



BEAUTIFUL
THOUGHTS

JOHN G. WHITTIER





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Book 112

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Beautiful Thoughts

FROM

John Greenleaf Whittier

AND

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Arranged by F. W. H. [unclear]



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Dedication.

I would the gift I offer here
Might graces from thy favor take,
And, seen through Friendship's atmos-
phere,
On softened lines and coloring, wear
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for
thy sake.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

JANUARY.

January 1st.

The wave is breaking on the shore —
The echo fading from the chime —
Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time!

Oh, seer-seen Angel! waiting now
With weary feet on sea and shore,
Impatient for the last dread vow
That time shall be no more! —

Once more across thy sleepless eye
The semblance of a smile has passed;
The year departing leaves more nigh
Time's fearfullest and last.

“The New Year.”— *Whittier.*

January 2d.

With smoking axle hot with speed, with
steeds of fire and steam,

Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday
behind him like a dream.

Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly
backward far and fast

The milestones of the fathers, the land-
marks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged:
the sorrow and the sin,

The loves and hopes and fears of old,
are to our own akin;

And, in the tales our fathers told, the
songs our mothers sung,

Tradition, snowy-bearded, leans on Ro-
mance, ever young.

“Mary Garvin.”—*Whittier.*

January 3d.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,

And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

“The Barefoot Boy.”—*Whittier.*

January 4th.

Oh, friend beloved, whose curious skill
Keeps bright the last year's leaves and
flowers,

With warm, glad summer thoughts to
fill

The cold, dark, winter hours!

Pressed on thy heart, the leaves I bring
May well defy the wintry cold,
Until, in Heaven's eternal spring,
Life's fairer ones unfold.

“Lines.”—*Whittier.*

January 5th.

Steep, and hung with clouds of strife,
Is our narrow path of life;
And our death the dreaded fall
Through the dark, awaiting all.

So, with painful steps we climb
Up the dizzy ways of time,
Ever in the shadow shed
By the forecast of old dread.

Dread of mystery solved alone,
Of the untried and unknown;
Yet the end thereof may seem
Like the falling of my dream.

“My Dream.”—*Whittier.*

January 6th.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with
the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the
new life stealing.

“Hampton Beach.”—*Whittier.*

January 7th.

A wild and broken landscape, spiked
with firs,
Roughening the bleak horizon's north-
ern edge,
Steep, cavernous hillside, where black
hemlock spurs
And sharp, gray splinters of the wind-
swept ledge
Pierced the thin-glaz'd ice, or bristling
rose,
Where the cold rim of the sky sunk
down upon the snows.

“The New Home.”—*Whittier.*

January 8th.

The age is dull and mean. Men creep,
Not walk; with blood too pale and
tame
To pay the debt they owe to shame;

Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and
sleep

Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning
want;

Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

* * * * *

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,

They touch the shining hills of day;

The evil cannot brook delay,

The good can well afford to wait.

Give ermined knaves their hour of
crime;

Ye have the future grand and great,

The safe appeal of Truth to Time!

“Lines.”—*Whittier.*

January 9th.

God is good and God is light,

In this faith I rest secure;

Evil can but serve the right,
Over all shall love endure.

“Calef in Boston.”—*Whittier.*

January 10th.

Grieve, as thou must, o'er history's reek-
ing page;
Blush for the wrongs that stain thy hap-
pier age;
Strive with the wanderer from the better
path,
Bearing thy message meekly, not in
wrath;
Weep for the frail that err, the weak that
fall,
Have thine own faith,—but hope and
pray for all!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

January 11th.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame;

The yearning of the mind is stilled —
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away —
O! sweet, fond dream of human Love!
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known —
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own!

“The Wish of To-day.”—*Whittier.*

January 12th.

Health to the art whose glory is to give
The crowning boon that makes it life to
live.

Ask not her home;—the rock where Na-
ture flings

Her arctic lichen, last of living things,
The gardens, fragrant with the Orient's
balm,
From the low jasmine to the star-like
palm,
Hail her as mistress o'er the distant
waves,
And yield their tribute to her wandering
slaves.
Wherever, moistening the ungrateful
soil,
The tear of suffering tracks the path of
toil,
There, in the anguish of his fevered
hours,
Her gracious finger points to healing
flowers;
Where the lost felon steals away to die,
Her soft hand waves before his closing
eye;

Where hunted misery finds his darkest
lair,
The midnight taper shows her kneeling
there!

“A Modest Request.”—*Holmes.*

January 13th.

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

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

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

“Raphael.”—*Whittier.*

January 14th.

The clouds, which rise with thunder,
slake

Our thirsty souls with rain;

The blow most dreaded falls to break

From off our limbs a chain;

And wrongs of man to man but make

The love of God more plain.

As through the shadowy lens of even

The eye looks farthest into heaven,

On gleams of star and depths of blue

The glaring sunshine never knew!

“All’s Well.”—*Whittier.*

January 15th.

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop a vibration as in twanging them to bring out their music.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

January 16th.

When the after cares of thy life shall
come,

When the bud shall wither before its
bloom;

When thy soul is sick of the emptiness
And changeful fashion of human bliss;
And the weary torpor of blighted feeling
Over thy heart as ice is stealing —

Then, when thy spirit is turn'd above,
By the mild rebuke of the Chastener's
love;

When the hope of that joy in thy heart
is stirr'd,

Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath
heard,—

THEN will that phantom of darkness be
Gladness, and Promise, and Bliss to thee.

“Stanzas.”—*Whittier.*

January 17th.

Thanks, oh, our Father! that, like him,
Thy tender love I see,
In radiant hill and woodland dim,
And tinted sunset sea.
For not in mockery dost Thou fill
Our earth with light and grace;
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will
Behind Thy smiling face!

“The Lake-Side.”—*Whittier.*

January 18th.

A bitter cup each life must drain,
The groaning earth is cursed with pain,
And, like the scroll the angel bore
The shuddering Hebrew seer before,
O'erwrit alike, without, within,
With all the woes which follow sin;
But, bitterest of the ills beneath
Whose load man totters down to death,

Is that which plucks the regal crown
Of Freedom from his forehead down,
And snatches from his powerless hand
The sceptred sign of self-command,
Effacing with the chain and rod
The image and the seal of God;
Till from his nature, day by day,
The manly virtues fall away,
And leave him naked, blind, and mute,
The godlike merging in the brute!

“Derne.”—*Whittier.*

January 19th.

Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other. As soon as his breath comes back, he very probably begins to expand it in hard words. These are the best evidence a man can have that he has said something it was time to say. Dr. John-

son was disappointed in the effect of one of his pamphlets. "I think I have not been attacked enough for it," he said;—"attack is the reaction, I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds."

"The Autocrat."—*Holmes.*

January 20th.

Light, warmth, and sprouting greenness,
and o'er all
Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, raining
down
Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed town,
The freshening meadows, and the hill-
sides brown;
Voice of the west wind from the
hills of pine,
And the brimmed river from its distant
fall,
Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude

Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting
wood,—
Heralds and prophecies of sound and
sight,
Blessed forerunners of the warmth and
light,
Attendant angels to the house of prayer,
With reverent footsteps keeping pace
with mine,—
Once more, through God's great love,
with you I share
A morn of resurrection sweet and fair
As that which saw, of old, in Pales-
tine,
Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom
From the dark night and winter of the
tomb!

“ Pictures.”— *Whittier.*

January 21st.

God of my Spirit!—Thou, alone,

Who watchest o'er my pillowed head,
Whose ear is open to the moan
And sorrowing of thy child, hast known
The grief which at my heart has fed,—
The struggle of my soul to rise
Above its earth-born sympathies,—
The tears of many a sleepless bed!

Oh, be Thine arm, as it hath been,
In every test of heart and faith—
The Tempter's doubt—the wiles of
men—
The heathen's scoff—the bosom sin—
A helper and a stay beneath,
A strength in weakness 'mid the strife
And anguish of my wasting life—
My solace and my hope in death!

“The Missionary.”—*Whittier.*

January 22d.

Little localized powers, and little nar-

row streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle, how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the waves in which he dips. When one has had all his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost all his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

January 23d.

All generous minds have a horror of

what are commonly called "facts." They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill-conditioned fact or two that they lead after them into decent company like so many bulldogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion, or convenient generalization, or pleasant fancy?

"The Autocrat."—*Holmes.*

January 24th.

The same old baffling questions! O,
my friend!

I cannot answer them. In vain I send
My soul into the dark, where never burn

The lamps of science, nor the natural
light

Of Reason's sun and stars! I cannot
learn

Their great and solemn meanings, nor
discern

The awful secrets of the eyes which turn
Evermore on us through the day and
night

With silent challenge and a dumb de-
mand,

Proffering the riddles of the dread
unknown,

Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes
of stone,

Questioning the centuries from their
veils of sand!

I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's
knee;

“All is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is good.” Let this suffice us
still,

Resting in childlike trust upon His will,

Who moves to His great ends unthwarted
by the ill.

“Trust.”—*Whittier.*

January 25th.

In calm and cool and silence, once again
I find my old accustomed place among
My brethren, where, perchance, no
human tongue
Shall utter words; where never hymn
is sung,
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor
censer swung,
Nor dim light falling through the pic-
tured pane!
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear
The still small voice which reached the
prophet's ear;
Read in my heart a still diviner law
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw!

There let me strive with each besetting
sin,
Recall my wandering fancies, and
restrain
The sore disquiet of a restless brain.

“First-Day Thoughts.”—*Whittier.*

January 26th.

How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounters of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties and then call *blessed!* There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gayety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

January 27th.

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

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

“The Voices.”—*Whittier.*

January 28th.

Fill soft and deep, O winter snow!
The sweet azalea's oaken dells,
And hide the bank where roses blow,
And swing the azure bells!

O'erlay the amber violet's leaves,
The purple aster's brookside home,

Guard all the flowers her pencil gives
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when spring comes round
again,
By greening slope and singing flood
Shall wander, seeking, not in vain,
Her darlings of the wood.

“Flowers in Winter.”—*Whittier.*

January 29th.

As to clever people's hating each other, I think *a little* extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual attempts and failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flower of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace

character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wine-glass spoil a draught of fair water.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

January 30th.

May grace be given that I may walk
therein,

Not like the hireling, for his selfish
gain,

With backward glances and reluctant
tread,

Making a merit of his coward dread,—

But, cheerful, in the light around me
thrown,

Walking as one to pleasant service led;

Doing God's will as if it were my
own,

Yet trusting not in mine, but in His
strength alone!

“First-Day Thoughts.”—*Whittier.*

January 31st.

We all have to assume a standard of judgment in our own minds, whether of things or persons. A man who is willing to take another's opinion has to exercise his judgment in the choice of whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of things for one's self. On the whole, I had rather judge men's minds by comparing their thoughts with my own than judge of thoughts by knowing who utter them. I must do one or the other.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

FEBRUARY.

February 1st.

Ah! human kindness, human love —
To few who seek denied —
Too late we learn to prize above
The whole round world beside!

“The Hill-top.”—*Whittier.*

February 2d.

VIRTUE,—the guide that men and nations
own;
And LAW, the bulwark that protects her
throne;
And HEALTH,—to all its happiest charm
that lends;
These and their servants, man's untiring
friends;

Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself
lets fall,—

In one fair bumper let us toast them all!

“A Modest Request.”—*Holmes.*

February 3d.

Alas!—the evil which we fain would
shun

We do, and leave the wished-for good
undone:

Our strength to-day

Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to
fall;

Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet, who, thus looking backward o'er
his years,

Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful
tears,

If he hath been

Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-men ?

“The Reward.”—*Whittier.*

February 4th.

Old friend, kind friend! lightly down
Drop time's snowflakes on thy crown!
Never be thy shadow less,
Never fail thy cheerfulness;
Care, that kills the cat, may plough
Wrinkles in the miser's brow,
Deepen envy's spiteful frown,
Draw the mouths of bigots down,
Plague ambition's dream, and sit
Heavy on the hypocrite,
Haunt the rich man's door, and ride
In the gilded coach of pride;—
Let the fiend pass!—what can he
Find to do with such as thee ?

“To My Old Schoolmaster.”—*Whittier.*

February 5th.

Bind up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,
Of brown in the shadow and gold in the
sun!

Free should their delicate lustre be thrown
O'er a forehead more pure than the Parian
stone —

Shaming the light of those Orient pearls
Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft
wreathing curls.

Smile—for thy glance on the mirror is
thrown,
And the face of an angel is meeting
thine own!

Beautiful creature—I marvel not
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath
caught;
And the kindling light of thine eye hath told
Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

“Stanzas.”—*Whittier.*

February 6th.

Without is neither gold nor green;
 Within, for birds, the birch-logs sing;
Yet, summer-like, we sit between
 The autumn and the spring.

The one, with bridal blush of rose,
 And sweetest breath of woodland
 balm,
And one whose matron lips uncloseth
 In smiles of saintly calm.

“Flowers in Winter.”—*Whittier.*

February 7th.

Ye who have known the sudden tears
 that flow,—
Sad tears, yet sweet, the dews of twilight
 woe,—
When, led by chance, your wandering
 eye has crossed

Some poor memorial of the loved and
lost,
Bear with my weakness as I look around
On the dear relics of this holy ground,
These bowery cloisters, shadowed and
serene,
My dreams have pictured ere mine eyes
have seen.

“Astraea.”—*Holmes.*

February 8th.

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan;
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

“The Wish of To-day.”—*Whittier.*

February 9th.

Despite of sneers like these, oh, faithful
few,
Who dare to hold God's word and wit-
ness true,
Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our
evil time,
And, o'er the present wilderness of
crime,
Sees the calm future, with its robes of
green,
Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft
streams between,—
Still keep the path which duty bids ye
tread,

Though worldly wisdom shake the cau-
tious head;
No truth from heaven descends upon
our sphere,
Without the greeting of the sceptic's
sneer;
Denied and mocked at, till its blessings
fall,
Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

“The Peace Convention.”—*Whittier*.

February 10th.

In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep,
Much has been done for truth and
human kind —
Shadows are scattered wherein ye groped
blind;
Man claims his birthright, freer pulses
leap
Through peoples driven in your day like
sheep;

Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of
light,
Though widening still, is walled around
by night;
With slow, reluctant eye, the Church
has read,
Sceptic at heart, the lessons of its Head;
Counting, too oft, its living members
less
Than the wall's garnish and the pulpit's
dress;
World-moving zeal, with power to bless
and feed
Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter
need,
Instead of bread, holds out the stone of
creed;
Sect builds and worships where its
wealth and pride
And vanity stand shrined and deified,

Careless that in the shadow of its walls
God's living temple into ruin falls.
We need, methinks, the prophet-hero
still,
Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of
will,
To tread the land, even now, as Xavier
trod
The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his
bell,
Proclaiming freedom in the name of
God,
And startling tyrants with the fear of
hell!
Soft words, smooth prophecies, are
doubtless well;
But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
We need the souls of fire, the hearts of
that old time!

“The Men of Old.”—*Whittier.*

February 11th.

I should have felt more nervous about the late comet if I had thought the world was ripe. But it is very green yet, if I am not mistaken; and besides, there is a great deal of coal to use up, which I cannot bring myself to think was made for nothing. If certain things which seem to me essential to a millennium had come to pass, I should have been frightened; but they haven't.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

February 12th.

The homesick dreamer's brow is nightly
fanned
By breezes whispering of his native land,
And, on the stranger's dim and dying
eye,
The soft, sweet pictures of his childhood
lie!

“At Pennacook.”—*Whittier.*

February 13th.

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

“Stanzas.”—*Holmes.*

February 14th.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from
me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?
The sighing of a shaken reed—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?
God's love—unchanging, pure, and true—
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

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

“Benedicite.”—*Whittier.*

February 15th.

Stranger and pilgrim!—from that day
Of meeting, first and last,
Wherever Duty’s pathway lay,
His reverent steps have passed.

The poor to feed, the lost to seek,
To proffer life to death,
Hope to the erring—to the weak
The strength of his own faith.

To plead the captive’s right; remove
The sting of hate from Law;
And soften in the fire of love
The hardened steel of War.

“William Forster.”—*Whittier.*

February 16th.

Like some bright spirit sent between
The earth and heaven, she seems to lean
 Wearily on the cloud and rest;
And light from her unsullied brow
That gloomy cloud is gathering now
 Along each wreath'd and whitening
 crest.

“The Missionary.”—*Whittier.*

February 17th.

I love you all! there radiates from our
 own
 A soul that lives in every shape we
 see;
There is a voice, to other ears unknown,
 Like echoed music answering to its
 key.
The dungeoned captive hath a tale to tell,
Of every insect in his lonely cell;

And these poor frailties have a simple
tone,
That breathes in accents sweet to me
alone.

“To My Companions.”—*Holmes.*

February 18th.

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear;
Unheeded by His tender eye,
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God!

The pomp and power of tyrant man
Are scattered at His lightest breath,
Like chaff before the winnow's fan.

“The Legend of St. Mark.”—*Whittier.*

February 19th.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship
authorizes you to say disagreeable things

to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

February 20th.

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

“Wordsworth.”—*Whittier.*

February 21st.

“*Qui vive!*” And is the sentry’s cry,—
The sleepless soldier’s hand,—
Are these,—the painted folds that fly

And lift their emblems, printed high,
On morning mist and sunset sky,—
The guardians of a land?

No! If the patriot's pulses sleep,
How vain the watch that hirelings
keep,—

The idle flag that waves,
When Conquest, with his iron heel,
Treads down the standards and the steel
That belt the soil of slaves!

“Qui Vive!”—*Holmes.*

February 22d.

Land of our fathers, in thine hour of
need

God help thee, guarded by the passive
creed!

As the lone pilgrim trusts to beads and
cowl,

When through the forest rings the gray
wolf's howl;

As the deep galleon trusts her gilded
 prow
When the black corsair slants athwart
 her bow;
As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful
 mien,
Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-
 green,
When the dark plumage with the crim-
 son beak
Has rustled shadowy from its splintered
 peak;
So trust thy friends, whose idle tongues
 would charm
The lifted sabre from thy foeman's arm,
Thy torches ready for the answering
 peal
From bellowing fort and thunder-
 freighted keel!

“Astraea.”—*Holmes.*

February 23d.

God's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

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

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

“Benedicite.”—*Whittier.*

February 24th.

If the wild filly, “Progress,” thou
would'st ride,
Have young companions ever at thy side;

But, would'st thou stride the stanch old
mare, "Success,"
Go with thine elders, though they please
thee less.

"Urania."—*Holmes.*

February 25th.

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

"To my Friend."—*Whittier.*

February 26th.

God is Love, saith the Evangel; and our
world of woe and sin
Is made light and happy only when a
Love is shining in.

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine, find-
ing wheresoe'er ye roam,
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness,
making all the world like home.

“The Slaves of Martinique.”—*Whittier.*

February 27th.

Yet, for this vision of the Past,
This glance upon its darkness cast,
My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth;
Quicken the Past to life again —
The Present lose in what hath been,
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.
As if a portion of that Thought
By which the Eternal will is wrought,

Whose impulse fills anew with breath
To frozen solitude of Death,
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,
The mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper—even when it seems
But Memory's phantasy of dreams —
Through the mind's waste of woe and
 sin,
Of an immortal origin!

“The Norsemen.”—*Whittier.*

February 28th.

Trust not the teacher with his lying
 scroll,
Who tears the charter of thy shuddering
 soul;
The God of love, who gave the breath
 that warms
All living dust in all its varied forms,
Asks not the tribute of a world like this
To fill the measure of His perfect bliss.

Though winged with life through all its
radiant shores,
Creation flowed with unexhausted stores
Cherub and seraph had not yet enjoyed;
For this He called thee from the quicken-
ing void!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

MARCH.

March 1st.

The wild March rains had fallen fast and
long
The snowy mountains of the North
among,
Making each vale a water-course—each
hill
Bright with the cascade of some new
made rill.

“The Departure.”—*Whittier.*

March 2d.

So when this fluid age we live in
Shall stiffen round my careless rhyme,
Who made the vagrant tracks may puzzle
The savans of the coming time:
And, following out their dim suggestions,
Some idly-curious hand may draw

My doubtful portraiture, as Cuvier
Drew fish and bird from fin and claw.

And maidens in the far-off twilights,
Singing my words to breeze and stream,
Shall wonder if the old-time Mary
Were real, or the rhymer's dream!

“The First Flowers.”—*Whittier.*

March 3d.

The song is hushed. Another moment
parts
This breathing zone, this belt of living
hearts;
Ah, think not thus the parting moment
ends
The soul's embrace of new-discovered
friends.

“Astraea.”—*Holmes.*

March 4th.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had
been

Abused, its kindness answered with
foul wrong;

So, turning gloomily from my fellow-
men,

One summer Sabbath day I strolled
among

The green mounds of the village burial
place;

Where, pondering how all human love
and hate

Find one sad level—and how, soon or
late,

Wronged and wrong-doer, each with
meekened face,

And cold hands folded over a still heart,

Pass the green threshold of our common
grave,

Whither all footsteps tend, whence
 none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty
 wave,
Swept all my pride away, and trembling
 I forgave!

“Forgiveness.”—*Whittier.*

March 5th.

Children of wealth or want, to each is
 given
One spot of green, and all the blue of
 heaven!
Enough, if these their outward shows
 impart;
The rest is thine,—the scenery of the
 heart.
If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as they
 flow,

If with thy verse thy strength and bloom
 distil,
Drained by the pulses of the fevered
 thrill;
If sound's sweet effluence polarize thy
 brain,
And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid
 strain,—
Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's
 bloom,
Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's
 gloom,
Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy
 line;
Thy own broad signet stamps thy song
 divine!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

March 6th.

Away with weary cares and themes!—
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!

Leave free once more the land which
teems

With wonders and romances!
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
Beneath the quaintly masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies.

“To My Sister.”—*Whittier.*

March 7th.

Christ's love rebukes no home-love,
breaks no tie of kin apart;
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of
heart.

“Mary Garvin.”—*Whittier.*

March 8th.

We have settled when old age begins.
Like all Nature's processes, it is gentle
and gradual in its approaches, strewed
with illusions, and all its little griefs

soothed by natural sedatives. But the iron hand is not less irresistible because it wears the velvet glove. The button-wood throws off its bark in large flakes, which one may find lying at its foot, pushed out, and at last pushed off by that tranquil movement from beneath, which is too slow to be seen, but too powerful to be arrested. One finds them always, but one rarely sees them fall. So it is our youth drops from us—scales off, sapless and lifeless, and lays bare the tender and immature fresh growth of old age. Looked at collectively, the changes of old age appear as a series of personal insults and indignities, terminating at last in death, which Sir Thomas Browne has called “the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures.”

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

March 9th.

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy
brother;

Where pity dwells, the peace of God
is there;

To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed
a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great ex-
ample

Of Him whose holy work was “doing
good”;

So shall the wide earth seem our Father’s
temple,

Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

“Worship.”—*Whittier.*

March 10th.

And Nature’s God, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known—
The hidden language traced thereon;

Who from its many cumberings
Of form and creed, and outward things,
To light the naked spirit brings;

Not with our partial eye shall scan —
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban
The spirit of our brother man!

“Funeral Tree of the Sokokis.”— *Whittier.*

March 11th.

“Strivest thou in darkness? — Foes with-
out

In league with traitor thoughts
within;

Thy night-watch kept with trembling
Doubt

And pale Remorse the ghost of
Sin? —

“Hast thou not, on some week of storm,
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking
fair,

And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of its tent of prayer?

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

“The Voices.”—*Whittier.*

March 12th.

What are the great faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else; long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles on which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations

with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultimata* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

March 13th.

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,
And blest is he who on his way
That fount of healing findeth!

The shadows of a humbled will
And contrite heart are o'er it:
Go read its legend—“TRUST IN GOD”—
On Faith's white stones before it.

“The Well of Loch Maree.”—*Whittier.*

March 14th.

Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them
smile.

I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;

Nor farmhouse with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.

“The Merrimack.”—*Whittier.*

March 15th.

Is not Nature's worship thus
Ceaseless ever, going on?
Hath it not a voice for us
In the thunder, or the tone
Of the leaf-harp faint and small,
Speaking to the unsealed ear
Words of blended love and fear,
Of the mighty Soul of all?

“Mogg Megone.”—*Whittier.*

March 16th.

Most lives, though their stream is
loaded with sand and turbid with allu-

vial waste, drop a few golden grains of wisdom, as they flow along. Oftentimes a single *cradling* gets them all, and after that the poor man's labor is only rewarded by mud and worn pebbles.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

March 17th.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love,
The singing waters run;
And sunset mountains wear in light
above
The smile of duty done;
Sure stands the promise—ever to the
meek
A heritage is given;
Nor lose they Earth who, single-hearted,
seek
The righteousness of Heaven!

“The Christian Tourists.”—*Whittier.*

March 18th.

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

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

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

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

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

"Maud Muller."—*Whittier.*

March 19th.

Come, seek the air; some pictures we
may gain

Whose passing shadows shall not be in
vain;

Not from the scenes that crowd the
stranger's soil,
Not from our own amidst the stir of toil,
But when the Sabbath brings its kind
release,
And Care lies slumbering on the lap of
Peace.

The air is hushed; the street is holy
ground;
Hark! The sweet bells renew their wel-
come sound;
As one by one awakes each silent
tongue,
It tells the turret whence its voice is
flung.

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

March 20th.

The eyes of memory will not sleep, —
Its ears are open still;

And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.

“The Knight of St. John.”—*Whittier.*

March 21st.

Gift from the cold and silent Past!
A relic to the present cast;
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime
And beating of the waves of Time!
Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely
block?

Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

“The Norsemen.”—*Whittier.*

March 22d.

The promise of a fairer morrow,
An earnest of the better life to come;

The binding of the spirit broken,
The warning to the erring spoken,
The comfort of the sad,
The eye to see, the hand to cull
Of common things the beautiful,
The absent heart made glad
By simple gift or graceful token
Of love it needs as daily food,
All own one Source, and all are good!

“To A. K.”—*Whittier.*

March 23d.

When one of us who has been led by native vanity or senseless flattery to think himself or herself possessed of talent, arrives at the full and final conclusion that he or she is really dull, it is one of the most tranquilizing and blessed convictions that can enter a mortal's mind. All our failures, our shortcomings, our strange disappointments

in the effect of our efforts are lifted from our bruised shoulders, and fall, like Christian's pack, at the feet of that Omnipotence which has seen fit to deny us the pleasant gift of high intelligence, —with which one look may overflow us in some wider sphere of being.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

March 24th.

Through heat and cold, and shower and sun

Still onward cheerly driving!

There's life alone in duty done,

And rest alone in striving.

But see! the day is closing cool,

The woods are dim before us;

The white fog of the wayside pool

Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,

Our footsore beasts are weary,

And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.
The landlord beckons from his door,
His beechen fire is glowing;
These ample barns, with feed in store,
Are filled to overflowing.

“The Drovers.”—*Whittier.*

March 25th.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow;
Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain,
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

“Seed Time and Harvest.”—*Whittier.*

March 26th.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes
The tempest-smitten tree receives

From one small root the sap which
climbs
Its topmost spray and crowning
leaves,
So from his child the Sachem drew
A life of Love and Hope, and felt
His cold and rugged nature through
The softness and the warmth of her
young being melt.

“The Daughter.”—*Whittier.*

March 27th.

Winter is past; the heart of Nature
warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than
seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with
tender green;
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping
eaves,

Spring's earliest nurslings spread their
glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures
won,
White, azure, golden,—drift, or sky, or
sun;—
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient
breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter's
crest;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through
the mould
Naked and shivering with his cup of
gold.

“Astraea.”—*Holmes.*

March 28th.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,
Like some young priestess of the wood,

The free born child of Solitude,
And bearing still the wild and rude,
Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.
Her dark brown cheek has caught its
stain
More from the sunshine than the rain;
Yet, where her long fair hair is parting,
A pure white brow into light is starting;
And, where the folds of her blanket
sever,
Are a neck and bosom as white as ever
The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping
river.

“Mogg Megone.”—*Whittier.*

March 29th.

Well speed thy mission, bold Iconoclast!
Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,
If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving
heart,

Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of
the Past,

By the great Future's dazzling hope
made blind

To all the beauty, power, and truth,
behind.

Not without reverent awe shouldst thou
put by

The cypress branches and the amaranth
blooms,

Where, with clasped hands of prayer,
upon their tombs

The effigies of old confessors lie,
God's witnesses; the voices of His will,
Heard in the slow march of the centuries
still!

Such were the men at whose rebuking
frown,

Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's knee
went down;

Such from the terrors of the guilty drew
The vassal's freedom and the poor man's
due.

“The Men of Old.”—*Whittier.*

March 30th.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold
will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's
grip;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never
yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of
the fields!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

March 31st.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
Though yet on her deliverer's wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

“Funeral Tree of the Sokokis.”—*Whittier.*

APRIL.

April 1st.

'Tis springtime on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead
leaves

The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
In kindly shower and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks;

The southwest wind is warmly blow-
ing,

And odors from the springing grass,
The pine-tree and the sassafras,
Are with it on its errands going.

“Mogg Megone.”—*Whittier.*

April 2d.

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

“The First Flowers.”—*Whittier.*

April 3d.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

“Funeral Tree of the Sokokis.”—*Whittier.*

April 4th.

There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: That one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log, to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw

an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows;—the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a spring of diamonds stuck in it!

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

April 5th.

Through vales of grass and meads of
flowers,

Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

“The Corn Song.”—*Whittier.*

April 6th.

A laugh which in the woodland rang
 Bemocking April's gladdest bird —
A light and graceful form which sprang
 To meet him when his step was
 heard —

Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,
 Small fingers stringing bead and shell
Or weaving mats of bright-hued
 bark, —

With these the household-god had graced
 his wigwam well.

“The Daughter.”— *Whittier.*

April 7th.

Eternal Truth! Beyond our hopes and
 fears
Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad
 spheres!
From age to age while History carves
 sublime

On her waste rock the flaming curves of
time,
How the wild swayings of our planet
show
That worlds unseen surround the world
we know!

“Astraea.”—*Holmes.*

April 8th.

Oh Father, bear with me; my heart
Is sick and deathlike, and my brain
Seems girdled with a fiery chain,
Whose scorching links will never part,
And never cool again.
Bear with me while I speak—but turn
Away that gentle eye, the while—
The fires of guilt more fiercely burn
Beneath its holy smile;
For half I fancy I can see
My mother’s sainted look in thee.

“Mogg Megone.”—*Whittier.*

April 9th.

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

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

“The Cypress Tree.”—*Whittier.*

April 10th.

That Sacrifice!—the death of Him—
The High and ever Holy One!
Well may the conscious Heaven grow
dim,
And blacken the beholding Sun!
The wonted light hath fled away,
Night settles on the middle day,

And earthquake from his caverned bed
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

* * * * *

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
And Death resigns his iron power?
Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to His sore distress,
And added to His tears of blood—
Refuse its trembling gratitude!

“The Crucifixion.”—*Whittier.*

April 11th.

We get into a way of thinking as if what we call an “intellectual man” was, as a matter of course, made up of nine-tenths, or thereabouts, of book-learning, and one-tenth himself. But even if he is actually so compounded, he need not

read much. Society is a strong solution of books. It draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength of tea-leaves. If I were a prince, I would hire or buy a private literary teapot, in which I would steep all the leaves of new books that promised well. The infusion would do for me without the vegetable fibre.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

April 12th.

Thou, O Most Compassionate!
Who didst stoop to our estate,
Drinking of the cup we drain,
Treading in our path of pain —

Through the doubt and mystery,
Grant to us thy steps to see,
And the grace to draw from thence
Larger hope and confidence.

Show Thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit,
Whispering, by its open door:
“Fear not! He hath gone before!”

“My Dream.”—*Whittier.*

April 13th.

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed,
Or, raining in the summer's wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled!

“The Pilgrim's Vision.”—*Holmes.*

April 14th.

'Tis the noon of the springtime, yet
never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is
heard;

L. of C.

For green meadow-grasses wide levels
of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus
should blow;
Where wind-flower and violet, amber
and white,
On south-sloping brooksides should
smile in the light,
O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-
waking roots
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal
shoots;
And, longing for light, under wind-
driven heaps,
Round the boles of the pine-wood the
ground-laurel creeps,
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of
showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which
should burst into flowers!

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of
the south!
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss
of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from
God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the
sod!

“April.”—*Whittier.*

April 15th.

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

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

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

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

“Summer by the Lakeside.”—*Whittier.*

April 16th.

When the green earth, beneath the zephyr's wing,
Wears on her breast the varnished buds
of spring;
When the loosed current, as its folds
uncoil,
Slides in the channels of the mellowed
soil;
When the young hyacinth returns to seek
The air and sunshine with her emerald
beak;
When the light snowdrops, starting from
their cells,
Hang each pagoda with its silver bells;

When the frail willow twines her trail-
ing bow
With pallid leaves that sweep the soil
below;
When the broad elm, sole empress of
the plain,
Whose circling shadow speaks a cen-
tury's reign,
Wreathes in the clouds her regal dia-
dem,—
A forest waving on a single stem;—
Then mark the poet; though to him un-
known
The quaint-mouthed titles, such as schol-
ars own,
See how his eye in ecstasy pursues
The steps of Nature tracked in radiant
hues;
Nay, in thyself, whate'er may be thy
fate,

Pallid with toil, or surfeited with state,
Mark how thy fancies, with the vernal
 rose,
Awake, all sweetness, from their long
 repose;
Then turn to ponder o'er the classic page,
Traced with the idyls of a greener age,
And learn the instinct which arose to
 warm
Art's earliest essay, and her simplest
 form.

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

April 17th.

Nor lack I friends, long-tried and near
 and dear,
Whose love is round me like this atmos-
 phere,
Warm, soft, and golden. For such gifts
 to me,

What shall I render, O my God, to Thee?
Let me not dwell upon my lighter share
Of pain and ill that human life must
bear;

Save me from selfish pining; let my
heart,

Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget
The bitter longings of a vain regret,
The anguish of its own peculiar smart.
Remembering others, as I have to-day,
In their great sorrows, let me live always
Not for myself alone, but have a part,
Such as a frail and erring spirit may,
In love which is of Thee, and which indeed
Thou art!

“The Prisoners of Naples.”—*Whittier.*

April 18th.

It is a very dangerous thing for a literary man to indulge his love for the ridic-

ulous. People laugh *with* him just so long as he amuses them; but if he attempts to be serious, they must still have their laugh, and so they laugh *at* him.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

April 19th.

Through Thy clear spaces, Lord, of old,
Formless and void the dead earth rolled;
Deaf to Thy heaven's sweet music, blind
To the great lights which o'er it shined;
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no
breath,—

A dumb despair, a wandering death.

To that dark, weltering horror came
Thy spirit, like a subtle flame,—
A breath of life electrical,
Awakening and transforming all,
Till beat and thrilled in every part
The pulses of a living heart.

Then knew their bounds the land and
sea;
Then smiled the bloom of mead and tree;
From flower to moth, from beast to man,
The quick creative impulse ran;
And earth, with life from Thee renewed,
Was in Thy holy eyesight good.

“Invocation.”—*Whittier.*

April 20th.

“Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of
fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

“That song of Love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star!
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse!”

“The Chapel of the Hermits.”—*Whittier.*

April 21st.

A track of moonlight on a quiet lake,
Whose small waves on a silver-sanded
shore

Whisper of peace, and with the low
winds make

Such harmonies as keep the woods
awake,

And listening all night long for their
sweet sake;

A green-waved slope of meadow,
hovered o'er

By angel-troops of lilies, swaying light
On viewless stems, with folded wings of
white;

A slumberous stretch of mountain-land,
far seen

Where the low westering day, with gold
and green,

Purple and amber, softly blended, fills

The wooded vales, and melts among the
hills;

A vine-fringed river, winding to its rest

On the calm bosom of a stormless sea,
Bearing alike upon its placid breast,
With earthly flowers and heavenly stars
impressed,

The hues of time and of eternity:

Such are the pictures which the
thought of thee,

O friend, awakeneth,—charming the
keen pain

Of thy departure, and our sense of
loss

Requiting with the fulness of thy gain.

“In Peace.”—*Whittier.*

April 22d.

Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,

Too old for garlands now;

Yet, while the dewy breath of spring

Steals o'er the tingling air,
And spreads and fans each emerald wing
The forest soon shall wear,
How bright the opening year would
seem,
Had I one look like thine,
To meet me when the morning beam
Unseals these lids of mine!
Too long I bear this lonely lot,
That bids my heart run wild
To press the lips that love me not,
To clasp the stranger's child.

“The Only Daughter.”—*Holmes*.

April 23d.

Friends of my youth! I must leave you
forever,
And hasten to dwell in a region un-
known:—
Yet time cannot change, nor the broad
ocean sever,

Hearts firmly united and tried as our
own.

Ah, no! though I wander, all sad and
forlorn,

In a far distant land, yet shall memory
trace,

When far o'er the ocean's white surges
I'm borne,

The scene of past pleasures,—my own
native place.

“The Exile's Departure.”—*Whittier.*

April 24th.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife!

How vain do all things seem!

My soul is in the past, and life

To-day is but a dream!

“The Knight of St. John.”—*Whittier.*

April 25th.

In vain to me the Sphinx propounds

The riddle of her sights and sounds;

Back still the vaulted mystery gives
The echoed question it receives.
What sings the brook? What oracle
Is in the pine tree's organ swell?
What may the wind's low burden be?
The meaning of the moaning sea?
The hieroglyphics of the stars?
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars?
I vainly ask, for mocks my skill
The trick of Nature's cipher still.

“Questions of Life.”—*Whittier.*

April 26th.

Ah, me! what strains and strophes of
unwritten verse pulsate through my soul
when I open a certain closet in the an-
cient house where I was born! On its
shelves used to lie bundles of sweet-
marjoram and pennyroyal and lavender
and mint and catnip; there apples were
stored until their seeds should grow

black, which happy period there were sharp little milk-teeth always ready to anticipate; there peaches lay in the dark, thinking of the sunshine they had lost, until, like the hearts of saints that dream of heaven in their sorrow, they grew fragrant as the breath of angels. The odorous echo of a score of dead summers lingers yet in those dim recesses.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

April 27th.

O, soul of the springtime, its light and
its breath,
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life
to this death;
Renew the great miracle; let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepul-
chre rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old!

Let our faith, which in darkness and
coldness has lain,
Revive with the warmth and the bright-
ness again,
And in blooming of flower and budding
of tree
The symbols and types of our destiny
see;
The life of the springtime, the life of
the whole,
And as sun to the sleeping earth love to
the soul!

“April.”—*Whittier.*

April 28th.

Darkly upon our struggling way
The storm of human hate is sweeping;
Hunted and branded, and a prey,
Our watch amidst the darkness keep-
ing!

Oh! for that hidden strength which can
Nerve unto death the inner man!

Oh! for thy spirit, tried and true,
And constant in the hour of trial,
Prepared to suffer, or to do,
In meekness and in self-denial.

“To the Memory of Thomas Shipley.”—*Whittier*.

April 29th.

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

“Questions of Life.”—*Whittier*.

April 30th.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Woody by her playmate with the golden
 hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods
O'er the soft meadows starred with open-
 ing buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers
 of May.

“Astraea.”—*Holmes.*

MAY.

May 1st.

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

“The Huskers.”—*Whittier.*

May 2d.

Still for these I own my debt;
Memory, with her eyelids wet,
Fain would thank thee even yet!

And as one who scatters flowers
Where the Queen of May's sweet hours
Sits, o'ertwined with blossomed bowers,

In superfluous zeal bestowing
Gifts where gifts are overflowing,
So I pay the debt I'm owing.

To thy full thoughts, gay or sad,
Sunny-hued or sober clad,
Something of my own I add.

“Remembrance.”—*Whittier.*

May 3d.

Sad Mayflower! watched by winter stars,
‘And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, “God be praised!” the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
“Behold our Mayflower here!”

“The Mayflowers.”—*Whittier.*

May 4th.

Ay, there's a glorious remnant yet,
Whose lips are wet at Freedom's foun-
tains,
The coming of whose welcome feet
Is beautiful upon our mountains!
Men, who the gospel tidings bring
Of Liberty and Love forever,
Whose joy is one abiding spring,
Whose peace is as a gentle river!

“ Lines.”— *Whittier.*

May 5th.

We, like the leaf, the summit, or the
wave,
Reflect the light our common nature
gave,
But every sunbeam, falling from her
throne,
Wears, on our hearts, some coloring of
our own;

Chilled in the slave, and burning in the
free,
Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling
sea;
Lost, like the lightning in the sullen clod,
Or shedding radiance, like the smiles of
God;
Pure, pale in Virtue, as the star above,
Or quivering roseate on the leaves of
Love;
Glaring like noontide, where it glows
upon
Ambition's sands,—the desert in the sun;
Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene
Life's common coloring, — intellectual
green.

“A Metrical Essay.”—*Holmes*.

May 6th.

How welcome to our ears, long pained
By strife of sect and party noise,

The brook-like murmur of his song
Of nature's simple joys!

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

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

“ Wordsworth.”— *Whittier.*

May 7th.

Thanks for thy gift
Of ocean flowers,
Born where the golden drift
Of the slant sunshine falls
Down the green, tremulous walls
Of water, to the cool, still coral bowers,

Where, under rainbows of perpetual
showers,
God's gardens of the deep
His patient angels keep;
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude
With fairest forms and hues, and
thus
Forever teaching us
The lesson which the many-colored
skies,
The flowers, and leaves, and painted
butterflies,
The deer's branched antlers, the gay
bird that flings
The tropic sunshine from its golden
wings,
The brightness of the human counte-
nance,
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,
Forevermore repeat,

In varied tones and sweet,
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

“ To A. K.”—*Whittier.*

May 8th.

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

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

“ At Pennacook.”—*Whittier.*

May 9th.

But whence and why, our trembling
souls inquire,

Caught these dim visions their awaken-
ing fire?

Oh, who forgets when first the piercing
thought

Through childhood's musings found its
way unsought.

I AM;—I LIVE. The mystery and the fear
When the dread question—WHAT HAS
BROUGHT ME HERE?

Burst through life's twilight, as before
the sun

Roll the deep thunders of the morning gun!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

May 10th.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

“Funeral Tree of the Sokokis.”—*Whittier.*

May 11th.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, —but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

May 12th.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters
still
Mirror the forest and the hill,

Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless West,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of Heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

“Pentucket.”—*Whittier.*

May 13th.

Gray searcher of the upper air!
There's sunshine on thy ancient
walls —
A crown upon thy forehead bare —
A flashing on thy waterfalls —
A rainbow glory in the cloud,
Upon thine awful summit bowed,
Dim relic of the recent storm!
And music, from the leafy shroud
Which wraps in green thy giant form,
Mellowed and softened from above,
Steals down upon the listening ear,

Sweet as the maiden's dream of love,
With soft tones melting on her ear.

The time has been, gray mountain,
when

Thy shadows veiled the red man's
home;

And over crag and serpent den,
And wild gorge, where the steps of
men

In chase or battle might not come,
The mountain eagle bore on high

The emblem of the free of soul;
And midway in the fearful sky
Sent back the Indian's battle-cry,

Or answered to the thunder's roll.

“Mount Agiochook.”—*Whittier*.

May 14th.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground

glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

May 15th.

To the God of all sure mercies let my
blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath
plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around
the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set
His handmaid free!

“Cassandra Southwick.”—*Whittier.*

May 16th.

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and
pale,
Those sunken cheeks beneath the wid-
ow's veil;

Alone she wanders where with *him* she
trod,
No arm to stay her, but she leans on
God.

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

May 17th.

Oh, child of that white-crested mountain
whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-
eagle's wings,
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy
wild waters shine,
Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing
through the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold
and so lone,
From the arms of that wintry-locked
mother of stone,

By hills hung with forests, through vales
wide and free,
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced
down to the sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that
where the trees
Stretched their long arms above thee and
kissed in the breeze.

“The Merrimack.”—*Whittier.*

May 18th.

The long night dies: the welcome gray
Of dawn we see;
Speed up the heavens thy perfect day,
God of the free!

“Moloch in State Street.”—*Whittier.*

May 19th.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks.
The Angel of Life winds them up once

for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

May 20th.

Red as the banner which enshrouds

The warrior-dead when strife is done,

A broken mass of crimson clouds

Hung over the departed sun.

The shadow of the western hill
Crept swiftly down, and darkly still,
As if a sullen wave of night
Were rushing on the pale twilight,
The forest-openings grew more dim,
As glimpses of the arching blue
And waking stars come softly through
The rifts of many a giant limb.
Above the wet and tangled swamp
White vapors gathered thick and damp,
And through their cloudy curtaining
Flapped many a brown and dusky
wing—
Pinions that fan the moonless dun,
But fold them at the rising sun!

“Metacom.”—*Whittier.*

May 21st.

Oh! sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then

Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

“The Mayflowers.”—*Whittier.*

May 22d.

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go!
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow,
To the far aim of your desire!
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled
wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God!

“Hymns.”—*Whittier.*

May 23d.

Did you never in walking the fields, come across a large flat stone, which has lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, close to its edges,—and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, “It’s done brown enough by this time”? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over!

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

May 24th.

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter
With all they left ye peril'd and at
stake?

Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthen'd for the trial, come
together,

Put on the harness for the moral fight,
And, with the blessing of your heavenly
Father,

MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

"A Summons."—*Whittier.*

May 25th.

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!

Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

“The Fisherman.”—*Whittier.*

May 26th.

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroying
arm,
And age, like distance, lends a double
charm;
In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted
gloom,
What holy awe invests the saintly tomb!
There pride will bow, and anxious care
expand,
And creeping avarice come with open
hand;
The gay can weep, the impious can
adore,

From morn's first glimmerings on the
chancel floor
Till dying sunset sheds his crimson stains
Through the faint halos of the irised
panes.

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

May 27th.

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of
need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent,
He has not lived in vain, and while he
gives
The praise to Him, in whom he moves
and lives,
With thankful heart;

He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he never
more

Can henceforth part.

“The Reward.”—*Whittier.*

May 28th.

I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births, with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the essences ever distilled.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

May 29th.

Why mourn the quiet ones who die
Beneath affection's tender eye,
Unto their household and their kin
Like ripened corn-sheaves gathered in?
O weeper, from that tranquil sod,
That holy harvest-home of God,
Turn to the quick and suffering,—shed
Thy tears upon the living dead!
Thank God above thy dear ones' graves,
They sleep with Him,—they are not
slaves.

“Derne.”—*Whittier.*

May 30th.

Take them, O Father, in immortal trust!
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
Till the last angel rolls the stone away,
And a new morning brings eternal day!

“Pittsfield Cemetery.”—*Holmes.*

May 31st.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains —
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

“Ichabod.”—*Whittier.*

JUNE.



June 1st.

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

“The Huskers.”—*Whittier.*

June 2d.

Dear friends, who read the world aright,
And in its common forms discern
A beauty and a harmony
The many never learn!

Kindred in soul of him who found
In simple flower and leaf and stone
The impulse of the sweetest lays
Our Saxon tongue has known,—

Accept this record of a life

As sweet and pure, as calm and good,
As a long day of blandest June
In green field and in wood.

“Wordsworth.”—*Whittier.*

June 3d.

There breathes no being but has some
pretense
To that fine instinct called poetic sense;
The rudest savage roaming through the
wild,
The simplest rustic, bending o'er his
child,
The infant listening to the warbling bird,
The mother smiling at its half-formed
word;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields
at large,
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like
charge;

The freeman, casting with unpurchased
hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the
land;
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted
chain,
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning
plain;
The hot-cheeked reveler, tossing down
the wine,
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang
syne."

"A Metrical Essay."—*Holmes.*

June 4th.

He loved his friends, forgave his foes;
And, if his words were harsh at
times,
He spared his fellow-men—his blows
Fell only on their crimes.

He loved the good and wise, but found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground
Of suffering and of sin.

“My Namesake.”—*Whittier.*

June 5th.

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with fresh-
est morning dew.

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

“Proem.”—*Whittier.*

June 6th.

Dear to his age were memories such as
these,
Leaves of his June in life's autumnal
breeze;
Such were the tales that won my boyish
ear,
Told in low tones that evening loves to
hear.

“Astraea.”—*Holmes.*

June 7th.

O, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone

Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!

“The Barefoot Boy.”—*Whittier.*

June 8th.

Father! for Thy holy sake
We are spoiled and hunted thus;
Joyful, for Thy truth we take
Bonds and burthens unto us:
Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,
Weary with our daily task,
That Thy truth may never fall
Through our weakness, Lord, we ask.

“The Familist’s Hymn.”—*Whittier.*

June 9th.

Run, if you like, but try to keep your
breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked
to death;
And with new notions,—let me change
the rule, —
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

June 10th.

Where, oh where are the visions of
morning,
Fresh as the dews of our prime?
Gone, like tenants that quit without
warning,
Down the back entry of time.

Where, oh where are life's lilies and
roses,
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile?

Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and
Elizas,

Loving and lovely of yore?

Look in the columns of old *Advertisers*, —

Married and dead by the score.

“Questions and Answers.”—*Holmes.*

June 11th.

Ah, the dead, the unforgot!

From their solemn homes of thought,

Where the cypress shadows blend

Darkly over foe and friend,

Or in love or sad rebuke,

Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,

Who their wrongs have borne the
meekest

Lifting from those dark, still places,
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwitting triumph find.

“The New Wife and the Old.”—*Whittier.*

June 12th.

I dare not publicly name the rare joys,
the infinite delights, that intoxicate me
on some sweet June morning, when the
river and bay are smooth as a sheet of
beryl-green silk, and I run along ripping
it up with my knife-edged shell of a
boat, the rent closing after me like those
wounds of Angels which Milton tells us
of, but the seam still shining for many a
long rood behind me.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

June 13th.

Then bursts the song from every leafy
glade,

The yielding season's bridal serenade;
Then flash the wings returning summer
calls
Through the deep arches of her forest
halls;
The bluebird breathing from his azure
plumes
The fragrance borrowed where the
myrtle blooms;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping
meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal
brown;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing
spire;
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,
Repeats, *staccâto*, his peremptory note;
The crack-brained bobolink courts his
crazy mate,

Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his
weight;
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
Feels the soft air and spreads his idle
wings.

“Astraea.”—*Holmes.*

June 14th.

Thou glorious island of the sea!
Though wide the wasting flood
That parts our distant land from thee,
We claim thy generous blood;
Nor o'er thy far horizon springs
One hallowed star of fame,
But kindles, like an angel's wings,
Our western skies in flame!

“Song.”—*Holmes.*

June 15th.

Oh! when the soul, once pure and high,
Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,

As, with the downcast star of morn,
Some gems of light are with it drawn —
And, through its night of darkness, play
Some tokens of its primal day —
Some lofty feelings linger still —

 The strength to dare, the nerve to meet
 Whatever threatens with defeat
Its all-indomitable will!—

But lacks the mean of mind and heart,
 Though eager for the gains of crime,
 Oft, at this chosen place and time,
The strength to bear this evil part;
And, shielded by this very Vice,
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.

“Mogg Megone.”—*Whittier.*

June 16th.

Child of the soil, whom fortune sends to
 range
Where man and nature, faith and cus-
 toms change,

Borne in thy memory, each familiar
tone

Mourns on the winds that sigh in every
zone.

When Ceylon sweeps thee with her per-
fumed breeze

Through the warm billows of the Indian
seas;

When,—ship and shadow blended both
in one,—

Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,
From sparkling midnight to refulgent
noon

Thy canvas swelling with the still mon-
soon;

When through thy shrouds the wild
tornado sings,

And thy poor seabird folds her tattered
wings,

Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,

And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal!
Then, dim with grateful tears, in long
array
Rise the fair town, the island-studded
bay,
Home, with its smiling board, its cheer-
ing fire,
The half-choked welcome of the expect-
ing sire,
The mother's kiss, and, still if aught
remain,
Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent
strain.—
Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean
To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen;
Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's
chills,
His heart lies warm among his triple
hills!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

June 17th.

While o'er their ashes the starry fold
flying

Wraps the proud eagle they roused
from his nest.

Borne on her northern pine,

Long o'er the foaming brine

Spread her broad banner to storm and to
sun;

Heaven keep her ever free,

Wide as o'er land and sea

Floats the fair emblem her heroes have
won.

“Lexington.”—*Whittier.*

June 18th.

If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot or does not share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books.

After all, if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read nor spell.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

June 19th.

I love thee with a brother's love,
I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
The cloud of human ill.
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!

“To W. L. G.”—*Whittier.*

June 20th.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows
With faster throb and fresher fire,
While music round her pathway flows
Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share
The glories of the earth and sky?
The eagle through the pathless air
Is followed by one burning eye.

“From a Bachelor's Private Journal.”—*Holmes.*

June 21st.

As lost and void, as dark and cold
And formless as that earth of old,—
A wondering waste of storm and night,
Midst spheres of song and realms of
light,—

A blot upon Thy holy sky,
Untouched, unwarned of thee, am I.

O Thou who movest on the deep
Of spirits, wake my own from sleep!
Its darkness melt, its coldness warm,
The lost restore, the ill transform,
That flower and fruit henceforth may be
Its grateful offering, worthy Thee.

“Invocation.”—*Whittier.*

June 22d.

Oh there are times
When all this fret and tumult that we
hear
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's
ear
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano,—woe is me
All the day long!

“Daily Trials.”—*Holmes.*

June 23d.

Dear listening soul, this transitory scene
Of murmuring stillness, busily serene;
This solemn pause, the breathing-space
of man,
The halt of toil's exhausted caravan,

Comes sweet with music to thy wearied
ear;

Rise with its anthems to a holier sphere!
Deal meekly, gently, with the hopes that
guide

The lowliest brother straying from thy
side;

If right, they bid thee tremble for thine
own,

If wrong, the verdict is for God alone!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

June 24th.

Let us then, uniting, bury

All our idle feuds in dust,

And to future conflicts carry

Mutual faith and common trust;

Always he who most forgiveth in his
brother is most just.

“Lines.”—*Whittier.*

June 25th.

Breathed o'er the wanderers of the field,
Like their own bridal bower;
Yet, saddened by its loveliness,
And humbled by its pride,
Earth's fairest child they could not bless,—
It mocked them when they sighed.

“A Portrait.”—*Holmes.*

June 26th.

Whate'er his neighbors might endure
Of pain or grief his own became;
For all the ills he could not cure
He held himself to blame.

His good was mainly an intent,
His evil not of forethought done;
The work he wrought was rarely meant
Or finished as begun.

Ill served his tides of feeling strong
To turn the common mills of use;

And, over restless wings a song,
His birthright garb hung loose!

“My Namesake.”—*Whittier.*

June 27th.

If glorious visions, born for all mankind,
The bright auroras of our twilight mind;
If fancies, varying as the shapes that lie
Stained on the windows of the sunset
sky;

If hopes, that beckon with delusive
gleams,

Till the eye dances in the void of dreams;
If passions, following with the winds
that urge

Earth's wildest wanderer to her farthest
verge;—

If these on all some transient hours be-
stow

Of rapture tingling with its hectic glow,

Then all are poets; and, if earth had
 rolled
Her myriad centuries, and her doom were
 told,
Each moaning billow of her shoreless
 wave
Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's
 grave!

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

June 28th.

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place —
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,

We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of
Heaven!

“The Moral Warfare.”—*Whittier.*

June 29th.

It was in this stillness of the world without and of the soul within that the pulsating lullaby of the evening crickets used to make itself most distinctly heard, so that I well remember I used to think the purring of these little creatures, which mingled with the batrachian hymns from the neighboring swamp, *was peculiar to Saturday evenings.* I don't know that anything could give a clearer idea of the quieting and subduing effect of the old habit of observance of what was considered holy time, than this strange, childish fancy.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

June 30th.

Mine ancient Chair! thy wide-embracing
arms

Have clasped around me even from
a boy;

Hadst thou a voice to speak of years
gone by,

Thine were a tale of sorrow and of
joy,

Of fevered hopes and ill-foreboding
fears,

And smile unseen, and unrecorded tears.

“To My Companions.”—*Holmes.*

JULY.

July 1st.

Sweet is the scene where genial friend-
ship plays

The pleasing games of interchanging
praise;

Self-love, grimalkin of the human heart,
Is ever pliant to the master's art;

Soothed with a word, she peacefully
withdraws

And sheathes in velvet her obnoxious
claws,

And thrills the hand that smooths her
glossy fur

With the light tremor of her grateful
purr.

But what sad music fills the quiet hall,
If on her back a feline rival fall;

And oh, what noises shake the tranquil
house,

If old Self-interest cheats her of a mouse!

“Terpsichore.”—*Holmes.*

July 2d.

Not he whose utterance now from lips
designed

The bugle-march of Liberty to wind,

And call her hosts beneath the breaking
light,—

The keen reveille of her morn of fight,—

Is but the hoarse note of the blood-
hound's baying,

The wolf's long howl behind the bond-
man's flight!

O for the tongue of him who lies at rest

In Quincy's shade of patrimonial
trees,—

Last of the Puritan tribunes and the
best,—

To lend a voice to Freedom's sym-
pathies,
And hail the coming of the noblest guest
The Old World's wrong has given the
New World of the West!

“Kossuth.”—*Whittier.*

July 3d.

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

“Proem.”—*Whittier.*

July 4th.

When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,

Baptized her infant brow in blood
And, through the storm which round
 her swept,
Their constant ward and watching
 kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for
 wine!

“The Moral Warfare.”—*Whittier.*

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
 And fling the starry banner out;
Shout “Freedom!” till your lispings ones
 Give back their cradle-shout:
Let boastful eloquence declaim,
Of honor, liberty, and fame;

Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With glory for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

"The Prisoner for Debt."—*Whittier.*

July 5th.

Oh! speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty,
and Love,
And Truth, and Right, throughout the
earth be known
As in their home above.

"Clerical Oppressions."—*Whittier.*

July 6th.

I think most readers of Shakespeare sometimes find themselves thrown into exalted mental conditions like those produced by music. Then they may drop the book, to pass at once into the region

of thought without words. We may happen to be very dull folks, you and I, and probably are, unless there is some particular reason to suppose the contrary. But we get glimpses now and then of a sphere of spiritual possibilities, where we, dull as we are now, may sail in vast circles round the largest compass of earthly intelligences.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

July 7th.

If when an earthquake voice of power,
And signs in earth and heaven are
showing
That, forth, in its appointed hour,
The Spirit of the Lord is going!
And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light
On kindred, tongue, and people break-
ing,

Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,
In glory and in strength are waking!

“Pastoral Letter.”—*Whittier.*

July 8th.

Shun such as lounge through afternoons
and eves,

And on thy dial write “Beware of
thieves!”

Felon of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures which thy fingers
steal,

Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,
But spare the right,—it holds my golden
time!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

July 9th.

If to embody in a breathing word
Tones that the spirit trembled when it
heard;

To fix the image all unveiled and warm,
And carve in language its ethereal form;
So pure, so perfect, that the lines express
No meagre shrinking, no unlaced excess;
To feel that art, in living truth, has taught
Ourselves, reflected in the sculptured
thought;—

If this alone bestow the right to claim
The deathless garland and the sacred
name;

Then none are poets, save the saints on
high,

Whose harps can murmur all that words
deny!

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

July 10th.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of
look and heart,

Talking their old times over, the old men
sat apart;

While, up and down the unhusked pile,
or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout,
the happy children played.

“The Huskers.”—*Whittier.*

July 11th,

Spirit of Beauty! let thy graces blend
With loveliest Nature all that Art can
lend.

Come from the bowers where Summer's
lifeblood flows

Through the red lips of June's half-open
rose,

Dressed in bright hues, the loving sun-
shine's dower;

For tranquil Nature owns no mourning
flower.

Come from the forest where the beech's
screen

Bars the fierce noonbeam with its flakes
 of green;
Stay the rude axe that bares the shadowy
 plains,
Stanch the deep wound that dries the
 maple's veins.

“Pittsfield Cemetery.”—*Holmes.*

July 12th.

Still shines the light of holy lives
 Like star-beams over doubt;
Each sainted memory, Christlike, drives
 Some dark possession out.

O friend! O brother! not in vain
 Thy life so calm and true,
The silver dropping of the rain,
 The fall of summer dew!

“William Forster.”—*Whittier.*

July 13th.

Thou knowest my heart, dear friend,
and well canst guess

That, even though silent, I have not
the less

Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
With the large future which I shaped for
thee,

When, years ago, besides the summer
sea,

White in the moon, we saw the long
waves fall

Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,
That, to the menace of the brawling
flood,

Opposed alone its massive quietude,
Calm as a fate; with not a leaf nor
vine

Nor birch-spray trembling in the still
moonshine

Crowning it like God's peace. I some-
times think

That night-scene by the sea prophet-
ical —

(For nature speaks in symbols and in
signs,

And through her pictures human fate
divines) —

That rock, wherefrom we saw the
billows sink

In murmuring rout, uprising clear and
tall

In the white light of heaven, the type of one
Who, momentarily by Error's host assailed,
Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of
granite mailed;

And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all
The tumult, hears the angels say, Well
done!

“To C. S.”—*Whittier.*

July 14th.

It is a fine thing to be an oracle to which an appeal is always made in all discussions. The men of facts wait their turn in grim silence, with that slight tension about the nostrils, which the consciousness of carrying a "settler" in the form of a fact or a revolver gives the individual thus armed. When a person is really full of information, and does not abuse it to crush conversation, his part is to that of the real talkers what the instrumental accompaniment is in a trio or quartette of vocalists.

"The Autocrat."—*Holmes.*

July 15th.

Good-bye to Pain and Care! I take
Mine ease to-day;

Here where these sunny waters break,
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary
thoughts away.

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

“Hampton Beach.”—*Whittier.*

July 16th.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to
Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath
set His handmaid free.

All praise to Him before whose power
the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare, which
for the poor is laid!

“Cassandra Southwick.”—*Whittier.*

July 17th.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore.
Where life's young fountains gleam;—
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wider rolls the sea;
The mist grows dark,—the sun goes
down,—
Day breaks,—and where are we?

“Departed Days.”—*Holmes.*

July 18th.

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,

Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,

Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

“The Barefoot Boy.”—*Whittier*.

July 19th.

These lines may teach, rough-spoken
though they be,
Thy gentle creed, divinest Charity!
Truth is at heart not always as she seems,
Judged by our sleeping or our waking
dreams.

We trust and doubt, we question and
believe,
From life's dark threads a trembling faith
to weave,

Frail as the web that misty night has
 spun,
Whose dew-gemmed awnings glitter in
 the sun.

“Astraea.”—*Holmes.*

July 20th.

Between me and the hot fields of his
 South
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace-
 mouth,
Glimmers and swims before my daz-
 zled sight,
 As if the burning arrows of his ire
Broke as they fell, and shattered into
 light!
Yet on my cheek I feel the Western wind,
 And hear it telling to the orchard trees,
 And to the faint and flower-forsaken
 bees,

Tales of fair meadows, green with
constant streams,
And mountains rising blue and cool be-
hind,
Where in moist dells the purple orchis
gleams,
And starred with white the virgin's bower
is twined.

“ Pictures.”— *Whittier.*

July 21st.

If sometimes in the dark blue eye,
Or in the deep red wine,
Or soothed by gentlest melody,
Still warms this heart of mine,
Yet something colder in the blood,
And calmer in the brain,
Have whispered that my youth's bright
flood
Ebbs, not to flow again.

“ An Evening Thought.”— *Holmes.*

July 22d.

Our ancient church! its lowly tower,
 Beneath the loftier spire,
Is shadowed when the sunset hour
 Clothes the tall shaft in fire;
It sinks beyond the distant eye,
 Long ere the glittering vane,
High wheeling in the western sky,
 Has faded o'er the plain.

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

July 23d.

Fling, from thy Capitol,
 Thy banner to the light,
And, o'er thy Charter's sacred scroll,
 For Freedom and the Right,
Breathe once again thy vows, unbroken —
Speak once again as thou hast spoken.

On thy bleak hills, speak out!
 A WORLD thy words shall hear;

And they who listen round about,
In friendship, or in fear,
Shall know thee still, when sorest tried,
“Unshaken and unterrified!”

“Massachusetts.”—*Whittier.*

July 24th.

The very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others, grow more sweet;
The clouds by day, the stars by night,
Inweave their floating locks of light;
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's
braid,
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

“The Philosopher to his Love.”—*Holmes.*

July 25th.

Beneath the westward-turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie —
Gems of the waters!—with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees

Touched by the pencil of the frost,
And, with the motion of each breeze,
A moment seen—a moment lost—
Changing and blent, confused and
tossed,

The brighter with the darker crossed,
Their thousand tints of beauty glow
Down in the restless waves below,
And tremble in the sunny skies,
As if, from waving bough to bough,
Flitted the birds of paradise.

“Mogg Megone.”—*Whittier.*

July 26th.

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

“Stanzas.”—*Holmes.*

July 27th.

Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

“But, by all thy nature’s weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.”

“What the Voice Said.”—*Whittier.*

July 28th.

When Glory wakes, when fiery spirits
leap,
Roused by her accents from their tran-
quil sleep,
The ray that flashes from the soldier’s
crest,
Lights, as it glances, in the poet’s
breast;—

Not in pale dreamers, whose fantastic lay
Toys with smooth trifles like a child at
 play,
But men, who act the passions they in-
 spire,
Who wave the sabre as they sweep the
 lyre!

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

July 29th.

So must it be; the weaker, wiser race,
 That wields the tempest and that rides
 the sea,
Even in the stillness of thy solitude
 Must teach the lesson of its power to
 thee;
And thou, the terror of the trembling
 wild,
Must bow thy savage strength, the
 mockery of a child!

“To a Caged Lion.”—*Holmes.*

July 30th.

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

The cant of party, school, and sect,
Provoked at times his honest scorn
And Folly, in its gray respect,
He tossed on satire's horn.

But still his heart was full of awe
And reverence for all sacred things;
And, brooding over form and law,
He saw the Spirit's wings!

"My Namesake."—*Whittier.*

July 31st.

There is a mother-idea in each particular kind of tree, which, if well marked, is probably embodied in the poetry of

every language. Take the oak, for instance, and we find it always standing as a type of strength and endurance. I wonder if you ever thought of the single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from all our other forest trees? All the rest of them shirk the work of resisting gravity; the oak alone defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs, so that their whole weight may tell,—and then stretches them out fifty or sixty feet, so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

AUGUST.

August 1st.

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;

Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

“The Barefoot Boy.”—*Whittier.*

August 2d.

It is enough for such to be
Of common, natural things a part,
To feel with bird and stream and tree
The pulses of the same great heart;
But we, from Nature long exiled
In our cold homes of Art and
Thought,
Grieve like the stranger-tended child,
Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees
but feels them not.

“The Daughter.”—*Whittier.*

August 3d.

Though books on MANNERS are not out of
print,

An honest tongue may drop a harmless
hint.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you
meet,

To spin your wordy fabric in the street;
While you are emptying your colloquial
pack,

The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his
back.

Nor cloud his features with the unwel-
come tale

Of how he looks, if haply thin and
pale;

Health is a subject for his child, his
wife,

And the rude office that insures his life.

“Urania.”—*Holmes*.

August 4th.

Memory is a net: one finds it full of
fish when he takes it from the brook;

but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

* * * * *

Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility; one is wind-power, and the other water-power; that is all.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

August 5th.

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day!

“Benedicite.”—*Whittier.*

August 6th.

So the o'erwearièd pilgrim, as he fares
Along life's summer waste, at times is
fanned,

Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet
airs

Of a serener and a holier land,
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall
bland.

Breath of the blessed Heaven for which
we pray,

Blow from the eternal hills!—make glad
our earthly way!

“ Pictures.”—*Whittier.*

August 7th.

Father of all! in Death's relentless claim
We read Thy mercy by its sterner name;
In the bright flower that decks the
solemn bier,

We see Thy glory in its narrowed
sphere;

In the deep lessons that affliction draws,
We trace the curves of Thy encircling
laws;

In the long sigh that sets our spirits free,
We own the love that calls us back to
Thee!

“Pittsfield Cemetery.”—*Holmes.*

August 8th.

As the large, round disk of day declined, a stillness, a solemnity, a somewhat melancholy hush came over us all. It was time for work to cease, and for playthings to be put away. The world of active life passed into the shadow of an eclipse, not to emerge until the sun should sink again beneath the horizon.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

August 9th.

There trailed the vine in Summer
hours—

The tree-perched squirrel dropped
, his shell—

On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,
Woven with leaf and spray, the softened
sunshine fell!

The Indian's heart is hard and cold —
It closes darkly o'er its care,
And, formed in Nature's sternest
mould,
Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.

“The Daughter.”—*Whittier.*

August 10th.

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

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

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

“The Exiles.”—*Whittier.*

August 11th.

See how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells;
And, burning o'er the midnight deep,

In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

“The Steamboat.”—*Holmes.*

August 12th.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in
heaven,
As a star that is lost when the daylight
is given,
As a glad dream of slumber, which
wakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy
from this.

“A Lament.”—*Whittier.*

August 13th.

For ever as these lines are penned,
Still with the thought of thee will blend
That of some loved and common friend —

Who in life's desert track has made
His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed
Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves
In freedom which the heart approves —
The negligence which friendship loves.

“Ego.”— *Whittier.*

August 14th.

Sweet image! I have done thee wrong
To claim this destined lay;
The leaf that asked an idle song
Must bear my tears away.
Yet, in thy memory shouldst thou keep
This else forgotten strain,
Till years have taught thine eyes to weep
And flattery's voice is vain;
Oh, then, thou fledgling of the nest,
Like the long-wandering dove,
Thy weary heart may faint for rest,

As mine, on changeless love;
And, while these sculptured lines retrace
The hours now dancing by,
This vision of thy girlish grace
May cost thee, too, a sigh.

“The Only Daughter.”—*Holmes.*

August 15th.

Thine was the seed-time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,
That seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

“The Cross.”—*Whittier.*

August 16th.

New England! proudly may thy chil-
dren claim

Their honored birthright by its humblest
name!

Cold are thy skies, but, ever fresh and
clear,

No rank malaria stains thine atmosphere;
No fungous weeds invade thy scanty soil,
Scarred by the ploughshares of unslum-
bering toil.

Long may the doctrines by thy sages
taught,

Raised from the quarries where their sires
have wrought,

Be like the granite of thy rock-ribbed
land,—

As slow to rear, as obdurate to stand;
And as the ice, that leaves thy crystal
mine,

Chills the fierce alcohol in the Creole's
wine,

So may the doctrines of thy sober school

Keep the hot theories of thy neighbors
cool!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

August 17th.

Men who exercise chiefly those faculties of the mind which work independently of the will, poets and artists, for instance, who follow their imagination in the creative movements, instead of keeping it in hand as your logicians and practical men do with their reasoning faculty, such men are too apt to call in the mechanical appliances to help them govern their intellects.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

August 18th.

Gentlest of spirits!—not for thee

Our tears are shed—our sighs are given:

Why mourn to know thou art a free

Partaker of the joys of Heaven?

Finish'd thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death:
And beautiful as sky and earth,
 When Autumn's sun is downward
 going,
The blessed memory of thy worth
 Around thy place of slumber glowing!
"To the Memory of Thomas Shipley."—*Whittier.*

August 19th.

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the
 deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!
O, isles of calm!—O, dark, still wood!
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude!
O, shapes and hues, dim beckoning,
 through

Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue,
To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland,
And skies—the hollow of God's hand!
Transfused through you, O mountain
friend!
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

“Summer by the Lakeside.”—*Whittier.*

August 20th.

I confess there are times when I feel like the friend I mentioned to you some time ago. I hate the very sight of a book. Sometimes it becomes almost a physical necessity to talk out what is in the mind before putting anything else into it. It is very bad to have thoughts

and feelings which were meant to come out in talk, *strike in*, as they say of some complaints that ought to show outwardly.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

August 21st.

He had his share of care and pain,
No holiday was life to him;
Still in the heirloom cup we drain
The bitter drop will swim.

Yet Heaven was kind, and here a bird
And there a flower beguiled his way;
And, cool, in summer noons, he heard
The fountains splash and play.

“My Namesake.”—*Whittier.*

August 22d.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
Unfolding to thy mental sight

The wants of human kind;
If brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not thine own:

Though heralded with naught of fear,
Or outward sign, or show:
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well —
Thy Father's call of love!

“The Call of the Christian.”—*Whittier.*

August 23d.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And naught but empty air I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me

Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

“Stanzas.”—*Holmes.*

August 24th.

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

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

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow!

“Burns.”—*Whittier.*

August 25th.

And lo! as through the western pines, on
meadow, stream and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all
afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a
milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were
mingled into one!

“The Huskers.”—*Whittier.*

August 26th.

O gracious Mother, whose benignant
breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every
clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front
of time!
We stain thy flowers,—they blossom o'er
the dead;

We rend thy bosom, and it gives us
bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife
has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled
corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest
plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.
Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted
charms
Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing
arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond weakness waste our
strength away.

“The Ploughman.”—*Holmes.*

August 27th.

The garden rose may richly bloom
In cultured soil and genial air,

To cloud the light of Fashion's room
Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair,
In lonelier grace, to sun and dew
The sweet-briar on the hillside shows
Its single leaf and fainter hue,
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a
sister rose!

“The Daughter.”—*Whittier.*

August 28th.

My broken Mirror! faithless, yet be-
loved,
Thou who canst smile, and smile alike
on all,
Oft do I leave thee, oft again return,
I scorn the siren, but obey the call;
I hate thy falsehood, while I fear thy
truth,
But most I love thee, flattering friend of
youth.

“To My Companions.”—*Holmes.*

August 29th.

(Holmes born, 1809.)

Let kindly Silence close again,

 The picture vanish from the eye,

And on the dim and misty main

 Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim

 To grateful thanks, dear friends of
 mine.

Hang, if it please you so, my name

 Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide

 Her chosen names, I envy none:

A mother's love, a father's pride,

 Shall keep alive my own!

 “My Namesake.”—*Whittier.*

August 20th.

And thou sad Angel, who so long

 Hast waited for the glorious token,

That Earth from all her bonds of wrong
To liberty and light has broken —
Angel of Freedom! soon to thee
The sounding trumpet shall be given,
And over Earth's full jubilee
Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

“ Lines.”— *Whittier.*

August 31st.

There is nothing that happens, you know, which must not inevitably, and which does not actually, photograph itself in every conceivable aspect and in all dimensions. The infinite galleries of the Past await but one brief process and all their pictures will be called out and fixed forever. We had a curious illustration of the great fact on a very humble scale. When a certain bookcase, long standing in one place, for which it was built, was

removed, there was the exact image on the wall of the whole, and many of its portions. But in the midst of this picture was another,—the precise outline of a map which had hung on the wall before the bookcase was built. We had all forgotten everything about the map until we saw its photograph on the wall. Then we remembered it, as some day or other we may remember a sin which has been built over and covered up, when this lower universe is pulled away from the wall of Infinity, where the wrong-doing stands, self-recorded.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

SEPTEMBER.

September 1st.

Is not Thy hand stretched forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite ?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right ?

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common - Father
down!

To all who plunder from the immortal
mind

Its bright and glorious crown!

“ Clerical Oppressors.”— *Whittier.*

September 2d.

Simple in youth, but not austere in
age;

Calm, but not cold, and cheerful though
a sage;

Too true to flatter, and too kind to sneer,
And only just when seemingly severe ;
So gently blending courtesy and art,
That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing
 friendship's heart ;
Taught by the sorrows that his age had
 known
In others' trials to forget his own,
As hour by hour his lengthened day de-
 clined,
The sweeter radiance lingered o'er his
 mind.
Cold were the lips that spoke his early
 praise,
And hushed the voices of his morning
 days,
Yet the same accents dwelt on every
 tongue,
And love renewing kept him ever young.
 " Extracts from a Medical Poem."—*Holmes.*

September 3d.

Lift we the twilight curtains of the Past,
And turning from familiar sight and
sound

Sadly and full of reverence let us cast
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy
ground,

Led by the few pale lights, which, glim-
mering round

That dim, strange land of Eld, seem
dying fast;

And that which history gives not to the
eye,

The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,
Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped brush
supply.

“The Bashaba.”—*Whittier.*

September 4th.

He must be a poor creature that does
not often repeat himself. Imagine the

author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail?

"The Autocrat."—*Holmes.*

September 5th.

Well to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
 Pass the countersign: "ENDURE."
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
 Is the victor's garland sure.

"Burial of Barbour."—*Whittier.*

September 6th.

The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows
dim,
While Heaven is listening to her evening
hymn;
The jeweled beauty, when her steps
draw near
The circling dance and dazzling chan-
delier;
E'en trembling age, when Spring's re-
newing air
Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered
hair;—
All, all are glowing with the inward
flame,
Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's
name,
While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer
dies,
His memory passing with his smiles and
sighs!

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

September 7th.

(*Whittier died, 1892.*)

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto Thee!

“The Wish of To-day.”—*Whittier.*

September 8th.

Farewell! A little time, and we
Who knew thee well, and loved thee
here
One after one shall follow thee
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity.
Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set —
A sweet and tender radiance yet.

Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things
wrong —

The truth, the strength, the graceful
beauty

Which blended in thy song.

All lovely things by thee beloved,

Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;

These green hills, where thy childhood
roved —

Yon river winding to the sea —

The sunset light of autumn eves

Reflecting on the deep, still floods,

Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves

Of rainbow-tinted woods,—

These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake;

And all thou loved'st of earth and sky,

Seem sacred to thy memory.

“Lucy Hooper.”—*Whittier.*

September 9th.

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee; that Angel kind,
And gently whispers "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

"The Angel of Patience."—*Whittier.*

September 10th.

Nature has placed thee on a changeful
tide,
To breast its waves, but not without a
guide;
Yet, as the needle will forget its aim,
Jarred by the fury of the electric flame,
As the true current it will falsely feel,
Warped from its axis by a freight of
steel;
So will thy CONSCIENCE lose its balanced
truth,

If passion's lightning fall upon thy
youth;
So the pure effluence quit its sacred
hold,
Girt round too deeply with magnetic
gold.

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

September 11th.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

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

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;

The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

“Seed Time and Harvest.”—*Whittier.*

September 12th.

Why fear the night? why shrink from
Death,
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in Heaven or earth
beneath
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from
Him
And from one another;
All is spectral and vague and dim
Save God and our brother!

“My Soul and I.”—*Whittier.*

September 13th.

Scenes of my youth! awake its slum-
bering fire!

Ye winds of Memory, sweep the silent
lyre!

Ray of the past, if yet thou canst ap-
pear,

Break through the clouds of Fancy's
waning year;

Chase from her breast the thin autumnal
snow,

If leaf or blossom still is fresh below!

Long have I wandered; the returning
tide

Brought back an exile to his cradle's
side;

And as my bark her time-worn flag un-
rolled,

To greet the land-breeze with its faded
fold,

So, in remembrance of my boyhood's
time,

I lift these ensigns of neglected rhyme;—

O more than blest, that, all my wander-
ings through,
My anchor falls where first my pennons
flew!

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

September 14th.

A sound of tumult troubles all the air,
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky
Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings
glare:

The hills blaze red with warnings:
foes draw nigh

Treading the dark with challenge and
reply.

Behold the burden of the prophet's
vision —

The gathering hosts—the Valley of
Decision,

Dusk with the wings of eagles wheel-
ing o'er.

Day of the Lord, of darkness and not
light!

It breaks in thunder and the whirl-
wind's roar!

Even so, Father! Let thy will be
done —

Turn and o'erturn, end what thou hast
begun

In judgment or in mercy: as for me,

If but the least and frailest, let me be

Evermore numbered with the truly free

Who find thy service perfect liberty!

I fain would thank Thee that my mortal
life

Has reached the hour (albeit through
care and pain)

When Good and Evil, as for final strife,

Close dim and vast on Armageddon's
plain;

And Michael and his angels once again

Drive howling back the Spirits of the
Night.
Oh! for the faith to read the signs
aright,
And, from the angle of thy perfect sight
See Truth's white banner floating on
before;
And, the Good Cause, despite of venal
friends,
And base expedients, move to noble
ends:
See Peace with Freedom make to Time
amends,
And, though its cloud of dust, the thresh-
ing-floor,
Flailed by thy thunder, heaped with
chaffless grain!

“What of the Day?”—*Whittier.*

September 15th.

As Thine early children, Lord,

Shared their wealth and daily bread,
Even so, with one accord,
We, in love, each other fed.
Not with us the miser's hoard,
Not with us his grasping hand;
Equal round a common board,
Drew our meek and brother band!

“The Familist's Hymn.”—*Whittier.*

September 16th.

The Quaker of the olden time! —
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through!
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

* * *

Oh! Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

“The Quaker of the Olden Time.”—*Whittier.*

September 17th.

Immortal Art! where'er the rounded sky
Bends o'er the cradle where thy children
lie,
Their home is earth, their herald every
tongue
Whose accents echo to the voice that
sung.

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

September 18th.

Home of our childhood! how affection
clings
And hovers round thee with her seraph
wings!
Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn
brown,
Than fairest summits which the cedars
crown!
Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer
breeze
Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's
sigh,
For the heart's temple is its own blue
sky!

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

September 19th.

As thus into the quiet night the twilight
lapsed away,

And deeper in the brightening moon the
tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farmhouse, and
hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done,
the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from
pitchforks in the mow,
Shown dimly down the lanterns on the
pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the
golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and
brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

“The Huskers.”—*Whittier.*

September 20th.

For that great procession of the *un-
loved*, who not only wear the crown of
thorns, but must hide it under the locks

of brown or gray,—under the snowy cap, under the chilling turban,—hide it even from themselves,—perhaps never know they wear it, though it kills them,—there is no depth of tenderness in my nature that Pity has not sounded. Somewhere,—somewhere,—love is in store for them,—the universe must not be allowed to fool them so cruelly. What infinite pathos in the small, half-unconscious artifices by which unattractive young persons seek to recommend themselves to the favor of those to whom our dear sisters, the unloved, like the rest, are impelled by their God-given instincts!

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

September 21st.

Last night, just as the tints of autumn's
sky

Of sunset faded from our hills and
streams,
I sat, vague listening, lapped in twi-
light dreams,
To the leaf's rustle, and the cricket's cry.
Then, like that basket, flush with sum-
mer fruit,
Dropped by the angels at the Prophet's
foot,
Came, unannounced, a gift of clustered
sweetness,
Full-orbed, and glowing with the pris-
oned beams
Of summery suns, and, rounded to com-
pleteness
By kisses of the south wind and the dew.
Thrilled with a glad surprise, methought
I knew
The pleasure of the homeward-turning
Jew,

When Eschol's clusters on his shoulders
lay,
Dropping their sweetness on his desert
way.

“The Fruit-Gift.”—*Whittier.*

September 22d.

Peace to the ever murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

“To an Insect.”—*Holmes.*

September 23d.

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

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

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

“Summer by the Lakeside.”—*Whittier.*

September 24th.

Arrow-heads must be brought to a sharp point, and the guillotine-axe must have a slanting edge. Something intensely human, narrow, and definite pierces to the seat of our sensibilities more readily than huge occurrences and catastrophes. A nail will pick a lock that defies hatchet and hammer. “The Royal George” went down with all her crew, and Cowper wrote an exquisitely simple poem about it; but the leaf that

holds it is smooth, while that which bears the lines on his mother's portrait is blistered with tears.

"The Autocrat."—*Holmes.*

September 25th.

Oh, Stream of the Mountains! if answer
of thine
Could rise from thy waters to question
of mine,
Methinks through the din of thy thronged
banks a moan
Of sorrow would swell for the days
which have gone.
Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and
the wheel,
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of
steel;
But that old voice of waters, of bird and
of breeze,

The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of
trees!

“The Merrimack.”—*Whittier.*

September 26th.

Oh, what are the prizes we perish to
win

To the first little “shiner” we caught
with a pin!

No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial
pies!

“Lines.”—*Holmes.*

September 27th.

Oh! for the death the righteous die!

An end, like Autumn’s day declining,
On human hearts, as on the sky,

With holier, tenderer beauty shining;
As to the parting soul were given
The radiance of an opening Heaven!

As if that pure and blessed light,
From off the Eternal altar flowing,
Were bathing, in its upward flight,
The spirit to its worship going!

“To the Memory of Thomas Shipley.”—*Whittier.*

September 28th.

From spire and barn, looked westerly
the patient weather-cocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood
motionless as rocks.

No sound was in the woodlands, save the
squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs,
low rustling as they fell.

“The Huskers.”—*Whittier.*

September 29th.

The meal unshared is food unblest;
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should
spend;

Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace.

“The Voices.”—*Whittier.*

September 30th.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hillsides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe,—“What are these people about?” And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back,—“We will go and see.” So the

small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers,—“Come with me.” Then they go softly within into the great city,—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman’s bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried,—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

OCTOBER.

October 1st.

Well, whatever lot be mine,
Long and happy days be thine,
Ere thy full and honored age
Dates of time its latest page!
Squire for master, State for school,
Wisely lenient, live and rule;
Over grown-up knave and rogue
Play the watchful pedagogue;
Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,
At the call of youth and beauty,
Speak for them the spell of law
Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,
And the flaming sword remove
From the Paradise of Love.
Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore
Ancient tome and record o'er;

Still thy week-day lyrics croon,
Pitch in church the Sunday tune,
Showing something, in thy part,
Of the old Puritanic art,
Singer after Sternhold's heart!

“To My Old Schoolmaster.”—*Whittier.*

October 2d.

Cease, playful goddess! From thine airy
bound
Drop like a feather softly to the ground;
This light bolero grows a ticklish dance,
And there is mischief in thy kindling
glance.
To-morrow bids thee, with rebuking
frown,
Change thy gauze tunic for a home-made
gown,
Too blest by fortune, if the passing day
Adorn thy bosom with its frail bouquet,
But oh still happier if the next forgets

Thy daring steps and dangerous pi-
rouettes!

“Terpsichore.”—*Holmes.*

October 3d.

The oak, upon the windy hill,
Its dark green burthen upward heaves—
The hemlock broods above its rill,
Its cone-like foliage darker still,
While the white birch's graceful stem
And the rough walnut bough receives
The sun upon their crowded leaves,
Each colored like a topaz gem;
And the tall maple wears with them
The coronal which autumn gives,
The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
The hectic of a dying year!

“Mogg Megone.”—*Whittier.*

October 4th.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!

No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

“The Huskers.”—*Whittier.*

October 5th.

God bless the ancient Puritans!
Their lot was hard enough;
But honest hearts make iron arms
And tender maids are tough;
So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And keep the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough!

“A Song.”—*Holmes.*

October 6th.

It may be that my scanty ore
Long years have washed away,
And where were golden sands before,
Is naught but common clay;
Still something sparkles in the sun
For Memory to look back upon.

And when my name no more is heard,
My lyre no more is known,
Still let me, like a winter's bird,
In silence and alone,
Fold over them the weary wing
Once flashing through the dews of
spring.

Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap
My youth in its decline,
And riot in the rosy lap
Of thoughts that once were mine,
And give the worm my little store
When the last reader reads no more!

“The Last Reader.”—*Holmes.*

October 7th.

(Holmes died, 1894.)

Give our tears to the dead! For human-
ity's claim
From its silence and darkness is ever the
same;

The hope of that World whose existence
is bliss
May not stifle the tears of the mourners
of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit
can throw
On the scene of its troubled probation
below,
Than the pride of the marble—the pomp
of the dead —
To that glance will be dearer the tears
which we shed.

“A Lament.”—*Whittier.*

When damps beneath, and storms above,
Have bowed these fragile towers,
Still o'er the graves yon locust-grove
Shall swing its Orient flowers;—
And I would ask no mouldering bust,
If e'er this humble line,

Which breathed a sigh o'er other's dust,
Might call a tear on mine.

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

October 8th.

My task is done. The Showman and
his show,
Themselves but shadows, into shadows
go;
And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,
Nor tints of beauty on the canvas
flung,—
If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,
And the rough picture overwrought ap-
pears,—
With deeper coloring, with a sterner
blast,
Before my soul a voice and vision
passed,
Such as might Milton's jarring trump
require,

Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid
fire.

O, not of choice, for themes of public
wrong

I leave the green and pleasant paths of
song—

The mild, sweet words, which soften
and adorn,

For griding taunt and bitter laugh of
scorn.

More dear to me some song of private
worth,

Some homely idyl of my native North,
Some summer pastoral of her inland
vales

And sea-brown hamlets, through where
misty gales

Flit the dim ghosts of unreturning sails—
Lost barks at parting hung from stem to
helm

With prayers of love like dreams on
Virgil's elm;
Nor private grief nor malice hold my
pen;
I owe but kindness to my fellow-
men.
And South or North, wherever hearts of
prayer
Their woes and weakness to our Father
bear,
Whenever fruits of Christian love are
found
In holy lives, to me is holy ground.
But the time passes. It were vain to
crave
A late indulgence. What I had I gave.
Forget the poet, but his warning heed,
And shame his poor word with your
nobler deed.

“The Panorama.”—*Whittier.*

October 9th.

Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sinful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to enunciation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active sympathetic benevolence.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

October 10th.

For broken heart, and clouded mind,
Whereon no human mercies fall —
Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined,
Who, as a father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of Thy love shall hear.

“Lines.”—*Whittier.*

October 11th.

Gone hath the Spring, with all its
flowers,

And gone the Summer's pomp and
show,

And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

“Autumn Thoughts.”—*Whittier.*

October 12th.

Better to stem with heart and hand

The roaring tide of life, than lie,

Unmindful, on its flowery strand,

Of God's occasions drifting by!

Better with naked nerve to bear

The needles of this goading air,

Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego

The Godlike power to do, the Godlike
aim to know.

“The Last Walk in Autumn.”—*Whittier.*

October 13th.

Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's
thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise
still.

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

October 14th.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.
But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!
“Seed Time and Harvest.”—*Whittier.*

October 15th.

Oh, in her meek, forgiving eye

There was a brightness not of mirth —
A light, whose clear intensity
Was borrowed not of earth.
Along her cheek a deepening red
Told where the feverish hectic fed;
And yet, each fatal token gave
To the mild beauty of her face
A newer and a dearer grace,
Unwarning of the grave.
'Twas like the hue which autumn gives
To yonder changed and dying leaves,
Breathed over by his frosty breath;
Scarce can the gazer feel that this
Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,
The mocking-smile of Death!

“Mogg Megone.”—*Whittier.*

October 16th.

Thus, while at times before our eyes
The shadows melt, and fall apart,
And, smiling through them, round us lies

The warm light of our morning skies —
The Indian Summer of the heart! —
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain!

“Memories.”— *Whittier.*

October 17th.

Gayly chattering to the clattering
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
Leap the squirrels, red and gray.
On the grass-land, on the fallow,
Drop the apples, red and yellow;
Drop the russet pears and mellow,
Drop the red leaves all the day.
And away, swift away
Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow
Chasing, weave their web of play.

“The Ranger.”— *Whittier.*

October 18th

The feeble seabirds, blinded in the
storms,

On some tall lighthouse dash their little
forms,

And the rude granite scatters for their
pains

Those small deposits that were meant for
brains.

Yet the proud fabric in the morning's
sun

Stands all unconscious of the mischief
done;

Still the red beacon pours its evening rays
For the lost pilot with as full a blaze,

Nay, shines, all radiance, o'er the scat-
tered fleet

Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.

I tell their fate, though courtesy dis-
claims

To call our kind by such ungentle names;
Yet, if your rashness bid you vainly dare,
Think of their doom, ye simple, and be-
ware!

“Extracts From a Medical Poem.”—*Holmes.*

October 19th.

He walked the dark world, in the mild,
Still guidance of the Light;
In tearful tenderness a child,
A strong man in the right.

From what great perils, on his way,
He found, in prayer, release;
Through what abysmal shadows lay
His pathway unto peace.

“William Forster.”—*Whittier.*

October 20th.

Mighty alike for good or ill
With mother-land, we fully share

The Saxon strength—the nerve of steel —
The tireless energy of will,—
The power to do, the pride to dare.

“Lines.”—*Whittier*.

October 21st.

No more the summer floweret charms,
The leaves will soon be sere,
And Autumn folds his jeweled arms
Around the dying year;
So, ere the waning seasons claim
Our leafless groves awhile,
With golden wine and glowing flame
We'll crown our lonely isle.

Once more the merry voices sound
Within the antlered hall,
And long and loud the baying bounds
Return the hunter's call;
And through the woods, and o'er the
hill,

And far along the bay,
The driver's horn is sounding shrill,—
Up, sportsmen, and away !

“The Island Hunting Song.”—*Holmes.*

October 22d.

'Tis morning over Norridgewock —
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred
At intervals by breeze and bird,
And wearing all the hues which glow
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,
That glorious picture of the air,
Which summer's light-robed angel forms
On the dark ground of fading storms,
With pencil dipped in sunbeams
there —
And, stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,
The aching and the dazzled eye

Rests gladdened, on the calm blue sky —
Slumbers the mighty wilderness!

“Mogg Megone.”—*Whittier.*

October 23d.

Rich gift of God! A year of time!

What pomp of rise and shut of day,
What hues wherewith our northern
clime

Makes autumn's dropping woodlands
gay,

What airs outblown from ferny dells,
And clover-bloom and sweet-brier smells,
What songs of brooks and birds, what
fruits and flowers,

Green woods and moonlit snows, have
in its round been ours!

“The Last Walk in Autumn.”—*Whittier.*

October 24th.

Does praise delight thee? Choose some
ultra side;

A sure old recipe, and often tried;
Be its apostle, congressman, or bard,
Spokesman, or jokesman, only drive it
 hard;
But know the forfeit which thy choice
 abides,
For on two wheels the poor reformer rides,
One black with epithets the *anti* throws,
One white with flattery, painted by the
 pros.

“Urania.”—*Holmes*.

October 25th.

O HOLY FATHER!—just and true
 Are all Thy works and words and
 ways,
And unto Thee alone are due
 Thanksgiving and eternal praise!
As children of Thy gracious care,
 We veil the eye—we bend the knee,

With broken words of praise and prayer,
Father and God, we come to Thee.

“Lines.”—*Whittier.*

October 26th.

And thou, my Table! though unwearied
Time

Hath set his signet on thine altered
brow,

Still can I see thee in thy spotless prime,
And in my memory thou art living
now;

Soon must thou slumber with forgotten
things,

The peasant's ashes and the dust of kings.

“To My Companions.”—*Holmes.*

October 27th.

It was late in mild October, and the long
autumnal rain

Had left the summer harvest-fields all
green with grass again;

The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving
all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or
the meadow-flowers of May.

“The Huskers.”—*Whittier.*

October 28th.

If Heaven can hear the dying tone
Of chords that soon will cease to thrill,
The prayer that Heaven has heard alone,
May bless thee when those chords are
still!

“From a Bachelor's Private Journal.”—*Holmes.*

October 29th.

Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre
ribs,
And hold communion with the things
about me.

Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid,
That binds the skirt of night's descending
robe!

The thin leaves, quivering on their silken
threads,

Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy
nap.

“ Evening.”—*Holmes.*

October 30th.

The morning light, which rains its
quivering beams

Wide o'er the plains, the summits, and
the streams,

In one broad blaze expands its golden
glow

On all that answers to its glance below;
Yet, changed on earth, each far reflected
ray

Braids with fresh hues the shining brow
of day;
Now, clothed in blushes by the painted
flowers,
Tracks on their cheeks the rosy-fingered
hours;
Now, lost in shades, whose dark en-
tangled leaves
Drip at the noontide from their pendent
eaves,
Fades into gloom, or gleams in light
again
From every dewdrop on the jeweled
plain.

“A Metrical Essay.”—*Holmes*.

October 31st.

O'er the bare woods, whose out-
stretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in
vain,

I see, beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the summer bloom and green-
ness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling
morns atone.

“The Last Week in Autumn.”—*Whittier.*

NOVEMBER.

November 1st.

Wildly round our woodland quarters,
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;
Thickly down these swelling waters
Float his fallen leaves.
Through the tall and naked timber,
Column-like and old,
Gleam the sunsets of November,
From their skies of gold.

“The Lumbermen.”—*Whittier.*

November 2d.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit
comes! You may trace his foot-
steps now
On the naked woods and the blasted
fields and the brown hill's withered
brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old
trees where their pleasant green
came forth,

And the winds, which follow wherever
he goes, have shaken them down to
earth.

“The Frost Spirit.”—*Whittier.*

November 3d.

Die-away dreams of ecstatic emotion,
Hopes like young eagles at play,
Vows of unheard-of and endless de-
votion,
How ye have faded away!

Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty
river

Leave our young blossoms to die,
Let him roll smooth in his current for-
ever,

Till the last pebble is dry.

“Questions and Answers.”—*Holmes.*

November 4th.

The long bright days of Summer swiftly
passed,
The dry leaves whirled in Autumn's ris-
ing blast,
And evening cloud and whitening sun-
rise rime
Told of the coming of the winter time.

“ At Pennacook.”—*Whittier.*

The pleasure of exercise is due first to a purely physical impression, and secondly to a sense of power in action. The first source of pleasure varies, of course, with our condition and the state of the surrounding circumstances; the second with the amount and kind of power, and the extent and kind of action. In all forms of active exercise there are three powers simultaneously in action—the will, the muscles, and the intellect.

“ The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

November 5th.

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!

“The Poor Voter or Election Day.”—*Whittier.*

November 6th.

Nature is liberal to her inmost soul,
She loves alike the tropic and the pole,
The storm's wild anthem, and the sun-
shine's calm,
The arctic fungus, and the desert palm;
Loves them alike, and wills that each
maintain
Its destined share of her divided reign;

No creeping moss refuse her crystal
gem,

No soaring pine her cloudy diadem!

Alas! her children, borrowing but in
part

The flowing pulses of her generous
heart,

Shame their kind mother with eternal
strife

At all the crossings of their mingled
life;

Each age, each people, finds its ready
shifts

To quarrel stoutly o'er her choicest gifts.

"Astraea."—Holmes.

November 7th.

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on even-
ing's twilight calm

Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth
the grateful psalm;

Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did
the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the res-
cued Peter told.

“Cassandra Southwick.”—*Whittier.*

November 8th.

Cherub of Wisdom! let thy marble page
Leave its sad lesson, new to every age;
Teach us to live, not grudging every
breath
To the chill winds that waft us on to
death,
But ruling calmly every pulse it warms,
And tempering gently every word it
forms.

“Pittsfield Cemetery.”—*Holmes.*

November 9th.

I must leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet;

Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;
Through thy tears, O lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

* * * * *

Fare thee well, if years efface
From thy heart love's burning trace,
Keep, oh keep that hallowed seat
From the tread of vulgar feet;
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Sealed how often, Love, as now!

“The Parting Word.”—*Holmes.*

November 10th.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit
comes!—let us meet him as we
may,

And turn with the light of the parlor-fire
his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when
that fire-light dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled
Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

“The Frost Spirit.”—*Whittier.*

November 11th.

The sport of Time, who still apart
The waifs of life is flinging;
O! never more shall heart to heart
Draw nearer for that singing!

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,
And twilight's fire is gleaming,
I hear the songs of Scotland's bard
Sound softly through my dreaming!

A song that lends to winter snows
The glow of summer weather —

Again I hear thee ca' the yowes
To Cluden's hills of heather!

“A Memory.”—*Whittier.*

November 12th.

The infancy and childhood of commencing old age have the same ingenuous simplicity and delightful unconsciousness about them that the first stage of the earlier periods of life shows. The great delusion of mankind is in supposing that to be individual and exceptional which is universal and according to law. A person is always startled when he hears himself seriously called an old man for the first time.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

November 13th.

Ask why the graceful grape entwines
The rough oak with her arm of vines;

And why the gray rock's rugged cheek
The soft lips of the mosses seek:

Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems
To harmonize her wide extremes,
Linking the stronger with the weak,
The haughty with the soft and meek!

“The Wedding.”—*Whittier.*

November 14th.

Come back to your mother, ye children,
for shame,
Who have wandered like truants, for
riches or fame!
With a smile on her face, and a sprig in
her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful
lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts,
and your lanes,

And breathe, like young eagles, the air
of our plains;
Take a whiff from our fields, and your
excellent wives
Will declare it's all nonsense insuring
your lives.

“Lines.”—*Holmes.*

November 15th.

Then let the icy North wind blow
The trumpets of the coming storm,
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
As gayly as I did of old;
And I, who watch them through the
frosty pane,
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er
again.

“The Last Walk in Autumn.”—*Whittier.*

November 16th.

Between two breaths what crowded
mysteries lie,—

The first short gasp, the last and long-
drawn sigh!

Like phantoms painted on the magic
slide,

Forth from the darkness of the past we
glide,

As living shadows for a moment seen

In airy pageant on the eternal screen,

Traced by a ray from one unchanging
flame,

Then seek the dust and stillness whence
we came.

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

November 17th.

Thus evermore,

On sky, and wave, and shore,

An all-pervading beauty seems to say:

God's love and power are one; and
they,
Who, like the thunder of a sultry day,
Smite to restore,
And they, who, like the gentle wind, up-
lift
The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and
drift
Their perfume on the air,
Alike may serve Him, each, with their
own gift,
Making their lives a prayer!

“To A. K.”—*Whittier.*

November 18th.

Thus shall he live whose more than
mortal name
Mocks with its ray the pallid torch of
Fame;
So proudly lifted, that it seems afar
No earthly Pharos, but a heavenly star;

Who, unconfined to Art's diurnal bound,
Girds her whole zodiac in his flaming
 round,
And leads the passions, like the orb that
 guides,
From pole to pole, the palpitating tides!

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

November 19th.

“The words he spake, the thoughts he
 penned
Are mortal as his hand and brain,
But, if they served the Master's end,
He has not lived in vain!”

“My Namesake.”—*Whittier.*

November 20th.

Alas! the morning dew is gone,
 Gone ere the full of day;
Life's iron fetter still is on,
 Its wreaths all torn away;

Happy if still some casual hour
Can warm the fading shrine,
Too soon to chill beyond the power
Of love, or song, or wine!

“An Evening Thought.”—*Holmes.*

November 21st.

Loud behind us grow the murmurs
Of the age to come;
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,
Bearing harvest-home!
Here her virgin lap with treasures
Shall the green earth fill;
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
Crown each beechen hill.

“The Lumbermen.”—*Whittier.*

November 22d.

Then said the Showman, sadly: “He
who grieves
Over the scattering of the Sibyl’s leaves

Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that we
 know
What needs must ripen from the seed
 we sow;
That present time is but the mould
 wherein
We cast the shapes of holiness and sin.
A painful watcher of the passing hour,
Its lust of gold, its strife for place and
 power;
Its lack of manhood, honor, reverence,
 truth,
Wise-thoughted age, and generous-
 hearted youth;
Nor yet unmindful of each better sign —
The low, far lights, which on th' horizon
 shine,
Like those which sometimes tremble on
 the rim
Of clouded skies when day is closing dim,

Flashing athwart the purple spears of
rain

The hope of sunshine on the hills again:—
I need no prophet's word, nor shapes
that pass

Like clouding shadows o'er a magic
glass;

For now, as ever, passionless and cold,
Doth the dread angel of the future hold
Evil and good before us, with no voice
Or warning look to guide us in our
choice;

With spectral hands outreaching through
the gloom

The shadowy contrasts of the coming
doom.

Transferred from these, it now remains
to give

The sun and shade of Fate's alternative."

"The Panorama."—*Whittier.*

November 23d.

Yes, dear Enchantress,—wandering far
and long,
In realms unperfumed by the breath of
song,
Where flowers ill-flavored shed their
sweets around,
And bitterest roots invade the ungenial
ground,
Whose gems are crystals from the Epsom
mine,
Whose vineyards flow with antimonial
wine,
Whose gates admit no mirthful feature in,
Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic
grin,
Whose pangs are real, not the woes of
rhyme
That blue-eyed misses warble out of
time;—

Truant, not recreant to thy sacred claim,
Older by reckoning, but in heart the
same,

Freed for a moment from the chains of
toil,

I tread once more thy consecrated soil;
Here at thy feet my old allegiance own,
Thy subject still, and loyal to thy throne!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

November 24th.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

“The Huskers.”—*Whittier.*

November 25th.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
 O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
 Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
 In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
 Reap the harvests yellow.

“Barclay of Ury.”—*Whittier.*

November 26th.

We thank Thee, Father!—hill and plain
 Around us wave their fruits once
 more,

And clustered vine, and blossomed
grain,
Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here; and hope and love
Are round us as a mantle thrown,
And unto Thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

“Lines.”—*Whittier.*

November 27th.

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from
East and from West,
From North and from South come the
pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander
sees round his board
The old broken links of affection re-
stored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his
mother once more,

And the worn matron smiles where the
girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what bright-
ens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich
Pumpkin pie?

“The Pumpkin.”—*Whittier.*

November 28th.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherished
brides,
The patriarchs of the town;
Hast thou a tear for buried love?
A sigh for transient power?
All that a century left above,
Go, read it in an hour!

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

November 29th.

Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish
ways,
Too apt to purr at every stranger's
praise;
But, if the stranger touch thy modes or
laws,
Off goes the velvet and out come the
claws!
And thou, Illustrious! but too poorly
paid
In toasts from Pickwick for thy great
crusade,
Though, while the echoes labored with
thy name,
The public trap denied thy little game,
Let other lips our jealous laws re-
vile,—
The marble Talfourd or the rude Car-
lyle,—

But on thy lids, that Heaven forbids to
close

Where'er the light of kindly nature
glows,

Let not the dollars that a churl denies
Weigh like the shillings on a dead man's
eyes!

“Terpsichore.”—*Holmes.*

November 30th.

O changing youth! that evening hour
Look down on ours,—the bud—the
flowers;

Thine faded in its virgin soil,
And mine was nursed in tears and toil;
Thy leaves were withering, one by one,
While mine were opening to the sun;—
Which now can meet the cold and
storm,

With freshest leaf and hardiest form?

“A Souvenir.”—*Holmes.*

DECEMBER.

December 1st.

Time is hastening on, and we
What our fathers are shall be,—
Shadow-shapes of memory!
Joined to that vast multitude
Where the great are but the good,
And the mind of strength shall prove
Weaker than the heart of love;
Pride of gray-beard wisdom less
Than the infant's guilelessness,
And his song of sorrow more
Than the crown the Psalmist wore!
Who shall then, with pious zeal,
At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,
From a stained and stony page
Reading to a careless age,

With a patient eye like thine,
Prosing tale and limping line.

“To My Old Schoolmaster.”—*Whittier.*

December 2d.

Nature gets us out of youth into manhood, as sailors are hurried on board of vessels—in a state of intoxication. We are hustled into maturity reeling with our passions and imaginations, and we have drifted far away from port before we awake out of our illusions. But to carry us out of maturity into old age, without our knowing where we are going, she drugs us with strong opiates, and so we stagger along with wide open eyes that see nothing until snow enough has fallen on our heads to rouse our comatose brains out of their stupid trances.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

December 3d.

How few that love us have we found!
How wide the world that girds them
round!

Like mountain streams we meet and part,
Each living in the other's heart,
Our course unknown, our hope to be
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

“The Philosopher to His Love.”—*Holmes.*

December 4th.

Quench the timber's fallen embers,
Quench the red leaves in December's
Hoary rime and chilly spray.
But the hearth shall kindle clearer,
Household welcomes sound sincerer,
Heart to loving heart draw nearer,
When the bridal bells shall say:
“Hope and pray, trust alway;
Life is sweeter, love is dearer,
For the trial and delay!”

“The Ranger.”—*Whittier.*

December 5th.

“The cross, if rightly borne, shall be
No burden, but support to thee;”
So, moved of old time for our sake,
The holy monk of Kempen spake.

Thou brave and true one! upon whom
Was laid the cross of martyrdom,
How didst thou, in thy generous youth,
Bear witness to this blessed truth!

Thy cross of suffering and of shame
A staff within thy hands became,
In paths where faith alone could see
The Master's steps supporting thee.

“The Cross.”—*Whittier.*

December 6th.

Made in His image, thou must nobly
dare
The thorny crown of sovereignty to
share.

With eye uplifted it is thine to view,
From thine own centre, heaven's o'er-
 arching blue;
So round thy heart a beaming circle lies
No fiend can blot, no hypocrite disguise;
From all its orbs one cheering voice is
 heard,
Full to thine ear it bears the Father's
 word,
Now, as in Eden where his first-born
 trod:
"Seek thine own welfare, true to man
 and God!"
Think not too meanly of thy low es-
 tate;
Thou hast a choice; to choose is to
 create!
Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,
Angels approve thee when thy choice is
 well;

Remember, One, a judge of righteous
men,
Swore to spare Sodom if she held but
ten!
Use well the freedom which thy Master
gave,
(Think'st thou that Heaven can tolerate a
slave?)
And He who made thee to be just and
true
Will bless thee, love thee,—ay, respect
thee too!

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

December 7th.

If the time comes when you must lay down the fiddle and the bow, because your fingers are too stiff, and drop the ten-foot sculls, because your arms are too weak, and after dallying awhile with eye-glasses, come at last to the undis-

guised reality of spectacles,—if the time comes when that fire of life we spoke of has burned so low that where its flames reverbrated there is only the sombre stain of regret, and where its coals glowed, only the white ashes that covered the embers of memory,—don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

December 8th.

On Autumn's gray and mournful grave
 the snow
 Hung its white wreaths; with stifled
 voice and low
 The river crept, by one vast bridge o'er-
 crossed,
 Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

“At Pennacook.”—*Whittier.*

December 9th.

Yet Faith's pure hymn, beneath its shelter rude,
Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled wood,
As where the rays through blazing oriels pour
On marble shaft and tessellated floor ;—
Heaven asks no surplice round the heart
that feels,
And all is holy where devotion kneels.

“Poetry.”—*Holmes.*

December 10th.

The dead are waking underneath!
Their prison door is rent away!
And, ghastly with the seal of death,
They wander in the eye of day!
The temple of the Cherubim,
The House of God is cold and dim;

A curse is on its trembling walls,
Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth
 Be shaken, and her mountains nod;
Well may the sheeted death come forth
 To gaze upon a suffering God!
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,
And shadows veil the Cherubim,
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

“The Crucifixion.”—*Whittier.*

December 11th.

Farewell!

And though the ways of Zion mourn
When her strong ones are called away,
Who like thyself have calmly borne
The heat and burden of the day,
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth
His ancient watch around us keepeth;

Still sent from His creating hand,
New witnesses for Truth shall stand—
New instruments to sound abroad
The Gospel of a risen Lord;
 To gather to the fold once more,
The desolate and gone astray,
The scattered of a cloudy day,
 And Zion's broken walls restore!
And, through the travail and the toil
 Of true obedience, minister
Beauty for ashes, and the oil
 Of joy for mourning, unto her!

“Daniel Wheeler.”—*Whittier.*

December 12th.

There is no more beautiful illustration of the principle of compensation which marks the Divine benevolence than the fact that some of the holiest lives and some of the sweetest songs are the

growth of the infirmity which unfits its subject for the rougher duties of life. When one reads the life of Cowper, or of Keats, or of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson, of so many gentle sweet natures, born to weakness, and mostly dying before their time, one cannot help thinking that the human race dies out singing, like the swan in the old story.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

December 13th.

God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word He speeds,
And Truth, at His requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?
What dust upon the spirit lies?
God keeps the sacred life He gave—
The prophet never dies!

“Channing.”—*Whittier.*

December 14th.

Oh, when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss
 Burned on my boyish brow,
Was that young forehead worn as this?
 Was that flushed cheek as now?
Were that wild pulse and throbbing heart
 Like these, which vainly strive,
In thankless strains of soulless art,
 To dream themselves alive?

“An Evening Thought.”—*Holmes.*

December 15th.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
 While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming
 crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
 On the hushed inland sea looks down.
How start to light the clustering isles,
 Each silver-hemmed! How sharply
 show

The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still
light!

The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

“Summer by the Lakeside.”—*Whittier*.

December 16th.

And that leads me to say that men often remind me of pears in their way of coming to maturity. Some are ripe at twenty, like human Jargonelles, and must be made the most of, for their day is soon over. Some come into their perfect condition late, like the autumn kinds, and they last better than the summer fruit. And some, that like the Winter-Nelis, have been hard and unin-

viting until all the rest have had their season, get their glow and perfume long after the frost and snow have done their worst with the orchards. Beware of rash criticisms; the rough and stringent fruit you condemn may be an autumn or a winter pear, and that which you picked up beneath the same bough in August may have been only its worm-eaten windfalls.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

December 17th.

(*Whittier born, 1807.*)

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,
Where harsher songs of mine have
flown.

Go, find a place at home and hearth
Where'er thy singer's name is
known;

Revive for him the kindly thought.

Of friends; and they who love him
not,
Touched by some strain of thine per-
chance may take
The hand he proffers all, and thank him
for thy sake.

“The Last Walk in Autumn.”—*Whittier.*

December 18th.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after
hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank
adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that
which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses
of the sea.

“Cassandra Southwick.”—*Whittier.*

December 19th.

Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;

And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise;
Love's

Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

“The Voices.”—*Whittier.*

December 20th.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall
spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

“The Mayflowers.”—*Whittier.*

December 21st.

This weekly picture faithful memory
draws,
Nor claims the noisy tribute of ap-
plause;
Faint is the glow such barren hopes can
lend,
And frail the line that asks no loftier
end.
Trust me, kind listener, I will yet
beguile
Thy saddened features of the promised
smile;
This magic mantle thou must well
divide,
It has its sable and its ermine side;
Yet, ere the lining of the robe appears,
Take thou in silence, what I give in
tears.

“Urania.”—*Holmes.*

December 22d.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

Oh no!—We live our life again:
Or warmly touched or coldly dim
The pictures of the Past remain,—
Man's works shall follow him!

“Raphael.”—*Whittier.*

December 23d.

Thirst belongs to humanity, everywhere, in all ages; but that white-pine pail and that brown mug belong to me in particular; and just so of my special relationships with other things and with my race. One could never remember himself in eternity by the mere fact of having loved or hated any more than by

that of having thirsted; love and hate have no more individuality in them than single waves in the ocean; but the accidents or trivial marks which distinguished those whom we loved or hated make their memory our own forever, and with it that of our own personality also.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

December 24th.

Torn apart, and driven forth
To our toiling hard and long,
Father! from the dust of earth
Lift we still our grateful song!
Grateful—that in bonds we share
In Thy love which maketh free;
Joyful—that the wrongs we bear,
Draw us nearer, Lord, to Thee!

“The Familist’s Hymn.”—*Whittier.*

December 25th.

Lend, once again, that holy song a
tongue,
Which the glad angels of the Advent
sung,
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's
birth,
Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
Through the mad discord send that calm-
ing word
Which wind and wave on wild Genes-
areth heard,
Lift in Christ's name His Cross against
the Sword!
Not vain the vision which the prophets
saw,
Skirting with green the fiery waste of
war,
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming
soft and calm

On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading
palm.

“The Peace Convention.”—*Whittier.*

December 26th.

O THOU, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with Thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night—the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to Heaven,
Most Holy Father! unto Thee
May not our humble prayer be given?

“Lines.”—*Whittier.*

December 27th.

Primeval Carpet! every well-worn thread
Has slowly parted with its virgin dye;
I saw thee fade beneath the ceaseless
tread,

Fainter and fainter in mine anxious
eye;
So flies the color from the brightest
flower,
And heaven's own rainbow lives but for
an hour.

“To my Companions.”—*Holmes.*

December 28th.

It is because you are just like me that I talk and know that you will listen. We are all splashed and streaked with sentiments,—not precisely with the same tints, or in exactly the same patterns, but by the same hand and from the same palette.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

December 29th.

Not the great historical events, but the personal incidents that call up single

sharp pictures of some human being in its pang or struggle, reach us most nearly. I remember the platform at Berne, over the parapet of which Theobald Weinzäpfli's restive horse sprung with him and landed him more than a hundred feet beneath in the lower town, not dead, but sorely broken, and no longer a wild youth, but God's servant from that day forward.

“The Autocrat.”—*Holmes.*

December 30th.

Yes, dear departed, cherished days,
 Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
 From Time's gray urn once more,—
Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
 While the fair phantoms rose.

Departed Days.”—*Holmes.*

December 31st.

Oh! in that dying year hath been
The sum of all since time began —
The birth and death, the joy and pain,
Of Nature and of Man.

“The New Year.”—*Whittier.*

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