or purple drest,
All drank the sunlight and the dew,
Received the cloud and rain ;
And wondrous beauty lived and grew,
And did adorn the plain ;
The groves of olives on the mount
Clothed fair Gethsemane ;
And banks of Cedron from its fount
Arrayed the bloom and tree.

Beneath the eve which slowly closed
Around Jerusalem,
Under the dew no blossom shut
Its petals ; on each stem
Blooms trembled ; and the quivering trees
Awake watched with the night
The agonies of God ! the breeze
Shivered with dread ; from sight
Shuddering the shining stars withdrew
To greater depths of atmosphere,
And hid themselves behind the blue
Of heaven, when with the tear
From eyes divine, poured down in sweat
Great drops of blood ! the herb

And plant upon the ground were wet
 With crimson ; did disturb
 Red drops the weeping, slender reed.
 The flowers watched and wept ;
 And one, a lowly flower, indeed,
 In white, grief-stricken swept
 Her humble, snowy dress away,
 And sombre clothing took,
 And mourned in ebon-black array
 In her secluded nook.

Slowly o'er earth crept forth the day ;
 And slowly gathering gloom
 Covered the morn, till darkness lay
 Like heavy, threatening doom
 Over the world, over the sky
 Of mid-day, as the cry
 “ *Eli Lama Sabachthani!* ”
 Broke forth aloud and high !
 The temple's veil was rent in twain,
 The earth quaked, rocks were rent !
 From graves to life dead bones again
 A resurrection sent !
 But when 'twas “ finished,” and to peace
 Each startled element
 Returned, and all great heaven's surcease
 From agitation lent
 The mighty concourse of its powers
 Again to bless the earth,
 Among the rocks, and trees, and flowers,
 In drapery and girth
 Of all habiliment no sign
 Of sorrowing grief did cleave,
 Save to one bloom, simple and fine,
 Which sought not to retrieve

The loss of dress of snowy white ;
The rugged rocks, that split
With fear and sorrow at the sight
Of dying Christ, were lit
With sparkles, and still decked with moss.
Lilies were cream-white still,
Roses blushed rose-red near the cross,
As on the distant hill ;
The trees were clothed with emerald,
The limpid Cedron dashed
Over its pebbles, and enthralled
By sunbeams, upward flashed
Innumerable sunlets bright ;
Only this humble bloom
Wore sable on Golgotha's height,
And mourned beside its tomb.
But when the heavy stone rolled back
From the closed sepulchre,
And God came forth, the folded black
That wrapped and enclosed her
Unfolded to the morning sun,
And two blood-drops like dew
Stood on her breast ; and in the one
Calvary shone through and through ;
And in the other steadfast gleamed
The sad Gethsemane.
The flowers beheld ; upon the north,
East, west, and south, each tree
Looked on the miracle, and saw
The intermingling drops,
By some mysterious holy law,
Drawn to the mountain tops,
And there above the heights unite
With drop by drop of blood

Within a chalice purely white
As snowy, foamy sud,
Shaped like the flower-cup whose pure snow
Was changed to sable hue,
When God's great heart did overflow
In bloody sweat like dew !
Beyond the hosts of heaven which thronged
In myriads through the air,
The Precious Drops, to which belonged
Redemption everywhere
To all created slowly formed,
Beneath a mystic veil
With inner life colored and warmed,
The Holy, Holy Grail !
And on the blossom's ebon leaf,
Where laid the drops of red,
In measure of a moment brief,
A rosy light was shed !
Then instantly there blossomed out
Upon the sombre spray,
In its corolla, all about
Where tiniest petals lay,
Mixture of shades such as produced
Only by cloud and sun,
When ebony and rose-red loosed
Do mingle into one !
And every rich-hued leaflet held
Tiny stars silver white ;
And from their depths sweet perfumes welled
Under morn's golden light !
And richer than the richest rose
The blossom knows no blight.

OUR PLAY DAY.

Hannah and I, right away from our work,
Listlessly sauntering out over the fields ;
And yet, neither one was ever a shirk,
Nor yet, to the shrine of pleasure has kneeled ;
But to-day is a play-day ; and for awhile
Our hands may rest from our labors ; our feet
By the cool shades of the groves so beguiled
May leisurely turn to their fragrant retreat.

The summer in earth and air is replete
With beautiful symbols ; crowned are the hills
With emerald ; the valleys are lovely and sweet
With leafage and bloom ; and glad are the rills
That trill low, gay laughter over the sweeps
Of miniature cataracts ; pebble and ledge
Are adorned with green cress, even where each leaps
Betwixt its green banks bedecked with blue sedge.

The heights in the distance are hazy and dim,
The skies are arrayed in their glory of blue ;
And all that is lavish in beauty and grace,
This full summer day seems to bring into view.
My soul is exalted, o'erfilled with rich sense
So fully that silence abides on my lip ;
And Hannah's dear voice is hushed, so entranced
Is her soul. The honey-bees murmur and sip
Their food from the flowers ; the gay butter-fly
Is languid in seeking the clover's rich cup ;
And gracefully spreading its beautiful wings
On the spray, it rests while it draws honey up
From their sweet crimson hearts ; and Hannah and I,
Seeing all beautiful things, giving ear
To the melodies trilled from the throat of the bird,

And the melodies gurgled by brooklets, and sounds
 Of wind-harps, are silent so deeply are stirred
 The depths in our hearts. First is my voice
 To break the sacred and chastening spell
 On our tongue by marvellous works which the Lord
 Has placed on the hill, in the field, and the dell.

As I glance, Hannah's face is wholly alive
 With holy and beautiful thoughts of her heart.
 (Stately, and grand, and noble her own self
 A marvel of grace, of God's work the best part,)
 My glance must have challenged a ready response
 By the soul's secret telegraph, for quickly turns
 Her eyes towards mine, and in their blue orbs
 The ample conception of earnest thought burns ;
 My lips breaking forth with the language they feel,
 Elicit a mutual responsal from her :
 And we talk as we walk, and talk when we sit
 On the gray moss-grown rock beneath the fringed fir.
 Such converse is luxury ; such rare interchange
 Of thought with a mind so ample and fine
 Is like plucking rare blossoms from gardens of flowers,
 Or culling rich jewels and gems from the mine ;
 To strengthen my soul, and give my heart rest
 From the burdens of life ; and wealth above gold,
 And gems beyond price, in the presence of God,
 I get when with Hannah such converse I hold.

THE HOLIDAY.

In the years ago, when summer and spring
 Together stood, and covered the land
 With every lovely and beautiful thing
 Which comes from the Father's bounteous hand,

Over the fields where the meadows lay,
And into the forests cool and deep,
The rosy children in happy play
Climbed up the hillsides rugged and steep.

Beyond the bramble where valleys were green,
They culled the blooms from the dale and the glen,
And sat by the brook where the willows lean,
And shyly peeped at the fox's den.
Laughed they gladly, and rambled about ;
But ever as hillside or brake they trod,
From all their sports one child was left out !
She sat when they sat upon the green sod !

But not so near that her little bare feet
Or her form in tattered and soiled rags dressed,
Could touch the mosses so soft and sweet
Upon the same mound which gaiter boots pressed !
Closely she followed wherever they led,
And plucked the blossoms where they had stood,
And gathered the cress from the brooklet's bed,
And chased the butterflies through the wood.

She searched the ground where their lunch had laid,
And ate the morsels of cheese and bread,
And rested her head with its tangled braid
Against the Newfoundland dog they had fed ;
But never by thought, by word, or by sign,
Did the children, so merry and gay,
Clothed in garments so pretty and fine,
Make the beggar girl welcome that day.

Never a kindness to her did they show,
Nor blessed themselves with a bliss indeed,
By imparting joy to want and woe,
Or by giving aid to souls in need.

A stranger sitting beneath the trees
 With hugh portfolios on his knee,
 Said to a joyous girl: "Will you please
 To come and sit a moment with me,

"And tell me, when the heaven is so blue,
 And all the earth so lovely and fair,
 And children happy, and animals too,
 Why that child's poor little feet are bare?
 And why her face is so wan and sad?
 And why you shun the poor, ragged one?
 See! the dog of her presence is glad!
 And she sits in the light of the great God's sun!"

Answered the girl with a downcast face,
 "She ought to be pitied, sir, we know;
 But she lives in an old and filthy place,
 And she is the daughter of drunkard Joe!"
 The stranger was silent, but took his pen,
 And wrote these words on a great blank leaf:
 "Should the transgressions of unholy men
 Condemn the guiltless to scorn and grief?

"Or does our All-wise Father above
 Shut the bright sunlight out of the sky
 Over her head? or less of his love
 Does she receive than you or than I?
 What is much wealth or fine elegance worth,
 If it drives sweet charity far away?
 The great pure Christ, were He on the earth,
 Would bless that child in his arms to-day!"

Out of the book the great page was torn,
 And the children read it again and again;
 And although its folds are creased and worn,
 As full are its maxims now as then!

And to-day in the cause of temperance,
Are earnest workers, who years ago
In childhood, shunned with a scornful glance
The ragged daughter of drunkard Joe !

ON THE RIVER.

Low in the far west
The sun sank down in banks of gold,
Which promised a bright to-morrow ;
But the northern winds were bitterly cold,
And wavered, and wailed,
And moaned like the voice of sorrow.

The hedges and shrubs,
The smallest twigs and the tallest trees
Were covered with icy glories,
Which glittered and fell in every breeze
That talked to the pines,
And whispered strange old stories.

Down in the valley,
Nestling amid the eastern hills,
Lay the "rolling" frozen river ;
And westward and southward were gurgling rills,
Whose ices were touched
By shafts from the sun's gold quiver.

With laughter and shouts,
The skaters had gathered hours ago ;
And now, in the purple gloaming,
When Luna looked over the mountain's snow,
Sandalled with silver,
And prepared for her nightly roaming,

All over the glare
Of sparkling ice, the ringing steel
Swept swift ; and blithe hearts, together,
Sent out from gay lips gay peal after peal
Of laughter ; and cheeks
Red roses caught from the clear weather.

And Latin, and French,
Ologies, isms, and all other things,
Were forgotten or buried by pleasure,
While skimming along like birds upon wings,
Joy keeping time
To every bounding heart measure.

Dull boys and dull girls
Are made by all work and no play ;
Promoters of health and knowledge
The holidays are ; a revel to-day
Will only advance
To-morrow's tasks in the college.

And sweet is the sleep
Which seals bright eyes in blissful rest,
After the frolic is over ;
But is there a heart among them so blest
As this little heart
Abed on last summer's dead clover ?

Upon the low shore
Her white face lies, where the moon's light
Through the leafless branches quiver ;
Alone in the hush of the solemn midnight,
Wakelessly sleeping
By the "rolling" frozen river.

Scantily clothed in rags,
Soiled hand folded upon soiled hand,
To guard the few pennies given
By the blithest ones of the merry band,
Whom told she her feet
From shelter by hunger were driven.

Tangled, golden hair
Floats loosely about the pinched face,
As the north winds moan like sorrow,
And wailing, waver over the place
Which will tell a tale
Of poverty on the morrow.

Cries of pain from cold
Part not her lips ; and hunger and frigh,
Again can disturb her never ;
Alone sleeps she in the solemn midnight,
And a weary soul
Rests well in the "bright forever."

LOLA ALSLYN.

'Twas in the beautiful season
Of summer, when all things fair,
And the glory of all beauteous things
Were in both earth and air.

On hillsides waved the grasses,
And in the vales below
Rolled the great river, broad and deep,
Crested with foam like snow.

Gay birds sweet songs were singing,
Where thickly as could stand
The trees, the grand old wood swept down
Close to the river's sand.

And open glades and meadows,
Where swift the waters pour,
Profuse with semi-tropic blooms,
Indented either shore.

Southland was rich in beauty
Voluptuous and sweet ;
And rugged Northland, with her flowers,
Brought forth rich fields of wheat.

The wealth of nature's bounty
Was in the lavish gift,
Which decked the plains and crowned the mounts
That towering heights uplift.

The elements were peaceful ;
The blue skies overhead,
Adorned with floating, hazy clouds,
A halcyon calm outspread ;

But deeper blots were staining
Grounds where the great wilds stand,
Than purple blood of purple grape,
Where red war cursed the land.

Shaking in watchful terror,
Bombarded cities sat ;
And thick-lipped servile ate his bread
With proud aristocrat.

And towns and rural hamlets,
Shrinking in dread and fear,
And battle-grounds with many scars,
And ruined homes were near.

Upon the rolling highlands,
Beyond where the river flows,
On either side the flower-crowned glen
Looked forth the fearless foes.

In grand array of battle,
The mighty forces stood ;
And brave and gallant, either flank
Reached out beyond the wood.

Hard to the front the rifles
To order prompt were set,
And in the rear of mounted gun
Bristled the bayonet.

Gleaming with fiery vigor,
The sea of rolling eyes
Of war-horse glanced, eager for fight
And fierce for battle-cries.

Along the lines the signals
Were given ; and every man
Stood at his post, brave and steadfast ;
When suddenly, in van

Between the hostile armies,
Appeared a little child,
Unmindful of the dangerous path
And by sweet flowers beguiled.

Among the fragrant blossoms,
As lovely as a dream
Of loveliness, its happy face
Smiled in the sun's bright beam ;

The fine, dainty adornings
Of pretty frock and dress,
Showed someone's pride in the sweet babe,
And someone's tenderness.

Gay as the birds, and merry,
Unconscious of the wrong,
Unconscious of an evil thing,
It sang its little song,

And gathered up the blossoms
From every shrub and spray,
And paddled in the tiny brook
Which leaped across its way.

Quick ran a counter signal
Flashing along the line !
And on the slopes the noble foe
Sped forth a counter sign !

From lip to lip the story
In wild excitement sprang :
And every heart, with love of home,
To throbbing measure sang ;

And every valiant warrior
Standing within his place,
Strained every inch of height to gain
Glimpse of the baby's face !

Straightway the great commander,
 Stooping with tender speed,
Lifted and set the pretty babe
 Upon his coal-black steed ;

He saw, in his own bosom,
 The hearts of all brave men,
And bitterly regretted war
 As he rode through the glen,

And soothed with tender language
 The child, who, though half scared,
Was pleased to ride, and laughed and talked
 In soft tones gay and glad.

At last from the fixed columns
 Of living statues, went
A voice that shouted out the thoughts
 Of half the regiment ;

“ If you love your babes good General,
 For each good soldier's sake,
Hold up that blessed babe to sight,
 Lest all our hearts do break !”

Wheeled swiftly round the General ;
 “ These men at any price,
 Should feed their hungry homesick hearts !”
And twice and even thrice,

Close to fixed ranks riding,
 His hat he slowly doffed,
And her rosy face turned to the lines,
 He held the child aloft !

“Tell them your name ;” He whispered,
“ And tell them to be brave.”
Then, softly rang the echoing vales
With the clear shout she gave.

“My name is Lola Alslyn !
And I live just by the wood
Where mamma lives ! and mamma says
That all brave men are good !”

Ah ! then, as down the valley
The gallant, black steed sped,
A simultaneous cheer broke forth ;
And by their leader led,

The brave and noble foemen
Who looked upon the feat,
Ceased not their cheers till hill and dale
Echo did they repeat ;

And when the raging conflict
Waged hard betwixt the foes,
And on the beauteous hills and glens
The hell of war uprose,

Each soldier fought for country,
For babes, and friends, and home,
As valiantly, and gloriously,
As Romans fought for Rome.

BARBARA FRITCHIE.*

“Up to the meadows rich with grain,”
Northward the rebel warriors came,
Whether in sunshine or whether in rain
Marched they onward until the town
Of Frederick under the hills, was down
Beneath them. Its storied walls of white
Stood in the early September light
As quiet as cities asleep at night.

Valiant men of strength and might,
Some for the wrong, and some for the right,
Were out of the town and away in the fight.

Many hearts in the grand old town,
Hoped for the South a quick renown
Of victory, which if the day had won,
Deeper with crimson her streets had run ;
And darker the record of innocent blood
Shed with the whip-lash against her had stood !

But some old faces were stern, and set
Against rebellion with haughty regret ;
And some old hearts were “loyal yet.”

Many flags on their hoisted staffs,
Unfolded, and folded their silken scarfs
Upon the breath of every breeze
Sweeping along through the “fruited” trees.

* This poem was written not from any disrespect or censure of the noble mind that gave us the beautiful poem, which is a picture and an inspiration, but simply from the irresistible impulse which has moved my pen since childhood.

Oft, as the rebel horde was led
 By "Stonewall Jackson riding ahead,"
 Force, and riot, and fear did drown
 Dissenting voices along the street ;
 And din and confusion reigned complete !
 Throughout the city from left to right
 Was struck down union banners in sight !
 Nor any resistance disputed their sway :
 Brave hearts remembered this point in the law,
 Silent *leges inter arma*.

As largely the triumphs rejoiced in the day,
 Lo ! there in a window two streets away,
 A small silken flag with the breezes at play
 Furled and unfurled its stripes and its stars
 Fully in front of the southern cross-bars !

While closely beside it guarding the place
 With venerable presence and haughty grace,
 Were the wrinkled outlines of a proud old face !
 Suddenly under his gray coat stirred
 The leader's heart, and his voice was heard,
 Along the ranks as he turned about,
 And from his countenance honor shone out !
 "Who touches a hair of an aged head
 Shall be whipped like a cur ! March on !" he said !

All the day amid jeers and scoff,
 Barbara Fritchie's silken cloth,
 Silvery starred and striped with red,
 Guarded only by her gray head,
 And aged tongue ; wise, and forsooth,
 Sharper far than a serpent's tooth,
 Waved and folded upon the wind ;
 While far to the front and farther behind

Lounged the lines of the coats of gray
By market and curbstone ; and every day,
Bowed with years the proud old dame,
To visit old neighbors went and came,
And often, not lightly, when lounged in her way
Her old cane jostled their coats of gray !
Never in Frederick city was known
In more than a hundred years gone,
Love of patriot more replete,
Zeal of patriot more complete.

Not many days past ere there came a band
Of union soldiers through Maryland ;
They, also hungry were pleased to see
Luscious fruitage on field and lea ;
Ate they also, as ate before
The famished rebels ; but never more
Or better cheer were bread and wine,
To famished hearts, than the small ensign
Starred with silver and striped with red,
Guarded by Barbara Fritchie's gray head !

Joy upon every countenance fell !
Honor and love every heart did swell !
The leader said, " It is guarded well,
Face about, my boys ; and cheer with a will.
The blessed old soul who is ' loyal still ! ' "

Right about faced the dust-tired ranks
Filling in from the western banks !
And clearly and heartily burst their thanks !
" Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! " swelled from the ranks !

IV'E TWINED A WREATH OF ROSES.

WRITTEN AT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

I've twined a wreath of roses,
Dear sister, for your brow,
With graceful odorous lilies ;
Please, to accept it now :
I've twined the wreath of roses
The odorous blooms beside,
To grace your brow sweet sister,
When you become a bride.

I've twined the wreath of roses
For your dark, wavy hair ;
I've taken all the thorns off,
There's not even one there.
I've twined it in remembrance
Of happy days that's passed :
The early days of childhood
Too sweet and swift to last.

O happy, happy hours !
Hours that cannot return !
Since then you've learned hard lessons ;
But there are more to learn.
For future years o'erfilling
With duties in your life,
Will bring new cares and sorrows
For husband and for wife.

God keep your hearts together !
And speed your feet alway,
Towards the golden portals
Where peace shall crown the day !

This the wish dear sister,
My fingers weave to-night
Among the fragrant roses
And lillies pure and white.

A VIEW IN THE PICTURE GALLERY OF NATURE.

Right across the blue north, and across the blue west,
As black as erebus, lies a low cloud,
And electric scuds in the wildest unrest,
Increasing density add to its dark shroud.

Right across the black north, and across the black west,
The swift vivid chains of the lightning now dash,
Or the sharp shining blades, with quivering zest,
Flash through the wild air, and the great thunders crash.

Southward the pale azure, an azure indeed,
Rounds grandly its beautiful, cloud-flecked arch
Over the grain-fields, the rank brake, and the reed,
Over green waving grasses, and lithe slender larch.

The low valley, bounded by circular sweeps
Of woodlands is level, and fertile, and green ;
And eastward the distant ledge stands in huge steeps,
Beyond the thick forest which stands in between !

And north by the west where the black clouds arose,
Across a clear stream a small open glade,
Which 'twixt the rich woodlands the rich views disclose,
Show highlands well tilled, and the farm-house well made ;

And yonder, just north of the slope of the hill,
Is the small rural village, though not within sight,
Except where the few scattered domiciles fill
The square where the white church looms forth in the light.

The farm-house down in the green valley is old ;
The walls are unpainted, the roof mossed and low ;
And the vine that climbs over the worn threshold,
By fair hands was planted, and pruned years ago.

Taller and more ample, now seems in the gloom
Its outlines, as mass after mass of the folds
Of the voluminous thunder cloud rumble and boom,
And swiftly exhibit the speed which it holds.

A terrible grandeur is in the great curves
Of the vast moving clouds ; a fearful unique,
And graceful sublimity ; a blackness which swerves
With every discharge of electric gorged peak,

Now it sweeps towards the zenith ; it thickens, it whirls ;
Blackness gathers blackness ; the masses increase !
And condensed the rain-sacks now gather their pearls ;
And the belching artillery of heaven does not cease !

But see ; where the rain-sacks collect in great haste,
A rift to be filled has given slight delay
To its grand awful progress, and now from the base
A wind-scud darts under and clears a full way,

For the soft glowing disk of the low sinking sun,
Which pours a veiled radiance all over the scene ;
In a moment the golden-hazed glory, begun
At the edge, makes the great cloud a soft shining sheen.

The prominent, black, threatening masses assume
 A flush of rich carmine, and rich yellow glints ;
 And the detached wind-bloated headers give room
 To thunner-peaks graced by deep, tawny red tints.

And beneath the half curve of the rugged cloud jam
 With its great jagged rims and huge bulk so vast,
 The rain ducts still fill, and rose, gold, green, and cam
 Intermingle, mix, and blend as they are amassed.

Soft, luminous, awful in grandeur and grace,
 Wondrous in its beauty, in volume sublime,
 In motion magnificent, rolling in space,
 Piled, crowded, and giving forth voice all the time.

The vale, with its green shady woodlands begirt,
 Like a valley enchanted lies in the rich haze
 Of the great shining sheen, and bright eyes alert,
 From the worn olden casement in awed wonder gaze ;

And the young faces blush, and the older ones glow
 Neath the beautiful rosy-golden cascade
 Of reflection, and the homestead, time-scathed and low,
 In its light like a fairy-land castle is made.

THE TERRORS.

PART FIRST.

Came o'er the eastern hills the day ;
 And up the golden splendors rolled,
 And morn was vocal. On the air
 Ruby and sapphire plumage gleamed,

And sparkled 'mid green leaves all hues
From carbuncle to amethyst ;
Seemed it as if all precious stone
Had been dissolved and poured apace
Upon the earth, and formed instant
And miscellaneous, some
Into blossoms, some into birds,
And all vivific, every bird
Breathing fine music, sweet perfume
Each blossom. Level lay the plains
Upon the west ; upon the east
Sloped down the everlasting heights.
Spontaneous luxury the east,
Spontaneous luxury the west,—
All nature bearing on its brow
The seal of God's remembrances,
And in its bosom tokens rare
Of His great love ; yet all His works
Were scandalized by man, of all
His works the greatest ! Eastern mounts
Standing in holy beauty heard,
Not distant, strife without reason,
And saw throughout the favored land
Oppression without clemency.
Along the green walls to the right,
Along the green walls to the left,
And o'er the emerald middle heights,
Trailed paths with foot-prints stamped in blood !
And snapped red whip-lashes, and shrieked
The fugitive ! The queenly West
Beheld her plains spout blood, beheld
Murder and treason stalk abroad
Upon her borders in full day !
And under cover of the night

Flame-tongues lick human flesh !
 Beheld trees in her lovely woods
 Bear marks which cried to heaven !
 And heard voices of Cains asking :
 “ Am I my brother’s keeper ? ” Signs
 Of times were heavy ; few souls read
 And waited ; many ran along
 The beaten paths of sin, loaded
 With sin from the sun’s rising
 Unto the rising of the sun !
 No day, however fair and clean,
 Bore a clean record of the land ;
 This day, as beautiful as that
 Which dawned in Eden, looked on deeds
 Of darkness, riot, and unbelief !

Another morn from paradise
 Dropped from the fingers of the Lord,
 And gathered up the registers
 Of nations. In Columbia
 Her curses stronger waxed ; bondage
 And unbelief,— and last and first,
 And first and last, intemperance,
 Mother of evils,— all combined,
 Babelic tumult wrought ! Word war
 Waged hard ; and lead and steel cut paths
 When worsted argument prevailed !
 Men thundered in the capitol
 One hour, and in the next forgot
 The people’s trust over the glass !

Along its path night’s slow retreat
 Is followed by gradual advance

Of morn. The occident is night ;
The orient is day ; midway
The gloaming, where they touch, mingling
Soft dusk mantles the skies westward
Below the zenith ; shaded light
Eastward. Beneath a wealth of blooms
A nightingale sings to the night ;
And sings unto the rising morn
A robin in her leafy bower ;
The winds are still, and to the ear
The voices of the waters come ;
Verdure o'erspreads the earth, and peace
Rests on the calm expanse of heaven.
Teems with rich growth the land ; where hands
Of man have tilled, bountiful gifts
Of harvest promises glad spring ;
In joyous nature all is well.
But sits amid the haunts of men
Upon Columbia's soil the plague
Grown to enormity ; black wrath,
Deliberate intrigue, hot haste,
And violence collide and throw
Terrors broadcast over the South !
And through the great heart of the North
Strikes dread ! Treason sly treachery breeds !
And bold rebellion's bloody arm
Breaks union ! Chaos whirls along
And dashes hard from side to side !
Compulsion scours east and west,
And grapples with the South ! pale fear
Flies from the hands of murder ! Truth
Strangled or pierced falls everywhere,
From far inland unto the bounds
Of the Great Gulf ! the voice of blood

Cries from the ground, and equity
 Beneath a "Reign of Terrors" dies !
 Patient Northland breaks bread of peace
 And bears it in her open palm
 To mad, misguided Southerland !
 But fury flings the offering back
 And strikes the nation's vitals ! Roused
 The North listens ! An awful pause
 Ensues, in which the cannon's boom
 Comes from bombarded Sumpter ! Hark !
 Boreal Columbia lifts herself,—
 Slowly at first,— and loth to plunge
 The common weal into red war,
 Whose yawning jaws disclose horrors
 And "persecutions as ne'er was !"
 But driven, she takes her weight and leaps !
 Death shrieks along her track ! Great shocks
 Thunder against the world and jar
 The universe ! Foes, face to face,
 Meet brothers ! Sons quarter give not
 To hoary-headed sires ; and sires
 Spare not their sons ! Amaze,
 Confusion, and despair cry out,
 Until the tumults reach God's throne,
 And wonder seizes Emyprean !

 PART SECOND.

CAMILLA CAMERON.

The nightingale sang to the night ;
 And beauteous stood the highlands far
 Eastward, within the silver haze
 Of mist and moonlight mingling free,
 Over the boiling turbulence

Fretting the giant waters ; sweet
The balm-fraught breezes were ; and soft
Their voices 'mid the whispering pines ;
The vales were spread with light and shade
Alternate dark and silver white ;
And up the glade streamed a broad path
Of radiance, reaching o'er the lawn
And touching even the casement high,
Without a shadow on its course.
In the full rays Camilla sat,
And long and earnestly pondered
Upon the mystery which wrapped
And terrified the troubled town.
Search had extended wide, even down
Into the rolling waters ; naught
Being discovered, babes and sire
Were given o'er to loss ; and minds
With vague suspicion and close thought
Turned somewhat to the harder hearts
And slavery opinions of men
Whose lives went opposite to those
Who stepped into danger-filled ways
Of liberty from chains and whips ;
Among the rioters were mouths
That no regret had e'er expressed
For the event which left no voice
To teach them at the altar : one
Had in his heart been glad, and lived
Continual joy, that 'neath the rose
Where odorous the crimson leaves
Came down in showers, no footsteps trod
With fair Camilla, and no words
Wiser than he himself might speak,
Allured the maid ; mad jealousy

Was soothed, yet fearful that its cause
Might be renewed ; and yet, the tongue
Of Oswald hard would have proclaimed
Horror against a murderer,
And hard his hand would have condemned.
So forcible his joy, so weak
And thin his trouble and regret
For crime which some hand must imbue,
His mood could scarcely hide itself
From eyes for whose approval he
Was not untrammelled by fierce sin ;
Only an hour ago, his mouth
Answering, so slow and unconcerned,
Conjectures, and full fears, and doubts
In fair Camilla's words, had lost
To him the evening with herself,
And sent her from him : he was left
Among the blossoms. Hard his heel
Into the fragrance-laden soil
Ground the odorous crimson leaves,
As up the foot-path went her feet,
Not lingering even at the door
To ascertain if he were gone,
Or if he tarried 'neath the rose,
Wishing for her return ; his glance
Toward the casement now revealed
The maiden in cool loveliness,
Full in the moonlight radiance ;
And in her hand something she held
Which glittered in the lambent rays,
And which, turned to his eager eyes,
Showed the fine setting of a face
Pictured and framed in gleaming gilt,
Which he had looked upon too oft

Readily not to recognize
At so far range as to be seen ;
Even its glittering encasement
Was stamped upon his memory.
Now in the moonlight it squarely
Threw swift reflection to his gaze.
Did the manœuvre of her hand
Purposely slant the hated thing
So that his jealous vision straight
Might look upon it? knowing the fact
That he was still among the flowers,
Although her glance had ne'er once sought
The spot since stately she withdrew,
Did her fair cheek approximate
The likeness that she looked upon
To show him whither went her heart !
In rage he smote his double fist
At the reflection ! then strode off
Grinding his heels upon the sward !
And vowed he in his burning wrath
And in the anguish stinging him,
That he would ne'er return again !
And although condemnation sure,
And although fixed his principles
Against all criminals, yet quick
Sprang joy into his soul at thoughts
In connection with death and one
Whose fate was wrapped in mystery.

Night passed ; and o'er the lambent train
Of jewels glittering on the sky
Day cast its mellow glory. Sleep
Only in fitful spells had closed
The lashes of unhappy eyes,
And sullen and hard pressed with woe

Rose Oswald ; nor the mellow sheen
Under the sunlight on the hill,
Nor shade and sunlight in the vales,
Opening the starry white of blooms
And setting wide the folded caps
Of scarlet on the crowded hedge,
Nor yet, the balmy breath of breeze
Loaded with moisture from the dews,
Sweet with the odor from the rose,
Nor the grand views of nature's craft
In graceful medley everywhere,
Could stir his blood to quicker throbs
Than heavy sorrow brings ; no task
Employed his hands or taxed his mind ;
But lounging 'neath the blossomed bower
Whose loveliness he did not see,
Or loitering listless on the heath,
Or up the heights whose ruggedness
And grandeur lay before his eyes
As though not there, thus he the day
Passed wearily ; but when the sun,
Lifting as screens before its disk
The sloping highlands of the west,
Shadowed the distance to the midst
Of the great range of eastern hills,
And crowned their tops with a broad belt
That gave them rocks and trees of gold,
He turned his footsteps to the path
Whose crimson drapery had felt
The grinding of his angry heel.

Having passed quickly o'er the lawn
And through the gate-way, high and wide,
Which dropped its ivy, till green leaf
And little curly tendrils touched

The traveler's head, he issued forth,
And went along the narrow way
Embowered, and lined with trees and vines,
And through the wicket entered in
Among the flowers. The crimson rose
Still lifted up its bloom-crowned branch,
And shook vermilion fragrance down
Upon the tryst, and purple light
O'erspread the heavens except where gold
Half-circling, spangled in the west
Dotted each side by roseate cloud.

Almost involuntarily glanced
Toward the casement Oswald's eyes,
Frowns gathering dark upon his brow ;
As if in answer 'mid the flowers
Somewhere a silvery laughter pealed ;
His fiery heart instant offense
Took and he stood angered again ;
But from the bowers of bloom emerged
Camilla with her slender hands
Uplifted to hold back the vines ;
She paused a moment, looking straight
Upon his frowning countenance ;
The ebon lace fallen away,
Had left her white arms 'mid the leaves
Of emerald ; in massive braids
Her blonde hair crowned her stately head,
And on her beauteous face a smile,
Half of amusement, half of joy,
To meet his presence, greeted him.
"Come we in peace or war?" she said,
Scanning his gloomy, joyless face.
Then straight towards her, Oswald stepped
And offering two open palms

He answered : " I've been taught, to-day
And in last midnight, what I am
Without Camilla ! Is she mine ? "

" And you were with the rioters ! "

She said, returning with keen glance
His steadfast look of hope and woe.
And yet, her hands had sudden dropped
The clinging foliage, and touched,
And yielded to his open palms
Which held them in unsteady clasp.
And still she spoke not unkindly ;

" I cannot wed a rioter,
Nor one so narrow in his views :
Or else corrupt — as to desire
The servitude unrecompensed
Of an inferior, whose sphere
Might be uplifted to a plane
Of excellence by liberty. "

" Rather their liberty might give
Disaster to the land ! " he said ;

" But let that rest, for opposite
Our views, sure, need not clash to-night
Upon a problem time will solve
Giving the might unto the right !
And since I'm grieved that e'er my arm
Was raised in riot ! " " Bring to me
Solution of the mystery
That terrifies, and stirs the town,
And is a trouble in our hearts,
And I will talk with you again, "
She answered, testing him. Turned he
His face away in keen swift pain.

" Was he so much to you ? " he asked.

" And if he were, and knowing it,

Would you not help the one you loved
To happiness?" she quickly replied.
Transfigured was the face he bent
Toward her; "with my life," he said;
"Then do my bidding, noble sir!"
She smiled upon him as she spoke,
And something from her eyes looked out
Which made him bold enough to stoop
His lips to hers; then he was gone
To ferret like a terrier
That which might bring happy reward;
And she waited under the tryst
Until along the moon's broad path
Over the lawn he went from sight,
And echoes of his steps were still;
And then she waited listening
And hoping that he might return,
Until the throbbing of her pulse
Was calmer and the swift regret
Was somewhat hushed, that troubled her
With earnest wishes that her lips
Had showed him where her heart was kept.

And well would it have been for peace
Of both, if so divulged had been
The sacred secret; for before,
Not many days had brought no clue
To guide Oswald about his quest,
Red war roared upward from the south
And belched a challenge on the air
Upon old Sumpter! and with pride
Oswald, waiting Camilla's voice
To call him when she wanted him
If she would have him come again
Without the quest, sprang up 'to arms'

With those brave warriors who steadfast
Fought 'mid the ranks in union blue !
While she within her inmost mind
Shut the keen trouble of her heart
That whispered Oswald had grown cold
Toward her, thinking that her love
Was given the preacher and his babes ;
But ever, though her heart was sore,
Her ready feet found many to-days
Into abodes of suffering ;
And dilligently did her hands
Administer to want, and soothe
Sorrows such as the terrors brought ;
And all humanity around
Her sphere of life were haply blessed
More fully through her nobleness,
And gave the blessings back in love ;
And with her might she boldly cast
Strict measure 'gainst the fearful powers
Of alcohol which multiplied
Its curses and depravities !
And minds of men slowly awoke,
Through her swift warnings, to the truths
So manifest, and force began
To gather strength against the times
That swift necessity should bring.
And e'er Camilla watched the lists
And records of the cruel war,
And marked with pride her hero's fame ;
She fought his battles to success
With prayers that ne'er denial took ;
And lifted up with all her soul
Her voice amid the cry for peace
And an unshackled liberty !

And always something strongly drew
 Her from her troubled doubts toward
 Assurance that the day would come
 When once again under the tryst,
 The opportunity once lost
 Would bring the happiness she missed,
 And make it of a nobler worth,
 And fuller in completeness ; thus
 The cruel years rolled on and on,
 When wrestling with the terrors, hard
 Columbia smote the land with death !

PART THIRD.

THE BATTLE.

In every garden, every street,
 Is wealths of richness all complete ;
 And rare and gorgeous blush and bloom,
 And subtle, languishing perfume
 That lulls to sleep fair indolence,
 That rocks to sleep voluptuous sense
 Within the haughty city's gate !

She sits in beauty and does wait,
 Secure in confidence, the fate
 Of the great Northerland ; but hark !
 A warning in the air awakes
 The sensuous city ! Northern winds
 Waft terror to the Southern rose !
 But still in pride the Crescent sits !
 The slave his ebon body squats,
 And basks beneath the purple sky
 In tropic heat ; but hark ! the cry
 Comes nearer ; still haughty and calm

She rests secure in the strong arm
Of hosts which sweep the river's mouth,
And brave ships waiting at her door !
And rage meets rage ! and strife's hot hate
A little northward from her gate,
Decks all the land with funeral drape !
And purple blood of purple grape
Drips from the fruit upon the stain
Of crimson where the dead has lain !
The snow-white flower and emerald leaf
Heavily blush with scarlet grief !
And nearer roars the cannon's boom !
Appalling tumults reach the sky,
And nearer comes the city's doom !
The earth is shocked with shuddering jar
From belching mouth of mounted gun ;
Dense clouds of smoke obscure the sun !
Alarums seize the haughty spot ;
And day and night, and day and night,
Footsteps are measured by the throbs
Of anxious pulse ; from her strong seat
Of haughtiness the hurrying town
With fear outside her walls looks down :
She sees the Mississippi flow
Over its sands, now swift, now slow !
She marks along its bending shore
Fair banks where pleasure dips the oar,
Sees where the canes of sugar grow,
Sees where the cotton, white as snow,
Is gathered by the cringing slave ;
Sees where the landmaid daily toils,
Whose olive cheeks and lustrous eyes,
Whose wealth of raven, wavy hair,
Wrapping her figure, lithe and fair,

Had got its glossy floss of silk
Not from her dusky mother's milk.
Sees where is intellect and soul
That well a nation's power might roll
Upon its tongue in eloquence,
Except for the cursed whip and block
Which barter men as horse or ox ;
Sees the full time of judgment near,—
And vengeance, crouching full in sight,
Hurls justice downward in a night !
The day dawned beautiful ; awake
Were gorgeous tropic birds before
The purple dawn along the east ;
Before the flowers began to feast
Upon the mellow, tawny wine
Of sunlight flowing heavily
Over the tawny heavens. But hark !
A blast of terror madly thrills
Along the vales where sugar brake
Bends to the breeze ! boom ! boom ! boom !
How swift the furious cannonade
Pours shot and shell ! boom ! boom !
And swift and steady smite the foes,
Each smiting each, until there roars
A hell on Mississippi's wave,
So wild that crimson drops do drip
Over the side of each good ship ;
And such tremendous noise does break
Upon the ear, fish stunned to death
Upon the waters do float up,
Their spotted bellies stained with red,
That drops out from the hearts of men.
But not yet daunted still they fight,
Who fought two battles in a day,

In rear of gallant Commodore !
The affrighted heavens are overcast
With canopies of smoke ; and past
The struggling conquerors, sheets of flame
And steamers all afire sail down
Upon the waters ! Earth and sky
Are all ablaze ! Appalling sounds
And vivid flash continuous leap
From the black cloud whose folds are wrapped
About the shuddering city ; and wrath
And vengeance cleave her to the teeth !

Captive led,
Unarmed, dismounted, yet so brave and proud
That all the taunts they said,
And all their curses on his handsome head
Unheeded fell, until the dear old flag
Was spit upon and called “ a rag ” !

This he heard,
Surprised, indignant, all afire with wrath !
And flung only one word
Which hotly 'neath the rebel vestures stirred ;
“ Traitors ! ” he said ; then marched he proudly on,
His very step a thrust of scorn !

On the way,
Athirst, ahungered,— many ragged miles
Of ground before them lay ;
A dreary distance to be measured in a day
By blistered feet ; but patiently he bore
What men as brave had borne before !

Dark and dank,
Stenching, unwholesome, foul with creeping filth,
And bodies lean and lank,

And gaunt, thin forms which decomposed and stank
 Before was still their life's slow, crimson tide,
 Such was the place where true hearts died !

Such the place,—
 Exhausted, fainting, with a look of death
 Upon his noble face,—
 Such fare gave they the bravest of the race ;
 Such fare gave they the greatest and the best ;
 And gave they this worn soul such rest !

To prison,—
 Captive unconquered, stout and firm of trust,
 Yet, for an hour riven
 Of all the strength which his strong will had given,
 Helpless he lay amid the ghastly bands
 Which perished on the prison's sands !

Soon he woke,
 Surrounded by a fearful, ghostly crowd :
 Pierced breasts, limbs bruised and broke,
 Hollow eyes, flesh that crushed 'neath slightest stroke ;
 Horrid spectres, for whom no funeral toll
 Had rung,— corpses still with the soul !

On the ground
 Alive with foulness knelt he humbly down
 'Mid hideous cries around,
 And prayed aloud ; how grandly fell the sound
 From his parched lips ; yet was his face blanched white,
 And he aghast at such a sight !

“ Let us live ! ”
 Men cried. “ Oh give us bread ! ” and still he prayed
 Softly, “ Father forgive ! ”
 And ghostly lips still cried, “ Oh, let us live ! ”

And eyeless sockets to him close crept up ;
Still asked he blessings on this cup !

“ Take away
From us this death, dear Lord, if it may pass !
Nevertheless, to-day
Thy will be done, not ours ! ” so did he pray ;
And asked he love and great mercies for them
Which gave souls fare like this,—bad men.

Mad with sin,
And blind,— who sold their birthrights for a kid,
And spilt the blood of kith and kin !
And persecutions wrought as “ ne’er had been ! ”
Who caused sweet peace and union both to flee
The land. For these prayed he !

And drank dry
Unto the bitter dregs the cup, not knowing then
The Holy Grail was nigh,
Nor that the Man of Sorrow passed near by ;
Nor heard he down from Calvary the cry :
“ *Eli lama sabachthani !* ”

PART FOURTH.

THE BATTLE.

Legions of rebels their strongholds
Held high among the western hills,
Whose semi-circular tops reached up
Beyond the clouds ! from crest to side,
From side to crest, sharp bayonet,
Sabre, musket, and ordnance sat
Thick strewn as sands upon the shores
Of the great seas ! and means of death

Covered the ridge in giant bulk !
And battlements and fortress swarmed
With fierce foes eager to hurl down
Annihilation on the hosts
Darkening the vales below ! Anon,
Began the battle ! Multitudes
Of warriors swept the mountain's base,
And drove by skillful strategy,
And valiant force, the haughty foe
Toward its summit ! thus was gained
Positions strong for fulfillment
Of vast designs ; and still progressed
The combat on the right and left !
Close columns moved along the dale,
Through brake, forest, o'er palisade,
And face to face with enemies,
Struck hard for freedom ! Gloomy clouds
Wept heavily around the hills,
As if to cover with dark folds
The field of slaughter ! but huge tongues
Of flame tinted their upper skirts
Resting upon the mountain's brow,
And when ere eve the blue of heaven
Showed through their broken masses, lines
Of blaze leaped from the towering mounts,
And giant volumes of white smoke
Rose high and lay above the piles
Of cloud and mist which seemed to quake
And shiver at the fearful din
Shaking the everlasting heights !
Tempests of solid shot and shell
Upon the north drenched all the grounds
With blood, and belched out horrid sounds
With which mingled wild shrieks of death

And fierce, wild yells of combatants !
Blazing the hills thundered, and shook,
And spurted red spouts down their sides,
As weapons of red death bellowed,
And hurled enormous granite blocks
Towards the valley ! still raged hard
The conflict till high day stooped down
Far westward ! Strange the sudden lull
Smote the stunned ear ; no sound save cries
And moans from crushed and wounded breasts
Was heard ! 'Twas but a moment's hush ;
Again, upon the left swoops down
The war-death's sickle leaving sheaves
Hallowed in blood, and flame, and smoke,
Near the old battle grounds whose scars
Are legions, and whose graves are hosts !
And on whose bounds such deadly strife,
And frightful havoc stood, God's hands
Led out dumb brutes to strike quick dread
Into the hearts of traitors ! Hark !
A signal peals ! To arms leap up
The thirteen thousand on the plains !
And like tornadoes dash along
The path paved everywhere with dire
And broad destruction ! On and on !
O'er stone, and ridge, and wood, and swale !
Never by bating of a breath,
Falter those brave hearts from their work
Which lies straight through a hell of fire !
Which holds a stab of death threefold
For every measure of the foot !
On and still on, with cheers they rush
Who live, over the mangled dead,
Like hurricanes, and hold the pits

Alive only moments ago
 With rebel hordes ! above their heads
 Come crashing down, and down, and down,
 A storm of shell-like thunderbolts !
 Yet, up they leap who are unscathed,
 And wade in red-hot fire and blood !
 Up, up, until their work is done !
 Ah ! God ! how few of those brave souls
 Who struck for freedom on the plains,
 Stood on that mount redeemed, indeed,
 But at what cost ! A field of blood
 Haloed with victory stands engraved
 Among imperishable things !
 So great a sacrifice covered
 Redemption ; nations, in long years
 Reaching into all future times,
 Shall hear the death wail from the ridge !
 And listening shall gather up
 The sounds of victory which smote
 Its summits ! Nations in long years
 Reaching into all future time,
 Covering all ages, shall behold
 Its awful immortality !

 PART FIFTH.

NEGRO JACK.

From a gaping wound dripped fast
 Heavy drops of blood !
 Round him where he fell, were cast
 Dying comrades torn by shell ;
 And the battle-grounds were vast !
 And the tides a flood
 Staining hill and dell !

Never from the threatening clouds,
Swept the pouring storm,
Swifter than the frowning crowds
Of fierce warriors swept the plain !
Never battle grounds more shrouds,
Counted since the dawn
Than on this were lain !

Never truer blades leaped out
Cleaving to the death !
Never rallied with loud shout
And great deeds, so few
'Gainst such odds ; not a doubt,
Nor the bating of a breath
Vexed the coats of blue !

As they fought, from out the brake,
Joined them on the right,
Keeping ever next the lake,
One lone soldier dressed in gray !
Shouting, "Now for freedom's sake,"
He with broad sword bright
Plunged 'mid the affray.

Leaden messengers of ill
From the gray ranks sped !
Showered hot shot and shell from hill
And hillside ! From the vales,
Upward by the force of will
Swept the few whose dead
Filled the reeking swales !

Westward rolled the day, and night
Came down ! Rose the swell
Of dying cries ; but from the height
All the enemy had fled,

Save where Luna's pallid light
 Through white vapors fell
 On cleft limb and head !

All day long a blood-red hand
 Seemed to wax and wane,
 As the battle waxed and waned !
 And whoever saw, that day,
 The dread sign wave o'er the land,
 Slept nor woke again
 When night passed away.

All night long a dead white mist
 Came up from the glade
 Seeking for a place of tryst
 With the breeze betwixt dead lips !
 And its folds which moonlight kissed
 Held some shape of maid
 In its foamy slips,

Trailed the death-white fogs all night
 O'er the battle field
 Covering many a ghastly sight !
 And where lay one wounded breast
 Seemed soft fingers small and white
 Lingering till was sealed
 Its eternal rest.

PART SIXTH.

ROLL CALL ON THE POTOMAC.

Rushed together in the midway air
 The storm-clouds driven by contraforce ;
 And burst with vivid, electric glare
 Precursors of thunders hard and hoarse.

Out in the east from a leaden sky,
And out from a leaden sky in the west,
The winds at war went hurrying by,
And cried, and muttered like wrath suppressed.

Over the southern heavens a shroud
Of blackness filled the ærial space ;
And over the northern heavens black cloud
Upon cloud were giving the swiftest chase.

The branches astir in the wilderness,
Beat forth and backward in frantic dread ;
And where the hurricane messengers press,
The eastern horizon was rimmed blood-red.

Where rising day rolls upward and hides
In the tawny gloom of a coming storm,
Where the towering thunder pillar outrides
The scud, and the whirlwind blacktraps swarm,

Under the tumult in atmosphere
A desolation had spread its pall ;
The soil was trampled, and signs of fear,
And blood, and fury were over all !

On sheaves of corn was a sullen spot ;
On the slopes of grassy hillsides, reeks
Of vapor whose fetid breath had caught
The scent of blood from the sullen streaks !

Stained were the slender spires of the grass,
Soiled were white blossoms with ruddy blots ;
And down in the valley a buried mass
Of bodies lay pierced by rifle shots !

There was terror above and terror below !
 Yet westward warriors were under strict drill ;
 And in compact ranks the stubborn foe
 Were upon the crest of the eastern hill !

Between them outstretched the old battle-ground,
 Disfigured and scathed by terrible scars
 Of conflicts, which clenched and closed all around,
 Till evening had lighted its silver stars !

And the earliest hours of morn had heard
 Roll-calls which counted the blue and the gray ;
 And the summon which roused them up and stirred
 Their ranks to meet the fate of the day.

As full as the distant sound of a knell,
 The call on the left, the call on the right,
 Rang over the plains where warriors fell,
 When battle raged heavily yesterday night !

In every garden, every street,
 Was wealth of richness all complete ;
 Profuse in gorgeous blush and bloom,
 The swinging bells of jessamine
 And dainty caps of eglantine
 Emitted rare and sweet perfume ;
 And passion-flower and scarlet spire,
 With spikes of blood and hearts of fire,
 A heavy fragrance on the air
 Exhaled, soothing voluptuous sense
 And lulling lovely indolence ;
 Tropical warblers all day long,
 Gay-coated, almost burst with song ;
 And spicy breezes all the day
 Caressed upon the burdened tree

Pomegranates, which o'er spade and plow
Dropped blood-red from the bending bough ;
Under the blue ærial
Hung luscious balls of fruit, which rolled
Themselves in odorous wraps of gold ;
And royal purple clustered vines
Swung side by side with milk-white limes ;
Splendor and lolling luxury
Languished in sumptuous sympathy
Within the haughty city's gate,
While northward, drawn for battle, lines
Of glittering steel glanced back the sun ;
Face close ranged side and rear with face,
Quite compact upon either hand,
Like two great worlds formed into walls
Impregnable, and all distinct
With life ; and like two worlds maddened
And turned upon their orbits back,
And hard propelled, and each the path
Of each obstructing, so did plunge
Together the great forces, each
Striving the other to o'erthrow !
Fierce rage met rage ; fierce blow met blow ;
Curses, and prayers, and might, and might,
Wrong for the wrong, right for the right,—
And battle cries, and clash of steel,
And death-yells borne upon the blast,
And cannon's mouth 'gainst cannon's mouth,
Belched thunder ! Smoke obscured high day
As waged the conflict hot ! 'Neath flame
Of bursting shell, a sabre broke
Against the hardened, sinewy bone
Of some old veteran, tough as stone !
And where the battle thickened most

And every soul "died at his post,"
There, all along the slaughtered troops
Lay "foot to foot and head to head!"
Here, where the red blood fell like floods,
Heap upon heap were piled the slain,
And crimson torrents covered them!
Upon the wounded lay the dead;
Some who strove much, and would have risen
Had they not strangled 'neath red founts
Pouring upon them! Still great strokes
Of broadsword, lifted swift and high,
Cleft skull, and bone, and "hip and thigh"!
And bayonet thrust, and rifle shot,
And grappled vitals hoarsely choked
In deadly grip of hands disarmed;
And ranks mown down in winrows lay;
And cannon, answering cannon's roar,
Onward the hell of battle bore!
Huge, blazing bombshells plowed the air,
And smote the shuddering hills and vales
With death! and through the narrow streets
Of the great "city of the dead,"
Crushed with appalling noises, domes,
Turrets, and spires of the abodes
Where slept the dust of souls waiting
The resurrection, strewed the grounds
In broken fragments; upon graves
Corpses untombed were thrown; and oft
The earth-shut mansions were unclosed,
And hot explosions shook the bones
Under the coffin lid! Around,
Beneath, above, destruction reigned!
And Gettysburg, trampled and torn,
From crimson fields sent out hot mists!

Sat a maiden with her woe,
Holding in her arms her dead !
Waved the grasses to and fro,
Which hard heel and hoof had spared,
Languid nodded to and fro,
Sickened by the copious floods,
Staining all their green with red !
And the nightwinds, weird and low,
Came and sported with the dead !

Ghastly in the gathering gloom
Looked the sea of faces, turned
Upward to the ghastly moon !
And white vapors from the brake
Climbed upon the winds, and room
Found to hide 'mid matted hair,
And within glazed eyes which burned
With reflection of the moon
Touching faces upward turned !

Often swept a fitful gust
In amid the multitude ;
Where asleep on beds of dust,
Knew they not, nor cared a whit,
How the lonesome night winds thrust
Palid fog between their lips !
Nor observed the touches rude
Sweeping up the trampled dust
O'er the speechless solitude !

Locks of gray, and locks of brown,
Lifted on the breeze and fell ;
Loosely moving up and down
Were coats of blue and coats of gray ;
And newts crept up in muddy gown,

Bringing filth upon their feet,
 From their dens within the dell,
 And sat on helpless hand and crown ;
 And silence uttered, “ all is well ! ”

Came a heavy breath ere day,
 From the east, ladened with rain ;
 And the stains were washed away
 From the nodding spires of grass,
 From the trodden fields of clay,
 From the leaf and from the flower,
 From the trampled fields of grain,
 And where dead-white faces lay,
 Moaned the wind and wept the rain !

All the ghost-white mists had fled :
 Ne'er again the maid was found
 'Mong the living or the dead !
 But a presençe, bringing peace
 To the soldier's dying bed,
 Hovered ever o'er the land !
 Ever lifted up blood red
 Was the presence of a hand,
 Where disloyal-bosoms bled !

And some shape of maid was bound
 In the white fog's whitest roll,
 When upon the battle ground,
 Climbing on the winds it came
 Seeking softly all around
 Hiding places 'twixt dead lips !
 Then with noiseless vapors stole
 Something without sign or sound,
 Shapen like a living soul !

PART SEVENTH.

AT THE TRYST.

Afar the din of battle ceased ;
And rolling up over the north
The tongues of victory proclaimed
“ Liberty ! ” On the breezes borne,
Voices of bells sang joyously ;
And every loyal heart broke forth
To join the happy tumult ! Home
The true and valiant warrior came
Crowned with glory. Soldiers' graves
Untrampled slept in silent peace.
The purple gloaming o'er the heavens
Drew its golden fringed veil as erst
Ere war pronounced its dread decree.
Upread, the entrance of the tryst
Still dropped tendrils of thick-leaved vines,
And 'neath the elm the wicket stood ;
The rose showered down its crimson leaf
Across the path, and on the hedge
The star-bloom set its flower of white ;
As if but yesterday had passed,
Outspread the tryst its fragrant branch
In ready welcome unto one
Coming not distant o'er the lawn ;
And, lo ! the warrior comes ! His step
Is martial ! brave, and strong, and true
Is his deportment ! anger now
Has no place in his countenance ;
And when Camilla's hands offer
A greeting tremulous and glad,
One steady palm clasps both her own ;
His eyes, grown grave and more subdued,
Meet with half doubt, half inquiry,

The joy which overflows her face ;
And though his lips utter the words
“ I’ve found the mystery and come
As bidden,” yet his troubled glance
Rests on the helpless, good, right arm ;
But swift as thought the stately head,
Crowned by brown braids, is proudly bent
Until the nerveless hand is touched
By a tender lingering caress,
And a sweet voice answers his doubt ;
“ I’ve found lost happiness to-day
And care not for the mystery.”
But when his heart familiar grown
With his great happiness permits,
He sits beneath the fragrant shower
Of soft vermilion leaves which fall
About them when the breezes stir
The clustered branches, and out-draws
From the dread past this strange recount
Of incidents. “ ’Twas in the night
After defeat of union ranks
Along the Chickahominy
And great Potomac. On the west
Struggled through fire, and blood, and death,
Brave men who fought for liberty
Of country and humanity.
We of the march toward the sea
Were wearied with tidings of ill,
And sick of war. The rebels lay
Hard at our front ; and on our tents
A sullen rain and chilling mist
Dropped ceaseless and monotonous ;
Each soldier’s thoughts were far away
Among the memories of home,

When one among us starting up
And listening earnestly, declared
That he could hear a bugle peal,
Also martial accompaniments
Which presages the battle ! Quick
All sprang erect and hushed almost
The heart's pulsations to make sure
That we were not surprised by foes !
Hark ! truly martial sounds distinct,
And weird, not far away we heard !
Then sped a herald from our midst
To warn the general in command
That foes were marching in our rear ;
And silently and swiftly formed
Our columns in lines of defense ;
And even our pickets had dropped in
In much disorder and alarm !
And all the guard forsook their posts,
As nearer came the martial din
Of a great army in whose noise
Were signs of a victorious host !
Yet not an enemy appeared,
Not even when to every ear,
Came weird and ghost-like on the air
The steady tramp of warriors' feet !
Straight at our right the sounds diverged
Past us not distant a stone's throw !
Marched toward the sea the ghostly crowd !
'The phantom !' said more mouths than one
Which belonged not to men unranked !
And in our van there was a stir
Among the rebels ! also they
Had heard the phantom army pass,
Which three times since the great defeat

Of the Potomac, had marched down
Over old, death-scared battle fields
Toward the sea ! “ Our dead foretells
Victory for union ! ” said a man
In a hushed voice, and hushed as low,
“ God grant ! ” another voice replied.
Scarce had our minds restored themselves,
And we, each one turned toward his tent,
When somewhere close beside ourselves,
Who came from old Virginia,
Moved something in the trampled cane.
“ Ho ! who goes there ? ” challenged the guard,
“ Advance and give the countersign ; ”
“ I’m Paul Brettayne, ” a voice replied ;
“ And I have with me fugitives
From the great south ; we’ve fled the land,
And ask protection from the north,
But cannot give the countersign. ”
“ Come forth and prove your truth, ” ordered
Our captain, in sonorous tones.
Then forth there stepped a youth haggard
With famished cheeks ; he led two babes ;
And in his rear a woman came,
Draggled and wan, yet as serene
And regal as a queen that’s crowned.
Under our canvas which upreared
In the black gloom its pyramid
The nearest to us, ushered we
Quickly our visitors, to give
Them rest from the inclemency
Of the rough night. “ Feed them such food
As can be had and guard them well !
For spys have taken stranger ways
To ferret what they wish to gain !

When morning comes we'll lend them ear
In presence of superiors !”
Said the great pompous captain. Sneers
Were on our lips behind his back,
For not a man but did despise
His large officiousness, held place
Under his strict authority ;
Also not even the least of us
But plain and well could comprehend
That neither youth, nor little babes,
Nor the wan mother was a spy ;
And we despised the captain more
For his ill lack of courtesy.
That night the woman and her babes,
Best fare of all we had received.
Morning absurdities to test
The loyalty of such as these,
Past, Paul enrolled his name with us ;
The stately woman and her babes,
We found them refuge at the bluff,
From which through the appalling means
Of war they stepped into the heaven !
As our great army at the siege
Of Vicksburg waited exigence
Ere mines had dealt destruction dire,
Fair as e'er was night ; many things
Were beautiful even round the track
That traced red carnage on our trail ;
We were in outdoor moonlight soft
And white ; as soft and white the clouds
Outspread their drapery on a sky
Like that which one in imagery
Might pencil about Eden. Paul
Sat close beside myself ; each one

As usual had taken turn
 In something to amuse the rest :
 Phil Bain had jumped the racket ; two
 Had wrestled ; some played games, and some
 Sang songs and told queer anecdotes ;
 Paul, when he chanced, related things
 So strange and terrible, yet true
 Not one of us did doubt, that sport
 And all amusements fled our thoughts ;
 And even in sleep the snap of whips
 And worse than that was round our dreams.
 I'll tell the substance of his words,
 And afterward, when I have showed
 The mystery, I will relate
Minutiæ of all he said.
 This is in skeleton of it :
 His birth-place India, and left
 An orphan, to America
 He came ; in less than years the whip
 Commanded him, for gold had paid
 The uncle for his brother's son !
 He passed into the power of slaves
 Which fugitives were, and which held,
 By circumstance stranger by far
 Than fiction, the command of slaves !
 In the great swamp his days were lived.
 Others in similar misfortune,
 And one in worse, were in the swamp ;
 When Noma Lathrope, sold for gold
 By our rich gentleman whose house
 Rears palace walls on yonder hill,
 Came to St. Marr's plantation, she
 Told Paul her father's murderer
 Had brought her into bondage ! Then,

As soon as Paul related it,
- My heart leaped up to come to you,
But mines sprang, and the doom was sealed
Which gave us Vicksburg. Thought I, then,
To write, but silence, which had held
Your hand, held mine, and days passed by ;
Soon portions of the western lines
Who'd fought so bravely to success,
Were called eastward,— I one of them ;
And soon the noble Grant led forth
The great Potomac ; and also
Sherman's march to the sea gave hope
To federal north. The wilderness
Lifted its awful record up
Among awful records of war !
I fought amid its sullen gloom,
And when the battle rolled afar,
Upon the field of blood I lay
And saw the carrion birds afeast
Upon dead warriors ; but my words
Are frightful, far beyond your strength !
Nay? Well then, dearest, if you will
That I continue, so I must.
As overlooked for dead, and death
Expecting from my wounds, aware
Became I that two living souls
Were speaking somewhere near me ; swift
With effort painful did I raise
My face toward the welcome sounds,
Calling out feebly for their aid,
A sudden rustling mid the shrub
My gaze directed, where discerned
Were two tall men in soldier's dress,
Who skulked as to elude pursuit ;

Then cried I out in loud despair !
But answered only my own voice
In the great wood, and greedy screams
Of the great birds, flapping their wings
O'er their horrible pastime ! Strength
Of hard fear aided me to creep
Into the bush from the dread sight !
And at the moment did my ears
Cognize the fall of fleeing feet
Among the close-grown underbrush.
Also came thoughts, as fixed my glance
Upon the towering pines and firs ;
And, as necessity being law
That quick suggests strong urgency
And quickened invention for life,
In a strong heart, so did I grasp
At an idea, and forced my hand
Against my bleeding wound, then took
A linen handkerchief, a gift
Which came with other things from home ;
With this the wound was staunch'd somewhat,
Which threatened death from loss of blood ;
When rested was exhaustion, loose
I cut the founts of odorous balm
And iron strength on the great trees,
And tasted it, and swathed, and swabbed
The linen well in it, and crammed
The gaping wound that drained my life.
Afterward well I must have slept
Through all the night that close advanc'd,
As finished I my surgery ;
For when opened my eyes, the sun
Of morning faint illum'd the place.
Carefully drawing up my arms,

That effort might not reopen
The sabre thrust, again I plucked
The balsam and partook of it ;
Also a bush of berries hung
So near that I by cautious moves
Tasted their lusciousness. Never
Was nectar like the cooling draught
Of juice which quenched my burning thirst :
What ! dearest, weeping ? I'll forbear
The story ; 'tis too cruel, love !
Nay ? then again I will proceed,
With your head so that you may feel
My heart and know that I am here,
While vivid thought follows my words.
Well, sleep o'ertook again my sense,
And when again awoke, my wounds
Throbb'd less ; less fever burned my brain !

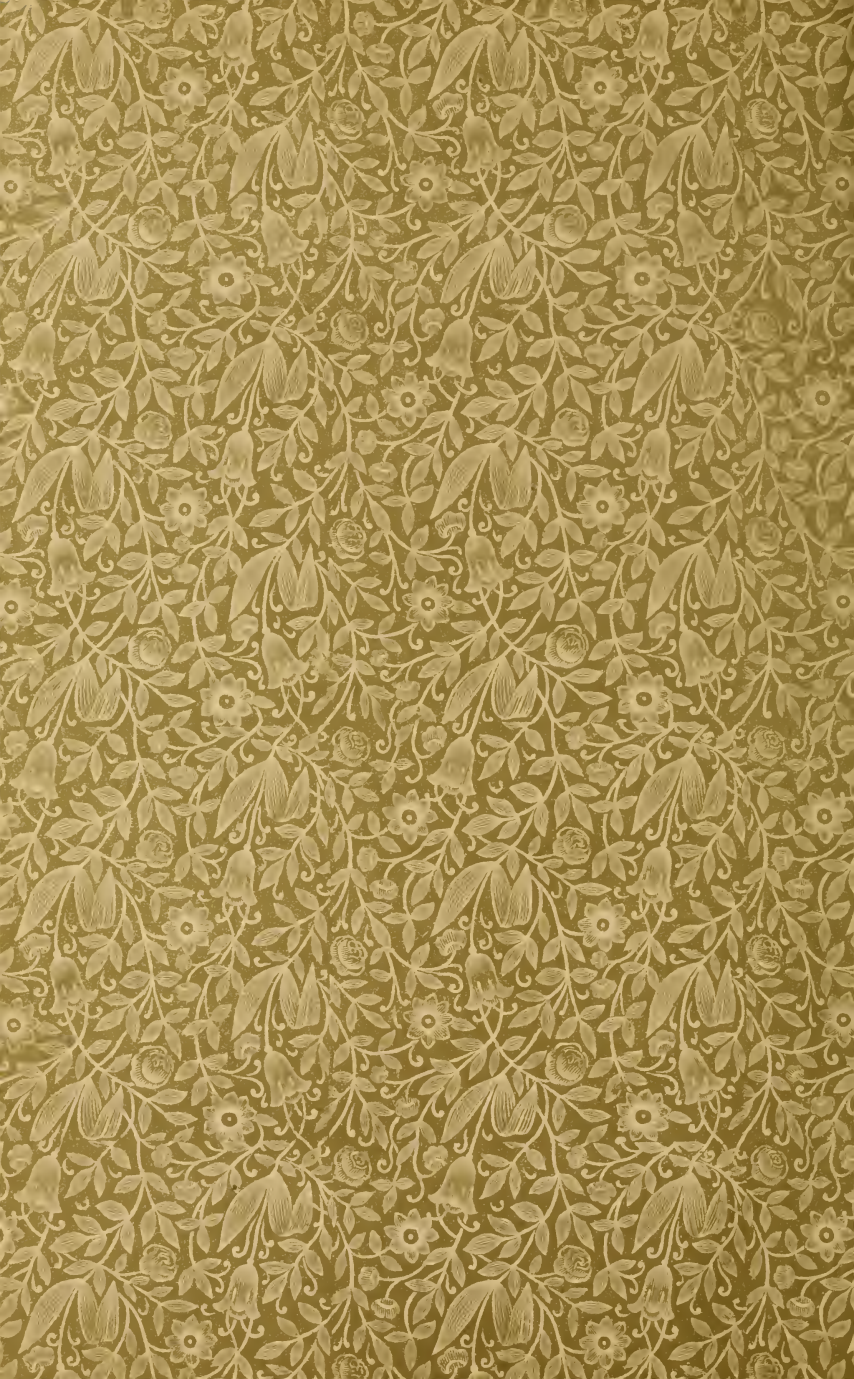
Again I tasted of the balm ;
Upon the shrub another bead
Of scarlet ripened ; how the light,
Struggling between the fragrant boughs,
Did make its gem-like beauty glow !
How soothed my thirst ! also aslant
Casting my eyes, the little plant,
Branching and slender-leaved, whose roots
Hold tiny tubers palatable
And rich in food, I saw, and quick
Yielded its products to my skill,
And gave me added force ; when sped
The third night, farther I my weight
Dragged from the havoc of the dead,
Made by the carrion's beak and claw ;
More roots, berries, and balm were found ;

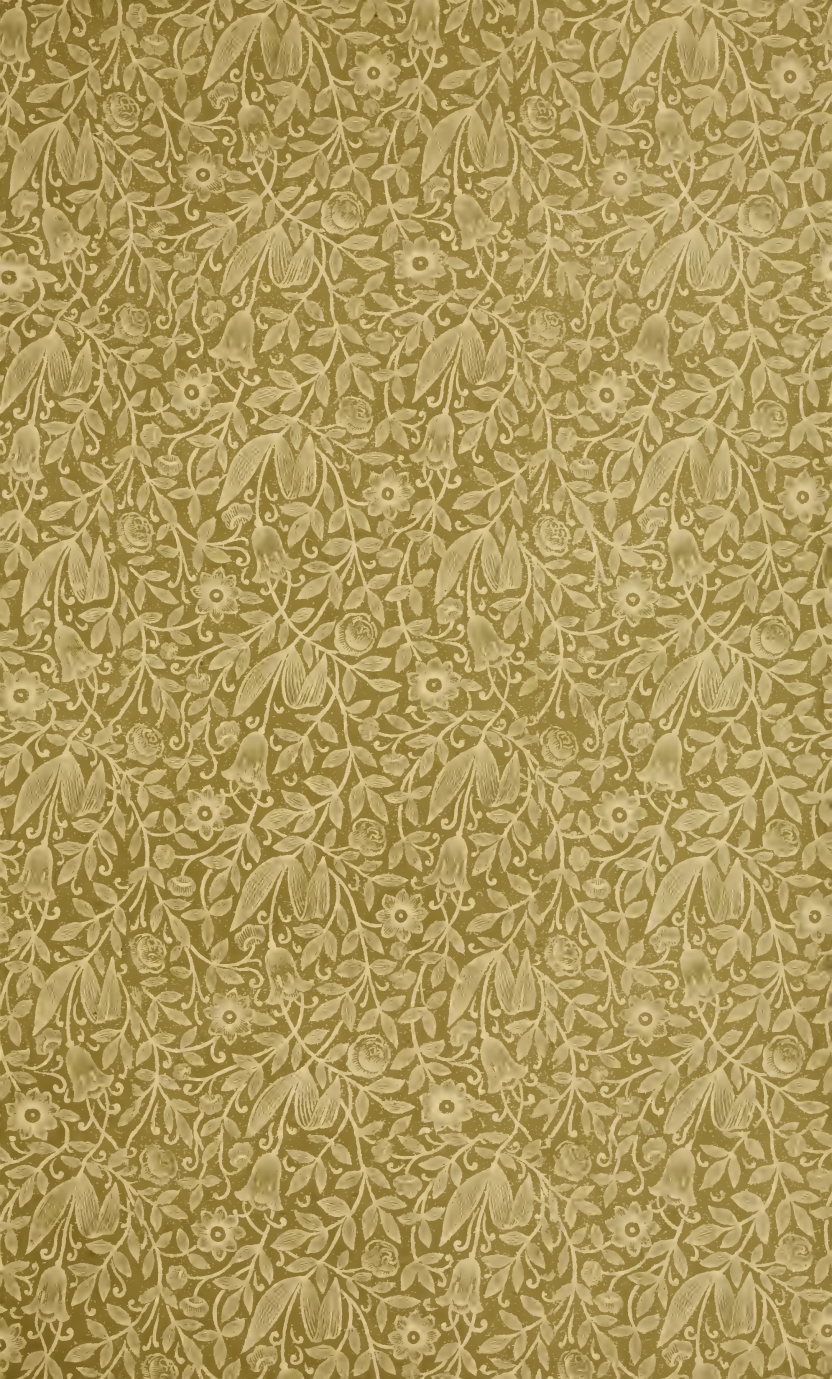
And as were passed blue and gray coats,
Stirred not, and faces stark and dark
With death's work, haste urged no delay ;
But as with bated breath and sight
Sheltered from terrors, labored I,
A canteen did impede my hand :
I cried aloud with hope, and drew
It swift away and tested it !
But ere my lips could touch its mouth,
What from exertion, what from joy,
Full consciousness was lost, but soon
Returned ; and when a draught complete
Was taken, also to my hand
A knapsack yielded hard-tack ; thus
I lived and farther went away
From unnumbered horrors ! One night
When through an opening starlight gleamed
Among dark pines above my head,
Like shadows came two forms which fled
Each one trying to hide itself
Behind the other at the noise
Made by my arm putting aside
The fern ; loudly I called but naught
But echo called to me again !
Thus was repeated this strange thing
Night after night until my brain
Concluded it was fancy wrought
By fever still within my veins ;
Howe'er this thought soon was dispelled
For one dark night two forms lay down
Almost beside me ! when I called
They shrieked with fright ! and as drew near
My still weak frame, most terrible
Was revelation of their plight !

Gaunt, hungry — and unreason struck
Each countenance in an amaze !
Death in their faces looked at me !
One knew I ; 'twas our great, rich man
Who'd held the mystery from me
And with it my Camilla's love :
Nay, dearest, do not tremble so !
I will take back those last, wrong words
And but continue with the truth !
It was our rich man who had held
A dreadful mystery and crime !
Well, the canteen which I'd refilled
From the wee spring under the pines
And near a clump of silver birch,
Served somewhat to allay the thirst
Of the high fever which consumed
Their vital force ; but either face,
Set and with startling, staring eyes,
Toward the heavens was turned as each
Exclaimed in labored panting speech,
“ ‘The hand ! the hand ! the blood-red hand ! ’ ”
And then such scenes as was portrayed
That did divulge appalling deeds
Upon each conscience ! I o'erwhelmed
With horror and fatigue, oft' touched,
Their parching lips with cooling drink,
And listened till the raving souls
Had fled from the gaunt tenements !
At fitter hour, I will relate
Their words which showed their wickedness.”
“ Aye ; ” said Camilla shuddering ;
“ But where is the young Paul who fought
With you at Vicksburg and o'ercame
Three rebels hand to hand in fight ? ”

“ Upon the Rappahannock sleeps
The hero !” “ May God’s rest and peace
Be unto him !” Camilla said.
“ Aye, evermore ! good night ! good night !
Good night love, till the night be passed.”







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