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CAMBRIDGE BOOK  
OF POETRY

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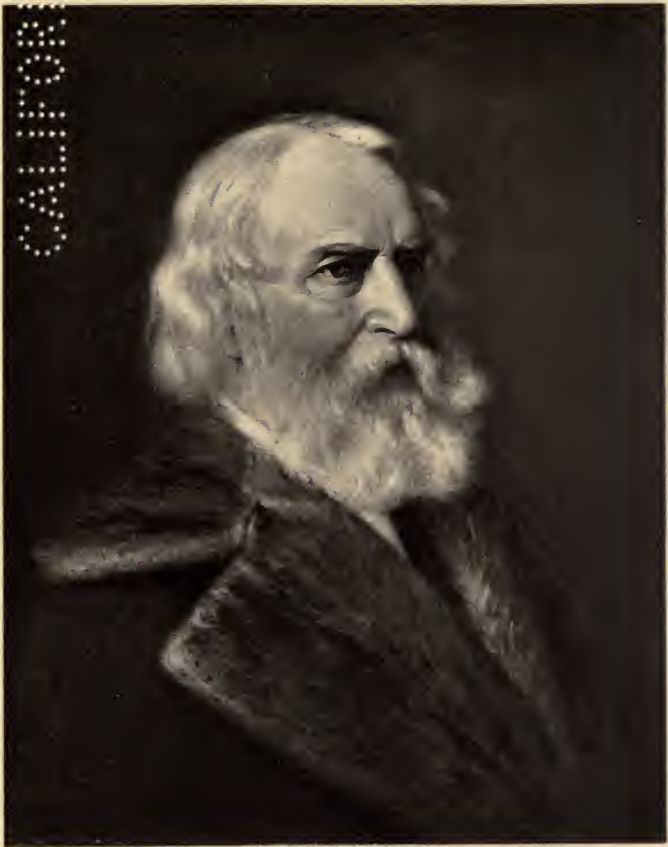


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THE  
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OF  
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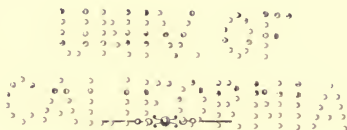
SELECTED FROM  
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS

BY

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES

AUTHOR OF "RISK AND OTHER POEMS"

COMPILER OF "THE LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY BOOK," "SEVEN  
VOICES OF SYMPATHY"



NEW YORK: 46 EAST 14TH STREET  
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BOSTON: 100 PURCHASE STREET

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A.F. MORRISON

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TO THE  
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TO THE MEMORY OF

My Friend

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

*THIS WORK IS DEDICATED.*

---

THY name, O poet, shall go sounding on  
While breaks the wave on shore of Machigonne.\*  
The sky and ocean whence thy genius stole  
The charm which draws the universal soul,  
Alone remain the same as on that day  
Now lying five and seventy years away.  
These type the fate of what thy voice hath sung;  
Like sea and sky, the heart is ever young.  
Man's joys and griefs a thousand years ago,  
Throb still the same as do the waters flow;  
The light and dark, as then, divide his sky,  
Though earth has seen so many millions die.  
Who best meets man, not men, as ages move,  
Will be secure of human praise and love;  
Who best meets man will share, and only he,  
With heaven and ocean, immortality.

C. F. B.

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\* The Indian name of Portland.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THOUGH text-books of every variety abound, and many persons assert the old to be better than the new, yet every year sees no inconsiderable number added to their list. It is folly to suppose that any one prepares a work merely for the sake of doing it, and careful examination proves that every successor in a given field has some superiority of plan, comprehensiveness, detail, or material to recommend it. Something it may lack that others have; but it also has something that others lack. So it is with compilations of poetry. Every one is found faulty somewhere, by somebody, nor can it be imagined possible, with the varied tastes of men, that the work of one should be so all-embracing as to leave no intelligent reader disappointed. The compiler of this volume has not pretended to make what she has never found,—a perfect compilation,—and will be gratified if this prove so well done as to save it from the charge of being a supernumerary. Whatever its defects, it still carries out, in the main, her aim in undertaking it, which was,—

First.—To represent the genius of woman as fairly as that of man.

Second.—To the extent of the compiler's power, to give those poets their just dues who have hitherto not had them.

Third.—To quote largely, though in brief passages, from those authors whose works, through their uninviting looks, length, or subject, or the undue bias imparted by ridicule and one-sided criticism, are generally seldom read, and but imperfectly represented.

Fourth. — To bring together not only copious extracts from the standard and popular writers of Great Britain and America, but also a goodly number of poems from the very latest volumes of both countries, and a representation, through one poem, at least, of those whose writings are as yet uncollected, and whose names have not appeared in other compilations.

The alphabetic arrangement of the work — prepared virtually in portions; not offered complete to the printers — demanded unusual readiness in the choice and supply of material, and the temporary omissions of chance or necessity placed authors and poems desired for the body of the work in its supplement. A glance at the latter will quickly discover, from its value, that, though coming after, it is no afterthought.

A number of names on the compiler's list were, through accident, wholly omitted, while others were left out through want of space on account of the length of poems, or because extracts could not be seasonably obtained. Positive knowledge of insufficient space excluded *translations* from the work, and though ballads and anonymous poems were in the plan, there was found to be very meagre room for even these.

In comparing the extent of representation, it will be remembered that the space occupied by poems, no less than their number, must be considered. Other things being equal, the compiler welcomes brevity, and the more this element prevails in an author, or the more his works admit of short and striking quotation, the more variously can he be represented. It often happens that one long lyric claims as much room as five or six short ones, while a mere glance at the index would seem to indicate injustice.

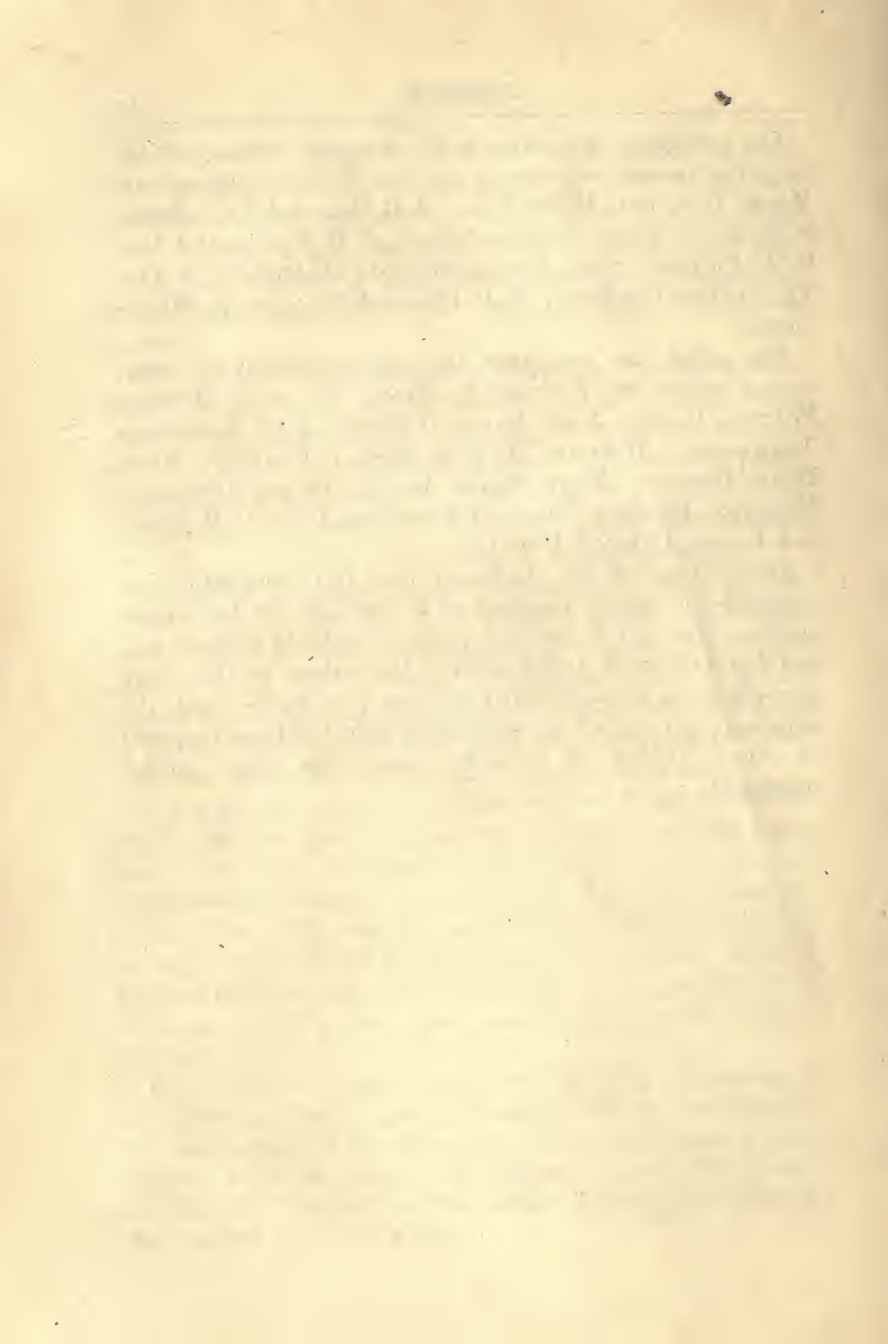
To the editor's sincere regret, and through circumstances over which she had no control, JOAQUIN MILLER, JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, and WALT WHITMAN are unrepresented in this volume; while the poems from HELEN JACKSON, DR. JOYCE, and EDGAR FAWCETT are, from a like necessity, not those at first selected from their works.

The publishers acknowledge the generous courtesy of the following houses in granting the use of their publications: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; J. R. Osgood & Co.; Harper & Brothers; Charles Scribner's Sons; J. B. Lippincott & Co.; G. P. Putnam's Sons; Lee & Shepard; D. Appleton & Co.; The Century Company; E. P. Dutton & Co.; and R. Worthington.

The editor also recognizes the private courtesy of many, among whom are EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, RICHARD WATSON GILDER, JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, WILLIAM WINTER, EDGAR FAWCETT, EDNA DEAN PROCTOR, MARY MAPES DODGE, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, JULIA C. R. DORR, and LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS.

Justice requires the statement that this compilation has occupied the leisure intervals of a busy life for but fifteen months; also that it has been prepared entirely without aid; and that a thorough examination of the authors' works, where accessible — as in the majority of cases they were — made the selections, as largely as possible, independent of those prepared by others, though of necessity, choice has often proved coincident.

C. F. B.



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b. Ednam, Roxburghshire, Scotland, Sept. 11,  
1700. d. New Lane, near Richmond, Eng.,  
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 d. 1880.  
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- b. St. Nicholas, Ind., Feb. 3, 1819  
 d. Louisville, Ky., May 3, 1852.  
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WESLEY, CHARLES.

- b. Epworth, Lincolnshire, Eng., Dec. 18, 1708.  
 d. London, March 29, 1788.  
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- b. Seville, Spain, July 11, 1775.  
 d. Liverpool, Eng., May 20, 1841.  
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WHITE, HENRY KIRKE.

- b. Nottingham, Eng., March 21, 1785.  
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- b. Providence, R. I., 1803.  
 d. June 27, 1878.  
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- b. Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 7, 1815.  
 d. Amesbury, Mass., Sept. 3, 1864.  
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WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.

- b. Haverhill, Mass, Dec. 17, 1807. d. Sept. 7, 1862.  
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- b. Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 24, 1789.  
 d. New Orleans, Sept. 10, 1847.  
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- b. near Berwick, Eng., 1762.  
 d. Paris, Dec., 1837.  
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WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER.

- b. Portland, Me., Jan. 20, 1807.  
 d. Idlewild, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1867.  
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- b. Little Genesee, N. Y., 1837.  
 d. 1867.  
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- b. Paisley, Scotland, May 18, 1785.  
 d. Edinburgh, April 3, 1854.  
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- b. Gloucester, Mass., July 15, 1836.  
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d. London, May 2, 1657.

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b. Dodbrooke, Devonshire, Eng., 1738.  
d. Somers Town, London, Jan. 13, 1813.

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## WOLFE, CHARLES.

b. Dublin, Ireland, Dec. 14, 1791.  
d. Cove of Cork, now Queenstown, Feb. 21, 1823.

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b. Scituate, Mass., Jan. 13, 1785.  
d. New York, Dec. 3, 1842.

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## WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.

b. Cockermouth, Eng., April 7, 1770.  
d. Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850.

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b. Bocton (or Boughton Hall), Kent, Eng.,  
March 31, 1528. d. Eton, Dec., 1639.

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## WYATT, SIR THOMAS.

b. Allington Castle, Kent, Eng., 1503.  
d. Sherborne, Eng., Oct. 11, 1542.

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## YOUNG, EDWARD.

b. Upham, Hampshire, Eng., 1684.  
d. Weliwyn, Herfordshire, April 12, 1765.

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## YOUNG, WILLIAM.

b. Monmouth, Ills., 1847.

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## HENRY ABBEY.

### *THE CALIPH'S MAGNANIMITY.*

A TRAVELLER across the desert  
waste

Found on his way a cool, palm-  
shaded spring,  
And the fresh water seemed to his  
pleased taste,

In the known world, the most de-  
licious thing.  
"Great is the caliph!" said he; "I  
for him  
Will fill my leathern bottle to the  
brim."

He sank the bottle, forcing it to drink  
Until the gurgle ceased in its lank  
throat;  
And as he started onward, smiled to  
think

That he for thirst bore God's sole  
antidote.  
Days after, with obeisance low and  
meet,  
He laid his present at the caliph's feet.

Forthwith the issue of the spring was  
poured  
Into a cup, on whose embossed  
outside,  
Jewels, like solid water, shaped a  
gourd.

The caliph drank, and seemed well  
satisfied,  
Nay, wisely pleased, and straightway  
gave command  
To line with gold the man's work-  
hardened hand.

The courtiers, looking at the round  
reward,  
Fancied that some unheard-of vir-  
tue graced

The bottled burden borne for their  
loved lord,  
And of the liquid gift asked but to  
taste.

The caliph answered from his potent  
throne:  
"Touch not the water; it is mine  
alone!"

But soon—after the humble giver  
went.  
O'erflowing with delight, which  
bathed his face—  
The caliph told his courtiers the  
intent

Of his denial, saying: "It is base  
Not to accept a kindness when ex-  
pressed  
By no low motive of self-interest.

"The water was a gift of love to me,  
Which I with golden gratitude re-  
paid.

I would not let the honest giver see  
That, on its way, the crystal of the  
shade  
Had changed, and was impure; for  
so, no less,  
His love, thus scorned, had turned to  
bitterness.

"I granted not the warm, distasteful  
draught  
To asking lips, because of firm mis-  
trust,  
Or kindly fear, that, if another  
quaffed,

He would reveal his feeling of dis-  
gust,  
And he, who meant a favor, would  
depart,  
Bearing a wounded and dejected  
heart."

MAY IN KINGSTON.

OUR old colonial town is new with  
May.

The looking trees that clasp across  
the streets,

Grow greener sleeved with bursting  
buds each day.

Still this year's May the last year's  
May repeats;

Even the old stone houses half renew  
Their youth and beauty, as the old  
trees do.

High over all, like some divine de-  
sire

Above our lower thoughts of daily  
care,

The gray, religious, heaven-touching  
spire

Adds to the quiet of the spring-  
time air;

And over roofs the birds create a sea,  
That has no shore, of their May  
melody.

Down through the lowlands now of  
lightest green,

The undecided creek winds on its  
way.

There the lithe willow bends with  
graceful mien,

And sees its likeness in the depths  
all day;

While in the orchards, flushed with  
May's warm light,

The bride-like fruit-trees dwell, at-  
tired in white.

But yonder loom the mountains old  
and grand,

That off, along dim distance, reach  
afar,

And high and vast, against the sun-  
set stand,

A dreamy range, long and irreg-  
ular—

A caravan that never passes by,  
Whose camel-backs are laden with  
the sky.

So, like a caravan, our outlived years  
Loom on the introspective land-  
scape seen

Within the heart: and now, when  
May appears,  
And earth renews its vernal bloom  
and green,

We but renew our longing, and we  
say:

“Oh, would that life might ever be  
all May!

“Would that the bloom of youth  
which is so brief,

The bloom, the May, the fullness  
ripe and fair

Of cheek and limb, might fade not  
as the leaf;

Would that the heart might not  
grow old with care,

Nor love turn bitter, nor fond hope  
decay;

But soul and body lead a life of  
May!”

FACIEBAT.

As thoughts possess the fashion of  
the mood

That gave them birth, so every  
deed we do

Partakes of our inborn disquietude  
Which spurns the old and reaches  
toward the new.

The noblest works of human art and  
pride

Show that their makers were not  
satisfied.

For, looking down the ladder of our  
deeds,

The rounds seem slender; all past  
work appears

Unto the doer faulty; the heart  
bleeds,

And pale Regret comes weltering  
in tears,

To think how poor our best has been,  
how vain,

Beside the excellence we would at-  
tain.

## SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

*NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.*

NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee:  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams, I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven;

All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

## JOSEPH ADDISON.

*APOSTROPHE TO LIBERTY.*

O LIBERTY, thou goddess heavenly  
bright,  
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with  
delight!  
Eternal pleasures in thy presence  
reign,  
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton  
train;  
Eased of her load, subjection grows  
more light,  
And poverty looks cheerful in thy  
sight;  
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of na-  
ture gay,  
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleas-  
ure to the day.  
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's  
isle adores;  
How has she oft exhausted all her  
stores,

How oft in fields of death thy pres-  
ence sought,  
Nor thinks the mighty prize too  
dearly bought!  
On foreign mountains may the sun  
refine  
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it  
to wine;  
With citron groves adorn a distant  
soil,  
And the fat olive swell with floods of  
oil:  
We envy not the warmer clime, that  
lies  
In ten degrees of more indulgent  
skies;  
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven  
repine,  
Though o'er our heads the frozen  
Pleiads shine:  
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's  
isle,  
And makes her barren rocks and her  
bleak mountains smile.

## CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It must be so — Plato, thou reason'st well! —  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.  
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?  
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us —  
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works — he must delight in virtue;  
 And that which he delights in must be happy.  
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.  
 I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.  
 [*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me:  
 This in a moment brings me to an end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.  
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?  
 This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?  
 Nature oppressed, and harassed out with care,  
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favor her,  
 That my awakened soul may take her flight,  
 Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,  
 An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear  
 Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;  
 Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

## MARK AKENSIDE.

## ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,  
 Is it an offence to own  
 That our bosoms e'er incline  
 Toward immortal Glory's throne?

For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure.  
 Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,  
 So can fancy's dream rejoice,  
 So conciliate reason's choice,  
 As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise  
 Be the passport to thy heaven,  
 Follow thou those gloomy ways —  
 No such law to me was given;  
 Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me;  
 Faring like my friends before me;  
 Nor an holier place desire  
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,  
 And Tully's curule chair, and Mil-  
 ton's golden lyre.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination.*]

THE DEVELOPMENT OF POETIC  
 AND ARTISTIC CREATIONS.

By these mysterious ties, the busy  
 power  
 Of memory her ideal train preserves  
 Entire; or when they would elude  
 her watch,  
 Reclaims their fleeting footsteps  
 from the waste  
 Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all  
 The various forms of being, to present  
 Before the curious eye of mimic art  
 Their largest choice: like Spring's  
 unfolded blossoms  
 Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful  
 bee  
 May taste at will from their selected  
 spoils  
 To work her dulcet food. For not  
 the expanse  
 Of living lakes in summer's noontide  
 calm,  
 Reflects the bordering shade and sun-  
 bright heavens  
 With fairer semblance; not the  
 sculptured gold  
 More faithful keeps the graver's  
 lively trace,  
 Than he whose birth the sister-  
 powers of art  
 Propitious viewed, and from his  
 genial star  
 Shed influence to the seeds of fancy  
 kind,  
 Than his attempered bosom must  
 preserve  
 The seal of nature. There alone,  
 unchanged

Her form remains. The balmy walks  
 of May  
 There breathe perennial sweets: the  
 trembling chord  
 Resounds forever in the abstracted  
 ear,  
 Melodious; and the virgin's radiant  
 eye,  
 Superior to disease, to grief, and time,  
 Shines with unbating lustre. Thus  
 at length  
 Endowed with all that nature can  
 bestow,  
 The child of fancy oft in silence  
 bends  
 O'er these mixed treasures of his  
 pregnant breast  
 With conscious pride. From them  
 he oft resolves  
 To frame he knows not what excel-  
 ling things,  
 And win he knows not what sublime  
 reward  
 Of praise and wonder. By degrees  
 the mind  
 Feels her young nerves dilate: the  
 plastic powers  
 Labor for action: blind emotions  
 heave  
 His bosom; and with loveliest frenzy  
 caught,  
 From earth to heaven he rolls his  
 daring eye,  
 From heaven to earth. Anon ten  
 thousand shapes,  
 Like spectres trooping to the wiz-  
 ard's call,  
 Flit swift before him. From the  
 womb of earth,  
 From ocean's bed they come: the  
 eternal heavens  
 Disclose their splendors, and the  
 dark abyss  
 Pours out her births unknown  
 With fixed gaze  
 He marks the rising phantoms. Now  
 compares  
 Their different forms; now blends  
 them, now divides;  
 Enlarges and extenuates by turns;  
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,  
 And infinitely varies. Hither now,  
 Now thither fluctuates his inconstant  
 aim,

With endless choice perplexed. At  
length his plan  
begins to open. Lucid order dawns;  
And as from Chaos old the jarring  
seeds  
Of nature at the voice divine repaired  
Each to its place, till rosy earth un-  
veiled  
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful  
sun  
Sprung up the blue serene; by swift  
degrees  
Thus disentangled, his entire design  
Emerges. Colors mingle, features  
join,  
And lines converge: the fainter parts  
retire;  
The fairer eminent in light advance;  
And every image on its neighbor  
smiles.  
Awhile he stands, and with a father's  
joy  
Contemplates. Then with Prome-  
thean art  
Into its proper vehicle he breathes  
The fair conception which, embodied  
thus,  
And permanent, becomes to eyes or  
ears  
An object ascertained: while thus  
informed,  
The various objects of his mimic  
skill,  
The consonance of sounds, the feat-  
ured rock,  
The shadowy picture, and impass-  
ioned verse,  
Beyond their proper powers attract  
the soul  
By that expressive semblance, while  
in sight  
Of nature's great original we scan  
The lively child of art; while line by  
line,  
And feature after feature, we refer  
To that divine exemplar whence it  
stole  
Those animating charms. Thus  
beauty's palm  
Betwixt them wavering hangs: ap-  
plauding love  
Doubts where to choose; and mortal  
man aspires  
To tempt creative praise.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination.*]

RICHES OF A MAN OF TASTE.

WHAT though not all  
Of mortal offspring can attain the  
heights  
Of envied life; though only few pos-  
sess  
Patrician treasures or imperial state;  
Yet nature's care, to all her children  
just,  
With richer treasures and an ampler  
state,  
Endows, at large, whatever happy man  
Will deign to use them. His the  
city's pomp,  
The rural honors his. Whate'er  
adorns  
The princely dome, the column and  
the arch,  
The breathing marbles and the  
sculptured gold,  
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow  
claim,  
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him,  
the Spring  
Distils her dews, and from the silken  
gem  
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the  
hand  
Of Autumn tinges every fertile  
branch  
With blooming gold, and blushes like  
the morn.  
Each passing hour sheds tribute from  
her wings;  
And still new beauties meet his  
lonely walk,  
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a  
breeze  
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud  
imbibes  
The setting sun's effulgence, not a  
strain  
From all the tenants of the warbling  
shade  
Ascends, but whence his bosom can  
partake  
Fresh pleasure unreprieved. Nor  
thence partakes  
Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive  
mind,  
By this harmonious action on her  
powers,

Becomes herself harmonious: wont  
 so oft  
 In outward things to meditate the  
 charm  
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at  
 home  
 To find a kindred order to exert  
 Within herself this elegance of love,  
 This fair inspired delight: her tem-  
 per'd powers  
 Refine at length, and every passion  
 wears  
 A chaster, milder, more attractive  
 mien.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

MENTAL BEAUTY.

THUS doth beauty dwell  
 There most conspicuous, e'en in out-  
 ward shape,  
 Where dawns the high expression of  
 a mind:  
 By steps conducting our enraptured  
 search  
 To that eternal origin, whose power,  
 Through all th' unbounded symme-  
 try of things,  
 Like rays effulging from the parent  
 sun,  
 This endless mixture of her charms  
 diffused.  
 Mind, mind alone, — bear witness,  
 earth and heaven! —  
 The living fountains in itself con-  
 tains  
 Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand  
 in hand,  
 Sit paramount the graces; here en-  
 throned,  
 Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,  
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.

[From *Pleasures of the Imagination*.]

ASPIRATIONS AFTER THE INFI-  
 NITE.

SAY, why was man so eminently  
 raised  
 Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd  
 Through life and death to dart his  
 piercing eye,

With thoughts beyond the limit of  
 his frame;  
 But that th' Omnipotent might send  
 him forth  
 In sight of mortal and immortal  
 powers,  
 As on a boundless theatre, to run  
 The great career of justice; to exalt  
 His generous aim to all diviner deeds;  
 To chase each partial purpose from  
 his breast,  
 And through the mists of passion and  
 of sense,  
 And through the tossing tide of  
 chance and pain,  
 To hold his course unfaltering, while  
 the voice  
 Of truth and virtue, up the steep  
 ascent  
 Of nature, calls him to his high re-  
 ward,  
 Th' applauding smile of heaven?  
 Else wherefore burns  
 In mortal bosoms this unquenched  
 hope,  
 That breathes from day to day sub-  
 limer things,  
 And mocks possession? wherefore  
 darts the mind,  
 With such resistless ardor, to embrace  
 Majestic forms; impatient to be free;  
 Spurning the gross control of wilful  
 might;  
 Proud of the strong contention of  
 her toils;  
 Proud to be daring?

For from the birth  
 Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker  
 said,  
 That not in humble nor in brief de-  
 light,  
 Not in the fading echoes of renown,  
 Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's  
 flowery lap,  
 The soul should find enjoyment: but  
 from these  
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,  
 Through all th' ascent of things en-  
 large her view,  
 Till every bound at length should  
 disappear,  
 And infinite perfection close the  
 scene.

## LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.

*NOTHING BUT LEAVES.*

"He found nothing thereon but leaves."  
Matt. xxi. 19.

NOTHING but leaves; the spirit  
grieves

Over the wasted life:  
Sin committed while conscience slept,  
Promises made but never kept,  
Hatred, battle, strife;  
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garner'd  
sheaves

Of life's fair, ripen'd grain;  
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;  
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and  
weeds;

We reap with toil and pain  
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves  
No veil to screen the past:  
As we retrace our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent  
day—

We find, sadly, at last,  
Nothing but leaves!

And shall we meet the Master so,  
Bearing our wither'd leaves?  
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit,—  
We stand before him, humbled,  
mute;

Waiting the words he breathes,—  
"Nothing but leaves!"

## JAMES ALDRICH.

*A DEATH-BED.*

HER suffering ended with the day;  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night  
away,  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed through Glory's morning-  
gate,  
And walked in Paradise!

## THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

*THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL.*

HAVE you not heard the poets tell  
How came the dainty Babie Bell

Into this world of ours?

The gates of heaven were left ajar:  
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
Wandering out of Paradise,  
She saw this planet, like a star,

Hung in the glistening depths of  
even, —

Its bridges, running to and fro,  
O'er which the white-winged Angels  
go,

Bearing the holy Dead to heaven.

She touched a bridge of flowers, —  
those feet

So light they did not bend the bells  
Of the celestial asphodels!

They fell like dew upon the flowers,  
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!  
And thus came dainty Babie Bell  
Into this world of ours.

She came and brought delicious May,  
The swallows built beneath the  
eaves;

Like sunlight in and out the  
leaves,

The robins went the livelong day;



The lily swung its noiseless bell,  
 And o'er the porch the trembling  
 vine  
 Seemed bursting with its veins of  
 wine.

How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!  
 O, earth was full of singing-birds,  
 And opening spring-tide flowers,  
 When the dainty Babie Bell  
 Came to this world of ours!

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,  
 How fair she grew from day to day!  
 What woman-nature filled her eyes,  
 What poetry within them lay:

Those deep and tender twilight  
 eyes,  
 So full of meaning, pure and  
 bright  
 As if she yet stood in the light  
 Of those oped gates of Paradise.

And so we loved her more and more;  
 Ah, never in our hearts before  
 Was love so lovely born.

We felt we had a link between  
 This real world and that unseen, —  
 The land beyond the morn.

And for the love of those dear eyes,  
 For love of her whom God led forth,  
 (The mother's being ceased on earth  
 When Babie came from Paradise,) —  
 For love of Him who smote our lives,  
 And woke the chords of joy and  
 pain,

We said, *Dear Christ!* — Our hearts  
 bent down  
 Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were  
 white

And red with blossoms when she  
 came,  
 Were rich in autumn's mellow  
 prime:

The clustered apples burnt like  
 flame,  
 The soft-cheeked peaches blushed  
 and fell,

The ivory chestnut burst its shell,  
 The grapes hung purpling in the  
 grange:

And time wrought just as rich a  
 change  
 In little Babie Bell.

Her lissome form more perfect grew,  
 And in her features we could  
 trace,  
 In softened curves, her mother's  
 face!

Her angel-nature ripened too.  
 We thought her lovely when she  
 came,  
 But she was holy, saintly now;  
 Around her pale angelic brow  
 We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal,  
 That held the portals of her speech;  
 And oft she said a few strange words  
 Whose meaning lay beyond our  
 reach.

She never was a child to us,  
 We never held her being's key;  
 We could not teach her holy things:  
 She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees:  
 We saw its shadow ere it fell,  
 The knowledge that our God had sent  
 His messenger for Babie Bell.

We shuddered with unlanguage  
 pain,  
 And all our hopes were changed to  
 fears,

And all our thoughts ran into tears  
 Like sunshine into rain.

We cried aloud in our belief,  
 "O, smite us gently, gently, God!  
 Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,  
 And perfect grow through grief."  
 Ah, how we loved her, God can tell:  
 Her heart was folded deep in ours.  
 Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,  
 The messenger from unseen lands,  
 And what did dainty Babie Bell?

She only crossed her little hands,  
 She only looked more meek and  
 fair!

We parted back her silken hair:  
 We wove the roses round her brow,  
 White buds, the summer's drifted  
 snow, —

Wrapt her from head to foot in flow-  
 ers!

And thus went dainty Babie Bell  
 Out of this world of ours!

## DESTINY.

THREE roses, wan as moonlight and  
weighed down  
Each with its loveliness as with a  
crown,  
Drooped in a florist's window in a  
town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at  
rest,  
Like flower on flower, that night, on  
Beauty's breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,  
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's  
hair.

The third, a widow, with new grief  
made wild,  
Shut in the icy palm of her dead  
child.

## AN UNTIMELY THOUGHT.

I WONDER what day of the week —  
I wonder what month of the year —  
Will it be midnight, or morning,  
And who will bend over my bier ?

— What a hideous fancy to come  
As I wait, at the foot of the stair,  
While Lillian gives the last touch  
To her robe, or the rose in her hair.

Do I like your new dress — pompa-  
dour ?  
And do I like *you* ? On my life,  
You are eighteen, and not a day  
more,  
And have not been six years my wife.

Those two rosy boys in the crib  
Up stairs are not ours, to be sure ! —  
You are just a sweet bride in her  
bloom,  
All sunshine, and snowy, and pure.

As the carriage rolls down the dark  
street  
The little wife laughs and makes  
cheer ;

But . . . I wonder what day of the  
week,  
I wonder what month of the year.

## NAMELESS PAIN.

IN my nostrils the summer wind  
Blows the exquisite scent of the rose !  
O for the golden, golden wind,  
Breaking the buds as it goes,  
Breaking the buds, and bending the  
grass,  
And spilling the scent of the rose !

O wind of the summer morn,  
Tearing the petals in twain,  
Wafting the fragrant soul  
Of the rose through valley and plain,  
I would you could tear my heart to-  
day,  
And scatter its nameless pain.

## UNSUNG.

As sweet as the breath that goes  
From the lips of the white rose,  
As weird as the elfin lights  
That glimmer of frosty nights,  
As wild as the winds that tear  
The curled red leaf in the air,  
Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times  
I have said the mystic rhymes,  
But ere I open my eyes  
This ghost of a poem flies ;  
Of the interfuent strains  
Not even a note remains :  
I know by my pulses' beat  
It was something wild and sweet,  
And my heart is strangely stirred  
By an unremembered word !

I strive, but I strive in vain,  
To recall the lost refrain.  
On some miraculous day  
Perhaps it will come and stay ;  
In some unimagined Spring  
I may find my voice, and sing  
The song I have never sung.

*RENCONTRE.*

TOILING across the Mer de Glace  
I thought of, longed for thee;  
What miles between us stretched,  
alas!

What miles of land and sea!

My foe, undreamed of, at my side  
Stood suddenly, like Fate.  
For those who love, the world is wide,  
But not for those who hate.

*THE FADED VIOLET.*

WHAT thought is folded in thy leaves!  
What tender thought, what speech-  
less pain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,  
Thou darling of the April rain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,  
Though scent and azure tint are fled—  
O dry, mute lips! ye are the type  
Of something in me cold and dead;

Of something wilted like thy leaves;  
Of fragrance flown, of beauty dim;  
Yet, for the love of those white hands,  
That found thee by a river's brim—

That found thee when thy dewy  
mouth  
Was purpled as with stains of wine—  
For love of her who love forgot,  
I hold thy faded lips to mine.

That thou shouldst live when I am  
dead,  
When hate is dead, for me, and  
wrong,  
For this, I use my subtlest art,  
For this, I fold thee in my song.

*AFTER THE RAIN.*

THE rain has ceased, and in my room  
The sunshine pours an airy flood;  
And on the church's dizzy vane  
The ancient cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,  
Antiquely-carven, gray and high,  
A dormer, facing westward, looks  
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,  
A globe of gold, a disc, a speck:  
And in the belfry sits a dove  
With purple ripples on her neck.

*PURSUIT AND POSSESSION.*

WHEN I behold what pleasure is Pur-  
suit,  
What life, what glorious eagerness  
it is;

Then mark how full Possession falls  
from this,  
How fairer seems the blossom than  
the fruit—

I am perplexed, and often stricken  
mute  
Wondering which attained the higher  
bliss,

The wingéd insect, or the chrysalis  
It thrust aside with unreluctant foot.  
Spirit of verse that still elud'st my  
art,

Thou airy phantom that dost ever  
haunt me,

O never, never rest upon my heart.  
If when I have thee I shall little want  
thee!

Still flit away in moonlight, rain, and  
dew,  
Will-o'-the-wisp, that I may still  
pursue!

*SLEEP.*

WHEN to soft Sleep we give ourselves  
away,

And in a dream as in a fairy bark  
Drift on and on through the en-  
chanted dark

To purple daybreak—little thought  
we pay

To that sweet bitter world we know  
by day.

We are clean quit of it, as is a lark  
So high in heaven no human eye may  
mark

The thin swift pinion cleaving  
 through the gray.  
 Till we awake ill fate can do no ill  
 The resting heart shall not take up  
 again  
 The heavy load that yet must make  
 it bleed;  
 For this brief space the loud world's  
 voice is still,  
 No faintest echo of it brings us pain.  
 How will it be when we shall sleep  
 indeed?

—————  
 MASKS.

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim dis-  
 guise  
 And shows you laughing lips and  
 roguish eyes;  
 But when, unmasked, gay Comedy  
 appears,  
 How wan her cheeks are, and what  
 heavy tears!

—————  
 THE ROSE.

Fixed to her necklace, like another  
 gem,  
 A rose she wore — the flower June  
 made for her;

Fairer it looked than when upon the  
 stem,  
 And must, indeed, have been much  
 happier.

—————  
 MAPLE LEAVES.

October turned my maple's leaves to  
 gold;  
 The most are gone now; here and  
 there one lingers;  
 Soon these will slip from out the  
 twigs' weak hold,  
 Like coins between a dying miser's  
 fingers.

—————  
 TO ANY POET.

Out of the thousand verses you have  
 writ,  
 If Time spare none, you will not care  
 at all;  
 If Time spare one, you will not know  
 of it:  
 Nor shame nor fame can scale a  
 churchyard wall.

—————  
 CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the  
 land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but  
 no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto  
 this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
 On this side Jordan's wave,  
 In a vale in the land of Moab  
 There lies a lonely grave.  
 And no man knows that sepulchre,  
 And no man saw it e'er,  
 For the angels of God upturned the  
 sod  
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
 That ever pass'd on earth;  
 But no man heard the trampling,  
 Or saw the train go forth —  
 Noiselessly as the daylight  
 Comes back when night is done,  
 And the crimson streak on ocean's  
 cheek  
 Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
 Her crown of verdure weaves,  
 And all the trees on all the hills  
 Open their thousand leaves;  
 So without sound of music,  
 Or voice of them that wept,

Silently down from the mountain's  
crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On grey Beth-peor's height,  
Out of his lonely eyrie  
Look'd on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion stalking,  
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,  
or beast and bird have seen and  
heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled  
drum,  
Follow his funeral car;  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless  
steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
We lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honor'd place,  
With costly marble drest,  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the organ rings, and the sweet  
choir sings  
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior  
That ever buckled sword,  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher  
Traced, with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page, truths half so  
sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—  
The hillside for a pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall,  
And the dark rock-pines like tossing  
plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand, in that lonely  
land,  
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a  
name,  
Whence his uncoffin'd clay  
Shall break again, O wondrous  
thought!  
Before the Judgment Day,  
And stand with glory wrapt around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won  
our life  
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!  
O dark Beth-peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of  
ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep, like the hidden  
sleep  
Of him He loved so well.

## HENRY ALFORD.

### THE AGED OAK AT OAKLEY.

I WAS a young fair tree;  
Each spring with quivering green  
My boughs were clad; and far  
Down the deep vale a light  
Shone from me on the eyes  
Of those who pass'd,— a light

That told of sunny days,  
And blossoms, and blue sky;  
For I was ever first  
Of all the grove to hear  
The soft voice under ground  
Of the warm-working spring;  
And ere my brethren stirr'd  
Their sheathed bud, the kine,

And the kine's keeper, came  
 Slow up the valley path,  
 And laid them underneath  
 My cool and rustling leaves;  
 And I could feel them there  
 As in the quiet shade  
 They stood with tender thoughts,  
 That pass'd along their life  
 Like wings on a still lake,  
 Blessing me; and to God,  
 The blessed God, who cares  
 For all my little leaves,  
 Went up the silent praise;  
 And I was glad with joy  
 Which life of laboring things  
 Ill knows,—the joy that sinks—  
 Into a life of rest.  
 Ages have fled since then:  
 But deem not my pierced trunk

And scanty leafage serve  
 No high behest; my name  
 Is sounded far and wide;  
 And in the Providence  
 That guides the steps of men,  
 Hundreds have come to view  
 My grandeur in decay;  
 And there hath pass'd from me  
 A quiet influence  
 Into the minds of men:  
 The silver head of age,  
 The majesty of laws,  
 The very name of God,  
 And holiest things that are  
 Have won upon the heart  
 Of humankind the more,  
 For that I stand to meet  
 With vast and bleaching trunk,  
 The rudeness of the sky.

### ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

#### *ENDURANCE.*

How much the heart may bear, and  
 yet not break!

How much the flesh may suffer,  
 and not die!

I question much if any pain or ache  
 Of soul or body brings our end  
 more nigh;

Death chooses his own time; till that  
 is sworn,

All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the sur-  
 geon's knife,

Each nerve recoiling from the cruel  
 steel

Whose edge seems searching for the  
 quivering life,

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs  
 reveal,

That still, although the trembling  
 flesh be torn,

This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,  
 And try to flee from the approach-  
 ing ill;

We seek some small escape; we weep  
 and pray;

But when the blow falls, then our  
 hearts are still;  
 Not that the pain is of its sharpness  
 shorn,  
 But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;  
 We hold it closer, dearer than our  
 own:

Anon it faints and fails in deathly  
 strife,

Leaving us stunned, and stricken,  
 and alone;

But ah! we do not die with those we  
 mourn,—

This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things,—  
 famine, thirst,

Bereavement, pain; all grief and  
 misery,

All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its  
 worst

On soul and body,—but we cannot  
 die.

Though we be sick, and tired, and  
 faint and worn,—

Lo, all things can be borne!

## WHERE THE ROSES GREW.

THIS is where the roses grew,  
 In the summer that is gone;  
 Fairer bloom or richer hue  
 Never summer shone upon:  
 O, the glories vanished hence!  
 O, the sad imperfect tense!

This is where the roses grew  
 When the July days were long, —  
 When the garden all day through  
 Echoed with delight and song; —  
 Hark! the dead and broken stalks  
 Eddying down the windy walks!

Never was a desert waste,  
 Where no blossom-life is born,  
 Half so dreary and unblest,  
 Half so lonesome and forlorn,  
 Since in this we dimly see  
 All the bliss that *used to be*.

Where the roses used to grow!  
 And the west-wind's wailing words  
 Tell in whispers faint and low  
 Of the famished humming-birds, —  
 Of the bees which search in vain  
 For the honey-cells again!

This is where the roses grew,  
 Till the ground was all perfume,  
 And, whenever zephyrs blew,  
 Carpeted with crimson bloom!  
 Now the chill and scentless air,  
 Sweeps the flower-plats brown and  
 bare.

Hearts have gardens sad as this,  
 Where the roses bloom no more, —  
 Gardens where no summer bliss  
 Can the summer bloom restore, —  
 Where the snow melts not away  
 At the warming kiss of May; —

Gardens where the vernal morns  
 Never shed their sunshine down, —  
 Where are only stems and thorns,  
 Veiled in dead leaves, curled and  
 brown, —  
 Gardens where we only see  
 Where the roses *used to be*!

## LAST.

FRIEND, whose smile has come to be  
 Very precious unto me,  
 Though I know I drank not first,  
 Of your love's bright fountain-  
 burst,  
 Yet I grieve not for the past,  
 So you only love me last!

Other souls may find their joy  
 In the blind love of a boy:  
 Give me that which years have  
 tried,  
 Disciplined and purified, —  
 Such as, braving sun and blast  
 You will bring to me at last!

There are brows more fair than mine,  
 Eyes of more bewitching shine,  
 Other hearts more fit, in truth,  
 For the passion of your youth;  
 But, their transient empire past,  
 You will surely love me last!

Wing away your summer time,  
 Find a love in every clime,  
 Roam in liberty and light, —  
 I shall never stay your flight;  
 For I know, when all is past,  
 You will come to me at last!

Change and flutter as you will,  
 I shall smile securely still;  
 Patiently I trust and wait  
 Though you tarry long and late:  
 Prize your spring till it be past,  
 Only, only love me last!

## ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time,  
 In your flight,  
 Make me a child again just for to-  
 night!  
 Mother, come back from the echoless  
 shore,  
 Take me again to your heart as of  
 yore;

Kiss from my forehead the furrows  
of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of  
my hair;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch  
keep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me  
to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of  
the years!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —  
Toil without recompense, tears all in  
vain, —  
Take them, and give me my child-  
hood again!  
I have grown weary of dust and de-  
cay, —  
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth  
away;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock  
me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the  
untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for  
you!  
Many a summer the grass has grown  
green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces be-  
tween:  
Yet, with strong yearning and pas-  
sionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence  
again.  
Come from the silence so long and so  
deep; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me  
to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are  
flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has  
shone;  
No other worship abides and en-  
dures, —  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like  
yours:  
None like a mother can charm away  
pain  
From the sick soul and the world-  
weary brain.

Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy  
lids creep; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me  
to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just  
lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again as of  
old;  
Let it drop over my forehead to-  
night,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the  
light;  
For with its sunny-edged shadows  
once more  
Haply will throng the sweet visions  
of yore;  
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows  
sweep; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me  
to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have  
been long  
Since I last listened your lullaby song:  
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall  
seem  
Womanhood's years have been only  
a dream.  
Clasped to your heart in a loving em-  
brace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping  
my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep; —  
Rock me to sleep, mother, — rock me  
to sleep!

UNTIL DEATH.

MAKE me no vows of constancy, dear  
friend,  
To love me, though I die, thy whole  
life long,  
And love no other till thy days shall  
end;  
Nay, it were rash and wrong.  
If thou canst love another, be it so;  
I would not reach out of my quiet  
grave  
To bind thy heart, if it should choose  
to go: —  
Love should not be a slave.



My placid ghost, I trust, will walk  
serene

In clearer light than gilds those  
earthly morns.

Above the jealousies and envies  
keen

Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy  
caress,

If, after death, my soul should linger  
here;

Men's hearts crave tangible, close  
tenderness,

Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more  
peacefully

That thou wert wasting all thy life  
in woe

For my poor sake; what love thou  
hast for me,

Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am  
dead

The praises which remorseful  
mourners give

To women's graves, — a tardy recom-  
pense, —

But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my  
head

To shut away the sunshine and the  
dew;

Let small blooms grow there, and let  
grasses wave,

And rain-drops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many fairer and more  
gay

Than I; but, trust me, thou canst  
never find

One who will love and serve thee  
night and day

With a more single mira.

Forget me when I die! The violets  
Above my breast will blossom just  
as blue,

Nor miss thy tears; e'en Nature's  
self forgets; —

But while I live, be true!

## EVERY DAY.

O, TRIFLING tasks so often done,  
Yet ever to be done anew!

O, cares which come with every sun,  
Morn after morn, the long years  
through!

We shrink beneath their paltry  
sway, —

The irksome calls of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,

The tiresome round of little things,  
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour

Its tedious iteration brings;

Who shall evade or who delay

The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course

By tide and tempest lashed in vain,  
Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's

force,

And yields its substance grain by  
grain;

So crumble strongest lives away

Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,

Who tracks the tiger for his life,

May wound them ere they are aware,

Or conquer them in desperate  
strife;

Yet powerless he to scathe or slay

The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops

Is mightier than the fiercest shock;

The constant fall of water-drops

Will groove the adamant rock;

We feel our noblest powers decay,

In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow —

Our souls a sudden bravery fills —

But we endure not always so

The drop-by-drop of little ills!

We still deplore and still obey

The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death

Upon the battle-field, and dares

Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath

The needle-points of frets and cares;

The stoutest spirits they dismay —

The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,  
 Whose souls by faith have overcome,  
 Who wore amid the cruel flame  
 The molten crown of martyrdom,  
 Bore not without complaint always  
 The petty pains of every day.

Ah! more than martyr's aureole,  
 And more than hero's heart of fire,  
 We need the humble strength of soul  
 Which daily toils and ills require;—  
 Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,  
 An added grace for every day.

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WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

*THE TOUCHSTONE.*

A MAN there came, whence none  
 could tell,  
 Bearing a touchstone in his hand;  
 And tested all things in the land  
 By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote  
 The fair to foul, the foul to fair;  
 Purple nor ermine did he spare,  
 Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heirloom jewels, prized so much,  
 Were many changed to chips and  
 clods,  
 And even statues of the gods  
 Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,  
 "The loss outweighs the profit far;

Our goods suffice us as they are;  
 We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so avail  
 To check this unrelenting guest,  
 They seized him, saying, "Let him  
 test  
 How real is our jail!"

But, though they slew him with the  
 sword,  
 And in a fire his touchstone burned,  
 Its doings could not be o'rtuned,  
 Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,  
 They strewed its ashes on the  
 breeze;  
 They little guessed each grain of  
 these  
 Conveyed the perfect charm.

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*AUTUMNAL SONNET.*

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,  
 And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,  
 And night by night the monitory blast  
 Wails in the keyhole, telling how it passed  
 O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,  
 Or grim, wide wave; and now the power is felt  
 Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods  
 Than any joy indulgent Summer dealt.  
 Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,  
 Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize  
 The soft invisible dew in each one's eyes,  
 It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave  
 To walk with Memory, when distant lies  
 Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

## WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

## BOYHOOD.

<p>           Ah, then how sweetly closed those                crowded days!            The minutes parting one by one like                rays,            That fade upon a summer's eve.            But oh! what charm, or magic                numbers            Can give me back the gentle slum-                bers         </p>	<p>           Those weary, happy days did                leave?            When by my bed I saw my mother                kneel,            And with her blessing took her                nightly kiss;            Whatever Time destroys, he cannot                this—            E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.         </p>
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## THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

## TO ROUSE, THE ARTIST.

As when in watches of the night we  
     see,  
 Hanging in tremulous beauty o'er  
     the bed,  
 The face we loved on Earth, now  
     from us fled;  
 So wan, so sweet, so spiritually  
     free  
 From taint of Earth, thy tender  
     drawings be.  
 There we may find a friend remem-  
     berèd;  
 With a new aureole hovering round  
     the head,  
 Given by Art's peaceful immortal-  
     ity.  
 How many homes half empty fill the  
     place  
 Death vacates, with thy gracious sub-  
     stitutes!  
 Not sensuous with color, which may  
     disgrace  
 The memory of the body shared with  
     brutes;  
 But the essential spirit in the  
     face;  
 As angels see us, best, Affection  
     suits.

TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,  
AFTER THE WAR.

Oh! happiest thou, who from the  
     shining height,  
 Of tablelands serene can look below  
 Where glared the tempest, and the  
     lightning's glow,  
 And see thy seed made harvest wave  
     in light,  
 And all the darkened land with  
     God's smile bright!  
 Leaving with him the issue. Enough  
     to know  
 Aibeit the sword hath sundered broth-  
     ers so,  
 Yet God's vicegerent ever is the  
     Right.  
 Nor will he leave us bleeding, but  
     his Time  
 Which healeth all things will our  
     wounds make whole.  
 While washed and cleansed of our  
     fraternal crime,  
 Freedom shall count again her starry  
     roll;  
 All there, and moving with a step  
     subline  
 To music God sounds in the human  
     soul.

## EDWIN ARNOLD.

*SHE AND HE.*

"SHE is dead!" they said to him.

"Come away;

Kiss her! and leave her! — thy love  
is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark  
brown hair;

On her forehead of marble they laid  
it fair:

Over her eyes, which gazed too  
much,

They drew the lids with a gentle  
touch;

With a tender touch they closed up  
well

The sweet thin lips that had secrets  
to tell;

About her brows, and her dear, pale  
face

They tied her veil and her marriage-  
lace;

And drew on her white feet her  
white silk shoes;—

Which were the whiter no eye could  
choose!

And over her bosom they crossed  
her hands;

"Come away," they said,—"God  
understands!"

And then there was Silence;—and  
nothing there

But the Silence — and scents of  
eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rose-  
mary;

For they said, "As a lady should lie,  
lies she!"

And they held their breath as they  
left the room,

With a shudder to glance at its still-  
ness and gloom.

But he — who loved her too well to  
dread

The sweet, the stately, the beautiful  
dead, —

He lit his lamp, and took the key,  
And turn'd it! — Alone again — he  
and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,  
Though he kiss'd, in the old place,  
the quiet cheek;

He and she; yet she would not smile,  
Though he call'd her the name that  
was fondest erewhile.

He and she; and she did not move  
To any one passionate whisper of love!

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast  
without breath!

Is there no voice? — no language of  
death

"Dumb to the ear and still to the  
sense,

But to heart and to soul distinct, —  
intense?

"See, now, — I listen with soul, not  
ear —

What was the secret of dying, Dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,  
That you ever could let life's flower  
fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel  
The perfect calm o'er the agony  
steal?

"Was the miracle greatest to find  
how deep.

Beyond all dreams, sank downward  
that sleep?

"Did life roll backward its record,  
Dear,

And show, as they say it does, past  
things clear?

“And was it the innermost heart of  
the bliss  
To find out so what a wisdom love is?”

“Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead most  
dear,  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;

“I listen — as deep as to horrible  
hell,  
As high as to heaven! — and you do  
not tell!

“There must be pleasures in dying,  
Sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to  
feet!

“I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were  
dead,  
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my*  
brow shed.

“I would say, though the angel of  
death had laid  
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

“*You* should not ask, vainly, with  
streaming eyes,  
Which in Death's touch was the  
chiefest surprise;

“The very strangest and suddenest  
thing  
Of all the surprises that dying must  
bring.”

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind  
Dead!  
Though he told me, who will believe  
it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her  
say,  
With the soft rich voice, in the dear  
old way: —

“The utmost wonder is this. — I hear,  
And see you, and love you, and kiss  
you, Dear;

“I can speak, now you listen with  
soul alone;  
If your soul could see, it would all  
be shown.

“What a strange delicious amaze-  
ment is Death,  
To be without body and breathe  
without breath.

“I should laugh for joy if you did  
not cry;  
Oh, listen! Love lasts! — Love never  
will die.

“I am only your Angel who was your  
Bride;  
And I know, that though dead, I  
have never died.”

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AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

HE who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow;  
And ye say, “Abdallah's dead!”  
Weeping at the feet and head,  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile and whisper this, —  
“I am not the thing you kiss;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie;  
It *was* mine, it is not I.”

Sweet friends! What the women lave  
For its last bed of the grave,  
Is a tent which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room, —  
The wearer, not the garb, — the  
plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
Which kept him from these splendid  
stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye, —  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell, — one  
Out of which the pearl is gone;  
The shell is broken, it lies there;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.

'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
 Allah sealed, the while it hid  
 That treasure of his treasury,  
 A mind that loved him; let it lie!  
 Let the shard be earth's once more,  
 Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!  
 Now thy world is understood;  
 Now the long, long wonder ends;  
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
 While the man whom ye call dead,  
 In unspoken bliss, instead,  
 Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,  
 By such light as shines for you;  
 But in light ye cannot see  
 Of unfulfilled felicity,—  
 In enlarging paradise,  
 Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;  
 Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.  
 I am gone before your face,  
 A moment's time, a little space.  
 When ye come where I have stepped  
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;  
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
 That here is all, and there is naught.  
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—  
 Sunshine still must follow rain;  
 Only not at death,— for death,  
 Now I know, is that first breath  
 Which our souls draw when we enter  
 Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,  
 Viewed from Allah's throne above;  
 Be ye stout of heart, and come  
 Bravely onward to your home!  
*La Allah illa Allah!* yea!  
 Thou love divine! Thou love always!

He that died at Azan gave  
 This to those who made his grave.

—  
 FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

If on this verse of mine  
 Those eyes shall ever shine,  
 Whereto sore-wounded men have  
 looked for life,  
 Think not that for a rhyme,  
 Nor yet to fit the time,  
 I name thy name,—true victor in  
 this strife!  
 But let it serve to say  
 That, when we kneel to pray,  
 Prayers rise for thee thine ear shall  
 never know;  
 And that thy gallant deed,  
 For God, and for our need,  
 Is in all hearts, as deep as love can  
 go.

'Tis good that thy name springs  
 From two of Earth's fair things—  
 A stately city and a soft-voiced bird;  
 'Tis well that in all homes,  
 When thy sweet story comes,  
 And brave eyes fill—that pleasant  
 sounds be heard.  
 Oh voice! in night of fear,  
 As night's bird, soft to hear,  
 Oh great heart! raised like city on a  
 hill;  
 Oh watcher! worn and pale,  
 Good Florence Nightingale,  
 Thanks, loving thanks, for thy large  
 work and will!  
 England is glad of thee—  
 Christ, for thy charity,  
 Take thee to joy when hand and  
 heart are still!

## GEORGE ARNOLD.

*IN THE DARK.*

[The author's last poem, written a few days before his death.]

ALL moveless stand the ancient  
cedar-trees  
Along the drifted sand-hills where  
they grow;  
And from the darkness comes a wan-  
dering breeze,  
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the  
sand,  
When bright the sunbeams of the  
morning shone,  
And the eye vainly seeks by sea and  
land  
Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering  
vigil keeps;  
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;  
And the dark river, like a serpent,  
creeps  
To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the dark-  
ness steal.  
And through the dark, the ocean-  
thunders roll;  
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till  
I feel  
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty  
air;  
I strain my eyes into the heavy  
night;  
Blackness of darkness!— Father,  
hear my prayer!  
Grant me to see the light!

*CUI BONO?*

A HARMLESS fellow, wasting useless  
days,  
Am I: I love my comfort and my  
leisure;

Let those who wish them toil for  
gold and praise;  
To me the summer-day brings more  
of pleasure.

So, here upon the grass, I lie at ease,  
While solemn voices from the Past  
are calling,  
Mingled with rustling whispers in the  
trees,  
And pleasant sounds of water idly  
falling.

There was a time when I had higher  
aims  
Than thus to lie among the flow-  
ers and listen  
To listening birds, or watch the sun-  
set's flames  
On the broad river's surface glow  
and glisten.

There was a time, perhaps, when I  
had thought  
To make a name, a home, a bright  
existence:  
But time has shown me that my  
dreams are naught  
Save a mirage that vanished with  
the distance.

Well, it is gone: I care no longer  
now  
For fame, for fortune, or for empty  
praises;  
Rather than wear a crown upon my  
brow,  
I'd lie forever here among the  
daisies.

So you, who wish for fame, good  
friend, pass by;  
With you I surely cannot think to  
quarrel:  
Give me peace, rest, this bank  
whereon I lie,  
And spare me both the labor and  
the laurel!

## MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## YOUTH'S AGITATIONS.

WHEN I shall be divorced, some ten  
years hence,  
From this poor present self which I  
am now;  
When youth has done its tedious  
vain expense  
Of passions that forever ebb and flow;  
Shall I not joy youth's heats are left  
behind,  
And breathe more happy in an even  
clime? —  
Ah no, for then I shall begin to find  
A thousand virtues in this hated  
time!

Then I shall wish its agitations back,  
And all its thwarting currents of de-  
sire;  
Then I shall praise the heat which  
then I lack,  
And call this hurrying fever, gener-  
ous fire;  
And sigh that one thing only has  
been lent  
To youth and age in common — dis-  
content.

## IMMORTALITY.

FOILED by our fellow-men, depress'd,  
outworn,  
We leave the brutal world to take its  
way,  
And, *Patience! in another life*, we say,  
*The world shall be thrust down, and*  
*we up-borne.*

And will not, then, the immortal  
armies scorn  
The world's poor, routed leavings?  
or will they,  
Who fail'd under the heat of this  
life's day,  
Support the fervors of the heavenly  
morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be  
Kept on after the grave, but not  
begun;  
And he who flagg'd not in the  
earthly strife,

From strength to strength advancing  
only he,  
His soul well-knit, and all his battles  
won,  
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal  
life.

## EAST LONDON.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun  
overhead  
Smote on the squalid streets of Beth-  
nal Green,  
And the pale weaver, through his  
windows seen  
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dis-  
pirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and  
said:  
"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in  
this scene?" —  
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late  
have been  
Much cheer'd with thoughts of  
Christ, *the living bread.*"

O human soul! as long as thou canst  
so  
Set up a mark of everlasting light,  
Above the howling senses' ebb and  
flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if  
thou roam —  
Not with lost toil thou laborest  
through the night!  
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st  
indeed thy home.



## AUSTERITY OF POETRY.

THAT son of Italy who tried to blow,  
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred  
song,

In his light youth amid a festal  
throng  
Sate with his bride to see a public  
show.

Fair was the bride, and on her front  
did glow  
Youth like a star; and what to youth  
belong—

Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.  
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,

Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to  
death, she lay!

Shuddering, they drew her garments  
off—and found

A robe of sackcloth next the smooth,  
white skin.

Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse!  
young, gay,

Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden  
ground

Of thought and of austerity within.

[From *Memorial Verses*.]

## GOETHE.

He took the suffering human race,  
He read each wound, each weakness  
clear;

And struck his finger on the place,  
And said: *Thou ailest here, and  
here!*

## EARLY DEATH AND FAME.

FOR him who must see many years,  
I praise the life which slips away  
Out of the light and mutely; which  
avoids

Fame, and her less fair followers,  
envy, strife,

Stupid detraction, jealousy, cabal,  
Insincere praises; which descends  
The quiet mossy track to age.

But, when immature death  
Beckons too early the guest  
From the half-tried banquet of life,  
Young, in the bloom of his days;  
Leaves no leisure to press,  
Slow and surely, the sweets  
Of a tranquil life in the shade—  
Fuller for him be the hours!  
Give him emotion, though pain!  
Let him live, let him feel: *I have lived*.  
Heap up his moments with life!  
Triple his pulses with fame!

## SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking  
What I am, and what I ought to be,  
At this vessel's prow I stand, which  
bears me  
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit  
sea.

And a look of passionate desire  
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:  
"Ye who from my childhood up have  
calm'd me,  
Calm me, ah, compose me to the  
end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars,  
ye waters,  
On my heart your mighty charm  
renew;  
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,  
Feel my soul becoming vast like  
you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown  
vault of heaven,  
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,  
In the rustling night-air came the  
answer:

"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live*  
as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round  
them,  
Undistracted by the sights they see,  
These demand not that the things  
without them

Yield them love, amusement, sym-  
pathy.

<p>“And with joy the stars perform their shining, And the sea its long moon-silver’d roll; For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting All the fever of some differing soul.</p> <p>“Bounded by themselves, and unre- gardful In what state God’s other works may be,</p>	<p>In their own tasks all their powers pouring, These attain the mighty life you see.”</p> <p>O air-born voice! long since, severely clear, A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear: “Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he Who finds himself, loses his misery!”</p>
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## PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

### *THE TRUE MEASURE OF LIFE.*

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath;  
 In feelings, not in figures on the dial.  
 We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat  
 For God, for man, for duty. He most lives,  
 Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.  
 Life is but a means unto an end—that end.  
 Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.

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## JOANNA BAILLIE.

### *THE WORTH OF FAME.*

Oh! who shall lightly say, that Fame  
 Is nothing but an empty name!  
 Whilst in that sound there is a charm  
 The nerves to brace, the heart to  
 warm,  
 As, thinking of the mighty dead,  
 The young from slothful couch will  
 start,  
 And vow, with lifted hands out-  
 spread,  
 Like them to act a noble part?

Oh! who shall lightly say that Fame  
 Is nothing but an empty name!  
 When, but for those, our mighty  
 dead,  
 All ages past a blank would be,  
 Sunk in oblivion’s murky bed,  
 A desert bare, a shipless sea?

They are the distant objects seen,—  
 The lofty marks of what hath been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that Fame  
 Is nothing but an empty name!  
 When memory of the mighty dead  
 To earth-worn pilgrim’s wistful eye  
 The brightest rays of cheering shed,  
 That point to immortality?

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### *THE KITTEN.*

WANTON droll, whose harmless  
 play  
 Beguiles the rustic’s closing day.  
 When drawn the evening fire about,  
 Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,  
 And child upon his three-foot stool,  
 Waiting till his supper cool;

And maid, whose cheek outblooms  
 the rose,  
 As bright the blazing fagot glows,  
 Who, bending to the friendly light  
 Plies her task with busy sleight;  
 Come, show thy tricks and sportive  
 graces,  
 Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching  
 low,  
 With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,  
 The housewife's spindle whirling  
 round,  
 Or thread, or straw, that on the  
 ground  
 Its shadow throws, by urchin sly  
 Held out to lure thy roving eye;  
 Then onward stealing, fiercely spring  
 Upon the futile, faithless thing.  
 Now, wheeling round, with bootless  
 skill,

Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,  
 As oft beyond thy curving side  
 Its jetty tip is seen to glide;  
 Till from thy centre, starting fair,  
 Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in  
 air,

Erected stiff, and gait awry,  
 Like madam in her tantrums high:  
 Though ne'er a madam of them all,  
 Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall  
 More varied trick and whim displays,  
 To catch the admiring stranger's  
 gaze . . . .

But not alone by cottage fire  
 Do rustics rude thy feats admire;  
 The learned sage, whose thoughts  
 explore  
 The widest range of human lore,  
 Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly  
 Through airy heights of poesy,  
 Pausing, smiles with alter'd air,  
 To see thee climb his elbow-chair,  
 Or, struggling on the mat below,  
 Vold warfare with his slipper'd toe.  
 The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,  
 Who in the still, but cheerless shade  
 Of home unsocial, spends her age,  
 And rarely turns a letter'd page;  
 Upon her hearth for thee lets fall  
 The rounded cork, or paper ball,  
 Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch

The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,  
 But lets thee have thy wayward will,  
 Perplexing oft her sober skill. . . . .

MY LOVE IS ON HER WAY.

OH, welcome bat and owlet gray,  
 Thus winging low your airy way!  
 And welcome moth and drowsy fly  
 That to mine ear comes humming by!  
 And welcome shadows dim and deep,  
 And stars that through the pale sky  
 peep;  
 Oh welcome all! to me ye say  
 My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,  
 Her breath is on the dewy air;  
 Her steps are in the whisper'd sound,  
 That steals along the stilly ground.  
 Oh, dawn of day, in rosy bower,  
 What art thou to this witching hour?  
 Oh, noon of day, in sunshine bright,  
 What art thou to this fall of night?

SNATCHES OF MIRTH IN A DARK  
 LIFE.

DIDST thou ne'er see the swallow's  
 veering breast,  
 Winging the air beneath some murky  
 cloud  
 In the sunned glimpses of a stormy  
 day,  
 Shiver in silvery brightness?  
 Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning  
 flash  
 In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's  
 path  
 Tracks the still waters of some sul-  
 len lake?  
 Or lonely tower, from its brown mass  
 of woods,  
 Give to the parting of a wintry sun  
 One hasty glance in mockery of the  
 night  
 Closing in darkness round it? (Gentle  
 friend!  
 Chide not her mirth who was sad  
 yesterday,  
 And may be so to-morrow.)

## JAMES BALLANTINE.

*ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.*

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,  
 And bear ye a' life's changes, wi' a calm and tranquil mind,  
 Though pressed and hemmed on every side, ha'e faith and ye'll win through,  
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crost in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've been,  
 Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een,  
 Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,  
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cloudless sky  
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parched and dry,  
 The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,  
 And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud and hie,  
 And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e,  
 Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or hoo,  
 But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

## ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

*LIFE.*

LIFE! I know not what thou art,  
 But know that thiu and I must part;  
 And when, or how, or where we met,  
 I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy  
 weather;  
 'Tis hard to part when friends are  
 dear—  
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;  
 —Then steal away, give little warn-  
 ing,  
 Choose thine own time;  
 Say not Good Night,—but in some  
 brighter clime  
 Bid me Good Morning.

*THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.*

SWEET is the scene when virtue dies!  
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,  
 How mildly beam the closing eyes.  
 How gently heaves th' expiring  
 breast.

So fades a summer cloud away  
 So sinks the gale when storms are  
 o'er,  
 So gently shuts the eye of day,  
 So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,  
 Fanned by some angel's purple  
 wing;—  
 Where is, O Grave! thy victory now!  
 And where, insidious Death, thy  
 sting!

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears, Where light and shade alternate dwell! How bright the unchanging morn appears;— Farewell, inconstant world, fare- well!	Its duty done, — as sinks the day, Light from its load the spirit flies; While heaven and earth combine to say "Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies!"
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## DAVID BARKER.

*THE COVERED BRIDGE.*

TELL the fainting soul in the weary form, There's a world of the purest bliss, That is linked as the soul and form are linked, By a covered bridge with this.  Yet to reach that realm on the other shore, We must pass through a transient gloom, And must walk unseen, unhelped, and alone Through that covered bridge — the tomb.	But we all pass over on equal terms, For the universal toll Is the outer garb, which the hand of God Has flung around the soul.  Though the eye is dim and the bridge is dark, And the river it spans is wide, Yet Faith points through to a shin- ing mount That looms on the other side.  To enable our feet on the next day's march To climb up that golden ridge, We must all lie down for a one night's rest Inside of the covered bridge.
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## JOEL BARLOW.

*TO FREEDOM.*

SUN of the moral world! effulgent source Of man's best wisdom and his stead- iest force, Soul-searching Freedom! here assume thy stand, And radiate hence to every distant land; Point out and prove how all the scenes of strife, The shock of states, the impassion'd broils of life,	Spring from unequal sway; and how they fly Before the splendor of thy peaceful eye; Unfold at last the genuine social plan, The mind's full scope, the dignity of man. Bold nature bursting through her long disguise, And nations daring to be just and wise. Yes! righteous Freedom, heaven and earth and sea Yield or withhold their various gifts for thee;
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Protected industry beneath thy reign Leads all the virtues in her filial train;	To public plenty, private ease di- lates,
Courageous Probity, with brow serene; And Temperance calm presents her placid mien;	Domestic peace, to harmony of states. Protected Industry, careering far, Detects the cause, and cures the rage of war,
Contentment, Moderation, Labor, Art,	And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,
Mould the new man and humanize his heart;	Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.

## LADY ANNE BARNARD.

### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,  
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;  
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,  
Unkenned by my gudeman who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride,  
But, saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside.  
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gae'd to sea;  
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,  
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;  
My mother she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea —  
And Auld Robin Gray, O! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work — my mother cou'dna spin;  
I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;  
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,  
Said, "Jenny, O! for their sakes, will you marry me!"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;  
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;  
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?  
Or, wherefore am I spared to cry out, Wae is me!

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,  
But she lookéd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;  
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,  
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I cou'dna think it he,  
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a' ;  
 Ae kiss we took, na mair — I bade him gang awa.  
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee;  
 For O, I am but young to cry out, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,  
 I darena think of Jamie, for that wad be a sin;  
 But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
 For Auld Robin Gray, O! he is sae kind to me.

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## CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

### MAKE THINE ANGEL GLAD.

FROM the morning even until now,  
 Evil over thee full power hath had;  
 Oh, remember late the shattered  
 vow!

Turn to God, and make thine  
 angel glad.

Sin will seek to snare thy heart  
 again;

Though her beauty make thee al-  
 most mad,  
 Though resistance make thee pale  
 with pain,  
 Turn to God, and make thine  
 angel glad.

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### CONSECRATION.

#### A LOVER'S MOOD.

ALL the kisses that I have given,  
 I grudge from my soul to-day,  
 And of all I have ever taken,  
 I would wipe the thought away.

How I wish my lips had been her  
 mits,  
 Held apart from kith and kin,  
 That fresh from God's holy service,  
 To Love's they might enter in.

---

### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE years have linings just as gob-  
 lets do:  
 The old year is the lining of the  
 new,—  
 Filled with the wine of precious  
 memories,  
 The golden *was* doth line the silver  
*is*.

---

### WOODBINES IN OCTOBER.

As dyed in blood, the streaming  
 vines appear,  
 While long and low the wind about  
 them grieves;  
 The heart of Autumn must have  
 broken here  
 And poured its treasure out upon  
 the leaves.

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### TO VICTORIA.

A MONARCH soul hath ruled thyself, O Queen,  
 Else what it is, thy kingdom had not been.

## FLETCHER BATES.

*THE TWO BIRDS.*

As leaves turned red  
 And some fell dead,  
 For sunnier skies two songsters fled;  
 But ere they went,  
 In merriment  
 They sung how summer had been  
 spent.

One song confest,  
 "I had my nest  
 Near yonder mountain's lofty crest;  
 Where none intrude  
 In lonely mood  
 I carolled off in solitude."

The other sung  
 "I built among  
 The cottagers, where old and young  
 Who trod the vale  
 Would often hail  
 Me, as their little nightingale."

Then off they flew,  
 Like specks they grew,  
 Then faded in the heavenly blue.  
 Our human lot  
 Was theirs, I wot,  
 For one was missed, and one was not.

*THE DEAD BEE.*

WHERE honeysuckles scent the way,  
 I heard thee humming yesterday;  
 Thy little life was not in vain,  
 It gathered sweets for other's gain,  
 And somewhere in a dainty cell  
 Is stored delicious hydromel.

O poet! in thy calm retreat,  
 From joy and grief extracting sweet,  
 Some day thy fancy's wings must fold,  
 And thou lie motionless and cold.  
 Perhaps thy garnered honey then  
 May be the food of living men.

## KATHARINE LEE BATES.

*THE ORGANIST.*

SLOWLY I circle the dim, dizzy stair,  
 Wrapt in my cloak's gray fold,  
 Holding my heart lest it throb to the air  
 Its radiant secret, for though I be  
 old,

Though I totter and rock like a ship  
 in the wind,  
 And the sunbeams come unto me  
 broken and blind,  
 Yet my spirit drinks youth from  
 the treasure we hold,  
 Richer than gold.

Princes below me, lips wet from the  
 wine,  
 Hush at my organ's swell;  
 Ladies applaud me with clappings as  
 fine  
 As showers that splash in a mu-  
 sical well.

But their ears only hear mighty mel-  
 odies ringing,  
 And their souls never know 'tis my  
 angel there singing,  
 That the grand organ-angel awakes  
 in his cell  
 Under my spell.

There in the midst of the wandering  
 pipes,  
 Far from the gleaming keys,  
 And the organ-front with its gilded  
 stripes,  
 My glorious angel lies sleeping at  
 ease.

And the hand of a stranger may beat  
 at his gate,  
 And the ear of a stranger may listen  
 and wait,

But he only cries in his pain for  
 these,

Witless to please.



Angel, my angel, the old man's hand  
 Knoweth thy silver way.  
 I loose thy lips from their silence-  
 band  
 And over thy heart-strings my fin-  
 gers play,  
 While the song peals forth from thy  
 mellow throat,  
 And my spirit climbs on the climb-  
 ing note,  
 Till I mingle thy tone with the  
 tones away  
 Over the day.

So I look up as I follow the tone,  
 Up with my dim old eyes,  
 And I wonder if organs have angels  
 alone,  
 Or if, as my fancy might almost  
 surmise,  
 Each man in his heart folds an angel  
 with wings,  
 An angel that slumbers, but wakens  
 and sings  
 When thrilled by the touch that is  
 sympathy-wise,  
 Bidding it rise.

### THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

#### *THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.*

THE matron at her mirror,  
 With her hand upon her brow,  
 Sits gazing on her lovely face,—  
 Ay, lovely even now!  
 Why doth she lean upon her hand  
 With such a look of care?  
 Why steals that tear across her  
 cheek?  
 She sees her first gray hair!

Time from her form hath ta'en away  
 But little of its grace;  
 His touch of thought hath dignified  
 The beauty of her face.  
 Yet she might mingle in the dance  
 Where maidens gayly trip,  
 So bright is still her hazel eye,  
 So beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd  
 By sorrow more than years,—  
 The wrinkle on the cheek may be  
 The course of secret tears;  
 The mournful lip may murmur of  
 A love it ne'er confess'd,  
 And the dimness of the eye betray  
 A heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife:  
 The lover of her youth  
 May proudly claim the smile that  
 pays  
 The trial of his truth;

A sense of slight — of loneliness  
 Hath never banish'd sleep:  
 Her life hath been a cloudless one;  
 Then wherefore doth she weep?

She look'd upon her raven locks,—  
 What thoughts did they recall?  
 Oh! not of nights when they were  
 deck'd  
 For banquet or for ball;  
 They brought back thoughts of early  
 youth,  
 Ere she had learn'd to check,  
 With artificial wreaths, the curls  
 That sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand  
 Pass lightly through her hair,  
 And draw it from her brow, to leave  
 A kiss of kindness there.  
 She seem'd to view her father's smile,  
 And feel the playful touch  
 That sometimes feign'd to steal away  
 The curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first gray hair!  
 Oh, deem it not a crime  
 For her to weep, when she beholds  
 The first footmark of Time!  
 She knows that, one by one, those  
 mute  
 Mementos will increase,  
 And steal youth, beauty, strength  
 away,  
 Till life itself shall cease.

Ah, lady! heed the monitor!  
 Thy mirror tells thee truth;  
 Assume the matron's folded veil,  
 Resign the wreath of youth:

Go! bind it on thy daughter's brow,  
 In her thou'lt still look fair—  
 'Twere well would all learn wisdom,  
 who  
 Behold the first gray hair!

## JAMES BEATTIE.

[From *The Minstrel*.]

### THE ASCENT TO FAME.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to  
 climb  
 The steep where Fame's proud tem-  
 ple shines afar?  
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul  
 sublime  
 Has felt the influence of malignant  
 star,  
 And waged with Fortune an eternal  
 war?  
 Checked by the scoff of Pride, by  
 Envy's frown,  
 And Poverty's unconquerable bar,  
 In life's low vale remote has pined  
 alone,  
 Then dropped into the grave, un-  
 pitied and unknown!

[From *The Minstrel*.]

### THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

Oh, how canst thou renounce the  
 boundless store  
 Of charms which Nature to her  
 votary yields!  
 The warbling woodland, the resound-  
 ing shore,  
 The pomp of groves, and garniture  
 of fields;  
 All that the genial ray of morning  
 gilds,  
 And all that echoes to the song of  
 even,  
 All that the mountain's sheltering  
 bosom shields,  
 And all the dread magnificence of  
 heaven,  
 Oh, how canst thou renounce, and  
 hope to be forgiven?

[From *The Minstrel*.]

### BEAUTIES OF MORNING.

BUT who the melodies of morn can  
 tell?  
 The wild brook babbling down the  
 mountain side;  
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's  
 simple bell;  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim  
 descried  
 In the lone valley; echoing far and  
 wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs  
 above;  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-  
 tide;  
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of  
 love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the  
 universal grove.  
 The cottage-curs at early pilgrim  
 bark;  
 Crowned with her pail the tripping  
 milkmaid sings;  
 The whistling ploughman stalks  
 afield; and, hark!  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous  
 wagon rings;  
 Through rustling corn the hare as-  
 tonished springs;  
 Slow tolls the village-clock the  
 drowsy hour;  
 The partridge bursts away on whir-  
 ring wings;  
 Deep mourns the turtle in seques-  
 tered bower,  
 And shrill lark carols clear from her  
 aerial tower.

[From *The Minstrel*.]

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

WHERE now the rill, melodious,  
 pure, and cool,  
 And meads, with life, and mirth,  
 and beauty crowned?  
 Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and  
 sluggish pool,  
 Have all the solitary vale em-  
 browned;  
 Fled each fair form, and mute each  
 melting sound,  
 The raven croaks forlorn on naked  
 spray.  
 And hark! the river bursting every  
 mound,  
 Down the vale thunders, and with  
 wasteful sway  
 Uproots the grove, and rolls the shat-  
 tered rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth:  
 So flourishes and fades majestic man.  
 Fair is the bud his vernal morn  
 brings forth,  
 And fostering gales a while the nurs-  
 ling fan.  
 O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mil-  
 dews wan,  
 Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his  
 balmy prime,  
 Nor lessen of his life the little span.  
 Borne on the swift, though silent  
 wings of Time,  
 Old age comes on apace to ravage all  
 the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore  
 their doom  
 Whose hope still grovels in this dark  
 sojourn;  
 But lofty souls, who look beyond the  
 tomb,  
 Can smile at Fate, and wonder how  
 they mourn.  
 Shall Spring to these sad scenes no  
 more return?  
 Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal  
 bed?  
 Soon shall the orient with new lustre  
 burn,  
 And Spring shall soon her vital influ-  
 ence shed,  
 Again attune the grove, again adorn  
 the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the  
 dust,  
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower  
 revive?  
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone  
 unjust,  
 Bid him, though doomed to perish,  
 hope to live?  
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must  
 strive  
 With disappointment, penury, and  
 pain?  
 No: Heaven's immortal spring shall  
 yet arrive,  
 And man's majestic beauty bloom  
 again,  
 Bright through the eternal year of  
 Love's triumphant reign.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac,"  
 they say,  
 "Except, now and then, a stray  
 picket  
 Is shot as he walks on his beat to  
 and fro,  
 By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing — a private or two, now  
 and then,  
 Will not count in the news of the  
 battle;  
 Not an officer lost — only one of the  
 men  
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-  
 rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
Where the soldiers lie peacefully  
dreaming;

Their tents, in the rays of the clear  
autumn moon

Or the light of the watch-fires, are  
gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-  
wind

Through the forest-leaves softly is  
creeping;

While the stars up above, with their  
glittering eyes,

Keep guard — for the army is  
sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone  
sentry's tread

As he tramps from the rock to the  
fountain,

And thinks of the two in the low  
trundle-bed,

Far away in the cot on the moun-  
tain.

His musket falls slack — his face,  
dark and grim,

Grows gentle with memories  
tender,

As he mutters a prayer for the chil-  
dren asleep —

For their mother — may Heaven  
defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as  
brightly as then,

That night when the love yet un-  
spoken,

Leaped up to his lips — when low-  
murmured vows

Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over  
his eyes,

He dashes off tears that are well-  
ing,

And gathers his gun closer up to its  
place,

As if to keep down the heart-  
swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted  
pine-tree,

The footstep is lagging and weary;

Yet onward he goes through the  
broad belt of light,

Toward the shade of the forest so  
dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rus-  
tled the leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously  
flashing?

It looked like a rifle — “Ah! Mary,  
good-by!”

And the life-blood is ebbing and  
plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-  
night,

No sound save the rush of the  
river;

While soft falls the dew on the face  
of the dead —

The picket's off duty forever!

#### WEIGHING THE BABY.

“How many pounds does the baby  
weigh —

Baby who came but a month ago?

How many pounds from the crown-  
ing curl

To the rosy point of the restless  
toe?”

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief knot,  
Tenderly guides the swinging

weight,  
And carefully over his glasses peers

To read the record, “only eight.”

Softly the echo goes around:

The father laughs at the tiny girl;

The fair young mother sings the  
words,

While grandmother smooths the  
golden curl.

And stooping above the precious  
thing,

Nestles a kiss within a prayer,

Murmuring softly “Little one,  
Grandfather did not weigh you

fair.”

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,  
Or the love that came with the  
helpless one;

Nobody weighed the threads of care,  
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth  
Of a little baby's quiet breath —  
A soft, unceasing metronome,  
Patient and faithful until death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,  
For here on earth no weights there  
be

That could avail; God only knows  
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul  
That seeks no angel's silver wing,  
But shrines it in this human guise.  
Within so frail and small a thing!

Oh, mother! laugh your merry note,  
Be gay and glad, but do n't for-  
get  
From baby's eyes looks out a soul  
That claims a home in Eden  
yet.

## FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

## ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear  
What a change of flesh is here!  
Think how many royal bones  
Sleep within these heaps of stones:  
Here they lie, had realms and lands,  
Who now want strength to stir their  
hands,  
Where from their pulpits seal'd with  
dust  
They preach, "In greatness is no  
trust."

Here's an acre sown indeed  
With the richest royal seed  
That the earth did e'er suck in  
Since the first man died for sin:  
Here the bones of birth have cried  
"Though gods they were, as men  
they died!"  
Here are sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings:  
Here's a world of pomp and state  
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

## WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

## THE SEASONS.

A BLUE-EYED child that sits amid  
the noon,  
O'erhung with a laburnum's droop-  
ing sprays,  
Singing her little songs, while softly  
round  
Along the grass the chequered sun-  
shine plays.

All beauty that is throned in woman-  
hood  
Pacing a summer garden's foun-  
tained walks,

That stoops to smooth a glossy span-  
iel down  
To hide her flushing cheek from  
one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced  
girls,  
In whose sweet spring again her  
youth she sees,  
With shout and dance and laugh and  
bound and song,  
Stripping in autumn orchards,  
laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room —  
 Frost on the pane, without the  
 whirling snow —  
 Reading old letters of her far-off  
 youth,  
 Of sorrows past and joys of long  
 ago.

—————  
*SUMMER RAIN.*

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,  
 Let not the silver lily pine,  
 The drooping lily pine in vain  
 To feel that dewy touch of thine,  
 To drink thy freshness once again,  
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat, the landscape quivering lies;  
 The cattle pant beneath the tree;  
 Through parching air and purple  
 skies

The earth looks up in vain for  
 thee:

For thee, for thee it looks in vain,  
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

Come thou, and brim the meadow  
 streams,

And soften all the hills with mist;  
 O falling dew from burning dreams,  
 By thee shall herb and flower be  
 kissed:

And earth shall bless thee yet again,  
 O gentle, gentle summer rain!

—————  
 JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

*IN ARABIA.*

“CHOOSE thou between!” and to his  
 enemy  
 The Arab chief a brawny hand dis-  
 played.

Wherein, like moonlight on a sullen  
 sea,  
 Gleamed the gray scimitar’s en-  
 graven blade.

“Choose thou between death at my  
 hand and thine!

Close in my power my vengeance  
 I may wreak;

Yet hesitate to strike. A hate like  
 mine

Is noble still. Thou hast thy  
 choosing—speak!”

And Ackbar stood. About him all  
 the band

That hailed his captor chieftain,  
 with grave eyes,

His answer waited, while that heavy  
 hand

Stretched like a bar between him  
 and the skies.

Straight in the face before him Ack-  
 bar sent

A sneer of scorn, and raised his  
 noble head;

“Strike!” and the desert monarch,  
 as content,  
 Relung the weapon at his girdle  
 red.

Then Ackbar nearer crept and lifted  
 high

His arms toward the heaven so far  
 and blue,

Wherein the sunset rays began to  
 die,—

While o’er the band a deeper  
 silence grew.

“Strike! I am ready! Didst thou  
 think to see

A son of Ghera spill upon the  
 dust

His noble blood? Didst hope to  
 have my knee

Bend at thy feet, and with one  
 mighty thrust

“The life thou hatest flee before thee  
 here?

Shame on thee! on thy race! art  
 thou the one

Who hast so long thy vengeance  
 counted dear?

My hate is greater; I did strike thy  
 son,

"Thy one son, Noumid, dead before  
my face:

And by the swiftest courser of my  
stud

Sent to thy door his corpse. Aye,  
one might trace

Their flight across the desert by  
his blood.

"Strike! for my hate is greater than  
thy own!"

But with a frown the Arab moved  
away,

Walked to a distant palm and stood  
alone,

With eyes that looked where purple  
mountains lay.

This for an instant: then he turned  
again

Toward the place where Ackbar  
waited still,

Walking as one benumbed with bitter  
pain,

Or with a hateful mission to fulfil.

"Strike, for I hate thee!" Ackbar  
cried once more.

"Nay, but my hate I cannot find!"  
said now

His enemy. "Thy freedom I restore.  
Live; life were more than death to  
such as thou."

So with his gift of life the Bedouin  
slept

That night untroubled; but when  
dawn broke through

The purple East, and o'er his eye-  
lids crept

The long, thin fingers of the light,  
he drew

A heavy breath and woke: above him  
shone

A lifted dagger—"Yea, he gave  
thee life,

But I give death!" came in fierce  
undertone.

And Ackbar died. It was dead  
Noumid's wife.

## WILLIAM BLAKE.

### THE TIGER.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thine  
heart?

And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand forged thy dread  
feet?

What the hammer? what the  
chain?

In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? What dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their  
spears,

And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile his work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make  
thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

*WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE.*

WHAT ails this heart o' mine?

What ails this watery ee?

What gars me a' turn pale as death

When I take leave o' thee?

When thou art far awa',

Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;

But change o' place and change o' folk

May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,

Or walk at morning air,

Ilk rustling bush will seem to say.

I used to meet thee there.

Then I'll sit down and cry,  
And live aneath the tree,  
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,  
I'll ca' 't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower  
That thou wi' roses tied,  
And where wi' mony a blushing  
bud

I strove myself to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot

Where I ha'e been wi' thee;

And ca' to mind some kindly  
word,

By ilka burn and tree.

## ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

[From *The Farmer's Boy*.]

## A SPRING DAY.

ADVANCING Spring profusely spreads  
abroad

Flowers of all hues, with sweetest  
fragrance stored;

Where'er she treads Love gladdens  
every plain,

Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid  
train;

Sweet Hope with conscious brow be-  
fore her flies,

Anticipating wealth from Summer  
skies;

All Nature feels her renovating sway;  
The sheep-fed pasture, and the  
meadow gay;

And trees, and shrubs, no longer  
budding seen,

Display the new-grown branch of  
lighter green;

On airy downs the idling shepherd  
lies,

And sees to-morrow in the marbled  
skies.

[From *The Farmer's Boy*.]

## A TEMPEST.

ANON tired laborers bless their  
sheltering home,

When midnight, and the frightful  
tempest come.

The farmer wakes, and sees, with  
silent dread,

The angry shafts of Heaven gleam  
round his bed;

The bursting cloud reiterated roars,  
Shakes his straw roof, and jars his

bolted doors:  
The slow-winged storm along the  
troubled skies

Spreads its dark course: the wind  
begins to rise;

And full-leaved elms, his dwelling's  
shade by day,

With mimic thunder give its fury  
way:

Sounds in the chimney-top a doleful  
peal

Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rat-  
tling hail;



With tenfold danger low the tempest bends,  
 And quick and strong the sulphurous flame descends:  
 The frightened mastiff from his kennel flies,  
 And cringes at the door with piteous cries. . . .

Where now's the trifer! where the child of pride?  
 These are the moments when the heart is tried!  
 Nor lives the man, with conscience e'er so clear,  
 But feels a solemn, reverential fear;  
 Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,  
 When the spent storm hath howled itself to rest.  
 Still, welcome beats the long-continued shower,  
 And sleep protracted, comes with double power;  
 Calm dreams of bliss bring on the morning sun,  
 For every barn is filled, and Harvest done!

[From *The Farmer's Boy*.]

#### HARVESTING.

HARK! where the sweeping scythe now rips along:  
 Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,  
 Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,  
 Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;  
 Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,  
 But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.  
 Come, Health! come, Jollity! light-footed, come;  
 Here hold your revels, and make this your home.  
 Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;

Each moistened brow, that scorns to wear a frown:  
 The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed;  
 E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid  
 Hies to the field, the general toil to share.  
 Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,  
 His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,  
 And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees  
 His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,  
 The ready group attendant on his word,  
 To turn the swarth, the quivering load to rear,  
 Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.  
 Summer's light garb itself now cumbersome grown,  
 Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;  
 Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye,  
 And rouses at the stranger passing by:  
 Whilst unrestrained the social converse flows,  
 And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,  
 And rival wits with more than rustic grace  
 Confess the presence of a pretty face.

For, lo! encircled there, the lovely maid,  
 In youth's own bloom and native smiles arrayed;  
 Her hat awry, divested of her gown,  
 Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown;—  
 Invidious barrier! Why art thou so high,  
 When the slight covering of her neck slips by.  
 There half revealing to the eager sight,  
 Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?

In many a local tale of harmless  
mirth,  
And many a jest of momentary  
birth,  
She bears a part, and as she stops to  
speak,  
Strokes back the ringlets from her  
glowing cheek.

TO HIS MOTHER'S SPINDLE.

THE hand that wore thee smooth is  
cold, and spins  
No more! Debility pressed hard,  
around  
The seat of life, and terrors filled her  
brain, —  
Nor causeless terrors. Giants grim  
and bold,  
Three mighty ones she feared to  
meet: — they came —  
WINTER, OLD AGE, and POVERTY,  
— all came;

And when Death beheld  
Her tribulation, he fulfilled his task,  
And to her trembling hand and heart  
at once,  
Cried, "*Spin no more.*" — Thou then  
wert left half filled  
With this soft downy fleece, such as  
she wound  
Through all her days, she who could  
spin so well.  
Half filled wert thou — half finished  
when she died!  
— Half finished? 'Tis the motto of  
the world!  
We spin vain threads, and strive,  
and die  
With sillier things than spindles on  
our hands!

Then feeling, as I do, resistlessly,  
The bias set upon my soul for verse;  
Oh, should old age still find my brain  
at work,  
And Death, o'er some poor fragment  
striding, cry  
"Hold! spin no more!" grant,  
Heaven, that purity

Of thought and texture, may assimilate  
That fragment unto thee, in usefulness,  
In worth, and snowy innocence.  
Then shall  
The village school-mistress, shine  
brighter through  
The exit of her boy; and both shall  
live,  
And virtue triumph too; and virtue's  
tears,  
Like Heaven's pure blessings, fall  
upon their grave.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

[Written at Clare Hall, Herts, June, 1804.]

WELCOME, silence! welcome, peace!  
Oh, most welcome, holy shade!  
Thus I prove, as years increase,  
My heart and soul for quiet made.  
Thus I, fix my firm belief  
While rapture's rushing tears descend,  
That every flower and every leaf  
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

I would not for a world of gold  
That Nature's lovely face should  
tire;  
Fountain of blessings yet untold:  
Pure source of intellectual fire!  
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,  
Unquickened midst the world's rude  
strife,  
Shall sweet retirement render strong,  
And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow  
Forlorn, that fields and woods will  
cloy;  
From Nature and her changes flow  
An everlasting tide of joy.  
I grant that summer heats will burn,  
That keen will come the rosy  
night;  
But both shall please: and e'er in  
turn  
Yield Reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel  
 To rural gods, or prostrate fall;  
 Did I not see, did I not feel,  
 That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.  
 O Heaven, permit that I may lie

Where o'er my corse green branches  
 wave;  
 And those who from life's tumult fly  
 With kindred feelings, press my  
 grave.

GLEANEER'S SONG.

DEAR Ellen, your tales are all piteously stored  
 With the joys of some bride, and the wealth of her lord;  
     Of her chariots and dresses,  
     And worldly caresses,  
 And servants that fly when she's waited upon:  
 But what can she boast if she weds unbeloved?  
 Can she e'er feel the joy that one morning I proved,  
 When I put on my new gown and waited for John?

These fields, my dear Ellen, I knew them of yore,  
 Yet to me they ne'er look'd so enchanting before;  
     The distant bells ringing,  
     The birds round us singing,  
 For pleasure is pure when affection is won:  
 They told me the troubles and cares of a wife;  
 But I loved him; and that was the pride of my life,  
 When I put on my new gown and waited for John.

He shouted and ran, as he leapt from the stile;  
 And what in my bosom was passing the while?  
     For love knows the blessing  
     Of ardent caressing,  
 When virtue inspires us, and doubts are all gone.  
 The sunshine of Fortune you say is divine;  
 True love and the sunshine of Nature were mine,  
 When I put on my new gown and waited for John.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

ODE TO A MOUNTAIN OAK.

PROUD mountain giant, whose majes-  
 tic face,  
 From thy high watch-tower on the  
 steadfast rock,  
 Looks calmly o'er the trees that  
 throng thy base,  
 How long hast thou withstood the  
 tempest's shock?  
 How long hast thou looked down on  
 yonder vale  
 Sleeping in sun before thee;

Or bent thy ruffled brow, to let the  
 gale  
 Steer its white, drifting sails just  
 o'er thee?

Strong link'twixt vanished ages!  
 Thou hast a sage and reverend  
 look;  
 As if life's struggle, through its  
 varied stages,  
 Were stamped on thee, as in a  
 book.

Thou hast no voice to tell what thou  
 hast seen,  
 Save a low moaning in thy troubled  
 leaves;  
 And canst but point thy scars, and  
 shake thy head,  
 With solemn warning, in the sun-  
 beam's sheen;  
 And show how Time the mightiest  
 thing bereaves,  
 By the sere leaves that rot upon thy  
 bed.

Type of long-suffering power!  
 Even in my gayest hour,  
 Thou 'dst still my tongue, and send  
 my spirit far,  
 To wander in a labyrinth of thought;  
 For thou hast waged with Time  
 unceasing war,  
 And out of pain hast strength and  
 beauty brought.  
 Thou amidst storms and tempests  
 hadst thy birth,  
 Upon these bleak and scanty-shel-  
 tering rocks,  
 Nor much save storm and wrath  
 hast known on earth;  
 Yet nobly hast thou bode the fiercest  
 shocks.  
 That Circumstance can pour on  
 patient Worth.

I see thee springing, in the vernal  
 time,  
 A sapling weak, from out the bar-  
 ren stone,  
 To dance with May upon the moun-  
 tain peak:  
 Pale leaves put forth to greet the  
 genial clime,  
 And roots shot down life's suste-  
 nance to seek,  
 While mere existence was a joy  
 alone —  
 O thou wert happy then!  
 On summer's heat thy tinkling leaf-  
 lets fed,  
 Each fibre toughened, and a little  
 crown  
 Of green upon thy modest brow was  
 spread,  
 To catch the rain, and shake it gently  
 down.

But then came autumn, when  
 Thy dry and tattered leaves fell  
 dead;  
 And sadly on the gale  
 Thou drop'dst them one by  
 one —  
 Drop'dst them, with a low, sad  
 wail,  
 On the cold, unfeeling stone.  
 Next Winter seized thee in his iron  
 grasp,  
 And shook thy bruised and strain-  
 ing form;  
 Or locked thee in his icicle's cold  
 clasp,  
 And piled upon thy head the shorn  
 cloud's snowy fleece.  
 Wert thou not joyful, in this bitter  
 storm,  
 That the green honors, which erst  
 decked thy head,  
 Sage Autumn's slow decay, had  
 mildly shed?  
 Else, with their weight, they'd given  
 thy ills increase.  
 And dragged thee helpless from thy  
 upturn bed.

Year after year, in kind or adverse  
 fate,  
 Thy branches stretched, and thy  
 young twigs put forth,  
 Nor changed thy nature with the  
 season's date:  
 Whether thou wrestled'st with the  
 gusty north,  
 Or beat the driving rain to glittering  
 froth,  
 Or shook the snow-storm from thy  
 arms of might,  
 Or drank the balmy dews on sum-  
 mer's night; —  
 Laughing in sunshine, writhing in  
 the storm,  
 Yet wert thou still the same!  
 Summer spread forth thy tower-  
 ing form,  
 And Winter strengthened thy great  
 frame.  
 Achieving thy destiny  
 On went'st thou sturdily,  
 Shaking thy green flags in triumph  
 and jubilee!

From thy secure and sheltering  
 branch  
 The wild bird pours her glad and  
 fearless lay,  
 That, with the sunbeams, falls upon  
 the vale,  
 Adding fresh brightness to the smile  
 of day,  
 'Neath those broad boughs the youth  
 has told love's tale;  
 And thou hast seen his hardy fea-  
 tures blanch,  
 Heard his snared heart beat like a  
 prisoned bird,  
 Fluttering with fear, before the  
 fowler laid;  
 While his bold figure shook at every  
 word—  
 The strong man trembling at a  
 timid maid!  
 And thou hast smiled upon their  
 children's play;  
 Seen them grow old, and gray, and  
 pass away.

Heard the low prattle of the thought-  
 less child,  
 Age's cold wisdom, and the lessons  
 mild  
 Which patient mothers to their off-  
 spring say:—  
 Yet art thou still the same!  
 Man may decay;  
 Race after race may pass away;  
 The great may perish, and their very  
 fame  
 Rot day by day—  
 Rot noteless with their once inspired  
 clay:  
 Still, as at their birth,  
 Thou stretchest thy long arms above  
 the earth—  
 Type of unbending Will!  
 Type of majestic, self-sustaining  
 Power!  
 Elate in sunshine, firm when tem-  
 pests lower,  
 May thy calm strength my wavering  
 spirit fill!  
 O let me learn from thee,  
 Thou proud and steadfast tree,  
 To bear unmurmuring what stern  
 Time may send;

Nor 'neath life's ruthless tempests  
 bend:  
 But calmly stand like thee,  
 Though wrath and storm shake  
 me,  
 Though vernal hopes in yellow  
 Autumn end,  
 And strong in truth work out my  
 destiny.  
 Type of long-suffering Power!  
 Type of unbending Will!  
 Strong in the tempest's hour,  
 Bright when the storm is still;  
 Rising from every contest with an  
 unbroken heart,  
 Strengthened by every struggle,  
 emblem of might thou art!  
 Sign of what man can compass, spite  
 of an adverse state,  
 Still, from thy rocky summit, teach  
 us to war with fate!

—  
*AWAKING OF THE POETICAL  
 FACULTY.*

ALL day I heard a humming in my  
 ears,  
 A buzz of many voices, and a throng  
 Of swarming numbers, passing  
 with a song  
 Measured and stately as the rolling  
 spheres'.  
 I saw the sudden light of lifted  
 spears,  
 Slanted at once against some mon-  
 ster wrong;  
 And then a fluttering scarf which  
 might belong  
 To some sweet maiden in her  
 morn of years.  
 I felt the chilling damp of sunless  
 glades,  
 Horrid with gloom; anon, the  
 breath of May  
 Was blown around me, and the  
 lulling play  
 Of dripping fountains. Yet the  
 lights and shades,  
 The waving scarfs, the battle's  
 grand parades,  
 Seemed but vague shadows of  
 that wondrous lay.

## TO ENGLAND.

STAND, thou great bulwark of man's liberty!  
 Thou rock of shelter rising from the wave,  
 Sole refuge to the overwearied brave  
 Who planned, arose, and battled to be free,  
 Fell undeterred, then sadly turned to thee;—  
 Saved the free spirit from their country's grave,  
 To rise again, and animate the slave,  
 When God shall ripen all things. Britons, ye  
 Who guard the sacred outpost, not in vain  
 Hold your proud peril! Freemen undefiled,  
 Keep watch and ward! Let battlements be piled  
 Around your cliffs; fleets marshalled, till the main  
 Sink under them; and if your courage wane,  
 Through force or fraud, look westward to your child!

## LOVE SONNETS.

How canst thou call my modest love impure,  
 Being thyself the holy source of all?  
 Can ugly darkness from the fair sun fall?  
 Or nature's compact be so insecure,  
 That saucy weeds may sprout up and endure  
 Where gentle flowers were sown?  
 The brooks that crawl,  
 With lazy whispers, through the lilies tall,  
 Or rattle o'er the pebbles, will allure  
 With no feigned sweetness, if their fount be sweet.  
 So thou, the sun whence all my light doth flow—

Thou, sovereign law by which my fancies grow—  
 Thou, fount of every feeling, slow or fleet—  
 Against thyself would'st aim a treacherous blow,  
 Slaying thy honor with thy own conceit.

WHY shall I chide the hand of wilful Time  
 When he assaults thy wondrous store of charms?  
 Why charge the gray-beard with a wanton crime?  
 Or strive to daunt him with my shrill alarms?  
 Or seek to lull him with a silly rhyme:  
 So he, forgetful, pause upon his arms,  
 And leave thy beauties in their noble prime,  
 The sole survivors of his grievous harms?  
 Alas! my love, though I'll indeed bemoan  
 The fatal ruin of thy majesty;  
 Yet I'll remember that to Time alone  
 I owed thy birth, thy charms' maturity,  
 Thy crowning love, with which he vested me,  
 Nor can reclaim, though all the rest be flown.

IN this deep hush and quiet of my soul,  
 When life runs low, and all my senses stay  
 Their daily riot; when my wearied clay  
 Resigns its functions, and, without control  
 Of selfish passion, my essential whole  
 Rises in purity, to make survey  
 Of those poor deeds that wear my days away;  
 When in my ear I hear the distant toll  
 Of bells that murmur of my coming knell,

And all things seem a show and  
mockery —  
Life, and life's actions, noise and  
vanity;  
I ask my mournful heart if it can tell  
If all be truth which I protest to  
thee:  
• And my heart answers, solemnly,  
“'Tis well.”

I HAVE been mounted on life's top-  
most wave,  
Until my forehead kissed the daz-  
zling cloud;  
I have been dashed beneath the  
murky shroud  
That yawns between the watery  
crests. I rave,  
Sometimes, like cursed Orestes;  
sometimes lave  
My limbs in dew's of asphodel; or,  
bowed  
With torrid heat, I moan to heaven  
aloud,  
Or shrink with Winter in his icy  
cave.  
Now peace broods over me; now sav-  
age rage  
Spurns me across the world. Nor  
am I free  
From nightly visions, when the  
pictured page  
Of sleep unfolds its varied leaves to  
me.  
Changing as often as the mimic  
stage;—  
And all this, lady, through my love  
for thee!

SOMETIMES, in bitter fancy, I bewail  
This spell of love, and wish the  
cause removed;  
Wish I had never seen, or, seeing,  
not loved  
So utterly that passion should pre-  
vail  
O'er self-regard, and thoughts of  
thee assail  
Those inmost barriers which so  
long have proved  
Unconquerable, when such defence  
behoved.

But, ah! my treacherous heart  
doth ever fail  
To ratify the sentence of my mind;  
For when conviction strikes me to  
the core,  
I swear I love thee fondlier than  
before;  
And were I now all free and uncon-  
fined,  
Loose as the action of the shore-  
less wind,  
My slavish heart would sigh for  
bonds once more.

AH! let me live on memories of  
old,—  
The precious relics I have set aside  
From life's poor venture; things  
that yet abide  
My ill-paid labor, shining, like pure  
gold,  
Amid the dross of cheated hopes  
whose hold  
Dropped at the touch of action.  
Let me glide  
Down the smooth past, review  
that day of pride  
When each to each our mutual  
passion told—  
When love grew frenzy in thy blaz-  
ing eye,  
Fear shone heroic, caution quailed  
before  
My hot, resistless kisses—when  
we bore  
Time, conscience, destiny, down,  
down for aye,  
Beneath victorious love, and thou  
didst cry,  
“Strike, God! life's cup is run-  
ning o'er and o'er”

—  
*DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.*

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!  
What to him is friend or foe-man,  
Rise of moon, or set of sun,  
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know:  
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,  
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;  
 Let him sleep in solemn night,  
 Sleep forever, and forever.  
 Lay him low, lay him low,  
 In the clover or the snow!  
 What cares he? he cannot know:  
 Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,  
 Roll the drum and fire the vol-  
 ley!  
 What to him are all our wars,  
 What but death-bemocking folly?

Lay him low, lay him low,  
 In the clover or the snow!  
 What cares he? he cannot know:  
 Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,  
 Trust him to the hand that made  
 him.

Mortal love weeps idly by:  
 God alone has power to aid him.  
 Lay him low, lay him low,  
 In the clover or the snow!  
 What cares he? he cannot know:  
 Lay him low!

## HORATIUS BONAR.

### A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
 I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the blooming and the fading  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the shining and the shading,  
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
 I shall be soon,  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the rising and the setting  
 I shall be soon.  
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
 I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the gathering and the strowing  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
 Beyond the coming and the going,  
 I shall be soon.

*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
 Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,  
 I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever  
 I shall be soon;  
 Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
 Beyond the ever and the never,  
 I shall be soon.  
*Love, rest, and home!*  
*Sweet hope!*  
*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

### THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,  
 While these hot breezes blow;  
 Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
 Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
 Soft resting on thy breast;  
 Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm  
 And bid my spirit rest.



Calm me, my God, and keep me  
calm,

Let thine outstretchèd wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm  
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and  
rude.

The sounds my ear that greet,  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in my hour of pain,  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame,  
Calm mid the threatening, taunting  
throng.  
Who hate thy holy name;

Calm when the great world's news  
with power  
My listening spirit stir;  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

## HELEN BARRON BOSTWICK.

### URVASI.

'Tis a story told by Kalidasa,—  
Hindoo poet—in melodious rhyme,  
How with train of maidens, young  
Urvasi  
Came to keep great Indra's festal  
time.

'T was her part in worshipful confes-  
sion  
Of the god-name on that sacred day,  
Walking flower-crowned in the long  
procession,  
"I love Puru-shotta-ma" to say.

Pure as snow on Himalayan ranges,  
Heaven-descended, soon to heaven  
withdrawn,  
Fairer than the moon-flower of the  
Ganges,  
Was Urvasi, Daughter of the Dawn.

But it happened that the gentle  
maiden  
Loved one Puru-avas, — fateful  
name! —  
And her heart, with its sweet secret  
laden,  
Faltered when her time of utter-  
ance came.

"I love" — then she stopped, and  
people wondered;

"I love" — she must guard her  
secret well;  
Then from sweetest lips that ever  
blundered,  
"I love Puru-avas," trembling fell.

Ah, what terror seized on poor Ur-  
vasi!  
Misty grew the violets of her eyes,  
And her form bent like a broken daisy  
While around her rose the mocking  
cries.

But great Indra said, "The maid  
shall marry  
Him whose image in her faithful  
heart  
She so near to that of God doth carry,  
Scarce her lips can keep their  
names apart."

Call it then not weakness or dissem-  
bling  
If, in striving the high name to  
reach,  
Through our voices runs the tender  
trembling  
Of an earthly name too dear for  
speech!

Ever dwells the lesser in the great-  
er;  
In God's love the human: we by  
these

Know he holds Love's simplest stam-  
mering sweeter  
Than cold phrase of wordy Phar-  
isees.

## ANNA LYNCH BOTTA.

### THE LESSON OF THE BEE.

THE honey-bee that wanders all day  
long  
The field, the woodland, and the gar-  
den o'er,  
To gather in his fragrant winter  
store;  
Humming in calm content his quiet  
song,  
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing  
breast,  
The lily's dainty cup, the violet's lips,  
But from all rank and noxious weeds  
he sips,  
The single drop of sweetness closely  
pressed  
Within the poison chalice. Thus, if  
we,  
Seek only to draw forth the hidden  
sweet  
In all the varied human flowers we  
meet  
In the wide garden of humanity,  
And, like the bee, if home the spoil  
we bear,  
Hived in our hearts, it turns<sup>s</sup> to nec-  
tar there.

### LOVE.

Go forth in life, O friend! not seeking  
love,  
A mendicant that with imploring  
eye  
And outstretched hand asks of the  
passers-by  
The alms his strong necessities may  
move:  
For such poor love, to pity near allied,  
Thy generous spirit may not stoop  
and wait,  
A suppliant whose prayer may be  
denied |gate:  
Like a spurned beggar's at a palace-  
But thy heart's affluence lavish un-  
controlled, —  
The largess of thy love give full  
and free,  
As monarchs in their progress scatter  
gold;  
And be thy heart like the exhaust-  
less sea,  
That must its wealth of cloud and  
dew bestow,  
Though tributary streams or ebb or  
flow.

## FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

### LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day has but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When its day is done.

### LOVE'S REWARD.

FOR Love I labored all the day,  
Through morning chill and midday  
heat,  
For surely with the evening gray,  
I thought, Love's guerdon shall be  
sweet.  
At eventide, with weary limb,  
I brought my labors to the spot

<p>Where Love had bid me come to him; Thither I came, but found him not.</p> <p>For he with idle folks had gone To dance the hours of night away; And I that toiled was left alone, Too weary now to dance or play.</p>	<p>Or Christmas songs that shake the snows above, Is the first cuckoo, when he comes with love.</p>
<p>—</p> <p><i>THE DIFFERENCE.</i></p>	
<p>SWEETER than voices in the scented hay, Or laughing children gleaning ears that stray,</p>	<p>Sadder than birds in sunless summer eves, Or drip of rain-drops on the fallen leaves, Or wail of wintry waves on frozen shore, Is spring that comes, but brings us love no more.</p>

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

*TO TIME.*

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand  
to lay  
Softest on sorrow's wound, and  
slowly thence —  
Lulling to sad repose the weary  
sense —  
The faint pang stealest, unperceived  
away;  
On thee I rest my only hope at last,  
And think when thou hast dried  
the bitter tear  
That flows in vain o'er all my soul  
held dear,  
I may look back on every sorrow past,  
And meet life's peaceful evening with  
a smile —  
As some lone bird, at day's depart-  
ing hour, | shower,  
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient  
Forgetful, though its wings are wet  
the while:  
Yet, ah! how much must that poor  
heart endure  
Which hopes from thee, and thee  
aloue, a cure!

*THE GREENWOOD.*

OH! when 'tis summer weather,  
And the yellow bee, with fairy  
sound,  
The waters clear is humming round,  
And the cuckoo sings unseen,  
And the leaves are waving green, —  
Oh! then 't is sweet,  
In some retreat,  
To hear the murmuring dove,  
With those whom on earth alone we  
love,  
And to wind through the greenwood  
together.

But when 't is winter weather,  
And crosses grieve,  
And friends deceive,  
And rain and sleet  
The lattice beat, —  
Oh! then 't is sweet,  
To sit and sing  
Of the friends with whom, in the  
days of Spring,  
We roamed through the greenwood  
together.

## ANNA C. BRACKETT.

## IN GARFIELD'S DANGER.

Is it not possible that all the love  
 From all these million hearts, which breathless turns  
 To one hushed room where silent footsteps move,  
 May have some power on life that feebly burns?  
 Must it not have some power in some strange way,  
 Some strange, wise way, beyond our tangled ken,  
 When far and wide, from sea to sea to-day,  
 Even in quiet fields, hard-handed men  
 Pause in their toil to ask the passer-by  
 "What news?" and then, "We cannot spare him yet!"  
 Surely no tide can powerless rise so high.  
 Bear on, brave heart! The land does not forget.  
 Thou yet shalt be upborne to life and strength again  
 On this flood-tide of love of millions of brave men.

## MARY E. BRADLEY.

## BEYOND RECALL.

<p>THERE was a time when death and I          Met face to face together:          I was but young indeed to die,          And it was summer weather;          One happy year a wedded wife,          Yet I was slipping out of life.</p> <p>You knelt beside me, and I heard,          As from some far-off distance,          A bitter cry that dimly stirred          My soul to make resistance.</p>	<p>You thought me dead: you called          my name,          And back from Death itself I came.</p> <p>But oh! that you had made no sign,          That I had heard no crying!          For now the yearning voice is mine,          And there is no replying:          Death never could so cruel be          As Life — and you — have proved to          me!</p>
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## JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

## EPITHALAMIUM.

<p>I SAW two clouds at morning,          Tinged by the rising sun,          And in the dawn they floated on,          And mingled into one; [blest.          I thought that morning cloud was          It moved so sweetly to the west.</p> <p>I saw two summer currents          Flow smoothly to their meeting,          And join their course with silent force,          In peace each other greeting;</p>	<p>Calm was their course through banks          of green,          While dimpling eddies played be-          tween.</p> <p>Such be your gentle motion,          Till life's last pulse shall beat;          Like summer's beam, and summer's          stream,          Float on, in joy, to meet          A calmer sea, where storms shall          cease —          A purer sky, where all is peace.</p>
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## MARY BOLLES BRANCH.

*THE PETRIFIED FERN.*

IN a valley, centuries ago,  
 Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,  
 Veining delicate and fibres tender;  
 Waving when the wind crept down so low;  
 Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,  
 Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,  
 Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,  
 But no foot of man e'er trod that way;  
 Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,  
 Stately forests waved their giant branches,  
 Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,  
 Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;  
 Nature revelled in grand mysteries;  
 But the little fern was not of these,  
 Did not number with the hills and trees,  
 Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,  
 No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,  
 Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion  
 Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;  
 Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,  
 Crushed the little form in soft moist clay,  
 Covered it, and hid it safe away,  
 O, the long, long centuries since that day!  
 O, the agony, O, life's bitter cost,  
 Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man  
 Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;  
 From a fissure in a rocky steep  
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran  
 Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,  
 Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,  
 And the fern's life lay in every line!  
 So, I think, God hides some souls away,  
 Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

## ANNE BRONTË.

*IF THIS BE ALL.*

O GOD! if this indeed be all  
 That life can show to me;  
 If on my aching brow may fall  
 No freshening dew from Thee;—  
 If with no brighter light than this  
 The lamp of Hope may glow,  
 And I may only dream of bliss,  
 And wake to weary woe!—  
 If friendship's solace must decay  
 When other joys are gone,

And love must keep so far away,  
 While I go wandering on,—  
 Wandering and toiling without gain,  
 The slave of others' will,  
 With constant care and frequent pain,  
 Despised, forgotten still,  
 Grieving to look on vice and sin,  
 Yet powerless to quell  
 The silent current from within,  
 The outward torrent's swell;  
 While all the good I would impart  
 The feelings I would share,

Are driven backward to my heart  
 And turned to wormwood there;—  
 If clouds must ever keep from sight  
 The glories of the sun,  
 And I must suffer winter's blight

Ere summer is begun;—  
 If life must be so full of care,  
 Then call me soon to Thee!  
 Or give me strength enough to bear  
 My load of misery.

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## CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

### *LIFE WILL BE GONE ERE I HAVE LIVED.*

LIFE will be gone ere I have lived;  
 Where now is life's first prime?  
 I've worked and studied, longed and  
 grieved  
 Through all that busy time.

To toil, to think, to long, to grieve—  
 Is such my future fate?  
 The morn was dreary, must the eve  
 Be also desolate?  
 Well, such a life at least makes Death  
 A welcome, wished-for friend;  
 Then aid me, Reason, Patience, Faith,  
 To suffer to the end.

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## EMILY BRONTË.

### *LAST LINES.*

No coward soul is mine,  
 No trembler in the world's storm-  
 troubled sphere:  
 I see heaven's glories shine,  
 And Faith shines equal, arming me  
 from fear.

O God within my breast,  
 Almighty, ever present Deity!  
 Life—that in me has rest,  
 As I—undying Life—have power  
 in thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
 That move men's hearts; unutterably  
 vain  
 Worthless as withered weeds,  
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless  
 main,

To waken doubt in one  
 Holding so fast by thine infinity;  
 So sureiy anchored on  
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
 Thy spirit animates eternal years,

Pervades and broods above,  
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates,  
 and rears.

Though earth and man were  
 gone,  
 And suns and universes ceased to be,  
 And Thou wert left alone,  
 Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,  
 Nor atom that his might could ren-  
 der void:  
 Thou—Thou art Being and  
 Breath,  
 And what Thou art may never be  
 destroyed.

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### *REMEMBRANCE.*

COLD in the earth—and the deep  
 snow piled above thee,  
 Far, far removed, cold in the dreary  
 grave! [thee,  
 Have I forgot, my only Love, to love  
 Severed at last by Time's all-severing  
 wave?

<p>Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover Over the mountains, on that north- ern shore, Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover Thy noble heart for ever, ever more ?</p> <p>Cold in the earth — and fifteen wild Decembers, From these brown hills, have melted into spring: Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers [fering! After such years of change and suf-</p> <p>Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee, While the world's tide is bearing me along; Other desires and other hopes beset me, Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!</p> <p>No later light has lightened up my heaven, No second morn has ever shone for me;</p>	<p>All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given, [thee All my life's bliss is in the grave with</p> <p>But, when the days of golden dreams had perished, And even Despair was powerless to destroy: Then did I learn how existence could be cherished, Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.</p> <p>Then did I check the tears of useless passion — Weaned my young soul from yearn- ing after thine; Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten [mine. Down to that tomb already more than</p> <p>And, even yet, I dare not let it lan- guish, Dare not indulge in memory's raptu- rous pain; Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish, How could I seek the empty world again ?</p>
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### MARIA GOWEN BROOKS.

[From *Zophiel*.]

SONG OF EGLA.

DAY, in melting purple dying;  
Blossoms, all around me sighing;  
Fragrance, from the lilies straying;  
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing;  
— Ye but waken my distress;  
I am sick of loneliness!

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,  
Come, ere night around me darken;  
Though thy softness but deceive me,  
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;  
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,  
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure;  
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;

Let the shining ore lie darkling, —  
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling;  
Gifts and gold are naught to me,  
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,  
Ecstasy, but in revealing;  
Paint to thee the deep sensation,  
Rapture in participation;  
Yet but torture, if comprest  
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!  
Let these eyes again caress thee.  
Once in caution, I could fly thee;  
Now, I nothing could deny thee.  
In a look if death there be,  
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

*THE MARRIAGE OF DESPAIR.*

THE bard has sung, God never formed  
 a soul |meet  
 Without its own peculiar mate, to  
 Its wandering half, when ripe to  
 crown the whole  
 Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly,  
 most complete!  
 But thousand evil things there are  
 that hate |impede,  
 To look on happiness: these hurt,  
 And, leagued with time, space, cir-  
 cumstance, and fate,  
 Keep kindred heart from heart, to  
 pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra  
 flying,  
 From where her native founts of  
 Antioch beam,  
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting,  
 sighing,  
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter  
 stream, —  
 So many a soul, o'er life's drear des-  
 ert faring,  
 Love's pure, congenial spring un-  
 found, unquaffed,  
 Suffers, recoils,—then, thirsty and  
 despairing  
 Of what it would, descends and sips  
 the nearest draught.

## FRANCES BROWN.

*LOSSES.*

UPON the white sea sand  
 There sat a pilgrim band,  
 Telling the losses that their lives had  
 known;  
 While evening waned away  
 From breezy cliff and bay,  
 And the strong tide went out with  
 weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,  
 Of a fair freighted ship,  
 With all his household to the deep  
 gone down;  
 But one had wilder woe—  
 For a fair face, long ago |town.  
 Lost in the darker depths of a great

There were who mourned their  
 youth  
 With a most loving ruth,  
 For its brave hopes and memories  
 ever green;  
 And one upon the west  
 Turned an eye that would not  
 rest,  
 For far-off hills whereon its joy had  
 been.

Some talked of vanished gold,  
 Some of proud honors told,  
 Some spake of friends that were  
 their trust no more;  
 And one of a green grave  
 Beside a foreign wave,  
 That made him sit so lonely on the  
 shore.

But when their tales were done,  
 There spake among them one,  
 A stranger, seeming from all sorrow  
 free;

“Sad losses have ye met,  
 But mine is heavier yet;  
 For a believing heart hath gone  
 from me.”

“Alas!” these pilgrims said,  
 “For the living and the dead—  
 For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure  
 cross,  
 For the wrecks of land and  
 sea!  
 But, how'er it came to thee,  
 Thine, stranger, is life's last and  
 heaviest loss.”



## HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

## THE RETURN OF KANE.

TOLL, tower and minster, toll  
 O'er the city's ebb and flow!  
 Roll, muffled drum, still roll  
 With solemn beat and slow!—  
 A brave and à splendid soul  
 Hath gone — where all shall go.

Dimmer, in gloom and dark,  
 Waned the taper, day by day,  
 And a nation watched the spark,  
 Till its fluttering died away.

Was its flame so strong and calm  
 Through the dismal years of ice  
 To die 'mid the orange and the palm  
 And the airs of Paradise?

Over that simple bier  
 While the haughty Spaniard bows,  
 Grief may join in the generous tear,  
 And Vengeance forget her vows.

Ay, honor the wasted form  
 That a noble spirit wore —  
 Lightly it presses on the warm  
 Spring sod of its parent shore;  
 Hunger and darkness, cold and storm  
 Never shall harm it more.

No more of travel and toil,  
 Of tropic or arctic wild:  
 Gently, O Mother Soil,  
 Take thy worn and wearied child.

Lay him — the tender and true —  
 To rest with such who are gone,  
 Each chief of the valiant crew  
 That died as our own hath done —  
 Let him rest with stout Sir Hugh,  
 Sir Humphrey, and good Sir John.

And let grief be far remote,  
 As we march from the place of  
 death,  
 To the blithest note of the fife's clear  
 throat,  
 And the bugle's cheeriest breath.

Roll, stirring drum, still roll!  
 Not a sigh — not a sound of woe,  
 That a grand and glorious soul  
 Hath gone where the brave must  
 go.

## ALL TOGETHER.

OLD friends and dear! it were ungen-  
 tle rhyme,  
 If I should question of your true  
 hearts, whether [time,  
 Ye have forgotten that far, pleasant  
 The good old time when we were  
 all together.

Our limbs were lusty and our souls  
 sublime;  
 We never heeded cold and winter  
 weather, [time,  
 Nor sun nor travel, in that cheery  
 The brave old time when we were  
 all together.

Pleasant it was to tread the mountain  
 thyme,  
 Sweet was the pure and piny moun-  
 tain ether,  
 And pleasant all; but this was in the  
 time,  
 The good old time when we were  
 all together.

Since then I've strayed through many  
 a fitful clime,  
 (Tossed on the wind of fortune  
 like a feather,)  
 And chanced with rare good fellows  
 in my time —  
 But ne'er the time that we have  
 known together.

But none like those brave hearts (for  
 now I climb  
 Gray hills alone, or thread the  
 lonely heather,)  
 That walked beside me in the ancient  
 time,  
 The good old time when we were  
 all together.

Long since, we parted in our careless  
 prime,  
 Like summer birds no June shall  
 hasten hither;  
 No more to meet as in that merry  
 time,  
 The sweet spring-time that shone  
 on all together.

Some, to the fevered city's toil and  
 grime,  
 And some o'er distant seas, and  
 some — ah! whither?  
 Nay, we shall never meet as in the  
 time,  
 The dear old time when we were  
 all together.

And some — above their heads, in  
 wind and rime,  
 Year after year, the grasses wave  
 and wither;  
 Aye, we shall meet! — 'tis but a little  
 time,  
 And all shall lie with folded hands  
 together.

And if, beyond the sphere of doubt  
 and crime,  
 Lie purer lands — ah! let our steps  
 be thither;  
 That, done with earthly change and  
 earthly time,  
 In God's good time we may be all  
 together.

—————  
 MIDNIGHT — A LAMENT.

Do the dead carry their cares  
 Like us, to the place of rest?  
 The long, long night — is it theirs,  
 Weary to brain and breast?  
 Ah, that I knew how it fares  
 With One that I loved the best.

I lie alone in the house.  
 How the wretched North-wind  
 raves!  
 I listen, and think of those  
 O'er whose heads the wet grass  
 waves —  
 Do they hear the wind that blows,  
 And the rain on their lonely graves?

Heads that I helped to lay  
 On the pillow that lasts for aye.  
 It is but a little way  
 To the dreary hill where they lie —  
 No bed but the cold, cold clay —  
 No roof but the stormy sky.

Cruel the thought and vain!  
 They've now nothing more to bear —  
 Done with sickness and pain,  
 Done with trouble and care —  
 But I hear the wind and the rain,  
 And still I think of them there.

Ah, couldst thou come to me,  
 Bird that I loved the best!  
 That I knew it was well with thee —  
 Wild and weary North-West!  
 Wail in chimney and tree —  
 Leave the dead to their rest.

—————  
 THE ADIEU.

SWEET Falsehoods, fare ye well!  
 That may not longer dwell  
 In this fond heart, dear paramours of  
 Youth!  
 A cold, unloving bride  
 Is ever at my side —  
 Yet who so pure, so beautiful as  
 Truth?

Long hath she sought my side,  
 And would not be denied,  
 Till, all perforce, she won my spirit  
 o'er —  
 And though her glances be  
 But hard and stern to me,  
 At every step I love her more and  
 more.

—————  
 ALONE.

A SAD old house by the sea.  
 Were we happy, I and thou,  
 In the days that used to be?  
 There is nothing left me now

But to lie, and think of thee  
 With folded hands on my breast,  
 And list to the weary sea  
 Sobbing itself to rest.

## LONG AGO.

WHEN at eve I sit alone,  
Thinking on the Past and Gone —  
While the clock, with drowsy finger,  
Marks how long the minutes linger, —

And the embers, dimly burning,  
Tell of Life to Dust returning —  
Then my lonely chair around,  
With a quiet, mournful sound,  
With a murmur soft and low,  
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

One by one, I count them o'er,  
Voices, that are heard no more,  
Tears, that loving cheeks have wet,  
Words, whose music lingers yet, —  
Holy faces, pale and fair,  
Shadowy locks of waving hair —  
Happy sighs and whispers dear,  
Songs forgotten many a year, —  
Lips of dewy fragrance — eyes  
Brighter, bluer than the skies —  
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide  
Softly murmuring at my side,  
Till the long unfriendly day,  
All forgotten, fades away.

Thus, when I am all alone,  
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,  
All around me, sad and slow,  
Come the ghosts of Long Ago.

## AT SEA.

MIDNIGHT in drear New England,  
'Tis a driving storm of snow —  
How the casement clicks and rattles,  
And the wind keeps on to blow!

For a thousand leagues of coast-line,  
In fitful flurries and starts,  
The wild North-Easter is knocking  
At lonely windows and hearts.

Of a night like this, how many  
Must sit by the hearth, like me,  
Hearing the stormy weather,  
And thinking of those at sea!

Of the hearts chilled through with  
watching,  
The eyes that wearily blink,  
Through the blinding gale and snow-  
drift,  
For the Lights of Navesink!

How fares it, my friend, with you? —  
If I've kept your reckoning aright,  
The brave old ship must be due  
On our dreary coast, to-night.

The fireside fades before me,  
The chamber quiet and warm —  
And I see the gleam of her lanterns  
In the wild Atlantic storm.

Like a dream, 'tis all around me —  
The gale, with its steady boom,  
And the crest of every roller  
Torn into mist and spume —  
The sights and the sounds of Ocean  
On a night of peril and gloom.

The shroud of snow and of spoon-  
drift  
Driving like mad a-lee —  
And the huge black hulk that wallows  
Deep in the trough of the sea.

The creak of cabin and bulkhead,  
The wail of rigging and mast —  
The roar of the shrouds as she rises  
From a deep lee-roll to the blast.

The sullen throb of the engine,  
Whose iron heart never tires —  
The swarthy faces that redden  
By the glare of his caverned fires.

The binnacle slowly swaying,  
And nursing the faithful steel —  
And the grizzled old quarter-master,  
His horny hands on the wheel.

I can see it — the little cabin —  
Plainly as if I were there —  
The chart on the old green table,  
The book and the empty chair.

On the deck we have trod together,  
A patient and manly form,  
To and fro, by the foremast,  
Is pacing in sleet and storm.

Since her keel first struck cold water,  
By the Stormy Cape's clear Light,  
'Tis little of sleep or slumber,  
Hath closed o'er that watchful sight,  
And a hundred lives are hanging  
On eye and on heart to-night.

Would that to-night, beside him,  
I walked the watch on her deck,  
Recalling the Legends of Ocean,  
Of ancient battle and wreck.

But the stout old craft is rolling  
A hundred leagues a-lee —

Fifty of snow-wreathed hill-side,  
And fifty of foaming sea.

I cannot hail him, nor press him  
By the hearty and true right  
hand —

I can but murmur, — God bless  
him!  
And bring him safe to the land.

And send him the best of weather,  
That ere many suns shall shine,  
We may sit by the hearth together,  
And talk about Auld Lang Syne.

---

WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

[By C. D'W. B.]

We are ever waiting, waiting,  
Waiting for the tide to turn —  
"For the train at Coventry,"  
For the sluggish fire to burn —  
For a far-off friend's return.

We are ever hoping, hoping,  
Hoping that the wind will shift —  
That success may crown our venture —  
That the morning fog may lift —  
That the dying may have shrift.

We are ever fearing, fearing,  
Fearing lest the ship have sailed —  
That the sick may ne'er recover —

That the letter was not mailed —  
That the trusted firm has failed.

We are ever wishing, wishing,  
Wishing we were far at sea —  
That the winter were but over —  
That we could but find the key —  
That the prisoner were free.

Wjshing, fearing, hoping, waiting,  
Through life's voyage — moored at  
last,

Tedious doubts shall merge forever  
(Be their sources strait or vast,)  
In the inevitable Past.

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ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE SLEEP.

He giveth His beloved sleep.  
*Psaln cxxvii. 2.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep.  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this —  
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,

The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,  
The patriot's voice, to teach and  
rouse,

The monarch's crown, to light the  
brows? —

"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?

A little faith all undisproved,  
A little dust to overweep

And bitter memories to make

The whole earth blasted for our sake.

"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes  
say  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids  
creep:  
But never doleful dreams again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And "giveth *His* beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap,  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;  
But angels say, and through the word  
I think their happy smile is *heard* —  
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the mummers  
leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on *His* love repose,  
Who "giveth *His* beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends — when it  
shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall —  
'He giveth *His* beloved sleep.'"

---

LITTLE MATTIE.

DEAD? Thirteen a month ago!  
Short and narrow her life's walk.  
Lover's love she could not know  
Even by a dream or talk:

Too young to be glad of youth;  
Missing honor, labor, rest,  
And the warmth of a babe's mouth  
At the blossom of her breast.  
Must you pity her for this,  
And for all the loss it is —  
You, her mother, with wet face,  
Having had all in your case?

Just so young but yesternight,  
Now she is as old as death.  
Meek, obedient in your sight,  
Gentle to a beck or breath  
Only on last Monday! yours,  
Answering you like silver bells  
Slightly touched! an hour matures:  
You can teach her nothing else.  
She has seen the mystery hid  
Under Egypt's pyramid:  
By those eyelids pale and close  
Now she knows what Rhamses knows.

Cross her quiet hands, and smooth  
Down her patient locks of silk,  
Cold and passive as in truth  
You your fingers in spilt milk  
Drew along a marble floor;  
But her lips you cannot wring  
Into saying a word more,  
"Yes," or "No," or such a thing.  
Though you call, and beg, and wreak  
Half your soul out in a shriek,  
She will lie there in default  
And most innocent revolt.

Ay, and if she spoke, may be  
She would answer like the SON.  
"What is now 'twixt thee and me?"  
Dreadful answer! better none.  
Yours on Monday, God's to-day!  
Yours, your child, your blood, your  
heart,  
Called . . . you called her, did you  
say,  
"Little Mattie," for your part?  
Now already it sounds strange.  
And you wonder, in this change,  
What He calls His angel-creature,  
Higher up than you can reach her.

'Twas a green and easy world  
As she took it! room to play,  
(Though one's hair might get uncurled  
At the far end of the day.)

What she suffered she shook off  
 In the sunshine; what she sinned  
 She could pray on high enough  
 To keep safe above the wind.  
 If reproved by God or you,  
 'Twas to better her she knew;  
 And if crossed, she gathered still,  
 'Twas to cross out something ill.

You, you had the right, you thought,  
 To survey her with sweet scorn,  
 Poor gay child, who had not caught  
 Yet the octave-stretch forlorn  
 Of your larger wisdom! Nay,  
 Now your places are changed so,  
 In that same superior way  
 She regards you dull and low  
 As you did herself exempt  
 From life's sorrows. Grand con-  
 tempt  
 Of the spirits risen awhile,  
 Who look back with such a smile!

There's the sting of 't. That, I think,  
 Hurts the most, a thousand-fold!  
 To feel sudden, at a wink,  
 Some dear child we used to scold,  
 Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease.  
 Teach and tumble as our own,  
 All its curls about our knees,  
 Rise up suddenly full-grown.  
 Who could wonder such a sight  
 Made a woman mad outright?  
 Show me Michael with the sword,  
 Rather than such angels, Lord!

TO FLUSH, MY DOG.

LIKE a lady's ringlets brown,  
 Flow thy silken ears adown  
 Either side demurely  
 Of thy silver-suited breast  
 Shining out from all the rest  
 Of thy body purely.

Darkly brown thy body is,  
 Till the sunshine striking this  
 Alchemize its dullness;  
 When the sleek curls manifold  
 Flash all over into gold,  
 With a burnished fulness.

Underneath my stroking hand,  
 Startled eyes of hazel bland  
 Kindling, growing larger,  
 Up thou leapest with a spring,  
 Full of prank and curveting,  
 Leaping like a charger.

Leap! thy broad tail waves alight;  
 Leap! thy slender feet are bright,  
 Canopied in fringes.  
 Leap — those tasselled ears of thine,  
 Flicker strangely, fair and fine,  
 Down their golden inches.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,  
 Little is 't to such an end  
 That I praise thy rareness!  
 Other dogs may be thy peers  
 Haply in those drooping ears,  
 And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,  
 This dog watched beside a bed  
 Day and night unwearied, —  
 Watched within a curtained room,  
 Where no sunbeam brake the gloom  
 Round the sick and dreary.

Roses gathered for a vase,  
 In that chamber died apace,  
 Beam and breeze resigning —  
 This dog only waited on,  
 Knowing that, when light is gone  
 Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew  
 Tracked the hares and followed  
 through  
 Sunny moor or meadow —  
 This dog only crept and crept  
 Next to languid cheek that slept,  
 Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer  
 Bounded at the whistle clear,  
 Up the woodside hieing —  
 This dog only, watched in reach,  
 Of a faintly uttered speech,  
 Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears  
 Dropped upon his glossy ears,  
 Or a sigh came double, —  
 Up he sprang in eager haste,

Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,  
In a tender trouble.

Therefore to this dog will I,  
Tenderly, not scornfully,  
Render praise and favor:  
With my hand upon his head,  
Is my benediction said,  
Therefore and forever.

And because he loves me so,  
Better than his kind will do  
Often, man, or woman,  
Give I back more love again  
Than dogs often take of men,  
Leaning from my Human.

#### CONSOLATION.

ALL are not taken! there are left behind

Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring,

And make the daylight still a happy thing,

And tender voices to make soft the wind.

But if it were not so — if I could find  
No love in all the world for comfort-  
ing,

Nor any path but hollowly did ring,  
Where "dust to dust" the love from  
life disjoined —

And if before these sepulchres un-  
moving

I stood alone, (as some forsaken lamb  
Goes bleating up the moors in weary  
dearth)

Crying "Where are ye, O my loved  
and loving?"

I know a voice would sound,  
"Daughter, I AM.

Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not  
for earth?"

#### A PORTRAIT.

"One name is Elizabeth." — BEN JONSON.

I WILL paint her as I see her;  
Ten times have the lilies blown  
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear —  
Lily-shaped, and drooped in duty,  
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,  
Which a trail of golden hair  
Keeps from fading off to air:

And a forehead fair and saintly,  
Which two blue eyes undershine,  
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child, —  
Though too calm, you think, and  
tender,  
For the childhood you would lend  
her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,  
Frank, obedient, — waiting still  
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all young things —  
As young birds, or early wheat  
When the wind blows over it.

Only free from flutterings  
Of loud mirth that scorneth meas-  
ure —  
Taking love for her chief pleasure:

Choosing pleasures (for the rest)  
Which come softly — just as *she*,  
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,  
In a bower of gentle looks —  
Watering flowers, or reading  
books.

And if any poet knew her,  
He would sing of her with falls  
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,  
He would paint her unaware  
With a halo round her hair.

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

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

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

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

[Sonnets from the Portuguese.]

ASSURANCE.

SAY over again and yet once over  
again  
That thou dost love me. Though the  
word repeated  
Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as  
thou dost treat it,  
Remember never to the hill or plain,  
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-  
strain,  
Comes the fresh Spring in all her  
green completed!  
Belovèd, I amid the darkness greeted  
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that  
doubt's pain  
Cry . . . speak once more . . . thou lov-  
est! Who can fear  
Too many stars, though each in  
heaven shall roll —  
Too many flowers, though each shall  
crown the year?  
Say thou dost love me, love me, love  
me — toll  
The silver iterance! — only minding,  
dear,  
To love me also in silence, with thy  
soul.

PERFECT LOVE.

How do I love thee? Let me count  
the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth  
and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out  
of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every-  
day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-  
light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for  
Right:  
I love thee purely, as they turn from  
Praise:  
I love thee with the passion put to  
use  
In my old griefs, and with my child-  
hood's faith;  
I love thee with a love I seemed to  
lose  
With my lost saints, — I love thee  
with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if  
God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

THREE KISSES.

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only  
kissed  
The fingers of this hand wherewith I  
write,  
And ever since it grew more clean  
and white,  
Slow to world-greetings . . . quick with  
its "Oh, list!"  
When the angels speak. A ring of  
amethyst  
I could not wear here plainer to my  
sight,  
Than that first kiss. The second  
passed in height  
The first, and sought the forehead,  
and half missed,  
Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond  
need!  
That was the chrism of love, which  
love's own crown,  
With sanctifying sweetness, did pre-  
cede.  
The third upon my lips was folded  
down  
In perfect, purple state! since when,  
indeed,  
I have been proud and said, "My  
love, my own."



## THE CRY OF THE HUMAN.

"THERE is no God," the foolish  
saith,

But none, "There is no sorrow;"  
And nature oft, the cry of faith,  
In bitter need will borrow:  
Eyes which the preacher could not  
school,

By wayside graves are raised;  
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"  
That ne'er said, "God be praised."  
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together with the skies,  
The steadfast skies, above us:  
We look into each other's eyes,  
"And how long will you love us?"  
The eyes grow dim with prophecy,  
The voices low and breathless —  
"Till death us part!" — O words to  
be  
Our best for love, the deathless!  
Be pitiful, dear God!

We tremble by the harmless bed  
Of one loved and departed —  
Our tears drop on the lips that said  
Last night, "Be stronger hearted!"  
O God, — to clasp those fingers close,  
And yet to feel so lonely! —  
To see a light upon such brows,  
Which is the daylight only!  
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,  
Woods, hamlets, streams, behold-  
ing;  
The sun strikes through the farthest  
mist,  
The city's spire to golden.  
The city's golden spire it was,  
When hope and health were strong-  
est,  
But now it is the churchyard grass  
We look upon the longest.  
Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull —  
Men whisper, "He is dying!"  
We cry no more, "Be pitiful!" —  
We have no strength for crying;  
No strength, no need! Then, soul of  
mine,

Look up and triumph rather —  
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,  
The Son abjures the Father —  
BE PITIFUL, O GOD!

## ONLY A CURL.

FRIENDS of faces unknown and a  
land  
Unvisited over the sea,  
Who tell me how lonely you stand,  
With a single gold curl in the hand  
Held up to be looked at by me!

While you ask me to ponder and say  
What a father and mother can do,  
With the bright yellow locks put  
away  
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay,  
Where the violets press nearer than  
you: —

Shall I speak like a poet, or run  
Into weak woman's tears for re-  
lief?  
Oh, children! I never lost one.  
But my arm's round my own little  
son,  
And Love knows the secret of  
Grief.

And I feel what it must be and is  
When God draws a new angel so  
Through the house of a man up to  
His,  
With a murmur of music you miss,  
And a rapture of light you forego.

How you think, staring on at the  
door  
Where the face of your angel  
flashed in,  
That its brightness, familiar before,  
Burns off from you ever the more  
For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

"God lent him and takes him," you  
sigh . . .  
— Nay, there let me break with  
your pain,  
God's generous in giving, say I,  
And the thing which he gives, I deny  
That he can ever take back again.

He gives what He gives. I appeal  
 To all who bear babes! In the hour  
 When the veil of the body we feel  
 Rent round us, while torments reveal  
 The motherhood's advent in power;

And the babe cries, — have all of us  
 known

By apocalypse (God being there,  
 Full in nature!) the child is *our own* —  
 Life of life, love of love, moan of  
 moan,

Through all changes, all times,  
 everywhere.

He's ours and forever. Believe,  
 O father! — O mother, look back  
 To the first love's assurance! To give  
 Means, with God, not to tempt or  
 deceive

With a cup thrust in Benjamin's  
 sack.

He gives what He gives: be content.

He resumes nothing given—be sure.  
 God lend? — where the usurers lent  
 In His temple, indignant he went  
 And scourged away all those im-  
 pure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,  
 As He loves to the end. If it seem  
 That he draws back a gift, compre-  
 hend

'Tis to add to it rather . . . amend,  
 And finish it up to your dream, —

Or keep . . . as a mother may, toys  
 Too costly though given by herself,  
 Till the room shall be stiller from  
 noise,  
 And the children more fit for such  
 joys,  
 Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends! You who indeed  
 Have possessed in your house a  
 sweet piece  
 Of the heaven which men strive for,  
 must need

Be more earnest than others are,  
 speed  
 Where they loiter, persist where  
 they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there.  
 Then courage! 'Tis easy for you  
 To be drawn by a single gold hair  
 Of that curl, from earth's storm and  
 despair  
 To the safe place above us. Adieu!

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

KINDNESS FIRST KNOWN IN A  
 HOSPITAL.

. . . . THE place seemed new and  
 strange as death.

The white strait bed, with others  
 strait and white,

Like graves dug side by side, at meas-  
 ured lengths,

And quiet people walking in and out  
 With wonderful low voices and soft  
 steps,

And appariational equal care for each,  
 Astonished her with order, silence,  
 law: [cup,

And when a gentle hand held out a  
 She took it, as you do at sacrament,  
 Half awed, half melted, — not being  
 used, indeed,

To so much love as makes the form  
 of love

And courtesy of manners. Delicate  
 drinks

And rare white bread, to which some  
 dying eyes [God,

Were turned in observation. O my  
 How sick we must be, ere we make  
 men just!

I think it frets the saints in heaven  
 to see

How many desolate creatures on the  
 earth

Have learnt the simple dues of fellow-  
 ship

And social comfort, in a hospital.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

SELFISHNESS OF INTROSPEC-  
 TION.

WE are wrong always, when we think  
 too much  
 Of what we think or are; albeit our  
 thoughts



MARIAN ERLE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
PRESS

Be verily bitter as self-sacrifice,  
 We are no less selfish! If we sleep  
 on rocks  
 Or roses, sleeping past the hour of  
 noon,  
 We're lazy.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

A CHARACTER.

As light November snows to empty  
 nests,  
 As grass to graves, as moss to mil-  
 dewed stones,  
 As July suns to ruins, through the  
 rents,  
 As ministering spirits to mourners,  
 through a loss,  
 As Heaven itself to men, through  
 pangs of death  
 He came uncalled wherever grief had  
 come.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

PICTURE OF MARIAN ERLE.

SHE was not white nor brown  
 But could look either, like a mist that  
 changed  
 According to being shone on more or  
 less.  
 The hair, too, ran its opulence of  
 curls  
 In doubt 'twixt dark and bright, nor  
 left you clear  
 To name the color. Too much hair  
 perhaps  
 (I'll name a fault here) for so small a  
 head,  
 Which seemed to droop on that side  
 and on this,  
 As a full-blown rose, uneasy with its  
 weight,  
 Though not a breath should trouble  
 it. Again,  
 The dimple in the cheek had better  
 gone  
 With redder, fuller rounds: and some-  
 what large  
 The mouth was, though the milky  
 little teeth  
 Dissolved it to so infantine a smile!

For soon it smiled at me; the eyes  
 smiled too,  
 But 'twas as if remembering they had  
 wept,  
 And knowing they should, some day,  
 weep again.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

THE ONE UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

. . . . O WORLD,  
 O jurists, rhymers, dreamers, what  
 you please,  
 We play a weary game of hide and  
 seek!  
 We shape a figure of our fantasy,  
 Call nothing something, and run after  
 it  
 And lose it, lose ourselves, too, in the  
 search,  
 Till clash against us, comes a some-  
 body  
 Who also has lost something and is  
 lost. . . .

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

IN STRUGGLE.

ALAS, long suffering and most patient  
 God,  
 Thou need'st be surelier God to bear  
 with us  
 Than even to have made us! thou as-  
 pire, aspire  
 From henceforth for me! thou who  
 hast, thyself,  
 Endured this fleshhood, knowing  
 how, as a soaked  
 And sucking vesture, it would drag  
 us down  
 And choke us in the melancholy  
 deep,  
 Sustain me, that, with thee, I walk  
 these waves,  
 Resisting!—breathe me upward, thou  
 for me  
 Aspiring, who art the Way, the  
 Truth, the Life, —  
 That no truth henceforth seem indif-  
 ferent,  
 No way to truth laborious, and no life,  
 Not even this life I live, intolerable!

## ROBERT BROWNING.

*PROSPICE.*

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my  
throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts  
denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of  
the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch-Fear in a  
visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go;  
Now the journey is done and the sum-  
mit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the  
guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so, — one fight  
more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that Death bandaged  
my eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare  
like my peers,  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad  
life's arrears,  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best  
to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-  
voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a  
peace, then a joy,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee  
again,  
And with God be the rest!

*IN A YEAR.*

NEVER any more  
While I live,  
Need I hope to see his face  
As before.

Once his love grown chill,  
Mine may strive, —  
Bitterly we re-embrace,  
Single still.

Was it something said,  
Something done,  
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,  
'Turn of head?  
Strange! that very way  
Love begun.  
I as little understand  
Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,  
I recall  
How he looked as if I sang  
— Sweetly too.  
If I spoke a word,  
First of all —  
Up his cheek the color sprang,  
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,  
At my feet,  
So he breathed the air I breathed  
Satisfied!  
I too, at love's brim  
Touched the sweet:  
I would die if death bequeathed  
Sweet to him.

“Speak, — I love thee best!”  
He exclaimed.  
“Let thy love my own foretell,” —  
I confessed:  
“Cast my heart on thine  
Now unblamed,  
Since upon thy soul as well  
Hangeth mine!”

Was it wrong to own,  
Being truth?  
Why should all the giving prove  
His alone?  
I had wealth and ease,  
Beauty, youth, —  
Since my lover gave me love,  
I gave these.

That was all I meant,  
 — To be just,  
 And the passion I had raised  
 To content.  
 Since he chose to change  
 Gold for dust,  
 If I gave him what he praised,  
 Was it strange?

Would he love me yet,  
 On and on,  
 While I found some way undreamed,  
 — Paid my debt!  
 Give more life and more,  
 Till, all gone,  
 He should smile, "She never seemed  
 Mine before.

"What — she felt the while,  
 Must I think?  
 Love's so different with us men,"  
 He should smile.  
 "Dying for my sake —  
 White and pink!  
 Can't we touch those bubbles then  
 But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.  
 Do thy part,  
 Have thy pleasure. How perplex  
 Grows belief!  
 Well, this cold clay clod  
 Was man's heart.  
 Crumble it, — and what comes next?  
 Is it God?

---

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!  
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,  
 Beginning to die too, in the glass.  
 Little has yet been changed, I think,  
 The shutters are shut, — no light may pass  
 Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!  
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name, —  
 It was not her time to love; beside,  
 Her life had many a hope and aim,  
 Duties enough and little cares;  
 And now was quiet, now astir, —  
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?  
 What! your soul was pure and true;  
 The good stars met in your horoscope,  
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;  
 And just because I was thrice as old,  
 And our paths in the world diverged  
 so wide,  
 Each was naught to each, must I be told?  
 We were fellow-mortals, — naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above  
 Is great to grant as mighty to make,  
 And creates the love to reward the love;  
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
 Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,  
 Through worlds I shall traverse,  
 not a few;  
 Much is to learn and much to forget  
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will —  
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant,  
 I shall say,  
 In the lower earth, — in the years long still, —  
 That body and soul so pure and gay?  
 Why your hair was amber I shall divine,  
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red, —  
 And what you would do with me, in fine,  
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, shall I say, so much since  
then,

Given up myself so many times,  
Gained me the gains of various  
men,

Ransacked the ages, spoiled the  
climes;

Yet one thing — one — in my soul's  
full scope,

Either I missed, or itself missed  
me, —

And I want and find you, Evelyn  
Hope!

What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;

My heart seemed full as it could  
hold, —

There was space and to spare for the  
frank young smile,

And the red young mouth, and the  
hair's young gold.

So, hush! I will give you this leaf to  
keep:

See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold  
hand.

There, that is our secret! go to sleep;  
You will wake, and remember, and  
understand.

[From *In a Gondola*.]

THE TWO KISSES.

THE Moth's kiss, first!

Kiss me as if you made believe  
You were not sure, this eve,  
How my face, your flower, had  
pursed

Its petals up; so, here and there  
You brush it, till I grow aware  
Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The Bee's kiss, now!

Kiss me as if you entered gay  
My heart at some noonday,  
A bud that dared not disallow  
The claim, so all is rendered up,  
And passively its shattered cup  
Over your head to sleep I bow.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD  
NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris  
and he;

I galloped, Dirck galloped, we gal-  
loped all three;

"Good speed!" cried the watch as  
the gate-bolts undrew,

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us gal-  
loping through.

Behind shut the postern, the lights  
sank to rest,

And into the midnight we galloped  
abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept  
the great pace —

Neck by neck, stride by stride, never  
changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its  
girths tight,

Then shortened each stirrup and set  
the pique right,

Rebuckled the check-strap, chained  
slacker the bit,

Nor galloped less steadily Roland a  
whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while  
we drew near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight  
dawned clear;

At Boom a great yellow star came  
out to see;

At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as  
could be;

And from Mecheln church-steeple we  
heard the half-chime —

So Joris broke silence with "Yet  
there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden  
the sun,

And against him the cattle stood  
black every one,

To stare through the mist at us gal-  
loping past;

And I saw my stout galloper Roland  
at last,

With resolute shoulders, each butting  
away

The haze, as some bluff river head-  
land its spray;



And his low head and crest, just one  
sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked  
out on his track;  
And one eye's black intelligence,—  
ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own  
master, askance;  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes,  
which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upward in gal-  
loping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried  
Joris, "Stay spur!  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the  
fault's not in her;  
We'll remember at Aix" — for one  
heard the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck,  
and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of  
the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shud-  
dered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud  
in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a piti-  
less laugh;  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle,  
bright stubble like chaff;  
Till over by Delhem a dome-spire  
sprang white,  
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for  
Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in  
a moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead  
as a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear  
the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save  
Aix from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of  
blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-  
sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each  
holster let fall.  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go  
belt and all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, pat-  
ted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my  
horse without peer —  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung,  
any noise, bad or good,  
Till at length into Aix, Roland gal-  
loped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flock-  
ing round,  
As I sate with his head 'twixt my  
knees on the ground;  
And no voice but was praising this  
Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last  
measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by com-  
mon consent)  
Was no more than his due who  
brought good news from Ghent.

[From *The Ring and The Book*.]

#### DREAMS.

It is the good of dreams — so soon  
they go!  
Wake in a horror of heart-beats you  
may —  
Cry, "The dead thing will never  
from my thoughts!"  
Still, a few daylight doses of plain  
life,  
Cock-crow and sparrow-chirp, or  
bleat and bell  
Of goats that trot by, tinkling to be  
milked;  
And when you rub your eyes awake  
and wide,  
Where's the harm o' the horror?  
Gone!

[From *The Ring and The Book*.]

#### THE LACK OF CHILDREN.

WHAT could they be but happy? —  
balanced so,  
Nor low i' the social scale nor yet too  
high,  
Nor poor nor richer than comports  
with ease,

Nor bright and envied, nor obscure and scorned,	Too long and live forever, — accord- ingly
Nor so young that their pleasures fell too thick,	Holds a germ — sand-grain weight too much i' the scale —
Nor old past catching pleasure when it fell,	Ordained to get predominance one day
Nothing above, below the just degree, All at the mean where joy's compo- nents mix.	And so bring all to ruin and release, — Not otherwise a fatal germ lurked here:
So again, in the couple's very souls You saw the adequate half with half to match,	“With mortals much must go, but something stays;
Each having and each lacking some- what, both	Nothing will stay of our so happy selves.”
Making a whole that had all and lacked naught;	Out of the very ripeness of life's core
The round and sound, in whose com- posure just	A worm was bred — “Our life shall leave no fruit.”
The acquiescent and recipient side Was Pietro's, and the stirring striv- ing one	Enough of bliss, they thought, could bliss bear seed, —
Violante's: both in union gave the due	Yield its like, propagate a bliss in turn
Quietude, enterprise, craving and content,	And keep the kind up; not supplant themselves
Which go to bodily health and peace of mind.	But put in evidence, record they were,
But, as 'tis said a body, rightly mixed,	Show them, when done with, i' the shape of a child.
Each element in equipoise, would last	“'Tis in a child, man and wife grow complete, One flesh: God says so: let him do his work!”

### WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

*“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT  
MOURN.”*

OH, deem not they are blest alone Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep; The Power who pities man has shown A blessing for the eyes that weep.	And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier, Sheddest the bitter drops of rain, Hope that a brighter, happier sphere Will give him to thy arms again.
The light of smiles shall fill again The lids that overflow with tears; And weary hours of woe and pain Are promises of happier years.	Nor let the good man's trust depart, Though life its common gifts deny, Though with a pierced and bleeding heart, And spurned of men, he goes to die,
There is a day of sunny rest For every dark and troubled night; And grief may bide an evening guest, But joy shall come with early light.	For God hath marked each sorrowing day And numbered every secret tear, And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay For all his children suffer here.

## JUNE.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky  
 And the green mountains round;  
 And thought that when I came to  
 lie

At rest within the ground,  
 'Twere pleasant, that in flowery  
 June,  
 When brooks send up a cheerful  
 tune,

And groves a joyous sound,  
 The sexton's hand, my grave to  
 make,  
 The rich, green mountain turf should  
 break.

A cell within the frozen mould,  
 A coffin borne through sleet,  
 And icy clods above it rolled,

While fierce the tempests beat—  
 Away!—I will not think of these—  
 Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,  
 Earth green beneath the feet,  
 And be the damp mould gently  
 pressed

Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long sum-  
 mer hours  
 The golden light should lie,  
 And thick young herbs and groups of  
 flowers

Stand in their beauty by.  
 The oriole should build and tell  
 His love-tale close beside my cell;  
 The idle butterfly  
 Should rest him there, and there be  
 heard

The housewife bee and humming-  
 bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon  
 Come, from the village sent,  
 Or songs of maids, beneath the moon  
 With fairy laughter blent?

And what if, in the evening light,  
 Betrothèd lovers walk in sight  
 Of my low monument?  
 I would the lovely scene around  
 Might know no sadder sight or sound.

I know, I know I should not see  
 The season's glorious show,

Nor would its brightness shine for  
 me,

Nor its wild music flow;  
 But if, around my place of sleep,  
 The friends I love should come to  
 weep,

They might not haste to go.  
 Soft airs, and song, and light, and  
 bloom,  
 Should keep them lingering by my  
 tomb.

These to their softened hearts should  
 bear

The thought of what has been,  
 And speak of one who cannot share  
 The gladness of the scene;

Whose part, in all the pomp that fills  
 The circuit of the summer hills,

Is—that his grave is green;  
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
 To hear again his living voice.

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 THE PAST.

THOU unrelenting Past!  
 Strong are the barriers round thy  
 dark domain,  
 And fetters, sure and fast,  
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing  
 reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn  
 Old empires sit in sullenness and  
 gloom,  
 And glorious ages gone  
 Lie deep within the shadow of thy  
 womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,  
 Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws  
 us to the ground,  
 And last, Man's Life on earth,  
 Glide to thy dim dominions, and are  
 bound.

Thou hast my better years,  
 Thou hast my earlier friends—the  
 good—the kind,  
 Yielded to thee with tears—  
 The venerable form—the exalted  
 mind.

My spirit yearns to bring  
The lost ones back — yearns with desire intense,  
And struggles hard to wring  
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain — thy gates deny  
All passage save to those who hence depart;  
Nor to the streaming eye  
Thou giv'st them back — nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide  
Beauty and excellence unknown — to thee  
Earth's wonder and her pride  
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,  
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith, —  
Love that midst grief began,  
And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name  
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, un-revered;  
With thee are silent fame,  
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they —  
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;

Thy gates shall yet give way,  
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair  
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,  
Shall then come forth to wear  
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished — no!  
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,  
Smiles, radiant long ago,  
And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back, each tie  
Of pure affection shall be knit again;  
Alone shall evil die,  
And sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold  
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,  
And her, who, still and cold,  
Fills the next grave — the beautiful and young.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms,  
she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware.  
When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —  
Comes a still voice : Yet a few days and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall  
 exist  
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished  
 thee, shall claim  
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth  
 again,  
 And, lost each human trace, surren-  
 dering up  
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
 To mix forever with the elements,  
 To be a brother to the insensible  
 rock  
 And to the sluggish clod, which the  
 rude swain  
 Turns with his share, and treads up-  
 on. The oak  
 Shall send his roots abroad, and  
 pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-  
 place  
 Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst  
 thou wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou  
 shalt lie down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world  
 — with kings,  
 The powerful of the earth—the  
 wise, the good,  
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages  
 past,  
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The  
 hills  
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun;  
 the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness be-  
 tween;  
 The venerable woods; rivers that  
 move  
 In majesty, and the complaining  
 brooks  
 That make the meadows green; and,  
 poured round all,  
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy  
 waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. The  
 golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of  
 heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of  
 death,  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All  
 that tread

The globe are but a handful to the  
 tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take  
 the wings  
 Of morning, traverse Barca's desert  
 sands,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous  
 woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears  
 no sound,  
 Save his own dashings—yet the  
 dead are there:  
 And millions in those solitudes, since  
 first  
 The flight of years began, have laid  
 them down  
 In their last sleep; the dead reign  
 there alone.  
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou  
 withdraw  
 In silence from the living, and no  
 friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All  
 that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay  
 will laugh  
 When thou art gone; the solemn  
 brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will  
 chase  
 His favorite phantom; yet all these  
 shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments,  
 and shall come,  
 And make their bed with thee. As  
 the long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and  
 he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron,  
 and maid,  
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-  
 headed man,—  
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy  
 side,  
 By those who in their turn shall fol-  
 low them.  
 So live, that when thy summons  
 comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan, which  
 moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each  
 shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of  
 death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave  
 at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sus-  
 tained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach  
 thy grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of  
 his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleas-  
 ant dreams.

—  
*THE EVENING WIND.*

SPIRIT that breathest through my  
 lattice, thou  
 That coolest the twilight of the  
 sultry day,  
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round  
 my brow:  
 Thou hast been out upon the  
 deep at play,  
 Riding all day the wild blue waves  
 till now,  
 Roughening their crests, and  
 scattering high their spray  
 And swelling the white sail. I wel-  
 come thee  
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer  
 of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms  
 round  
 Inhale thee in the fulness of de-  
 light;  
 And languid forms rise up, and  
 pulses bound  
 Livelier, at coming of the wind  
 of night;  
 And, languishing to hear thy grate-  
 ful sound,  
 Lies the vast inland stretched  
 beyond the sight.  
 Go forth into the gathering shade;  
 go forth,  
 God's blessing breathed upon the  
 fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his  
 nest,  
 Curl the still waters, bright with  
 stars, and rouse

The wide old wood from his majes-  
 tic rest,  
 Summoning, from the innumer-  
 able boughs,  
 The strange, deep harmonies that  
 haunt his breast:  
 Pleasant shall be thy way where  
 meekly bows  
 The shutting flower, and darkling  
 waters pass,  
 And where the o'ershadowing branch-  
 es sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver  
 head  
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the  
 child asleep,  
 And dry the moistened curls that  
 overspread  
 His temples, while his breathing  
 grows more deep:  
 And they who stand about the sick  
 man's bed,  
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant  
 sweep,  
 And softly part his curtains to allow  
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning  
 brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,  
 Which is the life of nature, shall  
 restore,  
 With sounds and scents from all thy  
 mighty range,  
 Thee to thy birthplace of the deep  
 once more;  
 Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and  
 strange,  
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner  
 of the shore;  
 And, listening to thy murmur, he  
 shall deem  
 He hears the rustling leaf and run-  
 ning stream.

—  
*LIFE.*

OH, Life, I breathe thee in the breeze,  
 I feel thee bounding in my veins,  
 I see thee in these stretching trees,  
 These flowers, this still rock's  
 mossy stains.

This stream of odor flowing by,  
 From clover field and clumps of  
 pine,  
 This music, thrilling all the sky,  
 From all the morning birds, are  
 thine.

Thou fill'st with joy this little  
 one,  
 That leaps and shouts beside me  
 here,  
 Where Isar's clay white rivulets run  
 Through the dark woods like  
 frightened deer.

Ah! must thy mighty breath, that  
 wakes  
 Insect and bird, and flower and  
 tree,  
 From the low-trodden dust, and makes  
 Their daily gladness, pass from  
 me—

Pass, pulse by pulse, till o'er the  
 ground  
 These limbs, now strong, shall creep  
 with pain,  
 And this fair world of sight and  
 sound  
 Seem fading into night again?

The things, oh, Life! thou quickenest,  
 all  
 Strive upward towards the broad  
 bright sky,  
 Upward and outward, and they fall  
 Back to earth's bosom when they  
 die.

All that have borne the touch of  
 death,  
 All that shall live, lie mingled  
 there,  
 Beneath that veil of bloom and  
 breath,  
 That living zone 'twixt earth and  
 air.

There lies my chamber dark and  
 still,  
 The atoms trampled by my feet,  
 There wait, to take the place I fill  
 In the sweet air and sunshine  
 sweet.

Well, I have had my turn, have  
 been  
 Raised from the darkness of the  
 clod,  
 And for a glorious moment seen  
 The brightness of the skirts of  
 God;

And knew the light within my  
 breast,  
 Though wavering oftentimes and  
 dim,  
 The power, the will, that never  
 rest,  
 And cannot die, were all from Him.

Dear child! I know that thou wilt  
 grieve  
 To see me taken from thy love,  
 Wilt seek my grave at Sabbath eve,  
 And weep, and scatter flowers  
 above.

Thy little heart will soon be healed,  
 And being shall be bliss, till thou  
 To younger forms of life must yield  
 The place thou fill'st with beauty  
 now.

When we descend to dust again,  
 Where will the final dwelling be  
 Of Thought and all its memories  
 then,  
 My love for thee, and thine for  
 me?

---

*THE FRINGED GENTIAN.*

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

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

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

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

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

— — —

*THE CROWDED STREET.*

LET me move slowly through the  
street,  
Filled with an ever-shifting train,  
Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn  
rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!  
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles,  
and some  
Where secret tears have left their  
trace.

They pass — to toil, to strife, to rest;  
To halls in which the feast is  
spread;  
To chambers where the funeral guest  
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,  
Where children, pressing cheek to  
cheek,  
With mute caresses shall declare  
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,  
Shall shudder as they reach the  
door  
Where one who made their dwelling  
dear,  
Its flower, its light, is seen no  
more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender  
frame,  
And dreams of greatness in thine  
eye!  
Goest thou to build an early name,  
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!  
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?  
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,  
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall  
tread  
The dance till daylight gleam  
again?

Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?  
Who writhe in throes of mortal  
pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think  
how long  
The cold dark hours, how slow the  
light!  
And some who flaunt amid the  
throng,  
Shall hide in dens of shame to-  
night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasures  
call,  
They pass and heed each other not.  
There is who heeds, who holds them  
all,  
In His large love and boundless  
thought.

These struggling tides of life that  
seem  
In wayward, aimless course to  
tend,  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its appointed end.

— — —

*THE FUTURE LIFE.*

How shall I know thee in the sphere  
which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
When all of thee that time could  
wither, sleeps  
And perishes among the dust we  
tread?



For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless  
 pain  
 If there I meet thy gentle presence  
 not;  
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read  
 again  
 In thy serenest eyes the tender  
 thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand  
 me there?  
 That heart whose fondest throbs  
 to me were given?  
 My name on earth was ever in thy  
 prayer,  
 And must thou never utter it in  
 heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-  
 breathing wind,  
 In the resplendence of that glo-  
 rious sphere,  
 And larger movements of the unfet-  
 tered mind,  
 Wilt thou forget the love that  
 joined us here?

The love that lived through all the  
 stormy past,  
 And meekly with my harsher na-  
 ture bore,  
 And deeper grew, and tenderer to  
 the last,  
 Shall it expire with life, and be no  
 more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger  
 light,  
 Await thee there; for thou hast  
 bowed thy will  
 In cheerful homage to the rule of  
 right,  
 And lovest all, and renderest good  
 for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I  
 dwell,  
 Shrink and consume my heart, as  
 heat the scroll;  
 And wrath has left its scar—that  
 fire of hell  
 Has left its frightful scar upon my  
 soul.

Yet though thou wearest the glory of  
 the sky,  
 Wilt thou not keep the same be-  
 loved name,  
 The same fair thoughtful brow, and  
 gentle eye,  
 Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate,  
 yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that  
 calmer home,  
 The wisdom that I learned so ill in  
 this—  
 The wisdom which is love—till I  
 become  
 Thy fit companion in that land of  
 bliss?

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*THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.*

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror  
 lies,  
 And yet the monument proclaims  
 it not,  
 Nor round the sleeper's name hath  
 chisel wrought  
 The emblems of a fame that never  
 dies,  
 Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf,  
 Twined with the laurel's fair, impe-  
 rial leaf.  
 A simple name alone,  
 To the great world unknown,  
 Is graven here, and wild flowers, ris-  
 ing round,  
 Meek meadow-sweet and violets of  
 the ground,  
 Lean lovingly against the humble  
 stone.

Here in the quiet earth, they laid  
 apart  
 No man of iron mould and bloody  
 hands,  
 Who sought to wreck upon the cow-  
 ering lands  
 The passions that consumed his  
 restless heart;  
 But one of tender spirit and delicate  
 frame,  
 Gentlest in mien and mind,  
 Of gentle womankind,

<p>Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame; One in whose eyes the smile of kind- ness made Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May, Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.</p> <p>Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear, And armies mustered at the sign, as when Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East, — Gray captains leading bands of veteran men And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.</p> <p>Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave The victory to her who fills this grave; Alone her task was wrought, Alone the battle fought; Through that long strife her constant hope was staid On God alone, nor looked for other aid.</p> <p>She met the hosts of sorrow with a look That altered not beneath the frown they wore, And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took, Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more. Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath, And calmly broke in twain The fiery shafts of pain, And rent the nets of passion from her path. By that victorious hand despair was slain. With love she vanquished hate and overcame Evil with good, in her great Master's name.</p>	<p>Her glory is not of this shadowy state Glory that with the fleeting season dies; But when she entered at the sapphire gate What joy was radiant in celestial eyes! How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung, And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung; And He who, long before, Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore, The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet, Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat; He who returning, glorious, from the grave, Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.</p> <p>See, as I linger here, the sun grows low; Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near. Oh, gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear. Brief is the time, I know, The warfare scarce begun; Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won. Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee; The victors' names are yet too few to fill Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory, That ministered to thee is open still.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">—</p> <p style="text-align: center;">[From an unfinished poem.]</p> <p style="text-align: center;">AN EVENING REVERDY.</p> <p>THE summer day is closed — the sun is set; Well they have done their office, those bright hours,</p>
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The latest of whose train goes softly  
 out  
 In the red West. The green blade  
 of the ground  
 Has risen, and herds have cropped  
 it; the young twig  
 Has spread its plaited tissues to the  
 sun;  
 Flowers of the garden and the waste  
 have blown  
 And withered; seeds have fallen upon  
 the soil,  
 From bursting cells, and in their  
 graves await  
 Their resurrection. Insects from  
 the pools  
 Have filled the air awhile with hum-  
 ming wings,  
 That now are still forever; painted  
 moths  
 Have wandered the blue sky, and  
 died again;  
 The mother-bird hath broken for  
 her brood  
 Their prison shell, or shoved them  
 from the nest,  
 Plumed for their earliest flight. In  
 bright alcoves,  
 In woodland cottages with barky  
 walls, [town,  
 In noisome cells of the tumultuous  
 Mothers have clasped with joy the  
 new-born babe,  
 Graves by the lonely forest, by the  
 shore  
 Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways  
 Of the thronged city, have been hol-  
 lowed out  
 And filled, and closed. This day  
 hath parted friends  
 That ne'er before were parted; it  
 hath knit  
 New friendships; it hath seen the  
 maiden plight  
 Her faith, and trust her peace to him  
 who long  
 Had wooed; and it hath heard, from  
 lips which late  
 Were eloquent of love, the first harsh  
 word,  
 That told the wedded one, her peace  
 was flown.  
 Farewell to the sweet sunshine!  
 One glad day

Is added now to childhood's merry  
 days,  
 And one calm day to those of quiet  
 age.  
 Still the fleet hours run on; and as I  
 lean,  
 Amid the thickening darkness, lamps  
 are lit,  
 By those who watch the dead, and  
 those who twine  
 Flowers for the bride. The mother  
 from the eyes  
 Of her sick infant shades the pain-  
 ful light,  
 And sadly listens to his quick-drawn  
 breath.

O thou great Movement of the  
 Universe,  
 Or change, or flight of Time — for  
 ye are one!  
 That bearest, silently, this visible  
 scene  
 Into night's shadow and the stream-  
 ing rays  
 Of starlight, whither art thou bear-  
 ing me?  
 I feel the mighty current sweep me  
 on.  
 Yet know not whither. Man fore-  
 tells afar  
 The courses of the stars; the very  
 hour  
 He knows when they shall darken or  
 grow bright;  
 Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and  
 of Death  
 Come unforwarned. Who next, of  
 those I love,  
 Shall pass from life, or sadder yet,  
 shall fall  
 From virtue? Strife with foes, or  
 bitterer strife  
 With friends, or shame and general  
 scorn of men —  
 Which who can bear? — or the fierce  
 rack of pain,  
 Lie they within my path? Or shall  
 the years  
 Push me, with soft and inoffensive  
 pace,  
 Into the stilly twilight of my  
 age?  
 Or do the portals of another life

<p>Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,          Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne,          In the vast cycle of being which begins          At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms          Shall the great law of change and progress clothe</p>	<p>Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—          Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide          Into the new; the eternal flow of things,          Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,          Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.</p>
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## ROBERT BURNS.

### TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usherest in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 O Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?  
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love?  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past;  
 Thy image at our last embrace;  
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last;

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhug with wild woods, thickening green;  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray,—  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care!  
 Time but the impression deeper makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 My Mary, dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast?

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### FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a' that?  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that:  
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that:  
For a' that and a' that,  
His ribband, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o'  
worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the  
earth'  
May bear the gree, and a' that  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that;  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

STANZAS IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Wiry am I loth to leave this earthly  
scene!

Have I so found it full of pleasing  
charms?

Some drops of joy with draughts of  
ill between:

Some gleams of sunshine 'mid re-  
newing storms;

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?  
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark  
abode?

For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in  
arms:

I tremble to approach an angry  
God,

And justly smart beneath his sin-  
avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul  
offence!"

Fain promise never more to disobey;

But, should my Author health again  
dispense,  
Again I might desert fair virtue's  
way;

Again in folly's path might go astray;  
Again exalt the brute, and sink  
the man;

Then how should I for heavenly mer-  
cy pray,

Who act so counter heavenly mer-  
cy's plan?

Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to  
temptation ran?

O Thou, great Governor of all below!  
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,

Thy nod can make the tempest cease  
to blow,

And still the tumult of the raging  
sea;

With that controlling pow'r assist  
ev'n me,

Those headlong furious passions to  
confine,

For all unfit I feel my powers to be,  
To rule their torrent in the allowed  
line;

Oh, aid me with thy help, Omnip-  
otence Divine!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

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

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour:

For I maun crush among the stoure  
Thy slender stem:

To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
The bonnie lark, companion meet!

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weed!  
Wi' spreckl'd breast,

When upward-springing, blythe, to  
greet

The purpling east,

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth;

Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
 Amid the storm,  
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth  
 Thy tender form.

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

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

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

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

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

Even thou who mournest the daisy's  
 fate,  
 That fate is thine — no distant date;  
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives,  
 elate,  
 Full on thy bloom,  
 Till, crushed beneath the furrow's  
 weight  
 Shall be thy doom!

*JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.*

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither;  
 And monie a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither:  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

*FAREWHEEL TO NANCY.*

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever!  
 Æ fareweel, alas, forever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge  
 thee!  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage  
 thee!  
 Who shall say that fortune grieves  
 him,  
 While the star of hope she leaves  
 him!  
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;  
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
 Naething could resist my Nancy;  
 But to see her, was to love her;  
 Love but her, and love for ever.  
 Had we never loved sae kindly,  
 Had we never loved sae blindly,  
 Never met — or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken hearted!

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.  
 Æ fond kiss, and then we sever;  
 Æ fareweel, alas, for ever!  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge  
 thee, [thee.  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage

[From *To the Unco Guid.*]

GOD, THE ONLY JUST JUDGE.

THEN gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Tho' they may gang a kennie wrang,  
To step aside is human:  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving *Why* they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us, [tone,  
He knows each chord — its various  
Each spring — its various bias:  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it;  
What's *done* we partly may compute,  
But know not what's *resisted*.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams  
around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your  
flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie!  
There simmer first unfald her robes,  
And there the langest tarry;  
For there I took my last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green  
birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me, as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And, pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore oursels asunder;  
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early!  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the  
clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary.

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!  
And closed for aye the sparkling  
glance,  
That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Ma y.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast  
Made fields and forests bare,  
One evening, as I wandered forth  
Along the banks of Ayr,  
I spied a man, whose aged step  
Seemed weary, worn with care;  
His face was furrowed o'er with years,  
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest  
thou?  
Began the reverend sage;  
Does thirst of wealth thy step con-  
strain,  
Or youthful pleasure's rage?  
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,  
Too soon thou hast began  
To wander forth, with me, to mourn  
The miseries of man.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
Outspreading far and wide,  
Where hundreds labor to support  
A haughty lordling's pride;  
I've seen yon weary winter-sun  
Twice forty times return;  
And every time has added proofs  
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time!  
Misspending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime!  
Alternate follies take the sway;  
Licentious passions burn;  
Which tenfold force give nature's law,  
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,  
 Or manhood's active might;  
 Man then is useful to his kind,  
 Supported is his right.  
 But see him on the edge of life,  
 With cares and sorrows worn;  
 Then age and want, oh! ill-matched  
 pair!  
 Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,  
 In Pleasure's lap carest;  
 Yet, think not all the rich and great  
 Are likewise truly blest.  
 But, oh! what crowds in every land  
 Are wretched and forlorn.  
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,  
 That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills  
 Inwoven with our frame!  
 More pointed still we make ourselves,  
 Regret, remorse, and shame!  
 And man, whose heaven-erected face  
 The smiles of love adorn,  
 Man's inhumanity to man  
 Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,  
 So object, mean, and vile,  
 Who begs a brother of the earth  
 To give him leave to toil;

And see his lordly fellow-worm  
 The poor petition spurn,  
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife  
 And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave--  
 By nature's law designed, —  
 Why was an independent wish  
 E'er planted in my mind?  
 If not, why am I subject to  
 His cruelty or scorn?  
 Or why has man the will and power  
 To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,  
 Disturb thy youthful breast:  
 This partial view of humankind  
 Is surely not the last!  
 The poor, oppressed, honest man  
 Had never, sure, been born,  
 Had there not been some recompense  
 To comfort those that mourn!

O death! the poor man's dearest  
 friend,  
 The kindest and the best!  
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
 Are laid with thee at rest!  
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow  
 From pomp and pleasure torn;  
 But, oh! a blest relief to those  
 That weary-laden mourn!

## LOUISA BUSHNELL.

### DELAY.

TASTE the sweetness of delaying,  
 Till the hour shall come for saying  
 That I love you with my soul;  
 Have you never thought your heart  
 Finds a something in the part,  
 It would miss from out the whole?

In this rosebud you have given,  
 Sleeps that perfect rose of heaven  
 That in Fancy's garden blows;  
 Wake it not by touch or sound,  
 Lest, perchance, 'twere lost, not  
 found,  
 In the opening of the rose.

Dear to me is this reflection  
 Of a fair and far perfection,  
 Shining through a veil undrawn;  
 Ask no question, then, of fate;  
 Yet a little longer wait,  
 In the beauty of the dawn.

Through our mornings, veiled and  
 tender,  
 Shines a day of golden splendor,  
 Never yet fulfilled by day;  
 Ah! if love be made complete,  
 Will it, can it, be so sweet  
 As this ever sweet delay?



## SAMUEL BUTLER.

## LOVE.

LOVE is too great a happiness  
 For wretched mortals to possess;  
 For could it hold inviolate  
 Against those cruelties of fate  
 Which all felicities below  
 By rigid laws are subject to,  
 It would become a bliss too high

For perishing mortality;  
 Translate to earth the joys above;  
 For nothing goes to Heaven but Love,  
 All love at first, like generous wine,  
 Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;  
 For when 'tis settled on the lee,  
 And from the impurer matter free,  
 Becomes the richer still, the older,  
 And proves the pleasanter, the colder.

## WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

## WORK AND WORSHIP.

"Laborare est orare." — ST. AUGUSTINE.

CHARLEMAGNE, the mighty monarch,  
 As through Metten Wood he strayed,  
 Found the holy hermit, Hutto,  
 Toiling in the forest glade.

In his hand the woodman's hatchet,  
 By his side the knife and twine,  
 There he cut and bound the faggots  
 From the gnarled and stunted pine.

Well the monarch knew the hermit  
 For his pious works and cares,  
 And the wonders which had followed  
 From his vigils, fasts, and prayers.

Much he marvelled now to see him  
 Toiling thus, with axe and cord;  
 And he cried in scorn, "O Father,  
 Is it thus you serve the Lord?"

But the hermit resting neither  
 Hand nor hatchet, meekly said:  
 "He who does no daily labor  
 May not ask for daily bread.

"Think not that my graces slumber  
 While I toil throughout the day;  
 For all honest work is worship,  
 And to labor is to pray.

"Think not that the heavenly blessing  
 From the workman's hand removes;  
 Who does best his task appointed,  
 Him the Master most approves."

While he spoke the hermit, pausing  
 For a moment, raised his eyes  
 Where the overhanging branches  
 Swayed beneath the sunset skies.

Through the dense and vaulted forest  
 Straight the level sunbeam came,  
 Shining like a gilded rafter,  
 Poised upon a sculptured frame.

Suddenly, with kindling features,  
 While he breathes a silent prayer,  
 See, the hermit throws his hatchet,  
 Lightly, upward in the air.

Bright the well-worn steel is gleaming,  
 As it flashes through the shade,  
 And descending, lo! the sunbeam  
 Holds it dangling by the blade!

"See, my son," exclaimed the hermit, —  
 "See the token heaven has sent;  
 Thus to humble, patient effort  
 Faith's miraculous aid is lent.

Toiling, hoping, often fainting,  
 As we labor, Love Divine  
 Through the shadows pours its sun-  
 light,  
 Crowns the work, vouchsafes the  
 sign!"

Homeward, slowly, went the mon-  
 arch,  
 Till he reached his palace hall,  
 Where he strode among his warriors,  
 He the bravest of them all.

Soon the Benedictine Abbey  
 Rose beside the hermit's cell;  
 He, by royal hands invested,  
 Ruled, as abbot, long and well.

Now beside the rushing Danube  
 Still its ruined walls remain,  
 Telling of the hermit's patience,  
 And the zeal of Charlemagne.

—  
 THE BUSTS OF GOETHE AND  
 SCHILLER.

THIS is Goethe, with a forehead  
 Like the fabled front of Jove;  
 In its massive lines the tokens  
 More of majesty than love.

This is Schiller, in whose features,  
 With their passionate calm regard,  
 We behold the true ideal  
 Of the high, heroic bard,

Whom the inward world of feeling  
 And the outward world of sense  
 To the endless labor summon,  
 And the endless recompense.

These are they, sublime and silent,  
 From whose living lips have rung  
 Words to be remembered ever  
 In the noble German tongue;

Thoughts whose inspiration, kindling  
 Into loftiest speech or song,  
 Still through all the listening ages  
 Pours its torrent swift and strong.

As to-day in sculptured marble  
 Side by side the poets stand,  
 So they stood in life's great strug-  
 gle,  
 Side by side and hand to hand,

In the ancient German city,  
 Dowered with many a deathless  
 name,  
 Where they dwelt and toiled together,  
 Sharing each the other's fame.

One till evening's lengthening shad-  
 ows  
 Gently stilled his faltering lips,  
 But the other's sun at noonday  
 Shrouded in a swift eclipse.

There their names are household  
 treasures,  
 And the simplest child you meet  
 Guides you where the house of Goethe  
 Fronts upon the quiet street;

And, hard by, the modest mansion  
 Where full many a heart has felt  
 Memories uncounted clustering  
 Round the words, "Here Schiller  
 dwelt."

In the churchyard both are buried,  
 Straight beyond the narrow gate,  
 In the mausoleum sleeping,  
 With Duke Charles, in sculptured  
 state.

For the monarch loved the poets,  
 Called them to him from afar,  
 Wooed them near his court to lin-  
 ger,  
 And the planets sought the star.

He, his larger gifts of fortune  
 With their larger fame to blend,  
 Living counted it an honor  
 That they named him as their  
 friend;

Dreading to be all forgotten,  
 Still their greatness to divide,  
 Dying prayed to have his poets  
 Buried one on either side.

But this suited not the gold-laced  
Ushers of the royal tomb,  
Where the princely house of Weimar  
Slumbered in majestic gloom.

So they ranged the coffins justly,  
Each with fitting rank and stamp,  
And with shows of court precedence  
Mocked the grave's sepulchral  
damp.

Fitly now the clownish sexton  
Narrow courtier-rules rebukes;  
First he shows the grave of Goethe,  
Schiller's then, and last—the  
Duke's.

Vainly 'midst these truthful shadows  
Pride would flaunt her painted wing;  
Here the monarch waits in silence,  
And the poet is the king!

MARY F. BUTTS.

OTHER MOTHERS.

MOTHER, in the sunset glow,  
Crooning child-songs sweet and low,  
Eyes soft shining, heart at rest,  
Rose-leaf cheek against thy breast.

Thinkest thou of those who weep  
O'er their babies fast asleep  
Where the evening dews lie wet  
On their brodered coverlet,

Whose cold cradle is the grave,  
Where wild roses nod and wave,  
Taking for their blossoms fair  
What a spirit once did wear?

Mother, crooning soft and low,  
Let not all thy fancies go,  
Like swift birds, to the blue skies  
Of thy darling's happy eyes.

Count thy baby's curls for beads,  
As a sweet saint intercedes,  
But on some fair ringlet's gold  
Let a tender prayer be told,

For the mother, all alone,  
Who for singing maketh moan,  
Who doth ever vainly seek  
Dimpled arms and velvet cheek.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

A DREAM OF PONCE DE LEON.

A STORY of Ponce de Leon,  
A voyager withered and old,  
Who came to the sunny Antilles,  
In quest of a country of gold.  
He was wafted past islands of spices,  
As bright as the emerald seas,  
Where all the forests seem singing,  
So thick were the birds on the trees;  
The sea was clear as the azure,  
And so deep and so pure was the sky  
That the jasper-walled city seemed  
shining  
Just out of the reach of the eye.

By day his light canvas he shifted,  
And round strange harbors and  
bars:  
By night, on the full tides he drifted,  
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of  
the stars. [sunset,  
'Neath the glimmering gates of the  
In the twilight empurpled and dim,  
The sailors uplifted their voices,  
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.  
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the  
sailor,  
At the close of the rounded refrain;  
"Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who  
blesses  
The ocean-swept banner of Spain!

The shadowy world is behind us,  
 The shining Cipango before;  
 Each morning the sun rises brighter  
 On ocean, and island, and shore.  
 And still shall our spirits grow lighter,  
 As prospects more glowing unfold;  
 Then on, merry men! to Cipango,  
 To the west, and the regions of  
 gold!"

There came to De Leon the sailor,  
 Some Indian sages, who told  
 Of a region so bright that the waters  
 Were sprinkled with islands of gold.  
 And they added: "The leafy Bimini,  
 A fair land of grottos and bowers  
 Is there; and a wonderful fountain  
 Upsprings from its gardens of  
 flowers.

That fountain gives life to the dying,  
 And youth to the aged restore:  
 They flourish in beauty eternal,  
 Who set but their feet on its  
 shores!"

Then answered De Leon, the sailor:  
 "I am withered, and wrinkled, and  
 old;

I would rather discover that fountain  
 Than a country of diamonds and  
 gold."

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor;  
 Away with a wonderful glee,  
 Till the birds were more rare in the  
 azure,

The dolphins more rare in the sea.  
 Away from the shady Bahamas,  
 Over waters no sailor had seen,  
 Till again on his wandering vision,  
 Rose clustering islands of green.  
 Still onward he sped till the breezes  
 Were laden with odors, and lo!  
 A country embedded with flowers,  
 A country with rivers aglow!  
 More bright than the sunny Antilles,  
 More fair than the shady Azores.

"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon,  
 the sailor,

As feasted his eye on the shores,  
 "We have come to a region, my  
 brothers,

More lovely than earth, of a truth;  
 And here is the life-giving fountain,—  
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,  
 Unfurled his old banner, and sung;  
 But he felt very wrinkled and with-  
 ered,

All around was so fresh and so  
 young.

The palms, ever verdant, were bloom-  
 ing,

Their blossoms e'en margined the  
 seas;

O'er the streams of the forests bright  
 flowers

Hung deep from the branches of  
 trees.

"Praise the Lord!" sang De Leon,  
 the sailor;

His heart was with rapture aflame;  
 And he said: "Be the name of this  
 region

By Florida given to fame.

'T is a fair, a delectable country,  
 More lovely than earth, of a truth;  
 I soon shall partake of the foun-  
 tain,—

The beautiful Fountain of Youth!"

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,  
 In search of the fountain in vain;  
 No waters were there to restore him  
 To freshness and beauty again.  
 And his anchor he lifted, and mur-  
 mured,

As the tears gathered fast in his eye,  
 "I must leave this fair land of the  
 flowers,

Go back o'er the ocean, and die."

Then back by the dreary Tortugas,  
 And back by the shady Azores,  
 He was borne on the storm-smitten  
 waters

To the calm of his own native  
 shores.

And that he grew older and older,  
 His footsteps enfeebled gave proof,  
 Still he thirsted in dreams for the  
 fountain,—

The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

One day the old sailor lay dying  
 On the shores of a tropical isle,  
 And his heart was enkindled with  
 rapture; [smile.

And his face lighted up with a

He thought of the sunny Antilles,  
 He thought of the shady Azores,  
 He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,  
 He thought of fair Florida's shores.  
 And, when in his mind he passed over  
 His wonderful travels of old,  
 He thought of the heavenly country,  
 Of the city of jasper and gold.  
 "Thank the Lord!" said De Leon,  
 the sailor, [the truth,  
 "Thank the Lord for the light of  
 I now am approaching the fountain,  
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

The cabin was silent: at twilight  
 They heard the birds singing a  
 psalm,  
 And the wind of the ocean low sigh-  
 ing  
 Through groves of the orange and  
 palm.  
 The sailor still lay on his pallet,  
 'Neath the low-hanging vines of  
 the roof;  
 His soul had gone forth to dis-  
 cover  
 The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

## LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON NOEL).

### PROMETHEUS.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes  
 The sufferings of mortality,  
 Seen in their sad reality,  
 Were not as things that gods despise;  
 What was thy pity's recompense?  
 A silent suffering, and intense;  
 The rock, the vulture, and the  
 chain,  
 All that the proud can feel of pain.  
 The agony they do not show  
 The suffocating sense of woe,  
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,  
 And then is jealous lest the sky  
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh  
 Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given  
 Between the suffering and the  
 will,  
 Which torture where they cannot  
 kill;  
 And the inexorable heaven,  
 And the deaf tyranny of fate,  
 The ruling principle of hate,  
 Which for its pleasure doth create  
 The things it may annihilate,  
 Refused thee even the boon to die;  
 The wretched gift eternity  
 Was thine — and thou hast borne it  
 well.

All that the Thunderer wrung from  
 thee  
 Was but the menace which flung  
 back  
 On him the torments of thy rack:  
 The fate thou didst so well fore-  
 see,  
 But would not to appease him tell;  
 And in thy silence was his sentence,  
 And in his soul a vain repentance,  
 And evil dread so ill dissembled  
 That in his hand the lightnings trem-  
 bled.

Thy godlike crime was to be kind,  
 To render with thy precept less  
 The sum of human wretchedness,  
 And strengthen man with his own  
 mind;  
 But baffled as thou wert from high,  
 Still in thy patient energy,  
 In the endurance, and repulse  
 Of thine impenetrable spirit,  
 Which earth and heaven could not  
 convulse,  
 A mighty lesson we inherit:  
 Thou art a symbol and a sign  
 To mortals of their fate and force;  
 Like thee, man is in part divine,  
 A troubled stream from a pure  
 source;  
 And man in portions can foresee

His own funereal destiny;  
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,  
 And his sad unallied existence:  
 To which his spirit may oppose  
 Itself — and equal to all woes,  
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,  
 Which even in torture can descry  
 Its own concentered recompense,  
 Triumphant where it dares defy,  
 And making death a victory!

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS  
 SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering  
 clay,  
 Ah! whither strays the immortal  
 mind?  
 It cannot die, it cannot stray,  
 But leaves its darkened dust be-  
 hind.  
 Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
 By steps each planet's heavenly  
 way?  
 Or fill at once the realms of space,  
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,  
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
 All, all in earth, or skies displayed,  
 Shall it survey, shall it recall:  
 Each fainter trace that memory holds  
 So darkly of departed years,  
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
 And all that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,  
 Its eyes shall roll through chaos  
 back;  
 And where the furthest heaven had  
 birth,  
 The spirit trace its rising track,  
 And where the future mars or makes,  
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
 While sun is quenched or system  
 breaks,  
 Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
 It lives all passionless and pure:  
 An age shall fleet like earthly year;  
 Its years as moments shall endure.

Away, away, without a wing,  
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts  
 shall fly;  
 A nameless and eternal thing,  
 Forgetting what it was to die.

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!  
 Whose tearful beam glows tremu-  
 lously far,  
 That show'st the darkness thou canst  
 not dispel,  
 How like art thou to joy remembered  
 well!  
 So gleams the past, the light of other  
 days,  
 Which shines, but warms not with  
 its powerless rays;  
 A night-beam sorrow watches to be-  
 hold,  
 Distinct, but distant — clear — but  
 oh, how cold!

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,  
 Still for ever, fare *thee well*;  
 Even though unforgiving, never  
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.  
 Would that breast were bared before  
 thee  
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,  
 While that placid sleep came o'er  
 thee,  
 Which thou ne'er canst know  
 again:  
 Would that breast, by thee glanced  
 over,  
 Every inmost thought could show!  
 Then thou wouldst at last discover  
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.  
 Through the world for this commend  
 thee —  
 Though it smile upon the blow,  
 Even its praises must offend thee,  
 Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,  
 Could no other arm be found,  
 Than the one which once embraced  
 me,  
 To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh! yet, thyself deceive not:  
 Love may sink by slow decay,  
 But by sudden wrench, believe not  
 Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth —  
 Still must mine, though bleeding,  
 beat;  
 And the undying thought which  
 paineth  
 Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
 Than the wail above the dead;  
 Both shall live, but every morrow  
 Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
 When our child's first accents  
 flow,  
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!"  
 Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
 When her lip to thine is pressed,  
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless  
 thee,  
 Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble  
 Those thou never more mayst see,  
 Then thy heart will softly tremble  
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou know-  
 est,  
 All my madness none can know;  
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
 Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;  
 Pride, which not a world could  
 bow,  
 Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,  
 Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done — all words are idle —  
 Words from me are vainer still;  
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
 Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! — thus disunited,  
 Torn from every nearer tie,  
 Seared in heart, and lone and blighted,  
 More than this I scarce can die.

---

SONNET ON CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless  
 mind!  
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty!  
 thou art,  
 For there thy habitation is the  
 heart —  
 The heart which love of thee alone  
 can bind;  
 And when thy sons to fetters are  
 consigned —  
 To fetters, and the damp vault's  
 dayless gloom,  
 Their country conquers with their  
 martyrdom,  
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on  
 every wind.  
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
 And thy sad floor an altar — for  
 'twas trod,  
 Until his very steps have left a trace  
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement  
 were a sod,  
 By Bonnivard! — May none those  
 marks efface;  
 For thy appeal from tyranny to God.

---

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

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

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
 Had half impaired the nameless  
 grace,

Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-  
place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that  
brow,

So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that  
glow,

But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

---

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE AUTHOR'S  
DOG BOATSWAIN.

WHEN some proud son of man returns  
to earth,  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by  
birth,  
The sculptor's art exalts the pomp  
of woe,  
And storied urns record who rests  
below;  
When all is done, upon the tomb is  
seen,  
Not what he was, but what he should  
have been.  
But the poor dog, in life the firmest  
friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to de-  
fend,  
Whose honest heart is still his mas-  
ter's own,  
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for  
him alone,  
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his  
worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on  
earth;  
While man, vain insect! hopes to be  
forgiven,  
And claims himself a sole exclusive  
heaven.  
O man! thou feeble tenant of an  
hour,

Debased by slavery, or corrupt by  
power,  
Who knows thee well must quit thee  
with disgust,  
Degraded mass of animated dust!  
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a  
cheat,  
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words de-  
ceit!  
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,  
Each kindred brute might bid thee  
blush for shame.  
Ye! who perchance behold this simple  
urn,  
Pass on — it honors none you wish  
to mourn;  
To mark a friend's remains these  
stones arise;  
I never knew but one — and here he  
lies.

---

MAID OF ATHENS.

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
*Σὴν μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.\**

By those tresses unconfined,  
Wooded by each Ægean wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Σὴν μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste;  
By that zone-encircled waist;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Σὴν μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul:  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Σὴν μοῦ, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

\* Ζὸε μοῦ, σὰς ἀγάπῳ, *My life, I love you.*



## EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name  
Dearer and purer were, it should be  
thine;

Mountains and seas divide us, but I  
claim

No tears, but tenderness to answer  
mine:

Go where I will, to me thou art the  
same—

A loved regret which I would not re-  
sign.

There yet are two things in my des-  
tiny,—

A world to roam through, and a home  
with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still  
the last,

It were the haven of my happiness;  
But other claims and other ties thou  
hast,

And mine is not the wish to make  
them less.

A strange doom is thy father's son's,  
and past

Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;  
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate  
of yore,—

He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath  
been

In other elements, and on the rocks  
Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,  
I have sustained my share of worldly  
shocks,

The fault was mine; nor do I seek to  
screen,

My errors with defensive paradox;  
I have been cunning in mine over-  
throw,

The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be  
their reward.

My whole life was a contest, since  
the day

That gave me being, gave me that  
which marred

The gift,—a fate, or will, that walked  
astray;

And I at times have found the strug-  
gle hard,

And thought of shaking off my bonds  
of clay:

But now I fain would for a time sur-  
vive,

If but to see what next can well ar-  
rive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little  
day

I have outlived, and yet I am not old;  
And when I look on this, the petty  
spray

Of my own years of trouble, which  
have rolled

Like a wild bay of breakers, melts  
away;

Something—I know not what—does  
still uphold

A spirit of slight patience;—not in  
vain,

Even for its own sake, do we pur-  
chase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
Within me—or perhaps a cold de-  
spair,

Brought on when ills habitually re-  
cur,—

Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,  
(For even to this may change of soul  
refer,

And with light armor we may learn  
to bear,)

Have taught me a strange quiet;  
which was not

The chief companion of a calmer lot.

I feel almost at times as I have felt  
In happy childhood; trees, and flow-  
ers, and brooks,

Which do remember me of where I  
dwelt

Ere my young mind was sacrificed to  
books,

Come as of yore upon me, and can  
melt

My heart with recognition of their  
looks;

And even at moments I think I could  
see

Some living thing to love—but none  
like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which  
 create  
 A fund for contemplation,—to ad-  
 mire  
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date:  
 But something worthier do such  
 scenes inspire:  
 Here to be lonely is not desolate,  
 For much I view which I could most  
 desire,  
 And, above all, a lake I can behold  
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own  
 of old.

O that thou wert but with me!—but  
 I grow  
 The fool of my own wishes, and forget  
 The solitude which I have vaunted so  
 Has lost its praise in this but one re-  
 gret;  
 There may be others which I less  
 may show;—  
 I am not of the plaintive mood, and  
 yet  
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
 And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear  
 lake,  
 By the old Hall which may be mine  
 no more.  
 Leman's is fair; but think not I for-  
 sake  
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer  
 shore:  
 Sad havoc Time must with my mem-  
 ory make  
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes  
 before;  
 Though like all things which I have  
 loved, they are  
 Resigned for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; but I ask  
 Of Nature that with which she will  
 comply—  
 It is but in her summer's sun to bask,  
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,  
 To see her gentle face without a  
 mask,  
 And never gaze on it with apathy.  
 She was my early friend, and now  
 shall be  
 My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;  
 And that I would not;—for at length  
 I see  
 Such scenes as those wherein my life  
 begun  
 The earliest—even the only paths  
 for me.  
 Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to  
 shun,  
 I had been better than I now can be;  
 The passions which have torn me  
 would have slept;  
 I had not suffered, and *thou* hadst  
 not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do?  
 Little with Love, and least of all  
 with Fame;  
 And yet they came unsought, and  
 with me grew,  
 And made me all which they can  
 make—a name.  
 Yet this was not the end I did pursue;  
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.  
 But all is over—I am one the more  
 To baffled millions which have gone  
 before.

And for the future, this world's fu-  
 ture may  
 From me demand but little of my  
 care;  
 I have outlived myself by many a day;  
 Having survived so many things that  
 were;  
 My years have been no slumber, but  
 the prey  
 Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share  
 Of life which might have filled a cen-  
 tury,  
 Before its fourth in time had passed  
 me by.

And for the remnant which may be  
 to come  
 I am content; and for the past I feel  
 Not thankless,—for within the  
 crowded sun  
 Of struggles, happiness at times  
 would steal,  
 And for the present, I would not be-  
 numb  
 My feelings farther. Nor shall I  
 conceal

That with all this I still can look  
around,  
And worship Nature with a thought  
profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy  
heart  
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;  
We were and are—I am, even as  
thou art—  
Beings who ne'er each other can re-  
sign;  
It is the same, together or apart,  
From life's commencement to its  
slow decline  
We are entwined—let death come  
slow or fast,  
The tie which bound the first endures  
the last.

[From *The Giaour*.]

THE FIRST DAY OF DEATH.

HE who hath bent him o'er the  
dead  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty  
lingers),  
And marked the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fixed yet tender traits that  
streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,  
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not  
now,  
And but for that chill changeless  
brow,  
Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous  
hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's  
power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
The first last look by death revealed!

[From *The Giaour*.]

LOVE.

YES, Love indeed is light from  
heaven;  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With angels shared, by Allah given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.  
Devotion wafts the mind above,  
But heaven itself descends in love;  
A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
To wean from self each sordid  
thought;  
A ray of Him who formed the whole;  
A glory circling round the soul!

[From *The Dream*.]

SLEEP.

OUR life is twofold! Sleep hath its  
own world,  
A boundary between the things mis-  
named  
Death and existence: Sleep hath its  
own world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality,  
And dreams in their development  
have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the  
touch of joy;  
They leave a weight upon our wak-  
ing thoughts,  
They take a weight from off our  
waking toils,  
They do divide our being; they be-  
come  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity;  
They pass like spirits of the past—  
they speak  
Like sibyls of the future; they have  
power—  
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;  
They make us what we were not—  
what they will,  
And shake us with the vision that's  
gone by.  
The dream of vanished shadows—  
Are they so?  
Is not the past all shadow? What  
are they?

Creations of the mind?—The mind  
 can make  
 Substance, and people planets of its  
 own  
 With beings brighter than have been,  
 and give  
 A breath to form which can outlive  
 all flesh.  
 I would recall a vision which I  
 dreamed  
 Perchance in sleep—for in itself a  
 thought,  
 A slumbering thought, is capable of  
 years,  
 And curdles a long life into one hour.

[From *Don Juan*.]

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of  
 Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and  
 Where grew the arts of war and  
 peace,—

Where Delos rose and Phœbus  
 sprung!

Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores  
 refuse:

Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds which echo further west  
 Than your sires' "Islands of the  
 Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—

And Marathon looks on the sea;  
 And musing there an hour alone,

I dreamed that Greece might still  
 be free;

For standing on the Persian's grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow

Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis:  
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,

And men in nations;—all were his!  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set, where were  
 they?

And where are they? and where art  
 thou,

My country? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—

The heroic bosom beats no more!  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though linked among a fettered  
 race,

To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;

For what is left the poet here?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a  
 tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more  
 blest?

Must we but blush?—Our fathers  
 bled.

Earth! render back from out thy  
 breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
 And answer, "Let one living head.  
 But one arise,—we come, we come!"  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other  
 chords;

Fill high the cup with Samian  
 wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!

Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx  
 gone?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave,—  
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 We will not think of themes like  
 these!



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It made Anacreon's song divine:  
He served — but served Poly-  
crates —

A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest  
friend;

That tyrant was Miltiades!  
Oh! that the present hour would  
lend

Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian  
wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is  
sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —  
They have a king who buys and  
sells;

In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells:  
But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however  
broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian  
wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the  
shade —

I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle  
slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,  
Where nothing save the waves  
and I

May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:  
There, swan-like, let me sing and  
die;

A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian  
wine!

[From the Prophecy of Dante.]

GENIUS.

MANY are poets who have never  
penned

Their inspiration, and perchance,  
the best;

They felt, and loved and died, but  
would not lend

Their thoughts to meaner beings;  
they compressed

The God within them, and rejoined  
the stars

Unlaurelled upon earth, but far  
more blessed

Than those who are degraded by the  
jars

Of passion, and their frailties  
linked to fame,

Conquerors of high renown, but  
full of scars.

Many are poets, but without the  
name;

For what is poesy but to create  
From overfeeling good or ill; and  
aim

At an external life beyond our fate  
And be the new Prometheus of  
new men,

Bestowing fire from heaven, and  
then, too late,

Finding the pleasure given repaid  
with pain,

And vultures to the heart of the  
bestower,

Who, having lavished his high  
gift in vain,

Lies chained to his lone rock by the  
sea-shore!

So be it; we can bear.— But thus  
all they

Whose intellect is an o'ermastering  
power,

Which still recoils from its encum-  
bering clay,

Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er  
The forms which their creation

may essay,  
Are bards; the kindled marble's bust  
may wear

More poesy upon its speaking  
brow

Than aught less than the Homeric  
page may bear;

One noble stroke with a whole life  
 may glow,  
 Or deify the canvas till it shine  
 With beauty so surpassing all be-  
 low,  
 That they who kneel to idols so di-  
 vine  
 Break no commandment, for high  
 heaven is there  
 Transfused, transfigured: and  
 the line  
 Of poesy which peoples but the air  
 With thought and beings of our  
 thought reflected,  
 Can do no more: then let the artist  
 share  
 The palm; he shares the peril, and  
 dejected  
 Faints o'er the labor unapproved  
 —Alas!  
 Despair and genius are too oft con-  
 nected.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

THE MISERY OF EXCESS.

TO INEZ.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow,  
 Alas! I cannot smile again:  
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou  
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in  
 vain.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe  
 I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
 And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
 A pang, even thou must fail to  
 soothe?

It is not love, it is not hate,  
 Nor low ambition's honors lost,  
 That bids me loathe my present state,  
 And fly from all I prize the most!

It is that weariness which springs  
 From all I meet, or hear, or see;  
 To me no pleasure Beauty brings:  
 Thine eyes have scarce a charm for  
 me.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;  
 That will not look beyond the tomb,  
 And cannot hope for rest before.

What exile from himself can flee?  
 To zones, though more and more  
 remote.

Still, still pursues, where'er I be;  
 The blight of life—the demon  
 Thought.

Yet, others rapt in pleasure seem,  
 And taste of all that I forsake;  
 Oh! may they still of transport  
 dream,  
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

Through many a clime 'tis mine to  
 go,  
 With many a retrospection curst;  
 And all my solace is to know,  
 What e'er betides, I've known the  
 worst.

What is that worst? Nay, do not  
 ask—  
 In pity from the search forbear:  
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
 Man's heart, and view the Hell  
 that's there.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless  
 woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely  
 shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its  
 roar:  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature  
 more,  
 From these our interviews, in which  
 I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been be-  
 fore,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot  
 all conceal.



Roll on, thou deep and dark blue  
Ocean — roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee  
in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin — his  
control

Stops with the shore; — upon the  
watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his  
own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of  
rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bub-  
bling groan,

Without a grave, unknelled, uncof-  
fined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike  
the walls

Of rock-built cities, bidding nations  
quake,

And monarchs tremble in their cap-  
itals,

The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs  
make

Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;

These are thy toys, and, as the snowy  
flake,

They melt into thy yeast of waves,  
which mar

Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of  
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in  
all save thee —

Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,  
what are they ?

Thy waters washed them power while  
they were free,

And many a tyrant since; their shores  
obey

The stranger, slave, or savage; their  
decay

Has dried up realms to deserts: —  
not so thou; —

Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'  
play —

Time writes no wrinkle on thine  
azure brow —

Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou  
rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-  
mighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed — in breeze or

gale, or storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless,

and sublime —

The image of eternity — the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy  
slime

The monsters of the deep are made:  
each zone

Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread,  
fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and  
my joy

Of youthful sports was on thy breast  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward:

from a boy

I wanted with thy breakers — they  
to me

Were a delight; and if the freshening  
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleas-  
ing fear,

For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And, trusted to thy billows far and  
near,

And laid my hand upon thy mane —  
as I do here.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

*CALM AND TEMPEST AT NIGHT  
ON LAKE LEMAN (GENEVA).*

CLEAR, placid Lemman! thy con-  
trasted lake,

With the wide world I dwelt in is a  
thing

Which warns me, with its stillness,  
to forsake

Earth's troubled waters for a purer  
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing

To waft me from distraction; once  
I loved

Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft  
murmuring

Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice  
reproved,

That I with stern delights should e'er  
have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all be-  
tween.  
Thy margin and the mountains,  
dusk, yet clear,  
Mellowed and mingling, yet dis-  
tinctly seen,  
Save darkened Jura, whose capt  
heights appear  
Precipitously steep; and drawing  
near  
There breathes a living fragrance  
from the shore,  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood;  
on the ear  
Drops the light drip of the sus-  
pended oar,  
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-  
night carol more.

He is an evening reveller who  
makes  
His life an infancy, and sings his  
fill;  
At intervals, some bird from out  
the brakes  
Starts into voice a moment, then is  
still,  
There seems a floating whisper on  
the hill,  
But that is fancy, for the starlight  
dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,  
Weeping themselves away, till they  
infuse  
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit  
of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of  
heaven,  
If in your bright leaves we would  
read the fate  
Of men and empires, — 'tis to be  
forgiven,  
That in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal  
state,  
And claim a kindred with you; for  
ye are  
A beauty, and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from  
afar,  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have  
named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still —  
though not in sleep,  
But breathless, as we grow when  
feeling most;  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts  
too deep: —  
All heaven and earth are still: —  
From the high host  
Of stars, to the lulled lake and  
mountain-coast,  
All is concentrated in a life intense,  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf  
is lost,  
But hath a part of being, and a  
sense  
Of that which is of all Creator and  
defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so  
felt  
In solitude, where we are *least*  
alone;  
A truth, which through our being,  
then doth melt,  
And purifies from self: it is a tone,  
The soul and source of music, which  
makes known  
Eternal harmony, and sheds a  
charm,  
Like to the fabled Cytherea's stone,  
Binding all things with beauty; —  
't would disarm  
The spectre Death, had he substantial  
power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian  
make  
His altar the high places and the  
peak  
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and  
thus take  
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to  
seek  
The Spirit in whose honor shrines  
are weak,  
Upread of human hands. Come,  
and compare  
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth  
or Greek,  
With Nature's realms of worship,  
earth and air,  
Nor fix on fond abodes to circum-  
scribe thy prayer!

The sky is changed? — and such a change! O night,  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:— Most glorious night!  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
 And now again 'tis black, — and now, the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!  
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul  
 To make these felt, and feeling, well may be  
 Things that have made me watchful; the far roll  
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll  
 Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest. goal?  
 But where of ye, O tempests, is the Are ye like those within the human breast?  
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest!

Could I embody and unbosom now That which is most within me. — could I wreak  
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw  
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,  
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek,  
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe — into one word,  
 And that one word were lightning, I would speak;  
 But as it is I live and die unheard,  
 With a most voiceless thought sheathing it as a sword.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

BYRON'S REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

AND if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now  
 I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak  
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,  
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;  
 But in this page a record will I seek.  
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse,  
 Though I be ashes; a far hour shall I wreak  
 The deep prophetic fulness of this And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

That curse shall be Forgiveness.— Have I not —  
 Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven! —  
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?  
 Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?  
 Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,  
 Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away?  
 And only not to desperation driven,  
 Because not altogether of such clay  
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy  
Have I not seen what human things  
could do?

From the loud roar of foaming cal-  
umny  
To the small whisper of the as paltry  
few,

And subtler venom of the reptile  
crew,

The Janus glance of whose signifi-  
cant eye,

Learning to lie with silence, would  
seem true,

And without utterance, save the  
shrug or sigh,

Deal round to happy fools its speech-  
less obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived  
in vain:

My mind may lose its force, my blood  
its fire,

And my frame perish even in con-  
quering pain;

But there is that within me that shall  
tire

Torture and Time, and breathe when  
I expire.

Something unearthly, which they  
deem not of

Like the remembered tone of a mute  
lyre,

Shall on their softened spirits sink,  
and move

In hearts all rocky now the late re-  
morse of love.

[From *Childe Harold*.]

ONE PRESENCE WANTING.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding  
Rhine,

Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the  
vine,

And hills all rich with blossomed  
trees,

And fields which promise corn and  
wine,

And scattered cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them  
shine,

Have strewed a scene, which I should  
see

With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep-blue  
eyes,

And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;

Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls  
of gray

And many a rock which steeply low-  
ers,

And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;

But one thing want these banks of  
Rhine, —

Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;

Though long before thy hand they  
touch,

I know that they must withered  
be,

But yet reject them not as such:

For I have cherished them as dear

Because they yet may meet thine  
eye,

And guide thy soul to mine even  
here,

When thou behold'st them drooping  
nigh,

And knowest them gathered by the  
Rhine,

And offered from my heart to thine.

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,

And all its thousand turns disclose

Some fresher beauty varying round:  
The haughtiest breast its wish might  
bound

Through life to dwell delighted  
here;

Nor could on earth a spot be found

To nature and to me so dear,

Could thy dear eyes in following  
mine

Still sweeten more these banks of  
Rhine!

[From *Childe Harold.*]

GREECE.

AND yet how lovely in thine age of  
 woe,  
 Land of lost gods and godlike men!  
 art thou!  
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of  
 snow;  
 Proclaim thee nature's varied fa-  
 vorite now;  
 Thy fanes, thy temples to thy sur-  
 face bow,  
 Commingling slowly with heroic  
 earth,  
 Broke by the share of every rustic  
 plough:  
 So perish monuments of mortal  
 birth,  
 So perish all in turn, save well-re-  
 corded worth;

Save where some solitary column  
 mourns  
 Above its prostrate brethren of the  
 cave;  
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine  
 adorns  
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along  
 the wave;  
 Save o'er some warrior's half-for-  
 gotten grave,  
 Where the gray stones and unmo-  
 lested grass  
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,  
 Where strangers only, not regard-  
 less pass,  
 Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze,  
 and sigh "Alas!"

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags  
 as wild:  
 Sweet are thy groves, and verdant  
 are thy fields,  
 Thine olive ripe as when Minerva  
 smiled,  
 And still his honeyed wealth Hy-  
 mettus yields;  
 There the blithe bee his fragrant  
 fortress builds,  
 The freeborn wanderer of the  
 mountain air:

Apollo still thy long, long summer  
 gilds.  
 Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles  
 glare  
 Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature  
 still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted,  
 holy ground;  
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar  
 mould,  
 But one vast realm of wonder  
 spreads around,  
 And all the Muse's tales seem truly  
 told, [behold  
 Till the sense aches with gazing to  
 The scenes our earliest dreams have  
 dwelt upon:  
 Each hill and dale, each deepening  
 glen and wold  
 Defies the power which crushed thy  
 temples gone:  
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares  
 gray Marathon.

[From *Childe Harold.*]

APOSTROPHE TO ADA, THE  
 POET'S DAUGHTER.

My daughter! with thy name this  
 song begun —  
 My daughter! with thy name thus  
 much shall end —  
 I see thee not, — I hear thee not, —  
 but none  
 Can be so wrapped in thee; thou  
 art the friend  
 To whom the shadows of far years  
 extend;  
 Albeit my brow thou never shouldst  
 behold,  
 My voice shall with thy future vis-  
 ions blend,  
 And reach into thy heart, — when  
 mine is cold,  
 A token and a tone, even from thy  
 father's mould.  
 To aid thy mind's development, —  
 to watch  
 Thy dawning of little joys, — to sit  
 and see

Almost thy very growth, — to view  
 thee catch  
 Knowledge of objects, — wonders  
 yet to thee!  
 To hold thee lightly on a gentle  
 knee.  
 And print on thy soft cheek a par-  
 ent's kiss, —  
 This, it should seem, was not re-  
 served for me;  
 Yet this was in my nature, — as it  
 is,  
 I know not what is there, yet some-  
 thing like to this.

Yet, though dull hate, as duty  
 should be taught,  
 I know that thou wilt love me;  
 though my name  
 Should be shut from thee, as a spell  
 still fraught  
 With desolation, — and a broken  
 claim:  
 Though the grave closed between  
 us, 'twere the same.  
 I know that thou wilt love me;  
 though to drain  
 My blood from out thy being were  
 an aim,  
 And an attainment, — all would be  
 in vain, —  
 Still thou wouldst love me, still that  
 more than life retain.

The child of love, — though born  
 in bitterness,  
 And nurtured in convulsion. Of  
 thy sire  
 These were the elements, — and  
 thine no less.  
 As yet such are around thee, — but  
 thy fire  
 Shall be more tempered, and thy  
 hope far higher.  
 Sweet be thy cradled slumbers!  
 O'er the sea,  
 And from the mountains where I  
 now respire,  
 Fain would I waft such blessing  
 upon thee,  
 As, with a sigh, I deem thou mightst  
 have been to me!

[From *Childe Harold*.]

WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by  
 night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather-  
 ed then  
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and  
 bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women  
 and brave men;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily;  
 and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous  
 swell,  
 Soft eyes looked love, to eyes which  
 spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-  
 bell;  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes  
 like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? — No: 'twas  
 but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony  
 street;  
 On with the dance! let joy be un-  
 confined;  
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and  
 Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing hours with  
 flying feet —  
 But, hark! — that heavy sound  
 breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would re-  
 peat;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than  
 before!  
 Arm! arm! it is — it is — the can-  
 non's opening roar!

And there was mounting in hot  
 haste: the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the  
 clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impet-  
 uous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks  
 of war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal  
 afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming  
 drum

Roused up the soldier ere the morn-  
ing star;  
While thronged the citizens with  
terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips "The  
foe! They come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them  
her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as  
they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er  
grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the  
grass  
Which now beneath them, but  
above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery  
mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall  
moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty  
life,  
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly  
gay,  
The midnight brought the signal  
sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms,  
— the day  
Battle's magnificently-stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it,  
which when rent  
The earth is covered thick with  
other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover,  
heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in  
one red burial blent!

ON COMPLETING MY THIRTY-  
SIXTH YEAR.

[His last verses.]

'Tis time this heart should be un-  
moved.  
Since others it has ceased to move:  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love:

My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are  
gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze —  
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share,  
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus* — and 'tis not *here* —  
Such thoughts should shake my  
soul, nor *now*,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner and the  
field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece — she *is* awake!)  
Awake, my spirit! Think through  
*whom*  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood! — unto thee  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why*  
*live?*  
The land of honorable death  
Is here: — up to the field, and give  
Away thy breath!

Seek out — less often sought than  
found —  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy  
ground,  
And take thy rest.

## THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*HALLOWED GROUND.*

WHAT'S hallowed ground? Has  
 earth a clod  
 Its Maker meant not should be trod  
 By man, the image of his God,  
 Erect and free,  
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod,  
 To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground — where,  
 mourned, and missed,  
 The lips repose our love has kissed:—  
 But where's their memory's mansion?  
 Is't  
 Yon churchyard's bowers!  
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
 Where mated hearts are mutual  
 bound: [wound,  
 The spot where love's first links were  
 That ne'er are riven,  
 Is hallowed down to earth's profound,  
 And up to Heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;  
 The burning thoughts that then were  
 told  
 Run molten still in memory's mould;  
 And will not cool,  
 Until the heart itself be cold  
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes  
 sleep?  
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you  
 heap!  
 In dews that heavens far distant weep  
 Their turf may bloom;  
 Or genii twine beneath the deep  
 Their coral tomb:

But strew his ashes to the wind  
 Whose sword or voice has served  
 mankind —  
 And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
 Lifts thine on high? —  
 To live in hearts we leave behind,  
 Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?  
 He's dead alone that lacks her light!  
 And murder sullies in Heaven's sight  
 The sword he draws:—  
 What can alone ennoble fight?—  
 A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace  
 Her drums! and rend Heaven's reek-  
 ing space!  
 The colors planted face to face,  
 The charging cheer,—  
 Though Death's pale horse lead on  
 the chase,—  
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men  
 kneel!  
 To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes  
 my zeal!  
 The cause of Truth and human weal,  
 O God above!  
 Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
 To Peace and Love.

Peace! Love! the cherubim that join  
 Their spread wings o'er Devotion's  
 shrine,  
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples  
 shine,  
 Where they are not;  
 The heart alone can make divine  
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,  
 And pompous rights in domes au-  
 gust?  
 See mouldering stones and metal's  
 rust  
 Belie the vaunt,  
 That men can bless one pile of dust  
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee,  
 man!  
 The temples — creeds themselves,  
 grow wan!  
 But there's a dome of nobler span,  
 A temple given  
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—  
 Its space is Heaven!



Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,  
Where trancing the rapt spirit's  
feeling,  
And God himself to man revealing,  
The harmonious spheres  
Make music, though unheard their  
pealing  
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?  
Can sin, can death your worlds ob-  
scure?

Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
Aspect above?  
Ye must be Heavens that make us  
sure  
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime  
I read the doom of distant time;  
That man's regenerate soul from  
crime  
Shall yet be drawn,  
And reason on his mortal clime  
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what  
gives birth  
To sacred thoughts in souls of  
worth!—

Peace! Independence! Truth! go  
forth  
Earth's compass round;  
And your high priesthood shall make  
earth  
*All hallowed ground.*

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THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in  
gloom,

The sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,  
That gave my spirit strength to  
sweep

Adown the gulf of Time!  
I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall Creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The Earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man!  
Some had expired in flight, — the  
brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands;  
In plague and famine some!  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the  
wood  
As if a storm passed by,  
Saying, "We are twins in death,  
proud Sun,  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
'Tis Mercy bids thee go;  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put  
forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and  
earth,  
The vassals of the will? —  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrowned king of day;  
For all these trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee  
sprang,  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recall  
Life's tragedy again.  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe;  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Even I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Test of all sumless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.

“My lips that speak thy dirge of  
death —  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling  
breath

To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of Nature spreads my  
pall, —

The majesty of darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost!

“This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark:  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark!  
No! it shall live again and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robbed the grave of Victory, —  
And took the sting from Death!

“Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
On Nature’s awful waste  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste —  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw’st the last of Adam’s race,  
On Earth’s sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his Immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!”

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

YE Mariners of England!  
That guard our native seas;  
Whose flag has braved a thousand  
years,  
The battle and the breeze!  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe!  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow:  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave!  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave;

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow:  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o’er the mountain-  
waves,

Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below —  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor, flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn;  
Till danger’s troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

HOW DELICIOUS IS THE WIN-  
NING.

How delicious is the winning  
Of a kiss at love’s beginning,  
When two mutual hearts are sighing  
For the knot there’s no untying!

Yet, remember, ’midst your wooing,  
Love has bliss, but love has ruing;  
Other smiles may make you fickle,  
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,  
Just as fate or fancy carries;  
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;  
Laughs and flies, when pressed and  
bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,  
Bind its odor to the lily,  
Bind the aspen ne’er to quiver,  
Then bind Love to last for ever!

Love's a fire that needs renewal  
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;  
Love's wing moults when caged and  
captured,  
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,  
Or the ring-dove's neck from chang-  
ing?  
No! nor fettered Love from dying  
In the knot there's no untying.

---

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands  
bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
And I'll give thee a silver pound  
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Loch-  
gyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"  
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter,

"And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together,  
For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready,—  
It is not for your silver bright;  
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And in the scowl of heaven each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armèd men,  
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,  
When, oh! too strong for human  
hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing;  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm  
and shade,  
His child he did discover;  
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried  
in grief,  
"Across this stormy water:  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed  
the shore,  
Return or aid preventing:—  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

---

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse  
you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon  
you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me  
with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups  
gladdened my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into  
dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and  
echoing streams,  
And of birchen glades breathing  
their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in  
sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the  
wood-pigeon's note  
Made music that sweetened the  
calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter  
tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little  
wildings of June:  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell.  
Where I thought it delightful your  
beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first  
breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of her  
spell.

Even now what affections the violet  
awakes;  
What loved little islands, twice seen  
in their lakes,  
Can the wild water-lily restore;  
What landscapes I read in the prim-  
rose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and  
minnowy brooks,  
In the vetches that tangled their  
shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart  
ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear  
Had scathed my existence's bloom;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's  
passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit  
my age, [tomb.  
And I wish you to grow on my

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder  
riven,  
Then rushed the steed to battle  
driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On! ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-  
sheet!

And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor  
exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy  
and chill;

For his country he sighed, when at  
twilight repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten  
hill.

But the day-star attracted his eye's  
sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of  
the ocean,

Where once in the fire of his youthful  
emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin  
go brag!

“Sad is my fate!” said the heart-  
broken stranger;

“The wild deer and wolf to a covert  
can flee,

But I have no refuge from famine  
and danger,

A home and a country remain not  
to me.

Never again, in the green sunny bow-  
ers,

Where my forefathers lived, shall I  
spend the sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-  
woven flowers,

And strike to the numbers of Erin  
go brag!

“Erin, my country! though sad and  
forsaken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten  
shore;

But, alas! in a far foreign land I  
awaken,

And sigh for the friends who can  
meet me no more!

O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace  
In a mansion of peace—where no  
perils can chase me?

Never again shall my brothers em-  
brace me?

They died to defend me, or lived to  
deplore!

“Where is my cabin-door, fast by  
the wild wood?

Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its  
fall?

Where is the mother that looked on  
my childhood?

And where is the bosom-friend,  
dearer than all?

Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned  
by pleasure,

Why did it dote on a fast-fading  
treasure?

Tears, like the rain drop, may fall  
without measure,

But rapture and beauty they can  
not recall.

“Yet all its sad recollections sup-  
pressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can  
draw:

Erin! an exile bequeathes thee this  
blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin go  
bragh!

Buried and cold when my heart stills  
her motion,

Green be thy fields, — sweetest isle of  
the ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing  
aloud with devotion,—

Erin mavournin—Erin go brag!”\*

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky  
When storms prepare to part!

I ask not proud Philosophy  
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given

For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold  
Thy form to please me so,

As when I dreamed of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,

What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
But words of the Most High,

Have told why first thy robe of  
beams

Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green, undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst  
shine,

How came the world's gray fathers  
forth

To watch thy sacred sign!

\* Ireland my darling— Ireland forever.

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
 O'er mountains yet untrod,  
 Each mother held aloft her child  
 To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
 The first-made anthem rang,  
 On earth delivered from the deep,  
 And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
 Unraptured greet thy beam:  
 Theme of primeval prophecy,  
 Be still the prophet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
 The lark thy welcome sings,  
 When glittering in the freshened  
 fields  
 The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
 O'er mountain, tower and town,  
 Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
 A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
 As young thy beauties seem,  
 As when the eagle from the ark  
 First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
 That first spoke peace to man.

---

*THE RIVER OF LIFE.*

THE more we live, more brief appear  
 Our life's succeeding stages:  
 A day to childhood seems a year,  
 And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
 Ere passion yet disorders,  
 Steals lingering like a river smooth  
 Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,  
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
 Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
 Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and  
 breath,  
 And life itself is vapid,  
 Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,  
 Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange — yet who would  
 change  
 Time's course to slower speeding,  
 When one by one our friends have  
 gone  
 And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading  
 strength  
 Indemnifying fleetness;  
 And those of youth, a seeming  
 length,  
 Proportioned to their sweetness.

---

*BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.*

OF Nelson and the North,  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly  
 shone;  
 By each gun the lighted brand,  
 In a bold determined hand;  
 And the prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line:  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
 As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death;  
 And the boldest held his breath,  
 For a time.

But the might of England flushed  
 To anticipate the scene;  
 And her van the fletcher rushed  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 "Hearts of oak!" our captain cried,  
 when each gun  
 From its adamantine lips  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back:  
 Their shots along the deep slowly  
     boom;  
 Then ceased — and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shattered sail;  
 Or, in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,  
 As he hailed them o'er the wave;  
 "Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
 And we conquer but to save: —  
 So peace instead of death let us  
     bring;  
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 With the crew, at England's feet,  
 And make submission meet  
 To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
 That he gave her wounds repose;  
 And the sounds of joy and grief  
 From her people wildly rose,  
 As Death withdrew his shades from  
     the day;  
 While the sun looked smiling bright  
 O'er a wide and woful sight,  
 Where the fires of funeral light  
 Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light!  
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died  
 With the gallant, good Riou:  
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er  
     their grave!  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave!

## SONG.

EARL MARCH looked on his dying  
 child,  
 And smit with grief to view her —  
 "The youth," he cried, "whom I ex-  
     iled,  
 Shall be restored to woo her."

She's at the window many an hour  
 His coming to discover:  
 And *he* looks up to Ellen's bower,  
 And *she* looks on her lover —

But ah! so pale he knew her not,  
 Though her smile on him was  
     dwelling,  
 "And am I then forgot — forgot?"  
 It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,  
 Her cheek is cold as ashes;  
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those  
     eyes  
 To lift their silken lashes.

## TRIBUTE TO VICTORIA.

VICTORIA's sceptre o'er the deep  
 Has touched, and broken slavery's  
     chain;  
 Yet, strange magician! she enslaves  
 Our hearts within her own domain.

Her spirit is devout, and burns  
 With thoughts averse to bigotry;  
 Yet she, herself the idol, turns  
 Our thoughts into idolatry,

[From the Pleasures of Hope.]

THE DISTANT IN NATURE AND  
EXPERIENCE.

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethe-  
 real bow  
 Spans with bright arch the glittering  
     hills below,  
 Why to yon mountain turns the mus-  
     ing eye,  
 Whose sunbright summit mingles  
 with the sky?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint  
 appear  
 More sweet than all the landscape  
 smiling near?—  
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to  
 the view,  
 And robes the mountain in its azure  
 hue.  
 Thus, with delight, we linger to sur-  
 vey  
 The promised joys of life's unmeas-  
 ured way;  
 Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered  
 scene  
 More pleasing seems than all the past  
 hath been,  
 And every form, that Fancy can re-  
 pair  
 From dark oblivion, grows divinely  
 there

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet gar-  
 den grow  
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for  
 every woe;  
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's  
 languid hour,  
 The wayworn pilgrim seeks thy sum-  
 mer bower;  
 There, as the wild bee murmurs on  
 the wing,  
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid  
 spirits bring!  
 What viewless forms th' Æolian  
 organ play,  
 And sweep the furrowed lines of  
 anxious thought away.

[From *The Pleasures of Hope.*]

HOPE IN ADVERSITY.

BRIGHT as the pillar rose at Heaven's  
 command,  
 When Israel marched along the des-  
 ert land,  
 Blazed through the night on lonely  
 wilds afar,  
 And told the path, — a never-setting  
 star:  
 So, heavenly Genius, in thy course  
 divine,  
 Hope is thy star, her light is ever  
 thine.

[From *The Pleasures of Hope.*]

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

LET winter come! let polar spirits  
 sweep  
 The darkening world, and tempest-  
 troubled deep!  
 Though boundless snows the with-  
 ered heath deform,  
 And the dim sun scarce wanders  
 through the storm,  
 Yet shall the smile of social love re-  
 pay,  
 With mental light, the melancholy  
 day!  
 And, when its short and sullen noon  
 is o'er,  
 The ice-chained waters slumbering  
 on the shore,  
 How bright the fagots in his little hall  
 Blaze on the hearth, and warm his  
 pictured wall!  
 How blest he names, in Love's famil-  
 iar tone,  
 The kind, fair friend, by nature  
 marked his own;  
 And, in the waveless mirror of his  
 mind,  
 Views the fleet years of pleasure left  
 behind,  
 Since when her empire o'er his heart  
 began!  
 Since first he called her his before the  
 holy man!  
 Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,  
 And light the wintry paradise of  
 home;  
 And let the half-uncurtained window  
 hail  
 Some way-worn man benighted in the  
 vale!  
 Now, while the moaning night-wind  
 rages high,  
 As sweep the shot-stars down the  
 troubled sky,  
 While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide  
 circle play,  
 And bathe in lurid light the milky-  
 way,  
 Safe from the storm, the meteor, and  
 the shower,  
 Some pleasing page shall charm the  
 solemn hour—



With pathos shall command, with wit  
beguile,  
A generous tear of anguish, or a  
smile.

[From *The Pleasures of Hope.*]

APOSTROPHE TO HOPE.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last  
embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust  
return!  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the  
awful hour!  
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes, im-  
mortal Power!  
What though each spark of earth-  
born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and  
closing eye!  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands  
convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal  
day —  
Then, then the triumph and the  
trance begin,  
And all the phoenix spirit burns  
within!

[From *The Pleasures of Hope.*]

AGAINST SKEPTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

ARE these the pompous tidings ye  
proclaim,  
Lights of the world, and demigods of  
Fame?  
Is this your triumph — this your  
proud applause,  
Children of Truth, and champion of  
her cause?  
For this hath Science searched on  
weary wing,  
By shore and sea — each mute and  
living thing!  
Launched with Iberia's pilot from  
the steep,  
To worlds unknown and isles beyond  
the deep?

Or round the cope her living chariot  
driven,  
And wheeled in triumph through the  
signs of Heaven.  
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wan-  
dered there,  
To waft us home the message of des-  
pair?  
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow  
to suit,  
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling  
fruit!  
Ah me! the laurelled wreath that  
Murder rears,  
Blood-nursed, and watered by the  
widow's tears,  
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so  
dread,  
As waves the night-shade round the  
skeptical head.  
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's  
chain?  
I smile on death, if Heavenward  
Hope remain:  
But, if the warring winds of Nature's  
strife  
Be all the faithless charter of my life,  
If Chance awakened, inexorable power  
This frail and feverish being of an  
hour;  
Doomed o'er the world's precarious  
scene to sweep,  
Swift as the tempest travels on the  
deep,  
To know Delight but by her parting  
smile,  
And toil, and wish, and weep a little  
while;  
Then melt, ye elements, that formed  
in vain  
This troubled pulse and visionary  
brain!  
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of  
my doom,  
And sink, ye stars, that light me to  
the tomb!  
Truth, ever lovely, — since the world  
began,  
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of  
man, —  
How can thy words from balmy slum-  
ber start  
Reposing Virtue pillowed on the  
heart!

<p>Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder          rolled,          And that were true which Nature          never told,          Let Wisdom smile not on her con-          quered field          No rapture dawns, no treasure is re-          vealed!</p>	<p>Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor          elate,          The doom that bars us from a better          fate;          But, sad as angels for the good man's          sin,          Weep to record, and blush to give          it in!</p>
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### THOMAS CAREW.

#### *DISDAIN RETURNED.*

HE that loves a rosy cheek  
 Or a coral lip admires,  
 Or from starlike eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires;  
 As old Time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combined,  
 Kindle never-dying fires:—  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win,  
 My resolved heart to return;  
 I have searched the soul within  
 And find nought but pride and  
 scorn;  
 I have learned thy arts, and now  
 Can disdain as much as thou!

#### *ASK ME NO MORE.*

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,  
 When June is past, the fading rose,  
 For in your beauty's orient deep  
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep,

Ask me no more whither do stray  
 The golden atoms of the day,  
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste  
 The nightingale when May is past,  
 For in your sweet dividing throat  
 She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light  
 That downwards fall in dead of night,  
 For in your eyes they sit, and there  
 Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west  
 The phoenix builds her spicy nest,  
 For unto you at last she flies,  
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.

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### THOMAS CARLYLE.

#### *TO-DAY.*

So here hath been dawning another  
 blue day!  
 Think, wilt thou let it slip useless  
 away?

Out of eternity this new day was born;  
 Into eternity at night will return.

Behold it aforetime, no eye ever did;  
 So soon it forever from all eyes is  
 hid.

Here hath been dawning another  
 blue day;

Think, wilt thou let it slip useless  
 away.

## CUI BONO?

WHAT is hope? A smiling rainbow  
Children follow through the net:  
'Tis not here — still yonder, yonder;  
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard  
On a sea with sunny shore:

Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;  
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby;  
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets:

Demanding all, deserving nothing,  
One small grave is all he gets.

## ALICE CARY.

## LIFE.

SOLITUDE! Life is inviolate soli-  
tude;  
Never was truth so apart from the  
dreaming  
As lieth the selfhood inside of the  
seeming,

Guarded with triple shield out of all  
quest,  
So that the sisterhood nearest and  
sweetest,  
So that the brotherhood kindest,  
completest,  
Is but an exchanging of signals at  
best.

Desolate! Life is so dreary and  
desolate.

Women and men in the crowd  
meet and mingle,  
Yet with itself every soul standeth  
single,

Deep out of sympathy moaning its  
moan;  
Holding and having its brief ex-  
ultation;  
Making its lonesome and low la-  
mentation;  
Fighting its terrible conflicts alone.

Separate! Life is so sad and so sep-  
arate.

Under love's ceiling with roses for  
lining,  
Heart mates with heart in a tender  
entwining,  
Yet never the sweet cup of love fill-  
eth full.

Eye looks in eye with a question-  
ing wonder,  
Why are we thus in our meeting  
asunder?  
Why are our pulses so slow and so  
dull?

Fruitless, fruitionless! Life is fru-  
itionless;  
Never the heaped-up and generous  
measure;  
Never the substance of satisfied  
pleasure;  
Never the moment with rapture  
elate;  
But draining the chalice, we long  
for the chalice,  
And live as an alien inside of our  
palace,  
Bereft of our title and deeds of estate.

Pitiful! Life is so poor and so piti-  
ful.

Cometh the cloud on the goldenest  
weather;  
Briefly the man and his youth stay  
together.

Falleth the frost ere the harvest is in,  
And conscience descends from the  
open aggression  
To timid and troubled and tearful  
concession,  
And downward and down into parley  
with sin.

Purposeless! Life is so wayward and  
purposeless.  
Always before us the object is  
shifting,

Always the means and the method  
are drifting,  
We rue what is done — what is un-  
done deplore;

More striving for high things than  
things that are holy.

And so we go down to the valley  
so lowly,  
Wherein there is work, and device  
never more.

Vanity, vanity! All would be vanity,  
Whether in seeking or getting our  
pleasures,

Whether in spending or hoarding  
our treasures,  
Whether in indolence, whether in  
strife —

Whether in feasting and whether  
in fasting,

But for our faith in the Love ever-  
lasting —

But for the Life that is better than  
life.

#### THE FERRY OF GALLAWAY.

In the stormy waters of Gallaway  
My boat had been idle the livelong  
day,

Tossing and tumbling to and fro,  
For the wind was high and the tide  
was low.

The tide was low and the wind was  
high,

And we were heavy, my heart and I,  
For not a traveller all the day  
Had crossed the ferry of Gallaway.

At set o' th' sun, the clouds out-  
spread

Like wings of darkness overhead,  
When, out o' th' west, my eyes took  
heed

Of a lady, riding at full speed.

The hoof-strokes struck on the flinty  
hill

Like silver ringing on silver, till  
I saw the veil in her fair hand float,  
And flutter a signal for my boat.

The waves ran backward as if aware  
Of a presence more than mortal fair,  
And my little craft leaned down and  
lay

With her side to th' sands o' th' Gal-  
laway.

“Haste, good boatman! haste!” she  
cried,

“And row me over the other side!”  
And she stripped from her finger the  
shining ring,  
And gave it me for the ferrying.

“Woe 's me! my Lady, I may not go,  
For the wind is high and th' tide is  
low,

And rocks, like dragons, lie in the  
wave, —

Slip back on your finger the ring you  
gave!”

“Nay, nay! for the rocks will be  
melted down,

And the waters, they never will let  
me drown,

And the wind a pilot will prove to  
thee,

For my dying lover, he waits for  
me!”

Then bridle-ribbon and silver spur  
She put in my hand, but I answered  
her:

“The wind is high and the tide is  
low, —

I must not, dare not, and will not go!”

Her face grew deadly white with pain,  
And she took her champing steed by  
th' mane,

And bent his neck to th' ribbon and  
spur

That lay in my hand, — but I an-  
swered her:

“Though you should proffer me  
twice and thrice

Of ring and ribbon and steed the  
price, —

The leave of kissing your lily-like  
hand!

I never could row you safe to th'  
land.”

"Then God have mercy!" she faintly  
cried,  
"For my lover is dying the other  
side!  
O cruel, O cruellest Gallaway,  
Be parted, and make me a path, I  
pray!"

Of a sudden, the sun shone large and  
bright  
As if he were staying away the night;  
And the rain on the river fell as  
sweet  
As the pitying tread of an angel's  
feet.

And spanning the water from edge  
to edge  
A rainbow stretched like a golden  
bridge,  
And I put the rein in her hand so  
fair,  
And she sat in her saddle th' queen  
o' th' air.

And over the river, from edge to  
edge,  
She rode on the shifting and shim-  
mering bridge,  
And landing safe on the farther  
side,—  
"Love is thy conqueror, Death!"  
she cried.

---

COUNSEL.

SEEK not to walk by borrowed light,  
But keep unto thine own:  
Do what thou doest with thy might,  
And trust thyself alone!

Work for some good, nor idly lie  
Within the human hive;  
And though the outward man should  
die,  
Keep thou the heart alive!

Strive not to banish pain and doubt,  
In pleasure's noisy din;  
The peace thou seekest for without  
Is only found within.

If fortune disregard thy claim,  
By worth, her slight attest;  
Nor blush and hang the head for  
shame  
When thou hast done thy best.

Disdain neglect, ignore despair,  
On loves and friendships gone  
Plant thou thy feet, as on a stair,  
And mount right up and on!

---

A DREAM.

I DREAMED I had a plot of ground,  
Once when I chanced asleep to  
drop,  
And that a green hedge fenced it  
round,  
Cloudy with roses at the top.

I saw a hundred mornings rise,—  
So far a little dream may reach,—  
And Spring with Summer in her eyes  
Making the chiefest charm of each.

A thousand vines were climbing o'er  
The hedge, I thought, but as I tried  
To pull them down, for evermore  
The flowers dropt off the other side!

Waking, I said, "These things are  
signs  
Sent to instruct us that 'tis ours  
Duly to keep and dress our vines,—  
Waiting in patience for the flowers.

"And when the angel feared of all  
Across my hearth its shadow  
spread,  
The rose that climbed my garden wall  
Has bloomed the other side," I said.

---

SPENT AND MISSPENT.

STAY yet a little longer in the sky,  
O golden color of the evening sun!  
Let not the sweet day in its sweet-  
ness die,  
While my day's work is only just  
begun.

Counting the happy chances strewn  
about

Thick as the leaves, and saying  
which was best,

The rosy lights of morning all went  
out,

And it was burning noon, and  
time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of  
shade,

Fringed round with violets and  
pansies sweet,

“My heart and I,” I said, “will be  
delayed,

And plan our work while cools the  
sultry heat.”

Deep in the hills, and out of silence  
vast,

A waterfall played up his silver  
tune;

My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams  
at last,

And held me late into the after-  
noon.

But when the idle pleasures ceased  
to please,

And I awoke, and not a plan was  
planned,

Just as a drowning man at what he  
sees

Catches for life, I caught the thing  
at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has  
all

Been spent and misspent doing  
what I could,

And in regrets and efforts to recall  
The chance of having, being, what  
I would.

And so sometimes I cannot choose  
but cry,

Seeing my late-sown flowers are  
hardly set;

O darkening color of the evening sky,  
Spare me the day a little longer  
yet.

*LIFE'S MYSTERY.*

LIFE's sadly solemn mystery,  
Hangs o'er me like a weight;  
The glorious longing to be free,  
The gloomy bars of fate.

Alternately the good and ill,  
The light and dark, are strung;  
Fountains of love within my heart,  
And hate upon my tongue.

Beneath my feet the unstable ground,  
Above my head the skies;  
Immortal longings in my soul,  
And death before my eyes.

No purely pure, and perfect good,  
No high, unhindered power;  
A beauteous promise in the bud,  
And mildew on the flower.

The glad, green brightness of the  
spring;

The summer, soft and warm;  
The faded autumn's fluttering gold,  
The whirlwind and the storm.

To find some sure interpreter  
My spirit vainly tries;  
I only know that God is love,  
And know that love is wise.

—  
*NO RING.*

WHAT is it that doth spoil the fair  
adorning

With which her body she would  
dignify,

When from her bed she rises in the  
morning

To comb, and plait, and tie  
Her hair with ribbons, colored like  
the sky?

What is it that her pleasure discom-  
poses

When she would sit and sing the  
sun away — [roses,

Making her see dead roses in red  
And in the downfall gray

A blight that seems the world to  
overlay?

What is it makes the trembling look  
of trouble

About her tender mouth and eye-  
lids fair?

Ah me, ah me! she feels her heart  
beat double,

Without the mother's prayer,  
And her wild fears are more than  
she can bear.

To the poor sightless lark new pow-  
ers are given,

Not only with a golden tongue to  
sing,

But still to make her wavering way  
toward heaven

With undiscerning wing;  
But what to her doth her sick sorrow  
bring?

Her days she turns, and yet keeps  
overtuning,

And her flesh shrinks as if she felt  
the rod;

For 'gainst her will she thinks hard  
things concerning

The everlasting God,  
And longs to be insensate like the  
clod.

Sweet Heaven, be pitiful! rain down  
upon her [such;

The saintly charities ordained for  
She was so poor in everything but

honor, [much!  
And she loved much—loved

Would, Lord, she had thy garment's  
hem to touch.

Haply, it was the hungry heart with-  
in her,

The woman's heart, denied its nat-  
ural right,

That made of her the thing which  
men call sinner,

Even in her own despite;  
Lord, that her judges might receive  
their sight!

## PHOEBE CARY.

### NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the silent unknown stream,  
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dread abyss:

Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink;  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;  
Let my spirit feel in death,  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith!

### DEAD LOVE.

WE are face to face, and between us  
here

Is the love we thought could never  
die;

Why has it only lived a year?  
Who has murdered it—you or I?

No matter who — the deed was done  
By one or both, and there it lies;  
The smile from the lip forever gone,  
And darkness over the beautiful  
eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is  
wrecked;  
So what does it profit to talk and  
rave,

Whether it perished by my neglect,  
Or whether your cruelty dug its  
grave!

Why should you say that I am to  
blame,  
Or why should I charge the sin on  
you?

Our work is before us all the same,  
And the guilt of it lies between us  
two.

We have praised our love for its  
beauty and grace;

Now we stand here, and hardly  
dare

To turn the face-cloth back from the  
face,  
And see the thing that is hidden  
there.

Yet look! ah, that heart has beat its  
last,

And the beautiful life of our life is  
o'er,

And when we have buried and left  
the past,

We two, together, can walk no  
more.

You might stretch yourself on the  
dead, and weep,

And pray as the prophet prayed,  
in pain;

But not like him could you break the  
sleep,

And bring the soul to the clay again.

Its head in my bosom I can lay,  
And shower my woe there, kiss on  
kiss,

But there never was resurrection-day  
In the world for a love so dead as  
this.

And, since we cannot lessen the sin  
By mourning over the deed we did,  
Let us draw the winding-sheet up to  
the chin,

Ay, up till the death-blind eyes  
are hid!

THE LADY JAQUELINE.

“FALSE and fickle, or fair and sweet,  
I care not for the rest,  
The lover that knelt last night at my  
feet

Was the bravest and the best.

Let them perish all, for their power  
has waned,

And their glory waxèd dim;

They were well enough while they  
lived and reigned,

But never was one like him!

And never one from the past would  
I bring

Again, and call him mine;—

*The King is dead, long live the  
King!*”

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“In the old, old days, when life was  
new,

And the world upon me smiled,

A pretty, dainty lover I had,

Whom I loved with the heart of a  
child.

When the buried sun of yesterday

Comes back from the shadows dim.

Then may his love return to me,

And the love I had for him!

But since to-day hath a better thing

To give, I'll ne'er repine;—

*The King is dead, long live the  
King!*”

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“And yet it almost makes me weep,  
Aye! weep, and cry, alas!

When I think of one who lies asleep  
Down under the quiet grass.

For he loved me well, and I loved  
again,

And low in homage bent,

And prayed for his long and prosper-  
ous reign,

In our realm of sweet content.



But not to the dead may the living  
cling,

Nor kneel at an empty shrine;—  
*The King is dead, long live the King!*”  
Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“Once, caught by the sheen of stars  
and lace,

I bowed for a single day,  
To a poor pretender, mean and base,  
Unfit for place or sway.

That must have been the work of a  
spell,

For the foolish glamour fled,  
As the sceptre from his weak hand  
fell, [head],

And the crown from his feeble  
But homage true at last I bring

To this rightful lord of mine,—  
*The King is dead, long live the  
King!*”

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“By the hand of one I held most  
dear,

And called my liege, my own!  
I was set aside in a single year,  
And a new queen shares his throne.  
To him who is false, and him who is  
wed,

Shall I give my fealty?  
Nay, the dead one is not half so dead  
As the false one is to me!

My faith to the faithful now I bring,  
The faithless I resign;—

*The King is dead, long live the  
King!*”

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

“Yea, all my lovers and kings that  
were

Are dead, and hid away,  
In the past, as in a sepulchre,  
Shut up till the judgment-day.

False or fickle, or weak or wed,  
They are all alike to me;  
And mine eyes no more can be mis-  
led,—

They have looked on loyalty!  
Then bring me wine, and garlands  
bring

For my king of the right divine;—  
*The King is dead, long live the King!*”

Said the Lady Jaqueline.

## ARCHIE.

OH, to be back in the cool summer  
shadow

Of that old maple-tree down in the  
meadow;

Watching the smiles that grew dearer  
and dearer,

Listening to lips that grew nearer  
and nearer;

Oh, to be back in the crimson-topped  
clover,

Sitting again with my Archie, my  
lover!

Oh, for the time when I felt his ca-  
resses

Smoothing away from my forehead  
the tresses;

When up from my heart to my cheek  
went the blushes,

As he said that my voice was as sweet  
as the thrush's;

As he told me, my eyes were be-  
witchingly jetty,

And I answered 't was only my love  
made them pretty!

Talk not of maiden reserve or of  
duty,

Or hide from my vision such visions  
of beauty;

Pulses above may beat calmly and  
even,—

We have been fashioned for earth,  
and not heaven;

Angels are perfect, I am but a  
woman;

Saints may be passionless, Archie is  
human.

Say not that heaven hath tenderer  
blisses

To her on whose brow drops the soft  
rain of kisses;

Preach not the promise of priests or  
evangels,

Love-crowned, who asks for the  
crown of the angels?

Yea, all that the wall of pure jasper  
encloses,

Takes not the sweetness from sweet  
bridal roses!

Tell me, that when all this life shall  
 be over,  
 I shall still love him, and he be my  
 lover;  
 That 'mid flowers more fragrant than  
 clover or heather  
 My Archie and I shall be always to-  
 gether,  
 Loving eternally, met ne'er to sever,  
 Then you may tell me of heaven for-  
 ever.

CONCLUSIONS.

I SAID, if I might go back again  
 To the very hour and place of my  
 birth;  
 Might have my life whatever I chose,  
 And live it in any part of the  
 earth;  
 Put perfect sunshine into my sky,  
 Banish the shadow of sorrow and  
 doubt;  
 Have all my happiness multiplied,  
 And all my suffering stricken out;  
 If I could have known in the years  
 now gone,  
 The best that a woman comes to  
 know;  
 Could have had whatever will make  
 her blest,  
 Or whatever she thinks will make  
 her so;  
 Have found the highest and purest  
 bliss  
 That the bridal-wreath and ring  
 enclose;  
 And gained the one out of all the  
 world,  
 That my heart as well as my reason  
 chose;  
 And if this had been, and I stood to-  
 night  
 By my children, lying asleep in  
 their beds  
 And could count in my prayers, for a  
 rosary,  
 The shining row of their golden  
 heads;

Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this  
 Could be wrought for me, at my  
 bidding, still [is,  
 I would choose to have my past as it  
 And to let my future come as it  
 will!

I would not make the path I have  
 trod  
 More pleasant or even, more  
 straight or wide;  
 Nor change my course the breadth of  
 a hair,  
 This way or that way, to either  
 side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;  
 Its weakness,— its folly, if you  
 please;  
 Nay, even my sins, if you come to  
 that,  
 May have been my helps, not hin-  
 drances!

If I saved my body from the flames  
 Because that once I had burned  
 my hand;  
 Or kept myself from a greater sin  
 By doing a less,— you will under-  
 stand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,  
 Better I sinned for a little time,  
 If the smarting warned me back from  
 death,  
 And the sting of sin withheld from  
 crime.

Who knows his strength, by trial,  
 will know  
 What strength must be set against  
 a sin;  
 And how temptation is overcome  
 He has learned, who has felt its  
 power within!

And who knows how a life at the  
 last may show?  
 Why, look at the moon from  
 where we stand!  
 Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it  
 shines,  
 A luminous sphere, complete and  
 grand!



OUR HOMESTEAD.



So let my past stand, just as it  
stands,  
And let me now, as I may, grow  
old;  
I am what I am, and my life for me  
Is the best,—or it had not been, I  
hold.

---

ANSWERED.

I THOUGHT to find some healing  
clime [shore,  
For her I loved; she found that  
That city, whose inhabitants  
Are sick and sorrowful no more.

I asked for human love for her;  
The Loving knew how best to still  
The infinite yearning of a heart,  
Which but infinity could fill.

Such sweet communion had been  
ours  
I prayed that it might never end;  
My prayer is more than answered;  
now  
I have an angel for my friend.

I wished for perfect peace, to soothe  
The troubled anguish of her  
breast; [called,  
And, numbered with the loved and  
She entered on untroubled rest.

Life was so fair a thing to her,  
I wept and pleaded for its stay;  
My wish was granted me, for lo!  
She hath eternal life to-day.

---

OUR HOMESTEAD.

OUR old brown homestead reared its  
walls  
From the way-side dust aloof,  
Where the apple-boughs could almost  
cast  
Their fruit upon its roof;  
And the cherry-tree so near it grew  
That when awake I've lain  
In the lonesome nights, I've heard  
the limbs

As they creaked against the pane:  
And those orchard trees, oh those  
orchard trees!

I've seen my little brothers rocked  
In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-briar, under the window-  
sill,  
Which the early birds made glad,  
And the damask rose, by the garden-  
fence,

Were all the flowers we had.  
I've looked at many a flower since  
then,  
Exotics rich and rare,  
That to other eyes were lovelier  
But not to me so fair;

For those roses bright, oh, those  
roses bright! [locks,  
I have twined them in my sister's  
That are hid in the dust from sight.

We had a well, a deep old well,  
Where the spring was never dry,  
And the cool drops down from the  
mossy stones

Were falling constantly;  
And there never was water half so  
sweet

As the draught which filled my cup,  
Drawn up to the curb by the rude  
old sweep

That my father's hand set up.  
And that deep old well, oh that deep  
old well!

I remember now the plashing sound  
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
Where at night we loved to meet;  
There my mother's voice was always  
kind,

And her smile was always sweet;  
And there I've sat on my father's  
knee,

And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish hand in his raven  
hair,—

That hair is silver now!  
But that broad hearth's light, oh,  
that broad hearth's light!

And my father's look, and my moth-  
er's smile,

They are in my heart to-night!

## LUELLA CLARK.

*IF YOU LOVE ME.*

If you love me, tell me not;  
Let me read it in your thought;  
Let me feel it in the way  
That you say me yea and nay;

Let me see it in your eye  
When you greet or pass me by;  
Let me hear it in the tone  
Meant for me and me alone.

If you love me, there will be  
Something only I shall see;  
Meet or miss me, stay or go,  
If you love me, I shall know.

Something in your tone will tell,  
"Dear, I love you, love you well."

Something in your eyes will shine  
Fairer that they look in mine.

In your mien some touch of grace,  
Some swift smile upon your face  
While you speak not, will betray  
What your lips could scarcely say.

In your speech some silver word,  
Tuning into sweet accord  
All your bluntness will reveal,  
Unaware, the love you feel.

If you love me, then, I pray,  
Tell me not, but, day by day,  
Let love silent on me rise,  
Like the sun in summer skies.

## SARAH D. CLARK.

*THE SOLDANELLA.*

In the warm valley, rich in summer's  
wealth,  
Where tangled weed and shrub thin  
leaves unclose,  
Profuse and hardy in luxuriant  
health,  
The Soldanella grows.

Common—if aught be common in  
God's care,—  
Its buds no beauty show to charm  
the eye,  
Nor graceful pencillings in colors rare,  
Enchant the passer-by.

Yet, on yon distant heights of ice-  
pearled snow,  
Where mortals barely can a pathway  
trace,  
The Alpine blossom of the vale be-  
low  
Blooms in ethereal grace.

Unlike, and yet the same, its petals  
blow  
Most like a crystal lily in the  
air;  
A dream of beauty 'mid the cheer-  
less snow,—  
A comfort in despair.

How came it trembling in the icy  
gloom  
Where awful steppes and frowning  
glaciers rise  
So marvellous in presence and in  
bloom  
Even to angelic eyes?

While thus I mused, the fragile blos-  
som seemed  
Instinct with life, a spirit-form to  
take;  
Its fringed corolla with new radiance  
beamed  
A voice within it spake:—

“Men marvel on these airy fields of  
space

My tender form emergent to behold,  
A blossom of the skies — my name they  
trace

With stars and suns enrolled.

“Though born and nurtured in the  
lowly vale,

Ignoble ease I was not doomed to  
bear;

I pined to scale the heights where  
eagles sail,

And paled for Freedom's air!

“Not without toil my painful steps  
were bent

Through paths imperilled, and the  
icy sea,

From Alp to Alp I gained my steep  
ascent,

And hard-won victory!

“If these pale lips, so soon to close  
in death,

One touch of hope or solace can im-  
part,

Take, with the fragrance of my lat-  
est breath,

This lesson to thy heart:

“Go thou, to triumph in some glori-  
ous strife,

Through daring paths some noble  
cause retrieve;

Seek, to the highest measure of thy  
life,

Thy purpose to achieve.

“Go tell the world, in Freedom's bat-  
tle drawn,

For one brief hour, its horoscope I  
see;

Tell one by one who fall, ‘Swift  
comes the dawn

To herald victory.’”

It ceased — the murmur died upon  
mine ear.

Straightway a threatening blast the  
trumpet gave;

The next wind bore the seedling of  
the year

On to its snowy grave!

## MARY CLEMMER.

### WORDS FOR PARTING.

OH, what shall I do, dear,  
In the coming years, I wonder,

When our paths, which lie so sweetly  
near,

Shall lie so far asunder?

Oh, what shall I do, dear,  
Through all the sad to-morrows,

When the sunny smile has ceased to  
cheer

That smiles away my sorrows?

What shall I do, my friend,  
When you are gone forever?

My heart its eager need will send  
Through the years to find you  
never.

And how will it be with you,  
In the weary world, I wonder,

Will you love me with a love as true,  
When our paths lie far asunder?

A sweeter, sadder thing  
My life, for having known you;

Forever with my sacred kin,  
My soul's soul I must own you.

Forever mine, my friend,  
From June to life's December;

Not mine to have or hold,  
But to pray for and remember.

The way is short, O friend,  
That reaches out before us;

God's tender heavens above us bend,  
His love is smiling o'er us;

A little while is ours  
For sorrow or for laughter;

I'll lay the hand you love in yours  
On the shore of the Hereafter.

## NANTASKET.

FAIR is thy face, Nantasket,  
 And fair thy curving shores,—  
 The peering spires of villages,  
 The boatman's dipping oars,  
 The lonely ledge of Minot,  
 Where the watchman tends his  
 light,  
 And sets his perilous beacon,  
 A star in the stormiest night.

Over thy vast sea highway,  
 The great ships slide from sight,  
 And flocks of wingèd phantoms  
 Flit by, like birds in flight.  
 Over the toppling sea-wall  
 The home-bound dories float,  
 And I watch the patient fisherman  
 Bend in his anchored boat.

I am alone with Nature;  
 With the glad September day.  
 The leaning hills above me  
 With golden-rod are gay,  
 Across the fields of ether  
 Flit butterflies at play,  
 And cones of garnet sumach  
 Glow down the country way.

The autumn dandelion  
 Along the roadside burns;  
 Down from the lichened boulders  
 Quiver the plumèd ferns;  
 The cream-white silk of the milkweed  
 Floats from its sea-green pod;  
 Out from the mossy rock-seams  
 Flashes the golden-rod.

The woodbine's scarlet banners  
 Flaunt from their towers of stone;  
 The wan, wild morning-glory  
 Dies by the road alone;  
 By the hill-path to the seaside  
 Wave myriad azure bells;  
 And over the grassy ramparts lean  
 The milky immortelles.

Hosts of gold-hearted daisies  
 Nod by the wayside bars;  
 The tangled thicket of green is set  
 With the aster's purple stars;

Beside the brook the gentian  
 Closes its fringed eyes,  
 And waits the later glory  
 Of October's yellow skies.

Within the sea-washed meadow  
 The wild grape climbs the wall,  
 And from the o'er-ripe chestnuts  
 The brown burs softly fall.  
 I see the tall reeds shiver  
 Beside the salt sea marge;  
 I see the sea-bird glimmer,  
 Far out on airy barge.

I hear in the groves of Hingham  
 The friendly caw of the crow,  
 Till I sit again in Wachusett's woods,  
 In August's sumptuous glow.  
 The tiny boom of the beetle  
 Strikes the shining rocks below;  
 The gauzy oar of the dragon-fly  
 Is beating to and fro.

As the lovely ghost of the thistle  
 Goes sailing softly by;  
 Glad in its second summer  
 Hums the awakened fly;  
 The cumulate cry of the cricket  
 Pierces the amber noon;  
 In from the vast sea-spaces comes  
 The clear call of the loon;  
 Over and through it all I hear  
 Ocean's pervasive rune.

Against the warm sea-beaches  
 Rush the wavelets' eager lips;  
 Away o'er the sapphire reaches  
 Move on the stately ships.  
 Peace floats on all their pennons,  
 Sailing silently the main,  
 As if never human anguish,  
 As if never human pain,  
 Sought the healing draught of Lethe,  
 Beyond the gleaming plain.

Fair is the earth behind me,  
 Vast is the sea before,  
 Away through the misty dimness  
 Glimmers a further shore.  
 It is no realm enchanted,  
 It cannot be more fair  
 Than this nook of Nature's Kingdom,  
 With its spell of space and air.



## WAITING.

## I wait.—

Till from my veiled brows shall fall  
This baffling cloud, this wearying  
thrall,  
Which holds me now from knowing  
all;  
Until my spirit-sight shall see  
Into all being's mystery,  
See what it really is to be!

## I wait,—

While rolling days in mockery fling  
Such cruel loss athwart my spring,  
And life flags on with broken wing;  
Believing that a kindlier fate

The patient soul will compensate  
For all it loses, ere too late.

## I wait!

For surely every scanty seed  
I plant in weakness and in need  
Will blossom in perfected deed!  
Mine eyes shall see its affluent crown,  
Its fragrant fruitage, dropping down  
Care's lowly levels, bare and brown!

## I wait!

The summer of the soul is long,  
Its harvests yet shall round me throng  
In perfect pomp of sun and song.  
In stormless mornings yet to be  
I'll pluck from life's full-fruited tree  
The joy to-day denied to me.

## ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

## NO MORE.

My wind has turned to bitter north,  
That was so soft a south before;  
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,  
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er;  
My gay green leaves are yellow-black  
Upon the dark autumnal floor;  
For love, departed once, comes back  
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,  
For winds to blow and rains to  
pour;

One frosty night befell — and lo!  
I find my summer days are o'er.  
The heart bereaved, of why and how  
Unknowing, knows that yet before  
It had what e'en to memory now  
Returns no more, no more.

## BECALMED AT EVE.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side.  
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart des-  
cried;

When fell the night, upsprung the  
breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they  
plied;  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same  
seas

By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal  
Of those whom, year by year un-  
changed,  
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul es-  
tranged.

At dead of night their sails were  
filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered;  
Ah! neither blamed, for neither willed  
Or wist what first with dawn ap-  
peared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward  
strain,  
Brave barks! In light, in darkness  
too!

Through winds and tides one com-  
pass guides —  
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,  
 Though ne'er that earliest parting  
 past,  
 On your wide plain they join again,  
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they  
 sought—  
 One purpose hold where'er they  
 fare;  
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,  
 At last, at last unite them there!

—————  
*NATURA NATURANS.*

BESIDE me,—in the car,— she sat;  
 She spake not, no, nor looked to  
 me.  
 From her to me, from me to her,  
 What passed so subtly, stealthily?  
 As rose to rose, that by it blows,  
 Its interchanged aroma flings;  
 Or wake to sound of one sweet note  
 The virtues of parted strings.

Beside me, nought but this?—but  
 this,  
 That influent; as within me dwelt  
 Her life; mine too within her breast,  
 Her brain, her every limb, she felt.  
 We sat; while o'er and in us, more  
 And more, a power unknown pre-  
 vailed,  
 Inhaling and inhaled,—and still  
 'Twas one, inhaling or inhaled.

Beside me, nought but this; and  
 passed—  
 I passed; and know not to this day  
 If gold or jet her girlish hair—  
 If black, or brown, or lucid-gray  
 Her eye's young glance. The fickle  
 chance  
 That joined us yet may join again;  
 But I no face again could greet  
 As hers, whose life was in me then.

As unsuspecting mere a maid—  
 As fresh in maidhood's bloomiest  
 bloom—  
 In casual second-class did e'er  
 By casual youth her seat assume;

Or vestal, say, of saintliest clay,  
 For once by balmiest airs betrayed  
 Unto emotions too, too sweet  
 To be unlingeringly gainsaid.

Unowning then, confusing soon  
 With dreamier dreams that o'er  
 the glass  
 Of shyly ripening woman-sense  
 Reflected, scarce reflected, pass—  
 A wife may be, a mother, she  
 In Hymen's shrine recalls not now  
 She first—in hour, ah, not profane!—  
 With me to Hymen learnt to bow.

Ah no!—yet owned we, fused in one.  
 The power which, e'en in stones  
 and earths  
 By blind elections felt, in forms  
 Organic breeds to myriad births;  
 By lichen small on granite wall  
 Approved, its faintest, feeblest stir  
 Slow-spreading, strengthening long,  
 at last  
 Vibrated full in me and her.

In me and her—sensation strange!  
 The lily grew to pendent head;  
 To vernal airs the mossy bank  
 Its sheeny primrose spangles spread;  
 In roof o'er roof of shade sun-proof  
 Did cedar strong itself outclimb;  
 And altitude of aloe proud  
 Aspire in floral crown sublime;

Flashed flickering forth fantastic  
 flies;  
 Big bees their burly bodies swung;  
 Rooks roused with civic din the elms;  
 And lark its wild reveillé rung;  
 In Libyan dell the light gazelle,  
 The leopard lithe in Indian glade,  
 And dolphin, brightening tropic seas,  
 In us were living, leapt and played.

Their shells did slow crustacea build;  
 Their gilded skins did snakes re-  
 new;  
 While mightier spines for loftier kind  
 Their types in amplest limbs out-  
 grew;  
 Yea, close compressed in human breast,  
 What moss, and tree, and livelier  
 thing—

What Earth, Sun, Star, of force possest,  
Lay budding, burgeoning forth for  
spring!

Such sweet preluding sense, of old  
Led on in Eden's sinless place  
The hour when bodies human  
first

Combined the primal, prime embrace;

Such genial heat the blissful seat  
In man and woman owned un-  
blamed,

When, naked both, its garden paths  
They walked unconscious, un-  
ashamed;

Ere, clouded yet in mightiest dawn,  
Above the horizon dusk and dun,  
One mountain crest with light had  
tipped

That orb that is the spirit's sun;  
Ere dreamed young flowers in vernal  
showers

Of fruit to rise the flower above,  
Or ever yet to young Desire  
Was told the mystic name of love.

## HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

### ADDRESS TO CERTAIN GOLD- FISHES.

RESTLESS forms of living light  
Quivering on your lucid wings,  
Cheating still the curious sight  
With a thousand shadowings;  
Various as the tints of even,  
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,  
Reflected on your native streams  
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!  
Harmless warriors, clad in mail!  
Of silver breastplate, golden scale;—  
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,  
With peaceful radiance mildly glow-  
ing—

Fleet are ye as fleetest galley  
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;  
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,  
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire?  
Were ye born of vital fire?  
Or of the shade of golden flowers,  
Such as we fetch from Eastern bow-  
ers,

To mock this murky clime of ours?  
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,  
Weaving many a mazy dance;  
Seeming still to grow in size  
When ye would elude our eyes—  
Pretty creatures! we might deem  
Ye were happy as ye seem—

As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,  
As light, as loving, and as lithe,  
As gladly earnest in your play,  
As when ye gleamed in far Cathay.

And yet, since on this hapless earth  
There's small sincerity in mirth,  
And laughter oft is but an art  
To drown the outcry of the heart;  
It may be that your ceaseless gambols,  
Your wheelings, dartings, divings,  
rambles,

Your restless roving round and round,  
The circuit of your crystal bound—  
Is but the task of weary pain,  
An endless labor, dull and vain;  
And while your forms are gaily shin-  
ing,

Your little lives are inly pining!  
Nay—but still I fain would dream  
That ye are happy as ye seem.

### THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

YOUTH, thou art fled,—but where  
are all the charms  
Which, though with thee they came,  
and passed with thee,  
Should leave a perfume and sweet  
memory

Of what they have been? All thy  
 boons and harms  
 Have perished quite. Thy oft-re-  
 vered alarms  
 Forsake the fluttering echo. Smiles  
 and tears  
 Die on my cheek, or, petrified with  
 years,  
 Show the dull woe which no compas-  
 sion warms,  
 The mirth none shares. Yet could  
 a wish, a thought,  
 Unravel all the complex web of  
 age, —  
 Could all the characters that Time  
 hath wrought  
 Be clean effaced from my memorial  
 page  
 By one short word, the word I would  
 not say; —  
 I thank my God because my hairs are  
 gray.

NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its  
 close;  
 The little birds have almost sung  
 their last,  
 Their small notes twitter in the  
 dreary blast —  
 That shrill-piped harbinger of early  
 snows; —  
 The patient beauty of the scentless  
 rose,  
 Oft with the morn's hoar crystal  
 quaintly glassed,  
 Hangs a pale mourner for the sum-  
 mer past,  
 And makes a little summer where it  
 grows; —  
 In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief  
 day  
 The dusky waters shudder as they  
 shine;  
 The russet leaves obstruct the strag-  
 gling way  
 Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks  
 define,

And the gaunt woods, in ragged,  
 scant array,  
 Wrap their old limbs with sombre  
 ivy-twine.

NO LIFE VAIN.

LET me not deem that I was made  
 in vain,  
 Or that my being was an accident,  
 Which fate, in working its sublime  
 intent,  
 Not wished to be, to hinder would  
 not deign.  
 Each drop uncounted in a storm of  
 rain  
 Hath its own mission, and is duly  
 sent  
 To its own leaf or blade, not idly  
 spent  
 'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless  
 main.  
 The very shadow of an insect's wing,  
 For which the violet cared not while  
 it stayed,  
 Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,  
 Proved that the sun was shining by  
 its shade:  
 Then can a drop of the eternal spring,  
 Shadow of living lights, in vain be  
 made?

SONG.

SHE is not fair to outward view,  
 As many maidens be,  
 Her loveliness I never knew  
 Until she smiled on me;  
 Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,  
 A well of love, a spring of light,  
 But now her looks are coy and cold,  
 To mine they ne'er reply;  
 And yet I cease not to behold  
 The lovelight in her eye,  
 Her very frowns are fairer far  
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

[*Passages from The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*]

*THE SHIP BECALMED.*

THE fair breeze blew, the white foam  
flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea,

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt  
down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hôt and copper sky,  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

*THE ANCIENT MARINER REFRESHED  
BY SLEEP AND RAIN.*

O SLEEP! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with  
dew;  
And when I awoke it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was  
cold,  
My garments all were dank.

Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my  
limbs:  
I was so light — almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

*THE VOICES OF THE ANGELS.*

AROUND, around, flew each sweet  
sound,  
Then darted to the sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and  
air  
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

*PENANCE OF THE ANCIENT MARINER,  
AND HIS REVERENT TEACHING.*

FORTHWITH this frame of mine was  
wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale:  
And then it left me free.

Since then at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns:  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that  
door!

The wedding-guests are there:  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bridemaids singing are:  
And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath  
been

Alone on a wide wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seem'd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk,  
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving  
friends  
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
'Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been  
stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

[From *Christabel*.]

BROKEN FRIENDSHIPS.

ALAS! they had been friends in  
youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison  
truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is  
vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother:  
They parted — ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from pain-  
ing —  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asun-  
der  
A dreary sea now flows between; —  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thun-  
der,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath  
been.

[From *The Three Graves*.]

BELL AND BROOK.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet  
To hear the Sabbath-bell,  
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,  
Deep in a woody dell.

[From *Dejection*.]

A GRIEF without a pang, void, dark,  
and drear,  
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned  
grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet, no  
relief,  
In word, or sigh, or tear —  
O lady! in this wan and heartless  
mood,

To other thoughts by yonder throstle  
wooded,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,

Have I been gazing on the western  
sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow  
green:

And still I gaze—and with how  
blank an eye!

And those thin clouds above, in  
flakes and bars,

That give away their motion to the  
stars;

Those stars, that glide behind them  
or between,

Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but  
always seen:

Yon crescent moon as fixed as if it  
grew

In its own cloudless, starless lake of  
blue;

I see them all so excellently fair,  
I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail;

And what can these avail

To lift the smothering weight from  
off my breast?

It were a vain endeavor,

Though I should gaze forever

On that green light that lingers in  
the west:

I may not hope from outward forms  
to win

The passion and the life, whose  
fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live:

Ours is her wedding-garment, ours  
her shroud!

And would we aught behold, of  
higher worth,

Than that inanimate cold world allowed

To the poor loveless, ever-anxious  
crowd,

Ah! from the soul itself must issue  
forth,

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
Enveloping the earth—

And from the soul itself must there  
be sent

A sweet and potent voice, of its  
own birth,

Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not  
ask of me

What this strong music in the soul  
may be!

What, and wherein it doth exist,  
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,

This beautiful and beauty-making  
power.

Joy, virtuous lady, — joy that  
ne'er was given,

Save to the pure, and in their purest  
hour,

Life, and life's effluence, cloud at  
once and shower

Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power,  
Which wedding Nature to us gives

in dower,

A new earth and new heaven,  
Undreamt of by the sensual and the

proud—  
Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms our  
ear or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that  
voice,

All colors a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my  
path was rough,

This joy within me dallied with  
distress,

And all misfortunes were but as the  
stuff

Whence Fancy made me dreams of  
happiness:

For hope grew round me, like the  
twining vine.

And fruits, and foliage, not my own,  
seemed mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to  
earth:

Nor care I that they rob me of my  
mirth,

But oh! each visitation  
Suspends what nature gave me at my  
birth,

My shaping spirit of imagination.  
For not to think of what I needs  
must feel,

But to be still and patient, all I  
can;  
And haply by abstruse research to  
steal

From my own nature all the nat-  
ural man—

This was my sole resource, my only  
plan:

Till that which suits a part infects  
the whole,

And now is almost grown the habit  
of my soul.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil  
around my mind,

Reality's dark dream!

I turn from you, and listen to the  
wind,

Thou actor, 'perfect in all tragic  
sounds!

Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy  
bold!

What tell'st thou now about?

'Tis of the rushing of a host in  
rout,

With groans of trampled men, with  
smarting wounds—

At once they groan with pain, and  
shudder with the cold!

But hush! there is a pause of deepest  
silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing  
crowd,

With groans, and tremulous shudder-  
ings—all is over—

It tells another tale, with sounds  
less deep and loud!

A tale of less affright,

And tempered with delight,

As Otway's self had framed the ten-  
der lay,

'Tis of a little child

Upon a lonesome wild,

Not far from home, but she hath  
lost her way:

And now moans low in bitter grief  
and fear,

And now screams loud, and hopes to  
make her mother hear.

*HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE  
VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.*

HAST thou a charm to stay the  
morning-star

In his steep course? So long he  
seems to pause

On thy bald awful head, O sovran  
Blanc!

The Arvé and Arveiron at thy  
base

Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most aw-  
ful form!

Risest from forth thy silent sea of  
pines,

How silently! Around thee and above  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial,  
black,

An ebon mass: methinks thou pierc-  
est it,

As with a wedge! But when I look  
again,

It is thine own calm home, thy crys-  
tal shrine,

Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent mount! I gazed  
upon thee,

Till thou, still present to the bodily  
sense,

Didst vanish from my thought: en-  
tranced in prayer

I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling  
melody,

So sweet, we know not we are listen-  
ing to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending  
with my thought,

Yea, with my life, and life's own se-  
cret joy:

Till the dilating soul, enwrapt,  
transfused,

Into the mighty vision passing—  
there

As in her natural form, swelled vast  
to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive  
praise

Thou owest! not alone these swelling  
tears,

Mute thanks and secret ecstasy!  
Awake,



Voice of sweet song. Awake, my heart, awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!  
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:  
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
Co-herald: wake, oh, wake, and utter praise!  
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
For ever shattered and the same for ever?  
Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
And who commanded (and the silence came,)  
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—  
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
God! sing ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!  
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain storm!  
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—  
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou  
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
In adoration, upward from thy base  
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,  
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!

Thou kingly spirit throned among  
the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from Earth  
to Heaven,  
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent  
sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising  
sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices,  
praises God.

— — —

*LOVE, HOPE AND PATIENCE IN  
EDUCATION.*

O'ER wayward childhood would'st  
thou hold firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy  
faces;  
Love, Hope, and Patience, these  
must be thy graces,  
And in thine own heart let them first  
keep school,

O part them never! If hope prostrate lie,  
Love too will sink and die.  
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive  
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;  
And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,  
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,  
Woos back the fleeting spirit and half-supplies;—  
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.  
Yet haply there will come a weary day  
When overtasked at length  
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.  
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,  
Stands the mute sister, Patience,  
nothing loth,  
And both supporting, does the work  
of both.

*YOUTH AND AGE.*

VERSE, a breeze, mid blossoms straying,  
ing,  
Where hope clung fading, like a bee—  
Both were mine! Life went a-maying  
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
When I was young!  
When I was young?— Ah, woful when!  
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!  
This breathing house not built with hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,  
How lightly then it flashed along:—  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide!  
Nought cared this body for wind or weather  
When youth and I lived in't together.  
Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;  
Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,  
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
Ere I was old.  
Ere I was old? Ah, woful ere,  
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
'Tis known, that thou and I were one,  
I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
It cannot be, that thou art gone!  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled:—  
And thou wert aye a masker bold!  
What strange disguise hast now put on,  
To make believe, that thou art gone?  
I see these locks in silvery slips,  
This drooping gait, this altered size:  
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,  
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!

Life is but thought: so think I  
will  
That Youth and I are house-mates  
still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning  
But the tears of mournful eye!  
Where no hope is, life's a warning  
That only serves to make us grieve,  
When we are old:  
That only serves to make us grieve  
With oft and tedious taking-leave,  
Like some poor nigh-related guest,  
That may not rudely be dismiss'd.  
Yet hath outstayed his welcome  
while,  
And tells the jest without the smile.

COMPLAINT AND REPROOF.

How seldom, friend! a good great  
man inherits  
Honor or wealth, with all his worth  
and pains!  
It sounds like stories from the land  
of spirits,  
If any man obtain that which he  
merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear friend! renounce  
this canting strain!  
What wouldst thou have a good  
great man obtain?  
Place, titles, salary — a gilded chain —  
Or throne of corpses which his sword  
hath slain? —  
Greatness and goodness are not  
means, but ends!  
Hath he not always treasures, always  
friends,  
The good great man? — three treas-  
ures, love and light,  
And calm thoughts, regular as in-  
fant's breath; —  
And three firm friends, more sure  
than day and night —  
Himself, his Maker, and the angel  
Death.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all de-  
lights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
Live o'er again that happy hour,  
When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the  
scene  
Had blended with the lights of eve;  
And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armèd man,  
The statue of the armèd knight;  
She stood and listened to my lay,  
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own.  
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!  
She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story —  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
For well she knew, I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand;  
And that for ten long years he wooed  
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love,  
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest  
grace;  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely  
knight,  
And that he crossed the mountain-  
woods,  
Nor rested day nor night:

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome  
shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright;  
And that he knew it was a fiend,  
This miserable knight!

And that unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than  
death  
The lady of the land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his  
knees;  
And how she tended him in vain—  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest-leaves  
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words — but when I reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;  
The music and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle  
hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love and virgin  
shame;  
And like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved — she stepped  
aside,  
As conscious of my look she stepped —  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace;  
And bending back her head, looked  
up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was  
calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous bride.

## THOMAS STEPHENS COLLIER.

### OFF LABRADOR.

THE storm-wind moans through  
branches bare;  
The snow flies wildly through the air;  
The mad waves roar, as fierce and  
high [sky].  
They toss their crests against the

All dark and desolate lies the sand  
Along the wastes of a barren  
land;  
And rushing on, with sheets flung  
free,  
A ship sails down from the north-  
crn sea.

With lips pressed hard the helms-  
man stands,  
Grasping the spokes with freezing  
hands,  
While white the reef lies in his path,  
Swept by an ocean full of wrath.

The surf-roar in the blast is lost,  
The foam-flakes by the wild wind tost  
High up in air, no warning show,  
Hid by the driving mass of snow.

With sudden bound and sullen grate,  
The brave ship rushes to her fate,  
And splintered deck and broken  
mast  
Make homage to the roaring blast.

Amid the waves, float riven plank,  
And rope and sail with moisture dank;  
And faces gleaming stern and  
white  
Shine dimly in the storm-filled  
night.

By some bright river far away,  
Fond hearts are wondering where  
they stay  
Who sleep along the wave-washed  
shore  
And stormy reefs of Labrador.

—  
*AN OCTOBER PICTURE.*

THE purple grapes hang ready for the  
kiss  
Of red lips sweeter than their wine;  
And 'mid the turning leaves they  
soon will miss,  
The crimson apples shine.  
Lazily through the soft and sunlit air  
The great hawks fly, and give no  
heed

To the sweet songsters, that toward  
the fair,  
Far lands of summer speed.

Along the hills wild asters bend to  
greet  
The roadside's wealth of golden-rod;  
And by the fences the bright su-  
machs meet  
The morning light of God.

Slowly the shadows of the clouds  
drift o'er  
The hillsides, clad in opal haze,  
Where gorgeous butterflies seek the  
rich store  
Of flower-sprent summer days.

All clad in dusted gold, the tall elms  
stand  
Just in the edges of the wood;  
And near, the chestnut sentinels the  
land,  
And shows its russet hood.

The maple flaunts its scarlet banners  
where  
The marsh lies clad in shining mist;  
The mountain oak shows, in the  
clear, bright air,  
Its crown of amethyst.

Where, like a silver line, the spark-  
ling stream  
Flows murmuring through the  
meadows brown,  
Amid the radiance, seeming a sad  
dream,  
A sailless boat floats down.

—  
*COMPLETE.*

LIKE morning blooms that meet the  
sun  
With all the fragrant freshness won  
From night's repose, and kiss of dew  
Which the bright radiance glistens  
through,  
Such is the sweetness of thy lips,  
Where love its sacred tribute sips:  
Such is the glory of thine eyes,  
Rich with the soul's unsaid replies.

The snow that crowns the mountain  
height, [white;  
Through countless years of gleaming  
The creamy blooms of orchard trees,  
Full of the melody of bees;  
The cool, fresh sweetness of the sea;  
All have a charm possessed by thee:  
But each of these has one alone,  
Whilst thou canst call them all thine  
own.

## MORTIMER COLLINS.

*IN VIEW OF DEATH.*

No; I shall pass into the Morning  
Land  
As now from sleep into the life of  
morn;  
Live the new life of the new world,  
unshorn  
Of the swift brain, the executing  
hand;  
See the dense darkness suddenly  
withdrawn,  
As when Orion's sightless eyes dis-  
cerned the dawn.

I shall behold it; I shall see the  
utter  
Glory of sunrise heretofore un-  
seen,  
Freshening the woodland ways with  
brighter green,  
And calling into life all wings that  
flutter,  
All throats of music and all eyes of  
light,  
And driving o'er the verge the in-  
tolerable night.

O virgin world! O marvellous far  
days!  
No more with dreams of grief doth  
love grow bitter, [glitter  
Nor trouble dim the lustre wont to  
In happy eyes. Decay alone decays:  
A moment — death's dull sleep is  
o'er; and we  
Drink the immortal morning air  
Eärine.

*LAST VERSES.*

I HAVE been sitting alone  
All day while the clouds went by,  
While moved the strength of the  
seas,  
While a wind with a will of his own,  
A poet out of the sky,  
Smote the green harp of the trees.  
Alone, yet not alone,  
For I felt, as the gay wind whirled,  
As the cloudy sky grew clear,  
The touch of our Father half-known,  
Who dwells at the heart of the world,  
Yet who is always here.

## WILLIAM COLLINS.

*ODE TO SIMPLICITY.*

O THOU, by Nature taught  
To breathe her genuine thought,  
In numbers warmly pure, and sweet-  
ly strong;  
Who first, on mountains wild,  
In Fancy, loveliest child,  
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the  
powers of song!  
Thou, who, with hermit heart,  
Disdain'st the wealth of art.  
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and  
trailing pall;

But com'st a decent maid,  
In Attic robe arrayed,  
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee  
I call!

O sister meek of Truth,  
To my admiring youth,  
Thy sober aid and native charms in-  
fuse!

The flowers that sweetest breathe,  
Though Beauty culled the wreath,  
Still ask thy hand to range their or-  
dered hues.

Though taste, though genius, bless,  
To some divine excess,  
Faints the cold work till thou inspire  
the whole;  
What each, what all supply,  
May court, may charm, our eye;  
Thou, only thou, canst raise the  
meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,  
To aid some mighty task,  
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;  
Where oft my reed might sound  
To maids and shepherds round,  
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn  
my tale.

---

ODE TO THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to  
rest,  
By all their country's wishes blessed!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould.  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their  
clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

---

ON TRUE AND FALSE TASTE IN  
MUSIC.

DISCARD soft nonsense in a slavish  
tongue,  
The strain insipid, and the thought  
unknown;  
From truth and nature form the un-  
erring test;  
Be what is manly, chaste, and good  
the best!  
'Tis not to ape the songsters of the  
groves,  
Through all the quivers of their wan-  
ton loves;

'Tis not the enfeebled thrill, or war-  
bled shake,  
The heart can strengthen, or the soul  
awake!  
But where the force of energy is  
found,  
When the sense rises on the wings of  
sound;  
When reason, with the charms of  
music twined,  
Through the enraptured ear informs  
the mind;  
Bids generous love or soft compassion  
glow,  
And forms a tuneful Paradise below!

---

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was  
young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Thronged around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Possess beyond the Muse's painting:  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were  
fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatched her instruments of  
sound:  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each (for Madness ruled the hour)  
Would prove his own expressive  
power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had  
made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings owned his secret  
stings;  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hands the  
strings.

With woful measures wan Despair  
 Low, sullen sounds his grief be-  
 guiled;  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas  
 wild!

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure?  
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at dis-  
 tance hail!

Still would her touch the strain pro-  
 long;

And from the rocks, the woods, the  
 vale,

She called on Echo still, through all  
 the song;

And where her sweetest theme she  
 chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard  
 at every close,

And Hope enchanted smiled, and  
 waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung; — but with  
 a frown.

Revenge impatient rose;

He threw his blood-stained sword, in  
 thunder, down;

And with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full  
 of woe!

And, ever and anon, he beat

The doubling drum, with furious  
 heat;

And though sometimes, each dreary  
 pause between,

Dejected Pity, at his side,

Her soul-subduing voice applied,

Yet still he kept his wild unaltered  
 mien,

While each strained ball of sight  
 seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought  
 were fix'd;

Sad proof of thy distressful state;

Of differing themes the veering song  
 was mixed;

And now it courted Love, now rav-  
 ing called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
 Pale Melancholy sate retired;  
 And, from her wild sequestered seat,  
 In notes by distance made more  
 sweet,

Poured through the mellow horn her  
 pensive soul:

And, dashing soft from rocks  
 around,

Bubbling runnels joined the sound;  
 Through glades and glooms the ming-  
 led measures stole,

Or, o'er some haunted stream, with  
 fond delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of Peace, and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how altered was its spright-  
 lier tone,

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of  
 healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung  
 Her buskins gemmed with morning  
 dew,

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and  
 thicket rung,

The hunter's call, to Faun and  
 Dryad known!

The oak-crowned Sisters, and their  
 chaste-eyed Queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,  
 Peeping from forth their alleys  
 green:

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;

And Sport leapt up, and seized his  
 beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstasie trial:

He, with viny crown advancing,

First to the lively pipe his hand  
 address;

But soon he saw the brisk awakening  
 viol,

Whose sweet entrancing voice he  
 loved the best;

They would have thought who heard  
 the strain

They saw, in Tempe's vale, her  
 native maids,

Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the  
 strings,



Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;  
And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!  
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,  
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
As, in that loved Athenian bower,  
You learned an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,  
Can well recall what then it heard;  
Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!  
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
Fill thy recording sister's page —  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age;  
E'en all at once together found,  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound —  
O bid our vain endeavors cease;  
Revive the just designs of Greece:  
Return in all thy simple state!  
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

— — —  
*ODE TO EVENING.*

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song,  
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,  
Like thy own brawling springs,  
Thy springs and dying gales;  
O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun  
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
With brede ethereal wove  
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat  
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;  
Or where the beetle winds  
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he 'rises 'midst the twilight path,  
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:

Now teach me, maid composed,  
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;

As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star, arising shows  
His paly circlet,—at his warning lamp  
The fragrant Hours, and elves  
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,  
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;  
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,  
Whose walls more awful nod  
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,  
That, from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers  
as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses,  
meekest Eve!

While Summer loves to sport  
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap  
with leaves;

Or Winter, yelling through the trou-  
blous air,

Affrights thy shrinking train,  
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science,  
smiling Peace,

Thy gentlest influence own,  
And love thy favorite name!

— — —  
*ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.*

[The scene is supposed to lie on the  
Thames, near Richmond.]

In yonder grave a Druid lies.  
Where slowly winds the stealing  
wave;

The year's best sweets shall duteous  
rise

To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp shall now be laid,  
That he, whose heart in sorrow  
bleeds,

May love through life the soothing  
shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger  
here,

And while its sounds at distance  
swell,

Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear  
To hear the woodland pilgrim's  
knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the  
shore

When Thames in summer wreaths  
is drest,

And oft suspend the dashing oar,  
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as Ease and Health retire  
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
The friend shall view yon whitening  
spire

And 'mid the varied landscape  
weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly  
bed,

Ah! what will every dirge avail;  
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,  
That mourn beneath the gliding  
sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless  
eye

Shall scorn thy pale shrine glim-  
mering near?

With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,  
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen  
tide

No sedge-crowned sisters now at-  
tend,

Now waft me from the green hill's  
side,

Whose cold turf hides the buried  
friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;  
Dun night has veiled the solemn  
view!

Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless  
Thy life, shall mourn thy early  
doom;

Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall  
dress,

With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed  
clay

Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:  
"O vales and wild woods!" shall he  
say,

"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

## ELIZA COOK.

## SONG OF THE HEMPSEED.

AY, scatter me well, 'tis a moist spring  
day;

Wide and far be the hempseed sown:  
And bravely I'll stand on the autumn  
land,

When the rains have dropped and  
the winds have blown

Man shall carefully gather me up;  
His hand shall rule and my form  
shall change;

Not as a mate for the purple of state,  
Nor into aught that is "rich and  
strange."

But I will come forth all woven and  
spun,

With my fine threads curled in ser-  
pent length;

And the fire-wrought chain and the  
lion's thick mane

Shall be rivalled by me in mighty  
strength.

I have many a place in the busy world,  
Of triumph and fear, of sorrow and  
joy;

I carry the freeman's flag unfurled;  
I am linked to childhood's darling  
toy.

Then scatter me wide, and hackle me  
well;

For a varied tale can the hempseed  
tell.

Bravely I swing in the anchor-ring,  
Where the foot of the proud man  
cometh not;

Where the dolphin leaps and the sea-  
weed creeps

O'er the rifted sand and the coral  
grot.

Down, down below I merrily go  
When the huge ship takes her rock-  
ing rest:

The waters may chafe, but she dwell-  
eth as safe

As the young bird in its woodland  
nest.

I wreath the spars of that same fair  
ship,

Where the gallant sea-hearts cling

Springing aloft with a song on the lip,  
Putting their faith in the cordage  
stout,

I am true when the blast sways the  
giant mast,

Straining and stretched in a nor'-  
west gale,

I abide with the bark, in the day and  
the dark,

Lashing the hammock and reefing  
the sail.

Oh! the billows and I right fairly  
cope,

And the wild tide is stemmed by the  
cable rope.

The sunshine falls on a new-made  
grave, —

The funeral train is long and sad;  
The poor man has come to the hap-  
piest home

And easiest pillow he ever had.  
I shall be there to lower him down

Gently into his narrow bed;

I shall be there, the work to share,  
To guard his feet, and cradle his  
head.

Oh! the hempseed cometh in doleful  
shape,

With the mourner's cloak and sable  
crape.

Harvest shall spread with its glitter-  
ing wheat,

The barn shall be opened, the stack  
shall be piled;

Ye shall see the ripe grain shining  
out from the wain,

And the berry-stained arms of the  
gleaner-child.

Heap on, heap on, till the wagon-  
ribs creak,

Let the sheaves go towering to the  
sky;

Up with the shock till the broad  
wheels rock,

Fear not to carry the rich freight  
high;

For I will infold the tottering gold,  
I will fetter the rolling load;

Not an ear shall escape my binding  
 hold,  
 On the furrowed field or jolting  
 road.  
 Oh! the hempseed hath a fair place  
 to fill,  
 With the harvest band on the corn-  
 crowned hill.

—————  
 AFTER A MOTHER'S DEATH.

THEY told me in my earlier years,  
 Life was a dark and tangled web;  
 A gloomy sea of bitter tears,  
 Where Sorrow's influx had no ebb.

But such was vainly taught and said,  
 My laugh rang out with joyous tone;  
 The woof possessed one brilliant  
 thread  
 Of rainbow colors, all my own.

I boasted — till a mother's grave  
 Was heaped and sodded — then I  
 found  
 The sunshine stricken from the wave,  
 And all the golden thread unwound.

Preach on who will — say "Life is  
 sad,"  
 I'll not refute as once I did;  
 You'll find the eye that beamed so  
 glad,  
 Will hide a tear beneath its lid.

Preach on of woe; the time *hath* been  
 I'd praise the world with shadeless  
 brow:

The dream is broken — I have seen  
 A mother die: — I'm silent now.

—————  
 GANGING TO AND GANGING FRAE.

NAE star was glintin out aboon,  
 The cluds were dark and hid the  
 moon;  
 The whistling gale was in my teeth,  
 And round me was the deep snaw  
 wreath;

But on I went the dreary mile,  
 And sung right cantie a' the while  
 I gae my plaid a closer fault;  
 My hand was warm, my heart was  
 bauld,  
 I didna heed the storm and cauld,  
 While ganging to my Katie.

But when I trod the same way back,  
 It seemed a sad and waefu' track;  
 The brae and glen were lone and lang;  
 I didna sing my cantie sang;  
 I felt how sharp the sleet did fa',  
 And couldna face the wind at a'.  
 Oh, sic a change! how could it be?  
 I ken fu' well, and sae may ye —  
 The sunshine had been gloom to me  
 While ganging frae my Katie.

—————  
 MY OLD STRAW HAT.

FAREWELL, old friend, — we part at  
 last;  
 Fruits, flowers, and summer, all are  
 past,  
 And when the beech-leaves bid adieu,  
 My old straw hat must vanish too.  
 We've been together many an hour,  
 In grassy dell and garden bower;  
 And plait and riband, scorched and  
 torn,  
 Proclaim how well thou hast been  
 worn.  
 We've had a time, gay, bright, and  
 long;  
 So let me sing a grateful song, —  
 And if one bay-leaf falls to me,  
 I'll stick it firm and fast in thee,  
 My old straw hat.

Thy flapping shade and flying strings  
 Are worth a thousand close-tied  
 things.

I love thy easy-fitting crown,  
 Thrust lightly back, or slouching  
 down.

I cannot brook a muffled ear,  
 When lark and blackbird whistle  
 near;  
 And dearly like to meet and seek  
 The fresh wind with unguarded  
 cheek.

Tossed in a tree, thou'lt bear no  
harm;  
Flung on the moss, thou'lt lose no  
charm;  
Like many a real friend on earth,  
Rough usage only proves thy worth,  
My old straw hat.  
Farewell, old friend, thy work is done;  
The misty clouds shut out the sun;  
The grapes are plucked, the hops are  
off,  
The woods are stark, and I must doff  
My old straw hat — but “bide a  
wee,”  
Fair skies we've seen, yet we may see  
Skies full as fair as those of yore,  
And then we'll wander forth once  
more.  
Farewell, till drooping bluebells blow,  
And violets stud the warm hedgerow;  
Farewell, till daisies deck the plain —  
Farewell, till spring days come again —  
My old straw hat.

SONG OF THE UGLY MAIDEN.

Oh! the world gives little of love or  
light,  
Though my spirit pants for much;  
For I have no beauty for the sight,  
No riches for the touch.  
I hear men sing o'er the flowing cup  
Of woman's magic spell;  
And vows of zeal they offer up,  
And eloquent tales they tell.  
They bravely swear to guard the fair  
With strong protecting arms;

But will they worship woman's worth  
Unblent with woman's charms?  
No! ah, no! 'tis little they prize  
Crook-backed forms and rayless eyes.

Oh! 'tis a saddening thing to be  
A poor and ugly one;  
In the sand Time puts in his glass  
for me,  
Few golden atoms run.  
For my drawn lids bear no shadowing  
fringe;  
My locks are thin and dry;  
My teeth wear not the rich pearl tinge,  
Nor my lips the henna dye.  
I know full well I have nought of  
grace  
That maketh woman “divine;”  
The wooer's praise and doting gaze  
Have never yet been mine.  
Where'er I go all eyes will shun  
The loveless mien of the ugly one.

Would that I had passed away  
Ere I knew that I was born;  
For I stand in the blessed light of day  
Like a weed among the corn, —  
The black rock in the wide blue sea, —  
The snake in the jungle green:  
Oh! who will stay in the fearful way  
Where such ugly things are seen?  
Yet mine is the fate of lonelier state  
Than that of the snake or rock;  
For those who behold me in their  
path  
Not only shun, but mock.  
O Ugliness! thy desolate pain  
Had served to set the stamp on Cain!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,  
Florence Vane;  
My life's bright dream and early  
Hath come again;  
I renew, in my fond vision,  
My heart's dear pain —  
My hopes, and thy derision,  
Florence Vane.

The ruin, lone and hoary,  
The ruin old  
Where thou didst hark my story,  
At even told —  
That spot — the hues Elysian  
Of sky and plain —  
I treasure in my vision,  
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses  
 In their prime;  
 Thy voice excelled the closes  
 Of sweetest rhyme;  
 Thy heart was as a river  
 Without a main.  
 Would I had loved thee never,  
 Florence Vane.

But, fairest, coldest wonder!  
 Thy glorious clay  
 Lieth the green sod under —  
 Alas, the day!

And it boots not to remember  
 Thy disdain,  
 To quicken love's pale ember,  
 Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley  
 By young graves weep;  
 The daisies love to dally  
 Where maidens sleep.  
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,  
 Never wane  
 Where thine earthly part is lying,  
 Florence Vane!

## ROSE TERRY COOKE.

### *THE ICONOCLAST.*

A THOUSAND years shall come and  
 go,  
 A thousand years of night and day;  
 And man, through all their changing  
 show,  
 His tragic drama still shall play.

Ruled by some fond ideal's power,  
 Cheated by passion or despair,  
 Still shall he waste life's trembling  
 hour,  
 In worship vain, and useless  
 prayer.

Ah! where are they who rose in  
 might,  
 Who fired the temple and the  
 shrine,  
 And hurled, through earth's chaotic  
 night,  
 The helpless gods it deemed di-  
 vine?

Cease, longing soul, thy vain desire!  
 What idol, in its stainless prime,  
 But falls, untouched of axe or fire,  
 Before the steady eyes of Time?

He looks, and lo! our altars fall,  
 The shrine reveals its gilded clay,  
 With decent hands we spread the  
 pall,  
 And cold, with wisdom, glide away.

O, where were courage, faith, and  
 truth,  
 If man went wandering all his day  
 In golden clouds of love and youth,  
 Nor knew that both his steps bet-  
 tray?

Come, Time, while here we sit and  
 wait,  
 Be faithful, spoiler, to thy trust!  
 No death can further desolate  
 The soul that knows its god was  
 dust.

### *TRAILING ARBUTUS.*

DARLINGS of the forest!  
 Blossoming, alone,  
 When Earth's grief is sorest  
 For her jewels gone —  
 Ere the last snow-drift melts, your  
 tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,  
 Like the morning sky,  
 Or, more pale and saintly,  
 Wrapped in leaves ye lie —  
 Even as children sleep in faith's sim-  
 plicity.

There the wild wood-robin,  
 Hymns your solitude;

And the rain comes sobbing  
Through the budding wood,  
While the low south wind sighs, but  
dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned  
Out of air and dew —  
Starlight unimpassioned,  
Dawn's most tender hue,  
And scented by the woods that gath-  
ered sweets for you ?

Fairest and most lonely,  
From the world apart;  
Made for beauty only,  
Veiled from Nature's heart  
With such unconscious grace as  
makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow  
An immortal shade,  
Then would I to-morrow  
Such a flower be made,  
And live in the dear woods where my  
lost childhood played.

—  
*THEN.*

I GIVE thee treasures hour by hour,  
That old-time princes asked in vain,  
And pined for, in their useless power,  
Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,  
Aside from merit, or from prayer,  
Rejoicing in its own delight,  
And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers, like jewels strung  
On golden threads of hope and fear;  
And tenderer thoughts than ever  
hung  
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea  
Her thousand streams of wealth un-  
told,  
So flows my silent life to thee,  
Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness ?  
I give from depths that overflow,  
Regardless that their power to bless  
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn  
My triumph shines, more sweet than  
late;  
When from these mortal mists with-  
drawn,  
Thy heart shall know me — I can  
wait.

INA D. COOLBRITH.

*IN BLOSSOM TIME.*

It's O my heart, my heart,  
To be out in the sun and sing!  
To sing and shout in the fields about,  
In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;  
O bird, sing loud in the sky,  
And honey-bees, blacken the clover  
bed —  
There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,  
Laugh low, with the wind at play;

And the odorous call of the flowers all  
Entices my soul away!

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair —  
And oh, but the world is sweet!  
I will out in the gold of the blossom-  
ing mould,  
And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak  
I will fold in the lily's rim.  
That the lips of the blossoms, more  
pure and meek,  
May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O  
 thrush,  
 O skylark, sing in the blue:  
 Sing loud, sing clear, that the King  
 may hear,  
 And my soul shall sing with you!

—

*THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.*

So fair the sun rose yesternorn,  
 The mountain cliffs adorning;  
 The golden tassels of the corn  
 Danced in the breath of morning;  
 The cool, clear stream that runs be-  
 fore,  
 Such happy words was saying,

And in the open cottage door  
 My pretty babe was playing.  
 Aslant the sill a sunbeam lay:  
 I laughed in careless pleasure,  
 To see his little hand essay  
 To grasp the shining treasure.

To-day no shafts of golden flame  
 Across the sill are lying;  
 To-day I call my baby's name,  
 And hear no lisped replying;  
 To-day — ah, baby mine, to-day —  
 God holds thee in his keeping!  
 And yet I weep, as one pale ray  
 Breaks in upon thy sleeping —  
 I weep to see its shining bands  
 Reach, with a fond endeavor,  
 To where the little restless hands  
 Are crossed in rest forever!

—

CHARLES COTTON.

[From Retirement.]

*IN THE QUIET OF NATURE.*

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and  
 may  
 We never meet again;  
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and  
 pray, [day,  
 And do more good in one short  
 Than he who his whole age out-  
 wears  
 Upon the most conspicuous theatres,  
 Where nought but vanity and vice  
 appears.  
 Good God! how sweet are all things  
 here!  
 How beautiful the fields appear!  
 How cleanly do we feed and lie!  
 Lord! what good hours do we keep!  
 How quietly we sleep!  
 What peace, what unanimity!  
 How innocent from the lewd fashion,  
 Is all our business, all our recreation!  
 Dear solitude, the soul's best  
 friend,  
 That man acquainted with himself  
 dost make,

And all his Maker's wonders to in-  
 tend,  
 With thee I here converse at  
 will,  
 And would be glad to do so still,  
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the  
 soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight  
 Is it, alone  
 To read, and meditate, and write,  
 By none offended, and offending  
 none!  
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's  
 own ease;  
 And, pleasing a man's self, none  
 other to displease.

—

*CONTENTATION.*

I CAN go nowhere but I meet  
 With malcontents and mutineers,  
 As if in life was nothing sweet,  
 And we must blessings reap in  
 tears.



Titles and wealth are fortune's toils,  
Wherewith the vain themselves  
ensnare:

The great are proud of borrowed  
spoils,  
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The drudge who would all get, all  
save,

Like a brute beast, both feeds and  
lies;

Prone to the earth, he digs his  
grave,  
And in the very labor dies.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf  
Does only death and danger breed;  
Whilst one rich worldling starves  
himself

With what would thousand others  
feed.

Nor is he happier than these,  
Who, in a moderate estate,  
Where he might safely live at ease,  
Has lusts that are immoderate.

Nor is he happy who is trim,  
Tricked up in favors of the fair,  
Mirrors, with every breath made  
dim, [snare.  
Birds, caught in every wanton

Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss,  
Does oftener far than serve, en-  
slave;

And with the magic of a kiss [save.  
Destroys whom she was made to

There are no ills but what we make  
By giving shapes and names to  
things,—

Which is the dangerous mistake  
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness which is  
health,

That persecution which is grace,  
That poverty which is true wealth,  
And that dishonor which is praise.

Alas! our time is here so short  
That in what state soe'er t is  
spent,

Of joy or woe, does not import,  
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,  
If we will take our measures right,  
And not what heaven has done undo  
By an unruly appetite.

The world is full of beaten roads,  
But yet so slippery withal,  
That where one walks secure, 't is  
odds  
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,  
Where the frequented are unsure;  
And he comes soonest to his rest  
Whose journey has been most se-  
cure.

It is content alone that makes  
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here;  
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes  
An ill commodity too dear.

## ABRAHAM COWLEY.

### OF MYSELF.

THIS only grant me, that my means  
may lie [high.

Too low for envy, for contempt too  
Some honor I would have,

Not from great deeds, but good alone:  
The unknown are better than ill  
known:

Rumor can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but  
when't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice,  
of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain  
the light,  
And sleep as undisturbed as death,  
the night.

My house a cottage more

'Than palace; and should fitting be  
 for all my use, no luxury.  
 My garden painted o'er  
 With Nature's hand, not Art's; and  
 pleasures yield,  
 Horace might envy in his Sabine  
 field.

Thus would I double my life's fading  
 space;  
 For he that runs it well twice runs  
 his race.  
 And in this true delight,  
 These unbought sports, this happy  
 state,  
 I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;  
 But boldly say each night,  
 To-morrow let my sun his beams dis-  
 play,  
 Or in clouds hide them; I have lived  
 to-day.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts  
 the air,  
 How it outruns thy following eye!  
 Use all persuasions now, and try  
 If thou canst call it back or stay it  
 there,  
 That way it went; but thou shalt  
 find  
 No track is left behind.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond arch-  
 er, thou!  
 Of all the time thou'st shot  
 away,  
 I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,  
 And it shall be too hard a task to do.  
 Beside repentance, what canst  
 find  
 That it hath left behind?

But his past life, who without grief  
 can see,  
 Who never thinks his end too  
 near,

But says to Fame, Thou art  
 mine heir,—  
 That man extends life's natural  
 brevity:  
 This is, this is the only way  
 To outlive Nestor in a day.

[From Reason.]

REASON AN AID TO REVELATION.

THOUGH Reason cannot through  
 Faith's mysteries see,  
 It sees that there and such there be,  
 Leads to heaven's door, and then  
 does humbly keep,  
 And then through chinks and key-  
 holes peep.  
 Though it, like Moses, by a sad com-  
 mand  
 Must not come into the Holy Land,  
 Yet thither it infallibly does guide,  
 And from afar 'tis all descried.

[From Friendship in Absence.]

DISTANCE NO BARRIER TO THE  
 SOUL.

WHEN chance or cruel business parts  
 us two,  
 What do our souls, I wonder, do?  
 Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,  
 Methinks at home they should not  
 stay  
 Content with dreams,—but boldly fly  
 Abroad, and meet each other half  
 the way.

'T were an ill world, I'll swear, for  
 every friend,  
 If distance could their union end:  
 But love itself does far advance  
 Above the power of time and space,  
 It scorns such outward circumstance,  
 His time's forever, everywhere, his  
 place.

## WILLIAM COWPER.

*LIGHT SHINING OUT OF  
DARKNESS.*

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain:  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

*THE POPLAR FIELD.*

THE poplars are felled; farewell to  
the shade,  
And the whispering sound of the  
cool colonnade!  
The winds play no longer and sing in  
the leaves,  
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image  
receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I  
first took a view  
Of my favorite field, and the bank  
where they grew;

And now in the grass behold they  
are laid,  
And the tree is my seat that once  
lent me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another re-  
treat,  
Where the hazels afford him a screen  
from the heat,  
And the scene where his melody  
charmed me before  
Resounds with his sweet-flowing  
ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hastening  
away,  
And I must ere long lie as lowly as  
they,  
With a turf on my breast, and a  
stone at my head,  
Ere another such grove shall arise in  
its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any-  
thing can,  
To muse on the perishing pleasures  
of man;  
Though his life be a dream, his en-  
joyments, I see,  
Have a being less durable even than  
he.

[From *The Task*.]

*APOSTROPHE TO POPULAR  
APPLAUSE.*

O POPULAR applause! what heart  
of man  
Is proof against thy sweet seducing  
charms?  
The wisest and the best feel urgent  
need  
Of all their caution in thy gentlest  
gales;  
But swelled into a gust — who then,  
alas!

With all his canvas set, and inexpert,  
 And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?  
 Praise from the rivelled lips of toothless, bald  
 Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean  
 And craving poverty, and in the bow  
 Respectful of the smutched artificer,  
 Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb  
 The bias of the purpose. How much more  
 Poured forth by beauty splendid and polite,  
 In language soft as adoration breathes?  
 Ah, spare your idol! think him human still;  
 Charms he may have, but he has frailties too;  
 Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

[From *The Task*.]

*THE FREEDOM OF THE GOOD.*

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain  
 That hellish foes confederate for his harm  
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.  
 He looks abroad into the varied field  
 Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared  
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
 And the resplendent rivers.  
 Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap  
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good

In senseless riot; but ye will not find  
 In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,  
 A liberty like his, who unimpeached  
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,  
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,  
 And has a richer use of yours, than you.  
 He is indeed a freeman; free by birth  
 Of no mean city, planned or e'er the hills  
 Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea  
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.  
 His freedom is the same in every state;  
 And no condition of this changeful life,  
 So manifold in cares, whose every day  
 Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:  
 For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,  
 Nor penury can cripple or confine.  
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there  
 With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds  
 His body bound, but knows not what a range  
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain,  
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt  
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

[From *The Task*.]

*THE WINTER'S EVENING.*

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
 And, while the bubbling and loud-bissing urn  
 Thro' up a steamy column, and the cups,

That cheer but not inebriate, wait on  
 each,  
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.  
 Not such his evening, who with shin-  
 ing face  
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and,  
 squeezed  
 And bored with elbow-points through  
 both his sides,  
 Outscolds the ranting actor on the  
 stage:  
 Nor his, who patient stands till his  
 feet throb,  
 And his head thumps, to feed upon  
 the breath  
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,  
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and  
 smiles.  
 This folio of four pages, happy work!  
 Which not even critics criticize; that  
 holds  
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,  
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which  
 the fair,  
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear  
 to break;  
 What is it but a map of busy life,  
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?  
 'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes  
 of retreat,  
 To peep at such a world; to see the  
 stir  
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the  
 crowd;  
 To hear the roar she sends through  
 all her gates  
 At a safe distance, where the dying  
 sound  
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured  
 ear.  
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at  
 ease  
 The globe and its concerns, I seem  
 advanced  
 To some secure and more than mortal  
 height,  
 That liberates and exempts me from  
 them all.  
 It turns submitted to my view, turns  
 round  
 With all its generations; I behold  
 The tumult, and am still. The sound  
 of war

Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;  
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn  
 the pride  
 And avarice, that make man a wolf  
 to man;  
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen  
 throats,  
 By which he speaks the language of  
 his heart,  
 And sigh, but never tremble at the  
 sound.  
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee  
 From flower to flower, so he from  
 land to land;  
 The manners, customs, policy, of all  
 Pay contribution to the store he  
 gleans;  
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,  
 And spreads the honey of his deep  
 research  
 At his return,—a rich repast for me.  
 He travels, and I too. I tread his  
 deck,  
 Ascend his topmast, through his  
 peering eyes  
 Discover countries, with a kindred  
 heart  
 Suffer his woes, and share in his es-  
 capes;  
 While fancy, like the finger of a  
 clock,  
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at  
 home.  
 O winter, ruler of the inverted year,  
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like  
 ashes filled,  
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips,  
 thy cheeks  
 Fringed with a beard made white with  
 other snows  
 Than those of age, thy forehead  
 wrapped in clouds,  
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and  
 thy throne  
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels.  
 But urged by storms along its slip-  
 pery way,  
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou  
 seem'st,  
 And dreaded as thou art! Thou  
 hold'st the sun  
 A prisoner in the yet undawning  
 east,

Shortening his journey between morn  
and noon,  
And hurrying him, impatient of his  
stay,  
Down to the rosy west; but kindly  
still  
Compensating his loss with added  
hours  
Of social converse and instructive  
ease,  
And gathering at short notice, in one  
group  
The family dispersed, and fixing  
thought,  
Not less dispersed by daylight and  
its cares.  
I crown thee king of intimate de-  
lights,  
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn hap-  
piness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly  
roof  
Of undisturbed retirement, and the  
hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.  
No rattling wheels stop short before  
these gates;  
No powdered pert proficient in the  
art  
Of sounding an alarm assaults these  
doors  
Till the street rings; no stationary  
steeds  
Cough their own knell, while, heed-  
less of the sound,  
The silent circle fan themselves, and  
quake:  
But here the needle plies its busy  
task,  
The pattern grows, the well-depicted  
flower,  
Wrought patiently into the snowy  
lawn,  
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves,  
and sprigs,  
And curling tendrils, gracefully dis-  
posed,  
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;  
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow-  
ers, that blow  
With most success when all besides  
decay.  
The poet's or historian's page by  
one

Made vocal for the amusement of the  
rest;  
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of  
sweet sounds  
The touch from many a trembling  
chord shakes out;  
And the clear voice symphonious, yet  
distinct,  
And in the charming strife trium-  
phant still,  
Beguile the night, and set a keener  
edge  
On female industry: the threaded  
steel  
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task pro-  
ceeds.

[From *The Task*.]

MERCY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of  
friends,  
(Though graced with polished man-  
ners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a  
worm.  
An inadvertent step may crush the  
snail  
That crawls at evening in the public  
path;  
But he that has humanity, fore-  
warned,  
Will tread aside, and let the reptile  
live.  
The creeping vermin, loathsome to  
the sight,  
And charged perhaps with venom,  
that intrudes,  
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes  
Sacred to neatness and repose, the  
alcove,  
The chamber, or refectory, may die:  
A necessary act incurs no blame.  
Not so when, held within their proper  
bounds,  
And guiltless of offence, they range  
the air  
Or take their pastime in the spacious  
field.  
There they are privileged; and he  
that hunts

Or harms them there is guilty of a  
 wrong.  
 Disturbs the economy of Nature's  
 realm,  
 Who, when she formed, designed  
 them an abode.  
 The sum is this: If man's conven-  
 ience, health,  
 Or safety interfere, his rights and  
 claims  
 Are paramount, and must extinguish  
 theirs.  
 Else they are all — the meanest things  
 that are —  
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,  
 As God was free to form them at the  
 first.  
 Who in his sovereign wisdom made  
 them all.  
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach  
 your sons  
 To love it too.

[From *The Task*.]

*THE POST-BOY.*

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er  
 yonder bridge,  
 That with its wearisome but needless  
 length  
 Bestrides the wintry flood; in which  
 the moon  
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected  
 bright: —  
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
 With spattered boots, strapped waist,  
 and frozen locks,  
 News from all nations lumbering at  
 his back.  
 True to his task, the close-packed  
 load behind.  
 Yet careless what he brings, his one  
 concern  
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn:  
 And having dropped the expected  
 bag, pass on.  
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted  
 wretch,  
 Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of  
 grief  
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to  
 some; [joy]  
 To him indifferent whether grief or

[From *Retirement*.]

*THE SOUL'S PROGRESS CHECKED  
 BY TOO ABSORBING LOVE.*

As woodbine weds the plant within  
 her reach,  
 Rough elm, or smooth-grained ash,  
 or glossy beech,  
 In spiral rings ascends the trunk, and  
 lays  
 Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays,  
 But does a mischief while she lends  
 a grace,  
 Straitening its growth by such a strict  
 embrace,  
 So love that clings around the noblest  
 minds,  
 Forbids the advancement of the soul  
 he binds.

*ALEXANDER SELKIRK.*

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute,  
 From the centre all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O solitude! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I must finish my journey alone,  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
 I start at the sound of my own.  
 The beasts that roam over the plain,  
 My form with indifference see,  
 They are so unacquainted with man,  
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
 Divinely bestowed upon man.  
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again!  
 My sorrows I then might assuage  
 In the ways of religion and truth.  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheered by the sallies of  
 youth.

Religion! what treasure untold  
 Resides in that heavenly word!

More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going  
bell,

These valleys and rocks never  
heard,  
Ne'er smiled at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath ap-  
peared.

Ye winds that have made me your  
sport,

Convey to this desolate shore,  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then  
send

A wish or a thought after me ?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind !  
Compared with the speed of its  
flight,

The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of  
light.

When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there ;  
But alas ! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair,  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place,  
And mercy, encouraging thought !  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

—  
TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well 'nigh past  
Since first our sky was overcast ; —  
Ah, would that this might be the last !  
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,  
I see thee daily weaker grow ; —  
'Twas my distress that brought thee  
low,

My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,  
For my sake restless heretofore,  
Now rust disused, and shine no more,  
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil  
The same kind office for me still,  
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,  
My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's  
part,  
And all thy threads with magic art,  
Have wound themselves about this  
heart,

My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem  
Like language uttered in a dream :  
Yet me they charm, whate'er the  
theme,

My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,  
Are still more lovely in my sight  
Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,  
What sight worth seeing could I  
see ?

The sun would rise in vain for me,  
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,  
Thy hands their little force resign :  
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,  
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limb thou provest,  
That now at every step thou movest,  
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lovest,  
My Mary !

And still to love, though pressed with  
ill,

In wintry age to feel no chill,  
With me is to be lovely still,

My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know,  
How oft the sadness that I show  
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe !  
My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast  
With much resemblance of the past,  
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,  
My Mary !



## GEORGE CRABBE.

[From *Edward Shore*.]

## THE PERILS OF GENIUS.

GENIUS! thou gift of Heaven! thou  
 light divine!  
 Amid what dangers art thou doomed  
 to shine!  
 Oft will the body's weakness check  
 thy force,  
 Oft damp thy vigor, and impede thy  
 course;  
 And trembling nerves compel thee to  
 restrain  
 Thy nobler efforts, to contend with  
 pain:  
 Or Want (sad guest!) will in thy pres-  
 ence come,  
 And breathe around her melancholy  
 gloom:  
 To life's low cares will thy proud  
 thought confine,  
 And make her sufferings, her impa-  
 tience thine.  
 Evil and strong, seducing passions  
 prey  
 On soaring minds, and win them from  
 their way,  
 Who then to Vice the subject spirits  
 give, [live:  
 And in the service of the conqueror  
 Like captive Samson making sport  
 for all,  
 Who feared their strength, and glo-  
 ry in their fall.  
 Genius, with virtue, still may lack  
 the aid  
 Implored by humble minds, and  
 hearts afraid:  
 May leave to timid souls the shield  
 and sword  
 Of the tried Faith and the resistless  
 Word;  
 Amid a world of dangers venturing  
 forth,  
 Frail, but yet fearless, proud in con-  
 scious worth,  
 Till strong temptation, in some fatal  
 time,  
 Assails the heart, and wins the soul  
 to crime;

When left by honor, and by sorrow  
 spent,  
 Unused to pray, unable to repent,  
 The nobler powers that once exalted  
 high  
 Th' aspiring man shall then degraded  
 lie:  
 Reason, through anguish, shall her  
 throne forsake,  
 And strength of mind but stronger  
 madness make.

[From *Edward Shore*.]SLEEP THE DETRACTOR OF  
BEAUTY.

WE indeed have heard  
 Of sleeping beauty, and it has ap-  
 peared:  
 'Tis seen in infants — there indeed  
 we find,  
 The features softened by the slum-  
 bering mind;  
 But other beauties, when disposed to  
 sleep,  
 Should from the eye of keen inspec-  
 tor keep:  
 The lovely nymph who would her  
 swain surprise,  
 May close her mouth, but not conceal  
 her eyes;  
 Sleep from the fairest face some  
 beauty takes,  
 And all the homely features homelier  
 makes.

[From *Edward Shore*.]

## THE VACILLATING PURPOSE.

Who often reads will sometimes wish  
 to write,  
 And Shore would yield instruction  
 and delight;  
 A serious drama he designed, but  
 found  
 'T was tedious travelling in that  
 gloomy ground;

A deep and solemn story he would try,  
 But grew ashamed of ghosts, and laid it by;  
 Sermons he wrote, but they who knew his creed,  
 Or knew it not, were ill disposed to read;  
 And he would lastly be the nation's guide,  
 But, studying, failed to fix upon a side;  
 Fame he desired, and talents he possessed,  
 But loved not labor, though he could not rest,  
 Nor firmly fix the vacillating mind,  
 That, ever working, could no centre find.

[From Schools.]

THE TEACHER.

HE, while his troop light-hearted leap and play,  
 Is all intent on duties of the day;  
 No more the tyrant stern or judge severe,  
 He feels the father's and the husband's fear.  
 Ah! little think the timid, trembling crowd,  
 That one so wise, so powerful, and so proud,  
 Should feel himself, and dread the humble ills  
 Of rent-day charges and of coalmen's bills;  
 That while they mercy from their judge implore,  
 He fears himself — a knocking at the door:  
 And feels the burden as his neighbor states  
 His humble portion to the parish-rates.  
 They sit the allotted hours, then eager run,  
 Rushing to pleasure when the duty's done;  
 His hour of pleasure is of different kind,

Then cares domestic rush upon his mind,  
 And half the ease and comfort he enjoys,  
 Is when surrounded by slates, books, and boys.

[From Schools.]

LEARNING IS LABOR.

To learning's second seats we now proceed,  
 Where humming students gilded primers read;  
 Or books with letters large and pictures gay,  
 To make their reading but a kind of play —  
 "Reading made Easy," so the titles tell:  
 But they who read must first begin to spell;  
 There may be profit in these arts, but still,  
 Learning is labor, call it what you will;  
 Upon the youthful mind a heavy load,  
 Nor must we hope to find the royal road.  
 Some will their easy steps to science show,  
 And some to heaven itself their by-way know;  
 Ah! trust them not, — who fame or bliss would share,  
 Must learn by labor, and must live by care.

[From the Gentleman Farmer.]

FOLLY OF LITIGATION.

Who would by law regain his plundered store,  
 Would pick up fallen mercury from the floor;  
 If he pursue it, here and there it slides,  
 He would collect it, but it more divides;

This part and this he stops, but still  
 in vain,  
 It slips aside, and breaks in parts  
 again;  
 Till, after time and pains, and care  
 and cost,  
 He finds his labor and his object lost.

—————  
 [From *The Gentleman Farmer.*]

*AGAINST RASH OPINIONS.*

WHEN men in health against phy-  
 sicians rail,  
 They should consider that their  
 nerves may fail,  
 Who calls a lawyer rogue, may find,  
 too late,  
 On one of these depends his whole  
 estate:  
 Nay, when the world can nothing  
 more produce,  
 The priest, the insulted priest, may  
 have his use;  
 Ease, health, and comfort lift a man  
 so high,  
 These powers are dwarfs that he can  
 scarcely spy:  
 Pain, sickness, languor, keep a man  
 so low,  
 That these neglected dwarfs to giants  
 grow:  
 Happy is he who through the medium  
 sees  
 Of clear good sense.

. . . . .

—————  
 [From *The Parish Register.*]

*THE AWFUL VACANCY.*

ARRIVED at home, how then they  
 gazed around,  
 In every place, — where she — no  
 more was found; —  
 The seat at table she was wont to fill:  
 The fireside chair, still set, but vacant  
 still:  
 The garden-walks, a labor all her own:  
 The latticed bower, with trailing  
 shrubs o'ergrown;

The Sunday pew she filled with all  
 her race, —  
 Each place of hers was now a sacred  
 place,  
 That, while it called up sorrows in  
 the eyes,  
 Pierced the full heart and forced them  
 still to rise.

O sacred Sorrow! by whom souls  
 are tried,  
 Sent not to punish mortals, but to  
 guide;  
 If thou art mine, (and who shall  
 proudly dare  
 To tell his Maker he has had his  
 share?)  
 Still let me feel for what thy pangs  
 were sent,  
 And be my guide and not my punish-  
 ment!

—————  
 [From *The Dumb Orators.*]

*MAN'S DISLIKE TO BE LED.*

MAN will not follow where a rule is  
 shown,  
 But loves to take a method of his  
 own;  
 Explain the way with all your care  
 and skill,  
 This will he quit, if but to prove he  
 will.

—————  
 [From *The Village.*]

*APOSTROPHE TO THE WHIMSI-  
 CAL.*

SAY, ye opprest by some fantastic  
 woes,  
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your  
 repose;  
 Who press the downy couch while  
 slaves advance  
 With timid eye to read the distant  
 glance;  
 Who with sad prayers the weary doc-  
 tor tease,  
 To name the nameless ever-new  
 disease;

Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,  
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;  
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,  
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?  
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,  
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

[From Prisons.]

*THE CONDEMNED; HIS DREAM  
AND ITS AWAKENING.*

STILL I behold him, every thought employed  
On one dire view!— all others are destroyed;  
This makes his features ghastly, gives the tone  
Of his few words resemblance to a groan;  
He takes his tasteless food, and when 't is done,  
Counts up his meals, now lessened by that one;  
For expectation is on time intent,  
Whether he brings us joy or punishment.  
Yes! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,  
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;  
He sees the judge and jury, when he shakes,  
And loudly cries, "Not guilty," and awakes;  
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,  
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.  
Now comes the dream again: it shows each scene,  
With each small circumstance that comes between—  
The call to suffering and the very deed—  
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;  
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,

While he in fancied envy looks at them:  
He seems the place for that sad act to see,  
And dreams the very thirst which then will be:  
A priest attends— it seems, the one he knew  
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.  
At this his terrors take a sudden flight,  
He sees his native village with delight:  
The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed  
His youthful person; where he knelt and prayed;  
Then too the comforts he enjoyed at home,  
The days of joy: the joys themselves are come;—  
The hours of innocence;— the timid look  
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took,  
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,  
Her forced reserve, and his retreat-ing fears.  
All now is present;— 'tis a moment's gleam  
Of former sunshine— stay, delightful dream!  
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,  
Give him her arm; of blessings let them talk.  
Yes! all are with him now, and all the while  
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile:  
Then come his sister, and his village-friend,  
And he will now the sweetest moments spend  
Life has to yield;— No! never will he find  
Again on earth such pleasures in his mind:  
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,  
Love in their looks and honor on their tongue:

Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shows,  
 The bloom is softer and more sweetly glows; —  
 Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire  
 For more than true and honest hearts require,  
 They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed,  
 Through the green lane, — then linger in the mead, —  
 Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom, —  
 And pluck the blossoms where the wild bees hum;  
 Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,  
 And press the sandy sheepwalk's slender grass  
 Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,  
 And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed;  
 Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way  
 O'er its rough bridge and there behold the bay! —  
 The ocean smiling to the fervid sun —  
 The waves that faintly fall and slowly run —  
 The ships at distance and the boats at hand;  
 And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,  
 Counting the number and what kind they be,  
 Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea:  
 Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold  
 The glittering waters on the shingles rolled:  
 The timid girls, half dreading their design,  
 Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,  
 And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,  
 Or lie like pictures on the sand below:  
 With all those bright red pebbles, that the sun  
 Through the small waves so softly shines upon;

And those live lucid jellies which the eye  
 Delights to trace as they swim glittering by:  
 Pearl-shells and rubied star-fish they admire,  
 And will arrange above the parlor fire, —  
 Tokens of bliss! — “Oh! horrible! a wave  
 Roars as it rises — save me, Edward! save!”  
 She cries: — Alas! the watchman on his way  
 Calls, and lets in — truth, terror, and the day!

[From *The Lover's Journey*.]

EXTERNAL IMPRESSIONS DEPENDENT ON THE SOUL'S MOODS.

It is the Soul that sees: the outward eyes  
 Present the object, but the Mind describes;  
 And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise:  
 When minds are joyful, then we look around,  
 And what is seen is all on fairy ground;  
 Again they sicken, and on every view  
 Cast their own dull and melancholy hue;  
 Or, if absorbed by their peculiar cares,  
 The vacant eye on viewless matter glares,  
 Our feelings still upon our views attend,  
 And their own natures to the objects lend;  
 Sorrow and joy are in their influence [sure,  
 Long as the passion reigns th' effects endure:  
 But Love in minds his various changes makes,  
 And clothes each object with the change he takes;  
 His light and shade on every view he throws,  
 And on each object, what he feels, bestows.

[From *The Parting Hour.*]

LIFE.

MINUTELY trace man's life: year  
after year,  
Through all his days let all his deeds  
appear,  
And then, though some may in that  
life be strange,  
Yet there appears no vast nor sudden  
change:  
The links that bind those various  
deeds are seen,  
And no mysterious void is left be-  
tween.

But let these binding links be all  
destroyed,  
All that through years he suffered or  
enjoyed:  
Let that vast gap be made, and then  
behold —  
This was the youth, and he is thus  
when old;  
Then we at once the work of time  
survey,  
And in an instant see a life's decay;  
Pain mixed with pity in our bosoms  
rise,  
And sorrow takes new sadness from  
surprise.

[From *The Parting Hour.*]

FRIENDSHIP IN AGE AND SORROW.

BENEATH yon tree, observe an an-  
cient pair —  
A sleeping man; a woman in her  
chair,  
Watching his looks with kind and  
pensive air;  
Nor wife, nor sister she, nor is the  
name  
Nor kindred of this friendly pair the  
same;  
Yet so allied are they, that few can  
feel  
Her constant, warm, unwearied, anx-  
ious zeal;  
Their years and woes, although they  
long have loved,  
Keep their good name and conduct  
unreproved;

Thus life's small comforts they to-  
gether share,  
And while life lingers, for the grave  
prepare,  
No other subjects on their spirits  
press,  
Nor gain such interest as the past dis-  
tress;  
Grievous events, that from the mem-  
ory drive  
Life's common cares, and those alone  
survive,  
Mix with each thought, in every ac-  
tion share,  
Darken each dream, and blend with  
every prayer.

[From *The Library.*]

CONTROVERSIALISTS.

AGAINST her foes Religion well de-  
fends  
Her sacred truths, but often fears her  
friends;  
If learned, their pride, if weak, their  
zeal she dreads,  
And their hearts' weakness who have  
soundest heads:  
But most she fears the controversial  
pen,  
The holy strife of disputatious men;  
Who the blest Gospel's peaceful page  
explore,  
Only to fight against its precepts  
more.

[From *The Library.*]

TO CRITICS.

FOES to our race! if ever ye have  
known  
A father's fears for offspring of your  
own;  
If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line,  
Ye thought the sudden sentiment di-  
vine,  
Then paused and doubted, and then  
tired of doubt,  
With rage as sudden dashed the stanza  
out; —

If, after fearing much and pausing long,  
 Ye ventured on the world your labored song,  
 And from the crusty critics of those days  
 Implored the feeble tribute of their praise,  
 Remember now the fears that moved you then,  
 And, spite of truth, let mercy guide your pen.

[From *The Library*.]

PHILOSOPHY.

How vice and virtue in the soul contend;  
 How widely differ, yet how nearly blend;  
 What various passions war on either part,  
 And now confirm, now melt the yielding heart:  
 How Fancy loves around the world to stray,  
 While Judgment slowly picks his sober way;  
 The stores of memory, and the flights sublime  
 Of genius bound by neither space nor time;—  
 All these divine Philosophy explores,  
 Till, lost in awe, she wonders and adores.

[From *The Library*.]

THE UNIVERSAL LOT.

CARE lives with all; no rules, no precepts save  
 The wise from woe, no fortitude the brave;  
 Grief is to man as certain as the grave:  
 Tempests and storms in life's whole progress rise,

And hope shines dimly through o'erclouded skies;  
 Some drops of comfort on the favored fall,  
 But showers of sorrow are the lot of all:  
 Partial to talents, then, shall Heaven withdraw  
 Th' afflicting rod, or break the general law?  
 Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier views,  
 Life's little cares and little pains refuse?  
 Shall he not rather feel a double share  
 Of mortal woe, when doubly armed to bear?

[From *The Library*.]

UNION OF FAITH AND REASON  
 NECESSARY.

WHEN first Religion came to bless the land,  
 Her friends were then a firm believing band,  
 To doubt was then to plunge in guilt extreme,  
 And all was gospel that a monk could dream;  
 Insulted Reason fled the grovelling soul,  
 For Fear to guide, and visions to control;  
 But now, when Reason has assumed her throne,  
 She, in her turn, demands to reign alone;  
 Rejecting all that lies beyond her view,  
 And, being judge, will be a witness too:  
 Insulted Faith then leaves the doubtful mind,  
 To seek the truth, without a power to find:  
 Ah! when will both in friendly beams unite,  
 And pour on erring man resistless light?

[From *The Library.*]

BOOKS.

BUT what strange art, what magic  
can dispose  
The troubled mind to change its na-  
tive woes?  
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to  
see  
Others more wretched, more undone  
than we?  
This BOOKS can do;—nor this alone;  
they give  
New views to life, and teach us how  
to live;

They soothe the grieved, the stub-  
born they chastise,  
Fools they admonish, and confirm  
the wise;  
Their aid they yield to all; they never  
shun  
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch  
undone;  
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the  
proud,  
They fly not sullen from the suppli-  
ant crowd;  
Nor tell to various people various  
things,  
But show to subjects what they show  
to kings.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

OH, the green things growing, the  
green things growing,  
The faint sweet smell of the green  
things growing!  
I should like to live, whether I smile  
or grieve.  
Just to watch the happy life of my  
green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering  
of those green things growing!  
How they talk each to each, when  
none of us are knowing;  
In the wonderful white of the weird  
moonlight  
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the  
cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green  
things growing!  
And I think that they love me, with-  
out false showing;  
For by many a tender touch, they  
comfort me so much,  
With the soft mute comfort of green  
things growing.

And in the rich store of their blos-  
soms glowing  
Ten for one I take they're on me be-  
stowing:  
Oh, I should like to see, if God's will  
it may be,  
Many, many a summer of my green  
things growing!

But if I must be gathered for the an-  
gels' sowing,  
Sleep out of sight awhile, like the  
green things growing,  
Though dust to dust return, I think  
I'll scarcely mourn,  
If I may change into green things  
growing.

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

“Two hands upon the breast,  
And labor's done;  
Two pale feet crossed in rest,—  
The race is won;  
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,  
And all tears cease;





PLIGHTED.



Two lips where grief is mute,  
 Anger at peace;"  
 So pray we oftentimes, mourning  
 our lot  
 God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address  
 Aye for His praise;  
 Two feet that never rest  
 Walking His ways;  
 Two eyes that look above  
 Through all their tears;  
 Two lips still breathing love,  
 Not wrath, nor fears;"  
 So pray we afterwards, low on our  
 knees;  
 Pardon those erring prayers! Father,  
 hear these!

PLIGHTED.

MINE to the core of the heart, my  
 beauty!  
 Mine, all mine, and for love, not  
 duty:

Love given willingly, full and free,  
 Love for love's sake,—as mine to  
 thee.

Duty's a slave that keeps the keys.  
 But Love, the master, goes in and out  
 Of his goodly chambers with song  
 and shout,  
 Just as he please,—just as he  
 please.

Mine, from the dear head's crown,  
 brown-golden,  
 To the silken foot that's scarce be-  
 holden;

Give to a few friends hand or smile,  
 Like a generous lady, now and  
 awhile,

But the sanctuary heart, that none  
 dare win,  
 Keep holiest of holiest evermore;  
 The crowd in the aisles may watch  
 the door,  
 The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubts or  
 terrors,  
 With all thy goodnesses, all thy  
 errors,

Unto me and to me alone revealed,  
 "A spring shut up, a fountain  
 sealed."

Many may praise thee, — praise  
 mine as thine,  
 Many may love thee,—I'll love them  
 too;  
 But thy heart of hearts, pure, faith-  
 ful, and true,  
 Must be mine, mine wholly, and  
 only mine.

Mine!—God, I thank Thee that  
 Thou hast given  
 Something all mine on this side  
 heaven:

Something as much myself to be  
 As this my soul which I lift to Thee:  
 Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone;  
 Life of my life, whom Thou dost  
 make

Two to the world for the world's  
 work's sake,—  
 But each unto each, as in Thy  
 sight, one.

PHILIP, MY KING.

Look at me with thy large brown  
 eyes,

Philip, my king,  
 Round whom the enshadowing pur-  
 ple lies

Of babyhood's royal dignities;  
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand  
 With love's invisible sceptre laden  
 I am thine Esther to command  
 Till thou shalt find a queen-hand-  
 maiden,

Philip, my king.

Oh, the day when thou goest a-woo-  
 ing,

Philip, my king!  
 When those beautiful lips are suing,  
 And some gentle heart's bars undoing  
 Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and  
 there

Sittest love-glorified. Rule kindly,  
 Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,  
 For we that love, ah! we love so  
 blindly,  
 Philip, my king.

Up from thy sweet mouth,— up to  
thy brow,

Philip, my king!

The spirit that there lies sleeping  
now

May rise like a giant and make men  
bow

As to one heaven-chosen amongst  
his peers:

My Saul, than thy brethren taller  
and fairer

Let me behold thee in future years;  
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,

Philip, my king.

— A wreath not of gold, but palm.

One day,

Philip, my king,

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a  
way

Thorny and cruel and cold and gray:  
Rebels within thee and foes without,

Will snatch at thy crown. But march  
on, glorious,

Martyr, yet monarch; till angels  
shout [victorious]

As thou sit'st at the feet of God  
"Philip, the king!"

TOO LATE.

COULD you come back to me, Douglas,  
Douglas,

In the old likeness that I knew,

I would be so faithful, so loving,  
Douglas,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve  
you,

I'd smile on you sweet as the angels  
do;—

Sweet as your smile on me shone  
ever.

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!

My eyes were blinded, your words  
were few,

Do you know the truth now up in  
heaven,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas;  
Not half worthy the like of you:

Now all men beside seem to me like  
shadows,—

I love *you*, Douglas, tender and  
true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Doug-  
las, Douglas,

Drop forgiveness from heaven like  
dew;

As I lay my heart on your dead  
heart, Douglas,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

RESIGNING.

CHILDREN, that lay their pretty gar-  
lands by

So piteously, yet with a humble  
mind;

Sailors, who, when their ship rocks  
in the wind,

Cast out her freight with half-averted  
eye,

Riches for life exchanging solemnly,  
Lest they should never gain the  
wished-for shore;—

Thus we, O Father, standing Thee  
before,

Do lay down at Thy feet without a  
sigh

Each after each our precious things  
and rare,

Our dear heart-jewels and our gar-  
lands fair.

Perhaps Thou knewest that the flow-  
ers would die,

And the long-voyaged hoards be  
found but dust:

So took'st them, while unchanged.  
To Thee we trust

For incorruptible treasure: Thou art  
just.

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

LOOK at his pretty face for just one  
minute!

His braided frock and dainty but-  
toned shoes;

His firm-shut hand, the favorite  
plaything in it,—

Then tell me, mothers, was't not  
hard to lose

And miss him from my side,—  
My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear and  
charming, [delight,

His father's hope, his mother's one  
Slips through strange sicknesses, all  
fear disarming,

And lives a long, long life in par-  
ents' sight!

Mine was so short a pride!

And then,—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden  
charger;

I hear him pattering through the  
house all day;

I watch his great blue eyes grow  
large and larger, [or gay,

Listening to stories, whether grave

Told at the bright fireside,  
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is liv-  
ing,

As living as my other children are.  
When good-night kisses I all round  
am giving,

I keep one for him, though he is  
so far.

Can a mere grave divide

Me from him,— though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er  
with daisies

(Nothing but childish daisies all  
year round),

Continually God's hand the curtain  
raises,

And I can hear his merry voice's  
sound,

And feel him at my side,—

My little boy that died.

## CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

### *A THRUSH IN A GILDED CAGE.*

WAS this the singer I had heard so  
long,

But never till this evening, face to  
face?

And were they his, those tones so  
unlike song,

Those words conventional and  
commonplace?

Those echoes of the usual social chat  
That filled with noise confused the  
crowded hall;

That smiling face, black coat, and  
white cravat;

Those fashionable manners,— was  
this all?

He glanced at freedmen, operas, poli-  
tics,

And other common topics of the  
day;

But not one brilliant image did he  
mix

With all the prosy things he had to  
say.

At least I hoped that one I long had  
known,

In the inspired books that built his  
fame,

Would breathe some word, some  
sympathetic tone,

Fresh from the ideal region whence  
he came.

And so I leave the well-dressed, buzz-  
ing crowd,

And vent my spleen alone here by  
my fire;

Mourning the fading of my golden  
cloud,

The disappointment of my life's  
desire.

Simple enthusiast! why do you re-  
quire

A budding rose for every thorny  
stalk?

Why must we poets always bear the  
lyre

And sing, when fashion forces us  
to talk?

Only at moments comes the muse's  
light.

Alone, like shy wood-thrushes, war-  
ble we.

Catch us in traps like this dull crowd  
to-night,

We are but plain, brown feathered  
birds, you see!

---

COMPENSATION.

TEARS wash away the atoms in the  
eye

That smarted for a day;

Rain-clouds that spoiled the splen-  
dors of the sky

The fields with flowers array.

No chamber of pain but has some  
hidden door

That promises release; [store

No solitude so drear but yields its  
Of thought and inward peace.

No night so wild but brings the con-  
stant sun

With love and power untold;

No time so dark but through its woof  
there run

Some blessed threads of gold.

And through the long and storm-tost  
centuries burn

In changing calm and strife

The Pharos-lights of truth, where'er  
we turn,—

The unquenched lamps of life.

O Love supreme! O Providence di-  
vine!

What self-adjusting springs

Of law and life, what even scales,  
are thine,

What sure-returning wings

Of hopes and joys that flit like birds  
away,

When chilling autumn blows,  
But come again, long ere the buds of

May

Their rosy lips unclose!

What wondrous play of mood and  
accident

Through shifting days and years;

What fresh returns of vigor overspent  
In feverish dreams and fears!

What wholesome air of conscience  
and of thought

When doubts and forms oppress;

What vistas opening to the gates we  
sought

Beyond the wilderness;

Beyond the narrow cells where self-  
involved,

Like chrysalids, we wait

The unknown births, the mysteries  
unsolved

Of death and change and fate!

O Light divine! we need no fuller  
test

That all is ordered well;

We know enough to trust that all is  
best

Where Love and Wisdom dwell.

---

MEMORIAL HALL.

AMID the elms that interlace

Round Harvard's grounds their  
branches tall,

We greet no walls of statelier grace  
Than thine, our proud Memorial

Hall!

Through arching boughs and roofs of  
green

Whose dappled lights and shadows  
lie

Along the turf and road, is seen

Thy noble form against the sky.

And miles away, on fields and  
streams,

Or where the woods the hilltop  
crown,

The monumental temple gleams,  
A landmark to each neighboring  
town.

Nor this alone; New England knows  
A deeper meaning in the pride  
Whose stately architecture shows  
How Harvard's children fought  
and died.

Therefore this hallowed pile recalls  
The heroes, young and true and  
brave,  
Who gave their memories to these  
walls,  
Their lives to fill the soldier's  
grave.

The farmer, as he drives his team  
To market in the morn, afar  
Beholds the golden sunrise gleam  
Upon thee, like a glistening star.

And gazing, he remembers well  
Why stands yon tower so fair and  
tall.

His sons perhaps in battle fell;  
For him, too, shines Memorial  
Hall.

And sometimes as the student glides  
Along the winding Charles, and sees  
Across the flats thy glowing sides  
Above the elms and willow-trees,

Upon his oar he'll turn and pause,  
Remembering the heroic aims  
Of those who linked their country's  
cause  
In deathless glory with their names.

And as against the moonlit sky  
The shadowy mass looms overhead,  
Well may we linger with a sigh  
Beneath the tablets of the dead.

The snow-drifts on thy roof shall  
wreathe  
Their crowns of virgin white for  
them;

The whispering winds of summer  
breathe  
At morn and eve their requiem.

For them the Cambridge bells shall  
chime  
Across the noises of the town;  
The cannon's peal recall their time  
Of stern resolve and brief renown.

Concord and Lexington shall still,  
Like deep to deep, to Harvard call;  
The tall gray shaft on Bunker Hill  
Speak greetings to Memorial Hall.

Oh, never may the land forget  
Her loyal sons who died that we  
Might live, remembering still our  
debt,  
- The costly price of Liberty!

—  
*THOUGHT.*

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;  
Man by man was never seen;  
All our deep communing fails  
To remove the shadow screen.

Heart to heart was never known;  
Mind with mind did never meet;  
We are columns left alone  
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
Far apart though seeming near,  
In our light we scattered lie;  
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
But a babbling summer stream?  
What our wise philosophy  
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love  
Melts the scattered stars of thought,  
Only when we live above  
What the dim-eyed world hath  
taught;

Only when our souls are fed  
By the fount which gave them birth,  
And by inspiration led  
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,  
Swelling till they meet and run,  
Shall be all absorbed again,  
Melting, flowing into one.

—  
*I IN THEE, AND THOU IN ME.*

I AM but clay in thy hands, but Thou  
art the all-loving artist.

Passive I lie in thy sight, yet in my  
selfhood I strive

So to embody the life and the love  
thou ever impartest,

That in my sphere of the finite, I  
may be truly alive.

Knowing thou needest this form, as  
I thy divine inspiration,

Knowing thou shapest the clay with  
a vision and purpose divine,

So would I answer each touch of thy  
hand in its loving creation,

That in my conscious life thy pow-  
er and beauty may shine,

Reflecting the noble intent thou hast  
in forming thy creatures;

Waking from sense into life of the  
soul, and the image of thee;

Working with thee in thy work to  
model humanity's features

Into the likeness of God, myself  
from myself I would free.

One with all human existence, no  
one above or below me;

Lit by thy wisdom and love, as  
roses are steeped in the morn;

Growing from clay to a statue, from  
statue to flesh, till thou know  
me

Wrought into manhood celestial,  
and in thine image re-born.

So in thy love will I trust, bringing  
me sooner or later

Past the dark screen that divides  
these shows of the finite from  
thee.

Thine, thine only, this warm, dear  
life, O loving Creator!  
Thine the invisible future, born of  
the present, must be.

—  
*SOFT, BROWN, SMILING EYES.*

SOFT, brown, smiling eyes,  
Looking back through years,  
Smiling through the mist of time,  
Filling mine with tears;  
On this sunny morn,  
While the grape-blooms swing  
In the scented air of June,—  
Why these memories bring?

Silky rippling curls,  
Tresses long ago  
Laid beneath the shaded sod  
Where the violets blow;  
Why across the blue  
Of the peerless day  
Do ye droop to meet my own,  
Now all turned to gray?

Voice whose tender tones  
Break in sudden mirth,  
Heard far back in boyhood's spring,  
Silent now on earth;  
Why so sweet and clear,  
While the bird and bee  
Fill the balmy summer air,  
Come your tones to me?

Sweet, ah, sweeter far  
Than yon thrush's trill,  
Sadder, sweeter than the wind,  
Woods, or murmuring rill,  
Spirit words and songs  
O'er my senses creep.  
Do I breathe the air of dreams?  
Do I wake or sleep?

—  
*WHY?*

WHY was I born, and where was I  
Before this living mystery  
That weds the body to the soul?  
What are the laws by whose control



I live and feel and think and know ?  
 What the allegiance that I owe  
 To tides beyond all time and space ?  
 What form of faith must I embrace ?  
 Why thwarted, starved, and over-  
 borne

By fate,— an exile, driven forlorn  
 By fitful winds, where each event  
 Seems but the whirl of accident ?  
 Why feel our wings so incomplete,  
 Or, flying, but a plumed deceit,  
 Renewing all our lives to us  
 The fable old of Icarus ?

Tell me the meaning of the breath  
 That whispers from the house of  
 death.

That chills thought's metaphysic  
 strife,

That dims the dream of After-life.  
 Why, if we lived not ere our birth,  
 Hope for a state beyond this earth ?

Tell me the secret of the hope  
 That gathers, as we upwards ope  
 The skylights of the prisoned soul  
 Unto the perfect and the whole ;  
 Yet why the loveliest things of earth  
 Mock in their death their glorious  
 birth.

Why, when the scarlet sunset floods  
 The west beyond the hills and woods,  
 Or June with roses crowds my porch,  
 Or northern lights with crimson  
 torch

Illume the snow and veil the stars  
 With streaming bands and wavering  
 bars,

Or music's sensuous, soul-like wine  
 Intoxicates with trance divine,—  
 Why then must sadness like a thief  
 Steal my aromas of belief,  
 And like a cloud that shuts the day  
 At sunrise, turn my gold to gray ?

Tell me why instincts meant for good  
 Turn to a madness of the blood ;  
 And, baffling all our morals nice,  
 Nature seems nearly one with vice ;  
 What sin and misery mean, if blent  
 With good in one divine intent.

Why from such source must evil  
 spring,  
 And finite still mean suffering ?

Look on the millions born to blight ;  
 The souls that pine for warmth and  
 light :

The crushed and stifled swarms that  
 pack

The foul streets and the alleys black,  
 The miserable lives that crawl

Outside the grim partition wall

'Twixt rich and poor, 'twixt foul and  
 fair,

'Twixt vaulting hope and lame de-  
 spair.

On that wall's sunny side, within,  
 Hang ripening fruits and tendrils  
 green,

O'er garden-beds of bloom and spice,  
 And perfume as of paradise.

There happy children run and talk  
 Along the shade-flecked gravel-walk,  
 And lovers sit in rosy bowers,

And music overflows the hours,  
 And wealth and health and mirth  
 and books

Make pictures in Arcadian nooks.

But on that wall's grim outer stones  
 The fierce north-wind of winter  
 groans ;

Through blinding dust, o'er bleak  
 highway,

The slant sun's melancholy ray  
 Sees stagnant pool and poisonous  
 weed,

The hearts that faint, the feet that  
 bleed,

The grovelling aim, the flagging  
 faith,

The starving curse, the drowning  
 death !

O wise philosopher ! you soothe  
 Our troubles with a touch too  
 smooth.

Too plausibly your reasonings come.  
 They will not guide me to my home ;  
 They lead me on a little way

Through meadows, groves, and gar-  
 dens gay,

Until a wall shuts out my day,—

A screen whose top is hid in clouds,  
 Whose base is deep on dead men's  
 shrouds.

Could I dive under pain and death,  
 Or mount and breathe the whole  
 heaven's breath,

I might begin to comprehend  
How the Beginning joins the End.

We agonize in doubt, perplexed  
O'er fate, free-will, and Bible-text.  
In vain. The spirit finds no vent  
From out the imprisoning tempera-  
ment.

Therefore I bow my spirit to the  
Power  
That underflows and fills my little  
hour.

I feel the eternal symphony afloat,  
In which I am a breath, a passing  
note.

I may be but a dull and jarring nerve  
In the great body, yet some end I  
serve.

Yea, though I dream and question  
still the dream

Thus floating by me upon Being's  
stream,

Some end I serve. Love reigns. I  
cannot lose

The Primal Light, though thousand-  
fold its hues.

I can believe that somewhere Truth  
abides;

Not in the ebb and flow of those  
small tides

That float the dogmas of our saints  
and sects;

Not in a thousand tainted dialects,  
But in the one pure language, could  
we hear,

That fills with love and light the ser-  
aphs' sphere.

I can believe there is a Central Good,  
That burns and shines o'er tempera-  
ment and mood;

That somewhere God will melt the  
clouds away,

And his great purpose shine as  
shines the day.

Then may we know why now we  
could not know;

Why the great Isis-curtain drooped  
so low;

Why we were blindfold on a path of  
light;

Why came wild gleams and voices  
through the night;

Why we seemed drifting, storm-tost,  
without rest,

And were but rocking on a mother's  
breast.

## GEORGE CROLY.

### *EVENING.*

WHEN eve is purpling cliff and cave,  
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye  
flow!

Not softer on the western wave  
The golden lines of sunset glow.

Then all, by chance or fate removed,  
Like spirits crowd upon the eye;  
The few we liked — the one we loved!  
And the whole heart is memory.

And life is like a fading flower,  
Its beauty dying as we gaze;  
Yet as the shadows round us lour,  
Heaven pours above a brighter  
blaze.

When morning sheds its gorgeous  
dye,

Our hope, our heart, to earth is  
given;

But dark and lonely is the eye?  
That turns not, at its eve, to heaven.

### *CUPID GROWN CAREFUL.*

THERE was once a gentle time  
When the world was in its prime;  
And every day was holiday,  
And every month was lovely May.  
Cupid then had but to go  
With his purple wings and bow:

And in blossomed vale and grove  
 Every shepherd knelt to love.  
 Then a rosy, dimpled cheek,  
 And a blue eye, fond and meek;  
 And a ringlet-wreathen brow,  
 Like hyacinths on a bed of snow:  
 And a low voice, silver sweet,  
 From a lip without deceit;  
 Only these the hearts could move  
 Of the simple swains to love.

But that time is gone and past,  
 Can the summer always last?  
 And the swains are wiser grown,  
 And the heart is turned to stone,

And the maiden's rose may wither;  
 Cupid's fled, no man knows whither.  
 But another Cupid's come,  
 With a brow of care and gloom:  
 Fixed upon the earthly mould,  
 Thinking of the sullen gold;  
 In his hand the bow no more,  
 At his back the household store,  
 That the bridal gold must buy:  
 Useless now the smile and sigh;  
 But he wears the pinion still,  
 Flying at the sight of ill.

Oh, for the old true-love time,  
 When the world was in its prime!

### JOHN CROWNE.

#### WISHES FOR OBSCURITY.

How miserable a thing is a great  
 man!  
 Take noisy vexing greatness they  
 that please; [ease.  
 Give me obscure and safe and silent  
 Acquaintance and commerce let me  
 have none  
 With any powerful thing but time  
 alone:  
 My rest let Time be fearful to offend,  
 And creep by me as by a slumbering  
 friend;

Oh, wretched he who, called abroad  
 by power,  
 To know himself can never find an  
 hour!  
 Strange to himself, but to all others  
 known,  
 Lends every one his life, but uses  
 none;  
 So, ere he tasted life, to death he  
 goes,  
 And himself loses ere himself he  
 knows.

### ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

#### THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my  
 Jeanie,  
 By that pretty white hand o' thine,  
 And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,  
 That thou wad aye be mine;  
 And I hae sworn by my God, my  
 Jeanie,  
 And by that kind heart o' thine,  
 By a' the stars sown thick owre  
 heaven,  
 That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad  
 loose sic bands,  
 An' the heart that wad part sic  
 luvie;  
 But there's nae hand can loose my  
 band,  
 But the finger o' God above.  
 Though the wee, wee cot maun be  
 my bield,  
 And my claithing e'er so mean,  
 I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o'  
 luvie,  
 Heaven's arnifu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me  
Far safter than the down;

And luve wad winnow owre us his  
kind, kind wings,

An' sweetly I'd sleep, an' soun'.  
Come here to me, thou lass o' my  
luve,

Come here, and kneel wi' me!  
The morn is fu' o' the presence o'  
God,

An' I canna pray without thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the  
beds o' new flowers,

The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie;  
Our gudeman leans owre his kale-  
yard dyke,

And a blithe auld bodie is he.  
The beuk maun be taen when the  
carle comes hame,

Wi' the holie psalmodie;  
And thou maun speak o' me to thy  
God,

And I will speak o' thee.

—————  
*SHE'S GANE TO DWELL IN  
HEAVEN.*

SHE'S gane to dwell in heaven, my  
lassie,

She's gane to dwell in heaven:  
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,  
For dwelling out o' heaven!

O, what'll she do in heaven, my las-  
sie?

O, what'll she do in heaven?  
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' an-  
gels' sangs,

An' make them mair meet for  
heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,  
She was beloved by a';  
But an angel fell in love wi' her,  
An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,  
Low there thou lies,  
A bonnier form ne'er went to the  
yird,  
Nor fra it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie.

Fu' soon I'll follow thee;  
Thou left me naught to covet ahin'  
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my  
lassie,

I looked on thy death-cold face;  
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,  
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my  
lassie,

I looked on thy death-shut eye;  
An' a lovelier light in the brow o'  
heaven

Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my  
lassie,

Thy lips were ruddy and calm;  
But gane was the holy breath o' heav-  
en,

To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine,  
lassie,

There's naught but dust now mine;  
My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,  
An' why should I stay behin'?

—————  
*A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING  
SEA.*

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast —  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on our lee.

“O for a soft and gentle wind!”  
I heard a fair one cry;  
But give to me the swelling breeze,  
And white waves heaving high,—  
The white waves heaving high, my  
lads,  
The good ship tight and free;  
The world of waters is our home,  
And merry men are we.

## GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

## MAJOR AND MINOR.

A BIRD sang sweet and strong  
 In the top of the highest tree;  
 He sang, — "I pour out my soul in  
 song  
 For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood  
 Another bird sang, — "I pour  
 My soul on the solemn solitude  
 For the springs that return no  
 more."

## EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

SING again the song you sung,  
 When we were together young—  
 When there were but you and I  
 Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,  
 Though I know that nevermore  
 Will it seem the song you sung  
 When we were together young.

## MUSIC IN THE AIR.

OH, listen to the howling sea,  
 That beats on the remorseless shore;  
 Oh, listen, for that sound shall be,  
 When our wild hearts shall beat no  
 more.

Oh, listen well, and listen long!  
 For, sitting folded close to me,  
 You could not hear a sweeter song  
 Than that hoarse murmur of the  
 sea.

## RICHARD HENRY DANA.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S  
GRAVE.

HUSBAND and wife! no converse now  
 ye hold,  
 As once ye did in your young days of  
 love,  
 On its alarms, its anxious hours, de-  
 lays,  
 Its silent meditations and glad hopes,  
 Its fears, impatience, quiet sympa-  
 thies;  
 Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and  
 bliss  
 Full, certain, and possessed. Domes-  
 tic cares  
 Call you not now together. Earnest  
 talk  
 On what your children may be, moves  
 you not.  
 Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence;  
 Not like to that in which ye rested  
 once  
 Most happy, — silence eloquent, when  
 heart

With heart held speech, and your  
 mysterious frames,  
 Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat,  
 Touched the soft notes of love.

A stillness deep,  
 Insensible, unheeding, folds you  
 round,  
 And darkness, as a stone, has sealed  
 you in;  
 Away from all the living, here ye rest,  
 In all the nearness of the narrow  
 tomb,  
 Yet feel ye not each other's presence  
 now;—  
 Dread fellowship! — together, yet  
 alone.

Why is it that I linger round this  
 tomb?  
 What holds it? Dust that cumbered  
 those I mourn.  
 They shook it off, and laid aside  
 earth's robes,

And put on those of light. They're  
gone to dwell  
In love, — their God's and angels'!  
Mutual love,  
That bound them here, no longer  
needs a speech  
For full communion; nor sensations,  
strong,  
Within the breast, their prison, strive  
in vain  
To be set free, and meet their kind  
in joy.  
Changed to celestials, thoughts that  
rise in each  
By natures irew, impart themselves,  
though silent.  
Each quickening sense, each throb  
of holy love,  
Affections sanctified, and the full  
glow [one,  
Of being, which expand and gladden  
By union all mysterious, thrill and  
live  
In both immortal frames; — sensa-  
tion all,  
And thought, pervading, mingling  
sense and thought!  
Ye paired, yet one! wrapt in a con-  
sciousness  
Twofold, yet single, — this is love,  
this life!

—  
THE SOUL.

COME, brother, turn with me from  
pining thought  
And all the inward ills that sin has  
wrought;  
Come, send abroad a love for all who  
live,  
And feel the deep content in turn  
they give.  
Kind wishes and good deeds, — they  
make not poor;  
They'll home again, full laden, to thy  
door;  
The streams of love flow back where  
they begin,  
For springs of outward joys lie deep  
within.  
Even let them flow, and make the  
places glad

Where dwell thy fellow-men. —  
Shouldst thou be sad,  
And earth seem bare, and hours, once  
happy, press  
Upon thy thoughts, and make thy  
loneliness  
More lonely for the past, thou then  
shalt hear  
The music of those waters running  
near;  
And thy faint spirit drink the cooling  
stream,  
And thine eye gladden with the play-  
ing beam  
That now upon the water dances, now  
Leaps up and dances in the hanging  
bough.  
Is it not lovely? Tell me, where  
doth dwell  
The power that wrought so beautiful  
a spell?  
In thine own bosom, brother? Then  
as thine  
Guard with a reverent fear this power  
divine.  
And if, indeed, 'tis not the out-  
ward state,  
But temper of the soul by which we  
rate  
Sadness or joy, even let thy bosom  
move  
With noble thoughts and wake thee  
into love;  
And let each feeling in thy breast be  
given  
An honest aim, which, sanctified by  
Heaven,  
And springing into act, new life in-  
parts,  
Till beats thy frame as with a thou-  
sand hearts.  
Sin clouds the mind's clear vision  
from its birth,  
Around the self-starved soul has  
spread a dearth.  
The earth is full of life; the living  
Hand  
Touched it with life; and all its forms  
expand  
With principles of being made to suit  
Man's varied powers and raise him  
from the brute.  
And shall the earth of higher ends be  
full, —

Earth which thou tread'st, -- and thy poor mind be dull?	Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance;
Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep?	Give thy soul air, thy faculties ex- pand;
Thou "living dead man," let thy spirit leap	Love, joy, even sorrow, -- yield thy- self to all!
Forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow	They make thy freedom, groveller, not thy thrall.
Through thy soul's shut-up mansion. Wouldst thou know	Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
Something of what is life, shake off this death;	To dust and sense, and set at large the mind!
Have thy soul feel the universal With which all nature's quick, and learn to be	Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or	And be like man at first, a <i>living soul</i> .

## MARY LEE DEMAREST.

## MY AIN COUNTREE.

I'M far frae my hame, an' I'm weary  
aftenwhiles,

For the langed-for hame-bringing, an'  
my Father's welcome smiles;

I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine  
een do see

The shining gates o' heaven, an' mine  
ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-  
tinted, fresh, an' gay,

The birdies warble blithely, for my  
Father made them sae;

But these sights and these soun's will  
as naething be to me,

When I hear the angels singing in my  
ain countree.

I've his gude word of promise that  
some gladsome day, the King

To his ain royal palace his banished  
hame will bring :

Wi' een an wi' hearts runn'n' owre,  
we shall see

The King in his beauty in our ain  
countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sor-  
rows hae been sair,

But there they'll never vex me, nor  
be remembered mair;

His bluid has made me white, his  
hand shall dry mine e'e,  
When he brings me hame at last, to  
my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee  
birdie to its nest,

I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my  
Saviour's breast:

For he gathers in his bosom, witless,  
worthless lambs like me,

An' carries them himsel' to his ain  
countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised,  
he'll surely come again,

He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what  
hour I dinna ken;

But he bids me still to wait, and ready  
aye to be

To gang at any moment to my ain  
countree.

So I'm watching aye an' singin' o' my  
hame as I wait,

For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this  
side the shining gate;

God gie his grace to ilk ane wha lis-  
tens noo to me,

That we a' may gang in gladness to  
our ain countree.

## SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

## MISSPENT TIME.

THERE is no remedy for time mis-  
spent;  
No healing for the waste of idleness,  
Whose very languor is a punish-  
ment  
Heavier than active souls can feel or  
guess.  
O hours of indolence and discontent,  
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not  
less  
Because I know this span of life was  
lent  
For lofty duties, not for selfishness, —  
Not to be whiled away in aimless  
dreams,  
But to improve ourselves, and serve  
mankind,  
Life and its choicest faculties were  
given.  
Man should be ever better than he  
seems,  
And shape his acts, and discipline  
his mind,  
To walk adorning earth, with hope  
of heaven.

## COLUMBUS.

HE was a man whom danger could  
not daunt, [due;  
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain sub-  
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain  
taunt,  
And steeled the path of honor to pur-  
sue;  
So, when by all deserted, still he  
knew  
How best, to soothe the heart-sick,  
or confront  
Sedition, schooled with equal eye to  
view  
The frowns of grief, and the base  
pangs of want.  
But when he saw that promised land  
arise  
In all its rare and bright varieties,  
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod;  
Then softening nature melted in his  
eyes;  
He knew his fame was full, and  
blessed his God;  
And fell upon his face, and kissed  
the virgin sod!

## AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

[From The Poetic Faculty.]

## POWER OF POESY.

My grief or mirth  
Attunes the earth,  
I harmonize the world!  
Remotest times  
And unfriendly climes  
In my song lie clasped and curled!  
When an arm too strong  
Does the poor man wrong  
I shout, and he bursts his chain:  
But at my command  
He drops the brand;  
And I sing as he flings the grain.  
The loved draw near,  
The lost appear;

I sweeten the mourner's sigh:  
At my vesper lay  
The gates of day  
Close back with harmony.  
No plains I reap,  
I fold no sheep  
Yet my home is on every shore:  
My fancies I wing  
With the plumes of spring,  
And voyage the round earth o'er.  
In the fight I wield  
Nor sword nor shield,  
But my voice like a lance makes way:  
No crown I bear,  
But the heads that wear  
Earth's crowns, my word obey.  
Through an age's night  
I fling the light



Of my brow — An Argo soon  
 From her pine-wood leaps  
 On the untracked deeps;  
 And the dark becomes as noon.

THE ANGELS KISS HER.

THE angels kiss her while she sleeps,  
 And leave their freshness on her  
 breath:

Star after star, descending, peeps  
 Along her loose hair, dark as death,  
 From his low nest the night-wind  
 creeps,  
 And o'er her bosom wandereth.

'Tis morning: in their pure embrace  
 The airs of dawn their playmate  
 greet:

Dusk fields expect their wonted grace,  
 Those silken touches of swift feet:  
 With songs the birds salute her face;  
 And Silence doth her voice entreat!

BENDING BETWEEN ME AND THE  
 TAPER.

BENDING between me and the taper  
 While o'er the harp her white hands  
 strayed,  
 The shadows of her waving tresses  
 Above my hand were gently swayed.

With every graceful movement wav-  
 ing,  
 I marked their undulating swell:  
 I watched them while they met and  
 parted,  
 Curled close or widened, rose or fell.

I laughed in triumph and in pleasure,  
 So strange the sport, so undesigned!  
 Her mother turned, and asked me  
 gravely,  
 "What thought was passing through  
 my mind?"

'Tis Love that blinds the eyes of  
 mothers!

'Tis Love that makes the young  
 maids fair!

She touched my hand; my rings she  
 counted —  
 Yet never felt the shadows there!

Keep, gamesome Love, beloved in-  
 fant!

Keep ever thus all mothers blind:  
 And make thy dedicated virgins  
 In substance as in shadow kind!

HAPPY ARE THEY.

HAPPY are they who kiss thee, morn  
 and even,

Parting the hair upon thy forehead  
 white:

For them the sky is bluer and more  
 bright,

And purer their thanksgivings rise to  
 Heaven.

Happy are they to whom thy songs  
 are given;

Happy are they on whom thy hands  
 alight:

And happiest they for whom thy  
 prayers at night

In tender piety so oft have striven.

Away with vain regrets and selfish  
 sighs —

Even I, dear friend, am lonely, not  
 unblest;

Permitted sometimes on that form to  
 gaze,

Or feel the light of those consoling  
 eyes —

If but a moment on my cheek it  
 stays

I know that gentle beam from all the  
 rest!

AFFLICTION.

COUNT each affliction, whether light  
 or grave,

God's messenger sent down to thee.  
 Do thou

With courtesy receive him: rise and  
 bow:

And, ere his shadow pass thy thresh-  
 old, crave

Permission first his heavenly feet to  
lave.  
Then lay before him all thou hast.  
Allow  
No cloud of passion to usurp thy  
brow,  
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave  
Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief  
should be  
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making  
free;  
Strong to consume small troubles; to  
commend  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts,  
thoughts lasting to the end.

—————  
*BEATITUDE.*

BLESSED is he who hath not trod the  
ways  
Of secular delights; nor learned the  
lore  
Which loftier minds are studious to  
abhor.  
Blessed is he who hath not sought the  
praise  
That perishes, the rapture that be-  
trays:  
Who hath not spent in Time's vain-  
glorious war  
His youth: and found, a school-boy  
at fourscore,  
How fatal are those victories which  
raise  
Their iron trophies to a temple's  
height  
On trampled Justice: who desires not  
bliss,  
But peace: and yet when summoned  
to the fight,  
Combats as one who combats in the  
sight  
Of God and of His angels, seeking  
this  
Alone, how best to glorify the Right.

—————  
*THE MOOD OF EXALTATION.*

WHAT man can hear sweet sounds  
and dread to die?  
O for a music that might last forever!

Abounding from its sources like a  
river  
Which through the dim lawns streams  
eternally!  
Virtue might then uplift her crest on  
high,  
Spurning those myriad bonds that  
fret and grieve her:  
Then all the powers of hell would  
quake and quiver  
Before the ardors of her awful eye.  
Alas for man with all his high de-  
sires,  
And inward promptings fading day  
by day!  
High-titled honor pants while it ex-  
pires,  
And clay-born glory turns again to  
clay.  
Low instincts last: our great resolves  
pass by  
Like winds whose loftiest pæan ends  
but in a sigh.

—————  
*ALL THINGS SWEET WHEN  
PRIZED.*

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,  
Crumbling away beneath our very  
feet:  
Sad is our life, for onward it is flow-  
ing  
In current unperceived, because so  
fleet:  
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet  
in sowing,  
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped  
the wheat:  
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet  
in blowing —  
And still, oh still, their dying breath  
is sweet.  
And sweet is youth, although it hath  
bereft us  
Of that which made our childhood  
sweeter still:  
And sweet is middle life, for it hath  
left us  
A nearer good to cure an older ill:  
And sweet are all things, when we  
learn to prize them  
Not for their sake, but His who grants  
them or denies them!

## CHARLES DICKENS.

*THE IVY GREEN.*

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

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears  
 no wings,  
 And a staunch old heart has he!  
 How closely he twineth, how tight he  
 clings  
 To his friend, the huge oak tree!

And slyly he tralleth along the  
 ground,  
 And his leaves he gently waves,  
 And lie joyously twines and hugs  
 around  
 The rich mould of dead men's  
 graves.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

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

## CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

*THE CHILDREN.*

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all  
 ended,  
 And the school for the day is dis-  
 missed,  
 The little ones gather around me,  
 To bid me good-night and be kissed;  
 Oh, the little white arms that encir-  
 cle  
 My neck in their tender embrace!  
 Oh, the smiles that are halos of heav-  
 en,  
 Shedding sunshine of love on my  
 face!

And when they are gone I sit dream-  
 ing  
 Of my childhood too lovely to last;  
 Of joy that my heart will remember,  
 While it wakes to the pulse of the  
 past,

Ere the world and its wickedness  
 made me  
 A partner of sorrow and sin.  
 When the glory of God was about me,  
 And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a  
 woman's,  
 And the fountains of feeling will  
 flow,  
 When I think of the paths steep and  
 stony,  
 Where the feet of the dear ones  
 must go;  
 Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er  
 them,  
 Of the tempest of Fate blowing  
 wild;  
 Oh! there's nothing on earth half so  
 holy  
 As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,

They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,

His glory still gleams in their eyes;  
Those truants from home and from heaven —

They have made me more manly  
and mild;

And I know now how Jesus could  
liken

The kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones,  
All radiant, as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough  
shadow

To temper the glare of the sun  
I would pray God to guard them  
from evil,

But my prayer would bound back  
to myself;

Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,  
I have banished the rule and the  
rod;

I have taught them the goodness of  
knowledge,

They have taught me the goodness  
of God;

My heart is the dungeon of darkness,  
Where I shut them for breaking a  
rule:

My frown is sufficient correction;  
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the au-  
tumn,

To traverse its threshold no more;  
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear  
ones,

That meet me each morn at the  
door!

I shall miss the "good-nights" and  
kisses, [glee,

And the gush of their innocent  
The group on the green, and the  
flowers

That are brought every morning  
for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,  
Their song in the school and the  
street;

I shall miss the low hum of their  
voices,

And the tread of their delicate feet.

When the lessons of life are all ended,  
And death says "The school is dis-  
missed!"

May the little ones gather around me  
To bid me "good-night" and be  
kissed!

## MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

### IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the  
sweetest things,

If we had but a day;

We should drink alone at the purest  
springs

In our upward way;

We should love with a lifetime's love  
in an hour,

If the hours were few;

We should rest, not for dreams, but  
for fresher power

To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or  
wearied wills

By the clearest light;

We should keep our eyes on the  
heavenly hills,

If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and the  
discontent

Beneath our feet;

We should take whatever a good  
God sent,

With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in  
 weak regret,  
 If the day were but one;  
 If what we remember and what we  
 forget  
 Went out with the sun;

We should be from our clamorous  
 selves set free,  
 To work or to pray,  
 And to be what the Father would  
 have us be,  
 If we had but a day.

## SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL.

### AMERICA.

NOR force nor fraud shall sunder us!  
 O ye  
 Who north or south, on east or west-  
 ern lands,  
 Native to noble sounds, say truth for  
 truth,  
 Freedom for freedom, love for love,  
 and God  
 For God. O ye, who in eternal  
 youth  
 Speak with a living and creative flood  
 This universal English, and do stand  
 Its breathing book; live worthy of  
 that grand  
 Heroic utterance, — parted, yet a  
 whole,  
 Far, yet unsevered, — children brave  
 and free  
 Of the great mother-tongue, and ye  
 shall be  
 Lords of an empire wide as Shakes-  
 peare's soul,  
 Sublime as Milton's immemorial  
 theme,  
 And rich as Chaucer's speech, and  
 fair as Spenser's dream.

### HOME, WOUNDED.

STAY wherever you will,  
 By the mount or under the hill,  
 Or down by the little river:  
 Stay as long as you please,  
 Give me only a bud from the trees,  
 Or a blade of grass in morning dew,  
 Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,  
 I could look on it forever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,  
 Wheel, wheel through the shadow;  
 There must be odors round the pine,  
 There must be balm of breathing  
 kine,  
 Somewhere down in the meadow.  
 Must I choose? Then anchor me  
 there  
 Beyond the beckoning poplars, where  
 The larch is snooding her flowery  
 hair  
 With wreaths of morning shadow.  
 Among the thickest hazels of the  
 brake  
 Perchance some nightingale doth  
 shake [song;  
 His feathers, and the air is full of  
 In those old days when I was young  
 and strong,  
 He used to sing on yonder garden tree,  
 Beside the nursery.

Along my life my length I lay,  
 I fill to-morrow and yesterday,  
 I am warm with the suns that have  
 long since set,  
 I am warm with the summers that are  
 not yet.  
 And like one who dreams and dozes  
 Softly afloat on a sunny sea,  
 Two worlds are whispering over me,  
 And there blows a wind of roses  
 From the backward shore to the shore  
 before,  
 From the shore before to the back-  
 ward shore,  
 And like two clouds that meet and pour  
 Each through each, till core in core  
 A single self reposes,  
 The nevermore with the evermore  
 Above me mingles and closes.

## AUSTIN DOBSON.

*THE CHILD MUSICIAN.*

HE had played for his lordship's  
lèvee,

He had played for her ladyship's  
whim,

Till the poor little head was heavy,  
And the poor little brain would  
swim.

And the face grew peakèd and eerie,  
And the large eyes strange and  
bright,

And they said,—too late,—“He is  
weary!

He shall rest for at least to-night!”

But at dawn, when the birds were  
waking,

As they watched in the silent  
room,

With the sound of a strained cord  
breaking,

A something snapped in the gloom.

’Twas a string of his violoncello,

And they heard him stir in his bed:

“Make room for a tired little fellow,  
Kind God!” was the last that he  
said.

*THE PRODIGALS.*

“PRINCES!—and you, most valorous  
Nobles and barons of all degrees!

Hearken awhile to the prayer of us,  
Prodigals driven of destinies!

Nothing we ask of gold or fees;

Harry us not with the hounds, we  
pray;

Lo! for the surcote’s hem we seize,  
Give us, ah! give us,—but yester-  
day!

“Dames most delicate, amorous!

Damosels blithe as the belted bees!

Beggars are we that pray thee thus,  
Beggars outworn of miseries!

Nothing we ask of the things that  
please;

Weary are we, and old, and gray:

Lo,—for we clutch and we clasp  
your knees,—  
Give us, ah! give us,—but yesterday!

“Damosels, dames, be piteous!”  
(But the dames rode fast by the  
roadway trees.)

“Hear us, O knights magnanimous!”  
(But the knights pricked on in  
their panoplies.)

Nothing they gat of hope or ease,  
But only to beat on the breast, and  
say,—

“Life we drank to the dregs and  
lees;

Give us, ah! give us,—but yester-  
day!”

## ENVOY.

Youth, take heed to the prayer of  
these!

Many there be by the dusty way,—

Many that cry to the rocks and seas,  
“Give us, ah! give us,—but yester-  
day!”

*“FAREWELL, RENOWN!”*

FAREWELL, Renown! Too fleeting  
flower,

That grows a year to last an hour;—  
Prize of the race’s dust and heat,

Too often trodden under feet,—

Why should I court your “barren  
dower”?

Nay; had I Dryden’s angry power,—  
The thews of Ben,—the wind of  
Gower,—

Not less my voice should still repeat  
“Farewell, Renown!”

Farewell!—Because the Muses’ bower  
Is filled with rival brows that lower;—

Because, how’er his pipe be sweet,

The Bard, that “pays,” must please  
the street;—

But most . . . because the grapes are  
sour,—

Farewell, Renown!

## MARY MAPES DODGE.

## THE HUMAN TIE.

"As if life were not sacred, too."  
 GEORGE ELIOT.

"SPEAK tenderly! For he is dead,"  
 we say;  
 "With gracious hand smooth all  
 his roughened past,  
 And fullest measure of reward  
 forecast,  
 Forgetting naught that gloried his  
 brief day."  
 Yet of the brother, who, along our  
 way,  
 Prone with his burdens, heart-  
 worn in the strife,  
 Totters before us — how we search  
 his life,  
 Censure, and sternly punish, while  
 we may.  
 Oh, weary are the paths of Earth,  
 and hard!  
 And living hearts alone are ours to  
 guard.  
 At least, begrudge not to the sore dis-  
 traught  
 The reverent silence of our pitying  
 thought.  
 Life, too, is sacred; and he best for-  
 gives  
 Who says: "He errs, but — tenderly!  
 He lives."

## MY WINDOW-IVY.

OVER my window the ivy climbs,  
 Its roots are in homely jars:  
 But all the day it looks at the sun,  
 And at night looks out at the stars.  
 The dust of the room may dim its  
 green.  
 But I call to the breezy air:  
 "Come in, come in, good friend of  
 mine!  
 And make my window fair."  
 So the ivy thrives from morn to morn,  
 Its leaves all turned to the light;

And it gladdens my soul with its  
 tender green,  
 And teaches me day and night.

What though my lot is in lowly place,  
 And my spirit behind the bars;  
 All the long day I may look at the  
 sun,  
 And at night look out at the stars.

What though the dust of earth would  
 dim?  
 There's a glorious outer air  
 That will sweep through my soul if I  
 let it in,  
 And make it fresh and fair.

Dear God! let me grow from day to  
 day,  
 Clinging and sunny and bright!  
 Though planted in shade, Thy win-  
 dow is near,  
 And my leaves may turn to the  
 light.

## DEATH IN LIFE.

SHE sitteth there a mourner,  
 With her dead before her eyes;  
 Flushed with the hues of life is he  
 And quick are his replies.  
 Often his warm hand touches hers;  
 Brightly his glances fall;  
 And yet, in this wide world, is she  
 The loneliest of all.

Some mourners feel their dead return  
 In dreams, or thoughts at even;  
 Ah, well for them their best-beloved  
 Are faithful still in heaven!  
 But woe to her whose best beloved,  
 Though dead, still lingers near;  
 So far away when by her side,  
 He cannot see nor hear.

With heart intent, he comes, he goes  
 In busy ways of life.  
 His gains and chances counteth he;  
 His hours with joy are rife.

Careless he greets her day by day,  
 Nor thinks of words once said, —  
 Oh, would that love could live again,  
 Or her heart give up its dead!

HEART-ORACLES.

BY the notes do we know where the  
 sunbeam is slanting;  
 Through the hindering stones,  
 speaks the soul of the brook;  
 Past the rustle of leaves we press  
 into the stillness;

Through darkness and void to the  
 Pleiads we look;  
 One bird-note at dawn with the night-  
 silence o'er us,  
 Begins all the morning's munificent  
 chorus.

Through sorrow come glimpses of  
 infinite gladness;

Through grand discontent mounts  
 the spirit of youth;  
 Loneliness foldeth a wonderful lov-  
 ing;

The breakers of Doubt lead the  
 great tide of Truth:  
 And dread and grief-haunted the  
 shadowy portal  
 That shuts from our vision the splen-  
 dor immortal.

THE CHILD AND THE SEA.

ONE summer day, when birds flew  
 high,

I saw a child step into the sea;  
 It glowed and sparkled at her touch  
 And softly plashed about her  
 knee.

It held her lightly with its strength,  
 It kissed and kissed her silken hair;  
 It swayed with tenderness to know  
 A little child was in its care.

She, gleeful, dipped her pretty arms,  
 And caught the sparkles in her  
 hands;

I heard her laughter, as she soon  
 Came skipping up the sunny sands.

"Is this the cruel sea?" I thought,  
 "The merciless, the awful sea?"—  
 Now hear the answer soft and true,  
 That rippled over the beach to me:

"Shall not the sea, in the sun, be  
 glad

When a child doth come to play?  
 Had it been in the storm-time, what  
 could I,

The sea, but bear her away —  
 Bear her away on my foaming crest,  
 Toss her and hurry her to her rest?

"Be it life or death, God ruleth me;  
 And he loveth every soul;  
 I've an earthly shore and a heavenly  
 shore,

And toward them both I roll;  
 Shining and beautiful, both are  
 they, —  
 And a little child will go God's  
 way."

THE STARS.

THEY wait all day unseen by us, un-  
 felt;

Patient they bide behind the day's  
 full glare;

And we who watched the dawn  
 when they were there,

Thought we had seen them in the  
 daylight ken,

While the slow sun upon the earth-  
 line knelt.

Because the teeming sky seemed  
 void and bare,

When we explored it through the  
 dazzled air,

We had no thought that there all  
 day they dwelt.

Yet were they over us, alive and true.  
 In the vast shades far up above the  
 blue, —

The brooding shades beyond our  
 daylight ken —

Serene and patient in their con-  
 scious light

Ready to sparkle for our joy again, —  
 The eternal jewels of the short-  
 lived night.



## JULIA C. R. DORR.

*WHAT SHE THOUGHT.*

MARION showed me her wedding  
gown

And her veil of gossamer lace to-  
night,  
And the orange-blooms that to-mor-  
row morn

Shall fade in her soft hair's golden  
light.

But Philip came to the open door:  
Like the heart of a wild-rose  
glowed her cheek,  
And they wandered off through the  
garden paths

So blest that they did not care to  
speak.

I wonder how it seems to be loved:  
To know you are fair in some  
one's eyes;

That upon some one your beauty  
dawns

Every day as a new surprise;  
To know, that, whether you weep or  
smile,

Whether your mood be grave or  
gay,

Somebody thinks you, all the while,  
Sweeter than any flower of May.

I wonder what it would be to love:  
That, I think, would be sweeter  
far,

To know that one out of all the world  
Was lord of your life, your king,  
your star.

They talk of love's sweet tumult and  
pain:

I am not sure that I understand,  
Though,—a thrill ran down to my  
finger-tips

Once when,—somebody,—touched  
my hand!

I wonder what it would be to dream  
Of a child that might one day be  
your own; [part,

Of the hidden springs of your life a  
Flesh of your flesh, and bone of  
your bone.

Marion stooped one day to kiss  
A beggar's babe with a tender  
grace;

While some sweet thought, like a  
prophecy,  
Looked from her pure Madonna  
face.

I wonder what it must be to think  
To-morrow will be your wedding-  
day,

And you, in the radiant sunset glow  
Down fragrant flowery paths will  
stray,

As Marion does this blessed night,  
With Philip, lost in a blissful  
dream.

Can she feel his heart through the  
silence beat?

Does he see her eyes in the star-  
light gleam?

Questioning thus, my days go on;  
But never an answer comes to me:  
All love's mysteries, sweet as strange,  
Sealed away from my life must be.  
Yet still I dream, O heart of mine!

Of a beautiful city that lies afar;  
And there, some time, I shall drop  
the mask,

And be shapely and fair as others  
are.

*AT THE LAST.*

WILL the day ever come, I wonder,  
When I shall be glad to know

That my hands will be folded under  
The next white fall of the snow?

To know that when next the clover  
Wooeth the wandering bee,

Its crimson tide will drift over  
All that is left of me?

Shall I ever be tired of living,  
And be glad to go to my rest,

With a cool and fragrant lily  
Asleep on my silent breast?

Will my eyes grow weary of seeing,  
As the hours pass, one by one,  
Till I long for the hush and the dark-  
ness

As I never longed for the sun ?

God knoweth! Some time, it may be,  
I shall smile to hear you say :

“ Dear heart! she will not waken  
At the dawn of another day! ”

And some time, love, it may be,  
I shall whisper under my breath :  
“ The happiest hour of my life, dear,  
Is this, — the hour of my death! ”

---

WHAT NEED?

“ WHAT need has the singer to sing ?  
And why should your poet to-day  
His pale little garland of poesy bring,  
On the altar to lay ?  
High-priests of song the harp-strings  
swept  
Ages before he smiled or wept! ”

What need have the roses to bloom ?  
And why do the tall lilies grow ?  
And why do the violets shed their  
perfume

When night-winds breathe low ?  
They are no whit more bright and  
fair |air!  
Than flowers that breathed in Eden's

What need have the stars to shine  
on ?

Or the clouds to grow red in the  
west,  
When the sun, like a king, from the  
fields he has won,  
Goes grandly to rest ?

No brighter they than stars and skies  
That greeted Eve's sweet, wonder-  
ing eyes!

What need has the eagle to soar  
So proudly straight up to the sun ?  
Or the robin such jubilant music to  
pour

When day is begun ?  
The eagles soared, the robins sung,  
As high, as sweet, when earth was  
young!

What need, do you ask me ? Each  
day

Hath a song and a prayer of its  
own,

As each June hath its crown of fresh  
roses, each May

Its bright emerald throne!

Its own high thought each age shall  
stir,

Each needs its own interpreter!

And thou, O, my poet, sing on!

Sing on until love shall grow old ;  
Till patience and faith their last tri-  
umphs have won,

And truth is a tale that is told!

Doubt not, thy song shall still be new  
While life endures and God is true!

---

PERADVENTURE.

I AM thinking to-night of the little  
child

That lay on my breast three sum-  
mer days,

Then swiftly, silently, dropped from  
sight,

While my soul cried out in sore  
amaze.

It is fifteen years ago to-night;

Somewhere, I know, he has lived  
them through,

Perhaps with never a thought or  
dream |knew!

Of the mother-heart he never

Is he yet but a babe ? or has he grown  
To be like his brothers, fair and  
tall,

With a clear bright eye, and a spring-  
ing step,

And a voice that rings like a bugle  
call ?

I loved him. The rose in his waxen  
hand

Was wet with the dew of my fall-  
ing tears;

I have kept the thought of my baby's  
grave

Through all the length of these  
changeful years.

Yet the love I gave him was not like that

I give to-day to my other boys,  
Who have grown beside me, and  
turned to me

In all their griefs and in all their  
joys.

Do you think he knows it? I wonder  
much

If the dead are passionless, cold  
and dumb;

If into the calm of the deathless  
years

No thrill of a human love may  
come!

Perhaps sometimes from the upper  
air

He has seen me walk with his  
brothers three;

Or felt in the tender twilight hour  
The breath of the kisses they gave  
to me!

Over his birthright, lost so soon,  
Perhaps he has sighed as the swift  
years flew;

O child of my heart! you shall find  
somewhere

The love that on earth you never  
knew!

---

*THOU KNOWEST.*

Thou knowest, O my Father! Why  
should I

Weary high heaven with restless  
prayers and tears!

Thou knowest all! My heart's un-  
uttered cry

Hath soared beyond the stars and  
reached Thine ears.

Thou knowest,—ah, Thou knowest!  
Then what need,

O, loving God, to tell Thee o'er  
and o'er,

And with persistent iteration plead  
As one who crieth at some closed  
door?

“Tease not!” we mothers to our  
children say,—

“Our wiser love will grant whate'er  
is best.”

Shall we, Thy children, run to Thee  
always,

Begging for this and that in wild  
unrest?

I dare not clamor at the heavenly  
gate,

Lest I should lose the high, sweet  
strains within;

O, Love Divine! I can but stand and  
wait

Till Perfect Wisdom bids me en-  
ter in!

---

*FIVE.*

“But a week is so long!” he said,  
With a toss of his curly head.

“One, two, three, four, five, six,  
seven!—

Seven whole days! Why, in six you  
know

(You said it yourself,—you told me  
so)

The great God up in heaven  
Made all the earth and the seas and  
skies,

The trees and the birds and the but-  
terflies!

How can I wait for my seeds to  
grow?”

“But a month is so long!” he  
said,

With a droop of his boyish head.

“Hear me count,—one, two, three,  
four,—

Four whole weeks, and three days  
more;

Thirty-one days, and each will creep  
As the shadows crawl over yonder  
steep.

Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie  
Watching the stars climb up the sky!  
How can I wait till a month is o'er?”

“But a year is so long!” he said,  
Uplifting his bright young head.

“All the seasons must come and go  
Over the hill with footsteps slow,—  
Autumn and winter, summer and  
spring;  
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling  
Over the chasm deep and wide,  
That I might cross to the other side,  
Where she is waiting,— my love, my  
bride!”

“Ten years may be long,” he said,  
Slow raising his stately head,  
“But there’s much to win, there is  
much to lose;  
A man must labor, a man must  
choose,  
And he must be strong to wait!  
The years may be long, but who  
would wear  
The crown of honor, must do and  
dare!  
No time has he to toy with fate  
Who would climb to manhood’s high  
estate!”

“Ah! life is not long!” he said,  
Bowing his grand white head.  
“One, two, three, four, five, six,  
seven!  
Seven times ten are seventy.  
Seventy years! as swift their flight  
As swallows cleaving the morning  
light,  
Or golden gleams at even.  
Life is short as a summer night,—  
How long, O GOD! is eternity?”

---

AT DAWN.

At dawn when the jubilant morning  
broke,  
And its glory flooded the mountain  
side.  
I said, “’Tis eleven years to-day,  
Eleven years since my darling  
died!”

And then I turned to my household  
ways,  
To my daily tasks, without, within,  
As happily busy all the day  
As if my darling had never been!

As if she had never lived, or died!  
Yet when they buried her out of  
my sight,  
I thought the sun had gone down at  
noon,  
And the day could never again be  
bright.

Ah, well! As the swift years come  
and go,  
It will not be long ere I shall lie  
Somewhere under a bit of turf,  
With my pale hands folded quietly.

And then some one who has loved  
me well,—  
Perhaps the one who has loved me  
best,—  
Will say of me as I said of her,  
“She has been just so many years  
at rest,”—

Then turn to the living loves again,  
To the busy life, without, within,  
And the day will go on from dawn to  
dusk,  
Even as if I had never been!

Dear hearts! dear hearts! It must  
still be so!  
The roses will bloom, and the stars  
will shine,  
And the soft green grass creep still  
and slow,  
Sometime over a grave of mine,—

And over the grave in your hearts as  
well!  
Ye cannot hinder it if ye would;  
And I,—ah! I shall be wiser then,—  
I would not hinder it if I could!

## JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

*THE AMERICAN FLAG.*

WHEN Freedom from her mountain  
height

Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there;  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white  
With streakings of the morning  
light;

Then from his mansion in the sun  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the  
storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of  
heaven;

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high,  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming  
on;

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn,

And, as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the  
glance;

And when the cannon-mouthings  
loud

Heave in wild wreaths the battle-  
shroud,

And gory sabres rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's  
pall;

Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,  
And covering foes shall sink be-  
neath

Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied  
sail,

And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broad-side's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and  
thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and  
home,

By angel hands to valor given;  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in  
heaven.

For ever float that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe but falls  
before us,

With Freedom's soil beneath our  
feet,

And Freedom's banner streaming  
o'er us?

## MICHAEL DRAYTON.

*THE PARTING.*

SINCE there's no help, come, let us  
 kiss and part;  
 Nay, I have done, you get no more  
 of me;  
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my  
 heart  
 That thus so cleanly I myself can  
 free;  
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our  
 vows;  
 And when we meet at any time  
 again,  
 Be it not seen in either of our brows

That we one jot of former love re-  
 tain.—  
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest  
 breath,  
 When his pulse failing, Passion  
 speechless lies,  
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of  
 death,  
 And Innocence is closing up his  
 eyes,  
 Now if thou wouldst, when all have  
 given him over,  
 From death to life thou might'st him  
 yet recover.

## WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

*DESPITE ALL.*

I KNOW that all beneath the moon  
 decays;  
 And what by mortals in this world is  
 brought,  
 In time's great periods shall return  
 to nought;  
 That fairest states have fatal nights  
 and days.  
 I know that all the Muses' heavenly  
 lays,  
 With toil of sprite which are so dear-  
 ly bought,  
 As idle sounds, of few or none are  
 sought;  
 That there is nothing lighter than  
 vain praise.  
 I know frail beauty's like the purple  
 flower  
 To which one morn oft birth and  
 death affords;  
 That love a jarring is of mind's  
 accords,  
 Where sense and will bring under  
 reason's power:  
 Know what I list, this all cannot me  
 move, |love.  
 But that, alas! I both must write and

*WHAT WE TOIL FOR.*

OF mortal glory O soon darkened  
 ray!  
 O wingèd joys of man, more swift  
 than wind!  
 O fond desires, which in our fancies  
 stray!  
 O traitorous hopes, which do our  
 judgments blind!  
 Lo, in a flash that light is gone away  
 Which dazzle did each eye, delight  
 each mind,  
 And, with that sun from whence it  
 came combined,  
 Now makes more radiant Heaven's  
 eternal day.  
 Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks  
 with tears;  
 Let widowed Music only roar and  
 groan;  
 Poor Virtue, get thee wings and  
 mount the spheres,  
 For dwelling-place on earth for thee  
 is none!  
 Death hath thy temple razed, Love's  
 empire foiled,  
 The world of honor, worth, and  
 sweetness spoiled.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son:  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne:  
 His valiant peers were placed around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;  
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)  
 The lovely Thais by his side,,  
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus placed on high,  
 Amid the tuneful choir,  
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heavenly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above,  
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia pressed:  
 And while he sought her snowy breast:  
 Then round her slender waist he curled,  
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.  
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
 A present deity! they shout around:  
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.  
 With ravished ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

## CHORUS.

With ravished ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus — ever fair and ever young:  
 The jolly god in triumph comes;  
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums:  
 Flushed with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face;  
 Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he comes!  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;  
 Bacchus' blessings' are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.  
 The master saw the madness rise;  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,  
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.  
 He chose a mournful muse  
 Soft pity to infuse:  
 He sung Darius, great and good;  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood;  
 Deserted, at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed;  
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below;  
 And, now and then a sigh he stole;  
 And tears began to flow.



CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below;  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole;  
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see  
 That love was in the next degree;  
 'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;  
 Honor but an empty bubble;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying:  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, oh, think it worth enjoying:  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee.  
 Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again:  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again:  
 At length with love and wine at once oppressed,  
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
 Has raised up his head:  
 As awaked from the dead,  
 And amazed, he stares around.  
 Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,  
 See the furies arise!  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair!  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand!  
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And unburied remain,  
 Inglorious on the plain:  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew.  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods  
 The princes applaud with a furious joy:  
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

## CHORUS,

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

Thus long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute;  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down.

## GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down.

*A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.*

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
 This universal frame began:  
 When nature underneath a heap  
 Of jarring atoms lay,  
 And could not heave her head,  
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
 "Arise, ye more than dead."  
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
 In order to their stations leap,  
 And Music's power obey.  
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony  
 This universal frame began:  
 From harmony to harmony.  
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?  
 When Jubal struck the corded shell,  
 His listening brethren stood around,  
 And, wondering, on their faces fell  
 To worship that celestial sound.  
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell  
 Within the hollow of that shell,  
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor  
 Excites us to arms,  
 With shrill notes of anger,  
 And mortal alarms.  
 The double, double, double beat  
 Of the thundering drum  
 Cries, "Hark! the foes come;  
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute  
 In dying notes discovers  
 The woes of hopeless lovers,  
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins complain  
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
 Fury, frantic indignation,  
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,  
 For the fair disdainful dame.  
 But oh! what art can teach,  
 What human voice can reach,  
 The sacred organ's praise?  
 Notes inspiring holy love,  
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;  
 And trees uprooted left their place,  
     Sequacious of the lyre:  
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher  
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
 An angel heard, and straight appeared  
     Mistaking earth for heaven.

## GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays  
     The spheres began to move,  
 And sung the great Creator's praise  
     To all the blessed above;  
 So when the last and dreadful hour  
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
 The dead shall live, the living die,  
 And Music shall untune the sky.

UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF JOHN  
 MILTON.

[Prefixed to "Paradise Lost."]

THREE poets in three distant ages  
     born,  
 Greece, Italy, and England, did  
     adorn,  
 The first in loftiness of thought sur-  
     passed;  
 The next in majesty; in both the  
     last,  
 The force of nature could no further  
     go;  
 To make a third, she joined the  
     former two.

[From Religio Laici.]

## THE LIGHT OF REASON.

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon  
     and stars  
 To lonely, weary, wandering travel-  
     lers,  
 Is reason to the soul: and as on high,  
 Those rolling fires discover but the  
     sky,  
 Not light us here; so Reason's glim-  
     mering ray  
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful  
     way,

But guide us upward to a better day.  
 And as these nightly tapers disappear,  
 When day's bright lord ascends our  
     hemisphere;  
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's  
     sight;  
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernat-  
     ural light.

[From Religio Laici.]

## THE BIBLE.

IF on the book itself we cast our  
     view,  
 Concurrent heathens prove the story  
     true;  
 The doctrine, miracles; which must  
     convince,  
 For Heaven in them appeals to hu-  
     man sense:  
 And though they prove not, they con-  
     firm the cause,  
 When what is taught agrees with na-  
     ture's laws.  
 Then for the style, majestic and  
     divine,  
 It speaks no less than God in every  
     line:  
 Commanding words, whose force is  
     still the same  
 As the first fiat that produced our  
     frame.

All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend,  
 Or sense indulged has made mankind  
 their friend;  
 This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:  
 Unfed by nature's soil, in which it  
 grows;  
 Cross to our interests, curbing sense  
 and sin;  
 Oppressed without, and undermined  
 within,  
 It thrives through pain; its own tor-  
 mentors tires;  
 And with a stubborn patience still  
 aspires.  
 To what can Reason such effects as-  
 sign  
 Transcending nature, but to laws  
 divine?  
 Which in that sacred volume are  
 contained;  
 Sufficient, clear, and for that use or-  
 dained.

[From *Religio Laici.*]

JUDGMENT IN STUDYING IT.

THE unlettered Christian, who be-  
 lieves in gross,  
 Plods on to heaven, and ne'er is at a  
 loss:  
 For the strait-gate would be made  
 straiter yet,  
 Were none admitted there but men  
 of wit.  
 The few by nature formed, with  
 learning fraught,  
 Born to instruct, as others to be  
 taught,  
 Must study well the sacred page: and  
 see  
 Which doctrine, this or that, doth  
 best agree  
 With the whole tenor of the work di-  
 vine;  
 And plainliest points to Heaven's re-  
 vealed design:  
 Which exposition flows from genuine  
 sense;  
 And which is forced by wit and elo-  
 quence.

[From *Religio Laici.*]

THE AVOIDANCE OF RELIGIOUS  
 DISPUTES.

A THOUSAND daily sects rise up and  
 die;  
 A thousand more the perished race  
 supply;  
 So all we make of Heaven's discov-  
 ered will.  
 Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.  
 The danger's much the same; on  
 several shelves  
 If others wreck us, or we wreck our-  
 selves.  
 What' then remains, but, waiving  
 each extreme,  
 The tide of ignorance and pride to  
 stem?  
 Neither so rich a treasure to forego,  
 Nor proudly seek beyond our power  
 to know:-  
 Faith is not built on disquisitions  
 vain:  
 The things we must believe are few  
 and plain:  
 But since men will believe more than  
 they need,  
 And every man will make himself a  
 creed,  
 In doubtful questions 'tis the safest  
 way  
 To learn what unsuspected ancients  
 say:  
 For 'tis not likely we should higher  
 soar  
 In search of Heaven, than all the  
 Church before:  
 Nor can we be deceived, unless we  
 see [gree.  
 The Scripture and the Fathers dis-  
 If after all they stand suspected still,  
 (For no man's faith depends upon  
 his will:)  
 'Tis some relief, that points not  
 clearly known,  
 Without much hazard may be let  
 alone:  
 And after hearing what our Church  
 can say,  
 If still our reason runs another way,  
 That private reason 'tis more just to  
 curb, [disturb.  
 Than by disputes the public peace

For points obscure are of small use  
to learn;  
But common quiet is mankind's concern.

[From *Eleonora*.]

A WIFE.

A WIFE as tender, and as true  
withal,  
As the first woman was before her  
fall:  
Made for the man, of whom she was  
a part;  
Made to attract his eyes, and keep  
his heart.  
A second Eve, but by no crime ac-  
cursed;  
As beauteous, not as brittle as the  
first.  
Had she been first, still Paradise had  
been,  
And death had found no entrance by  
her sin.  
So she not only had preserved from ill  
Her sex and ours, but lived their pat-  
tern still.

[From *Eleonora*.]

CHARITY.

WANT passed for merit at her open  
door:  
Heaven saw, he safely might increase  
his poor,  
And trust their sustenance with her  
so well,  
As not to be at charge of miracle.  
None could be needy, whom she saw  
or knew;  
All in the compass of her sphere she  
drew.  
He, who could touch her garment, was  
as sure,  
As the first Christians of the apostles'  
cure.  
The distant heard, by fame, her pious  
deeds,  
And laid her up for their extremest  
needs;

A future cordial for a fainting mind;  
For, what was ne'er refused, all hoped  
to find,  
Each in his turn, the rich might  
freely come,  
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas  
home.  
As to some holy house the afflicted  
came,  
The hunger-starved, the naked and  
the lame;  
Want and disease both fled before  
her name,  
For zeal like hers her servants were  
too slow;  
She was the first, where need required,  
to go;  
Herself the foundress and attendant  
too.

[From *Eleonora*.]

BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

As precious gums are not for last-  
ing fire,  
They but perfume the temple, and  
expire:  
So was she soon exhaled and van-  
ished hence;  
A short sweet odor of a vast expense.  
She vanished, we can scarcely say  
she died:  
For but a now did heaven and earth  
divide:  
She passed serenely with a single  
breath;  
This moment perfect health, the next  
was death:  
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;  
So little penance needs, when souls  
are almost pure.  
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts  
pursue;  
Or, one dream passed, we slide into a  
new;  
So close they follow, such wild order  
keep,  
We think ourselves awake, and are  
asleep:  
So softly death succeeded life in her:  
She did but dream of heaven, and she  
was there.

No pains she suffered, nor expired  
 with noise;  
 Her soul was whispered out with  
 God's still voice;  
 As an old friend is beckoned to a  
 feast,  
 And treated like a long-familiar  
 guest.  
 He took her as he found, but found  
 her so,  
 As one in hourly readiness to go:  
 E'en on that day, in all her trim pre-  
 pared;  
 As early notice she from heaven had  
 heard;  
 And some descending courier from  
 above [move;  
 Had given her timely warning to re-  
 Or counselled her to dress the nuptial  
 room.  
 For on that night the bridegroom was  
 to come,  
 He kept his hour, and found her  
 where she lay  
 Clothed all in white, the livery of the  
 day;  
 Scarce had she sinned in thought, or  
 word, or act;  
 Unless omissions were to pass for  
 fact:  
 That hardly death a consequence  
 could draw,  
 To make her liable to nature's law.  
 And, that she died, we only have to  
 show  
 The mortal part of her she left be-  
 low:  
 The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she  
 went,  
 Looked like translation through the  
 firmament.

[From *The Character of a Good Parson.*]

THE MODEL PREACHER,

YET of his little he had some to  
 spare,  
 To feed the famished and to clothe  
 the bare:  
 For mortified he was to that degree,  
 A poorer than himself he would not  
 see.

True priests, he said, and preachers  
 of the word,  
 Were only stewards of their sovereign  
 Lord;  
 Nothing was theirs; but all the public  
 store:  
 Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.  
 The proud he tamed, the penitent  
 he cheered;  
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender  
 feared;  
 His preaching much, but more his  
 practice wrought  
 (A living sermon of the truths he  
 taught);  
 For this by rules severe his life he  
 squared,  
 That all might see the doctrines  
 which they heard.  
 For priests, he said, are patterns for  
 the rest;  
 (The gold of heaven, who bear the  
 God impressed);  
 But when the precious coin is kept  
 unclean,  
 The sovereign's image is no longer  
 seen.  
 If they be foul on which the people  
 trust,  
 Well may the baser brass contract a  
 rust.

[From *Absalom and Achitophel.*]

THE WIT.

A FIERY soul, which, working out its  
 way,  
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
 And o'er-informed the tenement of  
 clay.  
 A daring pilot in extremity;  
 Pleased with the danger, when the  
 waves went high  
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm  
 unfit,  
 Would steer too nigh the sands to  
 boast his wit.  
 Great wits are sure to madness near  
 allied,  
 And thin partitions do their bounds  
 divide.

## WILLIAM DUNBAR.

## ALL EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN.

<p>HAVE mind that age aye follows youth; Death follows life with gaping mouth, Devouring fruit and flowering grain <i>All earthly joy returns in pain.</i></p> <p>Came never yet May so fresh and green, But January came as wud and keen;</p>	<p>Was never such drouth but ance came rain; <i>All earthly joy returns in pain,</i></p> <p>Since earthly joy abydis never, Work for the joy that lasts for- ever; For other joy is all but vain: <i>All earthly joy returns in pain.</i></p>
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## CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

## A SNOW-STORM.

<p>'Tis a fearful night in the winter time, As cold as it ever can be; The roar of the blast is heard like the chime Of the waves of an angry sea. The moon is full, but her silver light The storm dashes out with its wings to-night; And over the sky from south to north, Not a star is seen as the wind comes forth In the strength of a mighty glee.</p> <p>All day had the snow come down — all day As it never came down before; And over the hills, at sunset, lay Some two or three feet, or more; The fence was lost, and the wall of stone; The windows blocked and the well- curbs gone; The haystack had grown to a moun- tain lift, And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift, As it lay by the farmer's door.</p> <p>The night sets in on a world of snow, While th' air grows sharp and chill,</p>	<p>And the warning roar of a fearful blow Is heard on the distant hill; And the Norther, see! on the moun- tain peak In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek! He shouts on the plain, ho ho! ho ho! He drives from his nostrils the blind- ing snow, And growls with a savage will.</p> <p>Such a night as this to be found abroad, In the drifts and the freezing air, Lies a shivering dog, in the field, by the road, With the snow in his shaggy hair. He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls; He lifts his head, and moans and howls; [sleet, Then crouching low, from the cutting His nose is pressed on his quivering feet — Pray what does the dog do there?</p> <p>A farmer came from the village plain, But he lost the travelled way; And for hours he trod with might and main A path for his horse and sleigh;</p>
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But colder still the cold winds blew,  
And deeper still the deep drifts  
grew,

And his mare, a beautiful Morgan  
brown,

At last in her struggles floundered  
down,

Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied  
snort,

She plunged in the drifting snow,  
While her master urged, till his  
breath grew short,

With a word and a gentle blow;  
But the snow was deep, and the tugs  
were tight;

His hands were numb and had lost  
their might;

So he wallowed back to his half-filled  
sleigh,

And strove to shelter himself till day,  
With his coat and buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of  
the rein,

To rouse up his dying steed;  
And the poor dog howls to the blast  
in vain

For help in his master's need.  
For awhile he strives with a wistful  
cry

To catch a glance from his drowsy  
eye,

And wags his tail when the rude winds  
flap

The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,  
And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm  
is o'er —

'Tis the hour of midnight past;  
The old trees writhe and bend no more

In the whirl of the rushing blast.  
The silent moon with her peaceful  
light

Looks down on the hills with snow  
all white,

And the giant shadow of Camel's  
Hump,

The blasted pine and the ghostly  
[stump,

Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log  
Are they who came from the town:

The man in his sleigh, and his faith-  
ful dog,

And his beautiful Morgan brown,  
In the wide snow-desert, far and  
grand,

With his cap on his head and the  
reins in his hand,

The dog with his nose on his master's  
feet,

And the mare half seen through the  
crusted sleet,

Where she lay when she floundered  
down.

## GEORGE ELIOT (MARIAN EVANS CROSS).

### O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

O MAY I join the choir invisible  
Of these immortal dead who live  
again

In minds made better by their pres-  
ence; live

In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn

Of miserable aims that end with  
self,

In thoughts sublime that pierce the  
night like stars,

And with their mild persistence urge  
men's minds

To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:  
To make undying music in the world,

Breathing a beauteous order, that  
controls

With growing sway the growing life  
of man.

So we inherit that sweet purity  
For which we struggled, failed and  
agonized

With widening retrospect that bred  
despair.

Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued, A vicious parent shaming still its child, [solved; Poor anxious penitence, is quick dis- Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies, Die in the large and charitable air. And all our rarer, better, truer self, That sobbed religiously in yearning song, That watched to ease the burden of the world, Laboriously tracing what must be, And what may yet be better,— saw within A worthier image for the sanctuary, And shaped it forth before the mul- titude, Divinely human, raising worship so To higher reverence more mixed with love,— [Time That better self shall live till human	Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb, Unread forever. This is life to come, Which martyred men have made more glorious For us, who strive to follow. May I reach That purest heaven,—be to other souls The cup of strength in some great agony, Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love, Beget the smiles that have no cruelty, Be the sweet presence of a good dif- fused, And in diffusion ever more intense! So shall I join the choir invisible, Whose music is the gladness of the world.
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## JANE ELLIOT.

### *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.*

I've heard the lilting at our ewe-milking,  
 Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;  
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,  
 The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;  
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,  
 The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;  
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleecing—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,  
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;  
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border  
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;  
 The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,  
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin' at our ewe-milkin',  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;  
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

## EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

## POOR ANDREW.

THE loving poor!—So envy calls  
 The ever-toiling poor:  
 But oh! I choke, my heart grows faint,

When I approach my door!  
 Behind it there are living things,  
 Whose silent frontlets say  
 They'd rather see me out than in,—  
 Feet foremost borne away!  
 My heart grows sick when home I come,—

May God the thought forgive!  
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,  
 I think I could not live.

My dog and cat, when I come home,  
 Run out to welcome me,—  
 She mewin', with her tail on-end,  
 While waggin' his comes he.  
 They listen for my homeward steps,  
 My smothered sob they hear,  
 When down my heart sinks, deathly down,

Because my home is near.  
 My heart grows faint when home I come,—

May God the thought forgive!  
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,  
 I think I could not live.

I'd rather be a happy bird,  
 Than, scorned and loathed, a king;  
 But man should live while for him lives

The meanest loving thing.  
 Thou busy bee! how canst thou choose  
 So far and wide to roam?  
 O blessed bee! thy glad wings say  
 Thou hast a happy home!

But I, when I come home,—O God!  
 Wilt thou the thought forgive?  
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,  
 I think I could not live.

Why come they not? They do not come

My breaking heart to meet!  
 A heavier darkness on me falls,—  
 I cannot lift my feet.

Oh, yes, they come!—they never fail  
 To lister for my sighs;  
 My poor heart brightens when it meets

The sunshine of their eyes.  
 Again they come to meet me,—God!  
 Wilt thou the thought forgive?  
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,  
 I think I could not live.

This heart is like a churchyard stone;  
 My home is comfort's grave;  
 My playful cat and honest dog  
 Are all the friends I have;  
 And yet my house is filled with friends,—

But foes they seem, and are.  
 What makes them hostile? IGNORANCE;

Then let me not despair.  
 But oh! I sigh when home I come,—  
 May God the thought forgive!  
 If 'twere not for my dog and cat,  
 I think I could not live.

## THE PRESS.

GOD said,—“Let there be light!”  
 Grim darkness felt his might,  
 And fled away;

Then startled seas and mountains cold  
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,  
 And cried,—“'Tis day! 'tis day!”

“Hail, holy light!” exclaimed  
 The thunderous cloud that flamed  
 O'er daisies white;

And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,  
Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast;

And, blushing, murmured,—  
"Light!"

Then was the skylark born;

Then rose the embattled corn;

Then floods of praise

Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;

And then, in stillest night, the moon

Poured forth her pensive lays.

Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!

Lo, trees and flowers, all clad

In glory, bloom!

And shall the mortal sons of God

Be senseless as the trodden clod,

And darker than the tomb?

No, by the *mind* of man!

By the swart artisan!

By God, our sire!

Our souls have holy light within;

And every form of grief and sin

Shall see and feel its fire,

By earth, and hell, and heaven,

The shroud of souls is riven!

Mind, mind alone

Is light, and hope, and life, and power!

Earth's deepest night, from this

blessed hour,

The night of minds, is gone!

"The Press!" all lands shall sing;

The Press, the Press we bring,

All lands to bless:

Oh, pallid Want! Oh, Labor stark!

Behold we bring the second ark!

The Press! the Press! the Press!

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#### THE POET'S PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father! let thy lowly  
child,

Strong in his love of truth, be  
wisely bold,—

A patriot bard, by sycophants reviled,

Let him live usefully, and not die  
old!

Let poor men's children, pleased to  
read his lays,

Love, for his sake, the scenes where  
he hath been,

And when he ends his pilgrimage of  
days,

Let him be buried where the grass  
is green,

Where daisies, blooming earliest,  
linger late

To hear the bee his busy note pro-  
long;

There let him slumber, and in peace  
await

The dawning morn, far from the  
sensual throng,

Who scorn the windflower's blush,  
the redbreast's lonely song.

---

#### NOT FOR NAUGHT.

Do and suffer naught in vain;

Let no trifle trifling be!

If the salt of life is pain,

Let even wrongs bring good to  
thee;

Good to others few or many,—

Good to all, or good to any.

If men curse thee, plant their lies

Where for truth they best may  
grow;

Let the railers make thee wise,

Preaching peace where'er thou go!

God no useless plant hath planted,

Evil — wisely used — is wanted.

If the nation-feeding corn

Thriveth under iced snow;

If the small bird on the thorn

Useth well its guarded sloe,—

Bid thy cares thy comforts double,

Gather fruit from thorns of trouble.

See the rivers! how they run,

Strong in gloom, and strong in  
light!

Like the never-wearied sun,

Through the day and through the  
night,

Each along his path of duty,

Turning coldness into beauty.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## ODE.

O TENDERLY the haughty day  
 Fills his blue urn with fire;  
 One morn is in the mighty heaven,  
 And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,  
 Our pulses are not less,  
 The joy-bells chime their tidings down,  
 Which children's voices bless.

For he that flung the broad blue fold  
 O'er mantling land and sea,  
 One third part of the sky unrolled  
 For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind  
 To build an equal state,—  
 To take the statute from the mind,  
 And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead,—  
 Present and past in under-song,—  
 Go put your creed into your deed,  
 Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,  
 Nor skies without a frown  
 See rights for which the one hand fights  
 By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then write your scroll  
 Of honor o'er the sea,  
 And bid the broad Atlantic roll  
 A ferry of the free.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,  
 Save underneath the sea  
 The wires shall murmur through the main  
 Sweet songs of Liberty.

The conscious stars accord above,  
 The waters wild below,  
 And under, through the cable wove,  
 Her fiery errands go.

For he that worketh high and wise,  
 Nor pauses in his plan,  
 Will take the sun out of the skies  
 Ere freedom out of man.

## THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;  
 I love a prophet of the soul;  
 And on my heart monastic aisles  
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles;

Yet not for all his faith can see  
 Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,  
 Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
 His awful Jove young Phidias  
 brought,

Never from lips of cunning, fell  
 The thrilling Delphic oracle;  
 Out from the heart of nature rolled  
 The burdens of the Bible old;  
 The litanies of nations came,  
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
 Up from the burning core below,—  
 The canticles of love and woe;  
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,

Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
 Himself from God he could not free;  
 He builded better than he knew;—  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knowest thou what wove yon wood-  
 bird's nest  
 Of leaves, and feathers from her  
 breast?

Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
 Painting with morn each annual cell?  
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
 To her old leaves new myriads?  
 Such and so grew these holy piles,  
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
 As the best gem upon her zone;

And morning opes with haste her lids,  
To gaze upon the Pyramids;  
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,  
As on its friends, with kindred eye;  
For out of thought's interior sphere,  
These wonders rose to upper air;  
And nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the  
grass;  
Art might obey, but not surpass.  
The passive Master lent his hand  
To the vast soul that o'er him  
planned;  
And the same power that reared the  
shrine  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
Ever the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the countless  
host,  
Trances the heart through chanting  
choirs,  
And through the priest the mind in-  
spires.

The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;  
The word by seers or sibyls told,  
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind.  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost.  
I know what say the fathers wise,—  
The Book itself before me lies,  
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,  
And he who blent both in his line,  
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,  
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.  
His words are music in my ear,  
I see his cowl'd portrait dear;  
And yet, for all his faith could see,  
I would not the good bishop be.

---

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our  
solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the  
woods,

Spreading its leafless blooms in a  
damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish  
brook.

The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their  
beauty gay;  
Here might the red-bird come his  
plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens  
his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth  
and sky,

Dear, tell them, that if eyes were  
made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for  
being:

Why thou wert there, oh, rival of the  
rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew:  
But in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The selfsame power that brought me  
there, brought you.

---

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me,  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek;  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid-zone!  
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines:  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
Joy of thy dominion!  
Sailor of the atmosphere;  
Swimmer through the waves of air;  
Voyager of light and noon;  
Epicurean of June;  
Wait, I prithee, till I come  
Within earshot of thy hum,—  
All without is martyrdom.

When the south-wind, in May days,  
With a net of shining haze  
Silvers the horizon wall,  
And, with softness touching all,



THE CONCORD BRIDGE.





Tints the human countenance  
 With a color of romance,  
 And, infusing subtle heats,  
 Turns the sod to violets,  
 Thou, in sunny solitudes,  
 Rover of the underwoods,  
 The green silence dost displace  
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
 Tells of countless sunny hours,  
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers:  
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
 In Indian wildernesses found;  
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure,

Aught unsavory or unclean  
 Hath my insect never seen;  
 But violets and bilberry bells,  
 Maple-sap, and daffodils,  
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
 Succory to match the sky,  
 Columbine with horn of honey,  
 Scented fern and agrimony,  
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,  
 And brier-roses, dwelt among;  
 All beside was unknown waste,  
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,  
 Yellow-breeched philosopher!  
 Seeing only what is fair,  
 Sipping only what is sweet,  
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
 Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.  
 When the fierce northwestern blast  
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,  
 Thou already slumberest deep;  
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep;  
 Want and woe, which torture us,  
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

*CONCORD FIGHT.*

By the rude bridge that arched the  
 flood,  
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
 Here once the embattled farmers  
 stood,  
 And fired the shot heard round the  
 world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
 And time the ruined bridge has swept  
 Down the dark stream which sea-  
 ward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft  
 stream,  
 We set to-day a votive stone;  
 That memory may their deed redeem,  
 When, like our sires, our sons are  
 gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
 To die, and leave their children  
 free,  
 Bid time and nature gently spare  
 The shaft we raise to them and  
 thee.

*FORBEARANCE.*

HAST thou named all the birds with-  
 out a gun?  
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on  
 its stalk?  
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and  
 pulse?  
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart  
 of trust?  
 And loved so well a high behavior,  
 In man or maid, that thou from  
 speech refrained,  
 Nobility more nobly to repay?  
 Oh, be my friend, and teach me to  
 be thine!

## FREDERIC WILLIAM FABER.

*THE RIGHT MUST WIN.*

OH, it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take his part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good, good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and  
reached  
Only by childlike love.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when he  
Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that  
seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin!

*HARSH JUDGMENTS.*

O God! whose thoughts are brightest  
light,  
Whose love runs always clear,  
To whose kind wisdom, sinning souls,  
Amid their sins, are dear, —

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart  
With charity like thine,  
Till self shall be the only spot  
On earth that does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with  
souls  
Round whom thine arms are drawn;  
And dark thoughts 'fade away in  
grace,  
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

Time was when I believed that wrong  
In others to detect  
Was part of genius, and a gift  
To cherish, not reject.

Now, better taught by thee, O Lord!  
This truth dawns on my mind,  
The best effect of heavenly light  
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

He whom no praise can reach is aye  
Men's least attempts approving;  
Whom justice makes all-merciful,  
Omniscience makes all-loving.

When we ourselves least kindly are,  
We deem the world unkind:  
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey  
lies,  
Only the poison find.

How Thou canst think so well of us,  
Yet be the God Thou art,  
Is darkness to my intellect,  
But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul;  
More grace, O Lord! more grace;  
More sweetness from thy loving heart,  
More sunshine from thy face!

## LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER and fret and aimless stir  
And disappointed strife,  
All chafing, unsuccessful things,  
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,  
And sameness doubles cares,  
While one unbroken chain of work  
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with  
smoke;  
The streets resound with noise;  
And the soul sinks to see its peers  
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me; smiles are  
near;  
Kind welcomes to be had;  
And yet my spirit is alone,  
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain  
Be quit of my long part;  
The burden of unquiet life  
Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God! now do thy  
work,  
As thou hast done before;  
Wake up, and tears will wake with  
thee,  
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought  
Without or praise or prayer,  
Gives light to know and life to do,  
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought,  
Unto a heart unstrung,  
Like sweet bells at the evening time,  
Most musically rung.

'Tis not His justice or His power,  
Beauty or blest abode,  
But the mere unexpanded thought  
Of the eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works,  
Not even that He is;  
Words fail it, but it is a thought  
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought, lie closer to my heart!  
Thus I may feel thee near,  
As one who for his weapon feels  
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom, thou  
com'st,  
When sadness makes us lowly,  
As though thou wert the echo sweet  
Of humble melancholy.

I bless Thee, Lord, for this kind  
check  
To spirits over-free'  
And for all things that make me feel  
More helpless need of Thee!

## WILLIAM FALCONER.

[From *The Shipwreck*.]

## WRECKED IN THE TEMPEST.

AND now, while winged with ruin  
from on high,  
Through the rent cloud the ragged  
lightnings fly,  
A flash quick glancing on the nerves  
of light,  
Struck the pale helmsman with eter-  
nal night:

Quick to the abandoned wheel Arion  
came,  
The ship's tempestuous sallies to re-  
claim.  
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sound-  
ing foam  
Upborne, to right and left distracted  
roam.  
So gazed young Phaeton, with pale  
dismay,  
When, mounted on the flaming car  
of day,

With rash and impious hand the  
stripling tried  
The immortal coursers of the sun to  
guide.

With mournful look the seamen  
eyed the strand,  
Where death's inexorable jaws ex-  
pand;  
Swift from their minds elapsed all  
dangers past,  
As, dumb with terror, they beheld  
the last.

And now, lashed on by destiny se-  
vere,  
With horror fraught the dreadful  
scene drew near!  
The ship hangs hovering on the verge  
of death,  
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers  
roar beneath!  
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of  
yore,  
Would arm the mind with philosophic  
lore; [breath,  
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest  
To smile serene amid the pangs of  
death.  
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,  
This fell abyss had shuddered to be-  
hold.  
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue  
famed,  
And wisest of the sons of men pro-  
claimed,  
Beheld this scene of frenzy and dis-  
tress,  
His soul had trembled to its last re-  
cess!  
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers  
above,  
This last tremendous shock of fate  
to prove!  
The tottering frame of reason yet  
sustain!  
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!  
In vain the cords and axes were pre-  
pared,  
For now the audacious seas insult  
the yard;  
High o'er the ship they throw a hor-  
rid shade,  
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.

Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she  
flies,  
Her shattered top half buried in the  
skies,  
Then headlong plunging thunders on  
the ground,  
Earth groans, air trembles, and the  
deeps resound!  
Her giant bulk the dread concussion  
feels,  
And quivering with the wound, in  
torment reels;

Again she plunges; hark! a second  
shock  
Tears her strong bottom on the mar-  
ble rock!  
Down on the vale of death, with dis-  
mal cries,  
The fated victims shuddering roll  
their eyes  
In wild despair; while yet another  
stroke,  
With deep convulsion, rends the solid  
oak:  
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal  
cell  
The lurking demons of destruction  
dwell,  
At length asunder torn her frame  
divides,  
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the  
tides.

[From *The Shipwreck.*]

A SUNSET PICTURE.

THE sun's bright orb, declining all  
serene,  
Now glanced obliquely o'er the wood-  
land scene;  
Creation smiles around; on every  
spray  
The warbling birds exalt their even-  
ing lay;  
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the  
fleecey train  
Join the deep chorus of the lowing  
plain;  
The golden lime and orange there  
were seen

<p>On fragrant branches of perpetual green; The crystal streams that velvet mead- ows lave, To the green ocean roll with chiding wave. The glassy ocean, hushed, forgets to roar; But trembling, murmurs on the sandy shore; And, lo! his surface lovely to behold, Glows in the west, a sea of living gold! While all above a thousand liveries gay The skies with pomp ineffable array.</p>	<p>Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains; Above, beneath, around, enchant- ment reigns While glowing Vesper leads the starry train, And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main, Emerging clouds the azure east in- vade, And wrap the lucid spheres in grad- ual shade; While yet the songsters of the vocal grove With dying numbers tune the soul to love.</p>
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## EDGAR FAWCETT.

## IDEALS.

O SCIENCE, whose footsteps wander,  
Audacious and unafraid,  
Where the mysteries that men ponder

Lie folded in awful shade,  
Though you bring us, with calm def-  
iance,

Dear gifts from the bourns you  
wing,  
There is yet, O undaunted Science,  
One gift that you do not bring!

Shall you conquer the last restriction  
That conceals it from you now,  
And come back with its benediction  
Like an aureole on your brow?

Shall you fly to us, roamer daring,  
Past barriers of time and space,  
And return from your mission bear-  
ing  
The light of God on your face?

We know not, but still can treasure,  
In the yearnings of our suspense,  
Consolation we may not measure  
By the certitudes of Sense.

For Life, as we long and question,  
Seems to speak, while it hurries by,  
Through undertones of suggestion  
Immortality's deep reply.

To ears that await its token  
Perpetually it strays,  
Indeterminate, fitful, broken,  
By the discords of our days.  
It pierces the grim disasters  
Of clamorous human Hate,  
And its influence overmasters  
All the ironies of Fate.

The icy laugh of the scorner  
Cannot strike its echoes mute;  
It cleaves the moan of the mourner  
Like a clear æolian lute;  
At its tone less clear and savage  
Grows the anguish of farewell tears,  
And its melody haunts the ravage  
Of the desecrating years.

Philosophy builds, and spares not  
Her firm, laborious power,  
But her lordly edifice wears not  
Its last aerial tower.  
For the quarries of Reason fail her  
Ere the structure's perfect scope,  
And the stone that would now avail  
her [hope.  
Must be hewn from heights of

But Art, at her noblest glory,  
Can seem, to her lovers fond,  
As divinely admonitory  
Of infinitudes beyond.

She can beam upon Earth's abasements

Like a splendor flung down sublime  
Through vague yet exalted casements  
From eternity into time.

On the canvas of some great painter

We may trace, in its varied flame,  
Now leaping aloft, now fainter,  
As the mood uplifts the aim,  
That impulse by whose rare presence  
His venturing brush has drawn  
Its hues from the efflorescence  
Of a far Elysian dawn.

An impassioned watcher gazes

Where the faultless curves combine  
That sculpture's mightier phases  
Imperially enshrine,  
And he feels that by strange election  
The artificer's genius wrought  
From the marble a pale perfection  
That is paramount over thought.

So at music entranced we wonder,

If its charm the spirit seeks,  
When with mellow voluminous thunder

A sovereign maestro speaks,  
Till it seems that by ghostly aidance  
Upraised above lesser throngs,  
He has caught from the stars their cadence  
And woven the wind into songs.

More than all, if the stately brilliance

Of a poet's rapture rise,  
Like a fountain whose full resilience  
Is lovely against fair skies,  
Are we thrilled with a dream unbounded

Of deeps by no vision scanned,  
That conjecture has never sounded  
And conception has never spanned.

So the harvest that knowledge misses,  
Intuition seems to reap;

One pauses before the abysses  
That one will delight to leap.  
One balks the ruminant sages,  
And one bids the world aspire,  
While the slow processional ages  
Irreversibly retire.

### WOUNDS.

THE night-wind sweeps its viewless  
lyre,  
And o'er dim lands, at pastoral rest,  
A single star's white heart of fire  
Is throbbing in the amber west.

I track a rivulet, while I roam,  
By banks that copious leafage cools,  
And watch it roughening into foam,  
Or deepening into glassy pools.

And where the shy stream gains a glade  
That willow thickets overwhelm,  
I find a cottage in the shade  
Of one high patriarchal elm.

Unseen, I mark, well bowered from reach,  
A group the sloping lawn displays,  
And more by gestures than by speech  
I learn their converse while I gaze.

In curious band, youth, maid, and dame,  
About his chair they throng to greet

A gaunt old man of crippled frame,  
Whose crutch leans idle at his feet.

Girt with meek twilight's peaceful breath,  
They hear of loud, tempestuous [fray,  
Of troops mown down like wheat by death,  
Of red Antietam's ghastly day.

He tells of hurts that will not heal;  
Of aches that nerve and sinew fret,  
Where sting of shot and bite of steel  
Have left their dull mementos yet;

And touched by pathos, filled with praise,  
His gathered hearers closer press,  
To pay alike in glance or phrase,  
Response of pitying tenderness.

But I, who note their kindly will,  
Look onward, past the box-edged walk, [still,  
Where stands a woman, grave and  
Oblivious of their fleeting talk.

Her listless arms droop either side;  
 In pensive grace her brow is bent;  
 Her slender form leaves half-described  
 A sweet fatigued abandonment.

And while she lures my musing eye,  
 The mournful reverie of her air  
 Speaks to my thought, I know not  
 why,  
 In the stern dialect of despair.

Lone wistful moods it seems to show  
 Of anguish borne through laggard  
 years,  
 With outward calm, with secret flow  
 Of unalleviating tears.

It breathes of duty's daily strife,  
 When jaded effort loathes to strive;  
 Of patience lingering firm, when life  
 Is tired of being yet alive.

Enthralled by this fair, piteous face,  
 While heaven is purpling overhead,  
 No more I heed the old soldier trace  
 How sword has cut, or bullet sped.

I dream of sorrow's noiseless fight,  
 Where no blades ring, no cannon  
 roll,  
 And where the shadowy blows that  
 smite  
 Give bloodless wounds that scar  
 the soul;

Of fate unmoved by desperate prayers  
 From those its plunderous wrath  
 lays low;

Of bivouacs where the spirit stares  
 At smouldering passion's faded  
 glow;

And last, of that sad armistice made  
 On the dark field whence hope has  
 fled,

Ere yet, like some poor ghost unladen,  
 Pale Memory glides to count her  
 dead.

THE WOOD-TURTLE.

GIRT with the grove's aerial sigh,  
 In clumsy stupor, deaf as fate,  
 Near this coiled, naked root you lie,  
 Imperviously inanimate.

Between these woodlands where we  
 met,  
 And your grim languor, void of  
 grace,  
 My glance, dumb sylvan anchoret,  
 Mysterious kinsmanship can trace.

For in your checkered shape are shown  
 The miry black of swamp and bog,  
 The tawny brown of lichen'd stone,  
 The inertness of the tumbled log.

But when you break this lifeless pause,  
 And from your parted shell out-  
 spread  
 A rude array of lumbering claws,  
 A length of lean, dark snaky head,

I watch from sluggish torpor start  
 These vital signs, uncouth and  
 strange,  
 And mutely murmur to my heart:  
 "Ah me! how lovelier were the  
 change,

"If yonder tough oak, seamed with  
 scars,"  
 Could give some white, wild form  
 release,  
 With eyes amid whose wistful stars  
 Burned memories of immortal  
 Greece!"

## ANNA MARIA FAY.

*SLEEP AND DEATH.*

Oft see we in the garish round of  
 day  
 A danger-haunted world for our  
 sad feet,  
 Or fear we tread along the peopled  
 street  
 A homeless path, an uncompanion-  
 ed way.  
 So too the night doth bring its own  
 array  
 Of darkling terrors we must singly  
 meet,  
 Each soul apart in its unknown re-  
 treat,  
 With life a purposeless, uncon-  
 scious play.  
 But though the day discovers us  
 afraid,  
 Unsure of some safe hand to be  
 our guide,  
 Rest we at night, as if for each  
 were said,

"He giveth unto His beloved sleep."  
 Nought less than all do we in sleep  
 confide,  
 And death but needs of us a trust  
 as deep.

*RONDEL.*

WHEN love is in her eyes,  
 What need of Spring for me?  
 A brighter emerald lies  
 On hill and vale and lea.  
 The azure of the skies  
 Holds nought so sweet to see,  
 When love is in her eyes,  
 What need of Spring for me?

Her bloom the rose outvies,  
 The lily dares no plea,  
 The violet's glory dies,  
 No flower so sweet can be;  
 When love is in her eyes,  
 What need of Spring for me?

## CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

*GULF-WEED.*

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,  
 Drearly drenched in the ocean  
 brine,  
 Soaring high and sinking low,  
 Lashed along without will of mine;  
 Sport of the spume of the surging sea;  
 Flung on the foam, afar and anear,  
 Mark my manifold mystery,—  
 Growth and grace in their place  
 appear.  
 I bear round berries, gray and red,  
 Rootless and rover though I be;  
 My spangled leaves, when nicely  
 spread,

Arborese as a trunkless tree;  
 Corals curious coat me o'er,  
 White and hard in apt array;  
 'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,  
 Gracefully grow I, night and day.  
 Hearts there are on the sounding  
 shore,  
 Something whispers soft to me,  
 Restless and roaming for evermore,  
 Like this weary weed of the sea;  
 Bear they yet on each beating breast  
 The eternal type of the wondrous  
 whole:  
 Growth unfolding amidst unrest,  
 Grace informing with silent soul.



ANNIE FIELDS.

TO SAPHO.

DAUGHTER of Love! Out of the flow-  
ing river,  
Bearing the tide of life upon its bil-  
low,  
Down to that gulf where love and  
song together

Sink and must perish:  
Out of that fatal and resistless cur-  
rent,  
One little song of thine to thy great  
mother,  
Treasured upon the heart of earth  
forever,

Alone is rescued.

Yet when spring comes, and weary is  
the spirit,  
When love is here, but absent is the  
lover,  
And life is here, and only love is dy-  
ing,

Then turn we, longing,  
Singer, to thee! Through ages unfor-  
gotten;  
Where beats the heart of one who in  
her loving  
Sang, all for love, and gave herself  
in singing

To the sea's bosom.

[From *The Last Contest of Æschylus.*]

YOUNG SOPHOCLES TAKING THE  
PRIZE FROM AGED ÆSCHYLUS.

BUT now the games succeeded, then  
a pause,  
And after came the judges with the  
scrolls;  
Two scrolls, not one, as in departed  
years.  
And this saw none but the youth,  
Sophocles,  
Who stood with head erect and shin-  
ing eyes,  
As if the beacon of some promised  
land  
Caught his strong vision and en-  
tranced it there.

Then while the earth made mimicry  
of heaven-

With stillness, calmly spake the  
mightiest judge:

"O Æschylus! The father of our  
song!

Athenian master of the tragic lyre  
Thou the incomparable! Swayer of  
strong hearts!

Immortal minstrel of immortal deeds!  
The autumn grows apace, and all  
must die;

Soon winter comes, and silence.  
Æschylus!

After that silence laughs the tuneful  
spring!

Read'st thou our meaning through  
this slender veil

Of nature's weaving? Sophocles,  
stand forth!

Behold Fame calls thee to her loftiest  
seat,

And bids thee wear her crown. Stand  
forth, I say!"

Then, like a fawn, the youthful poet  
sprang

From the dark thicket of new crowd-  
ing friends,

And stood, a straight, lithe form with  
gentle mien,

Crowned first with light of happiness  
and youth.

But Æschylus, the old man, bending  
lower

Under this new chief weight of all  
the years,

Turned from that scene, turned from  
the shouting crowd,

Whose every voice wounded his dying  
soul

With arrows poison-dipped, and  
walked alone,

Forgotten, under plane-trees, by the  
stream.

"The last! The last! Have I no more  
to do

With this sweet world! Is the bright  
morning now

No longer fraught for me with crowd-  
ing song?

Will evening bring no unsought fruit-  
age home?  
Must the days pass and these poor  
lips be dumb,  
While strewing leaves sing falling  
through the air,  
And autumn gathers in her richest  
fruit?  
Where is my spring departed? Where,  
O gods!  
Within my spirit still the building  
birds  
I hear, with voice more tender than  
when leaves  
Are budding and the happy earth is  
gay.  
Am I, indeed, grown dumb for ever-  
more!  
Take me, O bark! Take me, thou  
flowing stream!  
Who knowest nought of death save  
when thy waves  
Rush to new life upon the ocean's  
breast.  
Bear thou me singing to the under  
world!

—  
[From *Sophocles*.]

AGED SOPHOCLES ADDRESSING THE  
ATHENIANS BEFORE READING HIS  
ŒDIPUS COLONEUS.

BOWED half with age and half with  
reverence, thus,  
I, Sophocles, now answer to your  
call;  
Questioned have I the cause and the  
reason learned.  
Lo, I am here that all the world may  
see  
These feeble limbs that signal of de-  
cay!  
But, know ye, ere the aged oak must  
die,  
Long after the strong years have  
bent his form,  
The spring still gently weaves a leafy  
crown,  
Fresh as of yore to deck his wintry  
head.  
And now, O people mine, who have  
loved my song,

Ye shall be judges if the spring have  
brought  
Late unto me, the aged oak, a crown.  
Hear ye once more, ere yet the river  
of sleep  
Bear me away far on its darkening  
tide,  
The music breathed upon me from  
these fields.  
If to your ears, alas! the shattered  
strings  
No longer sing, but breathe a discord  
harsh,  
I will return and draw this mantle  
close  
About my head and lay me down to  
die.  
But if ye hear the wonted spirit call,  
Framing the natural song that fills  
this world  
To a diviner form, then shall ye all  
believe  
The love I bear to those most near to  
me  
Is living still, and living cannot  
wrong;  
To me, it seems, the love I bear to  
thee,  
Athens, blooms fresh as violets in yon  
wood,  
Making new spring within this aged  
breast.

—  
AT THE FORGE.

• • • • •  
I AM Hephaistos, and forever here  
Stand at the forge and labor, while I  
dream  
Of those who labor not and are not  
lame.  
I hear the early and the late birds  
call,  
Hear winter whisper to the coming  
spring,  
And watch the feet of summer danc-  
ing light  
For joy across the bosom of the earth.  
Labor endures, but all of these must  
pass!  
And ye who love them best, nor are  
condemned

To beat the anvil through the summer day,  
 May learn the secret of their sudden flight;  
 No mortal tongue may whisper where they hide,  
 But to her love, half nestled in the grass,  
 Earth has been known to whisper low yet clear  
 Strange consolation for the wintry days.  
 Oh, listen then, ye singers! learn and tell  
 Those who must labor by the dusty way!

The youth of my heart,  
 And the deathless fire  
 Leap to embrace thee:  
 And nigher, and nigher,  
 Through the darkness of grief and the smart,  
 Thy form do I see.

But the tremulous hand of the years  
 Has brought me a friend.  
 Beautiful gift beyond price!  
 Beyond loss, beyond tears!  
 Hither she stands, clad in a veil.  
 O thou youth of the world!  
 She was a stranger to thee,  
 Thou didst fear her and flee.

PASSAGE FROM THE PRELUDE.

O YOUTH of the world,  
 Thou wert sweet!  
 In thy bud  
 Slept nor canker nor pain;  
 In the blood  
 Of thy grape was no frost and no rain;  
 I love thee! I follow thy feet!

Sorrow is her name;  
 And the face of Sorrow is pale;  
 But her heart is aflame  
 With a fire no winter can tame.  
 Her love will not bend  
 To the storm,  
 To the voices of pleasure,  
 Nor faint in the arms of the earth;  
 But she followeth ever the form  
 Of the Master whose promise is sure,  
 Who knows both our death and our birth.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

MORNING AND EVENING BY THE SEA.

At dawn the fleet stretched miles away  
 On ocean-plains asleep,—  
 Trim vessels waiting for the day  
 To move across the deep.  
 So still the sails they seemed to be  
 White lilies growing in the sea.  
 When evening touched the cape's low rim,  
 And dark fell on the waves,  
 We only saw processions dim  
 Of clouds, from shadowy caves;  
 These were the ghosts of buried ships  
 Gone down in one brief hour's eclipse!

THE PERPETUITY OF SONG.

It was a blithesome young jongleur  
 Who started out to sing,  
 Eight hundred years ago, or more,  
 On a leafy morn in spring;  
 And he carolled sweet as any bird  
 That ever tried its wing.

Of love his little heart was full,—  
 Madonna! how he sang!  
 The blossoms trembled with delight,  
 And round about him sprang,  
 As forth among the banks of Loire  
 The minstrel's music rang.

The boy had left a home of want  
 To wander up and down,

And sing for bread and nightly rest  
 In many an alien town,  
 And bear whatever lot befell,—  
 The alternate smile and frown.

The singer's carolling lips are dust,  
 And ages long since then  
 Dead kings have lain beside their  
 thrones,  
 Voiceless as common men,—  
 But Gerald's songs are echoing still  
 Through every mountain glen!

—  
*IN EXTREMIS.*

OH, the soul-haunting shadows when  
 low he'll lie dying,  
 And the dread angel's voice for his  
 spirit is crying!  
 Where will his thoughts wander, just  
 before sleeping,  
 When a chill from the dark o'er his  
 forehead is creeping?  
 Will he go on beguiling,  
 And wantonly smiling?

'Tis June with him now, but quick  
 cometh December;  
 There's a broken heart somewhere  
 for him to remember,  
 And sure as God liveth, for all his  
 gay trolling,  
 The bell for his passing one day will  
 be tolling!  
 Then no more beguiling,  
 False vowing and smiling!

—  
*A PROTEST.*

Go, sophist! dare not to despoil  
 My life of what it sorely needs  
 In days of pain, in hours of toil,—  
 The bread on which my spirit  
 feeds.

You see no light beyond the stars,  
 No hope of lasting joys to come?  
 I feel, thank God, no narrow bars  
 Between me and my final home!

Hence with your cold sepulchral  
 bans,—  
 The vassal doubts Unfaith has  
 given!  
 My childhood's heart within the  
 man's  
 Still whispers to me, "Trust in  
 Heaven!"

—  
*COURTESY.*

How sweet and gracious, even in  
 common speech,  
 Is that fine sense which men call  
 Courtesy!  
 Wholesome as air and genial as the  
 light,  
 Welcome in every clime as breath of  
 flowers,—  
 It transmutes aliens into trusting  
 friends,  
 And gives its owner passport round  
 the globe.

—  
*A CHARACTER.*

O HAPPIEST he, whose riper years  
 retain  
 The hopes of youth, unsullied by a  
 stain!  
 His eve of life in calm content shall  
 glide,  
 Like the still streamlet to the ocean  
 tide:  
 No gloomy cloud hangs o'er his tran-  
 quil day;  
 No meteor lures him from his home  
 astray;  
 For him there glows with glittering  
 beam on high  
 Love's changeless star that leads him  
 to the sky;  
 Still to the past he sometimes turns  
 to trace  
 The mild expression of a mother's  
 face,  
 And dreams, perchance, as oft in  
 earlier years,  
 The low, sweet music of her voice he  
 hears.

## FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE ODÉON.

"I AM Nicholas Tacchinardi,—hunchbacked, look you, and a fright;  
 Caliban himself might never interpose so foul a sight.  
 Granted; but I come not, masters, to exhibit form or size.  
 Gaze not on my limbs, good people; lend your *ears*, and not your *eyes*.  
 I'm a *singer*, not a *dancer*,—spare me for a while your din;  
 Let me try my voice to-night here,—keep your jests till I begin.  
 Have the kindness but to listen,—this is all I dare to ask.  
 See, I stand beside the footlights, waiting to begin my task,  
 If I fail to please you, curse me,—not *before* my voice you hear,  
 Thrust me not from the Odéon. Hearken, and I've naught to fear."

Then the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf, and mocked his shape;  
 Called him "monster," "thing abhorrent," crying, "Off, presumptuous ape!  
 Off, unsightly, baleful creature! off, and quit the insulted stage!  
 Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage."

Bowing low, pale Tacchinardi, long accustomed to such threats,  
 Burst into a grand bravura, showering notes like diamond jets,—  
 Sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odéon rang,—  
 Sang as never soaring tenor ere behind those footlights sang;  
 And the hunchback, ever after, like a god was hailed with cries,—  
 "*King of minstrels, live forever! Shame on fools who have but eyes!*"

## FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river;  
 Whence the fleets of iron had fled.  
 Where the blades of the grave-grass  
 quiver,

Asleep are the ranks of the dead:  
 Under the sod and the dew;  
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;  
 Under the one, the Blue;  
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
 Those in the gloom of defeat;  
 All with the battle-blood gory,  
 In the dusk of eternity meet;  
 Under the sod and the dew;  
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;  
 Under the laurel, the Blue;  
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
 The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers,  
 Alike for the friend and the foe;  
 Under the sod and the dew;  
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;  
 Under the laurel, the Blue;  
 Under the willow, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,  
 The morning sun-rays fall,  
 With a touch impartially tender,  
 On the blossoms blooming for all;  
 Under the sod and the dew;  
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;  
 Broided with gold, the Blue;  
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray

So, when the summer calleth  
 On forest and field of grain,  
 With an equal murmur falleth  
 The cooling drip of the rain;  
 Under the sod and the dew;  
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;  
 Wet with the rain, the Blue;  
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
 The generous deed was done;  
 In the storm of the years, now fading,  
 No braver battle was won:  
 Under the sod and the dew:  
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;  
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,  
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
 Or the winding rivers be red;  
 They banish our anger forever  
 When they laurel the graves of our  
 dead.  
 Under the sod and the dew;  
 Waiting the Judgment-Day;  
 Love and tears for the Blue;  
 Tears and love for the Gray.

## PHILIP FRENEAU.

### MAY TO APRIL.

WITHOUT your showers  
 I breed no flowers;  
 Each field a barren waste appears;  
 If you don't weep,  
 My blossoms sleep,  
 They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay  
 Made room for May,  
 So I must part with all that's mine;  
 My balmy breeze,  
 My blooming trees,  
 To torrid zones their sweets resign.

For April dead  
 My shades I spread,  
 To her I owe my dress so gay;  
 Of daughters three  
 It falls on me  
 To close our triumphs in one day.

Thus to repose  
 All nature goes;  
 Month after month must find its  
 doom;  
 Time on the wing,  
 May ends the spring,  
 And summer frolics o'er her tomb.

## WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

### LISTENING FOR GOD.

I HEAR it often in the dark,  
 I hear it in the light,—  
 Where is the voice that calls to me  
 With such a quiet might?  
 It seems but echo to my thought,  
 And yet beyond the stars;  
 It seems a heart-beat in a hush,  
 And yet the planet jars.

Oh, may it be that far within  
 My inmost soul there lies  
 A spirit-sky, that opens with  
 Those voices of surprise?  
 And can it be, by night and day,  
 That firmament serene  
 Is just the heaven where God himself,  
 The Father, dwells unseen?

Oh, God within, so close to me  
 That every thought is plain,  
 Be judge, be friend, be Father still,  
 And in thy heaven reign!  
 Thy heaven is mine,—my very  
 soul!  
 Thy words are sweet and strong;  
 They fill my inward silences  
 With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right.  
 And loud rebuke my ill;  
 They ring my bells of victory,  
 They breathe my "Peace, be still!"  
 They ever seem to say, "My child;  
 Why seek me so all day?  
 Now journey inward to thyself,  
 And listen by the way."

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

## THE FREE MIND.

HIGH walls and huge the body may confine, And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze, And massive bolts may baffle his de- sign, And vigilant keepers watch his de- vious ways; But scorns the immortal mind such base control; No chains can bind it and no cell en- close.	Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole, And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes. It leaps from mount to mount, from vale to vale It wanders plucking honeyed fruits and flowers; It visits home to hear the fireside tale And in sweet converse pass the joy- ous hours; 'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar, And in its watches wearies every star.
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## FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

## BAY BILLY.

'Twas the last fight at Fredericks- burg,— Perhaps the day you reckon, Our boys, the Twenty-Second Maine, Kept Early's men in check. Just where Wade Hampton boomed away The fight went neck and neck.  All day the weaker wing we held, And held it with a will. Five several stubborn times we charged The battery on the hill, And five times beaten back, re-formed, And kept our column still.  At last from out the centre fight. Spurred up a general's aid. "That battery must silenced be!" He cried, as past he sped. Our colonel simply touched his cap, And then, with measured tread,  To lead the crouching line once more The grand old fellow came. No wounded man but raised his head And strove to gasp his name,	And those who could not speak nor stir, "God blessed him" just the same.  For he was all the world to us, That hero gray and grim. Right well we knew that fearful slope We'd climb with none but him, Though while his white head led the way We'd charge hell's portals in.  This time we were not half-way up, When, midst the storm of shell, Our leader, with his sword upraised, Beneath our bayonets fell. And, as we bore him back, the foe Set up a joyous yell.  Our hearts went with him. Back we swept, And when the bugle said "Up, charge, again!" no man was there But hung his dogged head. "We've no one left to lead us now," The sullen soldiers said.  Just then before the laggard line The colonel's horse we spied,
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Bay Billy with his trappings on,  
His nostrils swelling wide,  
As though still on his gallant back  
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place  
That was of old his wont,  
And with a neigh that seemed to say,  
Above the battle's brunt,  
"How can the Twenty-Second charge  
If I am not in front?"

Like statues rooted there we stood,  
And gazed a little space,  
Above that floating mane we missed  
The dear familiar face,  
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,  
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all  
As that brave sight had done,  
Down all the battered line we felt  
A lightning impulse run.  
Up! up the hill we followed Bill,  
And we captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height  
Died out the battle's hum,  
Vainly mid living and the dead  
We sought our leader dumb.  
It seemed as if a spectre steed  
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night  
Fell softly o'er the plain,  
As though o'er man's dread work of  
death  
The angels wept again,  
And drew night's curtain gently  
round  
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeons' torches went,  
The ghastly rows between,—  
All night with solemn step I paced  
The torn and bloody green.  
But who that fought in the big war  
Such dread sights have not seen?

At last the morning broke. The lark  
Sang in the merry skies,

As if to e'en the sleepers there  
It bade awake, and rise!  
Though naught but that last trump  
of all  
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more with banners  
gay,  
Stretched out the long brigade.  
Trimly upon the furrowed field  
The troops stood on parade,  
And bravely mid the ranks were  
closed  
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-Second's men  
Were in their place that morn;  
And Corporal Dick, who yester-noon  
Stood six brave fellows on,  
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,  
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour  
When, as with misty eyes,  
To call the old familiar roll  
The solemn sergeant tries,—  
One feels that thumping of the heart  
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tone and slow  
The last few names were said,  
Across the field some missing horse  
Toiled up the weary tread,  
It caught the sergeant's eye, and  
quick  
Bay Billy's name he read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,  
All safe from battle's harms,  
And ere an order could be heard,  
Or the bugle's quick alarms,  
Down all the front, from end to end,  
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth  
Could still our mighty cheer;  
And ever from that famous day,  
When rang the roll call clear,  
Bay Billy's name was read, and  
then  
The whole line answered, "Here!"



## RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

*THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER  
THE SUN.*

THERE is nothing new under the sun;  
There is no new hope or despair;  
The agony just begun  
Is as old as the earth and the air.  
My secret soul of bliss  
Is one with the singing star's,  
And the ancient mountains miss  
No hurt that my being mars.

I know as I know my life,  
I know as I know my pain,  
That there is no lonely strife,  
That he is mad who would gain  
A separate balm for his woe,  
A single pity and cover:  
The one great God I know  
Hears the same prayer over and  
over.

I know it because at the portal  
Of heaven I bowed and cried,  
And I said, "Was ever a mortal  
Thus crowned and crucified!  
My praise thou hast made my blame;  
My best thou hast made my worst;  
My good thou hast turned to shame;  
My drink is a flaming thirst."

But scarce my prayer was said  
Ere from that place I turned;  
I trembled, I hung my head,  
My cheek, shame-smitten, burned;  
For there where I bowed down  
In my boastful agony,  
I thought of thy cross and crown,—  
O Christ! I remembered thee.

*THE SOWER.*

A SOWER went forth to sow,  
His eyes were dark with woe;  
He crushed the flowers beneath his  
feet, [sweet,  
Nor smelt the perfume warm and  
That prayed for pity everywhere.  
He came to a field that was harried

By iron, and to heaven laid bare:  
He shook the seed that he carried  
O'er that brown and bladeless place.  
He shook it, as God shakes hail  
Over a doomed land,  
When lightnings interlace  
The sky and the earth, and his wand  
Of love is a thunder flail.

Thus did that sower sow;  
His seed was human blood,  
And tears of women and men.  
And I, who near him stood,  
Said: When the crop comes, then  
There will be sobbing and sighing,  
Weeping and wailing and crying,  
Flame and ashes and woe.

It was an autumn day  
When next I went that way.  
And what, think you, did I see?  
What was it that I heard?  
The song of a sweet-voiced bird?  
Nay—but the songs of many,  
Thrilled through with praise and  
prayer.  
Of all those voices not any  
Were sad of memory:  
And a sea of sunlight flowed,  
And a golden harvest glowed!  
On my face I fell down there;  
And I said: Thou only art wise—  
God of the earth and skies!  
And I thank thee, again and again,  
For the sower whose name is Pain.

*WEAL AND WOE.*

O HIGHEST, strongest, sweetest wom-  
an-soul!  
Thou holdest in the compass of  
thy grace  
All the strange fate and passion of  
thy race;  
Of the old, primal curse thou  
knowest the whole:  
Thine eyes, too wise, are heavy with  
the dole,  
The doubt, the dread of all this  
human maze;

Thou in the virgin morning of thy  
 days  
 Hast felt the bitter waters o'er thee  
 roll.  
 Yet thou knowest, too, the terrible  
 delight,  
 The still content, and solemn  
 ecstasy;  
 Whatever sharp, sweet bliss thy  
 kind may know.  
 Thy spirit is deep for pleasure as for  
 woe —  
 Deep as the rich, dark-caverned,  
 awful sea  
 That the keen-winded, glimmering  
 dawn makes white.

—————  
*TWO LOVE QUATRAINS.*

NOT from the whole wide world I  
 choose thee —  
 Sweetheart, light of the land and  
 the sea!  
 The wide, wide world could not en-  
 close thee,  
 For thou art the whole wide world  
 to me.

—————  
 YEARS have flown since I knew thee  
 first,  
 And I know thee as water is known  
 of thirst:  
 Yet I knew thee of old at the first  
 sweet sight,  
 And thou art strange to me, love, to-  
 night.

—————  
*WHAT WOULD I SAVE THEE  
 FROM.*

WHAT would I save thee from, dear  
 heart, dear heart?  
 Not from what heaven may send  
 thee of its pain;  
 Not from fierce sunshine or the  
 scathing rain:  
 The pang of pleasure; passion's  
 wound and smart;  
 Not from the scorn and sorrow of  
 thine art;

Nor loss of faithful friends, nor  
 any gain  
 Of growth by grief. I would not  
 thee restrain  
 From needful death. But oh, thou  
 other part  
 Of me!—through whom the whole  
 world I behold,  
 As through the blue I see the stars  
 above!  
 In whom the world I find, hid  
 fold on fold!  
 Thee would I save from this — nay, do  
 not move!  
 Fear not, it may not flash, the air  
 is cold;  
 Save thee from this — the lightning  
 of my love.

—————  
*I COUNT MY TIME BY TIMES  
 THAT I MEET THEE.*

I COUNT my time by times that I  
 meet thee;  
 These are my yesterdays, my mor-  
 rows, noons,  
 And nights; these my old moons  
 and my new moons.  
 Slow fly the hours, or fast the  
 hours do flee,  
 If thou art far from or art near to  
 me:  
 If thou art far, the birds' tunes  
 are no tunes;  
 If thou art near, the wintry days  
 are Junes,—  
 Darkness is light, and sorrow can  
 not be.  
 Thou art my dream come true, and  
 thou my dream,  
 The air I breathe, the world where-  
 in I dwell;  
 My journey's end thou art, and  
 thou the way;  
 Thou art what I would be, yet only  
 seem;  
 Thou art my heaven and thou art  
 my hell;  
 Thou art my ever-living judgment-  
 day.

## LOVE'S JEALOUSY.

OF other men I know no jealousy,  
 Nor of the maid who holds thee  
 close, oh, close:  
 But of the June-red, summer-  
 scented rose,  
 And of the orange-streakèd sunset  
 sky  
 That wins the soul of thee through  
 thy deep eye;  
 And of the breeze by thee beloved,  
 that goes  
 O'er thy dear hair and brow; the  
 song that flows  
 Into thy heart of hearts, where it  
 may die.  
 I would I were one moment that  
 sweet show  
 Of flower; or breeze beloved that  
 toucheth all;  
 Or sky that through the summer  
 eve doth burn.  
 I would I were the song thou lovest so,  
 At sound of me to have thine eye-  
 lid fall:  
 But I would then to something  
 human turn.

## A THOUGHT.

ONCE, looking from a window on a  
 land  
 That lay in silence underneath the  
 sun;  
 A land of broad, green meadows,  
 through which poured  
 Two rivers, slowly winding to the  
 sea,—  
 Thus, as I looked, I know not how  
 or whence,  
 Was borne into my unexpectant soul  
 That thought, late learned by anx-  
 ious-witted man,  
 The infinite patience of the Eternal  
 Mind.

## AND WERE THAT BEST?

AND were that best, Love, dreamless,  
 endless sleep?  
 Gone all the fury of the mortal  
 day;  
 The daylight gone, and gone the  
 starry ray!  
 And were that best, Love, rest se-  
 rene and deep?  
 Gone labor and desire; no arduous  
 steep  
 To climb, no songs to sing, no  
 prayers to pray,  
 No help for those who perish by  
 the way,  
 No laughter 'midst our tears, no  
 tears to weep!  
 And were that best, Love, sleep with  
 no dear dream,  
 Nor memory of any thing in life?  
 Stark death that neither help nor  
 hurt can know!  
 Oh, rather, Love, the sorrow-bring-  
 ing gleam,  
 The living day's long agony and  
 strife!  
 Rather strong love in pain,—the  
 waking woe!

## THROUGH LOVE TO LIGHT.

THROUGH love to light! Oh, wonder-  
 ful the way  
 That leads from darkness to the per-  
 fect day!  
 From darkness and from sorrow of  
 the night  
 To morning that comes singing o'er  
 the sea.  
 Through love to light! Through  
 light, O God, to thee,  
 Who art the love of love, the eternal  
 light of light!

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

{From *The Deserted Village.*}

## THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR yonder copse, where once  
the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower  
grows will.  
There, where a few torn shrubs the  
place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest man-  
sion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds  
a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly  
race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to  
change his place;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for  
power  
By doctrines fashioned to the vary-  
ing hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned  
to prize —  
More bent to raise the wretched than  
to rise.  
His house was known to all the va-  
grant train;  
He chid their wanderings, but re-  
lieved their pain.  
The long-remembered beggar was his  
guest,  
Whose beard, descending, swept his  
aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no  
longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his  
claims allowed;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to  
stay,  
Sate by his fire, and talked the night  
away —  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of  
sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch, and showed  
how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man  
learned to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their  
woe;

Careless their merits or their faults  
to scan,  
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was  
his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to vir-  
tue's side;  
But in his duty, prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and  
felt for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment  
tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring  
to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull  
delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led  
the way.

Beside the bed where parting life  
was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns  
dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At  
his control  
Despair and anguish fled the strug-  
gling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling  
wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whis-  
pered praise.

At church, with meek and unaf-  
fected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable  
place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with  
double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, re-  
mained to pray.  
The service past, around the pious  
man, [ran;  
With ready zeal, each honest rustic  
E'en children followed, with endear-  
ing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the  
good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth  
express;

Their welfare pleased him, and their  
 cares distressed;  
 To them his heart, his love, his  
 griefs were given —  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest  
 in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful  
 form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway  
 leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling  
 clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

[From *The Deserted Village.*]

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that  
 skirts the way,  
 With blossomed furze unprofitably  
 gay,  
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled  
 to rule,  
 The village master taught his little  
 school.  
 A man severe he was, and stern to  
 view —  
 I knew him well, and every truant  
 knew;  
 Well had the boding tremblers learned  
 to trace  
 The day's disasters in his morning  
 face;  
 Full well they laughed, with counter-  
 feited glee,  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had  
 he;  
 Full well the busy whisper, circling  
 round,  
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he  
 frowned;  
 Yet he was kind — or, if severe in  
 aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in  
 fault.  
 The village all declared how much he  
 knew;  
 'T was certain he could write, and  
 cipher too;  
 Lands he could measure, terms and  
 tides presage,

And e'en the story ran that he could  
 gauge.  
 In arguing, too, the parson owned  
 his skill,  
 For, e'en though vanquished, he  
 could argue still;  
 While words of learned length and  
 thundering sound  
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged  
 around;  
 And still they gazed, and still the  
 wonder grew,  
 That one small head could carry all  
 he knew.

[From *The Deserted Village.*]

THE HAPPINESS OF PASSING ONE'S  
 AGE IN FAMILIAR PLACES.

IN all my wanderings round this  
 world of care,  
 In all my griefs — and God has given  
 my share —  
 I still had hopes my latest hours to  
 crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay  
 me down;  
 To husband out life's taper at the  
 close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting by  
 repose;  
 I still had hopes — for pride attends  
 us still —  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-  
 learned skill,  
 Around my fire an evening group to  
 draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and  
 horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at  
 first she flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations  
 past,  
 Here to return — and die at home at  
 last.  
 O blest retirement! friend to life's  
 decline!  
 Retreat from care, that never must  
 be mine!

How blest is he who crowns, in shades  
 like these,  
 A youth of labor, with an age of ease;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 't is hard to combat, learns  
 to fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work  
 and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay.  
 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences, ere the world  
 be past.

[From *The Traveller*.]

FRANCE.

GAY sprightly land of mirth and  
 social ease,  
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the  
 world can please,  
 How often have I led thy sportive  
 choir,  
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!  
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
 And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;  
 And haply, though my harsh touch,  
 faltering still,  
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,  
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,  
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.  
 Alike all ages: dames of ancient days

Have led their children through the mirthful maze,  
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,  
 Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.  
 So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,  
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away:  
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,  
 For honor forms the social temper here:  
 Honor, that praise which real merit gains  
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,  
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,  
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:  
 From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,  
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;  
 They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem.  
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.  
 But while this softer art their bliss supplies,  
 It gives their follies also room to rise;  
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,  
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;  
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
 Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,  
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;  
 Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
 And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;  
 Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year;  
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws  
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

[From *The Oratorio of the Captivity.*]

HOPE.

THE wretch condemned with life to  
part,

Still, still on hope relies;  
And every pang that rends the heart,  
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's  
light,

Adorns and cheers the way;  
And still, as darker grows the night,  
Emits a brighter day.

[From *the Oratorio of the Captivity.*]

THE PROPHETS' SONG.

OUR God is all we boast below,  
To Him we turn our eyes;  
And every added weight of woe,  
Shall make our homage rise.

And though no temple richly dressed,  
Nor sacrifice is here;  
We'll make His temple in our breast,  
And offer up a tear.

[From *The Oratorio of the Captivity.*]

MEMORY.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,  
Still importunate and vain,  
To former joys recurring ever,  
And turning all the past to pain!

Then, like the world, the oppressed  
oppressing,  
Thy smiles increase the wretch's  
woe;  
And he who wants each other blessing,  
In thee must ever find a foe.

DORA READ GOODALE.

RIPE GRAIN.

O STILL, white face of perfect  
peace,  
Untouched by passion, freed from  
pain,—  
He who ordained that work should  
cease,  
Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears  
The glory that is wrung from pain,  
The high celestial beauty wears  
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,  
No lightest trace of grief or pain,—  
On earth an empty form and face—  
In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

ELAINE GOODALE.

ASHES OF ROSES.

SOFT on the sunset sky  
Bright daylight closes,  
Leaving, when light doth die,  
Pale hues that mingling lie,—  
Ashes of roses.

When Love's warm sun is set,  
Love's brightness closes;  
Eyes with hot tears are wet,  
In hearts then linger yet  
Ashes of roses.

## HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

*THE SOUL'S FAREWELL.*

It must be so, poor, fading, mortal thing!

And now we part, thou pallid form of clay!

Thy hold is broken — I unfurl my wing;

And from the dust the spirit must away!

As thou at night, hast thrown thy vesture by,

Tired with the day, to seek thy wonted rest,

Fatigued with time's vain round, 't is thus that I

Of thee, frail covering, myself divest.

Thou knowest, while journeying in this thorny road,

How oft we've sighed and struggled to be twain;

How I have longed to drop my earthly load,

And thou, to rest thee from thy toil and pain.

Then he, who severs our mysterious tie,

Is a kind angel, granting each release;

He'll seal thy quivering lip and sunken eye,

And stamp thy brow with everlasting peace.

When thou hast lost the beauty that I gave,

And life's gay scenes no more will give thee place,

Thou may'st retire within the secret grave,

Where none shall look upon thine altered face.

But I am summoned to the eternal throne,

To meet the presence of the King most high;

I go to stand unshrouded and alone,  
Full in the light of God's all-searching eye.

There must the deeds which we together wrought,

Be all remembered — each a witness made;

The outward action and the secret thought

Before the silent soul must there be weighed.

Lo! I behold the seraph throng descend

To waft me up where love and mercy dwell;

Away, vain fears! the Judge will be my friend;

It is my Father calls — pale clay, farewell!

*A NAME IN THE SAND.*

ALONE I walked the ocean strand;

A pearly shell was in my hand:

I stooped and wrote upon the sand

My name — the year — the day.

As onward from the spot I passed,

One lingering look behind I cast:

A wave came rolling high and fast,

And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be

With every mark on earth from me:

A wave of dark oblivion's sea

Will sweep across the place

Where I have trod the sandy shore

Of time, and been to be no more,

Of me — my day — the name I bore,

To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,

And holds the waters in his hands,

I know a lasting record stands,

Inscribed against my name,

Of all this mortal part has wrought;

Of all this thinking soul has thought,

And from these fleeting moments

caught

For glory or for shame.



## JAMES GRAHAME.

[From *The Sabbath.*]

## SABBATH MORNING.

How still the morning of the hal-  
lowed day!  
Mute is the voice of rural labor,  
hushed  
The ploughboy's whistle and the  
milkmaid's song.  
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy  
wreath  
Of teded grass, mingled with fading  
flowers,  
That yester-morn bloomed waving  
in the breeze.  
Sounds the most faint attract the  
ear,—the hum  
Of early bee, the trickling of the  
dew,  
The distant bleating midway up the  
hill.  
Calmness seems throned on yon un-  
moving cloud.  
To him who wanders o'er the upland  
leas,  
The blackbird's note comes mellow  
from the dale;  
And sweeter from the sky the glad-  
some lark  
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the  
lulling brook  
Murmurs more gently down the  
deep-sunk glen;  
While from yon lowly roof, whose  
curling smoke  
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at in-  
tervals  
The voice of psalms, the simple song  
of praise.  
With dove-like wings Peace o'er  
yon village broods:  
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the  
anvil's din  
Hath ceased; all, all around is quiet-  
ness.  
Less fearful on this day, the limping  
hare

Stops, and looks back, and stops, and  
looks on man,  
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn  
horse, set free,  
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at  
large;  
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he  
rolls,  
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the  
morning ray.  
But chiefly man the day of rest  
enjoys.  
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor  
man's day.  
On other days, the man of toil is  
doomed  
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the  
ground  
Both seat and board, screened from  
the winter's cold  
And summer's heat by neighboring  
hedge or tree;  
But on this day, embosomed in his  
home,  
He shares the frugal meal with those  
he loves;  
With those he loves he shares the  
heartfelt joy  
Of giving thanks to God,—not  
thanks of form,  
A word and a grimace, but reverently,  
With covered face and upward ear-  
nest eye.  
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor  
man's day:  
The pale mechanic now has leave to  
breathe  
The morning air, pure from the city's  
smoke;  
While wandering slowly up the river-  
side,  
He meditates on Him whose power  
he marks  
In each green tree that proudly  
spreads the bough,  
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that  
bloom  
Around the roots.

## ELINOR GRAY.

## ISOLATION.

<p>WE walk alone through all life's various ways, Through light and darkness, sorrow, joy, and change; And greeting each to each, through passing days, Still we are strange.</p> <p>We hold our dear ones with a firm, strong grasp; We hear their voices, look into their eyes; And yet, betwixt us in that clinging clasp A distance lies.</p> <p>We cannot <i>know their hearts</i>, how- e'er we may Mingle thought, aspiration, hope and prayer;</p>	<p>We cannot reach them, and in vain essay To enter there.</p> <p>Still, in each heart of hearts a hid- den deep Lies, never fathomed by its dearest, best, With closest care our purest thoughts we keep, And tenderest.</p> <p>But, blessed thought! we shall not always so In darkness and in sadness walk alone; There comes a glorious day when we shall know As we are known.</p>
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## THOMAS GRAY.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-  
YARD.

<p>THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day, The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea, The ploughman homeward plods his weary way, And leaves the world to darkness and to me.</p> <p>Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:</p>	<p>Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower, The moping owl does to the moon complain Of such as, wandering near her secret bower, Molest her ancient solitary reign.</p> <p>Beneath those rugged elms, that yew- tree's shade, Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap, Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.</p> <p>The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,</p>
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The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

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

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood;

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,

Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

<p>Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.</p> <p>Far from the madding crowd's igno- ble strife Their sober wishes never learned to stray; Along the cool, sequestered vale of life They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.</p> <p>Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect Some frail memorial still erected nigh, With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked, Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.</p> <p>Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse, The place of fame and elegy supply: And many a holy text around she strews, That teach the rustic moralist to die.</p> <p>For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, This pleasing anxious being e'er re- signed, Left the warm precincts of the cheer- ful day, Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?</p> <p>On some fond breast the parting soul relies; Some pious drops the closing eye re- quires; E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries, E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.</p> <p>For thee, who, mindful of the un- honed dead, Dost in these lines their artless tale relate; [led, If chance, by lonely contemplation Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—</p>	<p>Haply some hoary-headed swain may say, Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn, Brushing with hasty steps the dews away, To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;</p> <p>There at the foot of yonder nodding beech That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high, His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch, And pore upon the brook that bab- bles by.</p> <p>Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove; Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn, Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.</p> <p>One morn I missed him on the 'cus- tomed hill, Along the heath, and near his favor- ite tree; Another came; nor yet beside the rill, Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;</p> <p>The next with dirges due in sad array Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,— Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE EPITAPH.</p> <p>HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth A youth, to fortune and to fame un- known; Fair Science frowned not on his hum- ble birth, And Melancholy marked him for her own.</p>
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Large was his bounty, and his soul  
sincere;  
Heaven did a recompense as largely  
send:  
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,  
He gained from Heaven, 't was all he  
wished, a friend.

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

—  
*ODE ON THE SPRING.*

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours  
Fair Venus' train, appear,  
Disclose the long-expecting flowers  
And wake the purple year!  
The Attic warbler pours her throat  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
The untaught harmony of spring:  
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue  
sky  
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches  
stretch  
A broader, browner shade,  
Where'er the rude and moss-grown  
beech  
O'er canopies the glade,  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, and  
think  
(At ease reclined in rustic state)  
How vain the ardor of the crowd,  
How low, how little are the proud,  
How indigent the great;

Still is the toiling hand of Care;  
The panting herds repose:  
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air  
The busy murmur glows:  
The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honeyed spring  
And float amid the liquid noon:  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some show their gaily-gilded trim  
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
Such is the race of man:  
And they that creep, and they that fly  
Shall end where they began.  
Alike the busy and the gay  
But flutter thro' life's little day,  
In fortune's varying colors drest:  
Brushed by the hand of rough mis-  
chance  
Or chilled by age, their airy dance  
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low  
The sportive kind reply:  
Poor moralist! and what art thou?  
A solitary fly!  
Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets.  
No painted plumage to display:  
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;  
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone,—  
We frolic while 'tis May.

—  
*THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM  
VICISSITUDE.*

SMILES on past Misfortune's brow  
Soft Reflection's hand can trace,  
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw  
A melancholy grace;  
While hope prolongs our happier  
hour,  
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower  
And blacken round our weary way,  
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,  
See a kindred Grief pursue;  
Behind the steps that Misery treads  
Approaching Comfort view:  
The hues of bliss more brightly glow  
Chastised by sabler tints of woe,  
And blended form, with artful strife,  
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost  
On the thorny bed of pain,  
At length repair his vigor lost  
And breathe and walk again:  
The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening Paradise.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF  
ETON.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade!

And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights the expanse  
below

Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose  
flowers among

Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!

Ah, fields beloved in vain!

Where once my careless childhood  
strayed,

A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving fresh their gladsome  
wing,

My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames (for thou hast  
seen

Full many a sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margent green,  
The paths of pleasure trace),  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?

The captive linnet which enthrall?

What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,  
Their murm'ring labors ply  
'Gainst graver hours, that bring con-  
straint

To sweeten liberty:

Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare de-  
sery,

Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possess'd;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast:  
Their buxom health, of rosy hue,  
Wild wit, invention ever new,  
And lively cheer, of vigor born;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light  
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom

The little victims play!

No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day:

Yet see how all around them wait

The ministers of human fate

And black misfortune's baleful  
train!

'Ah, show them where in ambush  
stand,

To seize their prey, the murderous  
band!

Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,

The vultures of the mind,

Disdainful anger, pallid fear,

And shame that skulks behind;

Or pining love shall waste their  
youth,

Or jealousy with rankling tooth

That inly gnaws the secret heart,

And envy wan, and faded care,

Grim-visaged comfortless despair,

And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,

Then whirl the wretch from high

To bitter scorn a sacrifice

And grinning infamy.

The stings of falsehood those shall  
try,

And hard unkindness' altered eye,

That mocks the tear it forced to  
flow;

And keen remorse with blood defiled,

And moody madness laughing wild

Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath

A grisly troop are seen,

The painful family of Death,

More hideous than their queen:

This racks the joints, this fires the  
veins,

That every laboring sinew strains,

Those in the deeper vitals rage:

Lo, poverty, to fill the band,

That numbs the soul with icy hand,

And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,

Condemned alike to groan;

The tender for another's pain,

The unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah! why should they know their  
fate,

Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies?

Thought would destroy their para-  
dise!

No more,—where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise.

## ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

### *LITTLE MARTIN CRAGHAN.*

ONE reads to me Macaulay's "Lays"

With fervid voice, intoning well

The poet's fire, the vocal grace;

They hold me like a spell.

'Twere marvel if in human veins

Could beat a pulse so cold

It would not quicken to the strains,

The flying, fiery strains, that tell

How Romans "kept the bridge so  
well

In the brave days of old."

The while I listened, till my blood,

Plunged in the poet's martial mood,

Rushed in my veins like wine,

I prayed,—to One who hears, I 'wis;

"Give me one breath of power like  
this

To sing of Pittston mine!"

A child looks up the ragged shaft,

A boy whose meagre frame

Shrinks as he hears the roaring  
draught

That feeds the eager flame.

He has a single chance; the stakes

Of life show death at bay

One moment; then his comrade takes

The hope he casts away.

For while his trembling hand is raised,

And while his sweet eyes shine,

There swells above the love of life

The rush of love divine,—

The thought of those unwarned, to  
whom

Death steals along the mine.

O little Martin Craghan!

I reckon not if you swore,

Like Porsena of Clusium,

By gods of mythic lore;

But well I ween as great a heart

Beat your small bosom sore.

And that your bare brown feet scarce  
felt

The way they bounded o'er.

I know you were a hero then,

Whate'er you were before;

And in God's sight your flying feet

Made white the cavern floor.

The while he speeds that darksome  
way,

Hope paints upon his fears

Soft visions of the light of day;

Faint songs of birds he hears;

In summer breeze his tangled curls

Are blown about his ears.

He sees the men; he warns; and now,  
His duty bravely done,

Sweet hope may paint the fairest  
scene

That spreads beneath the sun.

Back to the burning shaft he flies;

There bounding pulses fail;

The light forsakes his lifted eyes;

The glowing cheek is pale.

With wheeling, whirling, hungry  
flame,

The seething shaft is rife:  
Where solid chains drip liquid fire,  
What chance for human life?

To die with those he hoped to save,  
Back, back, through heat and  
gloom,

To find a wall,— and Death and he  
Shut in the larger tomb!

He pleaded to be taken in  
As closer rolled the smoke;  
In deathful vapors they could hear  
His piteous accents choke.  
And they, with shaking voice, re-  
fused;  
And then the young heart broke.

Oh love of life! God made it strong,  
And knows how close it pressed;  
And death to those who love life  
least  
Is scarce a welcome guest.

One thought of the poor wife, whose  
head  
Last night lay on his breast:  
A quiver runs through lips that morn  
By children's lips caressed.

These things the sweet strong  
thoughts of home,—  
Though but a wretched place,  
To which the sad-eyed miners come  
With Labor's laggard pace,—  
Remembered in the cavern gloom,  
Illume the haggard face,—

Illumed their faces, steeled each  
heart.

O God! what mysteries  
Of brave and base make sum and part  
Of human histories!

What will not thy poor creatures do  
To buy an hour of breath!  
Well for us all some souls are true  
Above the fear of death!

He wept a little,— for they heard  
The sound of sobs, the sighs  
That breathed of martyrdom complete  
Unseen of mortal eyes,—

And then, no longer swift, his feet  
Passed down the galleries.

He crept and crouched beside his  
mule,  
Led by its dying moan;  
He touched it feebly with a hand  
That shook like palsy's own.  
God grant the touch had power to  
make  
The child feel less alone!

Who knoweth every heart, He knows  
What moved the boyish mind;  
What longings grew to passion-throes  
For dear ones left behind;  
How hardly youth and youth's de-  
sires  
Their hold of life resigned.

Perhaps the little fellow felt  
As brave Horatius thought,  
When for those dearer Roman lives  
He held his own as nought.

For how could boy die better  
Than facing fearful fires  
To save poor women's husbands  
And helpless children's sires?

Death leaned upon him heavily;  
But Love, more mighty still,—  
She lent him slender lease of life  
To work her tender will.

He felt with sightless, sentient hand  
Along the wall and ground,  
And there the rude and simple page  
For his sweet purpose found.

O'erwritten with the names he loved,  
Clasped to his little side,  
Dim eyes the wooden record read  
Hours after he had died.

Thus from all knowledge of his kind,  
In darkness lone and vast,  
From life to death, from death to life,  
The little hero passed.

And, while they listened for the feet  
That would return no more,  
Far off they fell in music sweet  
Upon another shore.



## SAMUEL MILLER HAGEMAN.

## ONLY.

ONLY a little child,  
Crushed to death to-day in the mart;  
But the whole unhorizoned kingdom  
of heaven  
Was in that little heart.

Only a grain of sand,  
Swirled up where the sea lies spent;  
But it holds wherever it be in space  
The poise of a continent.

Only a minute gone,  
That to think of now is vain;  
Ah! that was the minute without  
whose link  
Had dropped Eternity's chain.

## THE TWO GREAT CITIES.

SIDE by side rise the two great cities,  
Afar on the traveller's sight;  
One, black with the dust of labor,  
One, solemnly still and white.  
Apart, and yet together,  
They are reached in a dying breath,  
But a river flows between them,  
And the river's name is — Death

Apart, and yet together,  
Together, and yet apart,  
As the child may die at midnight  
On the mother's living heart.  
So close come the two great cities,  
With only the river between;  
And the grass in the one is trampled,  
But the grass in the other is green.

The hills with uncovered foreheads,  
Like the disciples meet,  
While ever the flowing water  
Is washing their hallowed feet.  
And out on the glassy ocean,  
The sails in the golden gloom  
Seem to me but moving shadows  
Of the white emmarbled tomb.

Anon, from the hut and the palace  
Anon, from early till late,  
They come, rich and poor together,  
Asking alms at thy beautiful gate.  
And never had life a guerdon  
So welcome to all to give,  
In the land where the living are dy-  
ing,  
As the land where the dead may  
live.

O silent city of refuge  
On the way to the city o'erhead!  
The gleam of thy marble milestones  
Tells the distance we are from the  
dead.  
Full of feet, but a city untrodden,  
Full of hands, but a city unbuilt,  
Full of strangers who know not even  
That their life-cup lies there spilt.

They know not the tomb from the  
palace,  
They dream not they ever have  
died:  
God be thanked they never will know  
it  
Till they live on the other side!  
From the doors that death shut coldly  
On the face of their last lone woe:  
They came to thy glades for shelter  
Who had nowhere else to go.

## FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

## MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight in his guarded tent,  
 The Turk was dreaming of the  
 hour  
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance  
 bent,  
 Should tremble at his power:  
 In dreams, through camp and court  
 he bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror;  
 In dreams his song of triumph  
 heard;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring:  
 Then pressed that monarch's throne  
 — a king;  
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of  
 wing,  
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
 True as the steel of their tried blades,  
 Heroes in heart and hand.  
 There had the Persian's thousands  
 stood,  
 There had the glad earth drunk their  
 blood  
 On old Platæa's day;  
 And now there breathed that haunted  
 air  
 The sons of sires who conquered  
 there,  
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk  
 awoke;  
 That bright dream was his last;  
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,  
 "To arms! they come! the Greek!  
 the Greek!"  
 He woke — to die midst flame and  
 smoke,  
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-  
 stroke,  
 And death-shots falling thick and  
 fast  
 As lightnings from the mountain-  
 cloud;

And heard, with voice as trumpet  
 loud,  
 Bozzaris cheer his band.  
 "Strike — till the last armed foe ex-  
 pires;  
 Strike — for your altars and your  
 fires;  
 Strike — for the green graves of your  
 sires:  
 God, and your native land!"

They fought, — like brave men, long  
 and well;  
 They piled that ground with Mos-  
 lem slain;  
 They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,  
 Bleeding at every vein.  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile when rang their proud hur-  
 rah,  
 And the red field was won:  
 Then saw in death his eyelids close  
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
 Come to the mother's, when she  
 feels,  
 For the first time, her first-born's  
 breath;  
 Come when the blessed seals  
 That close the pestilence are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
 Come in Consumption's ghastly  
 form,  
 The earthquake shock, the ocean  
 storm;  
 Come when the heart beats high and  
 warm,  
 With banquet-song, and dance,  
 and wine;  
 And thou art terrible — the tear,  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the  
 bier,  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,  
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's  
word;

And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Come, when his task of fame is  
wrought —

Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-  
bought —

Come in her crowning hour — and  
then

Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
To him is welcome as the sight

Of sky and stars to prisoned men;  
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand

Of brother in a foreign land;  
Thy summons welcome as the cry

That told the Indian isles were nigh  
To the world-seeking Genoese,

When the land-wind, from woods of  
palm,

And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave,  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,

Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its

plume,  
Like torn branch from death's leaf-  
less tree,

In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
The heartless luxury of the tomb:

But she remembers thee as one  
Long loved and for a season gone.

For thee her poets' lyre is wreathed,  
Her marble wrought, her music

breathed:

For thee she rings the birthday bells;  
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells:

For thine her evening prayer is said  
At palace couch, and cottage bed;

Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;

His plighted maiden, when she fears  
For him, the joy of her young years,

Thinks of thy fate, and checks her  
tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,  
Though in her eye and faded cheek

Is read the grief she will not speak,  
The memory of her buried joys,

And even she who gave thee birth,  
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,

Talk of thy doom without a sigh:  
For thou art Freedom's now, and

Fame's,  
One of the few, the immortal names

That were not born to die.

---

BURNS.

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks;  
Thou mind'st me of that autumn

noon  
When first we met upon "the banks  
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's  
bough,

My sunny hour was glad and brief  
We've crossed the winter sea, and

thou  
Art withered — flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be  
mine —

The doom of all things wrought of  
clay?

And withered my life's leaf like  
thine,

Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory for whose sake  
My bosom bore thee far and long,

His, who a humbler flower could  
make

Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns — a name  
That calls, when brimmed her fes-  
tal cup,

A nation's glory and her shame,  
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory — be the rest  
Forgot — she's canonized his mind,

And it is joy to speak the best  
We may of humankind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed  
Where the bard-peasant first drew

breath;

A straw-thatched roof above his head,  
 A straw-wrought couch beneath.  
 And I have stood beside the pile,  
 His monument—that tells to heaven  
 The homage of earth's proudest isle  
 To that bard-peasant given.  
 Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,  
 Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;  
 And know, however low his lot,  
 A poet's pride and power;  
 The pride that lifted Burns from earth,  
 The power that gave a child of song  
 Ascendency o'er rank and birth,  
 The rich, the brave, the strong;  
 And if despondency weigh down  
 Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,  
 Despair — thy name is written on  
 The roll of common men.  
 There have been loftier themes than his,  
 And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,  
 And lays lit up with Poesy's  
 Purer and holier fires;  
 Yet read the names that know not death;  
 Few nobler ones than Burns are there;  
 And few have won a greener wreath  
 Than that which binds his hair.  
 His is that language of the heart  
 In which the answering heart would speak,  
 Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,  
 Or the smile light the cheek;  
**And his that music to whose tone**  
**The common pulse of man keeps time,**  
**In cot or castle's mirth or moan,**  
**In cold or sunny clime.**

And who hath heard his song, not knelt  
 Before its spell with willing knee,  
 And listened, and believed, and felt  
 The poet's mastery  
 O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,  
 O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,  
 O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,  
 O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;  
 On fields where brave men "die or do,"  
 In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,  
 Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,  
 From throne to cottage hearth?  
 What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,  
 What will vows falter on the tongue,  
 When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"  
 Or "Auld Lang Syne," is sung!  
 Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,  
 Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,  
 And dreams of youth, and truth, and love  
 With "Logan's" banks and braes.  
 And when he breathes his master-lay  
 Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,  
 All passions in our frames of clay  
 Come thronging at his call.  
 Imagination's world of air,  
 And our own world, its gloom and glee,  
 Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,  
 And death's sublimity.  
 And Burns, though brief the race he ran,  
 Though rough and dark the path he trod —  
 Lived, died, in form and soul a man.  
 The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want,  
 and woe,  
 With wounds that only death could  
 heal,  
 Tortures the poor alone can know,  
 The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,  
 His independent tongue and pen,  
 And moved, in manhood as in youth,  
 Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions  
 strong,  
 A hate of tyrant and of knave,  
 A love of right, a scorn of wrong,  
 Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
 That could not fear and would not  
 bow,  
 Were written in his manly eye  
 And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are  
 driven,  
 Like flower-seeds by the far winds  
 sown,  
 Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,  
 The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood  
 Beside his coffin with wet eyes,  
 Her brave, her beautiful, her good,  
 As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral-day,  
 Men stand his cold earth-couch  
 around,  
 With the mute homage that we pay  
 To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,  
 The last, the hallowed home of  
 one  
 Who lives upon all memories,  
 Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,  
 Shrines to no code or creed con-  
 fined —  
 The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
 The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland  
 wreathed,  
 Crowned kings, and mitred priests  
 of power,  
 And warriors with their bright swords  
 sheathed,  
 The mightiest of the hour.

And lowlier names, whose humble  
 home  
 Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,  
 Are there — o'er wave and mountain  
 come,  
 From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have  
 pressed [sand,  
 The Switzer's snow, the Arab's  
 Or trod the piled leaves of the west,  
 My own green forest land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,  
 Gaze on the scenes he loved and  
 sung,  
 And gather feelings not of earth  
 His field and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,  
 And pastoral Nith, and wooded  
 Ayr,  
 And round thy sepulchres, Dum-  
 fries!  
 The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,  
 His funeral columns, wreaths, and  
 urns?

Wear they not graven on the heart  
 The name of Robert Burns?

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ROD  
 MAN DRAKE.

GREEN be the turf above thee,  
 Friend of my better days!  
 None knew thee but to love thee,  
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
 From eyes unused to weep,  
 And long where thou art lying,  
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
Like thine, are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven  
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow  
To clasp thy hand in mine,  
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
Whose weal and wo were thine;

It should be mine to braid it  
Around thy faded brow,  
But I've in vain essayed it,  
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,  
Nor thoughts nor words are free,  
The grief is fixed too deeply  
That mourns a man like thee.

## FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

### TO A SEA-BIRD.

SAUNTERING hither on listless wings,  
Careless vagabond of the sea,  
Little thou heedest the surf that sings,  
The bar that thunders, the shale  
that rings,—  
Give me to keep thy company.

Little thou hast, old friend, that's  
new;  
Storms and wrecks are old things  
to thee;  
Sick am I of these changes too;  
Little to care for, little to rue,—  
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

All of thy wanderings, far and near,  
Bring thee at last to shore and me;  
All of my journeyings end them here,  
This our tether must be our cheer,—  
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

Lazily rocking on ocean's breast,  
Something in common, old friend,  
have we;  
Thou on the shingle seekest thy nest,  
I to the waters look for rest,—  
I on the shore, and thou on the sea.

### LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.

THIS is that hill of awe  
That Persian Sindbad saw,—  
The mount magnetic;  
And on its seaward face,  
Scattered along its base,  
The wrecks prophetic.

Here come the argosies  
Blown by each idle breeze,  
To and fro shifting;  
Yet to the hill of Fate  
All drawing, soon or late,—  
Day by day drifting,—

Drifting forever here  
Barks that for many a year  
Braved wind and weather;  
Shallops but yesterday  
Launched on yon shining bay,—  
Drawn all together.

This is the end of all:  
Sun thyself by the wall,  
O poorer Hindbad!  
Envy not Sindbad's fame:  
Here come alike the same,  
Hindbad and Sindbad.

## JOHN HAY.

*THE PRAIRIE.*

THE skies are blue above my head,  
 The prairie green below,  
 And flickering o'er the tufted grass  
 The shifting shadows go,  
 Vague-sailing, where the feathery  
 clouds

Fleck white the tranquil skies,  
 Black javelins darting where aloft  
 The whirling pheasant flies.

A glimmering plain in drowsy trance  
 The dim horizon bounds,  
 Where all the air is resonant  
 With sleepy summer sounds,  
 The life that sings among the flowers,  
 The hisping of the breeze,  
 The hot cicala's sultry cry.  
 The murmurous dreamy bees.

The butterfly, — a flying flower —  
 Wheels swift in flashing rings,  
 And flutters round his quiet kin,  
 With brave flame-mottled wings.  
 The wild pinks burst in crimson fire,  
 The phlox' bright clusters shine,  
 And prairie-cups are swinging free  
 To spill their airy wine.

And lavishly beneath the sun,  
 In liberal splendor rolled,  
 The fennel fills the dipping plain  
 With floods of flowery gold:  
 And widely weaves the iron-weed  
 A woof of purple dyes  
 Where Autumn's royal feet may tread  
 When bankrupt Summer flies.

In verdurous tumult far away  
 The prairie-billows gleam,  
 Upon their crests in blessing rests  
 The noontide's gracious beam.  
 Low quivering vapors steaming dim,  
 The level splendors break  
 Where languid lilies deck the rim  
 Of some land-circled lake.

Far in the East like low-hung clouds  
 The waving woodlands lie;

Far in the West the glowing plain  
 Melts warmly in the sky.  
 No accent wounds the reverent air,  
 No footprint dints the sod, —  
 Low in the light the prairie lies  
 Rapt in a dream of God.

*IN A GRAVEYARD.*

In the dewy depths of the graveyard  
 I lie in the tangled grass,  
 And watch in the sea of azure,  
 The white cloud-islands pass.

The birds in the rustling branches  
 Sing gaily overhead;  
 Gray stones like sentinel spectres  
 Are guarding the silent dead.

The early flowers sleep shaded  
 In the cool green noonday glooms;  
 The broken light falls shuddering  
 On the cold white face of the toms.

Without, the world is smiling  
 In the infinite love of God,  
 But the sunlight fails and falters  
 When it falls on the churchyard  
 sod.

On me the joyous rapture  
 Of a heart's first love is shed,  
 But it falls on my heart as coldly  
 As sunlight on the dead.

*REMORSE.*

SAD is the thought of sunniest days  
 Of love and rapture perished,  
 And shine through memory's tearful  
 haze  
 The eyes once fondest cherished.  
 Reproachful is the ghost of joys  
 That charmed while life was  
 wasted.

But saddest is the thought of joys  
 That never yet were tasted.

Sad is the vague and tender dream  
 Of dead love's lingering kisses,  
 To crushed hearts haloed by the gleam  
 Of unreturning blisses;  
 Deep mourns the soul in anguished pride  
 For the pitiless death that won them, —  
 But the saddest wail is for lips that died  
 With the virgin dew upon them.

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ON THE BLUFF.

O GRANDLY flowing River!  
 O silver-gliding River!  
 Thy springing willows shiver  
 In the sunset as of old;  
 They shiver in the silence  
 Of the willow-whitened islands,  
 While the sun-bars and the sand-bars  
 Fill air and wave with gold.

O gay, oblivious River!  
 O sunset-kindled River!  
 Do you remember ever  
 The eyes and skies so blue  
 On a summer day that shone here,  
 When we were all alone here,  
 And the blue eyes were too wise  
 To speak the love they knew?

O stern impassive River!  
 O still unanswering River!  
 The shivering willows quiver  
 As the night-winds moan and rave.  
 From the past a voice is calling,  
 From heaven a star is falling,  
 And dew swells in the bluebells  
 Above her hillside grave.

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A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A SENTINEL angel sitting high in glory  
 Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:  
 "Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!

"I loved, — and, blind with passionate love, I fell.  
 Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell.  
 For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,  
 Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be:  
 But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again  
 And comfort him one hour, and I were fain  
 To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent  
 That wild vow! Look, the dial finger's bent  
 Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!  
 I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.  
 O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,  
 And upward, joyous, like a rising star,  
 She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,  
 And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,  
 She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea  
 Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee, —  
 She curled his hair and kissed him.  
 Woe is me!"



She wept. "Now let my punishment begin!  
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in  
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul,  
go higher!  
To be deceived in your true heart's desire  
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

LAGRIMAS.

GOD send me tears!  
Loose the fierce band that binds my tired brain,  
Give me the melting heart of other years,  
And let me weep again!

Before me pass  
The shapes of things inexorably true.  
Gone is the sparkle of transforming dew  
From every blade of grass.

In life's high noon  
Aimless I stand, my promised task undone,  
And raise my hot eyes to the angry sun  
That will go down too soon.

Turned into gall  
Are the sweet joys of childhood's sunny reign;  
And memory is a torture, love a chain  
That binds my life in thrall.

And childhood's pain  
Could to me now the purest rapture yield;  
I pray for tears as in his parching field  
The husbandman for rain.

We pray in vain!  
The sullen sky flings down its blaze of brass;  
The joys of life all scorched and withering pass;  
I shall not weep again.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

A SUMMER MOOD.

AH me! for evermore, for evermore  
These human hearts of ours must yearn and sigh,  
While down the dells and up the murmurous shore  
Nature renews her immortality.

The heavens of June stretch calm and bland above,  
June roses blush with tints of orient skies,  
But we, by graves of joy, desire, and love,  
Mourn in a world which breathes of Paradise!

The sunshine mocks the tears it may not dry,  
The breezes — tricksy couriers of the air, —

Child-roisterers winged, and lightly fluttering by —  
Blow their gay trumpets in the face of care;

And bolder winds, the deep sky's passionate speech,  
Woven into rhythmic raptures of desire,  
Or fugues of mystic victory, sadly reach  
Our humbled souls, to rack, not raise them higher!

The field-birds seem to twit us as they pass  
With their small blisses, piped so clear and loud;  
The cricket triumphs o'er us in the grass,  
And the lark, glancing beamlike up the cloud,

Sings us to scorn with his keen rhapsodies:

Small things and great unconscious tauntings bring  
To edge our cares, while we, the proud and wise,  
Envy the insect's joy, the birdling's wing!

And thus for evermore, till time shall cease,

Man's soul and Nature's — each a separate sphere —  
Revolves, the one in discord, one in peace,  
And who shall make the solemn mystery clear?

BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day,  
Sad as the evening's tender gray,  
By the latest lustre of sunset kissed,  
That wavers and wanes through an amber mist,—

There cometh a dream of the past to me,  
On the desert sands, by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,  
And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,

And there rises a wind from the chill northwest,

That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,  
As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee

Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides

Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides;

And above the gleam of her topmost spar

Are the virgin eyes of the vesper star  
That shine with an angel's ruth on me, —

A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds gleam

Through the shimmering surf, and the curlew's scream

Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height;

The first weird sigh on the lips of Night

Breathes low through the sedge and the blasted tree,

With a murmur of doom, by the autumn sea.

Oh, sky-enshadowed and yearning main,

Your gloom but deepens this human pain;

Those waves seem big with a nameless care,

That sky is a type of the heart's despair,

As I linger and muse by the sombre lea,

And the night-shades close on the autumn sea.

THE WOODLAND.

YON woodland, like a human mind  
Has many a phase of dark and light;

Now dim with shadows wandering blind,

Now radiant with fair shapes of light;

They softly come, they softly go,  
Capricious as the vagrant wind, —  
Nature's vague thoughts in gloom or glow,

That leave no airiest trace behind.

No trace, no trace; yet wherefore thus

Do shade and beam our spirits stir?

Ah! Nature may be cold to us,  
But we are strangely moved by her!

The wild bird's strain, the breezy spray,

Each hour with sure earth-changes rife,

Hint more than all the sages say,  
Or poets sing, of death or life!

For, truth half drawn from Nature's  
breast,

Through subtlest types of form and  
tone,

Outweigh what man at most hath  
guessed,

While heeding his own heart alone.

And midway betwixt heaven and us  
Stands Nature, in her fadeless grace,  
Still pointing to our Father's house,  
His glory on her mystic face!

#### WINDLESS RAIN.

THE rain, the desolate rain!

Ceaseless, and solemn, and chill!

How it drips on the misty pane,  
How it drenches the darkened sill!

O scene of sorrow and dearth!

I would that the wind awaking

To a fierce and gusty birth

Might vary this dull refrain

Of the rain, the desolate rain:

For the heart of heaven seems  
breaking

In tears o'er the fallen earth,

And again, again, again,

We list to the sombre strain,

The faint, cold, monotone —

Whose soul is a mystic moan —

Of the rain, the mournful rain,

The soft, despairing rain!

The rain, the murmurous rain!

Weary, passionless, slow,

'T is the rhythm of settled sorrow,

'T is the sobbing of cureless woe!

And all the tragic life,

The pathos of Long-Ago,

Comes back on the sad refrain

Of the rain, the dreary rain,

Till the graves in my heart unclose

And the dead who are buried there

From a solemn and weird repose

Awake, — but with eyeballs drear,

And voices that melt in pain

On the tide of the plaintive rain,

The yearning, hopeless rain,

The long, low, whispering rain?

#### THE STING OF DEATH.

I FEAR thee not, O Death! nay, oft  
I pine

To clasp thy passionless bosom to  
mine own, —

And on thy heart sob out my latest  
moan,

Ere lapped and lost in thy strange  
sleep divine;

But much I fear lest that chill breath  
of thine

Should freeze all tender memories  
into stone, —

Lest ruthless and malign Oblivion  
Quench the last spark that lingers on  
love's shrine: —

O God! to moulder through dark,  
dateless years, —

The while all loving ministries shall  
cease,

And Time assuage the fondest mourn-  
er's tears! —

Here lies the sting! — this, *this* it is  
to die! —

And yet great Nature rounds all strife  
with peace,

And life or death, — each rests in  
mystery!

#### JASMINE.

OF all the woodland flowers of earlier  
spring,

These golden jasmynes, each an air-  
hung bower,

Meet for the Queen of Fairies' tiring  
hour,

Seem loveliest and most fair in blos-  
soming; —

How yonder mock-bird thrills his  
fervid wing

And long, lithe throat, where twink-  
ling flower on flower

Rains the globed dewdrops down, a  
diamond shower,

O'er his brown head, poised as in act  
to sing; —

Lo! the swift sunshine floods the  
flowery urns.

Girding their delicate gold with  
matchless light,

<p>Till the blent life of bough, leaf, blossom, burns; Then, then outbursts the mock-bird clear and loud,</p>	<p>Half-drunk with perfume, veiled by radiance bright,— A star of music in a fiery cloud!</p>
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### REGINALD HEBER.

*IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE.*

IF thou wert by my side, my love,  
How fast would evening fail  
In green Bengala's palmy grove,  
Listening the nightingale!

IF thou, my love, wert by my side,  
My babies at my knee,  
How gaily would our pinnace glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,  
When on our deck reclined,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay,  
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My twilight steps I guide,  
But most beneath the lamp's pale  
beam  
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
The lingering noon to cheer,

But miss thy kind approving eye,  
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,  
My course be onward still;  
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,  
Nor wild Malwah detain;  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright,  
they say,  
Across the dark-blue sea;  
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
As then shall meet in thee!

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### JAMES HEDDERWICK.

*MIDDLE LIFE.*

FAIR time of calm resolve — of sober  
thought!  
Quiet half-way hostelry on life's long  
road,  
In which to rest and readjust our  
load!  
High table-land, to which we have  
been brought  
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!  
Season when not to achieve is to de-  
spair!

Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!  
Only spring-tide our freighted aims  
to bear  
Onward to all our yearning dreams  
have sought!

How art thou changed! Once to our  
youthful eyes  
Thin silvering locks and thought's  
imprinted lines  
Of sloping age gave weird and  
wintry signs:

But now these trophies ours, we recognize Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore, And a weak tottering step as marks of old. None are so far but some are on before; Thus still at distance is the goal beheld, And to improve the way is truly wise. Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep	Thick green of summer on the matted bough! The languid autumn mellows round us now: Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep, Like holly leaves for a December wreath. To take this gift of life with trusting hands, And star with heavenly hopes the night of death, Is all that poor humanity demands To lull its meaner fears to easy sleep.
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## FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

### QUESTIONINGS.

HATH this world without me wrought  
 Other substance than my thought?  
 Lives it by my sense alone,  
 Or by essence of its own?  
 Will its life, with mine begun,  
 Cease to be when that is done?  
 Or another consciousness  
 With the self-same forms impress?

Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,  
 Hang by my permission there?  
 Are the clouds that wander by  
 But the offspring of mine eye,  
 Born with every glance I cast,  
 Perishing when that is past?  
 And those thousand, thousand eyes,  
 Scattered through the twinkling skies,  
 Do they draw their life from mine,  
 Or of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,  
 And creation disappears;  
 Yet if I but speak the word,  
 All creation is restored.  
 Or — more wonderful — within,  
 New creations do begin;  
 Hues more bright and forms more rare  
 Than reality doth wear,

Flash across my inward sense  
 Born of the mind's omnipotence.

Soul! that all informest, say!  
 Shall these glories pass away?  
 Will those planets cease to blaze  
 When these eyes no longer gaze?  
 And the life of things be o'er  
 When these pulses beat no more?

Thought! that in me works and  
 lives, —  
 Life to all things living gives, —  
 Art thou not thyself, perchance,  
 But the universe in trance?  
 A reflection inly flung  
 By that world thou fanc'edst sprung  
 From thyself, — thyself a dream, —  
 Of the world's thinking, thou art  
 theme?

Be it thus, or be thy birth  
 From a source above the earth, —  
 Be thou matter, be thou mind,  
 In thee alone myself I find,  
 And through thee, alone, for me,  
 Hath this world reality.  
 Therefore, in thee will I live,  
 To thee all myself will give,  
 Losing still that I may find  
 This bounded self in boundless mind.

## FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

*BREATHINGS OF SPRING.*

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring? Sweet  
 voices in the woods,  
 And reed-like echoes, that have  
 long been mute;  
 Thou bringest back, to fill the soli-  
 tudes,  
 The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's  
 viewless flute,  
 Whose tone seems breathing mourn-  
 fulness or glee,  
 Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—  
 the joyous leaves,  
 Whose tremblings gladden many a  
 copse and glade,  
 Where each young spray a rosy flush  
 receives,  
 When thy south wind hath pierced  
 the whispery shade,  
 And happy murmurs, running  
 through the grass,  
 Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters,—they, too,  
 hear thy call,  
 Spring, the awakener! thou hast  
 burst their sleep!  
 Amidst the hollows of the rocks their  
 fall  
 Makes melody, and in the forests  
 deep,  
 Where sudden sparkles and blue  
 gleams betray  
 Their windings to the day.

And flowers,—the fairy-peopled  
 world of flowers!  
 Thou from the dust hast set that  
 glory free,  
 Coloring the cowslip with the sunny  
 hours,  
 And pencilling the wood-anemone:  
 Silent they seem; yet each to thought-  
 ful eye  
 Glows with mute posity.

But what awak'st thou in the heart,  
 O Spring!—  
 The human heart, with all its  
 dreams and sighs?  
 Thou that givest back so many a  
 buried thing,  
 Restorer of forgotten harmonies!  
 Fresh songs and scents break forth  
 where'er thou art:  
 What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh, there, too much!—  
 we know not well  
 Wherefore it should be thus; yet,  
 roused by thee,  
 What fond, strange yearnings, from  
 the soul's deep cell,  
 Gush for the faces we no more may  
 see!  
 How are we haunted, in thy wind's  
 low tone,  
 By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never  
 more,  
 Never on earth, our aching eyes  
 shall meet,  
 Past words of welcome to our house-  
 hold door,  
 And vanished smiles, and sounds  
 of parted feet,—  
 Spring, midst the murmurs of thy  
 flowering trees,  
 Why, why revivest thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!— why  
 come they back  
 With thy young birds, and leaves,  
 and living blooms?  
 Oh, is it not that from thine earthly  
 track  
 Hope to thy world may look be-  
 yond the tombs?  
 Yes, gentle Spring; no sorrow dims  
 thine air,  
 Breathed by our loved ones  
 there.

## THE INVOCATION.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!

Where is the spirit gone,  
That past the reach of human sight,  
Even as a breeze, hath flown?  
And the stars answered me,—“We  
roll

In light and power on high,  
But, of the never-dying soul,  
Ask things that cannot die!”

Oh! many-toned and chainless wind!

Thou art a wanderer free;  
Tell me if thou its place canst find,  
Far over mount and sea?

And the wind murmured in reply,  
“The blue deep I have crossed,  
And met its barks and billows high,  
But not what thou hast lost!”

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose

Around the setting sun,  
Answer! have ye a home for those  
Whose earthly race is run?  
The bright clouds answered,—“We  
depart,

We vanish from the sky;  
Ask what is deathless in thy heart  
For that which cannot die!”

Speak, then, thou voice of God  
within!

Thou of the deep low tone!  
Answer me through life's restless din,  
Where is the spirit flown?  
And the voice answered, “Be thou  
still!

Enough to know is given;  
Clouds, winds, and stars their task  
fulfil;

Thine is to trust in Heaven!”

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 THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-  
wind's breath,

And stars to set,—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,  
oh! Death.

Day is for mortal care,  
Eve for glad meetings round the joy-  
ous hearth,  
Night for the dreams of sleep, the  
voice of prayer,—  
But all for thee, thou mightiest of  
the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,  
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song,  
and wine;

There comes a day for grief's o'er-  
whelming power,  
A time for softer tears,—but all are  
thine.

Youth and the opening rose  
May look like things too glorious for  
decay,

And smile at thee,—but thou art  
not of those  
That wait the ripened bloom to seize  
their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-  
wind's breath,  
And stars to set,—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,  
oh! Death.

We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer-birds from far shall  
cross the sea,

When autumn's hue shall tinge the  
golden grain,—  
But who shall teach us when to look  
for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the  
violets lie?

Is it when roses in our paths grow  
pale?  
They have *one* season,—*all* are ours  
to die!

Thou art where billows foam,  
Thou art where music melts upon the  
air;

Thou art around us in our peaceful  
home,  
And the world calls us forth,—and  
thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
Beneath the shadow of the elm to  
rest,—

Thou art where foe meets foe, and  
trumpets rend  
The skies, and swords beat down the  
princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-  
wind's breath,  
And stars to set,— but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,  
oh! Death.

—————  
*EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS'  
SCHOOL.*

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour,—the quiet  
room

Seems like a temple, while yon  
soft lamp sheds  
A faint and starry radiance, through  
the gloom

And the sweet stillness, down on  
bright young heads,  
With all their clustering locks, un-  
touched by care,  
And bowed, as flowers are bowed  
with night,—in prayer.

Gaze on,—'tis lovely!—childhood's  
lip and cheek,  
Mantling beneath its earnest brow  
of thought,

Gaze,—yet what seest thou in those  
fair, and meek,  
And fragile things, as but for sun-  
shine wrought?

Thou seest what grief must nurture  
for the sky,  
What death must fashion for eternity!

Oh! joyous creatures, that will sink  
to rest,

Lightly, when those pure orisons  
are done,  
As birds with slumber's honey-dew  
oppressed,  
'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set  
of sun,—

Lift up your hearts!—though yet no  
sorrow lies  
Dark in the summer-heaven of those  
clear eyes;

Though fresh within your breasts the  
untroubled springs  
Of hope make melody where'er ye  
tread;

And o'er your sleep bright shadows,  
from the wings  
Of spirits visiting but youth, be  
spread;

Yet in those flute-like voices, ming-  
ling low,  
Is woman's tenderness,—how soon  
her woe.

Her lot is on you,—silent tears to  
weep,  
And patient smiles to wear through  
suffering's hour,

And sunless riches, from affection's  
deep,  
To pour on broken reeds,—a wasted  
shower! [clay,

And to make idols, and to find them  
And to bewail that worship,—there-  
fore pray!

Her lot is on you,—to be found un-  
tired,  
Watching the stars out by the bed  
of pain,

With a pale cheek, and yet a brow  
inspired,  
And a true heart of hope, though  
hope be vain. [decay,

Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer  
And oh! to love through all things,—  
therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm  
vesper time,  
With its low murmuring sounds  
and silvery light,

On through the dark days fading from  
their prime,  
As a sweet dew to keep your souls  
from blight.

Earth will forsake,—oh! happy to  
have given  
The unbroken heart's first fragrance  
unto Heaven!



*LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.*

The breaking waves dashed high,  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their  
bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring  
drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of  
fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear;—  
They shook the depths of the desert  
gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim  
woods rang  
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's  
foam;  
And the rocking pines of the forest  
roared—  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band:  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely  
high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of  
war?—  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod.  
They have left unstained what there  
they found—  
Freedom to worship God.

—————  
*CALM ON THE BOSOM OF OUR  
GOD.*

*CALM* on the bosom of our God,  
Fair spirit! rest thee now!  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die.

—————  
GEORGE HERBERT.

*THE PULLEY.*

WHEN God at first made man,  
Having a glass of blessing standing  
by:  
Let us (said he) pour on him all we  
can:  
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd  
lie,  
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;  
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom,  
honor, pleasure:  
When almost all was out, God made  
a stay,  
Perceiving that alone, of all his  
treasure,  
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)  
Bestow this jewel also on my crea-  
ture,  
He would adore my gifts instead of  
me,  
And rest in Nature, not the God of  
Nature:  
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
But keep them with repining restless-  
ness:  
Let him be rich and weary, that at  
least,  
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to my breast.

[From the Church Porch ]

ADVICE ON CHURCH BEHAVIOR.

WHEN once thy foot enters the  
church, be bare.  
God is more there than thou: for thou  
art there  
Only by his permission. Then be-  
ware,  
And make thyself all reverence and  
fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stock-  
ings: quit thy state.  
All equal are within the church's  
gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers  
most:  
Praying's the end of preaching. O  
be drest;  
Stay not for the other pin: why thou  
hast lost  
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell  
doth jest  
Away thy blessings, and extremely  
flout thee,  
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul  
loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine  
eyes,  
And send them to thine heart; that  
spying sin,

They may weep out the stains by  
them did rise:  
Those doors being shut, all by the  
ear comes in.  
Who marks in church-time other  
symmetry,  
Makes all their beauty his de-  
formity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there  
no part:  
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy  
pleasure thither  
Christ purged the temple; so must  
thou thy heart.  
All worldly thoughts are but these  
met together  
To cozen thee. Look to thy ac-  
tions well:  
For churches either are our heaven  
or hell.

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy  
judge:  
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest  
him not.  
God calleth preaching folly. Do not  
grudge  
To pick out treasures from an earthen  
pot.  
The worst speak something good:  
if all want sense,  
God takes a text and preaches pa-  
tience.

[From the Church Porch.]

SUM UP AT NIGHT.

SUM up at night, what thou hast  
done by day;  
And in the morning, what thou hast  
to do.  
Dress and undress thy soul: mark  
the decay  
And growth of it: if with thy watch  
that too  
Be down, then wind up both, since  
we shall be  
Most surely judged, make thy ac-  
counts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the  
man,  
Look not on pleasures as they come,  
but go.  
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor  
span  
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.  
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the  
pains:  
If well; the pain doth fade, the joy  
remains.

—————  
*BOSOM SIN.*

LORD, with what care hast thou be-  
girt us round!  
Parents first season us: then school-  
masters  
Deliver us to laws: they send us  
bound  
To rules of reason, holy messengers,  
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging  
sin,  
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all  
sizes,  
Fine nets and stratagems to catch  
us in,  
Bibles laid open, millions of sur-  
prises,  
Blessings beforehand, ties of grate-  
fulness,  
The sound of glory ringing in our  
ears;

Without, our shame; within, our  
consciences;  
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and  
fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole  
array  
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite  
away.

—————  
*VIRTUE.*

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

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

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

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
But though the whole world turn to  
coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

—————  
ROBERT HERRICK.

*TO PERILLA.*

AH, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to  
see  
Me, day by day, to steal away from  
thee?  
Age calls me hence, and my gray  
hairs bid come,  
And haste away to mine eternal  
home;

'T will not be long, Perilla, after this  
That I must give thee the supremest  
kiss.  
Dead when I am, first cast in salt,  
and bring [spring,  
Part of the cream from that religious  
With which, Perilla, wash my hands  
and feet;  
That done, then wind me in that  
very sheet

Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when  
 thou didst implore  
 The gods' protection, but the night  
 before;  
 Follow me weeping to my turf, and  
 there  
 Let fall a primrose, and with it a  
 tear.  
 Then lastly, let some weekly strew-  
 ings be  
 Devoted to the memory of me ;  
 Then shall my ghost not walk about,  
 but keep  
 Still in the cool and silent shades of  
 sleep.

—————

*THE PRIMROSE.*

Ask me why I send you here  
 This sweet infant of the year ?  
 Ask me why I send to you  
 This primrose, thus bepearled with  
 dew ?  
 I will whisper to your ears,  
 The sweets of love are mixed with  
 tears.

Ask me why this flower does show  
 So yellow green and sickly too ?  
 Ask me why the stalk is weak  
 And bending, yet it doth not break ?  
 I will answer, these discover  
 What fainting hopes are in a lover.

—————

*THREE EPITAPHS.*

*UPON A CHILD*

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,  
 Lately made of flesh and blood ;  
 Who so soon fell fast asleep  
 As her little eyes did peep.  
 Give her strewings, but not stir,  
 The earth that lightly covers her!

*UPON A CHILD.*

VIRGINS promised when I died,  
 That they would, each primrose-tide,  
 Duly morn and evening come,  
 And with flowers dress my tomb :  
 Having promised, pay your debts,  
 Maids, and here strew violets.

*UPON A MAID.*

HERE she lies, in beds of spice,  
 Fair as Eve in paradise ;  
 For her beauty it was such,  
 Poets could not praise too much.  
 Virgins, come, and in a ring  
 Her supremest requiem sing ;  
 Then depart, but see ye tread  
 Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

—————

*HOW THE HEART'S EASE FIRST  
 CAME.*

FROLIC virgins once these were,  
 Over-loving, living here ;  
 Being here their ends denied,  
 Ran for sweethearts mad and died.  
 Love, in pity of their tears,  
 And their loss of blooming years,  
 For their restless here-spent hours,  
 Gave them heart's-ease turned to  
 flowers.

—————

*LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.*

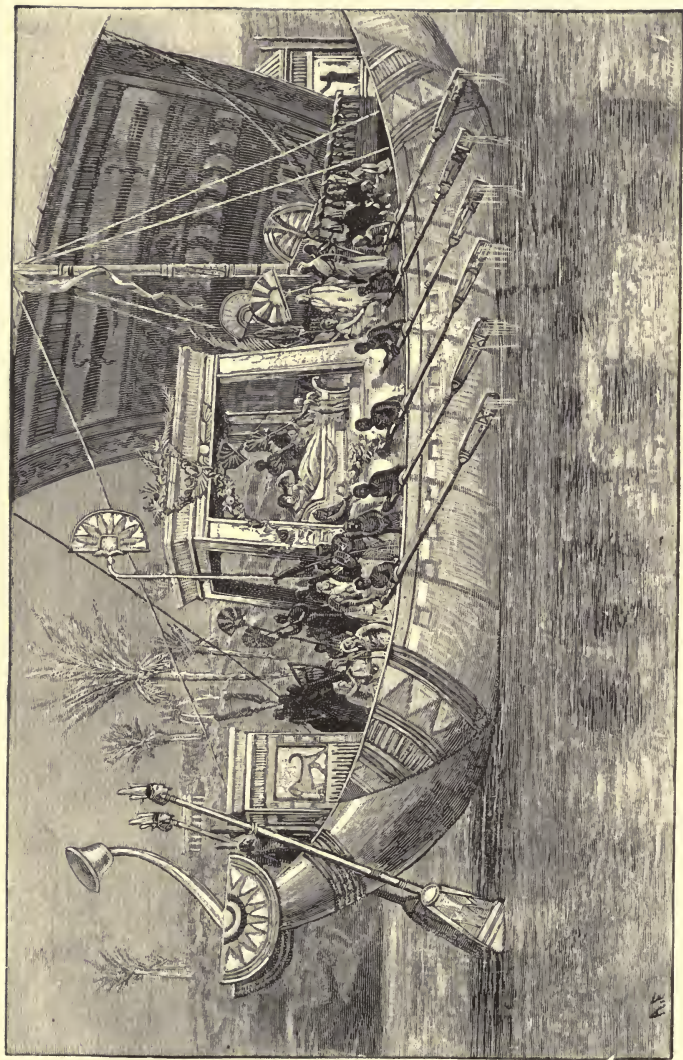
In the hour of my distress  
 When temptations me oppress,  
 And when I my sins confess,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,  
 Sick at heart, and sick in head,  
 And with doubts discomfited,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
 And the world is drowned in sleep,  
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees  
 No one hope, but of his fees,  
 And his skill runs on the lees,  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When his potion and his pill,  
 His or none or little skill,  
 Meet for nothing, but to kill —  
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!



CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.



When the passing bell doth toll,  
And the Furies, in a shoal,  
Come to fright a parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,  
And I nod to what he said  
Because my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet before the glass be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th.  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half damns me with untruth  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine ears, and fright mine  
eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,  
And that opened which was sealed —  
When to Thee I have appealed.  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

*TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.*

Is this a fast — to keep  
The larder lean,  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish ?

Is it to fast an hour —  
Or ragged go —  
Or show  
A downcast look, and sour ?

No! 'tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat,  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate,  
And hate —  
To circumsise thy life,

To show a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin —  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

*CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE  
CYDNUS.*

FLUTES in the sunny air!  
And harps in the porphyry  
halls!  
And a low, deep hum like a people's  
prayer,  
With its heart-breathed swells and  
falls!  
And an echo like the desert's call,  
Flung back to the shouting shores!  
And the river's ripple heard through  
all,  
As it plays with the silver oars! —

The sky is a gleam of gold,  
And the amber breezes float  
Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but  
never told,  
Around the dancing boat!

She has stepped on the burning sand;  
And the thousand tongues are  
mute,  
And the Syrian strikes with a trem-  
bling hand  
The strings of his gilded lute!  
And the Ethiop's heart throbs loud  
and high  
Beneath his white symar,

And the Libyan kneels, as he meets  
her eye,  
Like the flash of an eastern star!  
The gales may not be heard,  
Yet the silken streamers quiver,  
And the vessel shoots, like a bright-  
plumed bird,  
Away down the golden river!

Away by the lofty mount,  
And away by the lonely shore,  
And away by the gushing of many a  
fount,  
Where fountains gush no more!—  
Oh, for some warning vision there,  
Some voice that should have spoken  
Of climes to be laid waste and bare  
And glad young spirits broken!  
Of waters dried away,  
And hope and beauty blasted!  
That scenes so fair and hearts so gay  
Should be so early wasted!

## EPITAPH.

FAREWELL! since nevermore for thee  
The sun comes up our earthly skies,  
Less bright henceforth shall sun-  
shine be | eyes.  
To some fond hearts and saddened

There are who, for thy last long sleep,  
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore,  
Must weep because thou canst not  
weep,  
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love!—the loving breast,  
Whereon thine aching head was  
thrown,  
Gave up the weary head, to rest,  
But kept the aching for its own,

Till pain shall find the same low bed  
That pillows now thy painless head,  
And following darkly through the  
night, | light.  
Love reach thee by the founts of

## THOMAS HEYWOOD.

## GOOD-MORROW.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks,  
aloft,  
To give my love good-morrow,  
Wings from the wind to please her  
mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,  
To give my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-  
breast,  
Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
And from each hill let music shrill  
Give my fair love good-morrow.  
Blackbird and thrush in every  
bush,  
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow;  
You pretty elves, among yourselves,  
Sing my fair love good-morrow.



## THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

## DECORATION.

"*Manibus date lilia plenis.*"

'MID the flower-wreathed tombs I  
stand,

Bearing lilies in my hand.

Comrades! in what soldier-grave

Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest

With his colors round his breast?

Friendship makes his tomb a shrine,

Garlands veil it; ask not mine.

One lone grave, yon trees beneath,

Bears no roses, wears no wreath;

Yet no heart more high and warm

Ever dared the battle-storm.

Never gleamed a prouder eye

In the front of victory:

Never foot had firmer tread  
On the field where hope lay dead,  
Than are hid within this tomb,  
Where the untended grasses bloom;  
And no stone, with feigned distress,  
Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will,  
Dreams that life could ne'er fulfil,  
Here lie buried — here in peace  
Wrongs and woes have found re-  
lease.

Turning from my comrades' eyes,  
Kneeling where a woman lies,  
I strew lilies on the grave  
Of the bravest of the brave.

## GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

## LAKE GEORGE.

How oft in visions of the night,  
How oft in noonday dreaming,  
I've seen, fair lake, thy forest wave, —  
Have seen thy waters gleaming;  
Have heard the blowing of the winds  
That sweep along thy highlands,  
And the light laughter of the waves  
That dance around thine islands.

It was a landscape of the mind,  
With forms and hues ideal,  
But still those hues and forms ap-  
peared

More lovely than aught real.  
I feared to see the breathing scene,  
And brooded o'er the vision,  
Lest the hard touch of truth should  
mar

A picture so Elysian.

But now I break the cold distrust  
Whose spells so long had bound me;  
The shadows of the night are past, —  
The morning shines around me.

And in the sober light of day,  
I see, with eyes enchanted,  
The glorious vision that so long  
My day and night dreams haunted.

I see the green, translucent wave,  
The purest of earth's fountains:  
I see the many-winding shore, —  
The double range of mountains:  
One, neighbor to the flying clouds,  
And crowned with leaf and blossom,  
And one, more lovely, borne within  
The lake's unruffled bosom.

O timid heart! with thy glad throbs  
Some self-reproach is blended.  
At the long years that died before  
The sight of scene so splendid.  
The mind has pictures of its own,  
Fair trees and waters flowing —  
But not a magic whole like this,  
So living, breathing, glowing;

Strength imaged in the wooded hills,  
A grand, primeval nature,

And beauty mirrored in the lake,  
A gentler, softer feature;  
A perfect union, — where no want  
Upon the soul is pressing;  
Like manly power and female grace  
Made one by bridal blessing.

Nor is the stately scene without  
Its sweet, secluded treasures,  
Where hearts that shun the crowd  
    may find  
Their own exclusive pleasures;  
Deep chasms of shade for pensive  
    thought,  
The hours to wear away in;  
And vaulted aisles, of whispering pine,  
For lovers' feet to stray in;

Clear streams that from the uplands  
    run,  
A course of sunless shadow;  
Isles all unfurrowed by the plough,  
And strips of fertile meadow;  
And rounded coves of silver sand,  
Where moonlight plays and glances, —  
A sheltered hall for elfin horns,  
A floor for elfin dances.

No tame monotony is here,  
But beauty ever changing;

With clouds, and shadows of the  
    clouds,  
And mists the hillsides ranging.  
Where morning's gold, and noon's  
    hot sun,  
Their changing glories render;  
Pour round the shores a varying  
    light,  
Now glowing and now tender.

But purer than the shifting gleams  
By liberal sunshine given,  
Is the deep spirit of that hour, —  
An effluence breathed from heaven;  
When the unclouded, yellow moon  
Hangs o'er the eastern ridges,  
And the long shaft of trembling  
    gold,  
The trembling crystal bridges.

Farewell, sweet lake! brief were the  
    hours  
Along thy banks for straying;  
But not farewell what memory  
    takes, —  
An image undecaying.  
I hold secure beyond all change  
One lovely recollection,  
To cheer the hours of lonely toil.  
And chase away dejection.

## CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

### MONTEREY.

We were not many, — we who stood  
    Before the iron sleet that day;  
Yet many a gallant spirit would  
Give half his years if but he could  
    Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it  
    hailed

In deadly drifts of fiery spray,  
Yet not a single soldier quailed  
When wounded comrades round them  
    wailed

Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept,  
    Through walls of flame, its wither-  
    ing way;  
Where fell the dead, the living  
    stept,  
Still charging on the guns which  
    swept  
    The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,  
    When, striking where he strongest  
    lay,  
We swooped his flanking batteries  
    past,

And, braving full their murderous  
blast,  
Stormed home the towers of Mon-  
terey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
And there our evening bugles play;  
Where orange boughs above their  
grave

Keep green the memory of the brave  
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, — we who pressed  
Beside the brave who fell that  
day:  
But who of us has not confessed  
He'd rather share their warrior rest  
Than not have been at Monterey?

## JAMES HOGG.

### THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland  
and lea!

Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on  
earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the  
day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of  
love be!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

## JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

### A SONG OF DOUBT.

THE day is quenched, and the sun is  
fled;  
God has forgotten the world!  
The moon is gone, and the stars are  
dead;  
God has forgotten the world!

Evil has won in the horrid feud  
Of ages with The Throne;  
Evil stands on the neck of Good,  
And rules the world alone.

There is no good; there is no God;  
And Faith is a heartless cheat  
Who bares the back for the Devil's rod,  
And scatters thorns for the feet.

What are prayers in the lips of death,  
Filling and chilling with hail?  
What are prayers but wasted breath  
Beaten back by the gale?

[fled;  
The day is quenched, and the sun is  
God has forgotten the world!  
The moon is gone, and the stars are  
dead;  
God has forgotten the world!

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

A SONG OF FAITH.

DAY will return with a fresher boon;  
God will remember the world!  
Night will come with a newer moon;  
God will remember the world!

Evil is only the slave of Good;  
Sorrow the servant of Joy;  
And the soul is mad that refuses food  
Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,  
And love is lit by the breath of sighs;  
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears  
Have holiest ministries.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm;  
Safely the flower sleeps under the snow;  
And the farmer's hearth is never warm  
Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon;  
God will remember the world!  
Night will come with a newer moon;  
God will remember the world!

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

WHAT IS THE LITTLE ONE  
THINKING ABOUT?

WHAT is the little one thinking  
about?  
Very wonderful things, no doubt.  
Unwritten history!  
Unfathomed mystery!  
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and  
drinks,  
And chuckles and crows, and nods  
and winks,  
As if his head were as full of kinks  
And curious riddles as any sphinx!  
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,  
Punctured by pins, and tortured by  
fears,  
Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know  
Where the summers go;—  
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?  
Who can follow the gossamer links  
By which the manikin feels his way  
Out from the shore of the great un-  
known,

Blind, and wailing, and all alone,  
Into the light of day?—  
Out from the shore of the unknown  
sea,

Tossing in pitiful agony,—  
Of the unknown sea that reels and  
rolls,

Specked with the barks of little  
souls,—

Barks that were launched on the  
other side,  
And slipped from heaven on an ebb-  
ing tide!

What does he think of his mother's  
eyes?

What does he think of his moth-  
er's hair?

What of the cradle-roof that flies  
Forward and backward through  
the air?

What does he think of his moth-  
er's breast,—

Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,  
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,—  
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her quick  
embrace

Presses his hand and buries his face  
Deep where the heart-throbs sink  
and swell

With a tenderness she can never tell,  
Though she murmur the words

Of all the birds,—

Words she has learned to murmur  
well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!

I can see the shadow creep  
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,  
Over his brow, and over his lips,  
Out to his little finger-tips;

Softly sinking, down he goes!

Down he goes! Down he goes!

See! He is hushed in sweet re-  
pose!

[From *Bitter-Sweet.*]

*STRENGTH THROUGH RESISTED  
TEMPTATION.*

GOD loves not sin, nor I; but in the  
throng  
Of evils that assail us, there are none  
That yield their strength to Virtue's  
struggling arm  
With such munificent reward of  
power  
As great temptations. We may win  
by toil  
Endurance; saintly fortitude by pain;  
By sickness, patience; faith and trust  
by fear;  
But the great stimulus that spurs to  
life,  
And crowds to generous development  
Each chastened power and passion of  
the soul,  
Is the temptation of the soul to sin,  
Resisted, and reconquered, evermore.

[From *Bitter-Sweet.*]

*THE PRESS OF SORROW.*

HEARTS, like apples, are hard and  
sour,  
Till crushed by Pain's resistless  
power;  
And yield their juices rich and bland  
To none but Sorrow's heavy hand.  
The purest streams of human love  
Flow naturally never,  
But gush by pressure from above,  
With God's hand on the lever.  
The first are turbidest and meanest;  
The last are sweetest and serenest.

[From *Bitter-Sweet.*]

*LIFE FROM DEATH.*

LIFE evermore is fed by death,  
In earth and sea and sky;  
And, that a rose may breathe its  
breath,  
Something must die.

Earth is a sepulchre of flowers,  
Whose vitalizing mould  
Through boundless transmutation  
towers,  
In green and gold.

The oak-tree, struggling with the  
blast,  
Devours its father-tree,  
And sheds its leaves and drops its  
mast,  
That more may be.

The falcon preys upon the finch,  
The finch upon the fly,  
And nought will loose the hunger-  
pinch  
But death's wild cry.

The milk-haired heifer's life must  
pass  
That it may fill your own,  
As passed the sweet life of the  
grass  
She fed upon.

The power enslaved by yonder cask  
Shall many burdens bear;  
Shall nerve the toiler at his task,  
The soul at prayer.

From lowly woe springs lordly joy;  
From humbler good diviner;  
The greater life must aye destroy  
And drink the minor.

From hand to hand life's cup is  
passed  
Up Being's piled gradation,  
Till men to angels yield at last  
The rich collation.

[From *Bitter-Sweet.*]

*WORTH AND COST.*

THUS is it over all the earth!  
That which we call the fairest,  
And prize for its surpassing worth,  
Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles,  
And gluts the laggard forges:  
But gold-flakes gleam in dim defiles  
And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land  
With heaped and rounded ledges,  
But diamonds hide within the sand  
Their starry edges.

The finny armies clog the twine  
That sweeps the lazy river,  
But pearls come singly from the brine,  
With the pale diver.

God gives no value unto men  
Unmatched by meed of labor;  
And Cost, of Worth, has ever been  
The closest neighbor.

Wide is the gate and broad the way  
That opens to perdition,  
And countless multitudes are they  
Who seek admission.

But strait the gate, the path unkind,  
That leads to life immortal,  
And few the careful feet that find,  
The hidden portal.

All common good has common price;  
Exceeding good, exceeding;  
Christ bought the keys of Paradise  
By cruel bleeding;

And every soul that wins a place  
Upon its hills of pleasure,  
Must give its all, and beg for grace  
To fill the measure.

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

CRADLE SONG.

HITHER, Sleep! a mother wants thee!  
Come with velvet arms!  
Fold the baby that she grants thee  
To thy own soft charms!

Bear him into Dreamland lightly!  
Give him sight of flowers!  
Do not bring him back till brightly  
Break the morning hours!

Close his eyes with gentle fingers!  
Cross his hands of snow!  
Tell the angels where he lingers  
They must whisper low!

I will guard thy spell unbroken  
If thou hear my call;  
Come, then, Sleep! I wait the token  
Of thy downy thrall.

Now I see his sweet lips moving;  
He is in thy keep;  
Other milk the babe is proving  
At the breast of Sleep!

[From *Bitter-Sweet*.]

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING.

SLEEP, babe, the honeyed sleep of  
innocence!

Sleep like a bud; for soon the sun of  
life

With ardors quick and passionate  
shall rise,

And with hot kisses, part the fra-  
grant lips—

The folded petals of thy soul! Alas!  
What feverish winds shall tease and  
toss thee, then!

What pride and pain, ambition and  
despair,

Desire, satiety, and all that fill  
With misery, life's fretful enterprise,

Shall wrench and blanch thee, till  
thou fall at last.

Joy after joy down-fluttering to the  
earth,

To be apportioned to the elements!

I marvel, baby, whether it were ill  
That he who planted thee should  
pluck thee now,

And save thee from the blight that  
comes on all.

I marvel whether it would not be well  
That the frail bud should burst in  
Paradise,

On the full throbbing of an angel's  
heart!

[From the *Marble Prophecy*.]

THE TYPE OF STRUGGLING  
HUMANITY.

LAOCOÖN! thou great embodiment  
Of human life and human history!  
Thou record of the past, thou proph-  
ecy

Of the sad future, thou majestic voice,  
Pealing along the ages from old time!  
Thou wail of agonized humanity!  
There lives no thought in marble like  
to thee!

Thou hast no kindred in the Vatican,  
But standest separate among the  
dreams

Of old mythologies — alone — alone!  
The beautiful Apollo at thy side  
Is but a marble dream, and dreams  
are all

The gods and goddesses and fauns  
and fates

That populate these wondrous halls;  
but thou,  
Standing among them, liftest up thy-  
self

In majesty of meaning, till they sink  
Far from the sight, no more signifi-  
cant

Than the poor toys of children. For  
thou art

A voice from out the world's experi-  
ence,

Speaking of all the generations past  
To all the generations yet to come  
Of the long struggle, the sublime de-  
spair,

The wild and weary agony of man!

ON THE RIGHI.

On the Righi Kulm we stood,  
Lovely Floribel and I,  
While the morning's crimson flood  
Streamed along the eastern sky.  
Reddened every mountain-peak  
Into rose from twilight dun;

But the blush upon her cheek  
Was not lighted by the sun!

On the Righi Kulm we sat,  
Lovely Floribel and I,  
Plucking bluebells for her hat  
From a mound that blossomed  
nigh.

“We are near to heaven,” she sighed,  
While her raven lashes fell.

“Nearer,” softly I replied,  
“Than the mountain's height may  
tell.”

Down the Righi's side we sped,  
Lovely Floribel and I,  
But her morning blush had fled  
And the bluebells all were dry.  
Of the height the dream was born;  
Of the lower air it died;  
And the passion of the morn  
Flagged and fell at eventide.

From the breast of blue Lucerne,  
Lovely Floribel and I  
Saw the brand of sunset burn  
On the Righi Kulm, and die.  
And we wondered, gazing thus,  
If our dream would still remain  
On the height, and wait for us  
Till we climb to heaven again!

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

If life awake and will never cease  
On the future's distant shore,  
And the rose of love and the lily of  
peace  
Shall bloom there forevermore,—

Let the world go round and round,  
And the sun sink into the sea;  
For whether I'm on or under the  
ground,  
Oh, what will it matter to me?

## SAXE HOLME.

*THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.*

THREE, only three, my darling,  
 Separate, solemn, slow;  
 Not like the swift and joyous ones,  
 We used to know  
 When we kissed because we loved  
 each other  
 Simply to taste love's sweet,  
 And lavished our kisses as the sum-  
 mer  
 Lavishes heat;—  
 But as they kiss whose hearts are  
 wrung,  
 When hope and fear are spent,  
 And nothing is left to give except  
 A sacrament!

First of the three, my darling,  
 Is sacred unto pain;  
 We have hurt each other often:  
 We shall again,  
 When we pine because we miss each  
 other,  
 And do not understand.  
 How the written words are so much  
 colder  
 Than eye and hand.  
 I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain  
 Which we may give or take;

Buried, forgiven, before it comes,  
 For our love's sake!

The second kiss, my darling,  
 Is full of joy's sweet thrill;  
 We have blessed each other always;  
 We always will.  
 We shall reach till we feel each other,  
 Past all of time and space;  
 We shall listen till we hear each  
 other  
 In every place;  
 The earth is full of messengers  
 Which love sends to and fro;  
 I kiss thee, darling, for all joy  
 Which we shall know!

The last kiss, oh, my darling,  
 My love—I cannot see  
 Through my tears, as I remember  
 What it may be.  
 We may die and never see each other,  
 Die with no time to give  
 Any sign that our hearts are faithful  
 To die, as live.  
 Token of what they will not see  
 Who see our parting breath,  
 This one last kiss, my darling, seals  
 The seal of death!

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*THE VOICELESS.*

WE count the broken lyres that rest  
 Where the sweet wailing singers  
 slumber,  
 But o'er their silent sister's breast  
 The wild-flowers who will stoop to  
 number?  
 A few can touch the magic string,  
 And noisy fame is proud to win  
 them:—  
 Alas for those that never sing,  
 But die with all their music in  
 them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone  
 Whose song has told their hearts'  
 sad story,—  
 Weep for the voiceless, who have  
 known  
 The cross without the crown of  
 glory!  
 Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted  
 billow,  
 But where the glistening night-dews  
 weep  
 On nameless Sorrow's churchyard  
 pillow.



O hearts that break and give no sign  
 Save whitening lip and fading  
 tresses,  
 Till Death pours out his cordial wine  
 Slow-dropped from Misery's crush-  
 ing presses, —  
 If singing breath or echoing chord  
 To every hidden pang were given,  
 What endless melodies were poured,  
 As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

DOROTHY Q.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age I  
 guess,

Thirteen summers, or something less;  
 Girlish bust, but womanly air:  
 Smooth, square forehead with up-  
 rolled hair.

Lips that lover has never kissed;  
 Taper fingers and slender wrist;  
 Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;  
 So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green  
 Sits unmoving and broods serene.  
 Hold up the canvas full in view, —  
 Look! there's a rent the light shines  
 through,  
 Dark with a century's fringe of  
 dust, —  
 That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!  
 Such is the tale the lady old,  
 Dorothy's daughter's daughter told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —  
 One whose best was not over well;  
 Hard and dry, it must be confessed,  
 Flat as a rose that has long been  
 pressed:

Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,  
 Dainty colors of red and white,  
 And in her slender shape are seen  
 Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —  
 Dorothy Q. was a lady born!  
 Ay! since the galloping Normans  
 came,  
 England's annals have known her  
 name;

And still to the three-hilled rebel  
 town  
 Dear is that ancient name's renown,  
 For many a civic wreath they won,  
 The youthful sire and the gray haired  
 son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!  
 Strange is the gift that I owe to you;  
 Such a gift as never a king  
 Save to daughter or son might  
 bring,

All my tenure of heart and hand,  
 All my title to house and land;  
 Mother and sister and child and wife  
 And joy and sorrow and death and  
 life!

What if a hundred years ago  
 Those close-shut lips had answered  
 No.

When forth the tremulous question  
 came

That cost the maiden her Norman  
 name,

And under the folds that look so still  
 The bodice swelled with the bosom's  
 thrill?

Should I be I, or would it be  
 One tenth another to nine-tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES:  
 Not the light gossamer stirs with less;  
 But never a cable that holds so fast  
 Through all the battles of wave and  
 blast,

And never an echo of speech or song  
 That lives in the babbling air so long!  
 There were tones in the voice that  
 whispered then

You may hear to-day in a hundred  
 men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far  
 Your images hover, — and here we  
 are,

Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —  
 Edward's and Dorothy's — all their  
 own, —

A goodly record for time to show  
 Of a syllable spoken so long ago: —  
 Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive  
 For the tender whisper that bade me  
 live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!  
 I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's  
 blade,  
 And freshen the gold of the tarnished  
 frame,  
 And gild with a rhyme your house-  
 hold name:  
 So you shall smile on us brave and  
 bright  
 As first you greeted the morning's  
 light,  
 And live untroubled by woes and  
 fears  
 Through a second youth of a hun-  
 dred years.

---

*UNDER THE VIOLETS.*

HER hands are cold; her face is  
 white;

No more her pulses come and go;  
 Her eyes are shut to life and light;—  
 Fold the white vesture, snow on  
 snow,  
 And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,  
 To plead for tears with alien eyes;  
 A slender cross of wood alone  
 Shall say, that here a maiden lies,  
 In peace beneath the peaceful  
 skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb  
 Shall wheel their circling shadows  
 round  
 To make the scorching sunlight dim  
 That drinks the greenness from the  
 ground,  
 And drop their dead leaves on her  
 mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels  
 run,  
 And through their leaves the robins  
 call,  
 And ripening in the autumn sun.  
 The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
 Doubt not that she will heed them  
 all.

For her the morning choir shall sing  
 Its matins from the branches high,  
 And every minstrel-voice of Spring,  
 That trills beneath the April sky,  
 Shall greet her with its earliest  
 cry.

When turning round their dial track,  
 Eastward the lengthening shadows  
 pass,  
 Her little mourners, clad in black,  
 The crickets, sliding through the  
 grass,  
 Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees  
 Shall find the prison where she lies,  
 And bear the buried dust they seize.  
 In leaves and blossoms to the skies  
 So may the soul that warmed it  
 rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,  
 Should ask, What maiden lies be-  
 low?  
 Say only this: A tender bud,  
 That tried to blossom in the snow,  
 Lies withered where the violets  
 bloom.

---

*NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.*

SLOW toiling upward from the misty  
 vale,  
 I leave the bright enamelled zones  
 below;  
 No more for me their beauteous  
 bloom shall glow,  
 Their lingering sweetness load the  
 morning gale;  
 Few are the slender flowerets, scent-  
 less, pale,  
 That on their ice-clad stems, all  
 trembling blow  
 Along the margin of unmelting  
 snow;  
 Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge  
 I hail.

White realm of peace above the  
flowering line,  
Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky  
spires!

O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt  
planets shine,  
On thy majestic altars fade the fires  
That filled the air with smoke of vain  
desires,  
And all the unclouded blue of  
heaven is thine!

THE TWO STREAMS.

BEHOLD the rocky wall  
That down its sloping sides  
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending  
as they fall,  
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run  
Turned by a pebble's edge,  
Is Athabasca, rolling towards the sun  
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,  
But for the slanting stone,  
To evening's ocean, with the tangled  
braid  
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will  
Life's parting stream descends,  
And, as a moment turns its slender  
rill,  
Each widening torrent bends, —

From the same cradle's side,  
From the same mother's knee, —  
One to long darkness and the frozen  
tide,  
One to the Peaceful Sea!

HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, that stoopedst to  
share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest  
tear,  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while Thou art  
near!

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering  
year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou  
art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to  
grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to  
fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering  
leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear,  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near!

THOMAS HOOD.

MELANCHOLY.

[From the *Ode thereon.*]

Lo! here the best, the worst, the  
world  
Doth now remember or forget  
Are in one common ruin hurled;  
And love and hate are calmly met —  
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,  
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.

Is 't not enough to vex our souls  
And fill our eyes, that we have set  
Our love upon a rose's leaf,  
Our hearts upon a violet?  
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet;  
And, sometimes, at their swift decay  
Beforehand we must fret.  
The roses bud and bloom again;  
But love may haunt the grave of love,  
And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art  
mine,

And do not take my tears amiss;  
For tears must flow to wash away  
A thought that shows so stern as  
this.

Forgive, if somehow I forget,  
In woe to come, the present bliss,  
As frighted Proserpine let fall  
Her flowers at the sight of Dis.  
E'en so the dark and bright will  
kiss;

The sunniest things throw sternest  
shade;

And there is even a happiness  
That makes the heart afraid!  
Now let us with a spell invoke  
The full-orbed moon to grieve our  
eyes;

Not bright, not bright — but with a  
cloud

Lapped all about her, let her rise  
All pale and dim, as if from rest.  
The ghost of the late buried sun  
Had crept into the skies.

The moon! she is the source of  
sighs,

The very face to make us sad,  
If but to think in other times  
The same calm, quiet look she had,  
As if the world held nothing base,  
Or vile and mean, or fierce and  
bad —

The same fair light that shone in  
streams,

The fairy lamp that charmed the  
lad;

For so it is, with spent delights  
She taunts men's brains, and makes  
them mad

All things are touched with melan-  
choly,

Born of the secret soul's mistrust  
To feel her fair ethereal wings  
Weighed down with vile, degraded  
dust.

Even the bright extremes of joy  
Bring on conclusions of disgust —  
Like the sweet blossoms of the  
May,

Whose fragrance ends in must.  
Oh, give her then her tribute just,

Her sighs and tears, and musings  
holy!

There is no music in the life  
That sounds with idiot laughter  
solely;

There's not a string attuned to mirth,  
But has its chord in melancholy.

---

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS  
MOTHER.

Love thy mother, little one!  
Kiss and clasp her neck again, —  
Hereafter she may have a son  
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.  
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,  
And mirror back her love for thee, —  
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs  
To meet them when they cannot see.  
Gaze upon her living eyes!

Press her lips the while they glow  
With love that they have often told,  
Hereafter thou mayest press in woe,  
And kiss them till thine own are cold,  
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!  
Although it be not silver-gray —  
Too early Death, led on by Care,  
May snatch save one dear lock away.  
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,  
That Heaven may long the stroke  
defer, —

For thou may'st live the hour forlorn  
When thou wilt ask to die with her.  
Pray for her at eve and morn!

---

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon;

Nor brought too long a day;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away!

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

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

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky.  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 't is little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

---

*THE DEATH-BED.*

WE watched her breathing through  
the night  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied —  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and  
sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had  
Another morn than ours.

---

*THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.*

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread —  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still with a voice of dolorous  
pitch  
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work — work — work,  
Till the stars shine through the  
roof!  
It's oh! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to  
save,  
If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work  
Till the brain begins to swim!  
Work — work — work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam —  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!  
O men, with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out!  
But human creatures' lives!  
Stitch — stitch — stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt —  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death —  
That phantom of grisly bone?  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own —

It seems so like my own  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
O God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work — work — work!  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of  
straw,  
A crust of bread, and rags.  
That shattered roof, and this naked  
floor;  
A table, a broken chair;  
And a wall so blank my shadow I  
thank  
For sometimes falling there!

“Work — work — work!  
From weary chime to chime!  
Work — work — work —  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band —  
Till the heart is sick and the brain  
benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand.

“Work — work — work  
In the dull December light!  
And work — work — work,  
When the weather is warm and  
bright! —  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling.  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring.

“O! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet!  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!

“O! but for one short hour —  
A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart;  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread —  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still, with a voice of dolorous  
pitch —  
Would that its tone could reach the  
rich! —  
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care!  
Fashioned so slenderly —  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements,  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly —  
Not of the stains of her;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny,  
Rash and undutiful;  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family —  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb —

Her fair auburn tresses —  
 Whilst wonderment guesses  
 Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?  
 Who was her mother ?  
 Had she a sister ?  
 Had she a brother ?  
 Or was there a dearer one  
 Still, and a nearer one  
 Yet, than all other ?

Alas! for the rarity  
 Of Christian charity  
 Under the sun!  
 Oh! it was pitiful!  
 Near a whole city full,  
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly, —  
 Fatherly, motherly  
 Feelings had changed —  
 Love, by harsh evidence,  
 Thrown from its eminence;  
 Even God's providence  
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
 So far in the river,  
 With many a light  
 From window and casement,  
 From garret to basement,  
 She stood with amazement,  
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
 Made her tremble and shiver:  
 But not the dark arch,  
 Or the black flowing river;  
 Mad from life's history,  
 Glad to death's mystery,  
 Swift to be hurled —  
 Any where, any where  
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly —  
 No matter how coldly.  
 The rough river ran —  
 Over the brink of it!  
 Picture it — think of it!  
 Dissolute man!  
 Lave in it, drink of it,  
 Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly —  
 Lift her with care!  
 Fashioned so slenderly —  
 Young and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly,  
 Stiffen too rigidly.  
 Decently, kindly,  
 Smooth and compose them;  
 And her eyes, close them,  
 Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
 Through muddy impurity,  
 As when with the daring  
 Last look of despairing  
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
 Spurred by contumely,  
 Cold inhumanity  
 Burning insanity  
 Into her rest!  
 Cross her hands humbly,  
 As if praying dumbly,  
 Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
 Her evil behavior,  
 And leaving, with meekness,  
 Her sins to her Saviour!

—  
 FAREWELL, LIFE!

FAREWELL, Life! my senses swim,  
 And the world is growing dim:  
 Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
 Like the advent of the night —  
 Colder, colder, colder still,  
 Upwards steals a vapor chill;  
 Strong the earthy odor grows —  
 I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, Life! the spirit strives:  
 Strength returns, and hope revives;  
 Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
 Fly like shadows at the morn —  
 O'er the earth there comes a bloom;  
 Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
 Warm perfume for vapor cold —  
 I smell the rose above the mould!

*BALLAD.*

It was not in the winter  
Our loving lot was cast;  
It was the time of roses —  
We plucked them as we passed!

That churlish season never frowned  
On early lovers yet!  
O, no — the world was newly crowned  
With flowers when first we met.

'T was twilight, and I bade you go —  
But still you held me fast;  
It was the time of roses, —  
We plucked them as we passed!

*TRUE DEATH.*

It is not death, that some time in a  
sigh  
This eloquent breath shall take its  
speechless flight;  
That some time these bright stars,  
that now reply  
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in  
night;  
That this warm conscious flesh shall  
perish quite,  
And all life's ruddy springs forget to  
flow;  
That thought shall cease, and the  
immortal sprite  
Be lapped in alien clay and laid be-  
low;  
It is not death to know this — but to  
know

That pious thoughts, which visit at  
new graves  
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go  
So duly and so oft, — and when grass  
waves  
Over the past-away, there may be  
then  
No resurrection in the minds of men.

*LOVE BETTERED BY TIME.*

LOVE, dearest lady, such as I would  
speak,  
Lives not within the humor of the  
eye;  
Not being but an outward phantasy  
That skins the surface of a tinted  
cheek, —  
Else it would wane with beauty, and  
grow weak,  
As if the rose made summer — and  
so lie  
Amongst the perishable things that  
die,  
Unlike the love which I would give  
and seek;  
Whose health is of no hue — to feel  
decay  
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy  
prime.  
Love is its own great loveliness al-  
way,  
And takes new beauties from the  
touch of time;  
Its bough owns no December and no  
May,  
But bears its blossoms into winter's  
clime.

## GEORGE HOUGHTON.

[From *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk.*]

*VALBORG WATCHING AXEL'S DEPARTURE.*

At kirk knelt Valborg, the cold altar-stone  
Reeling beneath her. Filled with choking grief  
She could not say good-bye, but by a page  
Her rosary sent him; and when he had climbed  
His horse, and on the far-off bridge she heard



The dull tramp of his troopers, up she fared  
 By stair and ladder to old Steindor's post, —  
 For he was mute, and could not nettle her  
 With words' cheap guise of sympathy. There perched  
 Beside him up among the dusty bells,  
 She pushed her face between the mullions, looked  
 Across the world of snow, lighted like day  
 By moon and moor-ild; saw with misty eyes  
 A gleam of steel, an eagle's feather tall;  
 And through the clear air watched it, tossing, pass  
 Across the sea-line; saw the ship lift sail  
 And blow to southward, catching light and shade  
 As 'mong the sheers and skerries it picked out  
 A crooked pathway; saw it round the ness,  
 And, catching one last flicker of the moon,  
 Fade into nothingness. With desolate steps  
 She left the bellman and crept down the stairs;  
 Heard all the air re-echoing: "He is gone!" —  
 Felt a great sob behind her lips, and tears  
 Flooding the sluices of her eyes; turned toward  
 The empty town, and for the first time saw  
 That Nidaros was small and irksome, felt  
 First time her tether galling, and, by heaven!  
 Wished she'd been born a man-child, free to fare  
 Unhindered through the world's wide pastures, free  
 To stand this hour with Axel as his squire.  
 And with him brave the sea-breeze. Aimlessly  
 She sought the scattered gold-threads that had formed  
 Life's glowing texture: but how dull they seemed!  
 How bootless the long waste of lagging weeks,  
 With dull do-over of mean drudgeries,  
 And miserable cheer of pitying mouths  
 Whistling and whipping through small round of change  
 Their cowering pack of saw and circumstance!  
 How slow the crutches of the limping years!

[Six Quatrains from *Album-Leaves*.]

*COURAGE.*

DARKNESS before, all joy behind!  
 Yet keep thy courage, do not mind:  
 He soonest reads the lesson right  
 Who reads with back against the  
 light!

*AMBITION.*

THE palace with its splendid dome,  
 That nearest to the sky aspires,  
 Is first to challenge storms that roam  
 Above it, and call down their fires.

*THIS NAME OF MINE.*

THIS name of mine the sun may steal  
 away,  
 Fierce fire consume it, moths eat  
 name and day;  
 Or mildew's hand may smooch it with  
 decay, —  
 But not my love, for that shall live  
 alway.

*REGRET.*

I'VE regretted most sincerely,  
 I've repented deeply, long;  
 But to those I've loved most dearly,  
 I've oftenest done wrong.

## PURITY.

LET your truth stand sure,  
And the world is true;  
Let your heart keep pure—  
And the world will, too.

## CHARITY.

HE erred, no doubt, perhaps he  
sinned;  
Shall I then dare to cast a stone?  
Perhaps this blotch, on a garment  
white,  
Counts less than the dingy robes I  
own.

[From *Album-Leaves.*]

## DAISY.

I GAVE my little girl back to the  
daisies,  
From them it was that she took her  
name;  
I gave my precious one back to the  
daisies,  
From where they caught their color  
she came;  
And now, when I look in the face of  
a daisy,  
My little girl's face I see, I see!  
My tears, down dropping, with theirs  
commingle,  
And they give my precious one  
back to me.

## LORD HOUGHTON (RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES).

## SINCE YESTERDAY.

I'M not where I was yesterday,  
Though my home be still the same,  
For I have lost the veriest friend  
Whomever a friend could name;  
I'm not where I was yes'terday,  
Though change there be little to see,  
For a part of myself has lapsed away  
From Time to Eternity.

I have lost a thought that many a  
year  
Was most familiar food  
To my inmost mind, by night or day,  
In merry or plaintive mood;  
I have lost a hope, that many a year  
Looked far on a gleaming way,  
When the walls of Life were closing  
round,  
And the sky was sombre gray.

I thought, how should I see him first,  
How should our hands first meet,  
Within his room, — upon the stair, —  
At the corner of the street?  
I thought, where should I hear him  
first,

How catch his greeting tone, —  
And thus I went up to his door,  
And they told me he was gone!

Oh! what is Life but a sun of love,  
And Death but to lose it all?  
Weeds be for those that are left be-  
hind,  
And not for those that fall!  
And now how mighty a sum of love  
Is lost for ever to me . . . . .  
No, I'm not what I was yesterday,  
Though change there be little to see.

## LABOR.

HEART of the people! Working men!  
Marrow and nerve of human powers;  
Who on your sturdy backs sustain  
Through streaming time this world  
of ours;  
Hold by that title, — which pro-  
claims,  
That ye are undismayed and strong,  
Accomplishing whatever aims  
May to the sons of earth belong.

And he who still and silent sits  
 In closèd room or shady nook,  
 And seems to nurse his idle wits  
 With folded arms or open book: —  
 To things now working in *that* mind,  
 Your children's children well may  
     owe  
 Blessings that hope has ne'er defined  
 'Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

Thus all must work — with head or  
     hand,  
 For self or others, good or ill:  
 Life is ordained to bear, like land,  
 Some fruit, be fallow as it will;  
 Evil has force itself to sow  
 Where we deny the healthy seed, —  
 And all our choice is this, — to grow  
 Pasture and grain or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,  
 Unenvious of each other's lot, —  
 For those which seem the easiest parts  
 Have travail which ye reckon not:  
 And he is bravest, happiest, best,  
 Who, from the task within his span  
 Earns for himself his evening rest,  
 And an increase of good for man.

—  
*I WANDERED BY THE BROOK-  
 SIDE.*

I WANDERED by the brook-side,  
 I wandered by the mill, —  
 I could not hear the brook flow,  
 The noisy wheel was still;  
 There was no burr of grasshopper,  
 No chirp of any bird,  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,  
 I watched the long, long shade,  
 And as it grew still longer,  
 I did not feel afraid;  
 For I listened for a footfall,  
 I listened for a word, —  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —  
 The night came on alone, —  
 The little stars sat one by one,  
 Each on his golden throne;  
 The evening air passed by my cheek,  
 The leaves above were stirred;  
 But the beating of my own heart  
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,  
 When something stood behind,  
 A hand was on my shoulder,  
 I knew its touch was kind:  
 It drew me nearer — nearer,  
 We did not speak one word;  
 For the beating of our own hearts  
 Was all the sound we heard.

—  
*THE WORTH OF HOURS.*

BELIEVE not that your inner eye  
 Can ever in just measure try  
 The worth of hours as they go by:

For every man's weak self, alas!  
 Makes him to see them, while they  
     pass,  
 As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would  
 Mete out to each its part of good,  
 Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,  
 That leave your spirit bowed and  
     bent  
 In sad unrest and ill-content:

And more, — though free from seem-  
     ing harm,  
 You rest from toil of mind or arm,  
 Or slow retire from Pleasure's  
     charm, —

If then a painful sense comes on  
 Of something wholly lost and gone,  
 Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done, —

Of something from your being's  
     chain,  
 Broke off, nor to be linked again  
 By all mere memory can retain. —

Upon your heart this truth may  
rise,—

Nothing that altogether dies  
Suffices man's just destinies:

So should we live, that every hour  
May die as dies the natural flower,—  
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future need:

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ  
Is to develop not destroy.  
Far better than a barren joy.

—  
*FOREVER UNCONFESED.*

THEY seemed to those who saw them  
meet  
The worldly friends of every day,  
Her smile was undisturbed and  
sweet,  
His courtesy was free and gay.

But yet if one the other's name  
In some unguarded moment heard,  
The heart you thought so calm and  
tame,  
Would struggle like a captured bird:

And letters of mere formal phrase  
Were blistered with repeated tears,—  
And this was not the work of days,  
But had gone on for years and  
years!

Alas, that Love was not too strong  
For maiden shame and manly pride!  
Alas, that they delayed too long  
The goal of mutual bliss beside.

Yet what no chance could then re-  
veal,  
And neither would be first to own,  
Let fate and courage now conceal,  
When truth could bring remorse  
alone.

*DIVORCED.*

WE that were friends, yet are not  
now,  
We that must daily meet  
With ready words and courteous  
bow,  
Acquaintance of the street;  
We must not scorn the holy past,  
We must remember still  
To honor feelings that outlast  
The reason and the will.

I might reprove thy broken faith,  
I might recall the time  
When thou wert chartered mine till  
death,  
Through every fate and clime;  
When every letter was a vow,  
And fancy was not free  
To dream of ended love; and thou  
Wouldst say the same of me.

No, no, 'tis not for us to trim  
The balance of our wrongs,  
Enough to leave remorse to him  
To whom remorse belongs!  
Let our dead friendship be to us  
A desecrated name,  
Unutterable, mysterious,  
A sorrow and a shame.

A sorrow that two souls which  
grew  
Encased in mutual bliss,  
Should wander, callous strangers,  
through  
So cold a world as this!  
A shame that we, whose hearts had  
earned  
For life an early heaven,  
Should be like angels self-turned  
To Death, when once forgiven!

Let us remain as living signs,  
Where they that run may read  
Pain and disgrace in many lines,  
As of a loss indeed;  
That of our fellows any who  
The prize of love have won  
May tremble at the thought to do  
The thing that we have done!

*ALL THINGS ONCE ARE THINGS  
FOR EVER.*

ALL things once are things for ever;  
Soul, once living, lives for ever;  
Blame not what is only once,  
When that once endures for ever;  
Love, once felt, though soon forgot  
Moulds the heart to good for ever;

Once betrayed from childly faith,  
Man is conscious man for ever;  
Once the void of life revealed,  
It must deepen on for ever,  
Unless God fill up the heart  
With himself for once and ever:  
Once made God and man at once,  
God and man are one for ever.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

*BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.*

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the  
coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where  
the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning  
of his terrible swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of  
a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded him an altar in the  
evening dews and damps;  
I can read his righteous sentence by  
the dim and flaring lamps,  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in bur-  
nished rows of steel:  
"As ye deal with my contemners, so  
with you my grace shall deal;  
Let the hero, born of woman, crush  
the serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on!"

He has sounded forth the trumpet that  
shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men be-  
fore his judgment-seat;  
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him!  
be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was  
born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that trans-  
figures you and me;

As he died to make men holy, let us  
die to make men free,  
While God is marching on!

[From *Thoughts in Père la Chaise.*]

*IMAGINED REPLY OF ELOISA TO  
THE POET'S QUESTIONING.*

"WHAT was I cannot tell — thou  
know'st our story,  
Know'st how we stole God's treasure  
from on high;  
Without heaven's virtue we had heav-  
en's glory,  
Too justly our delights were doomed  
to die.

"Intense as were our blisses, e'en so  
painful  
The keen privation it was ours to  
share;  
All states, all places barren proved  
and baneful,  
Dead stones grew pitiful at our de-  
spair;

"Till, to the cloister's solitude re-  
pairing,  
Our feet the way of holier sorrows  
trod,  
Hid from each other, yet together  
sharing  
The labor of the Providence of God.

“Often at midnight, on the cold stone  
 lying,  
 My passionate sobs have rent the pas-  
 sive air,  
 While my crisped fingers clutched the  
 pavement, trying  
 To hold him fast, as he had still been  
 there.

“I called, I shrieked, till my spent  
 breath came faintly,  
 I sank, in pain Christ’s martyrs could  
 not bear;  
 Then dreamed I saw him, beautiful  
 and saintly,  
 As his far convent tolled the hour of  
 prayer.

“Solemn and deep that vision of re-  
 union —  
 He passed in robe, and cowl, and sand-  
 dall’d feet,  
 But our dis sever’d lips held no com-  
 munion,  
 Our long divorcèd glances could not  
 meet.

“Then slowly, from that hunger of  
 sensation,  
 That rage for happiness, which makes  
 it sin,  
 I rose to calmer, wider contemplation,  
 And knew the Holiest, and his disci-  
 pline.

“O thou who call’st on me! if that  
 thou bearest  
 A wounded heart beneath thy wom-  
 an’s vest,  
 If thou my mournful earthly fortune  
 sharest,  
 Share the high hopes that calmed my  
 fever’d breast.

“Not vainly do I boast Religion’s  
 power,  
 Faith dawned upon the eyes with Sor-  
 row dim;  
 I toiled and trusted, till there came  
 an hour  
 That saw me sleep in God, and wake  
 with *him*.

“Seek comfort thus, for all life’s  
 painful losing,  
 Compel from Sorrow merit and re-  
 ward,  
 And sometimes wile a mournful hour  
 in musing  
 How Eloïsa loved her Abelard.”

The voice fled heav’nward ere its  
 spell was broken, —  
 I stretched a tremulous hand within  
 the grate,  
 And bore away a ravished rose, in  
 token  
 Of woman’s highest love and hard-  
 est fate.

STANZAS FROM THE “TRIBUTE  
 TO A SERVANT.”

OH! grief that wring’st mine eyes  
 with tears,  
 Demand not from my lips a song;  
 That fated gift of early years  
 I’ve loved too well, I’ve nursed too  
 long.

What boot my verses to the heart  
 That breath of mine no more shall  
 stir?  
 Where were the piety of Art,  
 If thou wert silent over her?

This was a maiden, light of foot,  
 Whose bloom and laughter, fresh and  
 free,  
 Flitted like sunshine, in and out  
 Among my little ones and me.

Hers was the power to quell and  
 charm;  
 The ready wit that children love;  
 The faithful breast, the shielding  
 arm  
 Pillowed in sleep my tenderest dove

She played in all the nursery plays,  
 She ruled in all its little strife;  
 A thousand genial ways endeared  
 Her presence to my daily life.

She ranged my hair with gem or  
flower,

Careful, the festal draperies hung,  
Or plied her needle, hour by hour  
In cadence with the song I sung.

My highest joy she could not share,  
Nor fathom sorrow's deep abyss;  
For *that*, she wore a smiling air,  
She hung her head and pined for *this*.

"And she shall live with me," I said,  
"Till all my pretty ones be grown;  
I'll give my girls my little maid,  
The gayest thing I call my own."

Or else, methought, some farmer bold  
Should woo and win my gentle Liz-  
zie,

And I should stock her house four-  
fold,  
Be with her wedding blithely busy.

But lo! Consumption's spectral form  
Sucks from her lips the flickering  
breath;

In these pale flowers, these tear-drops  
warm,  
I bring the mournful dower of Death.

I could but say, with faltering voice  
And eyes that glanced aside to weep,  
"Be strong in faith and hope, my  
child;  
He giveth his beloved sleep.

"And though thou walk the shadowy  
vale,  
Whose end we know not, He will aid;  
His rod and staff shall stay thy steps;"  
"I know it well," she smiled and said.

She knew it well, and knew yet more  
My deepest hope, though unexpressed,  
The hope that God's appointed sleep  
But heightens ravishment with rest.

My children, living flowers, shall come  
And strew with seed this grave of  
thine,

And bid the blushing growths of  
spring  
Thy dreary painted cross entwine.

Thus Faith, cast out of barren creeds,  
Shall rest in emblems of her own;  
Beauty, still springing from Decay,  
The cross-wood budding to the crown.

#### THE DEAD CHRIST.

TAKE the dead Christ to my chamber,  
The Christ I brought from Rome;  
Over all the tossing ocean,  
He has reached his western home;  
Bear him as in procession,  
And lay him solemnly  
Where, through weary night and  
morning,  
He shall bear me company.

The name I bear is other  
Than that that I bore by birth,  
And I've given life to children  
Who'll grow and dwell on earth;  
But the time comes swiftly towards  
me  
(Nor do I bid it stay),  
When the dead Christ will be more  
to me  
Than all I hold to-day.

Lay the dead Christ beside me,  
Oh, press him on my heart,  
I would hold him long and painfully  
Till the weary tears should start;  
Till the divine contagion  
Heal me of self and sin,  
And the cold weight press wholly  
down  
The pulse that chokes within.

Reproof and frost, they fret me,  
Towards the free, the sunny lands,  
From the chaos of existence  
I stretch these feeble hands;  
And, penitential, kneeling,  
Pray God would not be wroth,  
Who gave not the strength of feeling,  
And strength of labor both.

Thou'rt but a wooden carving,  
Defaced of worms, and old;  
Yet more to me thou couldst not be  
Wert thou all wrapt in gold.

Like the gem-bedizened baby  
Which, at the Twelfth-day noon,  
They show from the Ara Coeli's steps,  
To a merry dancing-tune.

I ask of thee no wonders,  
No changing white or red;

I dream not thou art living,  
I love and prize thee dead.  
That salutary deadness  
I seek, through want and pain,  
From which God's own high power  
can bid  
Our virtue rise again.

## WILLIAM DEANE HOWELLS.

### THE MYSTERIES.

ONCE on my mother's breast, a child,  
I crept,  
Holding my breath;  
There, safe and sad, lay shuddering,  
and wept  
At the dark mystery of Death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all  
unrest,  
Spent with the strife. —  
O mother, let me weep upon thy  
breast  
At the sad mystery of Life!

### THANKSGIVING.

LORD, for the erring thought  
Not into evil wrought:  
Lord, for the wicked will  
Betrayed and baffled still:  
For the heart from itself kept,  
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were  
Broken to our blind prayer:  
For pain, death, sorrow, sent  
Unto our chastisement:  
For all loss of seeming good,  
Quicken our gratitude.

### CONVENTION.

HE falters on the threshold,  
She lingers on the stair;  
Can it be that was his footstep?  
Can it be that she is there?

Without is tender yearning,  
And tender love is within;  
They can hear each other's heart-  
beats,  
But a wooden door is between.

### THE POET'S FRIENDS.

THE robin sings in the elm;  
The cattle stand beneath  
Sedate and grave with great brown  
eyes  
And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,  
The wise-looking, stupid things;  
And they never understand a word  
Of all the robin sings.

### THE MULBERRIES.

ON the Rialto Bridge we stand;  
The street ebbs under and makes  
no sound;  
But, with bargains shrieked on every  
hand,  
The noisy market rings around.

"*Mulberries, fine mulberries, here!*"  
A tuneful voice, — and light, light  
measure;  
Though I hardly should count these  
mulberries dear,  
If I paid three times the price for  
my pleasure.



Brown hands splashed with mulberry  
blood,  
The basket wreathed with mulber-  
ry leaves  
Hiding the berries beneath them;—  
good!  
Let us take whatever the young  
rogue gives.

For you know, old friend, I haven't  
eaten

A mulberry since the ignorant joy  
Of anything sweet in the mouth could  
sweeten  
All this bitter world for a boy.

O, I mind the tree in the meadow  
stood

By the road near the hill: where I  
climbed aloof  
On its branches, this side of the gir-  
dled wood,  
I could see the top of our cabin  
roof.

And, looking westward, could sweep  
the shores

Of the river where we used to swim,  
Under the ghostly sycamores,  
Haunting the waters smooth and  
dim;

And eastward athwart the pasture-  
lot

And over the milk-white buck-  
wheat field  
I could see the stately elm, where I  
shot  
The first black squirrel I ever  
killed.

And southward over the bottom-land  
I could see the mellow breadth of  
farm

From the river-shores to the hills  
expand,  
Clasped in the curving river's  
arm.

In the fields we set our guileless  
snares

For rabbits and pigeons and wary  
quails,

Content with vaguest feathers and  
hairs  
From doubtful wings and vanished  
tails.

And in the blue summer afternoon  
We used to sit in the mulberry-tree;  
The breaths of wind that remem-  
bered June  
Shook the leaves and glittering  
berries free;

And while we watched the wagons go  
Across the river, along the road,  
To the mill above, or the mill below,  
With horses that stooped to the  
heavy load,

We told old stories and made new  
plans,  
And felt our hearts gladden within  
us again,  
For we did not dream that this life of  
a man's  
Could ever be what we know as  
men.

We sat so still that the woodpeckers  
came  
And pillaged the berries overhead;  
From his log the chipmonk, waxen  
tame,  
Peered and listened to what we  
said.

One of us long ago was carried  
To his grave on the hill above the  
tree;  
One is a farmer there, and married;  
One has wandered over the sea.

And, if you ask me, I hardly know  
Whether I'd be the dead or the  
clown,—  
The clod above or the clay below.—  
Or this listless dust by fortune  
blown

To alien lands. For, however it is,  
So little we keep with us in life;  
At best we win only victories,  
Not peace, not peace, O friend, in  
this strife.

But if I could turn from the long defeat Of the little successes once more, and be A boy, with the whole wide world at my feet Under the shade of the mulberry tree, —	Ah me! should I paint the morrows again In quite the colors so faint to- day, And with the imperial mulberry's stain Re-purple life's doublet of hodden- gray?
From the shame of the squandered chances, the sleep Of the will that cannot itself awaken, From the promise the future can never keep, From the fitful purposes vague and shaken, —	Know again the losses of disillu- sion? For the sake of the hope, have the old deceit? — In spite of the question's bitter in- fusion, Don't you find these mulberries over-sweet?
Then, while the grasshopper sung out shrill In the grass beneath the blanching thistle, And the afternoon air, with a tender thrill, Harked to the quail's complaining whistle, —	All our atoms are changed, they say; And the taste is so different since then: We live, but a world has passed away, With the years that perished to make us men.

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## MARY HOWITT.

### *THE BROOM-FLOWER.*

OH, the broom, the yellow broom! The ancient poet sung it, And dear it is on summer days To lie at rest among it.	It groweth on its nodding stem Like to a garland golden.
I know the realms where people say The flowers have not their fellow; I know where they shine out like suns, The crimson and the yellow.	And all about my mother's door Shine out its glittering bushes, And down the glen, where clear as light The mountain-water gushes.
I know where ladies live enchained In luxury's silken fetters, And flowers as bright as glittering gems Are used for written letters.	Take all the rest; but give me this, And the bird that nestles in it; I love it, for it loves the broom — The green and yellow linnet.
But ne'er was flower so fair as this, In modern days or olden;	Well, call the rose the queen of flow- ers, And boast of that of Sharon, Of lilies like to marble cups, And the golden rod of Aaron;

I care not how these flowers may be  
Beloved of man and woman;  
The broom it is the flower for me,  
That groweth on the common.

Oh, the broom, the yellow broom!  
The ancient poet sung it,  
And dear it is on summer days  
To lie and rest among it.

—  
*TIBBIE INGLIS.*

BONNIE Tibbie Inglis!  
Through sun and stormy weather,  
She kept upon the broomy hills  
Her father's flock together.

Sixteen summers had she seen, —  
A rosebud just unsealing;  
Without sorrow, without fear,  
In her mountain shealing.

She was made for happy thoughts,  
For playful wit and laughter;  
Singing on the hills alone,  
With echo singing after.

She had hair as deeply black  
As the cloud of thunder;  
She had brows so beautiful,  
And dark eyes flashing under.

Bright and witty shepherd girl,  
Beside a mountain water,  
I found her, whom a king himself  
Would proudly call his daughter.

She was sitting 'mong the crags,  
Wild and mossed and hoary,  
Reading in an ancient book  
Some old martyr story.

Tears were starting to her eyes,  
Solemn thought was o'er her;  
When she saw in that lone place  
A stranger stand before her.

Crimson was her sunny cheek,  
And her lips seemed moving  
With the beatings of her heart; —  
How could I help loving?

On a crag I sat me down.  
Upon the mountain hoary,  
And made her read again to me  
• That old pathetic story.

Then she sang me mountain songs,  
Till the air was ringing  
With her clear and warbling voice,  
Like a skylark singing.

And when eve came on at length,  
Among the blooming heather,  
We herded on the mountain-side  
Her father's flock together.

And near unto her father's house  
I said " Good night!" with sorrow,  
And inly wished that I might say,  
" We'll meet again to-morrow."

I watched her tripping to her home;  
I saw her meet her mother;  
" Among a thousand maids," I cried,  
" There is not such another!"

I wandered to my scholar's home,  
It lonesome looked and dreary;  
I took my books, but could not read,  
Methought that I was weary.

I laid me down upon my bed,  
My heart with sadness laden;  
I dreamed but of the mountain world,  
And of the mountain maiden.

I saw her of the ancient book  
The pages turning slowly;  
I saw her lovely crimson cheek  
And dark eyes drooping lowly.

The dream was like the day's delight,  
A life of pain's o'erpayment:  
I rose, and with unwonted care,  
Put on my Sabbath raiment.

To none I told my secret thoughts,  
Not even to my mother,  
Nor to the friend who, from my youth,  
Was dear as is a brother.

I got me to the hills again;  
The little flock was feeding:  
And there young Tibbie Inglis sat,  
But not the old book reading.

She sat as if absorbing thought  
 With heavy spells had bound her,  
 As silent as the mossy crags  
 Upon the mountains round her. •

I thought not of my Sabbath dress;  
 I thought not of my learning;  
 I thought but of the gentle maid  
 Who, I believed, was mourning.

Bonnie Tibbie Inglis!  
 How her beauty brightened  
 Looking at me, half-abashed,  
 With eyes that flamed and light-  
 ened!

There was no sorrow, then I saw,  
 There was no thought of sadness:

O life! what after-joy hast thou  
 Like love's first certain gladness?

I sat me down among the crags,  
 Upon the mountain hoary;  
 But read not then the ancient book,—  
 Love was our pleasant story.

And then she sang me songs again.  
 Old songs of love and sorrow;  
 For our sufficient happiness  
 Great charms from woe could bor-  
 row.

And many hours we talked in joy,  
 Yet too much blessed for laughter:  
 I was a happy man that day,  
 And happy ever after!

## WILLIAM HOWITT.

### DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

AND is the swallow gone?  
 Who beheld it?  
 Which way sailed it?  
 Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:—  
 But who doth hear  
 Its summer cheer  
 As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!  
 From its surrounding clay  
 It steals away  
 Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?  
 'Tis all unknown;  
 We feel alone  
 What a void is left below.

## RALPH HOYT.

### OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
 Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly mus-  
 ing;  
 Oft I marked him sitting there  
 alone,  
 All the landscape like a page perus-  
 ing;  
 Poor, unknown—  
 By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-  
 rimmed hat;  
 Coat as ancient as the form 'twas  
 folding;  
 Silver buttons, queue, and crimp  
 cravat;  
 Oaken staff, his feeble hand up-  
 holding—  
 There he sat!  
 Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-  
 rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,  
 No one sympathizing, no one heed-  
 ing—  
 None to love him for his thin gray  
 hair,  
 And the furrows all so mutely  
 pleading  
 Age and care—  
 Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to  
 school—  
 Dapper country lads, and little  
 maidens;  
 Taught the motto of the "Dunce's  
 stool,"  
 Its grave import still my fancy  
 ladens—  
 "Here's a fool!"  
 It was summer, and we went to  
 school.

When the stranger seemed to mark  
 our play,  
 Some of us were joyous, some sad-  
 hearted;  
 I remember well—too well that day!  
 Oftentimes the tears unbidden  
 started,  
 Would not stay,  
 When the stranger seemed to mark  
 our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent  
 spell—  
 Ah, to me her name was always  
 heaven!  
 She besought him all his grief to tell,  
 (I was then thirteen, and she  
 eleven.)—  
 Isabell!  
 One sweet spirit broke the silent  
 spell.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old—  
 Earthly hope no longer hath a  
 morrow;  
 Yet why I sit here thou shalt be  
 told,"  
 Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sor-  
 row;  
 Down it rolled.  
 "Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!"

"I have tottered here to look once  
 more  
 On the pleasant scene where I de-  
 lighted  
 In the careless happy days of yore,  
 Ere the garden of my heart was  
 blighted  
 To the core—  
 I have tottered here to look once  
 more!

"All the picture now to me how  
 dear!  
 E'en this gray old rock where I am  
 seated  
 Is a jewel worth my journey here;  
 Ah, that such a scene must be  
 completed  
 With a tear!  
 All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house!—it is still  
 the same!  
 There's the very step I so oft  
 mounted;  
 There's the window creaking in its  
 frame,  
 And the notches that I cut and  
 counted  
 For the game;  
 Old stone school-house!—it is still  
 the same!

"In the cottage yonder, I was born;  
 Long my happy home—that hum-  
 ble dwelling;  
 There the fields of clover, wheat, and  
 corn—  
 There the spring, with limpid nec-  
 tar swelling;  
 Ah, forlorn!  
 In the cottage yonder, I was born.

"Those two gateway sycamores you  
 see  
 Then were planted just so far  
 as under  
 That long well-pole from the path to  
 free,  
 And the wagon to pass safely under;  
 Ninety-three!  
 Those two gateway sycamores you  
 see.

“There’s the orchard where we used  
to climb  
When my mates and I were boys  
together—  
Thinking nothing of the flight of  
time,  
Fearing naught but work and rainy  
weather;  
Past its prime!  
There’s the orchard where we used to  
climb!

“There the rude, three-cornered  
chestnut rails,  
Round the pasture where the flocks  
were grazing,  
Where, so sly, I used to watch for  
quails  
In the crops of buckwheat we were  
raising—  
Traps and trails;  
There the rude, three-cornered chest-  
nut rails.

“There’s the mill that ground our yel-  
low grain—  
Pond, and river, still serenely flow-  
ing;  
Cot, there nestling in the shaded  
lane  
Where the lily of my heart was  
blowing—  
Mary Jane!  
There’s the mill that ground our yel-  
low grain!

“There’s the gate on which I used to  
swing—  
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and  
old red stable;  
But alas! no more the morn shall  
bring  
That dear group around my father’s  
table—  
Taken wing!  
There’s the gate on which I used to  
swing!

“I am fleeing—all I loved have  
fled.  
Yon green meadow was our place  
for playing;

That old tree can tell of sweet things  
said  
When around it Jane and I were  
straying—  
She is dead!  
I am fleeing—all I loved have fled.

“Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,  
Tracing silently life’s changeful  
story,  
So familiar to my dim old eye,  
Points me to seven that are now in  
glory  
There on high—  
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

“Oft the aisle of that old church we  
trod,  
Guided thither by an angel mother;  
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;  
Sire and sisters, and my little  
brother  
Gone to God!  
Oft the aisle of that old church we  
trod.

“There I heard of wisdom’s pleasant  
ways—  
Bless the holy lesson!—but, ah!  
never  
Shall I hear again those songs of  
praise,  
Those sweet voices—silent now  
forever!  
Peaceful days!  
There I heard of wisdom’s pleasant  
ways.

“There my Mary blessed me with her  
hand  
When our souls drank in the nup-  
tial blessing,  
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land—  
Yonder turf her gentle bosom  
pressing;  
Broken band!  
There my Mary blessed me with her  
hand.

“I have come to see that grave once  
more,  
And the sacred place where we de-  
lighted,

Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,

Ere the garden of my heart was blighted

To the core;

I have come to see that grave once more.

“Angel,” said he sadly, “I am old — Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;

Now why I sit here thou hast been told,”

In his eye another pearl of sorrow;  
Down it rolled!

“Angel,” said he sadly, “I am old!

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
Sat the hoary pilgrim sadly musing;

Still I marked him sitting there alone,

All the landscape like a page perusing —

Poor, unknown,

By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

## LEIGH HUNT.

### ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw within the moonlight in his room,

Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold:  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,

“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”

“And, is mine one?” said Abou.  
“Nay, not so,”

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night

It came again, with a great wakening light,

And showed the names whom love of God had blessed, —

And, lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest!

### STANZAS FROM SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

WE are the sweet flowers,  
Born of sunny showers,

(Think, whene’er you see us what our beauty saith;)

Utterance, mute and bright,  
Of some unknown delight,

We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath:

All who see us love us —

We befit all places,

Unto sorrow we give smiles — and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless  
All, and sweetly voiceless,

Though the March winds pipe to make our passage clear;

Not a whisper tells

Where our small seed dwells

Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.

We thread the earth in silence

In silence build our bowers —

And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top, sweet flowers!

See (and scorn all duller  
Taste) how Heaven loves color;  
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red  
and green;  
What sweet thoughts she thinks  
Of violets and pinks,  
And a thousand flushing hues made  
solely to be seen:  
See her whitest lilies  
Chill the silver showers,  
And what a red mouth is her rose,  
the woman of the flowers.

Uselessness divinest,  
Of a use the finest,  
Painteth us, the teachers of the end  
of use;  
Travellers, weary-eyed,  
Bless us, far and wide;  
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we  
give sudden truce:  
Not a poor town window  
Loves its sickliest planting,  
But its wall speaks loftier truth than  
Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses  
Mixed with our sweet juices,  
Whether man or May-fly profit of the  
balm;  
As fair fingers healed  
Knights from the olden field,  
We hold cups of mightiest force to  
give the wildest calm.  
Even the terror, poison,  
Hath its plea for blooming;  
Life it gives to reverent lips, though  
death to the presuming.

Think of all these treasures,  
Matchless works and pleasures  
Every one a marvel, more than  
thought can say;  
Then think in what bright show-  
ers  
We thicken fields and bowers,  
And with what heaps of sweetness  
half stifle wanton May:  
Think of the mossy forests  
By the bee-birds haunted,  
And all those Amazonian plains lone  
lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours:  
Fruits are born of flowers;  
Peach and roughest nut were blos-  
soms in the spring;  
The lusty bee knows well  
The news, and comes pell-mell,  
And dances in the gloomy thick with  
darksome antheing;  
Beneath the very burden  
Of planet-pressing ocean,  
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace  
— a thought for meek devotion.

Who shall say that flowers  
Dress not heaven's own bowers?  
Who its love, without us, can fancy—  
or sweet floor?  
Who shall even dare  
To say we sprang not there —  
And came not down, that Love might  
bring one piece of heaven the  
more?  
Oh! pray believe that angels  
From those blue dominions  
Brought us in their white laps down,  
'twixt their golden pinions.

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*THE GRASSHOPPER AND  
CRICKET.*

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny  
grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of  
June, —  
Sole voice that's heard amid the lazy  
noon,  
When even the bees lag at the sum-  
moning brass;  
And you, warm little housekeeper,  
who class  
With those who think the candles  
come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your trick-  
some tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they  
pass!  
O sweet and tiny cousins that be-  
long,  
One to the fields, the other to the  
hearth,



Both have your sunshine ; both,  
 though small, are strong  
 At your clear hearts ; and both seem  
 given to earth  
 To sing in thoughtful ears this nat-  
 ural song, —  
 In doors and out, summer and winter,  
 mirth.

—————  
 MAY AND THE POETS.

THERE is May in books forever ;  
 May will part from Spenser never ;  
 May's in Milton, May's in Prior,  
 May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer ;  
 May's in all the Italian books :—  
 She has old and modern nooks,  
 Where she sleeps with nymphs and  
 elves,  
 In happy places they call shelves,  
 And will rise and dress your rooms  
 With a drapery thick with blooms.  
 Come, ye rains, then if ye will,  
 May's at home, and with me still ;  
 But come rather, thou, good weather,  
 And find us in the fields together.

DEATH.

DEATH is a road our dearest friends  
 have gone ;  
 Why with such leaders, fear to say,  
 "Lead on ?"  
 Its gate repels, lest it too soon be  
 tried,  
 But turns in balm on the immortal  
 side.  
 Mothers have passed it : fathers, chil-  
 dren ; men  
 Whose like we look not to behold  
 again ;  
 Women that smiled away their lov-  
 ing breath ;  
 Soft is the travelling on the road to  
 death !  
 But guilt has passed it ? men not fit to  
 die ?  
 Oh, hush — for He that made us all  
 is by !  
 Human we're all — all men, all born  
 of mothers ;  
 All our own selves in the worn-out  
 shape of others ;  
 Our *used*, and oh, be sure, not to be  
*ill-used* brothers !

—————  
 JEAN INGELow.

SONGS OF SEVEN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE. — EXULTATION.

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

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

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

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven  
That God has hidden your face?  
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,  
You've powdered your legs with gold!  
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold!

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

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

SEVEN TIMES TWO. — ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,  
How many soever they be,  
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges  
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling  
No magical sense conveys,  
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling  
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,  
While a boy listened alone;  
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily  
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,  
And mine, they are yet to be;  
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover  
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather  
Preparing her hoods of snow;  
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:  
Oh! children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,  
Nor long summer bide so late;  
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,  
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,  
While dear hands are laid on my head;  
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,  
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story,— the birds cannot sing it,  
 Not one, as he sits on the tree;  
 The bells cannot ring it, but long years, oh, bring it!  
 Such as I wish it to be.

## SEVEN TIMES THREE. — LOVE.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,  
 Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;  
 “ Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover,—  
 Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait  
   Till I listen and hear  
   If a step draweth near,  
   For my love he is late!

“ The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,  
 A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,  
 The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:  
 To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?  
   Let the star-clusters grow,  
   Let the sweet waters flow,  
   And cross quickly to me.

“ You night-moths that hover where honey brims over  
 From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;  
 You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway discover  
 To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.  
   Ah, my sailor, make haste,  
   For the time runs to waste,  
   And my love lieth deep,—

“ Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,  
 I’ve conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night.”  
 By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,  
 Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;  
   But I’ll love him more, more  
   Than e’er wife loved before,  
   Be the days dark or bright.

## SEVEN TIMES FOUR. — MATERNITY.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!  
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!  
 When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,  
 And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!  
 Here’s two bonny boys, and here’s mother’s own lasses,  
 Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups;  
 Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;  
 Sing them a song of the pretty hedge-sparrow,  
 That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain;  
 Sing, “ Heart, thou art wide though the house be but narrow,” —  
 Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!  
 Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;  
 A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,  
 And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.  
 O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,  
 Maybe he thinks of you now.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!  
 Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!  
 A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,  
 And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!  
 Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,  
 God that is over us all!

SEVEN TIMES FIVE. — WIDOWHOOD.

I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan  
 Before I am well awake;  
 "Let me bleed! O let me alone,  
 Since I must not break!"

For children wake, though fathers sleep  
 With a stone at foot and at head:  
 O sleepless God, forever keep,  
 Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes, and what to see  
 But a world happy and fair!  
 I have not wished it to mourn with me,—  
 Comfort is not there.

Oh, what anear but golden brooms,  
 But a waste of reedy rills!  
 Oh, what afar but the fine glooms  
 On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore,—  
 How bitter it is to part!  
 Oh, to meet thee, my love, once more!  
 O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!  
 Oh, that an echo might wake  
 And waft one note of thy psalm to me  
 Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,  
 And with angel voices blent;  
 Oh, once to feel thy spirit anear;  
 I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,  
 While an entering angel trod,  
 But once,— thee sitting to behold  
 On the hills of God!

## SEVEN TIMES SIX. — GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
 To watch, and then to lose:  
 To see my bright ones disappear,  
 Drawn up like morning dews,—  
 To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
 To watch, and then to lose:  
 This have I done when God drew near  
 Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
 And with thy lord depart  
 In tears that he, as soon as shed,  
 Will let no longer smart,—  
 To hear, to heed, to wed,  
 This while thou didst I smiled,  
 For now it was not God who said,  
 "Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool, and blind!  
 To God I gave with tears;  
 But when a man like grace would find,  
 My soul put by her fears,—  
 O fond, O fool, and blind!  
 God guards in happier spheres;  
 That man will guard where he did bind  
 Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
 Fair lot that maidens choose,  
 Thy mother's tenderest words are said,  
 Thy face no more she views;  
 Thy mother's lot, my dear,  
 She doth in naught accuse;  
 Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,  
 To love,— and then to lose.

## SEVEN TIMES SEVEN. — LONGING FOR HOME.

A song of a boat: —  
 There was once a boat on a billow:  
 Lightly she rocked to her port remote,  
 And the foam was white in her wake like snow,  
 And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,  
 And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat  
 Went curtsying over the billow,  
 I marked her course till a dancing mote,  
 She faded out on the moonlit foam,  
 And I stayed behind in the dear-loved home;  
 And my thoughts all day were about the boat,  
 And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat  
 For it is but short:—  
 My boat you shall find none fairer afloat,  
 In river or port.  
 Long I looked out for the lad she bore,  
 On the open desolate sea,  
 And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,  
 For he came not back to me—  
 Ah me!

A song of a nest:—  
 There was once a nest in a hollow:  
 Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,  
 Soft and warm and full to the brim—  
 Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,  
 With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,  
 For it is not long:—  
 You shall never light in a summer quest  
 The bushes among—  
 Shall never light on a prouder sitter,  
 A fairer nestful, nor ever know  
 A softer sound than their tender twitter,  
 That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,  
 Ah, happy, happy I!  
 Right dearly I loved them; but when they were grown  
 They spread out their wings to fly—  
 Oh, one after one they flew away  
 Far up to the heavenly blue,  
 To the better country, the upper day,  
 And— I wish I was going too.

I pray you what is the nest to me,  
 My empty nest?  
 And what is the shore where I stood to see  
 My boat sail down to the west?  
 Can I call that home where I anchor yet,  
 Though my good man has sailed?  
 Can I call that home where my nest was set,  
 Now all its hope hath failed?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went,  
 And the land where my nestlings be:  
 There is the home where my thoughts are sent,  
 The only home for me—  
 Ah me!



AS I CAME ROUND THE HARBOR BUOY.





*LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.*

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,  
 All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.  
 Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!  
 All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love! — what can it do?  
 I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.  
 If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by,  
 For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!  
 It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.  
 Take a kiss from me, thy man, now the song begins:  
 "All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,  
 Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.  
 It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,  
 Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

*THE LONG WHITE SEAM.*

As I came round the harbor buoy,  
 The lights began to gleam,  
 No wave the land-locked water  
 stirred,

The crags were white as cream;  
 And I marked my love by candle-  
 light

Sewing her long white seam.  
 It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,  
 Watch and steer at sea,

It's reef and furl, and haul the line,  
 Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door;  
 Oh, sweetly my love sings!  
 Like a shaft of light her voice breaks  
 forth,

My soul to meet it springs,  
 As the shining water leaped of old,  
 When stirred by angel wings.

Aye longing to list anew,  
 Awake and in my dream,  
 But never a song she sang like this,  
 Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbor  
 lights,

That brought me in to thee,  
 And peace drop down on that low  
 roof

For the sight that I did see,  
 And the voice, my dear, that rang so  
 clear

All for the love of me.  
 For oh, for oh, with brows bent  
 low

By the candle's flickering gleam,  
 Her wedding-gown it was she  
 wrought,

Sewing the long white seam.

## SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[*From Vanity of Human Wishes.*]

## ENVIABLE AGE.

BUT grant, the virtues of a temperate  
prime,  
Bless with an age exempt from scorn  
or crime;  
An age that melts with unperceived  
decay,  
And glides in modest innocence away;  
Whose peaceful day, benevolence en-  
dears,  
Whose night congratulating con-  
science cheers;  
The general favorite as the general  
friend:  
Such age there is, and who shall wish  
its end?

[*From Vanity of Human Wishes.*]

## WISDOM'S PRAYER.

WHERE then shall Hope and Fear  
their objects find?  
Must dull suspense corrupt the stag-  
nant mind?  
Must helpless man, in ignorance se-  
date,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his  
fate?  
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes  
rise;  
No cries invoke the mercies of the  
skies?  
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain,  
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem  
religion vain.  
Still raise for good the supplicating  
voice,  
But leave to Heaven the measure and  
the choice,  
Safe in His power, whose eyes discern  
afar  
The secret ambush of a specious  
prayer;  
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,  
Secure whate'er He gives, He gives  
the best.

Yet, when the sense of sacred pres-  
ence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies as-  
pires,  
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful  
mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will re-  
signed:  
For love, which scarce collective man  
can fill;  
For patience, sovereign o'er trans-  
muted ill;  
For faith, that, panting for a happier  
seat,  
Counts death, kind Nature's signal of  
retreat:  
These goods for man the laws of  
Heaven ordain,  
These goods He grants, who grants  
the power to gain;  
With these celestial Wisdom calms  
the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does  
not find.

[*From Vanity of Human Wishes.*]

## CHARLES XII.

ON what foundation stands the  
warrior's pride,  
How just his hopes, let Swedish  
Charles decide:  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labors  
tire;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide  
domain,  
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of  
pain.  
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to  
the field;  
Behold surrounding kings their pow-  
ers combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads  
her charms in vain;  
"Think nothing gained," he cries.  
"till naught remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic stand-  
ards fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar  
sky."'  
The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended,  
wait;  
Stern Famine guards the solitary  
coast  
And Winter barricades the realms of  
frost;  
He comes, nor want nor cold his  
course delay;  
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's  
day!  
The vanquished hero leaves his  
broken bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant  
lands;  
Condemned a needy suppliant to  
wait,  
While ladies interpose and slaves de-  
bate.  
But did not Chance at length her  
error mend?  
Did not subverted empire mark his  
end?  
Did rival monarchs give the fatal  
wound,  
Or hostile millions press him to the  
ground?  
His fall was destined to a barren  
strand,  
A petty fortress and a dubious  
hand;  
He left a name at which the world  
grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

[From London.]

THE FATE OF POVERTY.

By numbers here from shame or  
censure free,  
All crimes are safe but hated poverty,  
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,  
This, only this, provokes the snarling  
muse.  
The sober trader at a tattered cloak  
Wakes from his dream, and labors  
for a joke;  
With brisker air the silken courtiers  
gaze, [ways,  
And turn the varied taunt a thousand  
Of all the griefs that harass the  
distressed,  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;  
Fate never wounds more deep the  
generous heart,  
Than when a blockhead's insult  
points the dart.  
Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the  
poor,  
No pathless waste, or undiscovered  
shore?  
No secret island in the boundless  
main?  
No peaceful desert yet unclaimed by  
Spain?  
Quick let us rise, the happy seats ex-  
plore,  
And bear Oppression's insolence no  
more.  
This mournful truth is everywhere  
confessed,  
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY  
DEPRESSED.

BEN JONSON.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine:  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth  
rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I  
swear,  
Not of itself but thee!

## HYMN TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep:  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess, excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose:  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heaven to clear when day did close:  
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,  
 Goddess, excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy crystal shining quiver:  
 Give unto the flying hart  
 Space to breathe, how short soever;  
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
 Goddess, excellently bright!

## THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast:  
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed:  
 Lady, it is to be presumed,  
 Though art's hid causes are not  
 found,  
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
 That makes simplicity a grace;  
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,

Than all the adulteries of art,  
 That strike mine eyes, but not my  
 heart.

## EPITAPH.

WOULD'ST thou hear what man can  
 say  
 In a little? — reader, stay!  
 Underneath this stone doth lie  
 As much beauty as could die,—  
 Which in life did harbor give  
 To more virtue than doth live.  
 If at all she had a fault,  
 Leave it buried in this vault.  
 One name was Elizabeth,—  
 The other, let it sleep with death.  
 Fitter where it died to tell,  
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

## GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

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

## JOHN KEATS.

## THE TERROR OF DEATH.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease  
 to be  
 Before my pen has gleaned my teem-  
 ing brain,  
 Before high-piled books, in charact-  
 ery  
 Hold like rich garners the full-  
 ripened grain;

When I behold, upon the night's  
 starred face,  
 Huge, cloudy symbols of a high ro-  
 mance,  
 And think that I may never live to  
 trace  
 Their shadows, with the magic hand  
 of Chance;

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the fairy power  
Of unreflecting love,—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

SONNET COMPOSED ON LEAVING  
ENGLAND.

BRIGHT Star! would I were steadfast  
as thou art,—  
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like nature's patient sleepless eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task  
Of pure ablution, round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors:—  
No, — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever,— or else swoon to death.

ODE ON THE POETS.

BARDS of passion and of mirth  
Ye have left your souls on earth!  
Have ye souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new?  
Yes, and those of heaven commune  
With the spheres of sun and moon;  
With the noise of fountains wonderous  
And the parle of voices thunderous;

With the whisper of heaven's trees  
And one another, in soft ease  
Seated on Elysian lawns  
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;  
Underneath large bluebells tented,  
Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got  
Perfume which on earth is not;  
Where the nightingale doth sing  
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,  
But divine melodious truth;  
Philosophic numbers smooth;  
Tales and golden histories  
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then  
On the earth ye live again;  
And the souls ye left behind you  
Teach us, here, the way to find you  
Where your other souls are joying,  
Never slumbered, never cloying.  
Here, your earth-born souls still speak  
To mortals, of their little weik;  
Of their sorrows and delights;  
Of their passions and their spites;  
Of their glory and their shame;  
What doth strengthen and what  
mains:—

Thus ye teach us, every day,  
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of passion and of mirth  
Ye have left your souls on earth!  
Ye have souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new!

FANCY.

EVER let the fancy roam;  
Pleasure never is at home;  
At a touch sweet pleasure melteth  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
Then let wingèd fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her;  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,—  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet fancy! let her loose!  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the spring  
Fades as does its blossoming.  
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,

Cloys with tasting. What do then?  
 Sit thee by the ingle, when  
 The sear faggot blazes bright,  
 Spirit of a winter's night;  
 When the soundless earth is muffled,  
 And the cakèd snow is shuffled  
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;  
 When the Night doth meet the Noon  
 In a dark conspiracy  
 To banish Even from her sky.  
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
 With a mind self-overawed, [her.  
 Fancy, high-commissioned: — send  
 She has vassals to attend her;  
 She will bring, in spite of frost,  
 Beauties that the earth hath lost;  
 She will bring thee, all together,  
 All delights of summer weather;  
 All the buds and bells of May,  
 From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
 All the heapèd autumn's wealth;  
 With a still, mysterious stealth;  
 She will mix these pleasures up  
 Like three fit wines in a cup,  
 And thou shalt quaff it,—thou shalt  
 hear

Distant harvest-carols clear,—  
 Rustle of the reapèd corn;  
 Sweet birds antheming the morn;  
 And, in the same moment,—hark!  
 'Tis the early April lark,—  
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
 Foraging for sticks and straw.  
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
 The daisy and the marigold;  
 White-plumed lilies, and the first  
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath  
 burst;  
 Shaded hyacinth, alway  
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May;  
 And every leaf, and every flower  
 Pearlèd with the self-same shower.  
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
 Meagre from its cellèd sleep;  
 And the snake, all winter-thin,  
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;  
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
 Quiet on her mossy nest;  
 Then the hurry and alarm  
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm;  
 Acorns ripe down-pattering  
 While the autumn breezes sing.

[From *Endymion*.]

BEAUTY'S IMMORTALITY.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:  
 Its loveliness increases; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness; but still will  
 keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and  
 quiet breathing.  
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we  
 wreathing  
 A flowery band to bind us to the  
 earth,  
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman  
 dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-dark-  
 ened ways  
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite  
 of all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away  
 the pall  
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun,  
 the moon,  
 Trees old and young, sprouting a  
 shady boon [dils  
 For simple sheep; and such are daffo-  
 With the green world they live in;  
 and clear rills  
 That for themselves a cooling covert  
 make  
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest  
 brake,  
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-  
 rose blooms:  
 And such too is the grandeur of the  
 dooms  
 We have imagined for the mighty  
 dead;  
 All lovely tales that we have heard or  
 read:  
 An endless fountain of immortal  
 drink,  
 Pouring into us from the heaven's  
 brink.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numb-  
 ness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I  
 had drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,

But being too happy in thy happiness,—

That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,

In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,

Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Oh, for a draught of vintage, that hath been

Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,

Tasting of Flora and the country-green,

Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!

Oh, for a beaker full of the warm South!

Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,

And purple-stainèd mouth;

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,

And with thee fade away into the forest dim!

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget

What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,

Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs;

Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,

Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,

But on the viewless wings of poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,

And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne, [fays;

Clustered around by all her starry  
But here there is no light,

Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,

Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet

Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;

And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,

The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time

I have been half in love with easeful Death,

Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath; [die,

Now more than ever seems it rich to  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain,—

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, im-  
mortal bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee  
down;  
The voice I hear this passing night  
was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and  
clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that  
found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth,  
when sick for home  
She stood in tears amid the alien  
corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charmed magic casements, opening  
on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands for-  
lorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my  
sole self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so  
well  
As she is famed to do, deceiving  
elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem  
fades  
Past the near meadows, over the  
still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis  
buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—do I wake or  
sleep?

ON READING CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms  
of gold,  
And many goodly states and king-  
doms seen;  
Round many western islands have  
I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been  
told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as  
his demesne:  
Yet did I never breathe its pure  
serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud  
and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the  
skies  
When a new planet swims into his  
ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle  
eyes  
He stared at the Pacific,—and all  
his men  
Looked at each other with a wild  
surmise,—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEBLE.

WHERE IS THY FAVORED HAUNT?

WHERE is thy favored haunt, eter-  
nal voice,  
The region of thy choice,  
Where undisturbed by sin and earth,  
the soul  
Owns thy entire control?  
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark  
and high,  
When storms are hurrying by:  
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of  
the earth,  
Where torrents have their birth.

No sounds of worldly toil ascending  
there,  
Mar the full burst of prayer;  
Lone Nature feels that she may free-  
ly breathe,  
And round us and beneath  
Are heard her sacred tones: the fit-  
ful sweep  
Of winds across the steep,  
Through withered bents — romantic  
note and clear,  
Meet for a hermit's ear,—



The wheeling kite's wild solitary  
cry,

And scarcely heard so high,  
The dashing waters when the air is  
still,

From many a torrent rill  
That winds unseen beneath the  
shaggy fell.

Tracked by the blue mist well:  
Such sounds as make deep silence in  
the heart,

For Thought to do her part.

'Tis then we hear the voice of God  
within,

Pleading with care and sin;  
"Child of my love! how have I wear-  
ied thee?"

Why wilt thou err from me?  
Have I not brought thee from the  
house of slaves;

Parted the drowning waves,  
And sent my saints before thee in  
the way,

Lest thou should'st faint or  
stray?

"What was the promise made to thee  
alone?"

Art thou the excepted one?  
An heir of glory without grief or  
pain?

O vision false and vain!  
There lies thy cross; beneath it  
meekly bow,

It fits thy stature now:  
Who scornful pass it with averted  
eye,

'Twill crush them by and by.

"Raise thy repining eyes, and take  
true measure

Of thine eternal treasure;  
The father of thy Lord can grudge  
thee nought,

The world for thee was bought,  
And as this landscape broad — earth,  
sea, and sky,—

All centres in thine eye,  
So all God does if rightly under-  
stood,

Shall work thy final good."

*WHY SHOULD WE FAINT AND  
FEAR TO LIVE ALONE?*

WHY should we faint and fear to  
live alone,

Since all alone, so heaven has  
willed, we die?

Not even the tenderest heart, and  
next our own,

Knows half the reasons why we  
smile and sigh.

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or  
woe

Our hermit spirits dwell, and range  
apart,

Our eyes see all around in gloom or  
glow—

Hues of their own, fresh borrowed  
from the heart.

And well it is for us our God should  
feel

Alone our secret throbbings: so our  
prayer

May readier spring to heaven, nor  
spend its zeal

On cloud-born idols of this lower  
air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy  
Beat with another, answering love

for love,

Weak mortals all entranced on earth  
would lie;

Nor listen for those purer strains  
above.

Or what if heaven for once its search-  
ing light [all

Lent to some partial eye, disclosing  
The rude bad thoughts, that in our

bosom's night  
Wander at large, nor heed Love's  
gentle thrall?

Who would not shun the dreary un-  
couth place?

As if, fond leaning where her in-  
fant slept,

A mother's arm a serpent should em-  
brace:

So might we friendless live, and  
die unwept.

Then keep the softening veil in mercy drawn,

Thou who canst love us, though thou read us true,  
As on the bosom of the aerial lawn  
Melts in dim haze each coarse ungentle hue.

So too may soothing hope thy leave enjoy

Sweet visions of long severed hearts to frame:  
Though absence may impair, or cares annoy,  
Some constant mind may draw us still the same.

—

*SINCE ALL THAT IS NOT HEAVEN  
MUST FADE.*

SINCE all that is not heaven must fade,

Light be the hand of ruin laid  
Upon the home I love:  
With lulling spell let soft decay  
Steal on, and spare the giant sway,  
The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep

In their own quiet dale should sleep  
The relics dear to thought,  
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side

Their waving tracery hang, to hide  
What ruthless time has wrought.

Such are the visions green and sweet

That o'er the wistful fancy fleet  
In Asia's sea-like plain,  
Where slowly, round his isles of sand,  
Euphrates through the lonely land  
Winds toward the pearly main.

Slumber is there, but not of rest;  
There her forlorn and weary nest  
The famished hawk has found,  
The wild dog howls at fall of night,  
The serpent's rustling coils affright  
The traveller on his round.

What shapeless form, half lost on high,

Half seen against the evening sky,  
Seems like a ghost to glide,  
And watch from Babel's crumbling heap,

Where in her shadow, fast asleep,  
Lies fallen imperial pride?

With half-closed eye a lion there  
Is basking in his noontide lair  
Or prowls in twilight gloom.  
The golden city's king he seems,  
Such as in old prophetic dreams  
Sprang from rough ocean's womb.

But where are now his eagle wings,  
That sheltered erst a thousand kings,  
Hiding the glorious sky  
From half the nations, till they own  
No holier name, no mightier throne?  
That vision is gone by.

Quenched is the golden statue's ray,  
The breath of heaven has blown away

What toiling earth had piled,  
Scattering wise heart and crafty hand,  
As breezes strew on ocean's sand,  
The fabrics of a child.

Divided thence through every age  
Thy rebels, Lord, their warfare wage,  
And hoarse and jarring all  
Mount up their heaven-assailing cries  
To thy bright watchman in the skies  
From Babel's shattered wall.

Thrice only since, with blended might

The nations on that haughty height  
Have met to scale the heaven:  
Thrice only might a seraph's look  
A moment's shade of sadness brook;  
Such power to guilt was given.

Now the fierce Bear and Leopard keen

Are perished as they ne'er had been,  
Oblivion is their home:  
Ambition's boldest dream and last  
Must melt before the clarion blast  
That sounds the dirge of Rome.

Heroes and kings, obey the charm,  
Withdraw the proud high-reaching  
arm;

There is an oath on high,  
That ne'er on brow of mortal birth  
Shall blend again the crowns of  
earth,

Nor in according cry

Her many voices mingling own  
One tyrant lord, one idol throne:  
But to His triumph soon

He shall descend who rules above,  
And the pure language of his love  
All tongues of men shall tune.

Nor let ambition heartless mourn;  
When Babel's very ruins burn,  
Her high desires may breathe;—  
O'ercome thyself, and thou may'st  
share

With Christ his Father's throne, and  
wear

The world's imperial wreath.

## FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

## ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days  
and hours

That must be counted ere I see thy  
face?

How shall I charm the interval that  
lowers

Between this time and that sweet  
time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary  
sense—

Weary with longing? Shall I flee  
away

Into past days, and with some fond  
pretence

Cheat myself to forget the present  
day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the  
sin

Of casting from me God's great gift  
of time? [within,

Shall I, these mists of memory locked  
Leave and forget life's purposes  
sublime?

Oh, how, or by what means, may I  
contrive

To bring the hour that brings thee  
back more near?

How may I teach my drooping hopes  
to live

Until that blessed time, and thou  
art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay  
hold

Of all good aims, and consecrate to  
thee,

In worthy deeds, each moment that  
is told

While thou, beloved one! art far  
from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts  
to try

All heavenward flights, all high and  
holy strains;

For thy dear sake I will walk pa-  
tiently

Through these long hours, nor call  
their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence  
make

A noble task-time; and will therein  
strive

To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
More good than I have won since  
yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in  
me

A thousand graces, which shall  
thus be thine;

So may my love and longing hallowed  
be,

And thy dear thought an influence  
divine.

## FAITH.

BETTER trust all and be deceived, And weep that trust and that deceiv- ing, Than doubt one heart, that if believed Had blessed one's life with true be- lieving.	Oh, in this mocking world too fast The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth: Better be cheated to the last Than lose the blessed hope of truth.
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## FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,— Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming! And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there; Oh! say, does that star-spangled ban- ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?	And where is that band who so vauntingly swore That the havoc of war and the bat- tle's confusion A home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution. No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave; And the star-spangled banner in tri- umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!	Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the war's desolation! Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just; And this be our motto,—“In God is our trust,”— And the star-spangled banner in tri- umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

## HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

## GOOD NEWS.

A BEE flew in at my window,  
And circled around my head;  
He came like a herald of summer-  
time.  
And what do you think he said ?

“As sure as the roses shall blossom” —

These are the words he said,—  
“As sure as the gardens shall laugh  
in pride,  
And the meadows blush clover-red;

“As sure as the golden robin  
Shall build her a swinging nest,  
And the captured sunbeam lie fast-  
locked  
In the marigold’s burning breast;

“As sure as the water-lilies  
Shall float like a fairy fleet;  
As sure as the torrent shall leap the  
rocks  
With foamy, fantastic feet;

“As sure as the bobolink’s carol  
And the plaint of the whippoorwill  
Shall gladden the morning, and sad-  
den the night,  
And the crickets pipe loud and  
shrill;

“So sure to the heart of the maiden  
Who hath loved and sorrowed long,  
Glad tidings shall bring the summer  
of joy  
With bursting of blossom and  
song!”

A seer as well as a herald!  
For while I sat weeping to-day,  
The tenderest, cheeriest letter came  
From Lionel far away.

Good news! O little bee-prophet,  
Your words I will never forget!  
It may be foolish,—that dear, old  
sign,—  
But Lionel’s true to me yet!

## TROUBLE TO LEND.

To-morrow has trouble to lend  
To all who lack to-day;  
Go, borrow it, — borrow, griefless  
heart,  
And thou with thy peace wilt pay!

To-morrow has trouble to lend,—  
An endless, endless store;  
But I have as much as heart can  
hold,—  
Why should I borrow more!

## HELIOTROPE.

SWEETEST, sweetest, Heliotrope!  
In the sunset’s dying splendor.  
In the trance of twilight tender,  
All my senses I surrender,  
To the subtle spells that bind me:  
The dim air swimmeth in my sight  
With visions vague of soft delight;  
Shadowy hands with endless chain  
Of purple-clustered bloom enwind  
me; —  
Garlands drenched in dreamy rain  
Of perfume passionate as sorrow  
And sad as Love’s to-morrow!  
Bewildering music fills mine ears, —  
Faint laughter and commingling  
tears, —

Flowing like delicious pain  
Through my drowsy brain.  
Bosomed in the blissful gloom, —  
Meseems I sink on slumberous  
slope  
Buried deep in purple bloom,  
Sweetest, sweetest Heliotrope!  
Undulates the earth beneath me:  
Still the shadow-hands enwreath  
me,  
And clouds of faces half defined,  
Lovely and fantastical,  
Sweet, — O sweet! — and strange  
withal,  
Sweeping like a desert wind  
Across my vision leave me blind!  
Subtler grows the spell and stronger;

What enchantments weird possess  
me,—

Now uplift me, now oppress me ?

Do I feast, or do I hunger ?

Is it bliss, or is it anguish ?

Is it Auster's treacherous breath

Kissing me with honeyed death,

While I sicken, droop, and languish ?

Still I feel my blood's dull beat

In my head and hands and feet;

Struggling faintly with thy sweet-  
ness,

Heliotrope! Heliotrope!

Give me back my strength's com-  
pleteness.

Must I pine and languish ever!

Wilt thou loose my senses never!

Wilt thou bloom and bloom for ever,

Oh, Lethæan Heliotrope ?

Ah, the night-wind, freshly blowing,  
Sets the languid blood a-flowing!

I revive!—

I escape thy spells alive!

Flower! I love and do not love thee!

Hold my breath, but bend above thee;

Crush thy buds, yet bid them ope;

Sweetest, sweetest Heliotrope!

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*DAY-DREAMING.*

How better am I

Than a butterfly ?

Here, as the noiseless hours go by,

Hour by hour,

I cling to my fancy's half-blown  
flower:

Over its sweetness I brood and brood,

And scarcely stir, though sounds in-  
trude

That would trouble and fret another  
mood

Less divine

Than mine!

Who cares for the bees ?

I will take my ease,

Dream and dream as long as I  
please;

Hour by hour,

With love-wings fanning my sweet,  
sweet flower!

Gather your honey, and hoard your  
gold,

Through spring and summer, and  
hive through cold!

I will cling to my flower till it is  
mould,

Breathe one sigh

And die!

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*THE LAST APPEAL.*

THE room is swept and garnished for  
thy sake;

The table spread with Love's most  
liberal cheer;

The fire is blazing brightly on the  
hearth;

Faith lingers yet to give thee wel-  
come here.

When wilt thou come ?

Daily I weave the airy web of  
hope;

Frail as the spider's, wrought with  
beads of dew,—

That, like Penelope's, each night un-  
done,

Each morn in patience I begin  
anew.

When wilt thou come ?

Not yet! To-morrow Faith will take  
her flight,

The fire die out, the banquet dis-  
appear;

Forever will these fingers drop the  
web,

And only desolation wait thee here.

*Oh, come to-day!*

## CHARLES KINGSLEY.

*A FAREWELL.*

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

Be good, my dear, and let who will,  
 be clever;  
 Do noble things, not dream them,  
 all day long;  
 And so make life, death, and the vast  
 forever  
 One grand, sweet song.

*THE THREE FISHERS.*

THREE fishers went sailing away to  
 the West —  
 Away to the West as the sun went  
 down;  
 Each thought on the woman who  
 loved him the best,  
 And the children stood watching  
 them out of the town;  
 For men must work, and women must  
 weep;  
 And there's little to earn and many  
 to keep,  
 Though the harbor-bar be moan-  
 ing.

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

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

*DOLCINO TO MARGARET.*

THE world goes up and the world  
 goes down,  
 And the sunshine follows the  
 rain;  
 And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's  
 frown  
 Can never come over again,  
 Sweet wife;  
 No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be  
 cold,  
 And the night will hallow the  
 day;  
 Till the heart which at eve was weary  
 and old  
 Can rise in the morning gay,  
 Sweet wife;  
 To its work in the morning gay.

*SANDS OF DEE.*

“O MARY, go and call the cattle  
 home,  
 And call the cattle home  
 And call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands of Dee!”  
 The western wind was wild and dank  
 with foam  
 And all alone went she.

<p>The western tide crept up along the sand,          And o'er and o'er the sand,          And round and round the sand,          As far as eye could see.          The rolling mist came down and hid the land          And never home came she.</p> <p>“ Oh is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —          A tress of golden hair,          A drownèd maiden's hair —</p>	<p>Above the nets at sea ?          Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,          Among the stakes on Dee.”</p> <p>They rowed her in across the rolling foam —          The cruel, crawling foam,          The cruel, hungry foam —          To her grave beside the sea;          But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home          Across the sands of Dee.</p>
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## WILLIAM KNOX.

### *OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?*

<p>OH! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?          Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,          A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,          He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.</p> <p>The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,          Be scattered around, and together be laid;          As the young and the old, the low and the high,          Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.</p> <p>The infant, a mother attended and loved,          The mother, that infant's affection who proved,          The father, that mother and infant who blest,          Each, all, are away to that dwelling of rest.</p> <p>The maid, on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,          Shone beauty and pleasure, — her triumphs are by;</p>	<p>And alike from the minds of the living erased          Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.</p> <p>The head of the king, that the sceptre hath borne;          The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;          The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave, —          Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.</p> <p>The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;          The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;          The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread, —          Have faded away like the grass that we tread.</p> <p>So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,          That withers away to let others succeed;          So the multitude comes, even those we behold,          To repeat every tale that has often been told.</p>
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<p>For we are the same that our fathers have been; We see the same sights that our fathers have seen: We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun. And run the same course that our fathers have run.</p> <p>The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think; From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink; To the life we are clinging our fa- thers did cling, But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.</p> <p>They loved, — but the story we can- not unfold; They scorned, — but the heart of the haughty is cold; They grieved, — but no wail from their slumbers will come; They joyed, — but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.</p>	<p>They died, — ah! they died; — we, things that are now, That walk on the turf that lies over their brow, And make in their dwelling a tran- sient abode, Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.</p> <p>Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, Are mingled together in sunshine and rain: And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge, Still follow each other like surge upon surge.</p> <p>'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath From the blossom of health to the paleness of death, From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud; Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?</p>
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## MARIE R. LACOSTE.

### *SOMEBODY'S DARLING.*

<p>INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls, Where the dead and dying lay, Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls, Somebody's darling was borne one day — Somebody's darling, so young, and so brave, Wearing yet on his pale sweet face, Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave, The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.</p> <p>Matted and damp are the curls of gold, [brow; Kissing the snow of that fair young Pale are the lips of delicate mould — Somebody's darling is dying now.</p>	<p>Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow, Brush all the wandering waves of gold, Cross his hands on his bosom now, Somebody's darling is still and cold.</p> <p>Kiss him once for somebody's sake, Murmur a prayer soft and low; One bright curl from its fair mates take, They were somebody's pride, you know: Somebody's hand has rested there, — Was it a mother's soft and white? And have the lips of a sister fair Been baptized in those waves of light?</p>
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<p>God knows best — he was somebody's love; Somebody's heart enshrined him there; Somebody wafted his name above Night and morn on the wings of prayer. Somebody wept when he marched away Looking so handsome, brave, and grand; Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay, Somebody clung to his parting hand.</p>	<p>Somebody's waiting and watching for him — Yearning to hold him again to the heart; And there he lies with his blue eyes dim, And the smiling, childlike lips apart. Tenderly bury the fair young dead, Pausing to drop on his grave a tear; Carve on the wooden slab at his head,— "Somebody's darling slumbers here."</p>
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### ALBERT LAIGHTON.

#### UNDER THE LEAVES.

oft have I walked these woodland  
paths,  
Without the blest foreknowing  
That underneath the withered leaves  
The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south-wind sweeps away  
The types of autumn's splendor,  
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,  
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet-flowers! — with lips of  
bloom,  
Outvying in your beauty  
The pearly tints of ocean shells,—  
Ye teach me faith and duty!

"Walk life's dark ways," ye seem to  
say,  
"With love's divine foreknowing,  
That where man sees but withered  
leaves,  
God sees sweet flowers growing."

#### BY THE DEAD.

SWEET winter roses, stainless as the  
snow,  
As was thy life, O tender heart and  
true!  
A cross of lilies that our tears bedew,  
A garland of the fairest flowers that  
grow,  
And filled with fragrance as the  
thought of thee,  
We lay, with loving hand, upon thy  
breast,  
Wrapt in the calm of Death's great  
mystery;  
Ours still to feel the pain, the unlan-  
guaged woe,  
The bitter sense of loss, the vague  
unrest,  
And wear unseen the cypress-leaf  
and rue,  
Thinking, the while, of lovelier flow-  
ers that blow  
In everlasting gardens of the blest,  
That wither not like these, and never  
shed  
Their rare and heavenly odors for the  
dead.

## CHARLES LAMB.

## OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had  
companion,  
In my days of childhood, in my joy-  
ful school-days;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar  
faces.

I have been laughing, I have been  
carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my  
bosom cronies;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar  
faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among  
women;  
Closed are her doors on me, I must  
not see her;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar  
faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has  
no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend ab-  
ruptly —  
Left him to muse on the old familiar  
faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts  
of my childhood.  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound  
to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar  
faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than  
a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my fa-  
ther's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar  
faces —

How some they have died, and some  
they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are  
departed,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar  
faces!

## HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
With vain endeavor.

A month or more has she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed  
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flushed her spirit:

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call; — if 't was not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feelings cool;  
But she was trained in nature's  
school,  
Nature had blessed her.

A waking' eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot  
blind, —  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore!  
Shall we not meet as heretofore  
Some summer morning;

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day, —  
A bliss that would not go away, —  
A sweet forewarning?

## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

THE frugal snail, with forecast of re-  
pose,  
Carries his house with him where'er  
he goes;

Peeps out, — and if there comes a shower of rain, Retreats to his small domicile again. Touch but a tip of him, a horn, — 'tis well, — He curls up in his sanctuary shell. He's his own landlord, his own ten- ant; stay Long as he will, he dreads no quar- ter-day.	Himself he boards and lodges; both invites And feasts himself; sleeps with him- self o' nights. He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure [ture, Chattels; himself is his own furni- And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam, — Knock when you will, — he's sure to be at home.
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### LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

#### *SUCCESS ALONE SEEN.*

FEW know of life's beginnings —  
 men behold  
 The goal achieved; — the warrior,  
 when his sword  
 Flashes red triumph in the noonday  
 sun;  
 The poet, when his lyre hangs on the  
 palm;  
 The statesman, when the crowd pro-  
 claim his voice,  
 And mould opinion on his gifted  
 tongue:  
 They count not life's first steps, and  
 never think  
 Upon the many miserable hours  
 When hope deferred was sickness to  
 the heart.  
 They reckon not the battle and the  
 march,  
 The long privations of a wasted  
 youth;  
 They never see the banner till un-  
 furled.  
 What are to them the solitary nights  
 Passed pale and anxiously by the  
 sickly lamp,  
 Till the young poet wins the world at  
 last  
 To listen to the music long his own?  
 The crowd attend the statesman's  
 fiery mind  
 That makes their destiny; but they  
 do not trace  
 Its struggle, or its long expectancy.

Hard are life's early steps; and, but  
 that youth  
 Is buoyant, confident, and strong in  
 hope,  
 Men would behold its threshold, and  
 despair.

#### *THE LITTLE SHROUD.*

SHE had lost many children — now  
 The last of them was gone:  
 And day and night she sat and wept  
 Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant  
 tears  
 Were falling with the dew,  
 She heard a voice, and lo! her child  
 Stood by her, weeping too!

His shroud was damp, his face was  
 white;  
 He said — "I cannot sleep,  
 Your tears have made my shroud so  
 wet;  
 O mother, do not weep!"

Oh, love is strong! — the mother's  
 heart  
 Was filled with tender fears;  
 Oh, love is strong! — and for her  
 child  
 Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,  
And there she saw him stand —  
Her infant in his little shroud,  
A taper in his hand.

“Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,  
And I can sleep once more!”  
And beautiful the parting smile  
The little infant wore.

The mother went her household  
ways —  
Again she knelt in prayer,  
And only asked of heaven its aid  
Her heavy lot to bear.

THE POET.

AH, deeply the minstrel has felt all  
he sings,  
Every passion he paints his own  
bosom has known;

No note of wild music is swept from  
the strings,  
But first his own feelings have  
echoed the tone.

Then say not his love is a fugitive  
fire,

That the heart can be ice while the  
lip is of flame:

Oh, say not that truth does not dwell  
with the lyre:

For the pulse of the heart and the  
harp are the same.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AT POMPEII.

I SEE the ancient master pale and  
worn,  
Though on him shines the lovely  
southern heaven,  
And Naples greets him with festivity.

The dying by the dead: for his great  
sake  
They have laid bare the city of the  
lost:  
His own creations fill the silent  
streets;  
The Roman pavement rings with  
golden spurs,  
The Highland plaid shades dark Ital-  
ian eyes,  
And the young king himself is  
Ivanhoe.

But there the old man sits, — majes-  
tic, wan,  
Himself a mighty vision of the past;  
The glorious mind has bowed beneath  
its toil;  
He does not hear his name on foreign  
lips  
That thank him for a thousand happy  
hours:  
He does not see the glittering groups  
that press  
In wonder and in homage to his side;  
Death is beside his triumph.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

RUBIES.

OFTEN I have heard it said  
That her lips are ruby red.  
Little heed I what they say,  
I have seen as red as they.  
Ere she smiled on other men,  
Real rubies were they then.

When she kissed me once in play,  
Rubies were less bright than they,

And less bright were those which  
shone  
In the palace of the sun.  
Will they be as bright again?  
Not if kissed by other men.

IN NO HASTE.

NAY, thank me not again for those  
Camellias, that untimely rose;  
But if, whence you might please the  
more,

And win the few unwon before,  
I sought the flowers you love to wear,  
O'erjoyed to see them in your hair,  
Upon my grave, I pray you set  
One primrose or one violet.  
... Stay ... I can wait a little yet.

ROSE AYLMER.

AH, what avails the sceptred race?  
Ah, what the form divine?  
What every virtue, every grace?  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful  
eyes  
May weep but never see,  
A night of memories and of sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

DEATH OF THE DAY.

MY pictures blacken in their frames  
As night comes on,  
And youthful maids and wrinkled  
dames  
Are now all one.

Death of the Day! a sterner Death  
Did worse before;  
The fairest form, the sweetest breath,  
Away he bore.

I WILL NOT LOVE.

I WILL *not* love! These sounds  
have often  
Burst from a troubled breast;  
Rarely from one no sighs could soften,  
Rarely from one at rest.

A REQUEST.

THE place where soon I think to lie,  
In its old creviced nook hard by,  
Rears many a weed:  
If parties bring you there, will you  
Drop slyly in a grain or two  
Of wallflower seed?

I shall not see it, and (too sure!)  
I shall not ever hear that your  
Light step was there;  
But the rich odor some fine day  
Will, what I cannot do, repay  
That little care.

SIDNEY LANIER.

EVENING SONG.

Look off, dear Love, across the sal-  
low sands,  
And mark yon meeting of the sun  
and sea;  
How long they kiss in sight of all the  
lands!  
Ah, longer, longer we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts  
the sun,  
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy  
wine,  
And Cleopatra Night drinks all. 'Tis  
done!  
Love, lay thy hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort  
heaven's heart;  
Glimmer, ye waves, round else un-  
lighted sands;  
O Night, divorce our sun and moon  
apart,—  
Never our lips, our hands.

FROM THE FLATS.

WHAT heartache,—ne'er a hill!  
Inexorable, vapid, vague and chill,  
The drear sand-levels drain my spirit  
low,  
With one poor word they tell me all  
they know;

Whereat their stupid tongues, to  
tease my pain,  
Do draw it o'er again and o'er again.  
They hurt my heart with griefs I  
cannot name:

Always the same, the same.

Nature hath no surprise,  
No ambuscade of beauty, 'gainst  
mine eyes  
From brake, or lurking dell, or deep  
defile;

No humors, frolic forms,— this mile,  
that mile;

No rich reserves or happy-valley  
hopes

Beyond the bends of roads, the dis-  
tant slopes.

Her fancy fails, her wild is all run  
tame:

Ever the same, the same.

Oh! might I through these tears  
But glimpse some hill my Georgia  
high uprears,

Where white the quartz, and pink  
the pebbles shine,

The hickory heavenward strives, the  
muscadine

Swings o'er the slope; the oak's far-  
falling shade

Darkens the dog-wood in the bottom  
glade,

And down the hollow from a ferny  
nook  
Bright leaps a living brook!

*BETRAYAL.*

THE sun has kissed the violet sea,  
And turned the violet to a rose.  
O Sea! wouldst thou not better be  
Mere violet still? Who knows?  
who knows?

Well hides the violet in the wood:  
The dead leaf wrinkles her a hood,  
And winter's ill is violet's good;  
But the bold glory of the rose,  
It quickly comes and quickly goes;  
Red petals whirling in white snows,  
Ah me!

The sun has burnt the rose-red sea:  
The rose is turned to ashes gray.  
O Sea! O Sea! mightst thou but be  
The violet thou hast been to-day!  
The sun is brave, the sun is bright,  
The sun is lord of love and light;  
But after him it cometh night.  
O anguish of the lonesome dark!  
Once a girl's body, stiff and stark,  
Was laid in a tomb without a mark.  
Ah me!

LUCY LARCUM.

*HANNAH BINDING SHOES.*

POOR lone Hannah,  
Sitting at the window, binding shoes,  
Faded, wrinkled,  
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful  
muse.

Bright-eyed beauty once was she,  
When the bloom was on the tree:  
Spring and winter,  
Hannah's at the window, binding  
shoes.

Not a neighbor,  
Passing nod or answer will refuse,

To her whisper,  
"Is there from the fishers any  
news?"

Oh, her heart's adrift, with one  
On an endless voyage gone!  
Night and morning,  
Hannah's at the window, binding  
shoes.

Fair young Hannah,  
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos:  
Hale and clever,  
For a willing heart and hand he sues.  
May-day skies are all aglow,  
And the waves are laughing so!

For her wedding  
Hannah leaves her window and her  
shoes.

May is passing:  
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos,  
Hannah shudders,  
For the mild southwester mischief  
brews.  
Round the rocks of Marblehead,  
Outward bound, a schooner sped:  
Silent, lonesome,  
Hannah's at the window, binding  
shoes.

'Tis November,  
Now no tear her wasted cheek be-  
dews.

From Newfoundland  
Not a sail returning will she lose,  
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,  
Have you, have you heard of  
Ben?"

Old with watching,  
Hannah's at the window, binding  
shoes.

Twenty winters  
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she  
views

Twenty seasons,—  
Never one has brought her any news.  
Still her dim eyes silently  
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:  
Hopeless, faithful,  
Hannah's at the window, binding  
shoes.

[From Hints.]

#### THE CURTAIN OF THE DARK.

THE curtain of the dark  
Is pierced by many a rent:  
Out of the star-wells, spark on spark  
Trickles through night's torn tent.

Grief is a tattered tent  
Wherethrough God's light doth  
shine.

Who glances up, at every rent  
Shall catch a ray divine.

#### UNWEDDED.

BEHOLD her there in the evening  
sun,  
That kindles the Indian summer  
trees  
To a separate burning bush, one by  
one,  
Wherein the Glory Divine she sees!

Mate and nestlings she never had:  
Kith and kindred have passed  
away;  
Yet the sunset is not more gently  
glad,  
That follows her shadow, and fain  
would stay.

For out of her life goes a breath of  
bliss,  
And a sunlike charm from her  
cheerful eye,  
That the cloud and the loitering  
breeze would miss;  
A balm that refreshes the passer-  
by.

"Did she choose it, this single life?"  
Gossip, she saith not, and who can  
tell?

But many a mother, and many a  
wife,  
Draws a lot more lonely, we all  
know well.

Doubtless she had her romantic  
dream,  
Like other maidens, in May-time  
sweet,  
That flushes the air with a lingering  
gleam,  
And goldens the grass beneath her  
feet:—

A dream unmoulded to visible form,  
That keeps the world rosy with  
mists of youth,  
And holds her in loyalty close and  
warm,  
To her fine ideal of manly truth.

"But is she happy, a woman alone?"  
Gossip, alone in this crowded  
earth,



With a voice to quiet its hourly  
moan,  
And a smile to heighten its rarer  
mirth!

There are ends more worthy than  
happiness:

Who seeks it, is digging joy's  
grave, we know.

The blessed are they who but live to  
bless;

She found out that mystery, long  
ago.

To her motherly, sheltering atmos-  
phere,

The children hasten from icy  
homes:

The outcast is welcome to share her  
cheer;

And the saint with a fervent ben-  
ison comes.

For the heart of woman is large as  
man's;

God gave her his orphaned world  
to hold,

And whispered through her His  
deeper plans

To save it alive from the outer  
cold.

And here is a woman who under-  
stood

Herself, her work, and God's will  
with her,

To gather and scatter His sheaves of  
good,

And was meekly thankful, though  
men demur.

Would she have walked more nobly,  
think,

With a man beside her, to point  
the way,

Hand joining hand in the marriage-  
link?

Possibly, Yes; it is likelier, Nay.

For all men have not wisdom and  
might:

Love's eyes are tender, and blur  
the map;

And a wife will follow by faith, not  
sight,  
In the chosen footprint, at any  
hap.

In the comfort of home who is glad-  
der than she?

Yet, stirred by no murmur of  
"might have been,"

Her heart as a carolling bird soars  
free,

With the song of each nest she has  
glanced within.

Having the whole, she covets no  
part:

Hers is the bliss of all blessed  
things.

The tears that unto her eyelids  
start,

Are those which a generous pity  
brings;

Or the sympathy of heroic faith

With a holy purpose, achieved or  
lost.

To stifle the truth is to stop her  
breath,

For she rates a lie at its deadly  
cost.

Her friends are good women and  
faithful men,

Who seek for the true, and uphold  
the right;

And who shall proclaim her the  
weaker, when

Her very presence puts sin to flight?

"And dreads she never the coming  
years?"

Gossip, what are the years to  
her?

All winds are fair, and the harbor  
nears,

And every breeze a delight will  
stir.

Transfigured under the sunset trees,  
That wreathes her with shadowy  
gold and red,

She looks away to the purple seas,  
Whereon her shallop will soon be  
sped.

She reads the hereafter by the here:  
 A beautiful Now, and a better To  
 Be:  
 In life is all sweetness, in death no  
 fear,—  
 You waste your pity on such as  
 she.

*HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.*

HAND in hand with angels,  
 Through the world we go;  
 Brighter eyes are on us  
 Than we blind ones know;  
 Tenderer voices cheer us  
 Than we deaf will own;  
 Never, walking heavenward,  
 Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels,  
 In the busy street,  
 By the winter hearth-fires,—  
 Everywhere,— we meet,  
 Though unfledged and songless,  
 Birds of Paradise;  
 Heaven looks at us daily  
 Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels;  
 Oft in menial guise;  
 By the same strait pathway  
 Prince and beggar rise.  
 If we drop the fingers,  
 Toil-imbrowned and worn,  
 Then one link with heaven  
 From our life is torn.

Hand in hand with angels:  
 Some are fallen,— alas!  
 Soiled wings trail pollution  
 Over all they pass.  
 Lift them into sunshine!  
 Bid them seek the sky!  
 Weaker is your soaring,  
 When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels;  
 Some are out of sight,  
 Leading us, unknowing,  
 Into paths of light.  
 Some dear hands are loosened  
 From our earthly clasp,  
 Soul in soul to hold us  
 With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels,—  
 'Tis a twisted chain,  
 Winding heavenward, earthward,  
 Linking joy and pain.  
 There's a mournful jarring,  
 There's a clank of doubt,  
 If a heart grows heavy,  
 Or a hand's left out.

Hand in hand with angels  
 Walking every day;—  
 How the chain may lengthen,  
 None of us can say.  
 But we know it reaches  
 From earth's lowliest one,  
 To the shining seraph,  
 Throned beyond the sun.

Hand in hand with angels!  
 Blessed so to be!  
 Helped are all the helpers;  
 Giving light, they see.  
 He who aids another  
 Strengthens more than one;  
 Sinking earth he grapples  
 To the Great White Throne.

*A STRIP OF BLUE.*

I do not own an inch of land,  
 But all I see is mine,—  
 The orchard and the mowing-fields,  
 The lawns and gardens fine.  
 The winds my tax-collectors are,  
 They bring me tithes divine,—  
 Wild scents and subtle essences,  
 A tribute rare and free:  
 And more magnificent than all,  
 My window keeps for me  
 A glimpse of blue immensity,—  
 A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns  
 Great fleets and argosies;  
 I have a share in every ship  
 Won by the inland breeze  
 To loiter on yon airy road  
 Above the apple-trees.  
 I freight them with my untold  
 dreams,

Each bears my own picked crew;  
And nobler cargoes wait for them  
Than ever India knew,—  
My ships that sail into the East  
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living  
shapes,—

The people of the sky,—  
Guests in white raiment coming  
down

From heaven, which is close by:  
I call them by familiar names,  
As one by one draws nigh,  
So white, so light, so spirit-like,  
From violet mists they bloom!  
The aching wastes of the unknown  
Are half reclaimed from gloom,  
Since on life's hospitable sea  
All souls find sailing-room.

The ocean grows a weariness  
With nothing else in sight;  
Its east and west, its north and  
south,

Spread out from morn to night:  
We miss the warm, caressing shore,  
Its brooding shade and light.  
A part is greater than the whole;  
By hints are mysteries told;  
The fringes of eternity,—  
God's sweeping garment-fold,  
In that bright shred of glimmering  
sea,  
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,  
Float in upon the mist;  
The waves are broken precious  
stones,—  
Sapphire and amethyst,  
Washed from celestial basement walls  
By suns unsetting kissed.

Out through the utmost gates of  
space,

Past where the gray stars drift,  
To the widening Infinite, my soul  
Glides on, a vessel swift;  
Yet loses not her anchorage  
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child:  
The threshold of God's door  
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;  
Now the vast temple floor,  
The blinding glory of the dome  
I bow my head before.  
The universe, O God, is home,  
In height or depth, to me;  
Yet here upon thy footstool green  
Content am I to be;  
Glad, when is opened to my need  
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

[From *Hints*.]

#### HEAVEN NEAR THE VIRTUOUS.

THEY whose hearts are whole and  
strong,  
Loving holiness,  
Living clean from soil of wrong,  
Wearing truth's white dress,—  
They unto no far-off height  
Wearily need climb;  
Heaven to them is close in sight  
From these shores of time.

Only the anointed eye  
Sees in common things,—  
Gleams dropped daily from the sky;  
Heavenly blossomings.  
To the hearts where light has birth  
Nothing can be drear;  
Budding through the bloom of earth,  
Heaven is always near.

## GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

## TO MY SON.

Do you remember, my sweet, absent  
son,  
How in the soft June days forever  
done  
You loved the heavens so warm and  
clear and high;  
And when I lifted you, soft came  
your cry—  
“Put me ’way up—’way up in the  
blue sky?”

I laughed and said I could not; set  
you down,  
Your gray eyes wonder-filled beneath  
that crown  
Of bright hair gladdening me as you  
raced by.  
Another Father now, more strong  
than I,  
Has borne you voiceless to your dear  
blue sky.

## NEW WORLDS.

With my beloved I lingered late one  
night.  
At last the hour when I must leave  
her came:  
But, as I turned, a fear I could not  
name  
Possessed me that the long sweet  
evening might  
Prelude some sudden storm, whereby  
delight  
Should perish. What if Death, ere  
dawn, should claim  
One of us? What, though living,  
not the same  
Each should appear to each in morn-  
ing light?  
Changed did I find her, truly, the  
next day:  
Ne’er could I see her as of old  
again,  
That strange mood seemed to draw a  
cloud away,

And let her beauty pour through  
every vein  
Sunlight and life, part of me. Thus  
the lover  
With each new morn a new world  
may discover.

## THE LILY-POND.

SOME fairy spirit with his wand,  
I think, has hovered o’er the dell,  
And spread this film upon the pond,  
And touched it with this drowsy  
spell,

For here the musing soul is merged  
In moods no other scene can bring,  
And sweeter seems the air when  
scoured  
With wandering wild-bees’ mur-  
muring.

One ripple streaks the little lake,  
Sharp purple-blue; the birches,  
thin  
And silvery, crowd the edge, yet  
break  
To let a straying sunbeam in.

How came we through the yielding  
wood,  
That day, to this sweet-rustling  
shore?  
Oh, there together while we stood,  
A butterfly was wafted o’er,

In sleepy light; and even now  
His glimmering beauty doth return  
Upon me when the soft winds blow,  
And lilies toward the sunlight  
yearn.

The yielding wood? And yet ’twas  
loth  
To yield unto our happy march;  
Doubtful it seemed, at times, if both  
Could pass its green, elastic arch.

Yet there, at last, upon the marge  
We found ourselves, and there, behold,

In hosts the lilies, white and large,  
Lay close with hearts of downy gold!

Deep in the weedy waters spread  
The rootlets of the placid bloom:  
So sprung my love's flower, that was bred

In deep still waters of heart's-gloom.

So sprung; and so that morn was nursed

To live in light, and on the pool  
Wherein its roots were deep immersed  
Burst into beauty broad and cool.

Few words were said; a moment passed;

I know not how it came — that awe  
And ardor of a glance that cast  
Our love in universal law.

But all at once a bird sang loud,  
From dead twigs of the gleamy beech;

His notes dropped dewy, as from a cloud,  
A blessing on our married speech.

Ah, Love! how fresh and rare, even now,

That moment and that mood return

Upon me, when the soft winds blow,  
And lilies toward the sunlight yearn!

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*SAILOR'S SONG.*

THE sea goes up, the sky comes down.

Oh, can you spy the ancient town, —  
The granite hills so hard and gray,  
That rib the land behind the bay?

O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!  
Fair winds, boys: send her home!  
O ye ho!

Three years? Is it so long that we  
Have lived upon the lonely sea?  
Oh, often I thought we'd see the town,

When the sea went up, and the sky came down.

O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!  
Fair winds, boys; send her home!  
O ye ho!

Even the winter winds would rouse  
A memory of my father's house;  
For round his windows and his door  
They made the same deep, mouthless roar.

O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!  
Fair winds, boys: send her home!  
O ye ho!

And when the summer's breezes beat,

Methought I saw the sunny street  
Where stood my Kate. Beneath her hand

She gazed far out, far out from land.  
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!  
Fair winds, boys: send her home!  
O ye ho!

Farthest away, I oftenest dreamed  
That I was with her. Then, it seemed

A single stride the ocean wide  
Had bridged and brought me to her side.

O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!  
Fair winds, boys: send her home!  
O ye ho!

But though so near we're drawing, now,

'T is farther off — I know not how.  
We sail and sail: we see no home.

Would we into the port were come!  
O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!  
Fair winds, boys: send her home!  
O ye ho!

At night, the same stars o'er the mast:

The mast sways round — however fast

We fly—still sways and swings  
around

One scanty circle's starry bound.

O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!

Fair winds, boys: send her home!

O ye ho!

Ah, many a month those stars have  
shone,

And many a golden morn has flown,

Since that so solemn happy morn,

When, I away, my babe was born.

O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!

Fair winds, boys: send her home!

O ye ho!

And, though so near we're drawing  
now,

'T is farther off — I know not how —

I would not aught amiss had come

To babe or mother there, at home!

O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!

Fair winds, boys: send her home!

O ye ho!

'T is but a seeming; swiftly rush

The seas, beneath. I hear the crush

Of foamy ridges 'gainst the prow.

Longing outspeeds the breeze, I know.

O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!

Fair winds, boys: send her home!

O ye ho!

Patience, my mates! Though not  
this eve,

We cast our anchor, yet believe,

If but the wind holds, short the run:  
We'll sail in with to-morrow's sun.

O ye ho, boys! Spread her wings!

Fair winds, boys: send her home!

O ye ho!

#### A FACE IN THE STREET.

POOR, withered face, that yet was  
once so fair,

Grown ashen-old in the wild fires  
of lust —

Thy star-like beauty, dimmed with  
earthly dust,

Yet breathing of a purer native air;

They who, whilom, cursed vultures,  
sought a share

Of thy dead womanhood, their  
greed unjust

Have satisfied, have stripped and  
left thee bare.

Still, like a leaf warped by the au-  
tumn gust,

And driving to the end, thou wrapp'st  
in flame

And perfume all thy hollow-eyed  
decay,

Feigning on those gray cheeks the  
blush that Shame

Took with her when she fled long  
since away.

Ah God! rain fire upon this foul-  
souled city

That gives such death, and spares its  
men,— for pity!

### EMMA LAZARUS.

[From *Scenes in the Wood*. Suggested by  
Robert Schumann.]

#### PLEASANT PROSPECT.

HAIL, free, clear heavens! above our  
heads again,

With white-winged clouds that melt  
before the sun:

Hail, good green earth! with blos-  
soms, grass and grain:

O'er the soft rye what silvery rip-  
ples run!

What tawny shadows! Slowly we  
have won

This high hill's top: on the wood's  
edge we stand,

While like a sea below us rolls the  
land.

The meadows blush with clover, and  
the air

Is honeyed with its keen but spicy  
smell;

In silence graze the kine, but every-  
where

Pipe the glad birds that in the forest dwell;  
Where hearths are set curled wreaths of vapor tell;  
Life's grace and promise win the soul again;  
Hope floods the heart like sunshine after rain.

[From *Scenes in the Wood*. Suggested by Robert Schumann.]

NIGHT.

WHITE stars begin to prick the wan blue sky,

The trees arise, thick, black and tall: between

Their slim, dark boles, gray, film-winged gnats that fly

Against the failing western red are seen.

The footpaths dumb with moss have lost their green.

Mysterious shadows settle everywhere,

A passionate murmur trembles in the air.

Sweet scents wax richer, freshened with cool dews,

The whole vast forest seems to breathe, to sigh

With rustle, hum and whisper that confuse

The listening ear, blent with the fitful cry

Of some belated bird. In the far sky,

Throbbing with stars, there stirs a weird unrest,

Strange joy, akin to pain, fulfils the breast —

A longing born of fears and promises,  
A wild desire, a hope that heeds no bound.

A ray of moonlight struggling through the trees

Startles us like a phantom; on the ground

Fall curious shades; white glory spreads around;

The wood is past, and tranquil meadows wide,  
Bathed in bright vapor, stretch on every side.

A MARCH VIOLET.

BLACK boughs against a pale clear sky,

Slight mists of cloud-wreaths floating by:

Soft sunlight, gray-blue smoky air,  
Wet thawing snows on hillsides bare;

Loud streams, moist sodden earth; below

Quick seedlings stir, rich juices flow  
Through frozen veins of rigid wood,

And the whole forest bestirs in bud.  
No longer stark the branches spread

An iron network overhead.  
Albeit naked still of green;

Through this soft, lustrous vapor seen

On budding boughs a warm flush glows,

With tints of purple and pale rose.  
Breathing of spring, the delicate air

Lifts playfully the loosened hair  
To kiss the cool brow. Let us rest

In this bright, sheltered nook, now blest

With broad noon sunshine over all,  
Though here June's leafiest shadows fall.

Young grass sprouts here. Look up!  
the sky

Is veiled by woven greenery.  
Fresh little folded leaves — the first,

And goldener than green, they burst  
Their thick full buds and take the

breeze.  
Here, when November stripped the

trees.  
I came to wrestle with a grief:

Solace I sought not, nor relief.  
I shed no tears, I craved no grace

I fain would see Grief face to face,  
Fathom her awful eyes at length,

Measure my strength against her strength,

I wondered why the Preacher saith,  
"Like as the grass that withereth."

The late, close blades still waved  
around;

I clutched a handful from the ground.  
"He mocks us cruelly," I said:  
"The frail herb lives and she is  
dead."

I lay dumb, sightless, deaf as she;  
The long slow hours passed over me,  
I saw Grief face to face; I know  
The very form and traits of Woe.  
I drained the galled dregs of the  
draught

She offered me: I could have laughed  
In irony of sheer despair,  
Although I could not weep. The air  
Thickened with twilight shadows  
dim:

I rose and left. I knew each limb  
Of these great trees, each gnarled,  
rough root

Piercing the clay, each cone of fruit  
They bear in autumn.

What blooms here,  
Filling the honeyed atmosphere  
With faint, delicious fragrances,  
Freighted with blessed memories?  
The earliest March violet,  
Dear as the image of Regret,  
And beautiful as Hope. Again  
Past visions thrill and haunt my  
brain,

Through tears I see the nodding head,  
The purple and the green dispread.  
Here, where I nursed despair that  
morn,

The promise of fresh joy is born,  
Arrayed in sober colors still,  
But piercing the gray mould to fill  
With vague sweet influence the air,  
To lift the heart's dead weight of  
care.

Longings and golden dreams to bring  
With joyous phantasies of spring.

REMEMBER.

REMEMBER Him, the only One,

Now, ere the years flow by,—  
Now, while the smile is on thy lip,  
The light within thine eye.

Now, ere for thee the sun have lost  
Its glory and its light,  
And earth rejoice thee not with  
flowers,

Nor with the stars the night.  
Now, while thou lovest earth, be-  
cause

She is so wondrous fair  
With daisies and with primroses,  
And sunlit, waving air;  
And not because her bosom holds

Thy dearest and thy best,  
And some day will thyself unfold  
In calm and peaceful rest.

Now, while thou lovest violets,  
Because mid grass they wave,  
And not because they bloom upon  
Some early-shapen grave.

Now, while thou lovest trembling  
stars,

But just because they shine,  
And not because they're nearer one  
Who never can be thine.

Now, while thou lovest music's  
strains,

Because they cheer thy heart,  
And not because from aching eyes  
They make the tear-drops start.

Now, whilst thou lovest all on earth  
And deemest all will last,  
Before thy hope is vanished quite,  
And every joy has past;

Remember Him, the only One,  
Before the days draw nigh

When thou shalt have no joy in  
them,

And praying, yearn to die.



## CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

## MINE OWN.

AND oh, the longing, burning eyes!  
And oh, the gleaming hair  
Which waves around me, night and  
day,  
O'er chamber, hall, and stair!

And oh, the step, half-dreamt, half  
heard!  
And oh, the laughter low!  
And memories of merriment  
Which faded long ago!

Oh, art thou Sylph,— or truly Self,—  
Or either at thy choice?  
Oh, speak in breeze or beating heart,  
But let me hear thy voice!

“Oh, some do call me Laughter, love;  
And some do call me Sin:”

“And they may call thee what they  
will,  
So I thy love may win.”

“And some do call me Wantonness,  
And some do call me Play:”

“Oh, they might call thee what they  
would  
If thou wert mine alway!”

“And some do call me Sorrow, love,  
And some do call me Tears,  
And some there be who name me  
Hope,  
And some that name me Fears.

“And some do call me Gentle Heart,  
And some Forgetfulness:”  
“And if thou com'st as one or all,  
Thou comest but to bless!”

“And some do call me Life, sweet-  
heart,  
And some do call me Death;  
And he to whom the two are one  
Has won my heart and faith.”

She twined her white arms round his  
neck:—  
The tears fell down like rain.  
“And if I live or if I die,  
We'll never part again.”

## JOHN LEYDEN.

## ODE TO AN INDIAN COIN.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine!  
What vanity has brought thee here?  
How can I love to see thee shine  
So bright, whom I have bought so  
dear?—

The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear,  
For twilight converse, arm in arm;  
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine  
ear  
Whom mirth and music went to  
charm.

By Cheral's dark wandering streams,  
Where cane-tufts shadow all the  
wild,

Sweet visions haunt my waking  
dreams  
Of Teviot loved while still a child,  
Of castled rocks stupendous piled  
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,  
Where loves of youth and friend-  
ship smiled,  
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from mem-  
ory fade!—  
The perished bliss of youth's first  
prime,  
That once so bright on fancy played,  
Revives no more in after time.  
Far from my sacred natal clime,

I haste to an untimely grave;  
The daring thoughts that soared  
sublime  
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave,

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light  
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire  
drear.

A gentle vision comes by night  
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;  
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,  
That once were guiding stars to  
mine:  
Her fond heart throbs with many  
a fear!

I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,  
I left a heart that loved me true!

I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,  
To roam in climes unkind and new.  
The cold wind of the stranger blew  
Chill on my withered heart: the grave  
Dark and untimely met my view,—  
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to  
mock

A wanderer's banished heart for-  
lorn,  
Now that his frame the lightning  
shock

Of sun-rays tipt with death has  
borne?

From love, from friendship, coun-  
try, torn,

To memory's fond regrets the prey,  
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!  
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

## THOMAS LODGE.

### ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere,  
Where all imperial glory shines,  
Of self-same color is her hair,  
Whether unfolded or in twines:

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,  
Refining heaven by every wink;  
The gods do fear when as they glow,  
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing  
cloud,  
That beautifies Aurora's face;  
Or like the silver crimson shroud,  
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth  
grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,  
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor  
nigh;

Within which bounds she balm en-  
closes,  
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,  
Where love himself imprisoned lies,  
To watch for glances, every hour,  
From her divine and sacred eyes.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,  
With marble white, with sapphire  
blue,

Her body everywhere is fed,  
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires;  
The gods are wounded in her sight;  
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,  
And at her eyes his brand doth  
light.

## JOHN LOGAN.

*THE CUCKOO.*

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the  
grove!

Thou messenger of spring!  
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear.  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through  
the wood

To pull the primrose gay,  
Starts thy most curious voice to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
We'd make with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Attendants on the spring.

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

*THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.*

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou  
said,

That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of  
shame!

All common things, each day's  
events,

That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less:  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess:

The longing for ignoble things:  
The strife for triumph more than  
truth;

The hardening of the heart, that  
brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill: all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of  
ill:

Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled  
down

Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert  
airs,

When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached  
and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast  
eyes,

We may discern — unseen before —  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,  
To something nobler we attain.

—  
*WEARINESS.*

O LITTLE feet ! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and  
fears

Must ache and bleed beneath your  
load ;

I, nearer to the wayside inn  
Where toil shall cease, and rest begin.  
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands ! that weak or strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask ;  
I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires ;  
Mine that so long has glowed and  
burned,  
With passions into ashes turned  
Now covers and conceals its fires,

O little souls ! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source  
divine ;  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

*THE MEETING.*

AFTER so long an absence  
At last we meet again ;  
Does the meeting give us pleasure,  
Or does it give us pain ?

The tree of life has been shaken,  
And but few of us linger now,  
Like the Prophet's two or three ber-  
ries  
In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other  
In the old familiar tone ;  
And we think, though we do not say  
it,  
How old and gray he is grown !

We speak of a Merry Christmas,  
And many a happy New Year ;  
But each in his heart is thinking  
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their for-  
tunes,  
And of what they did and said,  
Till the dead alone seem living,  
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish  
Between the ghosts and the guests ;  
And a mist and shadow of sadness  
Steals over our merriest jests.

—  
*STAY, STAY AT HOME, MY HEART,  
AND REST.*

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and  
rest ;  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those that wander they know not  
where  
Are full of trouble and full of care ;  
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,  
They wander east, they wander west,  
And are baffled and beaten and blown  
about  
By the winds of the wilderness of  
doubt ;  
To stay at home is best.



MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.



Then stay at home, my heart, and  
rest:  
The bird is safest in its nest;  
O'er all that flutter their wings and  
fly,  
A hawk is hovering in the sky:  
To stay at home is best.

---

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is  
o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little child  
to bed,  
Half-willing, half-reluctant to be  
led,  
And leave his broken playthings on  
the floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open  
door;  
Nor wholly reassured and com-  
forted  
By promises of others in their  
stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may  
not please him more;  
So Nature deals with us, and takes  
away  
Our playthings one by one, and by  
the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently, that we  
go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or  
stay,  
Being too full of sleep to under-  
stand  
How far the unknown transcends  
the what we know.

---

THE TIDES.

I SAW the long line of the vacant  
shore,  
The sea-weed and the shells upon  
the sand,  
And the brown rocks left bare on  
every hand,  
As if the ebbing tide would flow no  
more.

Then heard I, more distinctly than  
before,  
The ocean breathe, and its great  
breast expand;  
And hurrying came on the defence-  
less land  
The insurgent waters with tumult-  
uous roar.  
All thought and feeling and desire, I  
said,  
Love, laughter, and the exultant  
joy of song,  
Have ebbed from me forever! Sud-  
denly o'er me  
They swept again from their deep  
ocean-bed,  
And in a tumult of delight, and  
strong  
As youth, and beautiful as youth,  
upbore me.

---

MAIDEN AND WEATHERCOCK.

MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village  
spire,  
With your golden feathers all on  
fire,  
Tell me, what can you see from your  
perch  
Above there over the tower of the  
church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets be-  
low,  
And the people moving to and fro,  
And beyond, without either roof or  
street,  
The great salt sea, and the fisher-  
man's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in  
Beyond the headlands and harbor of  
Lynn,  
And a young man standing on the  
deck,  
With a silken kerchief round his  
neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,  
And now he is kissing his finger-tips,

And now he is lifting and waving his  
hand,  
And blowing the kisses toward the  
land.

MAIDEN.

Ah! that is the ship from over the sea,  
That is bringing my lover back to me,  
Bringing my lover so fond and true,  
Who does not change with the wind  
like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that  
blow.  
It is only because they made me so,  
And people would think it wondrous  
strange,  
If I, a weathercock, should not  
change.

O pretty maiden, so fine and fair,  
With your dreamy eyes and your  
golden hair,  
When you and your lover meet to-  
day  
You will thank me for looking some  
other way!

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

THE doors are all wide open; at the  
gate  
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a  
blaze,  
And seem to warm the air; a  
dreamy haze  
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows  
like a fate;  
And on their margin, with sea-tides  
elate,  
The flooded Charles, as in the hap-  
pier days,  
Writes the last letter of his name,  
and stays  
His restless steps, as if compelled  
to wait.  
I also wait; but they will come no  
more,  
Those friends of mine, whose pres-  
ence satisfied

The thirst and hunger of my heart.  
Ah me!  
They have forgotten the pathway to  
my door!  
Something is gone from nature  
since they died,  
And summer is not summer, nor  
can be.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one of  
Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morn-  
ing broke;  
The dawn was on their faces, and  
beneath,  
The sombre houses hearsed with  
plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the  
same,  
Alike their features and their robes  
of white,  
But one was crowned with amaranth  
as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes  
of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial  
way:  
Then said I, with deep fear and  
doubt oppressed.  
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest  
thou betray  
The place where thy beloved are at  
rest!"

And he who wore the crown of as-  
phodels,  
Descending, at my door began to  
knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in  
wells  
The waters sink before an earth-  
quake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror and the tremor and the  
pain,  
That oft before had filled or haunted  
me,  
And now returned with threefold  
strength again.



The door I opened to my heavenly  
 guest,  
 And listened, for I thought I heard  
 God's voice;  
 And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent  
 was best,  
 Dared neither to lament nor to re-  
 joice.

Then with a smile, that filled the  
 house with light,  
 "My errand is not Death, but  
 Life," he said;  
 And ere he answered, passing out of  
 sight,  
 On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not  
 at mine,  
 The angel with the amaranthine  
 wreath,  
 Pausing, descended, and with voice  
 divine,  
 Whispered a word that had a sound  
 like death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden  
 gloom,  
 A shadow on those features fair  
 and thin;  
 And softly from that hushed and  
 darkened room,  
 Two angels issued, where but one  
 went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his  
 hand.  
 The mists collect, the rain falls  
 thick and loud,  
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and  
 land,  
 Lo! He looks back from the de-  
 parting cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are  
 His;  
 Without His leave, they pass no  
 threshold o'er;

Who, then, would wish or dare, be-  
 lieving this,  
 Against His messengers to shut the  
 door?

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:  
 Whereon shall no man work, but  
 play  
 Whereon it is enough for me,  
 Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,  
 Through every nerve, through every  
 vein,  
 I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
 Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees  
 Playing celestial symphonies;  
 I see the branches downward bent,  
 Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high  
 The splendid scenery of the sky,  
 Where through a sapphire sea, the  
 sun  
 Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-lands in the  
 west,  
 Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,  
 Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
 Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all  
 the rooms  
 The snow-flakes of the cherry-  
 blooms!  
 Blow, winds! and bend within my  
 reach  
 The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng  
 Of thoughts, whose only speech is  
 song!

O heart of man! canst thou not be  
 Blithe as the air is, and as free?

## SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

## FROM MIRE TO BLOSSOM.

## NOVEMBER.

THE dead leaves, their rich mosaics  
 Of olive and gold and brown,  
 Had laid on the rain-wet pavement,  
 Through all the embowered town.  
 They were washed by the autumn  
 tempest,  
 They were trod by hurrying feet,  
 And the maids came out with their  
 besoms  
 And swept them into the street,  
 To be crushed and lost forever,  
 'Neath the wheels in the black  
 mire lost;  
 The Summer's precious darlings,  
 She nurtured at such cost!

O words that have fallen from me!  
 O golden thoughts and true!  
 Must I see in the leaves, a symbol  
 Of the fate which awaiteth you?

## APRIL.

Again has come the spring-time,  
 With the crocus's golden bloom,  
 With the smell of the fresh-turned  
 earth-mould,  
 And the violet's perfume.  
 O gardener! tell me the secret  
 Of thy flowers so rare and sweet!  
 "I have only enriched my garden  
 With the black mire from the  
 street!"

## RICHARD LOVELACE.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND  
THE SEAS.

If to be absent were to be  
 Away from thee;  
 Or that when I am gone  
 You or I were alone;  
 Then, my Lucasta, might I crave  
 Pity from blustering wind, or swal-  
 lowing wave.  
 Though seas and land betwixt us  
 both,  
 Our faith and troth,  
 Like separated souls,  
 All time and space controls:  
 Above the highest sphere we meet  
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as an-  
 gels greet.  
 So then we do anticipate  
 Our after-fate,  
 And are alive in the skies,  
 If thus our lips and eyes

Can speak like spirits unconfined  
 In heaven, their earthly bodies left  
 behind.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE  
WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
 That from the nunnery  
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
 To war and arms I fly.  
 True, a new mistress now I chase,  
 The first foe in the field;  
 And with a stronger faith embrace  
 A sword, a horse, a shield.  
 Yet this inconstancy is such  
 As you, too, shall adore,  
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
 Loved I not honor more.

## SAMUEL LOVER.

*OH! WATCH YOU WELL BY DAY-  
LIGHT.*

Oh! watch you well by daylight,  
By daylight may you fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness —  
The angels then are near;  
For Heaven the sense bestoweth,  
Our waking life to keep,  
But tender mercy showeth,  
To guard us in our sleep.  
Then watch you well by daylight.  
By daylight may you fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness —  
The angels then are near.

Oh! watch you well in pleasure —  
For pleasure oft betrays,  
But keep no watch in sorrow,  
When joy withdraws its rays:  
For in the hour of sorrow,  
As in the darkness drear,  
To Heaven entrust the morrow.  
For the angels then are near.  
O watch you well by daylight,  
By daylight may you fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness —  
The angels then are near.

*THE CHILD AND THE AUTUMN  
LEAF.*

Down by the river's bank I strayed  
Upon an autumn day;  
Beside the fading forest there,  
I saw a child at play.  
She played among the yellow leaves —  
The leaves that once were green,  
And flung upon the passing stream  
What once had blooming been:  
Oh! deeply did it touch my heart  
To see that child at play;  
It was the sweet unconscious sport  
Of childhood with decay.

Fair child, if by this stream you  
stray,  
When after years go by,  
The scene that makes thy childhood's  
sport,  
May wake thy age's sigh:

When fast you see around you fall  
The summer's leafy pride.  
And mark the river hurrying on  
Its ne'er returning tide;  
Then may you feel in pensive mood  
That life's a summer dream;  
And man, at last, forgotten falls —  
A leaf upon the stream.

*THE ANGEL'S WING.*

WHEN by the evening's quiet light  
There sit two silent lovers.  
They say, while in such tranquil  
plight,  
An angel round them hovers;  
And further still old legends tell, —  
The first who breaks the silent spell,  
To say a soft and pleasing thing,  
Hath felt the passing angel's wing!

Thus, a musing minstrel strayed  
By the summer ocean,  
Gazing on a lovely maid,  
With a bard's devotion: —  
Yet this love he never spoke,  
Till now the silent spell he broke; —  
The hidden fire to flame did spring,  
Fanned by the passing angel's wing!

“I have loved thee well and long,  
With love of heaven's own mak-  
ing! —  
This is not a poet's song,  
But a true heart's speaking, —  
I will love thee, still, untired!”  
He felt — he spoke — as one inspired,  
The words did from Truth's foun-  
tain spring.  
Upwaken'd by the angel's wing.

Silence o'er the maiden fell,  
Her beauty lovelier making; —  
And by her blush, he knew full well  
The dawn of love was breaking.  
It came like sunshine o'er his heart!  
He felt that they should never part,  
She spoke — and oh! — the lovely  
thing  
Had felt the passing angel's wing.

*YIELD NOT, THOU SAD ONE, TO  
SIGHS.*

Oh! yield not, thou sad one, to  
sighs.

Nor murmur at Destiny's will.  
Behold, for each pleasure that flies,  
Another replacing it still.

Time's wing, were it all of one feather,  
Far slower would be in its flight:

The storm gives a charm to fine  
weather,

And day would seem dark without  
night.

Then yield not, thou sad one, to  
sighs.

When we look on some lake that  
repeats

The loveliness bounding its shore,  
A breeze o'er the soft surface fleets,  
And the mirror-like beauty is o'er.

But the breeze, ere it ruffled the deep,  
Pervading the odorous bowers,  
Awaken'd the flowers from their  
sleep,

And wafted their sweets to be ours.  
Then yield not, thou sad one, to  
sighs.

Oh, blame not the change nor the  
flight

Of our joys as they're passing away,  
'Tis the swiftness and change give  
delight — . . . stay.

They would 'pall if permitted to  
More gaily they glitter in flying,  
They perish in lustre still bright,  
Like the hues of the dolphin, in dy-  
ing,

Or the humming-bird's wing in its  
flight.

Then yield not, thou sad one, to  
sighs.

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### *THE HERITAGE.*

THE rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and  
gold,

And he inherits soft white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the  
cold,

Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;  
The bank may break, the factory  
burn,

A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly  
earn

A living that would serve his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty  
fare;

With sated heart, he hears the  
pants

Of toiling hinds, with brown arms  
bare,

And wearies in his easy-chair;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son in-  
herit?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;

King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;

A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son in-  
herit?

Wishes o'erjoyed with humble  
things,

A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,  
Content that from employment  
springs,

A heart that in his labor sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft white hands,  
This is the best crop from thy  
lands;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy  
state;  
There is worse weariness than  
thine,  
In merely being rich and great;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both, children of the same dear God,  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By records of a well-filled past;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

[From the Vision of Sir Launfal.]

*THE GENEROSITY OF NATURE.*

EARTH gets its price for what earth  
gives us;  
The beggar is taxed for a corner to  
die in,  
The priest hath his fee who comes  
and shrives us,  
We bargain for the graves we lie in;

At the devil's booth are all things  
sold,  
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of  
gold;  
For a cap and bells our lives we  
pay,  
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's  
tasking:  
'Tis heaven alone that is given  
away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the  
asking.  
No price is set on the lavish summer;  
June may be had by the poorest  
comer.  
And what is so rare as a day in  
June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be  
in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear  
lays:  
Whether we look, or whether we lis-  
ten,  
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches  
and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for  
light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flow-  
ers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and val-  
leys;  
The cowslip startles in meadows  
green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in  
its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade  
too mean  
To be some happy creature's pal-  
ace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the  
sun,  
Atilike a blossom among the  
leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it re-  
ceives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her  
wings,  
And the heart in her flumb breast  
flutters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she  
to her nest,—  
In the nice ear of Nature which song  
is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbed  
away

Comes flooding back with a ripply  
cheer,  
Into every bare inlet and creek and  
bay ;

Now the heart is so full that a drop  
overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills  
it ;

No matter how barren the past may  
have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the  
leaves are green ;

We sit in the warm shade and feel  
right well

How the sap creeps up and the blos-  
soms swell ;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot  
help knowing [ing ;

That skies are clear and grass is grow-  
The breeze comes whispering in our  
ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,  
That maize has sprouted, that  
streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house  
hard by ;

And if the breeze kept the good news  
back,

For other couriers we should not lack ;  
We could guess it all by yon heifer's  
lowing,—

And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,  
Warmed with the new wine of the  
year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not  
how ;

Everything is happy now,  
Everything is upward striving ;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be  
true

As for grass, to be green or skies to be  
blue,—

'Tis the natural way of living :

Who knows whither the clouds have  
fled ?

In the unscarred heaven they leave  
no wake ;

And the eyes forget the tears they  
have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and  
ache.

—  
*AFTER THE BURIAL.*

YES, faith is a goodly anchor ;  
When skies are sweet as a psalm,  
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,  
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward  
The tattered surges are hurled.  
It may keep our head to the tempest,  
With its grip on the base of the  
world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me  
What help in its iron thews,  
Still true to the broken hawser,  
Deep down among sea-weed and  
ooze ?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,  
When the helpless feet stretch out  
And find in the deeps of darkness  
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of memory,  
One broken plank of the past,  
That our human heart may cling to,  
Though hopeless of shore at last !

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,  
To the flesh its sweet despair,  
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket  
With its anguish of deathless hair !

Immortal ? I feel it and know it,  
Who doubts it of such as she ?  
But that is the pang's very secret ;  
Immortal away from me !

There's a narrow ridge in the grave-  
yard

Would scarce stay a child in his  
race,

But to me and my thought, it is wider  
Than the star-sown vague of space.



AUF WIEDERSEHEN. (TILL WE MEET AGAIN.)<sup>a</sup>





Your logic, my friend, is perfect,  
Your morals most drearly true;  
But, since the earth clashed on *her*  
coffin,  
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;  
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;  
But not all the preaching since Adam  
Has made death other than death.

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it;  
That jar of our earth, that dull shock  
When the ploughshare of deeper pas-  
sion  
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me!  
But I, who am earthy and weak,  
Would give all my incomes from  
dreamland  
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,  
So worn and wrinkled and brown,  
With its emptiness confutes you,  
And argues your wisdom down.

[From *Under the Willows.*]

JUNE.

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field  
and wood,  
Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading  
tree,  
June is the pearl of our New England  
year.  
Still a surprisal, though expected  
long,  
Her coming startles. Long she lies  
in wait,  
Makes many a feint, peeps forth,  
draws coyly back,  
Then, from some southern ambush  
in the sky,  
With one great gush of blossom  
storms the world.  
A week ago the sparrow was divine;  
The blue-bird shifting his light load  
of song  
From post to post along the cheerless  
fence,

Was as a rhymer ere the poet come:  
But now, O rapture! sunshine-winged  
and voiced,  
Pipe blown through by the warm  
wild breath of the West,  
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy  
cloud,  
Gladness of woods, skies, waters all  
in one,  
The bobolink has come, and, like the  
soul  
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,  
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what,  
Save *June!* *Dear June!* *Now God be*  
*praised for June.*

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

THE little gate was reached at last,  
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;  
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,  
A wistful look she backward cast,  
And said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

With hand on latch, a vision white  
Lingered reluctant, and again  
Half doubting if she did aright,  
Soft as the dews that fell that night,  
She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the  
stair;  
I linger in delicious pain;  
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air  
To breathe in thought I scarcely  
dare,  
Thinks she,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

'Tis thirteen years; once more I  
press  
The turf that silences the lane;  
I hear the rustle of her dress,  
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,  
I hear “*Auf wiedersehen!*”

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!  
The English words had seemed too  
fain,  
But these—they drew us heart to  
heart,  
Yet held us tenderly apart;  
She said,—“*Auf wiedersehen!*”

## STORM AT APPLEDORE.

How looks Appledore in a storm ?  
 I have seen it when its crags  
 seemed frantic,  
 Butting against the mad Atlantic,  
 When surge on surge would heap  
 enorme,  
 Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,  
 That lifted and lifted, and then let  
 go  
 A great white avalanche of thunder,  
 A grinding, blinding, deafening ire  
 Monadnock might have trembled under ;  
 And the island, whose rock-roots  
 pierce below  
 To where they are warmed with  
 the central fire,  
 You could feel its granite fibres  
 racked,  
 As it seemed to plunge with a  
 shudder and thrill  
 Right at the breast of the swooping  
 hill,  
 And to rise again snorting a cataract  
 Of rage-froth from every cranny and  
 ledge,  
 While the sea drew its breath in  
 hoarse and deep,  
 And the next vast breaker curled its  
 edge,  
 Gathering itself for a mightier leap.

North, east, and south there are reefs  
 and breakers  
 You would never dream of in  
 smooth weather,  
 That toss and gore the sea for acres,  
 Bellowing and gnashing and snarl-  
 ing together ;  
 Look northward, where Duck Island  
 lies,  
 And over its crown you will see arise,  
 Against a background of slaty skies,  
 A row of pillars still and white,  
 That glimmer, and then are out of  
 sight,  
 As if the moon should suddenly kiss,  
 While you crossed the gusty desert  
 by night,  
 The long colonnades of Persepolis ;  
 Look southward for White Island  
 light,

The lantern stands ninety feet o'er  
 the tide ;  
 There is first a half-mile of tumult  
 and fight,  
 Of dash and roar and tumble and  
 fright,  
 And surging bewilderment wild and  
 wide,  
 Where the breakers struggle left and  
 right,  
 Then a mile or more of rushing  
 sea,  
 And then the lighthouse slim and  
 lone ;  
 And whenever the weight of ocean is  
 thrown  
 Full and fair on White Island head,  
 A great mist-jotun you will see  
 Lifting himself up silently  
 High and huge o'er the lighthouse  
 top,  
 With hands of wavering spray out-  
 spread,  
 Groping after the little tower,  
 That seems to shrink and shorten  
 and cower,  
 Till the monster's arms of a sudden  
 drop,  
 And silently and fruitlessly  
 He sinks again into the sea.

You, meanwhile, where drenched  
 you stand,  
 Awaken once more to the rush and  
 roar,  
 And on the rock-point tighten your  
 hand,  
 As you turn and see a valley deep,  
 That was not there a moment be-  
 fore,  
 Suck rattling down between you and a  
 heap [fall  
 Of toppling billow, whose instant  
 Must sink the whole island once  
 for all ;  
 Or watch the silenter, stealthier seas  
 Feeling their way to you more and  
 more ;  
 If they once should clutch you high  
 as the knees,  
 They would whirl you down like a  
 sprig of kelp,  
 Beyond all reach of hope or help ;—  
 And such in a storm is Appledore.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

*ABIDE WITH ME.*

ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-  
tide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with  
me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and com-  
forts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with  
me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little  
day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories  
pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with  
me!

Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing  
word;  
But as Thou dwelledst with Thy dis-  
ciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient,  
free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with  
me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of  
kings;  
But kind and good, with healing in  
Thy wings;  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every  
plea;  
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide  
with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst  
smile;  
And, though rebellious and perverse  
meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left  
Thee.  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with  
me!

I need Thy presence every passing  
hour:  
What but Thy grace can foil the  
tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay  
can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh,  
abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to  
bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-  
terness:  
Where is Death's sting? Where  
Grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with  
me!

Hold, then, Thy cross before my  
closing eyes!  
Shine through the gloom, and point  
me to the skies!  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's  
vain shadows flee;  
In life and death, O Lord, abide with  
me!

WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

*ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.*

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,  
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,  
And the dark Plutonian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast;  
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold  
me,  
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;  
Listen to the great heart-secrets,  
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran le-  
gions  
Bear their eagles high no more,  
And my wrecked and scattered gal-  
leys  
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,  
Though no glittering guards surround  
me,  
Prompt to do their master's will,  
I must perish like a Roman,  
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions  
Mock the lion thus laid low;  
'T was no foeman's arm that felled  
him, [blow:  
'T was his own that struck the  
His, who pillowed on thy bosom,  
'Turned aside from glory's ray,  
His who, drunk with thy caresses,  
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble  
Dare assail my name at Rome,  
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,  
Weeps within her widowed home,  
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—  
Altars, augurs, circling wings—  
That her blood, with mine commin-  
gled, [kings.  
Yet shall mount the throne of

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!  
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!  
Light the path to Stygian horrors  
With the splendors of thy smile.  
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches.  
Let his brow the laurel twine:  
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!  
Hark! the insulting foeman's  
cry.  
They are coming—quick, my fal-  
chion!  
Let me front them ere I die.  
Ah! no more amid the battle  
Shall my heart exulting swell;  
Isis and Osiris guard thee!  
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

### THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

FROM THE LAY OF "HORATIUS."

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,  
By the Nine Gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting-day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
Shame on the false Etruscan  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in amain  
From many a stately market-place,  
From many a fruitful plain,  
From many a lonely hamlet,  
Which, hid by beech and pine,

Like an eagle's nest hangs on the  
crest  
Of purple Apennine:

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
The wisest of the land,  
Who always by Lars Porsena  
Both morn and evening stand.  
Evening and morn the Thirty  
Have turned the verses o'er,  
Traced from the right on linen white  
By mighty seers of yore;

And with one voice the Thirty  
Have their glad answer given:  
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;  
Go forth, beloved of Heaven!  
Go, and return in glory  
To Clusium's royal dome,  
And hang round Nurscia's altars  
The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath every city  
Sent up her tale of men;  
The foot are fourscore thousand,  
The horse are thousands ten.

Before the gates of Sutrium  
 Is met the great array;  
 A proud man was Lars Porsena  
 Upon the trysting-day.

For all the Etruscan armies  
 Were ranged beneath his eye,  
 And many a banished Roman,  
 And many a stout ally;  
 And with a mighty following,  
 'To join the muster, came  
 The Tusculan Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
 Could the wan burghers spy  
 The line of blazing villages  
 Red in the midnight sky.  
 The Fathers of the City,  
 They sat all night and day,  
 For every hour some horseman came  
 With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward  
 Have spread the Tuscan bands,  
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dove-cote  
 In Crustumium stands.  
 Verbenna down to Ostia  
 Hath wasted all the plain;  
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
 And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate  
 There was no heart so bold  
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
 When that ill news was told.  
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
 Up rose the Fathers all;  
 In haste they girded up their gowns,  
 And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing  
 Before the River-gate;  
 Short time was there, ye well may  
 guess,  
 For musing or debate.  
 Out spake the Consul roundly:  
 "The bridge must straight go  
 down;  
 For, since Janiculum is lost,  
 Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,  
 All wild with haste and fear;

"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;  
 Lars Porsena is here."  
 On the low hills to westward  
 The Consul fixed his eye,  
 And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer  
 Doth the red whirlwind come;  
 And louder still, and still more loud,  
 From underneath that rolling cloud,  
 Is heard the trumpets' war-note  
 proud,  
 The trampling and the hum.  
 And plainly and more plainly  
 Now through the gloom appears,  
 Far to left and far to right,  
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
 The long array of helmets bright,  
 The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,  
 O'erlooking all the war,  
 Lars Porsena of Clusium  
 Sat in his ivory car.  
 By the right wheel rode Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name;  
 And by the left false Sextus,  
 That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus  
 Was seen among the foes,  
 A yell that rent the firmament  
 From all the town arose.  
 On the house-tops was no woman  
 But spat towards him and hissed,  
 No child but screamed out curses,  
 And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,  
 And the Consul's speech was low,  
 And darkly looked he at the wall,  
 And darkly at the foe:  
 "Their van will be upon us  
 Before the bridge goes down;  
 And if they once may win the bridge,  
 What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
 The Captain of the gate:  
 "To every man upon this earth  
 Death cometh soon or late.  
 And how can man die better  
 Than facing fearful odds

For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods ?

“ And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame, —  
To save them from false Sextus  
That wrought the deed of shame? ”

“ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may ;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three :  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me? ”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius, —  
A Ramnian proud was he :  
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee. ”  
And out spake strong Herminius, —  
Of Titian blood was he :  
“ I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee. ”

“ Horatius, ” quoth the Consul,  
“ As thou sayest so let it be. ”  
And straight against that great array  
Went forth the dauntless three.  
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party —  
Then all were for the state ;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great ;  
Then lands were fairly portioned !  
Then spoils were fairly sold :  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman  
More hateful than a foe.  
And the tribunes beard the high,  
And the fathers grind the low.  
As we wax hot in faction,  
In battle we wax cold ;

Wherefore men fight not as they  
fought  
In the brave days of old.

Now while the three were tightening  
Their harness on their backs,  
The Consul was the foremost man  
To take in hand an axe ;  
And fathers, mixed with commons,  
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
And smote upon the planks above,  
And loosed the props below,

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
Right glorious to behold,  
Came flashing back the noontide  
light,  
Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
Of a broad sea of gold.  
Four hundred trumpets sounded  
A peal of warlike glee,  
As that great host with measured  
tread,  
And spears advanced, and ensigns  
spread,  
Rolled slowly towards the bridge’s  
head,  
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose ;  
And forth three chiefs came spurring  
Before that deep array ;  
To earth they sprang, their swords  
they drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and  
flew  
To win the narrow way.

Herminius smote down Aruns ;  
Lartius laid Ocnus low ;  
Right to the heart of Lausus  
Horatius sent a blow :  
“ Lie there, ” he cried, “ fell pirate !  
No more, aghast and pale,  
From Ostia’s walls the crowd shall  
mark  
The track of thy destroying bark ;  
No more Campania’s hinds shall fly  
To woods and caverns, when they spy  
Thy thrice-accursed sail ! ”

But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes:  
A wild and wrathful clamor  
From all the vanguard rose.  
Six spears' length from the entrance,  
Halted that mighty mass,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow pass.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:  
And lo! the ranks divide;  
And the great lord of Luna  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,  
A smile serene and high;  
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
And scorn was in his eye.  
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter  
Stands savagely at bay;  
But will ye dare to follow,  
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
With both hands to the height,  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.  
With shield and blade Horatius  
Right deftly turned the blow.  
The blow, though turned, came yet  
too nigh;  
It missed his helm, but gashed his  
thigh.  
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
He leaned one breathing-space,  
Then, like a wild-cat mad with  
wounds,  
Sprang right at Astur's face.  
Through teeth and skull and helmet  
So fierce a thrust he sped, [out  
The good sword stood a handbreadth  
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna  
Fell at that deadly stroke.  
As falls on Mount Ævernus  
A thunder-smitten oak.

Far o'er the crashing forest  
The giant arms lie spread;  
And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
Gaze on the blasted head.

Yet one man for one moment  
Strode out before the crowd;  
Well known was he to all the Three,  
And they gave him greeting loud:  
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!  
Now welcome to thy home!  
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?  
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;  
Thrice looked he at the dead;  
And thrice came on in fury,  
And thrice turned back in dread;  
And, white with fear and hatred,  
Scowled at the narrow way  
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood  
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
Have manfully been plied;  
And now the bridge hangs tottering  
Above the boiling tide.  
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"  
Loud cried the Fathers all —  
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!  
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius —  
Herminius darted back;  
And, as they passed, beneath their  
feet  
They felt the timbers crack.  
But when they turned their faces,  
And on the farther shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once  
more;

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosened beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream;  
And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,  
When first he feels the rein,

The furious river struggled hard,  
 And tossed his tawny mane,  
 And burst the curb, and bounded,  
 Rejoicing to be free;  
 And whirling down, in fierce career,  
 Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
 Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
 But constant still in mind —  
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
 And the broad flood behind.  
 "Down with him!" cried false  
 Sextus,  
 With a smile on his pale face;  
 "Now yield thee," cried Lars Por-  
 sena,  
 "Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning  
 Those craven ranks to see:  
 Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,  
 To Sextus naught spake he;  
 But he saw on Palatinus  
 The white porch of his home;  
 And he spake to the noble river  
 That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!  
 To whom the Romans pray,  
 A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
 Take thou in charge this day!"  
 So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed  
 The good sword by his side,  
 And, with his harness on his back,  
 Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
 Was heard from either bank,  
 But friends and foes in dumb sur-  
 prise,  
 With parted lips and straining eyes,  
 Stood gazing where he sank;  
 And when above the surges  
 They saw his crest appear,  
 All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
 And even the ranks of Tuscany  
 Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
 Swollen high by months of rain;  
 And fast his blood was flowing;  
 And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armor,  
 And spent with changing blows;  
 And oft they thought him sinking,  
 But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
 In such an evil case,  
 Struggle through such a raging  
 flood  
 Safe to the landing-place;  
 But his limbs were borne up bravely  
 By the brave heart within,  
 And our good father Tiber  
 Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sex-  
 tus —  
 "Will not the villain drown?  
 But for this stay, ere close of day  
 We should have sacked the town!"  
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars  
 Porsena,  
 "And bring him safe to shore;  
 For such a gallant feat of arms  
 Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;  
 Now on dry earth he stands;  
 Now round him throng the Fathers  
 To press his gory hands;  
 And now, with shouts and clapping,  
 And noise of weeping loud,  
 He enters through the River-Gate.  
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
 That was of public right,  
 As much as two strong oxen  
 Could plough from morn till  
 night;  
 And they made a molten image,  
 And set it up on high —  
 And there it stands unto this day  
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,  
 Plain for all folk to see, —  
 Horatius in his harness  
 Halting upon one knee;  
 And underneath is written,  
 In letters all of gold,  
 How valiantly he kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.



## GEORGE MACDONALD.

## THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby  
dear?  
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?  
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them spar-  
kle and spin?  
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?  
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth  
and high?  
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm  
white rose?  
I saw something better than any one  
knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of  
bliss?  
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?  
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and  
hands?  
Love made itself into bonds and  
bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you dar-  
ling things?  
From the same box as the cherub's  
wings.

How did they all just come to be  
you?  
God thought about me, and so I grew,

But how did you come to us, you  
dear?  
God thought about you, and so I am  
here.

## O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL.

O LASSIE ayont the hill!  
Come ower the tap o' the hill,  
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,  
For I want ye sair the nicht,  
I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,  
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel',  
A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht, —  
O lassie, come ower the hill!

Gin a body could be a thocht o' grace,  
And no a sel' ava!  
I'm sick o' my heid, and my han's  
and my face,

An' my thochts and mysel' and a' ;  
I'm sick o' the warl' and a' ;  
The licht gangs by wi' a hiss;  
For thro' my een the sunbeams fa',  
But my weary heart they miss.  
O lassie ayont the hill!  
Come ower the tap o' the hill,  
Or roun' the neuk o' the hill;  
Bidena ayont the hill!

For gin ance I saw yer bonnie heid,  
And the sunlight o' yer hair,  
The ghaist o' mysel' wad fa' doun  
deid;

I wad be mysel' nae mair.  
I wad be mysel' nae mair.  
Filled o' the sole remeid;  
Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer  
hair,  
Killed by yer body and heid.  
O lassie ayont the hill, etc.

But gin ye lo'ed me ever sae sma',  
For the sake o' my bonnie dame,  
Whan I cam' to life, as she gaed  
awa',

I could bide my body and name,  
I might bide by mysel, the weary  
same;

Aye setting up its heid  
Till I turn frae the claes that cover  
my frame,

As gin they war roun' the deid.  
O lassie ayont the hill, etc.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'e you,  
 I wad ring my ain deid knell;  
 Mysel' wad vanish, shot through and  
 through  
 Wi' the shine o' yer sunny sel',  
 By the licht aneath yer broo,  
 I wad dee to mysel', and ring my bell,  
 And only live in you.

O lassie ayont the hill!  
 Come ower the tap o' the hlll,  
 Or roun' the neuk o' the hill,  
 For I want ye sair the nicht,  
 I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,  
 For I'm tired and sick o' mysel',  
 A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht,—  
 O lassie, come ower the hill!

## FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

### EASTER MORNING.

OPEN the gates of the Temple;  
 Spread branches of palm and of  
 bay;  
 Let not the spirits of nature  
 Alone deck the Conqueror's way.  
 While Spring from her death-sleep  
 arises,  
 And joyous His presence awaits,  
 While morning's smile lights up the  
 heavens,  
 Open the Beautiful Gates.

He is here! The long watches are  
 over,  
 The stone from the grave rolled  
 away;  
 "We shall sleep," was the sigh of the  
 midnight,  
 "We shall rise!" is the song of to-  
 day.

O Music! no longer lamenting,  
 On pinions of tremulous flame,  
 Go soaring to meet the Belovèd,  
 And swell the new song of His  
 fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,  
 The font is a vase of perfume,  
 On pillar and chancel are twining  
 Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.  
*Christ is risen!* with glad lips we  
 utter,  
 And far up the infinite height,  
 Archangels the pæan re-echo,  
 And crown Him with Lilies of  
 Light!

### ONLY WAITING.

ONLY waiting till the shadows  
 Are a little longer grown,  
 Only waiting till the glimmer  
 Of the day's last beam is flown;  
 Till the night of earth is taded  
 From this heart once full of day,  
 Till the dawn of Heaven is breaking  
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers  
 Have the last sheaf gathered home.  
 For the summer-time hath faded,  
 And the autumn winds are come.  
 Quickly, reapers! gather quickly,  
 The last ripe hours of my heart,  
 For the bloom of life is withered,  
 And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels  
 Open wide the mystic gate,  
 At whose feet I long have lingered,  
 Weary, poor, and desolate.  
 Even now I hear their footsteps  
 And their voices far away —  
 If they call me, I am waiting,  
 Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows  
 Are a little longer grown —  
 Only waiting till the glimmer  
 Of the day's last beam is flown.  
 When from out the folded darkness  
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
 By whose light, my soul will gladly  
 Wing her passage to the skies.

## THE HELIOTROPE.

SOMEWHERE 'tis told that in an Eastern land,  
 Clasped in the dull palm of a mummy's hand,  
 A few light seeds were found; with wondering eyes  
 And words of awe was lifted up the prize.  
 And much they marvelled what could be so dear  
 Of herb or flower as to be treasured here;  
 What sacred vow had made the dying keep  
 So close this token for his last, long sleep.  
 None ever knew, but in the fresh, warm earth  
 The cherished seeds sprang to a second birth,

And, eloquent once more with love and hope,  
 Burst into bloom the purple heliotrope,

Embalmed perhaps with sorrow's fiery tears,  
 Out of the silence of a thousand years  
 It answered back the passion of the past  
 With the pure breath of perfect peace at last.

O pulseless heart! as ages pass, sleep well!  
 The purple flower thy secret will not tell,  
 But only to our eager quest reply —  
 "Love, memory, hope, like me can never die!"

## CHARLES MACKAY.

## THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A LITTLE child, beneath a tree,  
 Sat and chanted cheerily  
 A little song, a pleasant song,  
 Which was, — she sang it all day long, —  
 "When the wind blows the blossoms fall,  
 But a good God reigns over all!"

There passed a lady by the way,  
 Moaning in the face of day:  
 There were tears upon her cheek,  
 Grief in her heart too great to speak;  
 Her husband died but yesternorn,  
 And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child.  
 That look'd to Heaven, and, singing, smiled;  
 And saw not, for her own despair,  
 Another lady, young and fair,  
 Who, also passing, stopped to hear  
 The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she, but few sad days before,  
 Had lost the little babe she bore;  
 And grief was heavy at her soul,  
 As that sweet memory o'er her stole,  
 And showed how bright had been the past,  
 The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree,  
 Listening, soothed, and placidly,  
 A youth came by, whose sunken eyes,  
 Spoke of a load of miseries;  
 And he, arrested like the twain,  
 Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head  
 Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed:  
 Her marriage robes were fitted on,  
 Her fair young face with blushes shone,  
 When the Destroyer smote her low,  
 And left the lover to his woe.

And these three listened to the song  
 Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,

Which that child, the livelong day,  
Chanted to itself in play:  
"When the wind blows, the blossoms  
fall,  
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;  
The mother's grief, though unre-  
proved,  
Softened, as her trembling tongue  
Repeated what the infant sung;  
And the sad lover, with a start,  
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child — if child it  
were,  
And not a seraph sitting there —  
Was seen no more, the sorrowing  
three  
Went on their way resignedly,  
The song still ringing in their ears —  
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.  
But in the midst of deepest woe  
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,  
To warn them, and console them too:  
"When the wind blows, the blossoms  
fall.  
But a good God reigns over all."

---

*CLEON AND I.*

CLEON hath ten thousand acres,  
Ne'er a one have I;  
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,  
In a cottage, I;  
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,  
Not a penny, I;  
Yet the poorer of the twain is  
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,  
But the landscape, I;  
Half the charms to me it yieldeth  
Money cannot buy;  
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness,  
Freshening vigor, I;  
He in velvet, I in fustian —  
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,  
Free as thought am I;  
Cleon fees a score of doctors,  
Need of none have I;  
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,  
Cleon fears to die;  
Death may come — he'll find me  
ready,  
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature,  
In a daisy, I;  
Cleon hears no anthems ringing  
'Twixt the sea and sky;  
Nature sings to me forever,  
Earnest listener, I;  
State for state, with all attendants —  
Who would change? — Not I.

---

*CLEAR THE WAY!*

MEN of thought! be up and stirring,  
Night and day:  
Sow the seed — withdraw the cur-  
tain —

Clear the way!

Men of action, aid and cheer them,  
As ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,  
There's a light about to beam,  
There's a warmth about to glow,  
There's a flower about to blow;  
There's a midnight blackness chang-  
ing

Into gray;

Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,  
Who shall say  
What the unimagined glories  
Of the day?

What the evil that shall perish  
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;  
Aid it, hopes of honest men;  
Aid it, paper — aid it, type —  
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,  
And our earnest must not slacken  
Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish  
 From the day;  
 And a brazen wrong to crumble  
 Into clay.  
 Lo! the Right's about to conquer,  
 Clear the way!  
 With the Right, shall many more  
 Enter, smiling, at the door;  
 With the giant Wrong, shall fall  
 Many others, great and small,  
 That for ages long have held us  
 For their prey.  
 Men of thought and men of action,  
 Clear the way!

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 We may not live to see the day,  
 But earth shall glisten in the ray  
 Of the good time coming.  
 Cannon-balls may aid the truth,  
 But thought's a weapon stronger;  
 We'll win our battle by its aid;—  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 The pen shall supersede the sword,  
 And Right, not Might, shall be the  
 lord  
 In the good time coming.  
 Worth, not Birth, shall rule man-  
 kind,  
 And be acknowledged stronger;  
 The proper impulse has been given;—  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 War, in all men's eyes, shall be  
 A monster of iniquity  
 In the good time coming.  
 Nations shall not quarrel then,  
 To prove which is the stronger;  
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 Hateful rivalries of creed  
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed

In the good time coming.  
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,  
 And flourish all the stronger;  
 And Charity shall trim her lamp;—  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 And a poor man's family  
 Shall not be his misery  
 In the good time coming.  
 Every child shall be a help,  
 To make his right arm stronger;  
 The happier he, the more he has;—  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 Little children shall not toil,  
 Under or above the soil,  
 In the good time coming;  
 But shall play in healthful fields  
 Till limbs and mind grow stronger;  
 And every one shall read and write;—  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 The people shall be temperate,  
 And shall love instead of hate,  
 In the good time coming.  
 They shall use, and not abuse,  
 And make all virtue stronger.  
 The reformation has begun;  
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
 A good time coming:  
 Let us aid it all we can,  
 Every woman, every man,  
 The good time coming.  
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,  
 Make the impulse stronger;  
 'Twill be strong enough one day;—  
 Wait a little longer.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

LATE or early, home returning,  
 In the starlight or the rain,  
 I beheld that lonely candle  
 Shining from his window-pane.

Ever o'er his tattered curtain,  
 Nightly looking, I could scan,  
 Aye inditing,  
 Writing — writing,  
 The pale figure of a man;  
 Still discern behind him fall  
 The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murky midnight,  
 By dim burning of my oil,  
 Filling aye his rapid leaflets,  
 I have watched him at his toil;  
 Watched his broad and seamy forehead,  
 Watched his white industrious hand,  
 Ever passing  
 And re-passing;  
 Watched and strove to understand  
 What impelled it — gold, or fame —  
 Bread, or bubble of a name.

Oft I've asked, debating vainly  
 In the silence of my mind,  
 What the services he rendered  
 To his country or his kind;  
 Whether tones of ancient music,  
 Or the sound of modern gong,  
 Wisdom holy,  
 Humors lowly,  
 Sermon, essay, novel, song,  
 Or philosophy sublime,  
 Fill'd the measure of his time.

No one sought him, no one knew  
 him,  
 Undistinguished was his name:  
 Never had his praise been uttered  
 By the oracles of fame.  
 Scanty fare and decent raiment,  
 Humble lodging, and a fire —  
 These he sought for,  
 These he wrought for,  
 And he gained his meek æsire;  
 Teaching men by written word —  
 Clinging to a hope deferred.

So he lived. At last I missed him;  
 Still might evening twilight fall,  
 But no taper lit his lattice —  
 Lay no shadow on his wall.  
 In the winter of his seasons,  
 In the midnight of his day,  
 'Mid his writing,  
 And inditing,

Death hath beckoned him away,  
 Ere the sentence he had planned  
 Found completion at his hand.

But this man so old and nameless  
 Left behind him projects large,  
 Schemes of progress undeveloped,  
 Worthy of a nation's charge;  
 Noble fancies uncompleted,  
 Germs of beauty immatured,  
 Only needing  
 Kindly feeding  
 To have flourished and endured;  
 Meet reward in golden store  
 To have lived for evermore.

Who shall tell what schemes majestic  
 Perish in the active brain?  
 What humanity is robbed of,  
 Ne'er to be restored again?  
 What we lose, because we honor  
 Overmuch the mighty dead,  
 And dispirit  
 Living merit,  
 Heaping scorn upon its head?  
 Or perchance, when kinder grown,  
 Leaving it to die — alone?

O YE TEARS!

O YE tears! O ye tears! that have long  
 refused to flow,  
 Ye are welcome to my heart — thaw-  
 ing, thawing, like the snow;  
 I feel the hard clod soften, and the  
 early snowdrops spring,  
 And the healing fountains gush, and  
 the wildernesses sing.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thank-  
 ful that ye run;  
 Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye  
 shall glitter in the sun.  
 The rainbow cannot shine if the rain  
 refuse to fall,  
 And the eyes that cannot weep are  
 the saddest eyes of all.

O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt you  
 on my cheek,  
 I was selfish in my sorrow, I was stub-  
 born, I was weak.



Pleased with the thought, I nurse  
 it for a while,  
 And then dismiss it with a faint half-  
 smile.  
 And next I fancy thee a multitude,  
 Moved by one breath, obedient to the  
 mood  
 Of one strong thinker — the resistless  
 wind,  
 That, passing o'er thee, bends thee to  
 its mind.  
 See how thy blades, in myriads as  
 they grow,  
 Turn ever eastward as the west winds  
 blow —  
 Just as the human crowd is swayed  
 and bent,  
 By some great preacher, madly elo-  
 quent,  
 Who moves them at his will, and with  
 a breath  
 Gives them their bias both in life and  
 death.  
 Or by some wondrous actor, when he  
 draws  
 All eyes and hearts, amid a hushed  
 applause,  
 Not to be uttered, lest delight be  
 marred;  
 Or, greater still, by hymn of prophet-  
 bard,  
 Who moulds the lazy present by his  
 rhyme,  
 And sings the glories of a future time.

And ye are happy, green leaves,  
 every one,  
 Spread in your countless thousands  
 to the sun!  
 Unlike mankind, no solitary blade  
 Of all your verdure ever disobeyed  
 The law of nature: every stalk that  
 lifts  
 Its head above the mould, enjoys the  
 gifts  
 Of liberal heaven — the rain, the dew,  
 the light;  
 And points, though humbly, to the  
 Infinite;  
 And every leaf, a populous world,  
 maintains  
 Invisible nations on its wide-stretched  
 plains.

So great is littleness! the mind at  
 fault  
 Betwixt the peopled leaf and starry  
 vault,  
 Doubts which is grandest, and, with  
 holy awe,  
 Adores the God who made them, and  
 whose law  
 Upholds them in Eternity or Time,  
 Greatest and least, ineffably sublime.

—  
 TELL ME, YE WINGÈD WINDS.

TELL me, ye wingèd winds,  
 That round my pathway roar,  
 Do ye not know some spot  
 Where mortals weep no more?  
 Some lone and pleasant dell,  
 Some valley in the west,  
 Where, free from toil and pain,  
 The weary soul may rest?  
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper  
 low,  
 And sighed for pity as it answered,  
 "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,  
 Whose billows round me play,  
 Know'st thou some favored spot,  
 Some island far away,  
 Where weary man may find  
 The bliss for which he sighs, —  
 Where sorrow never lives,  
 And friendship never dies?  
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual  
 flow,  
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to  
 answer, — "No."

And thou, serenest moon,  
 That, with such lovely face,  
 Dost look upon the earth,  
 Asleep in night's embrace;  
 Tell me, in all thy round  
 Hast thou not seen some spot  
 Where miserable man  
 May find a happier lot?  
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew  
 in woe,  
 And a voice, sweet but sad, respond-  
 ed, — "No."



Tell me, my secret soul,  
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting-place  
From sorrow, sin, and death?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where mortals may be blest,

Where grief may find a balm,  
And weariness a rest?  
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons  
to mortals given,  
Waved their bright wings, and whis-  
pered, — "Yes, in heaven."

## ANDREW MARVELL.

### *A DROP OF DEW.*

SEE how the orient dew,  
Shed from the bosom of the morn  
Into the blowing roses,  
(Yet careless of its mansion new  
For the clear region where 'twas born)  
Round in itself incloses,  
And in its little globe's extent  
Frames, as it can, its native element.  
How it the purple flower does slight,  
Scarce touching where it lies;  
But gazing back upon the skies,  
Shines with a mournful light,  
Like its own tear,  
Because so long divided from the  
sphere.  
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,  
Trembling, lest it grow impure;  
Till the warm sun pities its pain,  
And to the skies exhales it back again.  
So the soul, that drop, that ray,  
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,  
Could it within the human flower be  
seen,

Remembering still its former  
height,  
Shuns the sweet leaves and blos-  
soms green,  
And, recollecting its own light,  
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts,  
express  
The greater heaven in a heaven less.  
In how coy a figure wound,  
Every way it turns away;  
So the world excluding round,  
Yet receiving in the day.  
Dark beneath, but bright above;  
Here disdainful, there in love.  
How loose and easy hence to go!  
How girt and ready to ascend!  
Moving but on a point below,  
It all about does upward bend.  
Such did the manna's sacred dew dis-  
til,  
White and entire, although congealed  
and chill —  
Congealed on earth, but does, dis-  
solving, run  
Into the glories of th' almighty sun.

## GERALD MASSEY.

### *JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.*

JERUSALEM the Golden!  
I weary for one gleam  
Of all thy glory folden  
In distance and in dream!  
My thoughts, like palms in exile,  
Climb up to look and pray  
For a glimpse of thy dear country  
That lies so far away.

Jerusalem the Golden!  
Methinks each flower that blows,  
And every bird a-singing  
Of thee, some secret knows;  
I know not what the flowers  
Can feel, or singers see:  
But all these summer raptures  
Seem prophecies of thee.

Jerusalem the Golden!  
 When sunset's in the west,  
 It seems the gate of glory,  
 Thou city of the blest!  
 And midnight's starry torches  
 Through intermediate gloom  
 Are waving with our welcome  
 To thy eternal home!

Jerusalem the Golden!  
 When loftily they sing,  
 O'er pain and sorrow olden  
 Forever triumphing;  
 Lowly may be the portal,  
 And dark may be the door,  
 The mansion is immortal —  
 God's palace for his poor!

Jerusalem the Golden!  
 There all our birds that flew —  
 Our flowers but half unfolden,  
 Our pearls that turned to dew,  
 And all the glad life-music  
 Now heard no longer here,  
 Shall come again to greet us  
 As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem the Golden!  
 I toil on day by day;  
 Heart-sore each night with longing,  
 I stretch my hands and pray,  
 That mid thy leaves of healing  
 My soul may find her nest;  
 Where the wicked cease from trou-  
 bling,  
 The weary are at rest!

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*THE KINGLIEST KINGS.*

Ho! ye who in the noble work  
 Win scorn, as flames draw air,  
 And in the way where lions lurk  
 God's image bravely bear;  
 Ho! trouble-tried and torture torn,  
 The kingliest kings are crowned with  
 thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,  
 Still springeth from the cloud;  
 And soul ne'er soared the starry  
 seven,  
 But pain's fire-chariot rode.

They've battled best who've boldest  
 borne;  
 The kingliest kings are crowned with  
 thorn.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow  
 Doth into glory burn;  
 And tears that from Love's torn  
 heart flow,  
 To pearls of spirit turn.  
 Our dearest hopes in pangs are born;  
 The kingliest kings are crowned with  
 thorn.

As beauty in death's cerement  
 shrouds,  
 And stars bejewel night,  
 God's splendors live in dim heart-  
 clouds,  
 And suffering worketh might.  
 The mirkest hour is mother o' morn;  
 The kingliest kings are crowned with  
 thorn.

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*AND THOU HAST STOLEN A  
 JEWEL.*

AND thou hast stolen a jewel, Death,  
 Shall light thy dark up like a star.  
 A beacon kindling from afar  
 Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,  
 And glitters through the thickest  
 glooms,  
 Till the eternal morning comes  
 To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,  
 We've strewn the way our Lord  
 doth come;  
 And, ready for the harvest home,  
 His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled:  
 Awhile she sat with folded wings —  
 Sang round us a few hoverings —  
 Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her;  
 With heaven's white radiance robed  
 and crowned,  
 And all love's purple glory round,  
 She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land,  
serene  
She walked betwixt us twain, like  
love;

While, in a robe of light above,  
Her better angel walked unseen, —

Till life's highway broke bleak and  
wild;

Then, lest her starry garments trail  
In mire, heart bleed, and courage  
fail,  
The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward  
rolled

To the great ocean; on whose  
shore

We wander up and down, to store  
Some treasures of the times of  
old: —

And aye we seek and hunger on  
For precious pearls and relics rare,  
Strewn on the sands for us to wear  
At heart for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm  
In Gilcad! Love doth ever shed  
Rich healing where it nestles —  
spread

O'er desert pillows some green palm!

Strange glory streams through life's  
wild rents; [death  
And through the open door of  
We see the heaven that beckoneth  
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;  
The best fruit loads the broken  
bough; plough,  
And in the wounds our sufferings  
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting;  
Waiting for the May. —  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,  
Where the fragrant hawthorn bram-  
bles,

With the woodbine alternating,  
Scent the dewy way.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting, —  
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May, —  
Longing to escape from study,  
To the young face fair and ruddy,  
And the thousand charms belong-  
ing

To the summer's day.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May, —  
Sighing for their sure returning,  
When the summer beams are burn-  
ing,

Hopes and flowers that, dead or  
dying,  
All the winter lay.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throb-  
bing,

Throbbing for the May, —  
Throbbing for the seaside billows,  
Or the water-wooing willows;  
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,  
Glide the streams away.

Ah! my heart, my heart is throb-  
bing,

Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
Waiting for the May:

Spring goes by with wasted warnings;  
Moonlit evenings, sunbright morn-  
ings, —

Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
Life still ebbs away;

Man is ever weary, weary,  
Waiting for the May!

## NICHOLAS MICHELL.

*PERSIA.*

PERSIA! time-honored land! who  
 looks on thee  
 A desert, yet a Paradise, will see,  
 Vast chains of hills where not a  
 shrub appears,  
 Wastes where the dews distil their  
 diamond tears;  
 The only living things foul birds of  
 prey,  
 That whet their beaks, or court the  
 solar ray,  
 And wolves that fill with howlings  
 midnight's vale,  
 Turning the cheek of far-off traveller  
 pale;—  
 Anon, the ravished eye delighted  
 dwells  
 On chinar-groves and brightly-  
 watered dells.  
 Blooming where man and art have  
 nothing done,  
 Pomegranates hang their rich fruit  
 in the sun;  
 Grapes turn to purple many a rock's  
 tall brow,  
 And globes of gold adorn the citron's  
 bough;  
 Mid rose-trees hid, or perched on  
 some high palm.  
 The bulbul sings through eve's deli-  
 cious calm;  
 While girt by planes, or washed by  
 cooling streams,  
 On some green flat the stately city  
 gleams, —  
 'Tis as a demon there had cast his  
 frown,  
 And here an angel breathed a bless-  
 ing down;  
 As if in nature as the human soul,  
 The god of darkness spurned heaven's  
 bright control,  
 Good struggling hard with Evil's  
 withering spell,  
 A smiling Eden on the marge of hell.  
 Immortal ciime! where Zoroaster  
 sprung,  
 And light on Persia's earlier history  
 flung;

Let charity condemn not Iran's sage,  
 Who taught, reformed, and human-  
 ized his age.  
 In him one great as Mecca's prophet,  
 see,  
 But oh, more gentle, wise, and pure  
 than he.

*ALEXANDER AT PERSEPOLIS.*

HERE, too, came one who bartered  
 all for power,  
 The dread Napoleon of earth's  
 younger hour:  
 Ay, the same spot we calmly muse  
 on now  
 Saw chiefs and kings to Alexander  
 bow;  
 A conqueror, — yes, men praise and  
 bend the knee;  
 Who spreads most woe, the greatest  
 hero he.  
 But lo! that night on fancy casts its  
 gloom, [doom,  
 That fearful night of revelry and  
 When perished all things costly,  
 bright, and fair,  
 And left, as now, these pillars stern  
 and bare.  
 The feast is spread; around the mon-  
 arch shine  
 Those earth-born pomps weak mort-  
 als deem divine;  
 High sits he on his throne of gems  
 and gold,  
 Bright-starred and purple robes his  
 limbs enfold;  
 No crown adorns his brow, for fes-  
 tive hours  
 Have wreathed his head with Bac-  
 chus' bloomy flowers;  
 Lamps, hung in silver chains, a soft-  
 ened glow  
 Shed on the warrior chiefs that group  
 below.  
 There prince and noble round the  
 board are met,  
 Who fought those fights embalmed  
 in history yet;

But thoughts of slaughter past, and  
 blood-stained fields,  
 Mar not the joys that gorgeous banquet yields;  
 Sparkles in cups of gold rich Cyprian  
 wine,  
 Melts the Greek fig, the grapes of  
 Ora shine;  
 Pears from fair Bactria vie with Ker-  
 man's peach,  
 And fruit from climes e'en Greeks  
 have failed to reach —  
 Hot Indian Isles, to Scythia's moun-  
 tain snows, —  
 Each luscious orb on plates of crystal  
 glows.  
 Hark! in the gilded gallery, flute and  
 lyre!  
 Strains soft as sighs of streaming  
 love respire;  
 Then harp and sackbut bolder notes  
 ring out,  
 Like victory's pæan o'er some army's  
 rout.  
 And thus they revel; mirth and joy  
 control  
 The sterner thoughts, the high as-  
 piring soul;  
 And e'en the slaves, in sumptuous  
 garments dressed,  
 Forget their toils to see their lords  
 so blessed.

But what young beauty leans be-  
 side the king,  
 With form so graceful, air so lan-  
 guishing?  
 While other maids are glittering down  
 that hall,  
 A moon mid earth's sweet stars, she  
 dims them all.  
 Her mask is off, unveiled her radiant  
 head,  
 A lovelier veil those flower-bound  
 tresses spread;  
 A spangled zone her Grecian robe  
 confines,  
 Bright on her breast a costly diamond  
 shines,  
 But oh, more bright, that eye's en-  
 trancing ray  
 Melts where it falls, and steals the  
 soul away!

Who looks must look again, and  
 sighing own  
 Earth boasts, than tyrant Love's, no  
 mightier throne:  
 Woman was born to vanquish, — he,  
 the brave,  
 The nation-trampler, bowed, her  
 veriest slave;  
 Yes, beauteous Thais, with Love's  
 flag unfurled,  
 Conquered the blood-stained con-  
 queror of the world!

THE PARADISE OF CABUL.

OH, who Cabul's sweet region may  
 behold,  
 When spring laughs out, or autumn  
 sows her gold,  
 The meadows, orchards, streams  
 that glide in light,  
 Nor deem lost Irem charms again his  
 sight;  
 That wondrous garden rivalling  
 Eden's bloom,  
 Too blessed for man to view, this side  
 the tomb?  
 Flowers here, of every scent and  
 form and dye,  
 Lift their bright heads, and laugh  
 upon the sky,  
 From the tall tulip with her rich  
 streaked bell,  
 Where throned in state, Queen Mab  
 is proud to dwell,  
 To lowly wind-flowers gaudier plants  
 eclipse. [lips.  
 And pensile harebells with their dewy  
 There turns the heliotrope to court  
 the sun,  
 And up green stalks the starry jas-  
 mines run:  
 The hyacinth in tender pink outvies  
 Beauty's soft cheek, and violets  
 match her eyes;  
 Sweet breathe the henna flowers that  
 harem girls  
 So love to twine among their glossy  
 curls;  
 And here the purple pansy springs to  
 birth,  
 Like some gay insect rising from the  
 earth.

One sheet of bloom the level green-  
sward yields,  
And simple daisies speak of England's  
fields;  
Drawn by sweet odor's spell, in hum-  
ming glee,  
Flits round the gloomy stock, the rob-  
ber-bee,  
While to the gorgeous musk-rose, all  
night long,  
The love-sick bulbul pours his melt-  
ing song;  
Then, too, the fruits through months  
that hang and glow.  
Tempting as those which wrought  
our mother's woe.  
Soft shines the mango on its stem so  
tall,  
Rich gleams beneath, the melon's  
golden ball;  
How feasts the eye upon the bell-  
shaped pear!  
Bright cherries look like corals strung  
in air;  
The purple plum, the grape the hand  
may reach,

Vie with the slowny-skinned and  
blushing peach;  
Though small, its place the luscious  
strawberry claims,  
Mid snowy flowers the radiant orange  
flames;  
To quench the thirst the cooling  
guava see,  
And ripe pomegranates melting on  
the tree.  
And here, too, England's favorite  
fruit is seen,  
The red-cheeked apple, veiled by  
leaves of green:  
Ah! at the sight, sweet thoughts of  
home awake,  
And foreign lands are welcomed for  
its sake.  
Thrice genial clime! O favored  
sweet Cabul!  
Well art thou named the blessed, the  
beautiful!  
With snow-peaked hills around thee,  
—guarding arms!  
Ah! would thy sons were worthy of  
thy charms!

## WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

### *THE SAILOR'S WIFE.*

AND are ye sure the news is true?  
And are ye sure he's weel?  
Is this a time to think o' wark?  
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;  
Is this the time to spin a thread,  
When Colin's at the door?  
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
And see him come ashore.  
For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a';  
There's little pleasure in the house  
When our gudeman's awa'.  
And gie to me my bigonet,  
My bishop's-satin gown;  
For I maun tell the baillie's wife  
That Colin's in the town.  
My Turkey slippers maun gae on  
My stockin's pearly blue;

It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside,  
Put on the muckle pot;  
Gie little Kate her button gown,  
And Jock his Sunday coat;  
And mak' their shoon as black as  
slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw;  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop  
Been fed this month and mair;  
Mak' haste and thrash their necks  
about,  
That Colin weel may fare;  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw,

For wha can tell how Colin fared  
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his  
speech,  
His breath like caller air;  
His very foot has music in't  
As he comes up the stair, —  
And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet!

'If Colin's weel, and weel content,  
I hae nae mair to crave:  
And gin I live to keep him sae  
I'm blest aboon the lave:  
And will I see his face again ?  
And will I hear him speak ?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
In troth I'm like to greet.  
For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a';  
There's little pleasure in the house  
When our gudeman's awa'.

### ABRAHAM PERRY MILLER.

[From Consolation.]

#### REFUGE FROM DOUBT.

O LOVING God of Nature! who  
through all  
Hast never yet betrayed me to a  
fall, —  
While following creeds of men I went  
astray,  
And in distressing mazes lost my way;  
But turning back to Thee, I found  
Thee true,  
And sweet as woman's love, and  
fresh as dew, —  
Henceforth on Thee, and Thee alone  
I rest,  
Nor warring sects shall tear me from  
Thy breast.  
While others doubt and wrangle o'er  
their creeds,  
I rest in Thee and satisfy my needs.

[From Consolation.]

#### TURN TO THE HELPER.

As when a little child returned from  
play,  
Finds the door closed and latched  
across its way,  
Against the door, with infant push  
and strain,  
It gathers all its strength and strives  
in vain!  
Unseen, within, a loving father stands  
And lifts the iron latch with easy  
hands;

Then, as he lightly draws the door  
aside,  
He hides behind it, while with baby  
pride, —  
And face aglow, in struts the little one,  
Flushed and rejoiced to think what  
it has done, —  
So, when men find, across life's rug-  
ged way,  
Strong doors of trouble barred from  
day to day,  
And strive with all their power of  
knees and hands,  
Unseen within the heavenly Father  
stands,  
And lifts each iron latch, while men  
pass through,  
Flushed and rejoiced to think what  
they can do!

Turn to the Helper, unto whom thou  
art  
More near and dear than to thy  
mother's heart, —  
Who is more near to thee than is the  
blood  
That warms thy bosom with its pur-  
ple flood —  
Who by a word can change the men-  
tal state  
And make a burden light, however  
great!  
O loving Power! that, dwelling deep  
within,  
Consoles our spirits in their woe and  
sin, —

When days were dark and all the  
 world went wrong,  
 Nor any heart was left for prayer and  
 song, —  
 When bitter memory, o'er and o'er  
 again,  
 Revolved the wrongs endured from  
 fellow-men;  
 And showed how hopes decayed and  
 bore no fruit,  
 And He who placed us here was deaf  
 and mute! —  
 If then we turned on God in angry  
 wise,  
 And scorned his dealings with re-  
 proachful eyes  
 Questioned his goodness, and in fool-  
 ish wrath,  
 Called hope a lie and ridiculed our  
 faith, —  
 Did we not find, in such an evil hour,  
 That far within us dwelt this loving  
 Power?  
 No wrathful God within, to smite us  
 down, [frown;  
 Or turn his face away with angry  
 But in the bitter heart, a smile began,  
 Grew, all at once, within, and up-  
 ward ran,  
 Broke out upon the face — and, for  
 awhile,  
 Despite all bitterness, we had to  
 smile!  
 Because God's spirit that within us  
 lay, [away!  
 Simply rose up, and smiled our wrath

This love endures through all things,  
 without end,  
 And every soul has one Almighty  
 Friend,  
 Whose angels watch and tend it from  
 its birth,  
 And heaven becomes the servant of  
 the earth! [move  
 Whate'er befall, our spirits live and  
 In one vast ocean of Eternal Love!

[From *Consolation*.]

KEEP FAITH IN LOVE.

KEEP faith in Love, the cure of every  
 curse —  
 The strange, sweet wonder of the  
 universe!  
 God loves a lover, and while time  
 shall roll,  
 This wonder, Love, shall save the  
 human soul.  
 Love is the heart's condition: youth  
 and age  
 Alike are subject to its tender rage:  
 Age crowns the head with venerable  
 snow,  
 But Life and Love forever mated go;  
 Along life's far frontier, the aged  
 move,  
 One foot beyond, and nothing left  
 but Love!  
 And when the soul its mortal fears  
 resigns, [shines!  
 The perfect world of love around it

JOHN MILTON.

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out  
 thy race, [hours,  
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plum-  
 met's pace;  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb  
 devours,  
 Which is no more than what is false  
 and vain,

And merely mortal dross;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain.  
 For when as each thing bad thou  
 hast entombed,  
 And last of all thy greedy self con-  
 sumed,  
 Then long Eternity shall greet our  
 bliss  
 With an individual kiss;  
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,



When every thing that is sincerely  
good  
And perfectly divine,  
With truth, and peace, and love, shall  
ever shine  
About the supreme throne  
Of him, to whose happy-making sight  
alone  
When once our heavenly-guided soul  
shall climb,  
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,  
Attired with stars, we shall forever  
sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance,  
and thee, O Time.

—  
*L'ALLEGRO.*

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight  
born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks,  
and sights unholy!  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding darkness spreads  
his jealous wings,  
And the night raven sings;  
There under ebon shades and low-  
browed rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever  
dwell.  
But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
With two sister Graces more  
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;  
Or whether (as some sages sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the  
spring,  
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying,  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses washed in  
dew,  
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonaire.  
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with  
thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathèd smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek,  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides,  
Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with  
thee

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And, if I give thee honor due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unprovokèd pleasures free;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine  
Or the twisted eglantine;  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door.  
Stoutly struts his dames before:  
Oft listening how the hounds and  
horn

Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing  
shrill:

Some time walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries  
dight;

While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new  
pleasures

Whilst the landskip round it meas-  
ures;

Russet lawns and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The laboring clouds do often rest,

Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.  
 Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savory dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis  
 dresses:

And then in haste her bower, she  
 leaves,  
 With Thestylys to bind the sheaves;  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth, and many a maid  
 Dancing in the chequered shade;  
 And young and old come forth to  
 play

On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the livelong daylight fail;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;  
 She was pinched and pulled, she  
 said,

And he by friar's lanthorn led;  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of  
 morn,

His shadowy flail had threshed the  
 corn,  
 That ten day-laborers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubber  
 fiend,  
 And, stretched out all the chimney's  
 length.

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they  
 creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lulled  
 asleep.

Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,

Where throngs of knights and barons  
 bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs  
 hold,

With store of ladies, whose bright  
 eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all com-  
 mend.

There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With masque and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,  
 On summer eves, by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's  
 child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the melting soul may pierce,  
 In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cun-  
 ning,

The melting voice through mazes  
 running,

Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his  
 head

From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the  
 ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

---

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of folly, without father  
 bred!

How little you bestead,  
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your  
 toys!

Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes  
 possess,  
 As thick and numberless,

As the gay motes that people the  
 sunbeams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus'  
 train.

But hail, thou goddess, sage and  
 holy!

Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's  
 hue:

Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might be-  
 seem,

Or that starred Ethiop queen, that  
 strove

To set her beauty's praise above  
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers  
 offended:

Yet thou art higher far descended;  
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore  
 To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she (in Saturn's reign  
 Such mixture was not held a stain).

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of cypress lawn,  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the  
 skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
 There, held in holy passion still,

Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast,

Thou fix them on the earth as fast;  
 And join with thee calm peace and

quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth

diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring

Aye round about Jove's altar sing;

And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleas-  
 ure;

But first and chiefest with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
 'The cherub Contemplation;  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon  
 yoke,

Gently o'er the accustomed oak;  
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of  
 folly,

Most musical, most melancholy!  
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods  
 among,

I woo to hear thy even-song;  
 And missing thee, I walk unseen

On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heavens' wide pathless

way;

And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft on a plat of rising ground  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-watered shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or if the air will not permit,  
 Some still, removèd place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the

room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;  
 Far from all resort of mirth,

Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
 Be seen on some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
 With thrice-great Hermes, or un-

sphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds, or what vast regions

hold

The immortal mind, that hath for-  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;

And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

[sook

Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age,  
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad virgin! that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did  
seek;

Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That owned the virtuous ring and  
glass;

And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride;  
And if aught else great bards beside  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;  
Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the  
ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale  
career,  
'Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
Not tricked and frownced as she was  
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or ushered with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the  
eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown, that Sylvan  
loves,  
Of pine or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heavèd  
stroke  
Was never heard, the Nymphs to  
daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallowed  
haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep:  
And let some strange mysterious  
dream

Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid:  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high embowèd roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through  
mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine  
eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

---

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's  
harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and  
leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her  
green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale  
primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
 Mirth and youth and warm desire;  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

STANZAS FROM "HYMN ON THE  
 NATIVITY."

It was the winter wild,  
 While the heaven-born child  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
 Nature in awe to Him  
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize:

It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty  
 paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
 She woos the gentle air  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
 And on her naked shame,  
 Pollute with sinful blame,  
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,  
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes  
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,  
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;  
 She, crowned with olives green,  
 came softly sliding  
 Down through the turning sphere  
 His ready harbinger,  
 With turtle wing the amorous  
 clouds dividing,  
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes a universal peace through  
 sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,  
 Was heard the world around:

The idle spear and shield were high  
 up hung,  
 The hookèd chariot stood,  
 Unstained with hostile blood,  
 The trumpet spake not to the  
 armèd throng,  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sov-  
 eign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,  
 Wherein the Prince of light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth  
 began:  
 The winds with wonder whist  
 Smoothly the waters kissed,  
 Whispering new joys to the mild  
 ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on  
 the charmed wave.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is  
 spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark  
 world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death  
 to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though  
 my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and  
 present  
 My true account, lest he returning  
 chide:  
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light  
 denied?"  
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to pre-  
 vent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God  
 doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts;  
 who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him  
 best: his state  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding  
 speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean with-  
 out rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and  
 wait."

## ON REACHING TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

## TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labor up the hill of heavenly truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth  
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,

And hope that reaps not shame.  
 Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,  
 Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

[From *Paradise Lost*.]

## THE BOWER OF ADAM AND EVE.

THE roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub  
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine  
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic: under foot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broïdered the ground, more colored than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,  
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none:  
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower  
 More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph  
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,  
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
 Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed,  
 And heavenly choirs the Hymenæan sung,  
 What day the genial angel to our sire  
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorned,  
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods

Endowed with all their gifts: and oh!  
 too like  
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son  
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she  
 ensnared  
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be  
 avenged  
 On him who had stole Jove's authen-  
 tic fire.

[From *Paradise Lost*.]

APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven  
 first-born,  
 Or of the Eternal, co-eternal beam,  
 May I express thee unblamed? since  
 God is Light,  
 And never but in unapproachèd  
 light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in  
 thee, [create.  
 Bright effluence of bright essence in-  
 Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal  
 stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Be-  
 fore the sun,  
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at  
 the voice [vest  
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst in-  
 The rising world of waters dark and  
 deep,  
 Won from the void and formless in-  
 finite.  
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though  
 long detained

In that obscure sojourn, while in  
 my flight  
 Through utter and through middle  
 darkness borne  
 With other notes than, to the Orphe-  
 an lyre,  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal night,  
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to ven-  
 ture down  
 The dark descent, and up to re-  
 ascend,  
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit  
 safe,  
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp:  
 but thou  
 Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in  
 vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find  
 no dawn;  
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched  
 their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not  
 the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses  
 haunt  
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sun-  
 ny hill,  
 Smit with the love of sacred song;  
 but chief  
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks  
 beneath,  
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and  
 warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equalled with me in  
 fate, [nown,  
 So were I equalled with them in re-  
 Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

STANZAS FROM "CASA WAPPY." \*

Thy bright brief day knew no de-  
 cline—  
 'T was cloudless joy;  
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
 Belovèd boy! [gay;  
 This morn beheld thee blithe and  
 That found thee prostrate in decay:  
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,  
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our heart, our household pride.  
 Earth's undefiled,  
 Could love have saved, thou hadst  
 not died,  
 Our dear, sweet child!  
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;  
 Yet had we hoped that Time should  
 see  
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
 Casa Wappy!

\* The pet name of Moir's son.

Methinks thou smil'st before me  
now,

With glance of stealth;  
The hair thrown back from thy full  
brow

In buoyant health;  
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,  
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed  
bright,  
Thy clasping arms so round and  
white,

Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,  
Thy bat, thy bow,  
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and  
ball,

But where art thou?  
A corner holds thine empty chair;  
Thy playthings, idly scattered there,  
But speak to us of our despair,  
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word —  
To glad — to grieve —  
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird  
On summer's eve;  
In outward beauty undecayed,  
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,  
And, like the rainbow, thou didst  
fade,  
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind,  
blank night  
The chamber fills;  
We pine for thee, when morn's first  
light  
Reddens the hills;

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,  
All — to the wall-flower and wild-  
pea —  
Are changed; we saw the world  
through thee,  
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may  
gleam  
Of casual mirth,  
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,  
An inward birth;  
We miss thy small step on the stair; —  
We miss thee at thine evening  
prayer:  
All day we miss thee — everywhere —  
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst  
go,  
In life's spring bloom,  
Down to the appointed house below —  
The silent tomb.  
But now the green leaves of the tree,  
The cuckoo, and the busy bee,  
Return — but with them bring not  
thee,  
Casa Wappy!

Farewell then — for a while fare-  
well —  
Pride of my heart!  
It cannot be that long we dwell,  
Thus torn apart.  
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;  
And, dark how'er life's night may  
be,  
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,  
Casa Wappy!

## JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the  
pride,  
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world  
beside;

Where brighter suns dispense serener  
light,  
And milder moons emparadise the  
night:  
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
Time-tutored age and love-exalted  
youth:



The wandering mariner, whose eye  
explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most en-  
chanting shores,  
Views not a realm so bountiful and  
fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles  
to that pole;  
For in this land of heaven's peculiar  
grace,  
The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely  
blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the  
rest:  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts  
aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and  
pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly  
blend  
The sire, the son, the husband,  
father, friend:  
Here woman reigns; the mother,  
daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow  
way of life;  
In the clear heaven of her delightful  
eye,  
An angel-guard of loves and graces  
lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties  
meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her  
feet.  
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of*  
*earth* be found?"  
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look  
around;  
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy foot-  
steps roam.  
That land **THY COUNTRY**, and that  
spot **THY HOME!**"

---

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that  
reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, "Behold, he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
When with the Father and his Son  
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;  
The Holy Spirit pleads;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hath  
trod;  
Lord, teach us how to pray!

---

THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man; and who was  
he?  
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died un-  
known:  
His name has perished from the  
earth,  
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and  
fear,

Alternate triumphed in his breast;  
His bliss and wo — a smile, a tear!  
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid  
limb,

The changing spirits' rise and fall;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

He suffered — but his pangs are o'er;  
Enjoyed — but his delights are fled;  
Had friends — his friends are now no  
more;

And foes — his foes are dead.

He loved — but whom he loved the  
grave

Hath lost in its unconscious womb:  
Oh, she was fair! but naught could  
save

Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen:  
Encountered all that troubles thee;  
He was — whatever thou hast been;  
He is — what thou shall be.

The rolling seasons — day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and  
main,

Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his  
eye

That once their shades and glory  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins, since the world began,  
Of him afford no other trace  
Than this — there lived a man!

#### ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb,  
Up to the mount of glory,  
That our names may live through  
time

In our country's story:

Happy when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge;  
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil  
Win from school and college;  
Delve we there for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press  
Through the path of duty;  
Virtue is true happiness,  
Excellence, true beauty.  
Minds are of celestial birth;  
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit  
Hearts and hands together,  
Where our fireside comforts sit  
In the wildest weather;  
Oh! they wander wide who roam,  
For the joys of life, from home.

#### FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DE- PARTS.

FRIEND after friend departs;  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end:  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond this flight of time —  
Beyond the reign of death, —  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath;  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above  
Where parting is unknown:  
A long eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone:  
And faith beholds the dying, here,  
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are past away,  
As morning high and higher shines,  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own  
light.

## FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

“FOR ever with the Lord!”

Amen! so let it be:  
Life from the dead is in that word:  
'T is immortality!

My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!

“For ever with the Lord!”  
Father, if 't is Thy will,  
The promise of Thy gracious word,  
Even here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand:  
So shall I never fail;  
Uphold Thou me and I shall stand;  
Help, and I shall prevail.

So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

Knowing “as I am known,”  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
“For ever with the Lord.”

## THOMAS MOORE.

[From *Lalla Rookh*.]

## ESTRANGEMENT THROUGH TRIFLES.

ALAS—how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain had  
tried

And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm, when waves  
were rough,

Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships, that have gone down at  
sea,

When heaven was all tranquillity!  
A something light as air—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken—

Oh! love that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this hath  
shaken.

And ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words be-  
gin;

And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said;  
Till fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetnesses of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds,—or like the  
stream,

That smiling left the mountain's  
brow,  
As though its waters ne'er could  
sever,

Yet e'er it reached the plain below,  
Breaks into floods that part forever.

O you, that have the charge of love,  
Keep him in rosy bondage bound!  
As in the fields of bliss above  
He sits, with flowerets fettered  
round;

Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
Nor ever let him use his wings  
For even an hour, a minute's flight  
Will rob the plumes of half their  
light.

Like that celestial bird,—whose nest  
Is found beneath far eastern skies,  
Whose wings, though radiant when  
at rest,  
Lose all their glory when he flies.

[From *Lalla Rookh*.]

## RECOGNITION OF A CONGENIAL SPIRIT.

Oh! there are looks and tones that  
dart  
An instant sunshine through the  
heart,—

As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had  
sought;

As if the very lips and eyes  
Predestined to have all our sighs,  
And never be forgot again,  
Sparkled and spoke before us then.

So came thy every glance and tone,  
When first on me they breathed and  
shone  
New, as if brought from other  
spheres,  
Yet welcome as if loved for years!

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,  
When hastening fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor  
flies

Where idle warblers roam;  
But high she shoots through air and  
light,

Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her  
flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care,  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,  
To hold my course to Thee!  
No sin to cloud—no lure to stay  
My soul, as home she springs;—  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way;  
Thy freedom in her wings!

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me:  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken.

Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends so linked together  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed.  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound  
me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S  
TEAR.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's  
tear!  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee.  
The friends, who in our sunshine  
live,  
When winter comes, are flown:  
And he, who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.  
But Thou wilt heal that broken  
heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded  
part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or  
cheers,  
And e'en the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanished too!  
Oh! who would bear life's stormy  
doom,  
Did not Thy wing of love  
Come, brightly wafting through the  
gloom  
Our peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows  
bright  
With more than rapture's ray;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day!

—  
*I SAW FROM THE BEACH.*

I SAW from the beach, when the  
morning was shining,  
A bark o'er the waters move glori-  
ously on;  
I came when the sun o'er that beach  
was declining,  
The bark was still there, but the  
waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's  
early promise,

So passing the spring-tide of joy  
we have known;  
Each wave that we danced on at  
morning, ebbs from us,  
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak  
shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely  
adorning

The close of our day, the calm eve  
of our night:—

Give me back, give me back the wild  
freshness of morning,  
Her clouds and her tears are worth  
evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that  
moment's returning,

When passion first waked a new  
life through his frame?

And his soul,—like the wood that  
grows precious in burning;

Gave out all its sweets to love's ex-  
quisite flame!

—  
*COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.*

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you  
languish,

Come, at the shrine of God fervent-  
ly kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts,  
here tell your anguish—

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven  
cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-  
ing,

Hope, when all others die, fadeless  
and pure,

Here speaks the Comforter, in God's  
name saying,

“Earth has no sorrow that Heaven  
cannot cure.”

Go, ask the infidel what boon he  
brings us,

What charm for aching hearts he  
can reveal,

Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope  
sings to us—

“Earth has no sorrow that God  
cannot heal.”

—  
*THOSE EVENING BELLS.*

THOSE evening bells! those evening  
bells!

How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet  
time

When last I heard their soothing  
chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening  
bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,—  
That tuneful peal will still ring on;

While other bards shall walk these  
dells,

And sing your praise, sweet evening  
bells.

—  
*THOU ART, O GOD.*

THOU art, O God! the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;

Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from  
Thee.

Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are  
Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, de-  
lays

Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze

Through golden vistas into heaven;  
Those hues, that make the sun's de-  
cline

So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry  
gloom,

O'ershadows all the earth and  
skies,

Like some dark, beauteous bird,  
whose plume

Is sparkling with unnumbered  
eyes;—

That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord! are  
Thine.

When youthful spring around us  
breathes,

Thy spirit warms her fragrant  
sigh;

And every flower the summer  
wreathes

Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are  
Thine.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP;

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,

Her trembling pennant still looked  
back

To that dear isle 'twas leaving.

So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,  
To those we've left behind us!

When round the bowl, of vanished  
years

We talk, with joyous seeming,—

With smiles, that might as well be  
tears,

So faint, so sad their beaming;  
While memory brings us back again  
Each early tie that twined us,  
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then  
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet  
Some isle or vale enchan'ing,

Where all looks flowery, wild, and  
sweet,

And naught but love is wanting;

We think how great had been our  
bliss,

If heaven had but assigned us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back, at eve,

When eastward darkly going,

To gaze upon that light they leave

Still faint behind them glowing,—

So, when the close of pleasure's day

To gloom hath near consigned us,

We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

WOODMAN, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough:

In youth it sheltered me

And I'll protect it now,

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot;

There, woodman, let it stand,

Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,

And wouldst thou hew it down!

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!

Cut not its earth-bound ties;

Oh, spare that aged oak,

Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,  
 I sought its grateful shade;  
 In all their gushing joy,  
 Here, too, my sisters played.  
 My mother kissed me here;  
 My father press'd my hand:  
 Forgive this foolish tear, —  
 But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
 Close as thy bark, old friend!  
 Here shall the wild-bird sing;  
 And still thy branches bend.  
 Old tree! the storm still brave!  
 And, woodman, leave that spot;  
 While I've a hand to save,  
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

## WILLIAM MORRIS.

[From the *Earthly Paradise*.]

FEBRUARY..

Noon, — and the northwest sweeps  
 the empty road,  
 The rain-washed fields from hedge  
 to hedge are bare;  
 Beneath the leafless elms some hind's  
 abode  
 Looks small and void, and no smoke  
 meets the air  
 From its poor hearth: one lonely rook  
 doth dare  
 The gale, and beats about the unseen  
 corn,  
 Then turns, and whirling down the  
 wind is borne.

Shall it not hap that on some dawn  
 of May  
 Thou shalt awake, and, thinking of  
 days dead,  
 See nothing clear but this same dreary  
 day,  
 Of all the days that have passed o'er  
 thine head?  
 Shalt thou not wonder, looking from  
 thy bed,  
 Through green leaves on the windless  
 east a-fire,  
 That this day, too, thine heart doth  
 still desire.

Shalt thou not wonder that it liveth  
 yet,  
 The useless hope, the useless craving  
 pain,  
 That made thy face, that lonely noon-  
 tide, wet

With more than beating of the chilly  
 rain?  
 Shalt thou not hope for joy new-born  
 again,  
 Since no grief ever born can ever die  
 Through changeless change of sea-  
 sons passing by?

[From the *Earthly Paradise*.]

MARCH.

SLAYER of winter, art thou here  
 again?  
 O welcome, thou that bring'st the  
 summer nigh!  
 The bitter wind makes not thy vic-  
 tory vain,  
 Nor will we mock thee for thy faint  
 blue sky.  
 Welcome, O March! whose kindly  
 days and dry  
 Make April ready for the throstle's  
 song,  
 Thou first redresser of the winter's  
 wrong!

Yea, welcome, March! and though I  
 die ere June,  
 Yet for the hope of life I give thee  
 praise, [tune  
 Striving to swell the burden of the  
 That even now I hear thy brown  
 birds raise,  
 Unmindful of the past or coming  
 days; [gun!  
 Who sing, "O joy! a new year is be-  
 What happiness to look upon the  
 sun!"

Oh, what begetteth all this storm of  
 bliss,  
 But Death himself, who, crying sol-  
 emnly,  
 Even from the heart of sweet forget-  
 fulness,  
 Bids us, "Rejoice! lest pleasureless  
 ye die.  
 Within a little time must ye go by.  
 Stretch forth your open hands, and,  
 while ye live,  
 Take all the gifts that Death and  
 Life may give?"

[From the Earthly Paradise.]

APRIL.

O FAIR midspring, besung so oft and  
 oft,  
 How can I praise thy loveliness  
 enow?  
 Thy sun that burns not and thy  
 breezes soft  
 That o'er the blossoms of the orchard  
 blow,  
 The thousand things that 'neath the  
 young leaves grow,  
 The hopes and chances of the grow-  
 ing year,  
 Winter forgotten long and summer  
 near. [rose,  
 When summer brings the lily and the  
 She brings no fear; her very death  
 she brings  
 Hid in her anxious heart, the forge  
 of woes;  
 And dull with fear, no more the  
 mavis sings.  
 But thou! thou diest not, but thy  
 fresh life clings  
 About the fainting autumn's sweet  
 decay,  
 When in the earth the hopeful seed  
 they lay.

Ah! life of all the year, why yet do I,  
 Amid thy snowy blossoms' fragrant  
 drift,  
 Still long for that which never draw-  
 eth nigh,  
 Striving my pleasure from my pain  
 to sift,

Some weight from off my fluttering  
 mirth to lift?  
 — Now when far bells are ringing,  
 "Come again,  
 Come back, past years! why will ye  
 pass in vain?"

[From the Earthly Paradise.]

DECEMBER.

DEAD lonely night, and all streets  
 quiet now,  
 Thin o'er the moon the hindmost  
 cloud swims past  
 Of that great rack that brought us up  
 the snow;  
 On earth, strange shadows o'er the  
 snow are cast;  
 Pale stars, bright moon, swift cloud,  
 make heaven so vast,  
 That earth, left silent by the wind of  
 night,  
 Seems shrunken 'neath the gray un-  
 measured height.

Ah! through the hush the looked-for  
 midnight clangs!  
 And then, e'en while its last stroke's  
 solemn drone  
 In the cold air by unlit windows  
 hangs,  
 Out break the bells above the year  
 foredone,  
 Change, kindness lost, love left un-  
 loved alone;  
 Till their despairing sweetness makes  
 thee deem  
 Thou once wert loved, if but amidst  
 a dream.

[love,  
 Oh, thou who clingest still to life and  
 Though naught of good, no God thou  
 mayst discern,  
 Though naught that is, thine utmost  
 woe can move,  
 Though no soul knows wherewith  
 thine heart doth yearn,  
 Yet, since thy weary lips no curse  
 can learn, [away,  
 Cast no least thing thou lovedst once  
 Since yet, perchance, thine eyes shall  
 see the day.



## WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

## LAST VERSES.

[Given to a Friend a day or two before the  
Writer's Death.]

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth  
am sleeping,

Life's fever o'er.

Will there for me be any bright eye  
weeping

That I'm no more?

Will there be any heart still memory  
keeping

Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leaf-  
less forests rushing

Sad music make;

When the swollen streams, o'er crag  
and gully gushing,

Like full hearts break, —

Will there then one, whose heart  
despair is crushing,

Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot  
is shining,

With purest ray,

And the small flowers, their buds and  
blossoms twining,

Burst through that clay, —

Will there be one still on that spot  
repining

Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye  
of glory

On that low mound,

And wintry storms have, with their  
ruins hoary,

Its loneliness crowned, —

Will there be then one, versed in  
misery's story,

Pacing it round?

It may be so, — but this is selfish  
sorrow

To ask such meed, —

A weakness and a wickedness to  
borrow,

From hearts that bleed,

The wailings of to-day for what to-  
morrow

Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow  
dwelling,

Thou gentle heart;

And though thy bosom should with  
grief be swelling,

Let no tear start:

It were in vain, — for Time hath long  
been knelling, —

“Sad one, depart!”

—

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND,  
WILLIE.

MY heid is like to rend, Willie.

My heart is like to break;

I'm wearin' off my feet, Willie,

I'm dyin' for your sake!

O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,

Your hand on my brierst-bane, —

O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,

When I am dead and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,

Sair grief maun ha'e its will;

But let me rest upon your brierst

To sab and greet my fill,

Let me sit on your knee, Willie,

Let me shed by your hair,

And look into the face, Willie,

I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,

For the last time in my life, —

A pair heart-broken thing, Willie!

A mither, yet nae wife.

Ay, press your hand upon my heart

And press it mair and mair;

Or it will burst the silken twine,

Sae strang is its despair!

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,

When we thegither met, —

O, wae's me for the time, Willie,

That our first tryst was set!

O wae's me for the loanin' green

Where we were wont to gae, —

And wae's me for the destinie

That gart me luvè thee sae!

*THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.*

THEY come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;  
 They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers,  
 Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling care and care aside;  
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;  
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,  
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;  
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;  
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;  
 It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee:  
 And mark how with thine own thin locks — they now are silvery gray —  
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, “Be gay!”

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,  
 But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody:  
 Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;  
 And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.  
 God bless them all, those little ones, who, far above this earth,  
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upheavt a sound, — from yonder wood it came!  
 The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name; —  
 Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,  
 Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;  
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again, — his notes are void of art;  
 But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,  
 To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!  
 To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,  
 And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,  
 When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless, truant boy  
 Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now — I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to think  
 That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink: —  
 Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm unclouded sky,  
 Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.  
 When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,  
 I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse, — a heart that hath waxed old!

LADY CAROLINE NAIRN.

*THE LAND O' THE LEAL.*

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,  
 Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean;  
 I'm wearin' awa'  
 To the Land o' the Leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean;  
 There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,  
 The day's aye fair  
 I' the Land o' the Leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean:  
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean;  
 And, oh! we grudged her sair  
 To the Land o' the Leal.  
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean —  
 And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean, —  
 The joy that's aye to last  
 In the Land o' the Leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, Jean,  
 Sae free the battle fought, Jean,  
 That sinfu' man e'er brought  
 To the Land o' the Leal.

Oh, dry your glistening e'e, Jean!  
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean;  
 And angels beckon me  
 To the Land o' the Leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, Jean!  
 Your day it's wearin' through, Jean;  
 And I'll welcome you  
 To the Land o' the Leal.  
 Now, fare-ye-well, my ain Jean,  
 This world's cares are vain, Jean;  
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,  
 In the Land o' the Leal.

## WILLIAM NEWELL.

### *SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL.*

"SERVE God and be cheerful." The motto  
 Shall be mine, as the bishop's of old;  
 On my soul's coat-of-arms, I will write it  
 In letters of azure and gold.

"Serve God and be cheerful," self-balanced,  
 Whether Fortune smile sweetly or frown.  
 Christ stood king before Pilate.  
 Within me  
 I carry the sceptre and crown.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Make brighter  
 The brightness that falls to your lot;  
 The rare or the daily-sent blessing,  
 Profane not with gloom and with doubt.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Each sorrow  
 Is — with your will in God's — for the best,  
 O'er the cloud hangs the rainbow.  
 To-morrow  
 Will see the blue sky in the west.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The darkness  
 Only masks the surprises of dawn;  
 And the deeper and grimmer the midnight,  
 The brighter and sweeter the morn.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The winter  
 Rolls round to the beautiful spring,  
 And in the green grave of the snow-drift  
 The nest-building robins will sing.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Look upward!  
 God's countenance scatters the gloom;  
 And the soft summer light of His heaven  
 Shines over the cross and the tomb.

"Serve God and be cheerful." The wrinkles  
 Of age we may take with a smile;  
 But the wrinkles of faithless foreboding  
 Are the crow's feet of Beelzebub's guile.

"Serve God and be cheerful." Religion  
 Looks all the more lovely in white;  
 And God is best served by His servant  
 When, smiling, he serves in the light;



The wind blows cool; the scented  
ground  
Is breathing odors on the gale.

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

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

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

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

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

## CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

### *BINGEN ON THE RHINE.*

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him, while his lifeblood ebbed away,  
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.  
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land:  
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,  
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,  
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;  
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars, —  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;  
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline, —  
And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;  
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;  
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would, — but kept my father's sword;  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine  
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,  
 When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,  
 But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,  
 For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;  
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name  
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,  
 And to hang the old sword in its place (my father’s sword and mine)  
 For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“There’s another, — not a sister: in the happy days gone by  
 You’d have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;  
 Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorning, —  
 O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!  
 Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,  
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison), —  
 I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine  
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or seemed to hear,  
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;  
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,  
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;  
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,  
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!  
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly, in mine, —  
 But we’ll meet no more at Bingen, — loved Bingen on the Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, — his grasp was childish weak, —  
 His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed, and ceased to speak;  
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled, —  
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead;  
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down  
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;  
 Yet calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,  
 As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

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*WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.*

We have been friends together  
 In sunshine and in shade,  
 Since first beneath the chestnut-  
 trees,

In infancy we played.  
 But coldness dwells within thy heart,  
 A cloud is on thy brow;  
 We have been friends together,  
 Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been gay together;  
 We have laughed at little jests;  
 For the fount of hope was gushing  
 Warm and joyous in our breasts,

But laughter now hath fled thy lip,  
 And sullen glooms thy brow;  
 We have been gay together,  
 Shall a light word part us now ?

We have been sad together;  
 We have wept with bitter tears  
 O’er the grass-grown graves where  
 slumbered

The hopes of early years.  
 The voices which are silent there  
 Would bid thee clear thy brow;  
 We have been sad together.  
 Oh, what shall part us now ?



THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.





## JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

## PEACE AND PAIN.

THE day and night are symbols of  
creation,

And each has part in all that God  
has made:

There is no ill without its compen-  
sation,

And life and death are only light  
and shade.

There never beat a heart so base and  
sordid

But felt at times a sympathetic  
glow; [ed,

There never lived a virtue unreward-  
Nor died a vice without its meed of  
woe.

In this brief life despair should never  
reach us;

The sea looks wide because the  
shores are dim;

The star that led the Magi still can  
teach us

The way to go if we but look to Him.

And as we wade, the darkness clos-  
ing o'er us,

The hungry waters surging to the  
chin,

Our deeds will rise like stepping-  
stones before us —

The good and bad — for we may  
use the sin.

A sin of youth, atoned for and for-  
given,

Takes on a virtue, if we choose to  
find:

When clouds across our onward path  
are driven,

We still may steer by its pale light  
behind.

A sin forgotten is in part to pay for,  
A sin remembered is a constant

gain:

Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought  
to pray for,

As next to peace we profit most  
from pain.

## THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

No song of a soldier riding down  
To the raging fight from Winchester  
town;

No song of a time that shook the  
earth

With the nation's throe at a nation's  
birth:

But the song of a brave man, free  
from fear

As Sheridan's self or Paul Revere;  
Who risked what they risked, free

from strife,

And its promise of glorious pay — his  
life!

The peaceful valley has waked and  
stirred,

And the answering echoes of life are  
heard:

The dew still clings to the trees and  
grass,

And the early toilers smiling pass,

As they glance aside at the white-  
walled homes,

Or up the valley where merrily comes  
The brook that sparkles in diamond

rills

As the sun comes over the Hamp-  
shire hills.

What was it that passed like an omi-  
nous breath —

Like a shiver of fear or a touch of  
death?

What was it? The valley is peace-  
ful still,

And the leaves are afire on top of the  
hill.

It was not a sound — nor a thing of  
sense —

But a pain, like the pang of the  
short suspense [see

That thrills the being of those who  
At their feet the gulf of Eternity!

The air of the valley has felt the chill:  
The workers pause at the door of the  
mill;

The housewife, keen to the shivering  
air

Arrests her foot on the cottage stair,  
Instinctive taught by the mother-  
love,

And thinks of the sleeping ones  
above.

Why start the listeners? Why does  
the course

Of the mill-stream widen? Is it a  
horse—

Hark to the sound of his hoofs, they  
say—

That gallops so wildly Williamsburg  
way!

God! what was that, like a human  
shriek

From the winding valley? Will no-  
body speak?

Will nobody answer those women  
who cry

As the awful warnings thunder by?

Whence come they? Listen! And  
now they hear

The sound of the galloping horse-  
hoofs near;

They watch the trend of the vale,  
and see [ingly,

The rider who thunders so menac-  
With waving arms and warning  
scream

To the home-filled banks of the val-  
ley stream. [street

He draws no rein, but he shakes the  
With a shout and the ring of the gal-  
loping feet;

And this the cry he flings to the  
wind:

“To the hills for your lives! The  
flood is behind!”

He cries and is gone: but they know  
the worst—

The breast of the Williamsburg dam  
has burst!

The basin that nourished their happy  
homes

Is changed to a demon. It comes!  
it comes!

A monster in aspect, with shaggy  
front,

Of shattered dwellings, to take the  
brunt

Of the homes they shatter—white-  
maned and hoarse,

The merciless Terror fills the course  
Of the narrow valley, and rushing

raves,  
With Death on the first of its hissing

waves, [mill  
Till cottage and street and crowded

Are crumbled and crushed.

But onward still,

In front of the roaring flood is heard  
The galloping horse and the warning

word.

Thank God! the brave man's life is  
spared!

From Williamsburg town he nobly  
dared

To race with the flood and take the  
road

In front of the terrible swath it  
mowed.

For miles it thundered and crashed  
behind,

But he looked ahead with a steadfast  
mind;

“They must be warned!” was all he  
said,

As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the  
crown

To this Yankee rider: send him down  
On the stream of time with the Cur-  
tius old;

His deed as the Roman's was brave  
and bold,

And the tale can as noble a thrill  
awake,

For he offered his life for the people's  
sake.

FOREVER.

THOSE we love truly never die,  
Though year by year the sad memo-  
rial wreath,

A ring and flowers, types of life and  
death,

Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,  
And life all pure is love; and love  
can reach  
From heaven to earth, and nobler  
lessons teach  
Than those by mortals read.

Well blessed is he who has a dear  
one dead;  
A friend he has whose face will never  
change —  
A dear companion that will not grow  
strange;  
The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving  
breath  
Will reach our cheek all fresh through  
weary years,  
For her who died long since, ah!  
waste not tears,  
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,  
With face still radiant with the light  
of truth,  
Whose love comes laden with the  
scent of youth,  
Through twenty years of death!

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*UNSPOKEN WORDS.*

THE kindly words that rise within  
the heart,  
And thrill it with their sympathetic  
tone  
But die ere spoken, fail to play their  
part,  
And claim a merit that is not their  
own.  
The kindly word unspoken is a sin,  
A sin that wraps itself in purest  
guise,  
And tells the heart that, doubting,  
looks within,  
That not in speech, but thought,  
the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so: another heart may  
thirst  
For that kind word, as Hagar in  
the wild —

Poor banished Hagar!—prayed a well  
might burst

From out the sand to save her  
parching child.

And loving eyes that cannot see the  
mind

Will watch the expected movement  
of the lip:

Ah! can ye let its cutting silence  
wind

Around that heart, and scathe it  
like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the  
mine,

Are valueless until we give them  
birth:

Like unfound gold their hidden beau-  
ties shine,

Which God has made to bless and  
gild the earth.

How sad 'twould be to see a master's  
hand

Strike glorious notes upon a voice-  
less lute!

But oh! what pain when, at God's  
own command,

A heartstring thrills with kind-  
ness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the  
soul,

Dear sympathy, expressed with  
kindly voice,

But let it like a shining river roll  
To deserts dry, — to hearts that  
would rejoice.

Oh! let the symphony of kindly  
words

Sound for the poor, the friendless,  
and the weak;

And He will bless you, — He who  
struck these chords

Will strike another when in turn  
you seek.

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*HIDDEN SINS.*

FOR every sin that comes before the  
light,

And leaves an outward blemish on  
the soul,

<p>How many, darker, cower out of sight, And burrow, blind and silent, like the mole. And like the mole, too, with its busy feet</p>	<p>That dig and dig a never-ending cave, Our hidden sins gnaw through the soul, and meet And feast upon each other in its grave.</p>
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## FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

*LABORARE EST ORARE.*

<p>PAUSE not to dream of the future before us; Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us; Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus, Unintermitting, goes up into heaven! Never the ocean wave falters in flow- ing; Never the little seed stops in its growing; More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing, Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.</p> <p>"Labor is worship!" — the robin is singing; "Labor is worship!" — the wild bee is ringing; Listen! that eloquent whisper, up- springing, Speaks to thy soul from out Na- ture's great heart. From the dark cloud flows the life- giving shower; From the rough sod blows the soft- breathing flower; From the small insect, the rich coral bower; Only man shrinks, in the plan, from his part.</p> <p>Labor is life! — 'Tis the still water faileth; Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth; Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth! Flowers droop and die in the still- ness of noon.</p>	<p>Labor is glory! — the flying cloud lightens; Only the waving wing changes and brightens; Idle hearts only the dark future frightens; Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!</p> <p>Labor is rest, — from the sorrows that greet us; Rest from all petty vexations that meet us, Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us, Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill. Work, — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow; Work, — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow: Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow! Work with a stout heart and reso- lute will!</p> <p>Labor is health, — lo! the husband- man reaping, How through his veins goes the life- current leaping! How his strong arm in his stalwart pride sweeping, True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides. Labor is wealth, — in the sea the pearl groweth: Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth; From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth; Temple and statue the marble block hides.</p>
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Droop not, though shame, sin, and  
anguish are round thee!  
Bravely fling off the cold chain that  
hath bound thee!  
Look to yon pure heaven smiling be-  
yond thee!  
Rest not content in thy darkness,  
—a clod!

Work — for some good, be it ever so  
slowly;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so  
lowly:  
Labor! — all labor is noble and  
holy:  
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer  
to thy God.

## KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

### BEFORE THE PRIME.

You think you love me, Marguerite,  
Because you find Love's fancy sweet;  
So, zealously, you seek a sign  
To prove your heart is wholly mine.

Ah, were it so! But listen, dear!  
Bethink you how, this very year,  
With fond impatience you were fain  
To watch the earth grow green again;

When April's violets, here and there,  
Surprised the unexpectant air,  
You searched them out, and brought  
me some,  
To show, you said, that spring was  
come.

But, sweetheart, when the lavish May  
Rained flowers and fragrance round  
your way,  
You had no thought her bloom to  
bring,  
To prove the presence of the spring!

Believe me, when Love's April-time  
Shall ripen to its perfect prime,  
You will not need a sign to know  
What every glance and breath will  
show!

### DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
He turned them into the river lane;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow-bars  
again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober  
pace;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sun-  
ny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go:  
Two already were lying dead,  
Under the feet of the trampling  
foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the  
meadow-swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,  
And stealthily followed the foot-  
path damp.

Across the clover, and through the  
wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose  
grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hur-  
rying feet, [him.  
And the blind bat's flitting startled

Thrice since then had the lanes been  
white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-  
bloom;  
And now, when the cows came back  
at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely  
farm  
That three were lying where two  
had lain;

<p>And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm          Could never lean on a son's again.</p> <p>The summer day grew cool and late,          He went for the cows when the work was done;          But down the lane, as he opened the gate,          He saw them coming one by one, —</p> <p>Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,          Shaking their horns in the evening wind;          Cropping the buttercups out of the grass, — hind?          But who was it following close be-</p> <p>Loosely swung in the idle air          The empty sleeve of army blue;</p>	<p>And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,          Looked out a face that the father knew.</p> <p>For southern prisons will sometimes yawn,          And yield their dead unto life again;          And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn          In golden glory at last may wane.</p> <p>The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;          For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;          And under the silent evening skies          Together they followed the cattle home.</p>
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## ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

### SONG OF A FELLOW-WORKER.

I FOUND a fellow-worker when I deemed I toiled alone:  
 My toil was fashioning thought and sound, and his was hewing stone;  
 I worked in the palace of my brain, he in the common street;  
 And it seemed his toil was great and hard, while mine was great and sweet.

I said, "O fellow-worker, yea, for I am a worker too,  
 The heart nigh fails me many a day, but how is it with you?  
 For while I toil, great tears of joy will sometimes fill my eyes,  
 And when I form my perfect work, it lives and never dies.

"I carve the marble of pure thought until the thought takes form,  
 Until it gleams before my soul and makes the world grow warm;  
 Until there comes the glorious voice and words that seem divine,  
 And the music reaches all men's hearts and draws them into mine.

"And yet for days it seems my heart shall blossom never more,  
 And the burden of my loneliness lies on me very sore:  
 Therefore, O hewer of the stones that pave base human ways,  
 How canst thou bear the years till death, made of such thankless days?"

Then he replied: "Ere sunrise, when the pale lips of the day  
 Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath at warmth of the first ray,  
 A great thought rose within me, how, while men asleep had lain,  
 The thousand labors of the world had grown up once again.

"The sun grew on the world, and on my soul the thought grew too, —  
 A great appalling sun, to light my soul the long day through.  
 I felt the world's whole burden for a moment, then began  
 With man's gigantic strength to do the labor of one man.

“ I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a hundred men,  
The worker with the chisel and the worker with the pen, —  
The restless toilers after good, who sow and never reap.  
And one who maketh music for their souls that may not sleep.

“ Each passed me with a dauntless look, and my undaunted eyes  
Were almost softened as they passed with tears that strove to rise  
At sight of all those labors, and because that every one,  
Ay, the greatest, would be greater if my little were undone.

“ They passed me, having faith in me, and in our several ways,  
Together we began to-day as on the other days:  
I felt their mighty hands at work, and, as the days wore through,  
Perhaps they felt that even I was helping somewhat too.

“ Perhaps they felt, as with those hands they lifted mightily  
The burden once more laid upon the world so heavily,  
That while they nobly held it as each man can do and bear,  
It did not wholly rattle my side as though no men were there.

“ And so we toil together many a day from morn till night,  
I in the lower depths of life, they on the lovely height;  
For though the common stones are mine, and they have lofty cares,  
Their work begins where this leaves off, and mine is part of theirs.

“ And 't is not wholly mine or theirs, I think of through the day,  
But the great, eternal thing we make together, I and they;  
Far in the sunset I behold a city that man owns,  
Made fair with all their nobler toil, built of my common stones. }

“ Then noonward, as the task grows light with all the labor done,  
The single thought of all the day becomes a joyous one;  
For, rising in my heart at last where it has lain so long,  
It thrills up seeking for a voice, and grows almost a song.

“ But when the evening comes, indeed, the words have taken wing,  
The thought sings in me still, but I am all too tired to sing:  
Therefore, O you my friend, who serve the world with minstrelsy,  
Among our fellow-workers' songs make that one song for me.

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REBECCA S. PALFREY.

WHITE UNDERNEATH.

<p>INTO a city street, Narrow and noisome, chance had led my feet; Poisonous to every sense; and the sun's rays Loved not the unclean place.</p>	<p>It seemed that no pure thing Its whiteness here would ever dare to bring; Yet even into this dark place and low, God had sent down his snow.</p>
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Here, too, a little child,  
 Stood by the drift, now blackened  
 and defiled; [play,  
 And with his rosy hands, in earnest  
 Scraped the dark crust away.

Checking my hurried pace,  
 To watch the busy hands and earnest  
 face, [light,  
 I heard him laugh aloud in pure de-  
 That underneath, 't was white.

Then, through a broken pane,  
 A woman's voice summoned him in  
 again,  
 With softened mother-tones, that half  
 excused  
 The unclean words she used.

And as I lingered near,  
 His baby accents fell upon my ear:  
 "See, I can make the snow again for  
 you,  
 All clean and white and new!"

Ah! surely God knows best.  
 Our sight is short: faith trusts to Him  
 the rest.  
 Sometimes, we know, He gives to hu-  
 man hands  
 To work out His commands.

Perhaps He holds apart,  
 By baby fingers in that mother's heart,  
 One fair, clean spot that yet may  
 spread and grow,  
 Till all be white as snow.

## THEODORE PARKER.

### THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

O THOU, great Friend to all the sons  
 of men,  
 Who once appeared in humblest  
 guise below,  
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's  
 chain,  
 And call Thy brethren forth from  
 want and woe, —  
 We look to thee! Thy truth is still the  
 Light  
 Which guides the nations, groping  
 on their way,  
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous  
 night,  
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect  
 day.  
 Yes; Thou art still the Life, Thou art  
 the way  
 The holiest known; Light, Life,  
 the Way of heaven!  
 And they who dearest hope and  
 deepest pray  
 Toil by the Light, Life, Way,  
 which Thou hast given.

### THE HIGHER GOOD.

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or  
 fame,  
 Though once they would have  
 joyed my carnal sense;  
 I shudder not to bear a hated name,  
 Wanting all wealth, myself my sole  
 defence.  
 But give me, Lord, eyes to behold  
 the truth;  
 A seeing sense that knows the  
 eternal right;  
 A heart with pity filled, and gen-  
 tlest ruth;  
 A manly faith that makes all dark-  
 ness light. [kind;  
 Give me the power to labor for man-  
 Make me the mouth of such as  
 cannot speak:  
 Eyes let me be to groping men, and  
 blind; [weak  
 A conscience to the base; and to the  
 Let me be hands and feet; and to the  
 foolish, mind:  
 And lead still further on such as  
 Thy kingdom seek.



## THOMAS PARNELL.

## HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting Peace of mind!  
Sweet delight of human kind!  
Heavenly-born, and bred on high,  
To crown the favorites of the sky  
With more of happiness below,  
Than victors in a triumph know!  
Whither, O whither art thou fled,  
To lay thy meek, contented head?  
What happy region dost thou please  
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere  
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.  
Increasing avarice would find  
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.  
The bold adventurer ploughs his way  
Through rocks amidst the foaming  
sea

To gain thy love; and then perceives  
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
The silent heart, which grief assails,  
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the  
vales,

Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
And seeks (as I have vainly done)  
Amusing thought; but learns to know  
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.  
No real happiness is found  
In trailing purple o'er the ground:  
Or in a soul exalted high,  
To range the circuit of the sky,  
Converse with stars above, and know  
All Nature in its forms below;  
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
And doubts at last for knowledge  
rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!  
This world itself, if thou art here,  
Is once again with Eden blest,  
And man contains it in his breast.  
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
I sung my wishes to the wood,  
And, lost in thought, no more per-  
ceived  
The branches whisper as they waved;

It seemed as all the quiet place  
Confessed the presence of her grace.  
When thus she spoke — "Go rule thy  
will,

Bid thy wild passions all be still,  
Know God — and bring thy heart to  
know

The joys which from religion flow:  
Then every grace shall prove its guest,  
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,  
In my hours of sweet retreat,  
Might I thus my soul employ  
With sense of gratitude and joy:  
Raised as ancient prophets were,  
In heavenly vision, praise, and  
prayer;

Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
Pleased and blessed with God alone:  
Then while the gardens take my  
sight,

With all the colors of delight;  
While silver waters glide along,  
To please my ear, and court my song;  
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
And thee, great Source of Nature,  
sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,  
To light the world, and give the day:  
The moon that shines with borrowed  
light;

The stars that gild the gloomy night;  
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;  
The wood that spreads its shady  
leaves;

The field whose ears conceal the  
grain,

The yellow treasure of the plain;  
All of these, and all I see,  
Should be sung, and sung by me:  
They speak their Maker as they can,  
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,  
Your busy or your vain extremes;  
And find a life of equal bliss,  
Or own the next begun in this.

## THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

## HUDSON RIVER.

RIVERS that roll most musical in song  
Are often lovely to the mind alone:  
The wanderer muses, as he moves along  
Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

When, to give substance to his boyish dreams,  
He leaves his own, far countries to survey,  
Oft must he think, in greeting foreign streams,  
"Their names alone are beautiful, not they."

If chance he mark the dwindled Arno pour  
A tide more meagre than his native Charles;  
Or views the Rhone when summer's heat is o'er,  
Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles:

Or when he sees the slimy Tiber fling  
His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,  
Oft to his thought must partial memory bring  
More noble waves, without renown, at home.

Now let him climb the Catskill, to behold  
The lordly Hudson, marching to the main,  
And say what bard, in any land of old,  
Had such a river to inspire his strain.

Along the Rhine gray battlements and towers  
Declare what robbers once the realm possessed;  
But here Heaven's handiwork surpasseth ours,  
And man has hardly more than built his nest.

No storied castle overawes these heights;  
Nor antique arches check the current's play;  
Nor mouldering architrave the mind invites  
To dream of deities long passed away.

No Gothic buttress, or decaying shaft  
Of marble, yellowed by a thousand years,  
Lifts a great landmark to the little craft, —  
A summer cloud: that comes and disappears.

But cliffs, unaltered from their primal form  
Since the subsiding of the deluge, rise  
And hold their savins to the upper storm,  
While far below, the skiff securely plies.

Farms, rich not more in meadows than in men  
Of Saxon mould, and strong for every toil,  
Spread o'er the plain, or scatter through the glen,  
Beotian plenty on a Spartan soil.

Then, where the reign of cultivation ends,  
 Again the charming wilderness begins:  
 From steep to steep one solemn wood extends,  
 Till some new hamlet's rise, the boscage thins.

And these deep groves forever have remained  
 Touched by no axe, — by no proud owner nursed;  
 As now they stand they stood when Pharaoh reigned,  
 Lineal descendants of creation's first.

No tales, we know, are chronicled of thee  
 In ancient scrolls; no deeds of doubtful claim  
 Have hung a history on every tree,  
 And given each rock its fable and a fame.

But neither here hath any conqueror trod,  
 Nor grim invaders from barbarian climes;  
 No horrors feigned of giant or of god  
 Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

Here never yet have happy fields laid waste,  
 The ravished harvest and the blasted fruit,  
 The cottage ruined and the shrine defaced,  
 Tracked the foul passage of the feudal brute.

“Yet, O Antiquity!” the stranger sighs;  
 “Scenes wanting thee soon fall upon the view;  
 The soul's indifference dulls the satiated eyes,  
 Where all is fair indeed, — but all is new.”

False thought! is age to crumbling walls confined?  
 To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?  
 Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,  
 More than old fortresses and sculptured stones?

Call not this new which is the only land  
 That wears unchanged the same primeval face  
 Which, when just dawning from its Maker's hand,  
 Gladdened the first great grandsire of our race.

Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth  
 Glide past green Eden towards the unknown south,  
 Than Hudson broke upon the infant earth,  
 And kissed the ocean with his nameless mouth.

Twin-born with Jordan, Ganges, and the Nile!  
 Thebes and the pyramids to thee are young;  
 Oh! had thy waters burst from Britain's isle,  
 Till now perchance they had not flowed unsung.

*THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS  
MISTRESS.*

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,  
Makes another, soon or late;  
Never yet was any marriage  
Entered in the book of Fate,  
But the names were also written  
Of the patient pair that wait.

Blessings then upon the morning  
When my friend with fondest look,  
By the solemn rites' permission,  
To himself his mistress took,  
And the Destinies recorded  
Other two within their book.

While the priest fulfilled his office,  
Still the ground the lovers eyed,  
And the parents and the kinsmen  
Aimed their glances at the bride;  
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins  
Who were waiting at her side.

Three there were that stood beside  
her;  
One was dark, and one was fair;

But nor fair nor dark the other,  
Save her Arab eyes and hair;  
Neither dark nor fair, I call her.  
Yet she was the fairest there.

While her groomsmen—shall I own it?  
Yes, to thee, and only thee—  
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden  
Who was fairest of the three,  
Thus he thought: "How blest the  
bridal  
Where the bride were such as she!"

Then I mused upon the adage,  
Till my wisdom was perplexed,  
And I wondered, as the churchman  
Dwelt upon his holy text,  
Which of all who heard his lesson  
Should require the service next.

Whose will be the next occasion  
For the flowers, the feast, the wine?  
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady;  
Or, who knows?—it may be mine:  
What if 't were—forgive the fancy—  
What if 't were both mine and  
thine?

COVENTRY PATMORE.

[From *The Betrothal*.]

*SWEET MEETING OF DESIRES.*

I GREW assured before I asked.  
That she'd be mine without reserve,  
And in her unclaimed graces basked  
At leisure, till the time should  
serve,—  
With just enough of dread to thrill  
The hope, and make it trebly dear;  
Thus loath to speak the word, to kill  
Either the hope or happy fear.

Till once, through lanes returning  
late,  
Her laughing sisters lagged behind;  
And ere we reached her father's gate,  
We paused with one presentient  
mind;  
And, in the dim and perfumed mist,  
Their coming stayed; who blithe  
and free,

And very women, loved to assist  
A lover's opportunity.

Twice rose, twice died, my trembling  
word;  
To faint and frail cathedral chimes  
Spake time in music, and we heard  
The chafers rustling in the limes.  
Her dress, that touched me where I  
stood;  
The warmth of her confided arm;  
Her bosom's gentle neighborhood;  
Her pleasure in her power to charm;

Her look, her love, her form, her  
touch!  
The least seemed most by blissful  
turn,—  
Blissful but that it pleased too  
much,  
And taught the wayward soul to  
yearn.

It was as if a harp with wires  
 Was traversed by the breath I drew;  
 And oh, sweet meeting of desires!  
 She, answering, owned that she  
 loved too.

WOULD WISDOM FOR HERSELF  
 BE WOODED.

WOULD Wisdom for herself be wooded,  
 And wake the foolish from his  
 dream,  
 She must be glad as well as good,  
 And must not only be, but seem.  
 Beauty and joy are hers by right;  
 And, knowing this, I wonder less  
 That she's so scorned, when falsely  
 dight  
 In misery and ugliness.  
 What's that which Heaven to man  
 endears,  
 And that which eyes no sooner see

Than the heart says, with floods of  
 tears,  
 "Ah! that's the thing which I  
 would be?"  
 Not childhood, full of fears and frets:  
 Not youth, impatient to disown  
 Those visions high, which to forget  
 Were worse than never to have  
 known.  
 Not these; but souls found here and  
 here,  
 Oases in our waste of sin,  
 When everything is well and fair,  
 And God remits his discipline;  
 Whose sweet subdual of the world  
 The worldling scarce can recognize;  
 And ridicule, against it hurled,  
 Drops with a broken sting and dies.  
 They live by law, not like the fool,  
 But like the bard who freely sings  
 In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,  
 And finds in them not bonds but  
 wings.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

[From *Prometheus, Part II.*]

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN.

CENTRE of light and energy! thy way  
 Is through the unknown void; thou  
 hast thy throne,  
 Morning, and evening, and at noon  
 of day,  
 Far in the blue, untended and alone;  
 Ere the first-wakened airs of earth  
 had blown,  
 On thou didst march, triumphant in  
 thy light;  
 Then thou didst send thy glance,  
 which still hath flown  
 Wide through the never-ending  
 worlds of night,  
 And yet thy full orb burns with flash  
 as keen and bright.

• • • • •

Thy path is high in Heaven;—we  
 cannot gaze  
 On the intense of light that girds thy  
 car;

There is a crown of glory in thy rays,  
 Which bear thy pure divinity afar,  
 To mingle with the equal light of  
 star;  
 For thou, so vast to us, art in the  
 whole  
 One of the sparks of night, that fire  
 the air,  
 And as around thy centre planets  
 roll,  
 So thou too hast thy path around the  
 Central Soul.

• • • • •

Age o'er thee has no power;—thou  
 bring'st the same  
 Light to renew the morning, as when  
 first, [flame,  
 If not eternal, thou, with front of  
 On the dark face of earth in glory  
 burst,  
 And warmed the seas, and in their  
 bosom nursed  
 The earliest things of life, the worm  
 and shell;

Till through the sinking ocean, mountains pierced,  
And then came forth the land where-  
on we dwell,  
Reared like a magic fane above the  
watery swell.

Thou lookest on the earth, and then  
it smiles;  
Thy light is hid, and all things droop  
and mourn;  
Laughs the wide sea around her bud-  
ding isles,  
When through their heaven thy  
changing car is borne;  
Thou wheel'st away thy flight, the  
woods are shorn  
Of all their waving locks, and storms  
awake;  
All, that was once so beautiful, is  
torn  
By the wild winds which plough the  
lonely lake,  
And in their maddening rush, the  
crested mountains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of  
snow;  
Life lingers, and would die, but thy  
return  
Gives to their gladdened hearts an  
overflow  
Of all the power that brooded in the  
urn  
Of their chilled frames, and then  
they proudly spurn  
All bands that would confine, and  
give to air  
Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty,  
till they burn,  
When on a dewy morn thou darrest  
there  
Rich waves of gold to wreath with  
fairer light the fair.

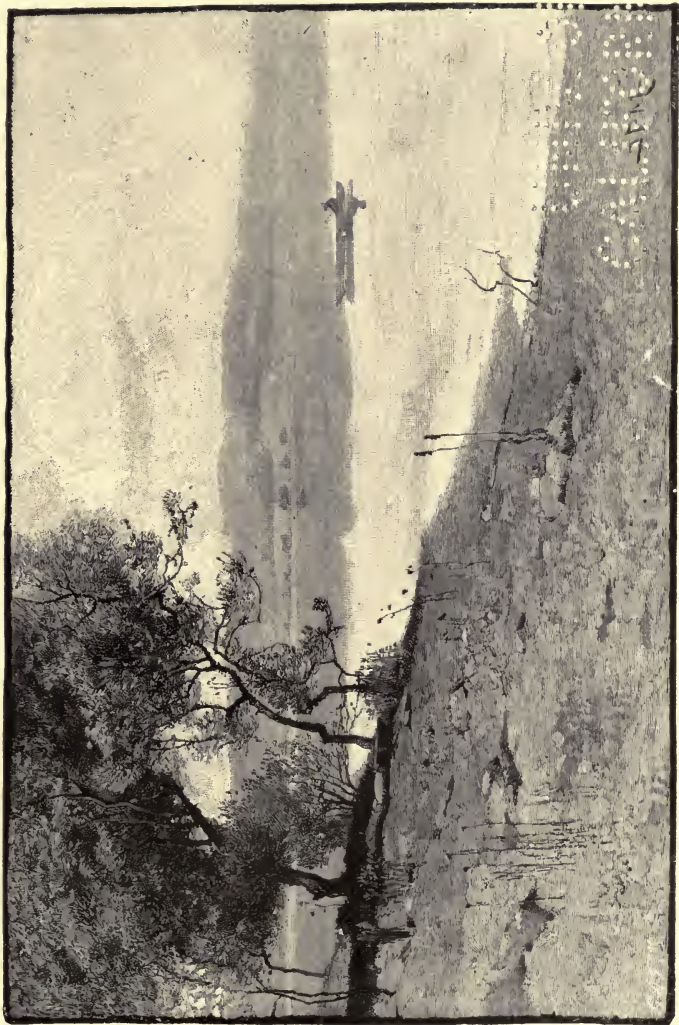
Thine are the mountains, where they  
purely lift  
Snows that have never wasted, in a  
sky  
Which hath no stain; below, the  
storm may drift  
Its darkness, and the thunder-gust  
roar by;

Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie  
Dazzling but cold; thy farewell glance  
looks there,  
And when below thy hues of beauty  
die  
Girt round them as a rosy belt, they  
bear  
Into the high dark vault a brow that  
still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their  
magic hues  
Are pencilled by thee; when thou  
bendest low,  
Or comest in thy strength, thy hand  
imbues  
Their waving fold with such a per-  
fect glow  
Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures  
throw  
Shame on the proudest art; the ten-  
der stain  
Hung round the verge of Heaven,  
that as a bow  
Girds the wide world, and in their  
blended chain  
All tints to the deep gold, that flashes  
in thy train.

These are thy trophies, and thou  
bend'st thy arch,  
The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold  
twine,  
Where the spent storm is hasting on  
its march;  
And there the glories of thy light  
combine,  
And form with perfect curve a lifted  
line,  
Striding the earth and air;—man  
looks and tells  
How peace and mercy in its beauty  
shine,  
And how the heavenly messenger  
impels  
Her glad wings on the path, that thus  
in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal; thou dost  
sway  
His waves to thy dominion, and they  
go,  
Where thou in Heaven dost guide  
them on their way,



SENECA LAKE.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100



Rising and falling in eternal flow;  
 Thou lookest on the waters, and they  
 glow,  
 They take them wings and spring  
 aloft in air,  
 And change to clouds, and then,  
 dissolving, throw  
 Their treasures back to earth, and  
 rushing, tear  
 The mountain and the vale, as  
 proudly on they bear.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,  
 Where the purple mullet and gold-  
 fish rove,

Where the sea-flower spreads its  
 leaves of blue,

That never are wet with falling dew,  
 But in bright and changeful beauty  
 shine, [brine.

Far down in the green and glassy  
 The floor is of sand, like the moun-  
 tain drift,

And the pearl-shells spangle the  
 flinty snow;

From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
 Their boughs, where the tides and  
 billows flow;

The water is calm and still below,  
 For the winds and waves are absent  
 there,

And the sands are bright as the stars  
 that glow

In the motionless fields of upper air:  
 There with its waving blade of green,  
 The sea-flag streams through the si-  
 lent water,

And the crimson leaf of the dulse is  
 seen

To blush, like a banner bathed in  
 slaughter:

There with a light and easy motion,  
 The fan-coral sweeps through the  
 clear deep sea;

And the yellow and scarlet tufts of  
 ocean

Are bending like corn on the upland  
 lea:

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
 Is sporting amid those bowers of  
 stone,

And is safe when the wrathful spirit  
 of storms

Has made the top of the wave his  
 own;

And when the ship from his fury  
 flies,

Where the myriad voices of ocean  
 roar,

When the wind-god frowns in the  
 murky skies,

And demons are waiting the wreck  
 on shore;

Then far below in the peaceful sea,  
 The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,

Where the waters murmur tranquilly,  
 Through the bending twigs of the  
 coral grove.

TO SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake!

The wild swan spreads his snowy  
 sail,

And round his breast the ripples  
 break,

As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!

The dipping paddle echoes far,

And flashes in the moonlight gleam,

And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,

As blows the north-wind, heave their  
 foam,

And curl around the dashing oar;

As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view

Thy golden mirror spreading wide,

And see the mist of mantling blue

Float round the distant mountain's  
 side.

At midnight hour, as shines the  
 moon,

A sheet of silver spreads below,

And swift she cuts, at highest noon,  
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest

snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!

Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,

When early birds at morning wake,

And evening tells us, toil is o'er.

## NORA PERRY.

*AFTER THE BALL.*

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,  
 Their long bright tresses, one by one,  
 As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,  
 After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille;  
 Idly they laughed like other girls,  
 Who over the fire, when all is still,  
 Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,  
 Knots of flowers and ribbons too,  
 Scattered about in every place.  
 For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,  
 The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,  
 Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,  
 For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,  
 Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,  
 Till the fire is out in the chamber there,  
 And the little bare feet are cold.

Then, out of the gathering winter chill,  
 All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,  
 While the fire is out and the house is still,  
 Maud and Madge together, —

Maud and Madge in robes of white,  
 The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,  
 Curtained away from the chilly night,  
 After the revel is done! —

Fleat along in a splendid dream,  
 To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,

While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,  
 In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,  
 Tropical odors sweeter than musk;  
 Men and women with beautiful faces  
 And eyes of tropical dusk, —

And one face shining out like a star,  
 One face haunting the dreams of each,  
 And one voice sweeter than others are,  
 Breaking into silvery speech, —

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,  
 An old, old story over again,  
 As down the royal bannered room,  
 To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,  
 While an unseen spirit walks beside,  
 And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,  
 He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,  
 With never a pang of jealous fear!  
 For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather  
 Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,  
 Braided brown hair and golden tress,  
 There'll be only one of you left for the bloom  
 Of the bearded lips to press, —

Only one for the bridal pearls,  
 The robe of satin and Brussels lace,  
 Only one to blush through her curls  
 At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,  
 For you the revel has just begun:

But for her who sleeps in your arms  
to-night  
The revel of life is done!

But, robed and crowned with your  
saintly bliss,  
Queen of heaven and bride of the  
sun,  
O beautiful Maud, you' ll never miss  
The kisses another hath won!

—  
*IN AN HOUR.*

I.

ANTICIPATION.

"I'LL take the orchard path," she  
said,  
Speaking lowly, smiling slowly:  
The brook was dried within its bed,  
The hot sun flung a flame of red  
Low in the west as forth she sped.

Across the dried brook-course she  
went,  
Singing lowly, smiling slowly;  
She scarcely felt the sun that spent  
Its fiery force in swift descent,  
She never saw the wheat was bent,  
The grasses parched, the blossoms  
dried;  
Singing lowly, smiling slowly,  
Her eyes amidst the drouth espied  
A summer pleasance far and wide,  
With roses and sweet violets pied.

II.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

But homeward coming all the way,  
Sighing lowly, pacing slowly.  
She knew the bent wheat withering  
lay,  
She saw the blossoms' dry decay,  
She missed the little brooklet's play.  
A breeze had sprung from out the  
south,  
But, sighing lowly, pacing slowly,  
She only felt the burning drouth;  
Her eyes were hot and parched her  
mouth,  
Yet sweet the wind blew from the  
south.

And when the wind brought welcome  
rain,  
Still sighing lowly, pacing slowly,  
She never saw the lifting grain,  
But only — a lone orchard lane,  
Where she had waited all in vain.

—  
*TYING HER BONNET UNDER HER  
CHIN.*

TYING her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied her raven ringlets in;  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,  
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the  
hill,  
Where the wind comes blowing merry  
and chill;  
And it blew the curls a frolicsome  
race,  
All over her happy peach-colored  
face,  
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied  
them in,  
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the  
bloom  
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing  
plume,  
All over the cheeks of the prettiest  
girl  
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,  
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;  
Madder, merrier, chillier still  
The western wind blew down, and  
played  
The wildest tricks with the little  
maid,  
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was  
fair,  
To play such tricks with her floating  
hair?

To gladly, gleefully do your best  
To blow her against the young man's  
breast,  
Where he as gladly folded her in,  
And kissed her mouth and her dim-  
pled chin ?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,  
An hour ago, when you besought  
This country lass to walk with you,  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What perilous danger you'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her  
chin!

—————  
*SOME DAY OF DAYS.*

SOME day; some day of days, thread-  
ing the street  
With idle, heedless pace,  
Unlooking for such grace,  
I shall behold your face!  
Some day, some day of days, thus  
may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from  
skies of May,

Or winter's icy chill  
Touch whitely vale and hill.  
What matter? I shall thrill  
Through every vein with summer on  
that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will  
all come back,  
And for a moment there  
I shall stand fresh and fair,  
And drop the garment care;  
Once more my perfect youth will  
nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how  
't will be,—  
How face to face each soul  
Will slip its long control,  
Forget the dismal dole  
Of dreary Fate's dark separating sea;

And glance to glance, and hand to  
hand in greeting,  
The past with all its fears,  
Its silences and tears,  
Its lonely, yearning years,  
Shall vanish in the moment of that  
meeting.

—————  
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

*ALL THE RIVERS.*

"ALL the rivers run into the sea."  
Like the pulsing of a river,  
The motion of a song,  
Wind the olden words along  
The tortuous turnings of my thoughts  
whenever  
I sit beside the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."  
O you little leaping river  
Laugh on beneath your breath!  
With a heart as deep as death,  
Strong stream, go patient, grave, and  
hasting never, —  
I sit beside the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."  
Why the passion of a river?  
The striving of a soul?

Calm the eternal waters roll  
Upon the eternal shore. At last,  
whatever  
Seeks it — finds the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."  
O thou bounding, burning river,  
Hurrying heart! I seem  
To know (so one knows in a dream)  
That in the waiting heart of God  
forever,  
Thou too shalt find the sea.

—————  
*GEORGE ELIOT.*

A LILY rooted in a sacred soil,  
Arrayed with those who neither spin  
nor toil;  
Dinah, the preacher, through the  
purple air,

Forever, in her gentle evening prayer,  
 Shall plead for her — what ear too  
 deaf to hear? —  
 “As if she spoke to some one very  
 near.”

And he of storied Florence, whose  
 great heart  
 Broke for its human error; wrapped  
 apart, [flame  
 And scorching in the swift, prophetic  
 Of passion for late holiness and  
 shame  
 Than untried glory grander, gladder,  
 higher —  
 Deathless, for her, he “testifies by  
 fire.”

A statue, fair and firm, on marble  
 feet,  
 Womanhood's woman, Dorothea,  
 sweet  
 As strength, and strong as tender-  
 ness, to make  
 A “struggle with the dark” for  
 white light's sake,  
 Immortal stands, unanswered speaks.  
 Shall they,  
 Of her great hand the moulded,  
 breathing clay,  
 Her fit, select, and proud survivors  
 be? —  
 Possess the life eternal, and not *she*?

DESERTED NESTS.

I'd rather see an empty bough,—  
 A dreary, weary bough that hung  
 As boughs will hang within whose  
 arms  
 No mated birds had ever sung;  
 Far rather than to see or touch  
 The sadness of an empty nest  
 Where joy has been, but is not now;  
 Where love has been, but is not blest.

There is no sadness in the world,  
 No other like it here or there,—  
 The sadness of deserted homes  
 In nests, or hearts, or anywhere.

A LETTER.

Two things love can do,  
 Only two:  
 Can distrust, or can believe;  
 It can die, or it can live,  
 There is no syncope  
 Possible to love or me,  
 Go your ways!

Two things you can do,  
 Only two:  
 Be the thing you used to be,  
 Or be nothing more to me.  
 I can but joy or grieve,  
 Can no more than die or live.  
 Go your ways!

So far I wrote, my darling, drearily,  
 But now my sad pen falls down wear-  
 ily  
 From out my trembling hand.

I did not, do not, cannot mean it,  
 dear!  
 Come life or death, joy, grief, or  
 hope, or fear,  
 I bless you where I stand!

I bless you where I stand, excusing  
 you,  
 No speech nor language for accusing  
 you  
 My laggard lips can learn.

To you — be what you are, or can, to  
 me, —  
 To you or blessedly or fatefully  
 My heart must turn!

## JOHN JAMES PIATT.

*READING THE MILESTONE.*

I STOPPED to read the milestone here,  
A laggard school-boy, long ago;  
I came not far — my home was near—  
But ah, how far I longed to go!

Behold a number and a name,  
A finger, westward, cut in stone:  
The vision of a city came,  
Across the dust and distance shown.

Around me lay the farms asleep  
In hazes of autumnal air,  
And sounds that quiet loves to keep  
Were heard, and heard not, every-  
where.

I read the milestone, day by day:  
I yearned to cross the barren bound,  
To know the golden Far-away,  
To walk the new Enchanted  
Ground!

*TWO PATRONS.*

“WHAT shall I sing?” I sighed,  
and said,  
“That men shall know me when  
my name  
Is lost with kindred lips, and dead  
Are laurels of familiar fame?”

Below, a violet in the dew  
Breathed through the dark its  
vague perfume;  
Above, a star in quiet blue  
Touched with a gracious ray the  
gloom.

“Sing, friend, of me,” the violet  
sighed,  
“That I may haunt your grave  
with love;”  
“Sing, friend, of me,” the star re-  
plied,  
“That I may light the dark above.”

*THE SIGHT OF ANGELS.*

THE angels come, the angels go,  
Through open doors of purer air;

Their moving presence oftentimes  
we know,  
It thrills us everywhere.

Sometimes we see them; lo! at night,  
Our eyes were shut, but opened  
seem:  
The darkness breathed a breath of  
wondrous light,  
And then it was a dream!

*THE LOVE-LETTER.*

I GREET thee, loving letter —  
Unopened, kiss thee free,  
And dream her lips within thee  
Give back the kiss to me!

The fragrant little rose-leaf,  
She sends by thee, is come:  
Ah, in her heart was blooming  
The rose she stole it from!

*THE GOLDEN HAND.*

LO, from the city's heat and dust  
A golden hand forever thrust,  
Uplifting from a spire on high  
A shining finger in the sky!

I see it when the morning brings  
Fresh tides of life to living things,  
And the great world awakes: behold,  
That lifted hand in morning gold!

I see it when the noontide beats  
Pulses of fire in busy streets;  
The dust flies in the flaming air:  
Above, that quiet hand is there.

I see it when the twilight clings  
To the dark earth with hovering  
wings:  
Flashing with the last fluttering ray,  
That golden hand remembers day.

The midnight comes — the holy hour:  
The city like a giant flower  
Sleeps full of dew: that hand, in light  
Of moon and stars, how weirdly  
bright!

Below, in many a noisy street  
 Are toiling hands and striving feet;  
 The weakest rise, the strongest fall;  
 That equal hand is over all.

Below, in courts to guard the land,  
 Gold buys the tongue and binds the  
 hand;  
 Stealing in God's great scales the  
 gold;  
 That awful hand, above, behold!

Below, the Sabbaths walk serene  
 With the great dust of days between;  
 Preachers within their pulpits stand:  
 See, over all, that heavenly hand!

But the hot dust, in crowded air  
 Below, arises never there:  
 O speech of one who cannot speak!  
 O Sabbath-witness of the Week!

*A SONG OF CONTENT.*

THE eagle nestles near the sun;  
 'The dove's low nest for me!—  
 The eagle's on the crag: sweet one,  
 The dove's in our green tree.  
 For hearts that beat like thine and  
 mine,  
 Heaven blesses humble earth;  
 The angels of our Heaven shall shine  
 'The angels of our hearth!

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

*TO-DAY.*

AH, real thing of bloom and breath,  
 I cannot love you while you stay;  
 Put on the dim, still charm of death,  
 Fade to a phantom, float away,  
 And let me call you Yesterday!

Let empty flower-dust at my feet  
 Remind me of the buds you wear;  
 Let the bird's quiet show how sweet  
 The far-off singing made the air;  
 And let your dew through frost  
 look fair.

In mourning you I shall rejoice.  
 Go: for the bitter word may be  
 A music—in the vanished voice;  
 And on the dead face I may see  
 How bright its frown has been to  
 me.

Then in the haunted grass I'll sit,  
 Half-tearful in your withered place,  
 And watch your lovely shadow flit  
 Across To-morrow's sunny face,  
 And vex her with your perfect  
 grace.

So, real thing of bloom and breath,  
 I weary of you while you stay.  
 Put on the dim, still charm of death,  
 Fade to a phantom, float away,  
 And let me call you Yesterday!

*LAST WORDS.*

GOOD-NIGHT, pretty sleepers of  
 mine—  
 I never shall see you again:  
 Ah, never in shadow or shine;  
 Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

In your small dreaming-dresses of  
 white,  
 With the wild-bloom you gathered  
 to-day  
 In your quiet shut hands, from the  
 light  
 And the dark, you will wander  
 away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted  
 grass,  
 And no love in the beautiful sky.  
 Shall take you as yet, you will  
 pass,  
 With this kiss through these tear-  
 drops. Good-by!

With less gold and more gloom in  
 their hair,  
 When the buds near have faded to  
 flowers,  
 Three faces may wake here as fair—  
 But older than yours are, by  
 hours!

Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine—

I never shall see you again:  
Ah, never in shadow nor shine;  
Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

—  
*A DREAM'S AWAKENING.*

SHUT in a close and dreary sleep,  
Lonely and frightened and oppressed

I felt a dreadful serpent creep,  
Writhing and crushing o'er my breast.

I woke and knew my child's sweet arm,  
As soft and pure as flakes of snow,  
Beneath my dream's dark, hateful charm,  
Had been the thing that tortured so.

And in the morning's dew and light  
I seemed to hear an angel say,  
"The Pain that stings in Time's low night  
May prove God's Love in higher day."

—  
*THAT NEW WORLD.*

How gracious we are to grant to the dead  
Those wide, vague lands in the foreign sky,  
Reserving this world for ourselves instead—  
For we must live, though others must die!

And what is this world that we keep,  
I pray?  
True, it has glimpses of dews and flowers;  
Then Youth and Love are here and away, {ours.  
Like mated birds—but nothing is

Ah, nothing indeed, but we cling to it all.

It is nothing to hear one's own heart beat,

It is nothing to see one's own tears fall;  
Yet surely the breath of our life is sweet.

Yes, the breath of our life is so sweet, I fear  
We were loath to give it for all we know  
Of that charmèd country we hold so dear,  
Far into whose beauty the breathless go.

Yet certain we are, when we see them fade  
Out of the pleasant light of the sun,  
Of the sands of gold in the palm-leaf's shade,  
And the strange high jewels all these have won.

You dare not doubt it, O soul of mine!  
And yet if these empty eyes could see  
One, only one, from that voyage divine,  
With something, anything sure for me!

Ah, blow me the scent of one lily, to tell  
That it grew outside of this world at most;  
Ah, show me a plume to touch, or a shell  
That whispers of some unearthly coast!

—  
*MAKING PEACE.*

AFTER this feud of yours and mine  
The sun will shine;  
After we both forget, forget,  
The sun will set.

I pray you think how warm and sweet  
The heart can beat;  
I pray you think how soon the rose  
From grave-dust grows.



*CALLING THE DEAD.*

My little child, so sweet a voice  
 might wake  
 So sweet a sleeper for so sweet a  
 sake. [you,  
 Calling your buried brother back to  
 You laugh and listen—till I listen  
 too!

Why does he listen? It may be to  
 hear  
 Sounds too divine to reach my  
 troubled ear.  
 Why does he laugh? It may be he  
 can see  
 The face that only tears can hide  
 from me.

Poor baby faith—so foolish or so  
 wise:  
 The name I shape out of forlornest  
 cries  
 He speaks as with a bird's or blos-  
 som's breath.  
 How fair the knowledge is that  
 knows not Death!

Ah, fools and blind—through all the  
 piteous years  
 Searchers of stars and graves—how  
 many seers,  
 Calling the dead, and seeking for a  
 sign,  
 Have laughed and listened, like this  
 child of mine?

*THE FLOWERS IN THE GROUND.*

UNDER the coffin-lid there are roses:  
 They bud like dreams in the sleep  
 of the dead;  
 And the long, vague dark that around  
 them closes  
 Is flushed and sweet with their  
 glory of red.

From the buried seeds of love they  
 blossom,  
 All crimson-stained from its blood  
 they start;  
 And each sleeper wears them on his  
 bosom,  
 Clasped over the pallid dust of his  
 heart.

When the Angel of Morning shall  
 shake the slumber  
 Away from the graves with his  
 lighted wings,  
 He will gather those roses, an infi-  
 nite number,  
 And bear them to Heaven, the  
 beautiful things!

*ASKING FOR TEARS.*

OH, let me come to Thee in this wild  
 way,  
 Fierce with a grief that will not  
 sleep, to pray  
 Of all thy treasures, Father, only  
 one,  
 After which I may say—Thy will be  
 done.

Nay, fear not thou to make my time  
 too sweet;  
 I nurse a Sorrow,—kiss its hands  
 and feet,  
 Call it all piteous, precious names,  
 and try,  
 Awake at night, to hush its helpless  
 cry.

The sand is at my moaning lip, the  
 glare  
 Of the uplifted desert fills the air;  
 My eyes are blind and burning, and  
 the years  
 Stretch on before me. Therefore,  
 give me tears!

## JOHN PIERPONT.

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE Pilgrim Fathers — where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er  
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,

As they break along the shore;  
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,

When the Mayflower moored below,  
When the sea around was black with storms,

And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,

Still brood upon the tide;  
And the rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,

To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,

When the heavens looked dark, is gone; —

As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,

Is seen and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile — sainted name! —

The hill, whose icy brow  
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,

In the morning's flame burns now.  
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night

On the hill-side and the sea,  
Still lies where he laid his houseless head; —

But the Pilgrim — where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:

When summer is throned on high,  
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,

Go, stand on the hill where they lie.  
The earliest ray of the golden day,

On that hallowed spot is cast;  
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,

Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:

It walks in noon's broad light;  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,

With the holy stars by-night.  
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,

And shall guard this ice-bound shore,

Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,

Shall foam and freeze no more.

## MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!  
His fair sunshiny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair;

Yet, when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes — he is not there.

I walk my parlor floor,  
And, through the open door,  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair,  
I'm stepping toward the hall,  
To give the boy a call;  
And then bethink me that — he is not there:

I thread the crowded street,  
A satchelled lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair:

And, as he's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that — he is not there!

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin lid:  
Closed are his eyes: cold is his forehead fair;

My hand that marble felt:  
O'er it in prayer I knelt  
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there.

I cannot make him dead!  
 When passing by the bed,  
 So long watched over with parental  
 care,  
 My spirit and my eye  
 Seek him inquiringly,  
 Before the thought comes that — he  
 is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break  
 Of day, from sleep I wake,  
 With my first breathing of the morn-  
 ing air,  
 My soul goes up, with joy,  
 To Him who gave my boy;  
 Then comes the sad thought that —  
 he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,  
 Before we seek repose, [prayer,  
 I'm with his mother, offering up our  
 Whate'er I may be saying.  
 I am in spirit praying  
 For our boy's spirit, though — he is  
 not there!

Not there! — Where then is he?  
 The form I used to see  
 Was but the raiment that he used to  
 wear.  
 The grave, that now doth press  
 Upon that cast-off dress,  
 Is but his wardrobe locked; — he is  
 not there!

He lives! — In all the past  
 He lives; nor, to the last,  
 Of seeing him again will I despair;  
 In dreams I see him now;  
 And, on his angel brow,  
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me  
*there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!  
 FATHER, thy chastening rod  
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to  
 bear,  
 That, in the spirit-land,  
 Meeting at thy right hand,  
 'T will be our heaven to find that —  
 he is there!

## EDGAR ALLAN POE.

### ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
 In a kingdom by the sea,  
 That a maiden there lived whom you  
 may know  
 By the name of Annabel Lee;  
 And this maiden she lived with no  
 other thought  
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,  
 In this kingdom by the sea:  
 But we loved with a love that was  
 more than love —  
 I and my Annabel Lee;  
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs  
 of heaven  
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long  
 ago,  
 In the kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of the cloud, chilling  
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 So that her highborn kinsmen came  
 And bore her away from me,  
 To shut her up in a sepulchre  
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in  
 heaven,  
 Went envying her and me —  
 Yes! — that was the reason (as all  
 men know,  
 In this kingdom by the sea)  
 That the wind came out of the cloud  
 by night,  
 Chilling and killing my Annabel  
 Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far  
 than the love  
 Of those that were older than we —  
 Of many far wiser than we —  
 And neither the angels in heaven  
 above,

Nor the demons down under the  
 sea.  
 Can ever dis sever my soul from the  
 soul  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:  
 For the moon never beams, without  
 bringing me dreams  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 And the stars never rise, but I feel  
 the bright eyes  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down  
 by the side  
 Of my darling — my darling — my  
 life and my bride,  
 In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells —  
 Silver bells!  
 What a world of merriment their mel-  
 ody foretells!  
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 In the icy air of night!  
 While the stars that oversprinkle  
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
 With a crystalline delight;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinnabulation that so musi-  
 cally wells  
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells —  
 From the jingling and the tinkling  
 of the bells.  
 Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
 Golden bells!  
 What a world of happiness their har-  
 mony foretells!  
 Through the balmy air of night  
 How they ring out their delight!  
 From the molten-golden notes,  
 And all in tune,  
 What a liquid ditty floats  
 To the turtle-dove that listens,  
 while she gloats  
 On the moon!  
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
 What a gush of euphony volumi-  
 nously wells!

How it swells!  
 How it dwells  
 On the future! how it tells  
 Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells —  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of  
 the bells!  
 Hear the loud alarum bells —  
 Brazen bells!  
 What a tale of terror, now, their tur-  
 bulency tells!  
 In the startled ear of night  
 How they scream out their affright!  
 Too much horrified to speak,  
 They can only shriek, shriek,  
 Out of tune,  
 In a clamorous appealing to the mer-  
 cy of the fire,  
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf  
 and frantic fire  
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
 With a desperate desire,  
 And a resolute endeavor  
 Now — now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
 What a tale their terror tells  
 Of despair!  
 How they clang, and clash, and  
 roar!  
 What a horror they outpour  
 On the bosom of the palpitating  
 air!  
 Yet the ear it fully knows,  
 By the twanging,  
 And the clanging.  
 How the danger ebbs and flows;  
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
 In the jangling,  
 And the wrangling,  
 How the danger sinks and swells,  
 By the sinking or the swelling in the  
 anger of the bells —  
 Of the bells —  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells —  
 In the clamor and the clangor of  
 the bells!  
 Hear the tolling of the bells —  
 Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their  
monody compels!

In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their  
tone!

For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—  
They that dwell up in the steeple,  
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in their rolling  
On the human heart a stone—  
They are neither man nor woman—  
They are neither brute nor human;

They are ghouls:  
And their king it is who tolls;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
Rolls

A pæan from the bells!  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the pæan of the bells!  
And he dances, and he yells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—  
Of the bells:  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells—  
To the sobbing of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the moaning and the groaning of  
the bells.

TO MY MOTHER.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the heavens  
above,  
The angels, whispering to one  
another,  
Can find, among their burning terms  
of love,  
None so devotional as that of  
“Mother,”  
Therefore by that dear name I long  
have called you—  
You who are more than mother  
unto me,  
And fill my heart of hearts, where  
death installed you  
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.  
My mother—my own mother, who  
died early, [you  
Was but the mother of myself; but  
Are mother to the one I loved so  
dearly,  
And thus are dearer than the  
mother I knew  
By that infinity with which my wife  
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-  
life.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
“Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless here for ever more.

And the silken, sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
 Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;  
 This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened wide the door; —  
 Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore?"  
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!" —  
 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
 Let me see then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —  
 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —  
 'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —  
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven.  
 Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore —  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
 Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered —  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before —  
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
 Then the bird said "Nevermore."



## ROBERT POLLOK.

[From *The Course of Time*.]

LORD BYRON.

HE touched his harp, and nations  
heard, entranced.  
As some vast river of unfailing  
source,  
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his num-  
bers flowed,  
And oped new fountains in the hu-  
man heart.  
Where Fancy halted, weary in her  
flight,  
In other men, his, fresh as morning,  
rose  
And soared untrodden heights, and  
seemed at home,  
Where angels bashful looked. Oth-  
ers, though great  
Beneath their argument seemed  
struggling whiles;  
He from above descending stooped to  
touch  
The loftiest thought; and proudly  
stooped, as though  
It scarce deserved his verse. With  
Nature's self  
He seemed an old acquaintance, free  
to jest  
At will with all her glorious majesty.  
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's  
mane,"  
And played familiar with his hoary  
locks; [ennines,  
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Ap-  
And with the thunder talked, as  
friend to friend;  
And wove his garland of the light-  
ning's wing,  
In sportive twist, the lightning's  
fiery wing,  
Which, as the footsteps of the dread-  
ful God,  
Marching upon the storm in ven-  
geance, seemed;

Then turned, and with the grass-  
hopper, who sung  
His evening song beneath his feet,  
conversed.  
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds,  
his sisters were;  
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and  
winds, and storms,  
His brothers, younger brothers, whom  
he scarce  
As equals deemed. All passions of  
all men,  
The wild and tame, the gentle and  
severe;  
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and  
profane;  
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eter-  
nity;  
All that was hated, all too, that was  
dear;  
All that was hoped, all that was  
feared, by man;  
He tossed about, as tempest-with-  
ered leaves,  
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck  
he made.  
With terror now he froze the cower-  
ing blood,  
And now dissolved the heart in ten-  
derness;  
Yet would not tremble, would not  
weep himself;  
But back into his soul retired,  
alone,  
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contempt-  
uously  
On hearts and passions prostrate at  
his feet.  
So Ocean from the plains his waves  
had late  
To desolation swept, retired in  
pride,  
Exulting in the glory of his might,  
And seemed to mock the ruin he had  
wrought.



## ALEXANDER POPE.

## FROM "ELOISA TO ABELARD."

IN these deep solitudes and awful  
 cells,  
 Where heavenly-pensive Contempla-  
 tion dwells,  
 And ever-musing melancholy reigns;  
 What means this tumult in a vestal's  
 veins?  
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this  
 last retreat?  
 Why feels my heart its long-forgot-  
 ten heat?  
 Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it  
 came,  
 And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.  
 Dear fatal name! rest ever unre-  
 vealed,  
 Nor pass these lips, in holy silence  
 sealed:  
 Hide it, my heart, within that close  
 Where, mixed with God's, his loved  
 idea lies:  
 O write it not, my hand—the name  
 appears  
 Already written—wash it out, my  
 In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,  
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand  
 obeys.  
 Relentless walls! whose darksome  
 round contains  
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:  
 Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees  
 have worn:  
 Ye grotts and caverns shagged with  
 horrid thorn!  
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed  
 virgins keep,  
 And pitying saints, whose statues  
 learn to weep!  
 Though cold like you, unmoved and  
 silent grown,  
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.  
 All is not Heaven's while Abelard  
 has part,  
 Still rebel nature holds out half my  
 heart;  
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn  
 pulse restrain,  
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in

Soon as thy letters trembling I un-  
 close,  
 That well-known name awakens all  
 my woes.  
 Oh, name, for ever sad! for ever  
 dear!  
 Still breathed in sighs, still ushered  
 with a tear.  
 I tremble, too, whene'er my own I  
 find;  
 Some dire misfortune follows close  
 behind.  
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'er-  
 flow,  
 Led through a sad variety of woe:  
 Now warm in love, now withering in  
 my bloom,  
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!  
 There stern religion quenched the  
 unwilling flame,  
 There died the best of passions, love  
 and fame.  
 Yet write, oh! write me all, that I  
 may join  
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs  
 to thine.  
 Nor foes nor fortune take this power  
 away;  
 And is my Abelard less kind than  
 they?  
 Tears still are mine, and those I need  
 not spare,  
 Love but demands what else were  
 shed in prayer;  
 No happier task these faded eyes  
 pursue;  
 To read and weep is all they now can  
 do.  
 Then share thy pain, allow that  
 sad relief;  
 Ah, more than share it! give me all  
 thy grief.  
 Heaven first taught letters for some  
 wretch's aid,  
 Some banished lover, or some cap-  
 tive maid;  
 They live, they speak, they breathe  
 what love inspires,  
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to  
 its fires,

The virgin's wish without her fears  
 impart,  
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all  
 the heart,  
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul  
 to soul,  
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the  
 Pole.

[From *An Essay on Man.*]

MAN.

Know then thyself, presume not  
 God to scan,  
 The proper study of mankind is Man.  
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle  
 state,  
 A being darkly wise, and rudely  
 great;  
 With too much knowledge for the  
 sceptic side,  
 With too much weakness for the stoic's  
 pride,  
 He hangs between; in doubt to act or  
 rest;  
 In doubt to deem himself a god, or  
 beast;  
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;  
 Born but to die, and reasoning but  
 to err;  
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,  
 Whether he thinks too little, or too  
 much;  
 Chaos of thought and passion, all  
 confused  
 Still by himself abused, or disabused;  
 Created half to rise, and half to fall;  
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to  
 all;  
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error  
 hurled:  
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the  
 world!

[From *An Essay on Man.*]

SUBMISSION TO SUPREME WIS-  
 DOM.

WHAT if the foot, ordained the  
 dust to tread,  
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the  
 head?

What if the head, the eye, or ear re-  
 pin'd  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling  
 mind?

Just as absurd for any part to claim  
 To be another, in this general frame:  
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks  
 or pains,

The great directing Mind of All  
 ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous  
 whole,

Whose body nature is, and God the  
 soul;

That, changed through all, and yet  
 in all the same,

Great in the earth, as in the ethereal  
 frame, [breeze,

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in  
 the trees;

Lives through all life, extends  
 through all extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our

mortal part,  
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

As full, as perfect, in vile man that  
 mourns,

As the rapt seraph, that adores and  
 burns;

To Him no high, no low, no great,  
 no small;

He fills, He bounds, connects, and  
 equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfec-  
 tion name:

Our proper bliss depends on what we  
 blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this  
 due degree

Of blindness, weakness, Heaven be-  
 stows on thee.

Submit. — In this, or any other  
 sphere,

Secure to be as blest as thou canst  
 bear:

Safe in the hand of one disposing  
 power,

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
 All nature is but art, unknown to

thee;

All chance, direction, which thou  
 canst not see;

All discord, harmony not understood;  
 All partial evil, universal good:  
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's  
 spite,  
 One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is  
 right.*

[From An Essay on Man.]

CHARITY, GRADUALLY PERVA-  
 SIVE.

GOD loves from whole to parts;  
 but human soul  
 Must rise from individual to the  
 whole.  
 Self-love but serves the virtuous  
 mind to wake,  
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful  
 lake;  
 The centre moved, a circle straight  
 succeeds,  
 Another still, and still another  
 spreads;  
 Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will  
 embrace;  
 His country next, and next all human  
 race;  
 Wide, and more wide, the o'erflow-  
 ings of the mind  
 Take every creature in, of every  
 kind;  
 Earth smiles around, with boundless  
 bounty blest,  
 And heaven beholds its image in his  
 breast.

[From An Essay on Man.]

TRUE NOBILITY.

HONOR and shame from no condi-  
 tion rise;  
 Act well your part, there all the  
 honor lies.  
 Fortune in men has some small dif-  
 ference made,  
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in  
 brocade;  
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson  
 gowned,  
 The friar hooded, and the monarch  
 crowned.

“What differ more (you cry) than  
 crown and cowl!”  
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and  
 a fool.  
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts  
 the monk,  
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be  
 drunk,  
 Worth makes the man, and want of  
 it the fellow;  
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.

[From An Essay on Man.]

VIRTUE, THE SOLE UNFAILING  
 HAPPINESS.

Know then this truth (enough for  
 man to know),  
 “Virtue alone is happiness below.”  
 The only point where human bliss  
 stands still,  
 And tastes the good without the fall  
 to ill; [ceives,  
 Where only merit constant pay re-  
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it  
 gives;  
 The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,  
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:  
 Without satiety, though e'er so blest,  
 And but more relished as the more  
 distressed:  
 The broadest mirth, unfeeling Folly  
 wears, [tears:  
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very  
 Good, from each object, from each  
 place acquired,  
 For ever exercised, yet never tired;  
 Never elated, while one man's op-  
 pressed;  
 Never dejected, while another's  
 blessed;  
 And where no wants, no wishes can  
 remain,  
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to  
 gain.  
 See the sole bliss, Heaven could on  
 all bestow!  
 Which who but feels can taste, but  
 thinks can know:  
 Yet poor with fortune, and with  
 learning blind,  
 The bad must miss; the good, un-  
 taught, will find;

Slave to no sect, who takes no private  
road,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God;  
Pursues that chain which links the  
immense design,  
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal  
and divine;  
Sees that no being any bliss can  
know,  
But touches some above, and some  
below;  
Learns from this union of the rising  
whole,  
The first, last purpose of the human  
soul;  
And knows where faith, law, morals,  
all began,  
All end, in *love of God and love of  
man.*

[*From An Essay on Criticism.*]

TRUTH TO NATURE.

FIRST follow Nature, and your judg-  
ment frame  
By her just standard, which is still  
the same;  
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchanged, and universal  
light,  
Life, force, and beauty, must to all  
impart,  
At once the source, and end, and  
test of art.

[*From An Essay on Criticism.*]

JUST JUDGMENT.

WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece  
to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor  
e'er shall be.  
In every work regard the writer's  
end,  
Since none can compass more than  
they intend;  
And if the means be just, the con-  
duct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is  
due.

As men of breeding, sometimes men  
of wit,  
To avoid great errors, must the less  
commit;  
Neglect the rules each verbal critic  
lays,  
For not to know some trifles is a  
praise.

[*From An Essay on Criticism.*]

WIT.

TRUE wit is nature to advantage  
dressed;  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so  
well expressed:  
Something, whose truth, convinced  
at sight we find,  
That gives us back the image of our  
mind.  
As shades more sweetly recommend  
the light,  
So modest plainness sets off sprightly  
wit.  
For works may have more wit than  
does them good,  
As bodies perish through excess of  
blood.

[*From An Essay on Criticism.*]

EXCESSIVE PRAISE OR BLAME.

AVOID extremes; and shun the  
fault of such  
Who still are pleased too little or too  
much.  
At every trifle scorn to take offence,  
That always shows great pride or  
little sense:  
Those heads, as stomachs, are not  
sure the best  
Which nauseate all, and nothing can  
digest.  
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture  
move:  
For fools admire, but men of sense  
approve:  
As things seem large which we  
through mist descry,  
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

*THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.*

FATHER of all! in every age,  
 In every clime adored,  
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,  
 Who all my sense confined  
 To know but this, that Thou art good,  
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
 To see the good from ill;  
 And binding nature fast in fate.  
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
 Or warns me not to do,  
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
 That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,  
 Let me not cast away;  
 For God is paid when man receives;  
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
 Thy goodness let me bound,  
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,  
 When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
 Presume thy bolts to throw,  
 And deal damnation round the land  
 On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart  
 Still in the right to stay;  
 If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart  
 To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
 Or impious discontent,  
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied,  
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see:  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quickened by Thy breath;  
 Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:  
 All else beneath the sun,  
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,  
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!  
 One chorus let all Being raise!  
 All Nature's incense rise!

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

*THE OLD STORY.*

By the pleasant paths we know  
 All familiar flowers would grow,  
 Though we two were gone;  
 Moon and stars would rise and set,  
 Dawn the laggard night forget,  
 And the world move on.

Spring would carol through the wood,  
 Life be counted sweet and good,  
 Winter storms would prove their  
 While the seasons sped; [might,  
 Winter frosts make bold to bite,  
 Clouds lift overhead.

Still the sunset lights would glow,  
 Still the heaven-appointed bow  
 In its place be hung;  
 Not one flower the less would bloom,  
 Though we two had met our doom,  
 No song less be sung.

Other lovers through the dew  
 Would go, loitering, two and two,  
 When the day was done;  
 Lips would pass the kiss divine,  
 Hearts would beat like yours and  
 mine, —  
 Hearts that beat as one.

## TO-DAY.

TO-DAY the sunshine freely showers  
Its benediction where we stand;  
There's not a passing cloud that  
lowers

Above this pleasant summer land;  
Then let's not waste the sweet to-  
day, —

To-morrow, who can say ?

Perhaps, to-morrow we may be, —  
Alas! alas! the thought is pain, —  
As far apart as sky and sea,  
Sundered to meet no more again;  
Then let us clasp thee, sweet to-  
day, —

To-morrow, who can say ?

The daylight fades; a purple dream  
Of twilight hovers overhead,

While all the trembling stars but seem  
Like sad tears yet unshed;  
Oh, sweet to-day, so soon away!  
To-morrow, who can say ?

## ASLEEP.

SOUND asleep! no sigh can reach  
Him who dreams the heavenly  
dream;

No to-morrow's silver speech  
Wake him with an earthly theme.  
Summer rains, relentlessly,  
Patter where his head doth lie.  
There the wild rose and the brake  
All their summer leisure take.  
Violets, blinded by the dew,  
Perfume lend to the sad rue,  
Till the day break fair and clear,  
And no shadow doth appear.

## MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

## EQUIPOISE.

JUST when we think we've fixed the  
golden mean, —

The diamond point, on which to  
balance fair

Life and life's lofty issues, weigh-  
ing there,

With fractional precision, close and  
keen,

Thought, motive, word and deed, —  
there comes between

Some wayward circumstance, some  
jostling care,

Some temper's fret, some mood's  
unwise despair,

To mar the equilibrium, unforeseen,  
And spoil our nice adjustment! —

Happy he,

Whose soul's calm equipoise can  
know no jar,

Because the unwavering hand that  
holds the scales,

Is the same hand that weighed each  
steadfast star, —

Is the same hand that on the sac-  
red tree [nails!

Bore, for his sake, the anguish of the

## OURS.

Most perfect attribute of love, that  
knows

No separate self, — no conscious  
*mine* nor *thine*;

But mystic union, closer, more di-  
vine [close.

Than wedded soul and body can dis-  
No flush of pleasure on thy forehead

glows,  
No mist of feeling in thine eyes can

shine,  
No faintest pain surprise thee, but

there goes  
The lightning-spark along love's

viewless line,  
Bearing with instant message to

my heart,  
Responsive recognition. Suns or  
showers

May come between us; silences  
may part;

The rushing world know not, nor  
care to know; —

Yet back and forth the flashing  
secrets go,

Whose sacred, only sesame is, *ours*!

*NATURE'S LESSON.*

PAIN is no longer pain when it is  
 past;  
 And what is all the mirth of yester-  
 day,  
 More than the yester flush that  
 paled away,  
 Leaving no trace across the landscape  
 cast  
 Whereby to prove its presence  
 there? The blast  
 That bowed the knotted oak beneath  
 its sway,  
 And rent the lissome ash, the forest  
 may  
 Take heed of longer, since strewn  
 leaves outlast  
 Strewn sunbeams even. Be thou like  
 Nature then,  
 Calmly receptive of all sweet de-  
 lights,  
 The while they soothe and strengthen  
 thee: and when  
 The wrench of trial comes with  
 swirl and strain,  
 Think of the still progressive days  
 and nights,  
 That blot with equal sweep, both  
 joy and pain.

*GOD'S PATIENCE.*

OF all the attributes whose starry  
 rays  
 Converge and centre in one focal  
 light  
 Of luminous glory such as angels'  
 sight  
 Can only look on with a blanched  
 amaze,  
 None crowns the brow of God with  
 purer blaze,  
 Nor lifts His grandeur to more infi-  
 nite height,  
 Than His exhaustless patience. Let  
 us praise  
 With wondering hearts, this strangest  
 tenderest grace,  
 Remembering, awe-struck, that the  
 avenging rod  
 Of justice must have fallen, and merc-  
 y's plan

Been frustrate, had not Patience  
 stood between,  
 Divinely meek: And let us learn  
 that man,  
 Toiling, enduring, pleading, — calm,  
 serene,  
 For those who scorn and slight, is  
 likest God.

*THE SHADOW.*

IT comes betwixt me and the ame-  
 thyst  
 Of yon far mountain's billowy  
 range;—the sky,  
 Mild with sun-setting calmness, to  
 my eye  
 Is curtained ever by its haunting  
 mist;  
 And oftentimes when some dear  
 brow I've kissed,  
 My lips grow tremulous as it sweeps  
 me by.  
 With stress of overmastering agony  
 That faith and reason all in vain  
 resist.  
 It blurs my fairest books; it dims the  
 page  
 Of the divinest lore; and on my  
 tongue  
 The broken prayer that inward  
 strength would crave,  
 Dissolves in sobs no soothing can as-  
 suage;  
 And this penumbral gloom, — this  
 heart-cloud flung  
 Around me is, the memory of a grave.

*STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE.*

A SIMPLE, sodded mound of earth,  
 Without a line above it;  
 With only daily votive flowers  
 To prove that any love it:  
 The token flag that silently  
 Each breeze's visit numbers,  
 Alone keeps martial ward above  
 The hero's dreamless slumbers.

No name? — no record? Ask the  
 world;  
 The world has read his story:—

If all its annals can unfold  
 A prouder tale of glory;  
 If ever merely human life  
 Hath taught diviner moral, —  
 If ever round a worthier brow  
 Was twined a purer laurel!

A twelvemonth only, since his sword  
 Went flashing through the battle, —  
 A twelvemonth only, since his ear  
 Heard war's last deadly rattle, —  
 And yet, have countless pilgrim feet  
 The pilgrim's guerdon paid him,  
 And weeping women come to see  
 The place where they have laid  
 him.

Contending armies bring in turn,  
 Their meed of praise or honor,  
 And Pallas here has paused to bind  
 The cypress-wreath upon her:  
 It seems a holy sepulchre,  
 Whose sanctities can waken  
 Alike the love of friend or foe —  
 Of Christian or of pagan.

But who shall weigh the wordless  
 grief

That leaves in tears its traces,  
 As round their leader crowd again  
 The bronzed and veteran faces?  
 The "Old Brigade" he loved so  
 well —

The mountain men, who bound  
 him

With bays of their own winning, ere  
 A tardier fame had crowned him;

The legions who had seen his glance  
 Across the carnage flashing  
 And thrilled to catch his ringing  
 "charge"

Above the volley crashing; —  
 Who oft had watched the lifted hand,  
 The inward trust betraying,  
 And felt their courage grow sublime,  
 While they beheld him praying!

Rare fame! rare name! — If chanted  
 praise,

With all the world to listen, —  
 If pride that swells a nation's soul, —  
 If foemen's tears that glisten, —

If pilgrim's shringing love, — if grief  
 Which naught may soothe or  
 sever, —  
 If *these* can consecrate, — this spot  
 Is sacred ground forever!

—————  
*THERE'LL COME A DAY.*

THERE'LL come a day when the  
 supremest splendor  
 Of earth, or sky, or sea,  
 Whate'er their miracles, sublime or  
 tender,  
 Will wake no joy in me.

There'll come a day when all the as-  
 piration,  
 Now with such fervor fraught,  
 As lifts to heights of breathless exal-  
 tation,  
 Will seem a thing of naught.

There'll come a day when riches,  
 honor, glory,  
 Music and song and art,  
 Will look like puppets in a worn-out  
 story,  
 Where each has played his part.

There'll come a day when human  
 love, the sweetest  
 Gift that includes the whole  
 Of God's grand giving — sovereign-  
 est, completest —  
 Shall fail to fill my soul.

There'll come a day — I will not care  
 how passes  
 The cloud across my sight,  
 If only, lark-like, from earth's nested  
 grasses,  
 I spring to meet its light.

—————  
*THE TYRANNY OF MOOD.*

I. MORNING.

It is enough: I feel, this golden  
 morn,  
 As if a royal appanage were mine,  
 Through Nature's queenly warrant  
 of divine [born,  
 Investiture. What princess, palace-



Hath right of rapture more, when  
 skies adorn  
 Themselves so grandly; when the  
 mountains shine  
 Transfigured; when the air exalts  
 like wine;  
 When pearly purples steep the yellowing corn?  
 So satisfied with all the goodliness  
 Of God's good world, — my being  
 to its brim  
 Surcharged with utter thankfulness  
 no less [glad  
 Than bliss of beauty, passionately  
 Through rush of tears that leaves the  
 landscape dim, —  
 "Who dares," I say, "in such a  
 world be sad?"

II. NIGHT.

I PRESS my cheek against the window-pane,  
 And gaze abroad into the blank,  
 black space

Where earth and sky no more have  
 any place,  
 Wiped from existence by the expunging  
 rain;  
 And as I hear the worried winds  
 complain,  
 A darkness, darker than the mirk  
 whose trace  
 Invades the curtained room, is on my  
 face,  
 Beneath which, life and life's best  
 ends seem vain.  
 My swelling aspirations viewless  
 sink  
 As yon cloud-blotted hills: hopes  
 that shone bright  
 As planets yester-eve, like them to-  
 night  
 Are gulfed, the impenetrable mists  
 before:  
 "O weary world!" I cry, "how  
 dare I think  
 Thou hast for me one gleam of  
 gladness more?"

THOMAS PRINGLE.

*AFAR IN THE DESERT.*

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent bush-boy alone by  
 my side,  
 When the sorrows of life the soul  
 o'ercast,  
 And, sick of the present, I cling to  
 the past;  
 When the eye is suffused with regret-  
 ful tears,  
 From the fond recollections of former  
 years;  
 And shadows of things that have  
 long since fled  
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of  
 the dead;  
 Bright visions of glory that vanished  
 too soon;  
 Day-dreams that departed ere man-  
 hood's noon; [reft;  
 Attachments by fate or falsehood  
 Companions of early days lost or  
 left —

And my native land — whose magi-  
 cal name  
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame;  
 The home of my childhood: the  
 haunts of my prime:  
 All the passions and scenes of that  
 rapturous time  
 When the feelings were young, and  
 the world was new,  
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden un-  
 folding to view;  
 Ah — all now forsaken — forgotten —  
 foregone! [none —  
 And I — a lone exile remembered of  
 My high aims abandoned — my good  
 acts undone —  
 Aweary of all that is under the sun, —  
 With that sadness of heart which no  
 stranger may scan,  
 I fly to the desert afar from man.  
 Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent bush-boy alone by  
 my side,

When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife —  
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear —  
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear —  
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood and folly,  
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;  
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,  
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh —  
 Oh! then there is freedom, and joy and pride,  
 Afar in the desert alone to ride!  
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,  
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,  
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand —  
 The only law of the desert land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,  
 Away — away from the dwellings of men,  
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;  
 By valleys remote where the oriby plays  
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,  
 And the kudù and eland unhunted recline  
 By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine!  
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,  
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood.  
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will  
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,

O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry  
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;  
 And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh  
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;  
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,  
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;  
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,  
 Hieing away to the home of her rest,  
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,  
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view  
 In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side.  
 Away — away — in the wilderness vast,  
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,  
 And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan  
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;  
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,  
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;  
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,  
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;  
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,  
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:  
 And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,  
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink;  
 A region of drought, where no river glides,  
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;

Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling  
 fount,  
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,  
 Appears, to refresh the aching eye;  
 But the barren earth and the burning  
 sky, [round,  
 And the blank horizon, round and  
 Spread — void of living sight or  
 sound.  
 And here, while the night-winds  
 round me sigh,

And the stars turn bright in the mid-  
 night sky,  
 As I sit apart by the desert stone,  
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,  
 "A still small voice" comes through  
 the wild  
 (Like a father consoling his fretful  
 child),  
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath,  
 and fear, —  
 Saying — Man is distant, but God is  
 near!

MATTHEW PRIOR.

[From Solomon.]

THE WISE MAN IN DARKNESS.

HAPPY the mortal man, who now at  
 last  
 Has through the doleful vale of mis-  
 ery passed;  
 Who to his destined stage has carried  
 on  
 The tedious load, and laid his bur-  
 dens down;  
 Whom the cut brass or mounded mar-  
 ble shows  
 Victor o'er life and all her train of  
 woes.  
 He happier yet, who, privileged by  
 fate  
 To shorter labor, and a lighter  
 weight,  
 Received but yesterday the gift of  
 breath,  
 Ordered to-morrow to return to  
 death.  
 But oh! beyond description, happiest  
 he  
 Who ne'er must roll on life's tumul-  
 tuous sea;  
 Who with blessed freedom from the  
 general doom  
 Exempt, must never force the teem-  
 ing womb,

Nor see the sun, nor sink into the  
 tomb.  
 Who breathes must suffer; and who  
 thinks must mourn;  
 And he alone is blest who ne'er was  
 born.

[From Solomon.]

THE WISE MAN IN LIGHT.

SUPREME, all-wise, eternal Poten-  
 tate!  
 Sole Author, sole Dispenser of our  
 fate!  
 Enthroned in light and immor-  
 tality!  
 Whom no man fully sees, and none  
 can see!  
 Original of beings! Power divine!  
 Since that I live, and that I think, is  
 Thine;  
 Benign Creator, let Thy plastic hand  
 Dispose its own effect. Let Thy com-  
 mand  
 Restore, great Father, Thy instructed  
 son;  
 And in my act, may Thy great will  
 be done!

## ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going,  
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to each,  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)  
Joys are sent thee here below;  
Take them readily when given,  
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee.  
Do not fear an armèd band;  
One will fade as others greet thee;  
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;  
See how small each moment's pain,  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passing hours despond;  
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,  
Reaching heaven; but one by one  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

## JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,  
May be a token, that below  
The soul has closed in deadly fight  
With some infernal fiery foe,  
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,  
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise,—  
May be the angel's slackened hand  
Has suffered it, that he may rise  
And take a firmer, surer stand;  
Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,  
With hopeful pity, not disdain;  
The depth of the abyss may be  
The measure of the height of pain  
And love and glory that may raise  
This soul to God in after days!

## THANKFULNESS.

MY God, I thank Thee who hast made  
The earth so bright;  
So full of splendor and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy  
 Is touched with pain;  
 That shadows fall on brightest hours;  
 That thorns remain;  
 So that earth's bliss may be our  
 guide,  
 And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how  
 soon  
 Our weak heart clings,  
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
 Yet all with wings,  
 So that we see, gleaming on high,  
 Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast  
 kept  
 The best in store;  
 We have enough, yet not too much  
 To long for more:  
 A yearning for a deeper peace,  
 Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our  
 souls  
 Though amply blest,  
 Can never find, although they seek,  
 A perfect rest,—  
 Nor ever shall, until they lean  
 On Jesus' breast!

—  
*A LOST CHORD.*

SEATED one day at the organ,  
 I was weary and ill at ease,  
 And my fingers wandered idly  
 Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
 Or what I was dreaming then;  
 But I struck one chord of music,  
 Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
 Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
 And it lay on my fevered spirit  
 With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
 Like love overcoming strife;  
 It seemed the harmonious echo  
 From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
 Into one perfect peace,  
 And trembled away into silence  
 As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
 That one lost chord divine,  
 That came from the soul of the organ,  
 And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel  
 Will speak in that chord again,  
 It may be that only in heaven  
 I shall hear that grand Amen.

—  
*TOO LATE.*

HUSH! speak low; tread softly;  
 Draw the sheet aside;—  
 Yes, she does look peaceful;  
 With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow  
 Even now you trace  
 On the wan, worn features  
 Of the still white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,  
 Was her bitter part;—  
 Now,— how still the violets  
 Lie upon her heart!

She who tolled and labored  
 For her daily bread;  
 See the velvet hangings  
 Of this stately bed.

Yes, they did forgive her;  
 Brought her home at last;  
 strove to cover over  
 Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given  
 Wealth, and home, and pride,  
 To see her just look happy  
 Once before she died!

They strove hard to please her,  
 But, when death is near,  
 All you know is deadened,  
 Hope, and joy, and fear.

And besides, one sorrow  
Deeper still,—one pain  
Was beyond them: healing  
Came to-day,—in vain!

If she had but lingered  
Just a few hours more;  
Or had this letter reached her  
Just one day before!

I can almost pity  
Even him to-day;  
Though he let this anguish  
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him:—  
One day you shall know  
How this sorrow happened;  
It was long ago.

I have read the letter;  
Many a weary year,  
For one word she hungered,—  
There are thousands here.

If she could but hear it,  
Could but understand;  
See,—I put the letter  
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,  
Do not stir her rest;  
Well, I should not murmur,  
For God judges best.

She needs no more pity,—  
But I mourn his fate,  
When he hears his letter  
Came a day too late.

---

#### CLEANSING FIRES.

LET thy gold be cast in the furnace,  
Thy red gold, precious and bright,  
Do not fear the hungry fire,  
With its caverns of burning light;  
And thy gold shall return more pre-  
cious,  
Free from every spot and stain;  
For gold must be tried by fire,  
As a heart must be tried by pain!

In the cruel fire of sorrow,  
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;  
Let thy hand be firm and steady,  
Do not let thy spirit quail:  
But wait till the trial is over,  
And take thy heart again;  
For as gold is tried by fire,  
So a heart must be tried by pain!

I shall know by the gleam and glitter  
Of the golden chain you wear,  
By your heart's calm strength in lov-  
ing,  
Of the fire they have had to bear.  
Beat on, true heart, forever;  
Shine bright, strong golden chain;  
And bless the cleansing fire,  
And the furnace of living pain!

---

#### A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine,  
Before I peril all for thee,  
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret:  
Is there one link within the past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy faith as clear and free  
As that which I can pledge to  
thee?

Does there within thy dimmest  
dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth  
breathe,  
Untouched, unshared by mine?  
If so, at any pain or cost,  
Oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel  
Within thy inmost soul,  
That thou hast kept a portion back  
While I have staked the whole;  
Let no false pity spare the blow,  
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine cannot fulfil?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now,—lest at some future day  
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon-spirit Change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange?  
It may not be thy fault alone,—  
But shield my heart against thy  
own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one  
day  
And answer to my claim,  
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,  
Not thou,—had been to blame?  
Some soothe their conscience thus; but  
thou  
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,  
The words would come too late;  
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,  
So, comfort thee, my fate,—  
Whatever on my heart may fall,—  
Remember, I *would* risk it all!

---

INCOMPLETENESS.

NOTHING resting in its own complete-  
ness  
Can have worth or beauty: but alone  
Because it leads and tends to farther  
sweetness,  
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the  
meaning,  
Gracious though it be, of her blue  
hours;  
But is hidden in her tender leaning  
To the summer's richer wealth of  
flowers.

Dawn is fair, because the mists fade  
slowly  
Into day, which floods the world  
with light;

Twilight's mystery is so sweet and  
holy  
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious  
graces borrow  
From grace, that in a far-off future  
lies;  
And angel glances (veiled now by  
life's sorrow)  
Draw our hearts to some beloved  
eyes.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth  
Towards a truer, deeper life above;  
Human love is sweetest when it lead-  
eth  
To a more divine and perfect love.

Learn the mystery of progression  
duly:  
Do not call each glorious change, de-  
cay;  
But know we only hold our treasures  
truly,  
When it seems as if they passed  
away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for in-  
completeness;  
In that want their beauty lies: they  
roll  
Towards some infinite depth of love  
and sweetness,  
Bearing onward man's reluctant  
soul.

---

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE: yet I do not promise  
The prize you dream of to-day  
Will not fade when you think to  
grasp it,  
And melt in your hand away;  
But another and holier treasure,  
You would now perchance disdain,  
Will come when your toil is over,  
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you  
The hour you long for now  
Will not come with its radiance van-  
ished,  
And a shadow upon its brow;

Yet far through the misty future,  
With a crown of starry light,  
An hour of joy you know not  
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for  
May never comfort your fears,

May never repay your pleading,  
Yet pray, and with hopeful  
tears;

An answer, not that you long for,  
But diviner, will come one day;  
Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

## BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).

### *LIFE.*

WE are born; we laugh; we weep;  
We love; we droop; we die!  
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?  
Why do we live or die?  
Who knows that secret deep?  
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring  
Unseen by human eye?  
Why do the radiant seasons bring  
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?  
Why do our fond hearts cling  
To things that die?

We toil — through pain and wrong;  
We fight — and fly;  
We love; we lose; and then, ere  
long,  
Stone-dead we lie.  
O Life! is all thy song!  
“Endure and — die?”

### *A PETITION TO TIME.*

TOUCH us gently, Time!  
Let us glide adown thy stream  
Gently — as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream!  
Humble voyagers are we,  
Husband, wife, and children three —  
(One is lost — an angel, fled  
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!  
We've not proud nor soaring wings;  
Our ambition, our content,  
Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,  
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,  
Seeking only some calm clime;  
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

### *LOVE ME IF I LIVE.*

LOVE me if I live!  
Love me if I die!  
What to me is life or death,  
So that thou be nigh?

Once I loved thee rich,  
Now I love thee poor;  
Ah! what is there I could not  
For thy sake endure?

Kiss me for my love!  
Pay me for my pain!  
Come! and murmur in my ear  
How thou lov'st again!

### *THE SEA.*

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions  
round!  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the  
skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue  
below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;



If a storm should come and awake  
the deep,  
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, *how* I love to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the  
moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and  
more,  
And backward flew to her billowy  
breast, [nest;  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's  
And a mother she *was*, and *is*, to me;  
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the  
morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born;  
And the whale it whistled, the por-  
poise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs  
of gold; [wild  
And never was heard such an outcry  
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and  
strife,  
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend and a power to  
range,  
But never have sought nor sighed for  
change;  
And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wild, unbounded  
sea!

#### HISTORY OF A LIFE.

DAY dawned:—within a curtained  
room,  
Filled to faintness with perfume,  
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed;—a child had seen the  
light;  
But, for the lady fair and bright,  
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose; the lady's grave was  
green;  
And near it, oftentimes, was seen  
A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.

Years fled;—he wore a manly face,  
And struggled in the world's rough  
race,  
And won at last a lofty place.

And then he died! Behold before ye  
Humanity's poor sum and story;  
Life,—Death,—and all that is of  
glory.

#### A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

SEND down Thy wingèd angel, God!  
Amid this night so wild;  
And bid him come where now we  
watch,  
And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,  
And moans within her sleep,  
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,  
And striveth not to weep.

How gentle and how good a child  
She is, we know too well,  
And dearer to her parents' hearts  
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the  
night,  
To aid, when need may be;  
We hope—and have despaired, at  
times;  
But now we turn to Thee!

Send down Thy sweet-souled angel,  
God!  
Amid the darkness wild;  
And bid him soothe our souls to-night.  
And heal our gentle child!

#### THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,  
Have I been thine?  
How many days, thou dove,  
Hast thou been mine?

Time, like the wingèd wind  
When 't bends the flowers,  
Hath left no mark behind,  
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loath,  
On thee he leaves;  
Some lines of care round both  
Perhaps he weaves;  
Some fears, — a soft regret  
For joys scarce known;  
Sweet looks we half forget; —  
All else is flown!

Ah! — With what thankless heart  
I mourn and sing!  
Look, where our children start,  
Like sudden spring!  
With tongues all sweet and low  
Like pleasant rhyme,  
They tell how much I owe  
To thee and time!

SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,  
Gentle death!  
Let her leave thee with no strife,  
Tender, mournful, murmuring life!  
She hath seen her happy day, —  
She hath had her bud and blossom;

Now she pales and shrinks away,  
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,  
Angels dear!  
Bear her perfect soul above,  
Seraph of the skies, — sweet  
love!  
Good she was, and fair in youth;  
And her mind was seen to soar,  
And her heart was wed to truth:  
Take her, then, forevermore, —  
Forever — evermore, —

I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love! The ground  
Not panteth so for summer rain,  
As I for one soft look of thine;  
And yet, — I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now;  
Each one, perhaps, surpassing  
me;  
But who doth feel a thousandth part  
Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look,  
Who round the wild world laugh  
and rove;  
I only think how sweet 'twould be  
To die for thy sweet love!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

BUT HEAVEN, O LORD, I CANNOT  
LOSE.

Now summer finds her perfect prime!  
Sweet blows the wind from western  
calms;  
On every bower red roses climb;  
The meadows sleep in mingled  
balms.  
Nor stream, nor bank the wayside by,  
But lilies float and daisies throng,  
Nor space of blue and sunny sky  
That is not cleft with soaring song.

O flowery morns, O tuneful eyes,  
Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!  
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered  
sheaves,  
The drifting snows on plain and  
hill.  
Alike to me, fall frosts and dews;  
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!  
Warm hands to-day are clasped in  
mine;  
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning  
share:

And, over hope's horizon line,  
 The future dawns, serenely fair;  
 Yet still, though fervent vow denies,  
 I know the rapture will not stay;  
 Some wind of grief or doubt will  
 rise

And turn my rosy sky to gray.  
 I shall awake, in rainy morn,  
 To find my heart left lone and  
 drear;

Thus, half in sadness, half in scorn,  
 I let my life burn on as clear  
 Though friends grow cold or fond  
 love woos;  
 But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

In golden hours, the angel Peace  
 Comes down and broods me with  
 her wings:

I gain from sorrow sweet release;  
 I mate me with divinest things;  
 When shapes of guilt and gloom  
 arise

And far the radiant angel flees, —  
 My song is lost in mournful sighs,  
 My wine of triumph left but lees,  
 In vain for me her pinions shine,  
 And pure, celestial days begin:  
 Earth's passion-flowers I still must  
 twine,

Nor braid one beauteous lily in.  
 Ah! is it good or ill I choose?  
 But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

So wait I. Every day that dies  
 With flush and fragrance born of  
 June,

I know shall more resplendent rise  
 Where summer needs nor sun nor  
 moon,

And every bud on love's low tree,  
 Whose mocking crimson flames and  
 falls,

In fullest flower I yet shall see  
 High blooming by the jasper walls.  
 Nay, every sin that dims my days,

And wild regrets that veil the  
 sun,  
 Shall fade before those dazzling  
 rays,

And my long glory be begun!  
 Let the years come to bless or bruise;  
 Thy heaven, O Lord, I shall not  
 lose!

CONTOOCOOK RIVER.

Of all the streams that seek the sea  
 By mountain pass, or sunny lea,  
 Now where is one that dares to vie  
 With clear Contoocook, swift and  
 shy?

Monadnock's child, of snow-drifts  
 born,

The snows of many a winter morn,  
 And many a midnight dark and still,  
 Heaped higher, whiter, day by day,  
 To melt, at last, with suns of May,  
 And steal in tiny fall and rill,  
 Down the long slopes of granite gray:  
 Or, filter slow through seam and cleft,  
 When frost and storm the rock have  
 reft,

To bubble cool in sheltered springs  
 Where the lone red-bird dips his  
 wings,

And the tired fox that gains its brink  
 Stoops, safe from hound and horn, to  
 drink.

And rills and springs, grown broad  
 and deep,

Unite through gorge and glen to  
 sweep

In roaring brooks that turn and take  
 The over-floods of pool and lake,  
 Till, to the fields, the hills deliver  
 Contoocook's bright and brimming  
 river!

O have you seen, from Hillsboro'  
 town

How fast its tide goes hurrying down,  
 With rapids now, and now a leap  
 Past giant boulders, black and steep,  
 Plunged in mid water, fain to keep  
 Its current from the meadows green?  
 But, flecked with foam, it speeds  
 along;

And not the birch trees' silvery sheen,  
 Nor the soft lull of whispering pines,  
 Nor hermit thrushes, fluting low,  
 Nor ferns, nor cardinal flowers that  
 glow

Where clematis, the fairy, twines,  
 Can stay its course, or still its song;  
 Ceaseless it flows till, round its bed,  
 The vales of Henniker are spread,  
 Their banks all set with golden grain,  
 Or stately trees whose vistas gleam —  
 A double forest in the stream;

And, winding 'neath the pine-crowned hill  
That overhangs the village plain,  
By sunny reaches, broad and still,  
It nears the bridge that spans its  
tide—

The bridge whose arches low and wide  
It ripples through—and should you  
lean

A moment there, no lovelier scene  
On England's Wye, or Scotland's Tay,  
Would charm your gaze a summer's  
day.

And on it glides, by grove and glen,  
Dark woodlands and the homes of  
men,

With now a ferry, now a mill:  
Till, deep and calm, its waters fill  
The channels round that gem of isles  
Sacred to captives' woes and wiles,  
And, gleeful half, half eddying back.  
Blend with the lordly Merrimac:  
And Merrimac whose tide is strong  
Rolls gently, with its waves along,  
Monadnock's stream that, coy and  
fair,

Has come, its larger life to share,  
And, to the sea, doth safe deliver  
Contocook's bright and brimming  
river!

#### DAILY DYING.

NOT in a moment drops the rose  
That in a summer garden grows:  
A robin sings beneath the tree  
A twilight song of ecstasy,  
And the red, red leaves at its fragrant  
heart,

Trembling so in delicious pain,  
Fall to the ground with a sudden  
start,

And the grass is gay with a crim-  
son stain;

And a honey-bee, out of the fields  
of clover,

Heavily flying the garden over,  
Brushes the stem as it passes by,  
And others fall where the heart-  
leaves lie,

And air and dew, ere the night is  
done,

Have stolen the petals, every one.

And sunset's gleam of gorgeous dyes  
Ne'er with one shadow fades away,  
But slowly o'er those radiant skies  
There steals the evening cold and  
gray,  
And amber and violet linger still  
When stars are over the eastern hill.

The maple does not shed its leaves  
In one tempestuous scarlet rain,  
But softly, when the south wind  
grieves,

Slow-wandering over wood and  
plain,

One by one they waver through  
The Indian Summer's hazy blue,  
And drop, at last, on the forest  
mould,

Coral and ruby and burning gold.

Our death is gradual, like to these:  
We die with every waning day;  
There is no waft of sorrow's breeze  
But bears some heart-leaf slow  
away!

Up and on to the vast To Be  
Our life is going eternally!

Less of earth than we had last year  
Throbs in your veins and throbs in  
mine,

But the way to heaven is growing  
clear,

While the gates of the city fairer  
shine,

And the day that our latest treas-  
ures flee,

Wide they will open for you and  
me!

#### HEROES.

THE winds that once the Argo bore  
Have died by Neptune's ruined  
shrines,

And her hull is the drift of the deep  
sea-floor,

Though shaped of Pelion's tallest  
pines.

You may seek her crew on every isle  
Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,  
But, out of their rest, no charm can  
wile

Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more  
 By windy Ilion's sea-built walls;  
 Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,  
 Shouts, "O ye Gods! 't is Hector  
 falls!"

On Ida's mount is the shining snow,  
 But Jove has gone from its brow  
 away;

And red on the plain the poppies  
 grow

Where the Greek and the Trojan  
 fought that day.

Mother Earth! Are the heroes  
 dead?

Do they thrill the soul of the years  
 no more?

Are the gleaming snows and the pop-  
 pies red [yore?

All that is left of the brave of  
 Are there none to fight as Theseus  
 fought?

Far in the young world's misty  
 dawn?

Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor  
 taught?

Mother Earth! are the heroes  
 gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise;  
 Dead? We may clasp their hands  
 in ours; [eyes,

And catch the light of their clearer  
 And wreath their brows with im-  
 mortal flowers.

Wherever a noble deed is done  
 'T is the pulse of a hero's heart is  
 stirred;

Wherever Right has a triumph won  
 There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field  
 Than the Greek and the Trojan  
 fiercely trod;

For Freedom's sword is the blade  
 they wield,

And the light above is the smile of  
 of God.

So, in his isle of calm delight,  
 Jason may sleep the years away;  
 For the heroes live and the sky is  
 bright,  
 And the world is a braver world  
 to-day.

TO MOSCOW.

ACROSS the steppe we journeyed,  
 The brown, fir-darkened plain  
 That rolls to east and rolls to west,  
 Broad as the billowy main,  
 When lo! a sudden splendor  
 Came shimmering through the air,  
 As if the clouds should melt and leave  
 The heights of heaven bare,—  
 A maze of rainbow domes and spires  
 Full glorious on the sky,  
 With wafted chimes from many a  
 tower

As the south-wind went by,  
 And a thousand crosses lightly hung  
 That shone like morning stars,—  
 'Twas the Kremlin wall! 'Twas Mos-  
 cow,—

The jewel of the Czars!

SUNSET IN MOSCOW.

O THE splendor of the city,  
 When the sun is in the west!  
 Ruddy gold on spire and belfry,  
 Gold on Moskwa's placid breast;  
 Till the twilight soft and sombre  
 Falls on wall and street and square,  
 And the domes and towers in shadow  
 Stand like silent monks at prayer.

'Tis the hour for dream and legend:  
 Meet me by the Sacred Gate!  
 We will watch the crowd go by us;  
 We will stories old relate;  
 Till the bugle of the barracks  
 Calls the soldier to repose,  
 And from off the steppe to northward  
 Chill the wind of midnight blows.

## FRANCIS QUARLES.

*THE WORLD.*

SHE's empty: hark! she sounds: there's nothing there  
     But noise to fill thy ear;  
 Thy vain inquiry can at length but find  
     A blast of murmuring wind:  
 It is a cask that seems as full as fair,  
     But merely tunned with air.  
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds;  
     The soul that vainly founds  
 Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

She's empty: hark! she sounds; there's nothing in't:  
     The spark-engendering flint  
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first  
     Dissolve and quench thy thirst,  
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast  
     With smooth-faced calms of rest.  
 Thou mayst as well expect meridian light  
     From shades of black-mouthed night,  
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.

She's empty: hark! she sounds: 'tis void and vast;  
     What if some flattering blast  
 Of fatuous honor should perchance be there,  
     And whisper in thine ear?  
 It is but wind, and blows but where it list,  
     And vanisheth like mist.  
 Poor honor earth can give! What generous mind  
     Would be so base to bind  
 Her heaven-bred soul, a slave to serve a blast of wind?

She's empty; hark! she sounds: 'tis but a ball  
     For fools to play withal;  
 The painted film but of a stronger bubble,  
     That's lined with silken trouble.  
 It is a world whose work and recreation  
     Is vanity and vexation;  
 A hag, repaired with vice-complexioned paint,  
     A quest-house of complaint.  
 It is a saint, a fiend; worse fiend when most a saint.

She's empty: hark! she sounds: 'tis vain and void.  
     What's here to be enjoyed  
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,  
     Drawn now and crossed to-morrow?  
 Or, what are men but puffs of dying breath,  
     Revived with living death?  
 Fond youth, O build thy hopes on surer grounds  
     Than what dull flesh propounds:  
 Trust not this hollow world; she's empty: hark! she sounds.

ON MAN.

AT our creation, but the Word was  
 said;  
 And we were made;  
 No sooner were, but our false hearts  
 did swell  
 With pride, and fell:  
 How slight is man! At what an easy  
 cost  
 He's made and lost!

GRIEF FOR THE LOSS OF THE  
 DEAD.

I MUST lament, Nature commands it  
 so:  
 The more I strive with tears, the  
 more they flow;  
 These eyes have just, nay, double  
 cause of moan;  
 They weep the common loss, they  
 weep their own.  
 He sleeps indeed; then give me leave  
 to weep  
 Tears, fully answerable to his sleep.

ON SIN.

How, how am I deceived! I thought  
 my bed  
 Had entertained a fair, a beauteous  
 bride:  
 Oh, how were my believing thoughts  
 misled  
 To a false beauty lying by my side!  
 Sweet were her kisses, full of choice  
 delight; [night:  
 My fancy found no difference in the  
 I thought they were true joys that  
 thus had led

My darkened soul, but they were  
 false alarms;  
 I thought I'd had fair Rachel in my  
 bed,  
 But I had blear-eyed Leah in my  
 arms;  
 How seeming sweet is sin when  
 clothed in light,  
 But, when discovered, what a  
 loathed delight.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

OUR life is nothing but a winter's  
 day;  
 Some only break their fasts, and so,  
 away:  
 Others stay dinner, and depart full  
 fed;  
 The deepest age but sups and goes to  
 bed:  
 He's most in debt that lingers out  
 the day;  
 Who dies betimes, has less; and less  
 to pay.

ON DOVES AND SERPENTS.

WE must have doves and serpents in  
 our heart;  
 But how they must be marshalled,  
 there's the art.  
 They must agree, and not be far  
 asunder;  
 The dove must hold the wily serpent  
 under;  
 Their natures teach what places they  
 must keep,  
 The dove can fly; the serpent only  
 creep.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

*THE LIE.*

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless errand;  
 Fear not to touch the best;  
 The truth shall be thy warrant.  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give them all the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,  
 And shines like painted wood;  
 Go, tell the church it shows  
 What's good, but does no good.  
 If court and church reply,  
 Give court and church the lie.

Tell potentates, they live  
 Acting, but oh! their actions  
 Not loved, unless they give;  
 Not strong, but by their factions.  
 If potentates reply,  
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
 That rule affairs of state,  
 Their purpose is ambition;  
 Their practice only hate.  
 And if they do reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell those that brave it most,  
 They beg for more by spending,  
 Who, in their greatest cost,  
 Seek nothing but commending.  
 And if they make reply,  
 Spare not to give the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;  
 Tell love it is but lust;  
 Tell time it is but motion;  
 Tell flesh it is but dust:  
 And wish them not reply,  
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;  
 Tell honor how it alters;  
 Tell beauty that it blasteth;  
 Tell favor that she falters;  
 And as they do reply,  
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
 In fickle points of niceness;  
 Tell wisdom she entangles  
 Herself in over-wiseness:  
 And if they do reply,  
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;  
 Tell skill it is pretension;  
 Tell charity of coldness;  
 Tell law it is contention:  
 And if they yield reply,  
 Then give them still the lie,

Tell fortune of her blindness;  
 Tell nature of decay;  
 Tell friendship of unkindness;  
 Tell justice of delay:  
 And if they do reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have not soundness,  
 But vary by esteeming:  
 Tell schools they lack profoundness,  
 And stand too much on seeming.  
 If arts and schools reply,  
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;  
 Tell how the country erreth;  
 Tell manhood shakes off pity;  
 Tell virtue, least preferreth.  
 And if they do reply,  
 Spare not to give the lie.

So, when thou hast, as I  
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
 Although to give the lie,  
 Deserves no less than stabbing;  
 Yet stab at thee who will,  
 No stab the soul can kill.

*THE SILENT LOVER.*

PASSIONS are likened best to floods  
 and streams,  
 The shallow murmur, but the deep  
 are dumb;



So, when affection yields discourse,  
it seems

The bottom is but shallow whence  
they come;

They that are rich in words, must  
needs discover

They are but poor in that which  
makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet mistress of my  
heart,

The merit of true passion;  
With thinking that he feels no smart  
That sues for no compassion,

Since, if my complaints were not to ap-  
prove

The conquest of thy beauty,  
It comes not from defect of love,  
But fear to exceed my duty.

For knowing not I sue to serve  
A saint of such perfection  
As all desire, but none deserve  
A place in her affection,

I rather choose to want relief  
Than venture the revealing;  
Where glory recommends the grief,  
Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe  
Than words, though ne'er so witty;  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,  
My love for secret passion;  
He smarteth most who hides his  
smart  
And sues for no compassion.

## THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

### SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

UP from the south at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder  
bore,

Like a herald in haste, to the chief-  
tain's door,

The terrible grumble and rumble and  
roar,

Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar;  
And louder yet into Winchester  
rolled

The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold  
As he thought of the stake in that  
fiery fray,

With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester  
town,

A good, broad highway, leading  
down;

And there, through the flash of the  
morning light,

A steed as black as the steeds of night  
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.

As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with the utmost  
speed;

Hills rose and fell, — but his heart  
was gay,

With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs,  
thundering south

The dust, like smoke from the can-  
non's mouth;

Or the trail of a comet, sweeping  
faster and faster, [disaster.

Foreboding to traitors the doom of  
The heart of the steed and the heart  
of the master

Were beating, like prisoners assault-  
ing their walls, [calls;

Impatient to be where the battle-field  
Every nerve of the charger was

strained to full play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road  
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
 And the landscape sped away behind,  
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;  
 And the steed, like a bark fed with  
 furnace ire,  
 Swept on, with his wild eyes full of  
 fire;  
 But, lo! he is nearing his heart's  
 desire,  
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roar-  
 ing fray,  
 With Sheridan only five miles away:

The first that the General saw were  
 the groups  
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating  
 troops;  
 What was done, — what to do, — a  
 glance told him both,  
 And, striking his spurs with a terri-  
 ble oath,  
 He dashed down the line mid a storm  
 of huzzas,  
 And the wave of retreat checked its  
 course there, because  
 The sight of the master compelled it  
 to pause.  
 With foam and with dust the black  
 charger was gray;  
 By the flash of his eye, and his nos-  
 trils' play,  
 He seemed to the whole great army to  
 say,  
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the  
 way  
 From Winchester down, to save the  
 day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!  
 Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!  
 And when their statues are placed on  
 high,  
 Under the dome of the Union sky. —  
 The American soldier's Temple of  
 Fame, —  
 There with the glorious General's  
 name  
 Be it said in letters both bold and  
 bright:  
 "Here is the steed that saved the day  
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
 From Winchester, — twenty miles  
 away!"

*THE CLOSING SCENE.*

WITHIN the sober realm of leafless  
 trees,  
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy  
 air;  
 Like some tanned reaper, in his hour  
 of ease,  
 When all the fields are lying brown  
 and bare.

The gray barns looking from their  
 hazy hills,  
 O'er the dun waters widening in  
 the vales,  
 Sent down the air a greeting to the  
 mills  
 On the dull thunder of alternate  
 flails.

All sights were mellowed and all  
 sounds subdued,  
 The hills seemed further and the  
 stream sang low,  
 As in a dream the distant woodman  
 hewed  
 His winter log with many a muffled  
 blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed  
 with gold,  
 Their banners bright with every  
 martial hue,  
 Now stood like some sad, beaten host  
 of old,  
 Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest  
 blue.

On slumb'rous wings the vulture held  
 his flight;  
 The dove scarce heard its sighing  
 mate's complaint;  
 And, like a star slow drowning in the  
 light,  
 The village church-vane seemed to  
 pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside  
 crew, —  
 Crew thrice, — and all was stiller  
 than before;  
 Silent, till some replying warden blew  
 His alien horn, and then was heard  
 no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's  
tall crest,  
Made garrulous trouble round her  
unfledged young;  
And where the oriole hung her sway-  
ing nest,  
By every light wind like a censor  
swung;—

Where sang the noisy martens of the  
eaves,  
The busy swallows circling ever  
near,—  
Foreboding, as the rustic mind be-  
lieves,  
An early harvest and a plenteous  
year;—

Where every bird which charmed the  
vernal feast  
Shook the sweet slumber from its  
wings at morn,  
To warn the reaper of the rosy east:—  
All now was sunless, empty, and  
forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the  
quail,  
And croaked the crow through all  
the dreamy gloom;  
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the  
vale,  
Made echo to the distant cottage  
loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon  
the bowers;  
The spiders moved their thin  
shrouds night by night,  
The thistle-down, the only ghost of  
flowers,  
Sailed slowly by, — passed noiseless  
out of sight.

Amid all this — in this most cheerless  
air,  
And where the woodbine shed upon  
the porch  
Its crimson leaves, as if the year  
stood there  
Firing the floor with his inverted  
torch,—

Amid all this, the centre of the  
scene,  
The white-haired matron with mo-  
notonous tread  
Plied the swift wheel, and with her  
joyless mien  
Sat, like a fate, and watched the  
flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,— he had  
walked with her,  
Oft supped, and broke the bitter  
ashen crust;  
And in the dead leaves still she heard  
the stir  
Of his black mantle trailing in the  
dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with  
summer bloom,  
Her country summoned and she  
gave her all;  
And twice War bowed to her his  
sable plume,—  
Re-gave the swords to rust upon  
the wall.

Re-gave the swords, but not the hand  
that drew  
And struck for Liberty the dying  
blow;  
Nor him who, to his sire and country  
true,  
Fell mid the ranks of the invading  
foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel  
went on;  
Like the low murmur of a hive  
at noon;  
Long, but not loud, the memory of  
the gone  
Breathed through her lips a sad and  
tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped; her  
head was bowed;  
Life dropt the distaff through his  
hands serene:  
And loving neighbors smoothed her  
careful shroud,  
While Death and Winter closed the  
autumn scene.

*THE BRAVE AT HOME.*

THE maid who binds her warrior's  
sash

With smile that well her pain dis-  
sembles,

The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear-drop hangs and  
trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the <sup>[tear,</sup>  
And Fame shall never know her  
story,

Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's  
sword,

Mid little ones who weep or wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering  
word,

What though her heart be rent  
asunder,

Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of death around him  
rattle,

Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she  
presses,

Then breathes a few brave words and  
brief,

Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God

To know the pain that weighs  
upon her,

Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of  
honor!

*DRIFTING.*

My soul to-day  
Is far away,  
Sailing the Vesuvius Bay;

My winged boat,  
A bird afloat,  
Swims round the purple peaks re-  
mote:—

Round purple peaks  
It sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,

Where high rocks throw,  
Through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim  
The mountains swim;  
While, on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretched hands,  
The gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles  
O'er liquid miles;  
And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits,  
Her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if  
My rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls  
Where swells and falls  
The bay's deep breast at intervals,  
At peace I lie,  
Blown softly by,  
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,  
Is Heaven's own child,  
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—  
The airs I feel  
Around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring  
keel.

Over the rail  
My hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail;  
A joy intense,  
The cooling sense  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Where Summer sings and never  
dies,—  
O'erweiled with vines,  
She glows and shines  
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid  
The cliffs amid,  
Are gambolling with the gambolling  
kid;  
Or down the walls,  
With tipsy calls,  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,  
With tresses wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand be-  
guiled,  
With glowing lips  
Sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes  
Where traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snows;—  
This happier one,  
Its course is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,  
To rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip!  
O happy crew,  
My heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more  
The worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!  
With dreamful eyes  
My spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise!

In lofty lines,  
Mid palms and pines,  
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,  
Sorrento swings  
On sunset wings,  
Where Tasso's spirit soars and  
sings.

## RICHARD REALF.

### MY SLAIN.

THIS sweet child that hath climbed  
upon my knee,  
This amber-haired, four-summered  
little maid,  
With her unconscious beauty troub-  
leth me,  
With her low prattle maketh me  
afraid.  
Ah, darling! when you cling and  
nestle so  
You hurt me, though you do not  
see me cry,  
Nor hear the weariness with which  
I sigh  
For the dear babe I killed so long  
ago.  
I tremble at the touch of your  
caress:  
I am not worthy of your innocent  
faith;  
I, who with whetted knives of  
worldliness,  
Did put my own child-heartedness to  
death;

Beside whose grave I pace forever-  
more,  
Like desolation on a shipwrecked  
shore.

There is no little child within me now,  
To sing back to the thrushes, to  
leap up  
When June winds kiss me, when an  
apple-bough  
Laughs into blossoms, or a butter-  
cup  
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet  
Dances in the glad dew. Alas!  
alas!

The meaning of the daisies in the  
grass  
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks  
are wet,  
It is not with the blitheness of the  
child,  
But with the bitter sorrow of sad  
years.  
O moaning life! with life irrecon-  
ciled;

O backward-looking thought! O pain!  
O tears!

For us there is not any silver sound  
Of rhythmic wonders springing from  
the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the  
bookish lore

Which makes men mummies;  
weighs out every grain

Of that which was miraculous before,  
And sneers the heart down with  
the scoffing brain;

Woe worth the peering, analytic  
days

That dry the tender juices in the  
breast,

And put the thunders of the Lord  
to test, [praise,

So that no marvel must be, and no  
Nor any God except Necessity.

What can ye give my poor stained  
life in lieu

Of this dead cherub which I slew  
for ye!

Take back your doubtful wisdom and  
renew [dunce,

My early foolish freshness of the  
Whose simple instincts guessed the  
heavens at once.

## CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

### AMENDS.

THINK not your duty done when, sad  
and tearful,

Your heart recounts its sins,  
And praying God for pardon, weak  
and fearful,

Its better life begins,

Nor rest content when, braver grown  
and stronger,

Your days are sweet and pure,  
Because you follow evil ways no  
longer,

In Christ's defence secure.

Bethink you then, but not with fruit-  
less ruing,

—That bids the past be still,  
But what your life has wrought to

men's undoing,  
By influence for ill.

Go forth, and dare not rest until the  
morrow,

But, lest it be too late,  
Seek out the hearts whose weight of  
sin and sorrow

Through you has grown more  
great.

Take gifts to all of love and repara-  
tion,

Or if it may not be,

Pray Christ, with ceaseless lips, to  
send salvation

Till each chained soul be free.

### WORSHIP.

BRAVE spirit, that will brook no in-  
tervention,

But thus alone before thy God dost  
stand,

Content if he but see thy heart's in-  
tention, —

Why spurn the suppliant knee and  
outstretched hand?

Sweet soul, that kneelest in the sol-  
emn glory

Of yon cathedral altar, while the  
prayer

Of priest or bishop tells thine own  
heart's story, —

Why think that they alone heaven's  
keys may bear?

Man worships with the heart; for  
wheresoever

One burning pulse of heartfelt hom-  
age stirs,

There God shall straightway find his  
own, and never

In church or desert, miss his wor-  
shippers.

*PATIENCE.*

IF, when you labor all the day,  
You see its minutes slip away  
With joy unfound, with work undone,  
And hope descending with the sun,

Then cheerily lie down to rest:  
The longest work shall be the best;  
And when the morrow greets your  
eyes,  
With strong and patient heart arise.

For Patience, stern and leaden-eyed,  
Looks far where future joys abide;  
Nor sees short sadness at her feet,  
For sight of triumph long and sweet.

*IMITATION.*

WHERE shall we find a perfect life,  
whereby  
To shape our lives for all eternity?

This man is great and wise; the world  
reverses him,  
Reveres, but cannot love his heart  
of stone;  
And so it dares not follow, though it  
fears him,  
But bids him walk his mountain  
path alone.

That man is good and gentle; all men  
love him,  
Yet dare not ask his feeble arm for  
aid;  
The world's best work is ever far  
above him,  
He shrinks beneath the storm-  
capped mountain shade.

O loveless strength! O strengthless  
love! the Master  
Whose life shall shape our lives is  
not as thou:  
Sweet Friend in peace, strong Saviour  
in disaster,  
Our heart of hearts enfolds thine  
image now!

Be Christ's the fair and perfect life  
whereby  
We shape our lives for all eternity.

*JUSTICE.*

A HUNDRED noble wishes fill my  
heart,  
I long to help each soul in need of  
aid;  
In all good works my zeal would have  
its part,  
Before no weight of toil it stands  
afraid.

But noble wishes are not noble  
deeds,  
And he does least who seeks to do  
the whole;  
Who works the best, his simplest  
duties heeds,  
Who moves the world, first moves  
a single soul.

Then go, my heart, thy plainest work  
begin,  
Do first not what thou canst, but  
what thou must;  
Build not upon a corner-stone of sin,  
Nor seek great works until thou  
first be just.

## SARAH ROBERTS.

*THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.*

HERE I come creeping, creeping  
everywhere;  
By the dusty roadside,  
On the sunny hill-side,  
Close by the noisy brook,

In every shady brook,  
I come creeping, creeping every-  
where.  
Here I come creeping, smiling every-  
where;  
All around the open door,

Where sit the aged poor;  
 Here where the children play,  
 In the bright and merry May,  
 I come creeping, creeping every-  
 where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
 where;  
 In the noisy city street,  
 My pleasant face you'll meet,  
 Cheering the sick at heart  
 Toiling his busy part —  
 Silently creeping, creeping every-  
 where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
 where;  
 You cannot see me coming,  
 Nor hear my low sweet humming;  
 For in the starry night,  
 And the glad morning light,  
 I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
 where;  
 More welcome than the flowers

In summer's pleasant hours;  
 The gentle cow is glad,  
 And the merry bird not sad,  
 To see me creeping, creeping every-  
 where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
 where;  
 When you're numbered with the  
 dead  
 In your still and narrow bed,  
 In the happy spring I'll come  
 And deck your silent home —  
 Creeping, silently creeping every-  
 where.

Here I come creeping, creeping every-  
 where;  
 My humble song of praise  
 Most joyfully I raise  
 To Him at whose command  
 I beautify the land,  
 Creeping, silently creeping every-  
 where.

## SAMUEL ROGERS.

*Six Poems entitled by the author, "Reflections."*

### THE PERVERSION OF GREAT GIFTS.

ALAS, to our discomfort and his own,  
 Oft are the greatest talents to be found  
 In a fool's keeping. For what else  
 is he,  
 However worldly wise and worldly  
 strong,  
 Who can pervert and to the worst  
 abuse  
 The noblest means to serve the no-  
 blest ends?  
 Who can employ the gift of elo-  
 quence,  
 That sacred gift, to dazzle and de-  
 lude;  
 Or, if achievement in the field be his,  
 Climb but to gain a loss, suffering  
 how much,  
 And how much more inflicting!  
 Every where,

Cost what they will, such cruel freaks  
 are played;  
 And hence the turmoil in this world  
 of ours,  
 The turmoil never ending, still be-  
 ginning,  
 The wailing and the tears.—When  
 Cæsar came,  
 He who could master all men but  
 himself,  
 Who did so much and could so well  
 record it; [part,  
 Even he, the most applauded in his  
 Who, when he spoke, all things  
 summed up in him,  
 Spoke to convince, nor ever, when  
 he fought,  
 Fought but to conquer,—what a life  
 was his,  
 Slaying so many, to be slain at last;  
 A life of trouble and incessant toil,  
 And all to gain what is far better  
 missed!



*HEART SUPERIOR TO HEAD.*

THE heart, they say, is wiser than  
 the schools:  
 And well they may. All that is great  
 in thought,  
 That strikes at once as with electric  
 fire,  
 And lifts us, as it were, from earth  
 to heaven,  
 Comes from the heart; and who con-  
 fesses not  
 Its voice as sacred, nay, almost di-  
 vine,  
 When inly it declares on what we  
 do,  
 Blaming, approving? Let an erring  
 world  
 Judge as it will, we care not while  
 we stand  
 Acquitted there; and oft, when  
 clouds on clouds  
 Compass us round and not a track  
 appears,  
 Oft is an upright heart the surest  
 guide,  
 Surer and better than the subtlest  
 head;  
 Still with its silent counsels through  
 the dark  
 Onward and onward leading.

*ON A CHILD.*

THIS child, so lovely and so cherub-  
 like,  
 (No fairer spirit in the heaven of  
 heavens)  
 Say, must he know remorse? Must  
 passion come,  
 Passion in all or any of its shapes,  
 To cloud and sully what is now so  
 pure?  
 Yes, come it must. For who, alas!  
 has lived,  
 Nor in the watches of the night re-  
 called  
 Words he has wished unsaid and  
 deeds undone?  
 Yes, come it must. But if, as we  
 may hope,  
 He learns ere long to discipline his  
 mind,

And onward goes, humbly and cheer-  
 fully,  
 Assisting them that faint, weak  
 though he be,  
 And in his trying hours trusting in  
 God,—  
 Fair as he is, he shall be fairer still;  
 For what was innocence will then be  
 virtue.

*MAN'S RESTLESSNESS.*

MAN to the last is but a froward  
 child;  
 So eager for the future, come what  
 may,  
 And to the present so insensible!  
 Oh, if he could in all things as he  
 would,  
 Years would as days, and hours as  
 moments, be;  
 He would, so restless is his spirit  
 here,  
 Give wings to time, and wish his life  
 away!

*THE SELFISH.*

OH, if the selfish knew how much  
 they lost,  
 What would they not endeavor, not  
 endure,  
 To imitate, as far as in them lay,  
 Him who his wisdom and his power  
 employs  
 In making others happy!

*EXHORTATION TO MARRIAGE.*

HENCE to the altar and with her  
 thou lov'st,  
 With her who longs to strew thy way  
 with flowers;  
 Nor lose the blessed privilege to give  
 Birth to a race immortal as your-  
 selves,  
 Which trained by you, shall make a  
 heaven on earth,  
 And tread the path that leads from  
 earth to heaven.

[From *Human Life*.]

THE PASSAGE FROM BIRTH TO  
AGE.

AND such is Human Life; so, gliding on,  
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!  
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,  
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,  
As any that the wandering tribes require,  
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire; -  
As any sung of old in hall or bower  
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!  
Born in a trance, we wake, observe, inquire;  
And the green earth, the azure sky admire.  
Of elfin-size,—for ever as we run,  
We cast a longer shadow in the sun!  
And now a charm, and now a grace is won!  
We grow in stature, and in wisdom too!  
And, as new scenes, new objects rise to view,  
Think nothing done while aught remains to do.  
Yet, all forgot, how oft the eyelids close,  
And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose!  
How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,  
While many an emmet comes with curious eye;  
And on her nest the watchful wren sits by!  
Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see;  
So like what once we were, and once again shall be!  
And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,  
The boy at sunrise carolled as he went,  
An aged pilgrim on his staff 'shall lean,

Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green;  
The man himself how altered, not the scene!  
Now journeying home with nothing but the name;  
Wayworn and spent, another and the same!  
No eye observes the growth or the decay.  
To-day we look as we did yesterday;  
And we shall look to-morrow as to-day.

[From *Human Life*.]

TRUE UNION.

THEN before all they stand,—the holy vow  
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,  
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,  
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,  
His house she enters,—there to be a light  
Shining within, when all without is night;  
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;  
Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,  
From a vain world we love, alas, too long,  
To fireside happiness, and hours of ease  
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.  
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind  
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;  
Still subject,—ever on the watch to borrow  
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.  
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;

And feeling hearts,— touch them but  
rightly,— pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before!

[From *Human Life*.]

AGE.

AGE has now  
Stamped with its signet that ingenu-  
ous brow;  
And, 'mid his old hereditary trees,  
Trees he has climbed so oft, he sits  
and sees  
His children's children playing round  
his knees:  
Then happiest, youngest, when the  
quoit is flung,  
When side by side the archers' bows  
are strung;  
His to prescribe the place, adjudge  
the prize, [energies  
Envyng no more the young their  
Than they an old man when his  
words are wise;  
His a delight how pure . . . with-  
out alloy;  
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in  
their joy! [repay  
Now in their turn assisting, they  
The anxious cares of many and many  
a day;  
And now by those he loves relieved,  
restored,  
His very wants and weaknesses afford  
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,  
Leaning on them, how oft he stops  
and talks,  
While they look up! Their questions,  
their replies,  
Fresh as the welling waters, round  
him rise,  
Gladdening his spirit; and, his theme  
the past,  
How eloquent he is! His thoughts  
flow fast;  
And, while his heart (oh, can the  
heart grow old?  
False are the tales that in the world  
are told!)  
Swells in his voice, he knows not  
where to end;  
Like one discoursing of an absent  
friend.

But there are moments which he  
calls his own.  
Then, never less alone than when  
alone,  
Those whom he loved so long and  
sees no more,  
Loved and still loves,— not dead,—  
but gone before,  
He gathers round him; and revives  
at will  
Scenes in his life,— that breathe en-  
chantment still,—  
That come not now at dreary inter-  
vals,—  
But where a light as from the blessed  
falls,  
A light such guests bring ever;— pure  
and holy,—  
Lapping the soul in sweetest melan-  
choly!  
— Ah, then less willing (nor the  
choice condemn)  
To live with others than to think of  
them!

[From *The Pleasures of Memory*.]

MEMORY.

THOU first, best friend that heaven  
assigns below  
To soothe and sweeten all the cares  
we know;  
Whose glad suggestions still each  
vain alarm,  
When nature fades and life forgets  
to charm;  
Thee would the Muse invoke!— to  
thee belong  
The sage's precept and the poet's  
song.  
What softened views thy magic glass  
reveals,  
When o'er the landscape time's meek  
twilight steals!  
As when in ocean sinks the orb of  
day,  
Long on the wave reflected lustres  
play;  
Thy tempered gleams of happiness  
resigned  
Glance on the darkened mirror of  
the mind.

Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaust-  
 less mine  
 From age to age unnumbered treas-  
 ures shine!  
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy  
 call obey,  
 And place and time are subject to  
 thy sway!  
 Thy pleasures most we feel, when  
 most alone;  
 The only pleasures we can call our  
 own.  
 Lighter than air, hope's summer  
 visions die,  
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the  
 sky;  
 If but a beam of sober reason play,  
 Lo, fancy's fairy frost-work melts  
 away!  
 But can the wiles of art, the grasp of  
 power  
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent  
 hour?  
 These, when the trembling spirit  
 wings her flight,  
 Pour round her path a stream of liv-  
 ing light;  
 And gild those pure and perfect  
 realms of rest,  
 Where virtue triumphs, and her sons  
 are blest!

[From *The Pleasures of Memory.*]

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

THE school's lone porch, with rev-  
 erend mosses gray,  
 Just tells the pensive pilgrim where  
 it lay.

Mute is the bell that rung at peep of  
 dawn,  
 Quickening my truant feet across the  
 lawn;  
 Unheard the shout that rent the  
 noon-tide air,  
 When the slow dial gave a pause to  
 care.  
 Up springs, at every step, to claim a  
 tear,  
 Some little friendship formed and  
 cherished here;  
 And not the lightest leaf, but trem-  
 bling teems  
 With golden visions and romantic  
 dreams!

[From *The Pleasures of Memory.*]

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

ORT may the spirits of the dead  
 descend  
 To watch the silent slumbers of a  
 friend;  
 To hover round his evening walk  
 unseen,  
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky  
 green;  
 To hail the spot where first their  
 friendship grew,  
 And heaven and nature opened to  
 their view!  
 Oft, when he trims his cheerful  
 hearth, and sees  
 A smiling circle emulous to please;  
 There may these gentle guests de-  
 light to dwell,  
 And bless the scene they loved in  
 life so well!

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

UP-HILL.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the  
 way?  
 Yes, to the very end.  
 Will the day's journey take the whole  
 long day?  
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-  
 place?  
 A roof for when the slow dark  
 hours begin.  
 May not the darkness hide it from my  
 face?  
 You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
 Those who have gone before.  
 Then must I knock, or call when just  
 in sight?  
 They will not keep you standing at  
 that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and  
 weak?  
 Of labor you shall find the sum.  
 Will there be beds for me and all  
 who seek?  
 Yea, beds for all who come.

REMEMBER.

REMEMBER me when I am gone  
 away,  
 Gone far away into the silent land;  
 When you can no more hold me by  
 the hand,  
 Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.  
 Remember me when no more day by  
 day  
 You tell me of our future that you  
 planned;  
 Only remember me; you under-  
 stand [pray.  
 It will be late to counsel then or  
 Yet if you should forget me for a  
 while  
 And afterwards remember, do not  
 grieve: [leave  
 For if the darkness and corruption  
 A vestige of the thoughts that once  
 I had,  
 Better by far you should forget and  
 smile  
 Than that you should remember  
 and be sad.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

I WONDER if the sap is stirring yet.  
 If wintry birds are dreaming of a  
 mate,  
 If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the  
 sun  
 And crocus fires are kindling one by  
 one;  
 Sing, robin, sing;  
 I still am sore in doubt concerning  
 spring.

I wonder if the springtide of this  
 year  
 Will bring another spring both lost  
 and dear;  
 If heart and spirit will find out their  
 spring,  
 Or if the world alone will bud and  
 sing:  
 Sing, hope, to me;  
 Sweet notes, my hope, soft notes for  
 memory.

The sap will surely quicken soon or  
 late,  
 The tardiest bird will twitter to a  
 mate;  
 So spring must dawn again with  
 warmth and bloom,  
 Or in this world, or in the world to  
 come:  
 Sing, voice of spring,  
 Till I too blossom, and rejoice and  
 sing.

SONG.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,  
 Sing no sad songs for me;  
 Plant thou no roses at my head,  
 Nor shady cypress tree:  
 Be the green grass above me  
 With showers and dewdrops wet;  
 And if thou wilt, remember,  
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
 I shall not feel the rain;  
 I shall not hear the nightingale  
 Sing on, as if in pain:  
 And dreaming through the twilight  
 That doth not rise nor set,  
 Haply I may remember,  
 And haply may forget.

SOUND SLEEP.

SOME are laughing, some are weep-  
 ing;  
 She is sleeping, only sleeping.  
 Round her rest wild flowers are  
 creeping;

There the wind is heaping, heaping,  
Sweetest sweets of summer's keeping,  
By the cornfields ripe for reaping.

There are lilies, and there blushes  
The deep rose, and there the thrushes  
Sing till latest sunlight flushes  
In the west; a fresh wind brushes  
Through the leaves while evening  
hushes.

There by day the lark is singing  
And the grass and weeds are spring-  
ing;

There by night the bat is winging;  
There for ever winds are bringing  
Far-off chimes of church-bells ringing.

Night and morning, noon and even,  
Their sound fills her dreams with  
Heaven:

The long strife at length is striven:  
Till her grave-bands shall be riven,  
Such is the good portion given  
To her soul at rest and shriven.

—————  
*WIFE TO HUSBAND.*

PARDON the faults in me,  
For the love of years ago:  
Good-bye.

I must drift across the sea,  
I must sink into the snow,  
I must die.

You can bask in this sun,  
You can drink wine, and eat:  
Good-bye.

I must gird myself and run,  
Though with unready feet:  
I must die.

Blank sea to sail upon,  
Cold bed to sleep in:  
Good-bye.

While you clasp I must be gone  
For all your weeping:  
I must die.

A kiss for one friend,  
And a word for two, —  
Good-bye:—

A lock that you must send,  
A kindness you must do:  
I must die.

Not a word for you,  
Not a lock or kiss,  
Good-bye.

We, one, must part in two;  
Verily death is this:  
I must die.

—————  
*AT HOME.*

WHEN I was dead, my spirit turned  
To seek the much-frequented  
house;

I passed the door, and saw my friends  
Feasting beneath green orange  
boughs;

From hand to hand they pushed the  
wine,

They sucked the pulp of plum and  
peach;

They sang, they jested, and they  
laughed,

For each was loved of each.

I listened to their honest chat:

Said one: "To-morrow we shall be  
Plod plod along the featureless sands,  
And coasting miles and miles of  
sea."

Said one: "Before the turn of tide  
We will achieve the eyrie-seat."

Said one: "To-morrow shall be like  
To-day, but much more sweet."

"To-morrow," said they, strong with  
hope,

And dwell upon the pleasant way:

"To-morrow," cried they one and all,  
While no one spoke of yesterday.

Their life stood full at blessed noon;  
I, only I, had passed away:

"To-morrow and to-day" they cried:  
I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast  
No chill across the tablecloth;

I all-forgotten shivered, sad

To stay, and yet to part how loth:

I passed from the familiar room,

I who from love had passed away,  
Like the remembrance of a guest

That tarrieth but a day.

## DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

*THE SEA-LIMITS.*

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:  
 Time's self it is, made audible, —  
 The murmur of the earth's own  
 shell,  
 Secret continuance sublime  
 Is the era's end. Our sight may  
 pass  
 No furlong farther. Since time  
 was,  
 This sound hath told the lapse of  
 time.

No quiet which is death's, — it hath  
 The mournfulness of ancient life,  
 Enduring always at dull strife.  
 As the world's heart of rest and  
 wrath,  
 Its painful pulse is on the sands.  
 Lost utterly, the whole sky stands  
 Gray and not known along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,  
 Listen alone among the woods;  
 Those voices of twin solitudes  
 Shall have one sound alike to thee.  
 Hark where the murmurs of  
 thronged men  
 Surge and sink back and surge  
 again, —  
 Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strewn beach,  
 And listen at its lips; they sigh  
 The same desire and mystery,  
 The echo of the whole sea's speech,  
 And all mankind is thus at heart  
 Not anything but what thou art;  
 And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

*THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.*

THE blessed damozel leaned out  
 From the gold bar of heaven;  
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
 Of waters stilled at even;  
 She had three lilies in her hand,  
 And the stars in her hair were  
 seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
 No wrought flowers did adorn,  
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
 For service meetly worn;  
 Her hair that lay along her back  
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a  
 day  
 One of God's choristers;  
 The wonder was not yet quite gone  
 From that still look of hers:  
 Albeit, to them she left, her day  
 Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house  
 That she was standing on;  
 By God built over the sheer depth  
 The which is Space begun;  
 So high, that looking downward  
 thence  
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood  
 Of ether, as a bridge.  
 Beneath, the tides of day and night  
 With flame and darkness ridge  
 The void, as low as where this earth  
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
 'Mid deathless love's acclaims  
 Spoke evermore among themselves  
 Their heart-remembered names;  
 And the souls mounting up to God  
 Went by her like thin flames;

And still she bowed herself and  
 stooped  
 Out of the circling charm;  
 Until her bosom must have made  
 The bar she leaned on warm,  
 And the lilies lay as if asleep  
 Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she  
 saw  
 Time like a pulse shake fierce  
 Through all the worlds. Her gaze  
 still strove  
 Within the gulf to pierce

Its path; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

“I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come,” she said.  
“Have I not prayed in heaven?—  
on earth,  
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?  
Are not two prayers a perfect  
strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?”

She gazed and listened, and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild,—  
“All this is when he comes.” She  
ceased.

The light thrilled towards her, filled  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their  
path

Was vague in distant spheres;  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

### LOST DAYS.

THE lost days of my life until to-day.  
What were they, could I see them on  
the street  
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears  
of wheat  
Sown once for food but trodden into  
clay?  
Or golden coins squandered and still  
to pay?  
Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty  
feet?  
Or such spilt water as in dreams  
must cheat  
The throats of men in hell, who thirst  
always?  
I do not see them here; but after  
death  
God knows I know the faces I shall  
see,  
Each one a murdered self, with low  
last breath:  
“I am thyself, what hast thou done  
to me?”  
“And I — and I—thyself” — lo, each  
one saith —  
“And thou thyself to all eternity!”

## MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

### OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning  
How wearily all the day [mind  
The words unkind would trouble my  
That I said when you went away,  
I had been more careful, darling,  
Nor given you needless pain;  
But we vex our own with look and  
tone  
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening  
You may give me the kiss of peace,  
Yet it well might be that never for me  
The pain of the heart should cease!  
How many go forth at morning  
Who never come home at night!  
And hearts have broken for harsh  
words spoken,  
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the  
stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest;  
But oft for our own the bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best.  
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,  
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,  
'T were a cruel fate, were the night  
too late  
To undo the work of the morn!

### SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

BECAUSE in a day of my days to  
come  
There waiteth a grief to be,  
Shall my heart grow faint, and my  
lips be dumb  
In this day that is bright for me?



Because of a subtle sense of pain,  
 Like a pulse-beat threaded through  
 The bliss of my thought, shall I dare  
 refrain  
 From delight in the pure and true ?

In the harvest fields shall I cease to  
 glean  
 Since the summer bloom has sped ?  
 Shall I veil mine eyes to the noon-  
 day sheen [fled ?  
 Since the dew of the morn hath

Nay, phantom ill with the warning  
 hand  
 Nay, ghosts of the weary past,

Serene, as in armor of faith, I stand,  
 You may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may  
 fall,  
 But as bright the sun shall shine,  
 For I walk in a light ye cannot  
 fall,  
 The light of the King Divine.

And whatever the shades from day to  
 day,  
 I am sure that His name is Love,  
 And He never will let me lose my  
 way  
 To my rest in His home above.

## EPES SARGENT.

### *SOUL OF MY SOUL.*

SOUL of my soul, impart  
 Thy energy divine!  
 Inform and fill this languid heart,  
 And make Thy purpose mine.  
 Thy voice is still and small,  
 The world's is loud and rude;  
 Oh, let me hear Thee over all,  
 And be, through love, renewed.

Give me the mind to seek  
 Thy perfect will to know;  
 And lead me, tractable and meek,  
 The way I ought to go.  
 Make quick my spirit's ear  
 Thy faintest word to hear;  
 Soul of my soul! be ever near  
 To guide me in my need.

### *A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.*

A LIFE on the ocean wave,  
 A home on the rolling deep;  
 Where the scattered waters rave,  
 And the winds their revels keep!  
 Like an eagle caged, I pine  
 On this dull, unchanging shore:  
 Oh, give me the flashing brine,  
 The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,  
 Of my own swift-gliding craft:  
 Set sail! farewell to the land!  
 The gale follows fair abaft,  
 We shoot through the sparkling foam  
 Like an ocean-bird set free;—  
 Like the ocean-bird, our home  
 We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,  
 The clouds have begun to frown;  
 But with a stout vessel and crew,  
 We'll say, Let the storm come  
 down!  
 And the song of our hearts shall be,  
 While the winds and the waters  
 rave,  
 A home on the rolling sea!  
 A life on the ocean wave!

### *FORGET ME NOT.*

“FORGET me not?” Ah, words of  
 useless warning  
 To one whose heart is henceforth  
 memory's shrine!  
 Sooner the skylark might forget the  
 morning,  
 Than I forget a look, a tone of  
 thine.

Sooner the sunflower might forget  
to waken  
When the first radiance lights the  
eastern hill,  
Than I, by daily thoughts of thee  
forsaken,  
Feel, as they kindle, no expanding  
thrill.

Oft, when at night the deck I'm pac-  
ing lonely  
Or when I pause to watch some  
fulgent star,  
Will Contemplation be retracing only  
Thy form, and fly to greet thee,  
though afar.

When storms unleashed, with fearful  
clangor sweeping,  
Drive our strained bark along the  
hollowed sea,  
When to the clouds the foam-topped  
waves are leaping,  
Even then I'll not forget, beloved  
one, thee!

Thy image in my sorrow-shaded  
hours,  
Will, like a sunburst on the waters,  
shine; [flowers  
'Twill be as grateful as the breath of  
From some green island wafted  
o'er the brine.

And O sweet lady, when, from home  
departed,  
I count the leagues between us with  
a sigh,—  
When, at the thought, perchance a  
tear has started,  
May I not dream in heart thou'rt  
sometimes nigh?

Ay, thou wilt, sometimes, when the  
wine-cup passes,  
And friends are gathering round in  
festal glee,  
While bright eyes flash, as flash the  
brimming glasses,  
Let silent Memory pledge one  
health to me.

Farewell! My fatherland is disap-  
pearing [sight;  
Faster and faster from my bailed

The winds rise wildly, and thick  
clouds are rearing  
Their ebon flags, that hasten on  
the night,

Farewell! The pilot leaves us; sea-  
ward gliding,  
Our brave ship dashes through the  
foamy swell;  
But Hope, forever faithful and abid-  
ing,  
Hears distant welcomes in this last  
farewell!

—  
*A THOUGHT OF THE PAST.*

I WAKED from slumber at the dead  
of night,  
Moved by a dream too heavenly  
fair to last —  
A dream of boyhood's season of de-  
light;  
It flashed along the dim shapes of  
the past;  
And, as I mused upon its strange  
appeal,  
Thrilling me with emotions unde-  
fined,  
Old memories, bursting from Time's  
icy seal,  
Rushed, like sun-stricken fountains  
on my mind.  
Scenes where my lot was cast in life's  
young day;  
My favorite haunts, the shores, the  
ancient woods,  
Where, with my schoolmates, I was  
wont to stray;  
Green, sloping lawns, majestic soli-  
tudes —  
All rose to view, more beautiful than  
then;—  
They faded, and I wept—a child  
again!

—  
*THE SPRING-TIME WILL RETURN.*

THE birds are mute, the bloom is fled,  
Cold, cold, the north winds blow;  
And radiant summer lieth dead  
Beneath a shroud of snow.  
Sweet summer! well may we regret  
Thy brief, too brief sojourn;

But, while we grieve, we'll not forget,  
The spring-time will return!

Dear friend, the hills rise bare and  
bleak

That bound thy future years;  
Clouds veil the sky, no golden streak,  
No rainbow light appears;

Mischance has tracked thy fairest  
schemes,

To wreck — to whelm — to burn;  
But wintry-dark though Fortune  
seems,

The spring-time will return!

Beloved one! where no sunbeams  
shine

Thy mortal frame we laid;  
But oh, thy spirit's form divine  
Waits no sepulchral shade!

No, by those hopes which, plumed  
with light,

The sod, exulting, spurn,  
Love's paradise shall bloom more  
bright —

The Spring-time will return!

—————  
*A SUMMER NOON AT SEA.*

A HOLY stillness, beautiful and deep,  
Reigns in the air and broods upon  
the ocean;

The worn-out winds are quieted to  
sleep,

And not a wave is lifted into mo-  
tion.

The sea-bird skims along the glassy  
tide,

With sidelong flight and wing of  
glittering whiteness,

Or floats upon the sea, outstretching  
wide

A sheet of gold in the meridian  
brightness.

Our vessel lies, unstirred by wave or  
blast,

As she were moored to her dark  
shadow seeming,

Her pennon twined around the taper-  
ing mast,

And her loose sails like marble  
drapery gleaming.

How, at an hour like this, the unruf-  
fled mind

Partakes the quiet that is shed  
around us!

As if the Power that chained the im-  
patient wind

With the same fetter of repose had  
bound us!

—————  
*TROPICAL WEATHER.*

Now we're afloat upon the tropic sea:  
Here Summer holdeth a perpetual  
reign.

How flash the waters in their bound-  
ing glee!

The sky's soft purple is without a  
stain.

Full in our wake the smooth, warm  
trade-winds blowing,

To their unvarying goal still faith-  
ful run;

And, as we steer, with sails before  
them flowing,

Nearer the zenith daily climbs the  
sun,

The startled flying-fish around us  
skim,

Glossed like the humming-bird,  
with rainbow dyes;

And, as they dip into the water's  
brim,

Swift in pursuit the preying dol-  
phin hies.

All, all is fair; and gazing round, we  
feel

Over the yielding sense the torrid  
lanquor steal.

—————  
*CUBA.*

WHAT sounds arouse me from my  
slumbers light?

"Land ho! all hands, ahoy!"  
— I'm on the deck:

'Tis early dawn: the day-star yet is  
bright;

<p>A few white vapory bars the zenith fleck; And lo! along the horizon, bold and high, The purple hills of Cuba! Hail, all hail! Isle of undying verdure, with thy sky Of purest azure! Welcome, odor- ous gale!</p>	<p>O scene of life and joy! thou art arrayed In hues of unimagined loveliness. Sing louder, brave old mariner! and aid My swelling heart its rapture to express; <span style="float: right;">[more</span> For, from enchanted memory, never shall fade this dawn sublime, this fair, resplendent shore.</p>
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### MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

#### *PESCADERO PEBBLES.*

WHERE slopes the beach to the set-  
ting sun,  
On the Pescadero shore,  
For ever and ever the restless surf  
Rolls up with its sullen roar.

And grasping the pebbles in white  
hands,  
And chafing them together,  
And grinding them against the cliffs  
In stormy and sunny weather,

It gives them never any rest;  
All day, all night, the pain  
Of their long agony sobs on,  
Sinks, and then swells again.

And tourists come from every clime  
To search with eager care,  
For those whose rest has been the  
least:  
For such have grown most fair.

But yonder, round a point of rock,  
In a quiet, sheltered cove,  
Where storm ne'er breaks, and sea  
ne'er comes,  
The tourists never rove.

The pebbles lie 'neath the sunny sky  
Quiet forevermore;  
In dreams of everlasting peace  
They sleep upon the shore.

But ugly, and rough, and jagged still,  
Are they left by the passing years;

For they miss the beat of angry  
storms,  
And the surf that drips in tears.

The hard turmoil of the pitiless sea  
Turns the pebble to beauteous gem,  
They who escape the agony  
Miss also the diadem.

---

#### *LIFE IN DEATH.*

NEW being is from being ceased;  
No life is but by death;  
Something's expiring everywhere  
To give some other breath.

There's not a flower that glads the  
spring  
But blooms upon the grave  
Of its dead parent seed, in which  
Its forms of beauty wave.

The oak, that like an ancient tower  
Stands massive on the heath,  
Looks out upon a living world.  
But strikes its roots in death.

The cattle on a thousand hills  
Clip the sweet buds that grow  
Rank from the soil enriched by herds  
Sleeping long years below.

To-day is but a structure built  
Upon dead yesterday;  
And Progress hews her temple-stones  
From wrecks of old decay.

Then mourn not death; 'tis but a stair  
 Built with divinest art,  
 Up which the deathless footsteps  
 climb  
 Of loved ones who depart.

—  
*LIGHT ON THE CLOUD.*

THERE'S never an always cloudless  
 sky,  
 There's never a vale so fair,  
 But over it sometimes shadows lie  
 In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhUNG the day,  
 And flung its shadows down,  
 But on its heaven-side gleamed some  
 ray  
 Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side;  
 Though rage the tempest loud,  
 And scatter its terrors far and wide,  
 There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,  
 Shutting the landscape out,  
 And only the chilly east-winds blow  
 From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting  
 sun,  
 When the joys of life seem few,  
 A rift will break in the evening dim,  
 And the golden light stream  
 through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will  
 make  
 Out of the golden bars,  
 And all its priceless treasures take  
 Where shine the eternal stars.

—  
 JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

*THE OLD MAN'S MOTTO.*

"GIVE me a motto," said a youth  
 To one whom years had rendered  
 wise;  
 "Some pleasant thought, or weighty  
 truth,  
 That briefest syllables comprise;  
 Some word of warning or of cheer  
 To grave upon my signet here.

"And, reverend father," said the  
 boy,  
 "Since life, they say, is ever made  
 A mingled web of grief and joy;  
 Since cares may come and pleas-  
 ures fade, —  
 Pray, let the motto have a range  
 Of meaning matching every change."

"Sooth!" said the sire, "methinks  
 you ask  
 A labor something over-nice,  
 That well a finer brain might task.  
 What think you, lad, of this device  
 (Older than I, though I am gray).  
 'Tis simple, — 'This will pass away.'

"When wafted on by Fortune's  
 breeze,  
 In endless peace thou seem'st to  
 glide,  
 Prepare betimes for rougher seas,  
 And check the boast of foolish  
 pride;  
 Though smiling joy is thine to-day,  
 Remember, 'This will pass away!'

"When all the sky is draped in black,  
 And, beaten by tempestuous gales,  
 Thy shuddering ship seems all a-  
 wrack,  
 Then trim again thy tattered sails;  
 To grim Despair be not a prey;  
 Bethink thee, 'This will pass away.'

"Thus, O my son, be not o'er-proud,  
 Nor yet cast down; judge thou  
 aright;  
 When skies are clear, expect the  
 cloud;  
 In darkness, wait the coming light;  
 Whatever be thy fate to-day,  
 Remember, 'This will pass away!'"

*I'M GROWING OLD.*

My days pass pleasantly away;  
 My nights are blest with sweetest  
 sleep;  
 I feel no symptoms of decay;  
 I have no cause to mourn nor weep;  
 My foes are impotent and shy;  
 My friends are neither false nor  
 cold,  
 And yet, of late, I often sigh, —  
 I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,  
 My growing thirst for early news,  
 My growing apathy to rhymes,  
 My growing love of easy shoes,  
 My growing hate of crowds and noise,  
 My growing fear of taking cold,  
 All whisper, in the plainest voice,  
 I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;  
 I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;  
 I'm growing fainter in my laugh;  
 I'm growing deeper in my sighs;  
 I'm growing careless of my dress;  
 I'm growing frugal of my gold;  
 I'm growing wise; I'm growing, —  
 yes, —  
 I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;  
 I see it in my changing hair;  
 I see it in my growing waist;  
 I see it in my growing hair;  
 A thousand signs proclaim the truth,  
 As plain as truth was ever told,  
 That, even in my vaunted youth  
 I'm growing old.

Ah me! my very laurels breathe  
 The tale in my reluctant ears,  
 And every boon the Hours bequeath  
 But makes me debtor to the Years!  
 E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare  
 The secret she would fain withhold;  
 And tells me in "How young you  
 are!"  
 I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years! — whose rapid  
 flight  
 My sombre Muse too sadly sings;

Thanks for the gleams of golden  
 light  
 That tint the darkness of their  
 wings;  
 The light that beams from out the  
 sky,  
 Those heavenly mansions to unfold  
 Where all are blest, and none may  
 sigh,  
 "I'm growing old!"

*SOMEWHERE.*

SOMEWHERE — somewhere a happy  
 clime there is,  
 A land that knows not unavailing  
 woes,  
 Where all the clashing elements of  
 this  
 Discordant scene are hushed in  
 deep repose.  
 Somewhere — somewhere (ah me,  
 that land to win!)  
 In some bright realm, beyond the  
 farthest main,  
 Where trees of knowledge bear no  
 fruit of sin,  
 And buds of pleasure blossom not in  
 pain.  
 Somewhere — somewhere an end of  
 mortal strife  
 With our immortal yearnings; nev-  
 ermore  
 The outer warring with the inner life  
 Till both are wretched! Ah, that  
 happy shore!  
 Where shines for aye the soul's reful-  
 gent sun,  
 And life is love, and love and joy are  
 one!

*LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.*

BENEATH the hill you may see the  
 mill  
 Of wasting wood and crumbling  
 stone;  
 The wheel is dripping and clattering  
 still,  
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and  
 gone.

Year after year, early and late,  
 Alike in summer and winter  
 weather,  
 He pecked the stones and calked the  
 gate,  
 And mill and miller grew old to-  
 gether.

"Little Jerry!"—'twas all the  
 same,—  
 They loved him well who called  
 him so;  
 And whether he'd ever another name,  
 Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas, "Little Jerry, come grind my  
 rye";  
 And "Little Jerry, come grind my  
 wheat";  
 And "Little Jerry" was still the  
 cry,  
 From matron bold and maiden  
 sweet.

'Twas, "Little Jerry" on every  
 tongue,  
 And so the simple truth was told;  
 For Jerry was little when he was  
 young,  
 And Jerry was little when he was  
 old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,  
 That Jerry made up in being strong;  
 I've seen a sack upon his back  
 As thick as the miller, and quite as  
 long.

Always busy, and always merry,  
 Always doing his very best,  
 A notable wag was little Jerry,  
 Who uttered well his standing jest.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,  
 But how he died there's none may  
 know;  
 One autumn day the rumor came,  
 "The brook and Jerry are very  
 low."

And then 'twas whispered, mourn-  
 fully,  
 The leech had come, and he was  
 dead;

And all the neighbors flocked to see;  
 "Poor little Jerry!" was all they  
 said.

They laid him in his earthly bed,—  
 His miller's coat his only shroud;  
 "Dust to dust," the parson said,  
 And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,  
 And not a grain of over-toll  
 Had ever dropped into his bin,  
 To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,  
 Of wasting wood and crumbling  
 stone; [still,  
 The wheel is dripping and clattering  
 But Jerry, the miller, is dead and  
 gone.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

A MADRIGAL.

I KNOW a girl with teeth of pearl,  
 And shoulders white as snow;  
 She lives, — ah! well,  
 I must not tell, —  
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,  
 And wavy in its flow;  
 Who made it less  
 One little tress. —  
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue!)  
 And dazzling in their glow;  
 On whom they beam  
 With melting gleam, —  
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely wed,  
 Like roses ere they blow;  
 What lover sips  
 Those dewy lips, —  
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are like lilies fair  
 When lilies fairest grow;  
 Whose hand they press  
 With fond caress, —  
 Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small, and has a fall  
Like snow-flakes on the snow;  
And where it goes  
Beneath the rose, —  
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name, the sweetest name  
That language can bestow.  
'Twould break the spell  
If I should tell, —  
Wouldn't you like to know?

—

*TREASURE IN HEAVEN.*

EVERY coin of earthly treasure  
We have lavished, upon earth,  
For our simple worldly pleasure,  
May be reckoned something worth;  
For the spending was not losing,  
Though the purchase were but  
small;  
It has perished with the using;  
We have had it, — that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us  
When we turn to dust again  
(Though our avarice may blind us),  
We have gathered quite in vain;  
Since we neither can direct it,  
By the winds of fortune tossed,  
Nor in other worlds expect it;  
What we hoarded, we have lost.

But each merciful oblation —  
(Seed of pity wisely sown),  
What we gave in self-negation,  
We may safely call our own;  
For the treasure freely given  
Is the treasure that we hoard,  
Since the angels keep in Heaven  
What is lent unto the Lord!

—

*TO MY LOVE.*

“Da mi basia.” — CATULLUS.

Kiss me softly, and speak to me  
low;  
Malice has ever a vigilant ear;  
What if Malice were lurking near?  
Kiss me, dear!  
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;  
Envy too has a watchful ear;  
What if Envy should chance to hear?  
Kiss me, dear!  
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low;  
Trust me, darling, the time is near  
When we may love with never a  
fear;  
Kiss me, dear!  
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

—

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *The Lady of the Lake.*]

*SUMMER DAWN AT LOCH KATRINE.*

THE summer dawn's reflected hue  
To purple changed Loch Katrine  
blue;  
Mildly and soft the western breeze  
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the  
trees,  
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,  
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;  
The mountain shadows on her breast  
Were neither broken nor at rest;

In bright uncertainty they lie,  
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.  
The water-lily to the light  
Her chalice reared of silver bright;  
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
Beggemmed with dew-drops, led her  
fawn;  
The gray mist left the mountain  
side,  
The torrent showed its glistening  
pride;  
Invisible in fleckèd sky,  
The lark sent down her revelry;





A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

C C C C C C C C C C  
C O C C C C C C C C  
C C C C C C C C C C  
C C C C C C C C C C

C C C C C C C C C C  
C C C C C C C C C C  
C C C C C C C C C C  
C C C C C C C C C C

The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush:  
 In answer cooed the cushat dove  
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

[From *The Lady of the Lake.*]

A SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE western waves of ebbing day  
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way;  
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
 Was bathed in floods of living fire,  
 But not a setting beam could glow  
 Within the dark ravines below,  
 Where twined the path in shadow hid,  
 Round many a rocky pyramid,  
 Shooting abruptly from the dell  
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;  
 Round many an insulated mass,  
 The native bulwarks of the pass,  
 Huge as the tower which builders vain  
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.  
 The rocky summit, split and rent,  
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,  
 Or seemed fantastically set  
 With cupola or minaret,  
 Wild crests as pagod ever decked  
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair;  
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,  
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
 All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,  
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
 And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.  
 Boon nature scattered, free and wild,  
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's child,  
 Here eglantine embalmed the air,  
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;  
 The primrose pale and violet flower,  
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower;

Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
 Emblems of punishment and pride,  
 Grouped their dark hues with every stain  
 The weather-beaten crags retain.  
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
 Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;  
 Aloft the ash and warrior oak  
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock;  
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,  
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.  
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
 Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,  
 The wanderer's eye could barely view  
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;  
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

[From *The Lady of the Lake.*]

A PICTURE OF ELLEN.

AND ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
 Of finer form, or lovelier face!  
 What though the sun, with ardent frown,  
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—  
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
 Served too in hastier swell to show  
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow:  
 What though no rule of courtly grace  
 To measured mood had trained her pace,—  
 A foot more light, a step more true,  
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;  
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
 Elastic from her airy tread;

What though upon her speech there  
 hung  
 The accents of her mountain  
 tongue, —  
 Those silver sounds so soft, so dear,  
 The listener held his breath to hear!

[From *The Lady of the Lake.*]

PATERNAL LOVE.

SOME feelings are to mortals given,  
 With less of earth in them than  
 heaven:  
 And if there be a human tear  
 From passion's dross refined and  
 clear,  
 A tear so limpid and so meek,  
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
 Upon a duteous daughter's head!

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*]

MELROSE ABBEY BY MOON-  
 LIGHT.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose  
 aright,  
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
 For the gay beams of lightsome day  
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
 When the broken arches are black in  
 night,  
 And each shafted oriel glimmers  
 white;  
 When the cold light's uncertain  
 shower  
 Streams on the ruined central tower;  
 When buttress and buttress, alter-  
 nately,  
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory;  
 When silver edges the imagery,  
 And the scrolls that teach thee to  
 live and die;  
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead  
 man's grave,  
 Then go — but go alone the while —  
 Then view St. David's ruined pile;  
 And, home returning, soothly swear,  
 Was never scene so sad and fair!

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*]

LOVE.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's  
 reed;  
 In war he mounts the warrior's steed;  
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;  
 In hamlets, dances on the green.  
 Love rules the court, the camp, the  
 grove,  
 And men below, and saints above;  
 For love is heaven, and heaven is  
 love.

True love's the gift which God has  
 given  
 To man alone beneath the heaven;  
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
 Whose wishes, soon as granted  
 fly;  
 It liveth not in fierce desire.  
 With dead desire it doth not die;  
 It is the secret sympathy,  
 The silver link, the silken tie,  
 Which heart to heart, and mind to  
 mind,  
 In body and in soul can bind.

[From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*]

BREATHES THERE THE MAN.

BREATHES there the man, with soul  
 so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 This is my own, my native land!  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him  
 burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
 From wandering on a foreign  
 strand!  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him  
 well;  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
 High though his titles, proud his  
 name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can  
 [claim];  
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentred all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from whence he  
 sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy  
wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand!  
Still, as I view each well-known  
scene,

Think what is now, and what hath  
been,

Seems, as to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams  
were left;

And thus I love them better still  
Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's stream still let me  
stray,

Though none should guide my feeble  
way;

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick  
break,

Although it chill my withered cheek;  
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting  
groan.

[From *Ivanhoe*.]

REBECCA'S HYMN.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonished lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answered  
keen,

And Zion's daughters poured their  
lays, [tween.

With priest's and warrior's voice be-  
No portents now our foes amaze,

Forsaken Israel wanders lone;  
Our fathers would not know Thy  
ways,

And Thou hast left them to their  
own.

But present still, though now un-  
seen!

When brightly shines the prosper-  
ous day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.

And, oh, when stoops on Judah's  
path

In shade and storm the frequent  
night,

Be Thou, long suffering, slow to  
wrath,

A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's  
scorn;

No censor round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and  
horn.

But Thou hast said, The blood of  
goat,

The flesh of rams I will not prize;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

[From *Redgauntlet*.]

PAYMENT IN STORE.

As lords their laborers' hire delay,  
Fate quits our toil with hopes to  
come,

Which, if far short of present pay,  
Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer,  
then,

Although a distant date be given;  
Despair is treason towards men,  
And blasphemy to Heaven.

[From *The Betrothed*.]

FAITH IN UNFAITH.

WOMAN's faith and woman's trust —  
Write the characters in dust:  
Stamp them on the running stream,  
Print them on the moon's pale beam,  
And each evanescent letter  
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,  
And more permanent, I ween,  
Than the thing those letters mean.

I have strained the spider's thread  
 'Gainst the promise of a maid;  
 I have weighed a grain of sand  
 'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;  
 I told my true love of the token  
 How her faith proved light and her  
     word was broken;  
 Again her word and truth she plight,  
 And I believed them again ere night.

—————  
*WANDERING WILLIE.*

ALL joy was bereft me the day that  
     you left me,  
 And climbed the tall vessel to sail  
     yon high sea;                     |it,  
 O weary betide it! I wandered beside  
 And banned it for parting my  
     Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou followed  
     thy fortune,  
 Oft fought the squadrons of France  
     and of Spain;  
 Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at  
     parting,  
 Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the  
     winds they were walling,  
 I sat on the beach wi' the tear in  
     my ee,  
 And thought of the bark where my  
     Willie was sailing,  
 And wished that the tempest could  
     a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at  
     her moorings,  
 Now that my wanderer's in safety  
     at hame,  
 Music to me were the wildest winds'  
     roaring,  
 That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the  
     dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and  
     the guns they did rattle,  
 And blithe was each heart for the  
     great victory,                     |battle,  
 In secret I wept for the dangers of  
 And thy glory itself was scarce com-  
     fort for me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I ea-  
     gerly listen,  
 Of each bold adventure, and every  
     brave scar;  
 And trust me, I'll smile, though my  
     een they may glisten;  
 For sweet after danger's the tale of  
     the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's  
     distance 'tween lovers,  
 When there's naething to speak to  
     the heart thro' the ee;  
 How often the kindest and warmest  
     prove rovers,  
 And the love of the faithfulest ebbs  
     like the sea.

Till, at times — could I help it? — I  
     pined and I pondered  
 If love could change notes like the  
     bird on the tree —  
 Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may  
     have wandered,  
 Enough, thy leal heart has been  
     constant to me.

—————  
*THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW  
 HILL.*

THE sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,  
 In Etrick's vale is sinking sweet;  
 The western wind is hush and still,  
 The lake lies sleeping at my feet.  
 Yet not the landscape to mine eye  
 Bears those bright hues that once  
     it bore;  
 Though evening, with her richest dye,  
 Flames o'er the hills of Etrick's  
     shore.

With listless look along thy plain,  
 I see Tweed's silver current glide,  
 And coldly mark the holy fane  
 Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.  
 The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
 The hill, the stream, the tower, the  
     tree, —  
 Are they still such as once they were?  
 Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,  
 How can it bear the painter's dye!  
 The harp of strained and tuneless  
 chord,  
 How to the minstrel's skill reply!  
 To aching eyes each landscape lowers,  
 To feverish pulse each gale blows  
 chill;  
 And Araby's or Eden's bowers  
 Were barren as this moorland hill.

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*THE VIOLET.*

THE violet in her greenwood bower,  
 Where birchen boughs with hazels  
 mingle,  
 May boast itself the fairest flower  
 In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,  
 Beneath the dewdrop's weight re-  
 clining;  
 I've seen an eye of lovelier hue,  
 More sweet through watery lustre  
 shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,  
 Ere yet the day be past its mor-  
 row;  
 Nor longer in my false love's eye  
 Remained the tear of parting sor-  
 row.

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*HELVELLYN.*

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the  
 mighty Helvellyn,  
 Lakes and mountains beneath me  
 gleamed misty and wide;  
 All was still, save by fits, when the  
 eagle was yelling,  
 And starting around me the echoes  
 replied.  
 On the right, Striden-edge round the  
 Red-tarn was bending,  
 And Catchedicam its left verge was  
 defending,  
 One huge nameless rock in the front  
 was ascending,  
 When I marked the sad spot where  
 the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot 'mid the  
 brown mountain-heather,  
 Where the pilgrim of nature lay  
 stretched in decay,  
 Like the corpse of an outcast aban-  
 doned to weather,  
 Till the mountain winds wasted the  
 tenantless clay.  
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely  
 extended,  
 For, faithful in death, his mute fa-  
 vorite attended,  
 The much-loved remains of her mas-  
 ter defended,  
 And chased the hill-fox and the  
 raven away.

How long didst thou think that his  
 silence was slumber?  
 When the wind waved his garment,  
 how oft didst thou start?  
 How many long days and long weeks  
 didst thou number,  
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend  
 of thy heart?  
 And, oh! was it meet, that — no re-  
 quiem read o'er him —  
 No mother to weep, and no friend to  
 deplore him,  
 And thou, little guardian, alone  
 stretched before him —  
 Unhonored the pilgrim from life  
 should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peas-  
 ant has yielded,  
 The tapestry waves dark round the  
 dim-lighted hall;  
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin  
 is shielded,  
 And pages stand mute by the can-  
 opied pall:  
 Through the courts, at deep midnight,  
 the torches are gleaming;  
 In the proudly-arched chapel the  
 banners are beaming,  
 Far adown the long aisles sacred  
 music is streaming,  
 Lamenting a chief of the people  
 should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of  
 nature,  
 To lay down thy head like the meek  
 mountain lamb,

When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature, And draws his last sob by the side of his dam. And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,	Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying, With one faithful friend but to wit- ness thy dying, In the arms of Helvellyn and Cat- chedicam.
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### EMILY SEAVER.

#### *THE ROSE OF JERICHO.*

AND was it not enough that, meekly growing, In lack of all things wherein plants delight, Cool dews, rich soil, and gentle show- ers refreshing, It yet could blossom into beauty bright ?  In the hot desert, in the rocky crevice, By dusty waysides, on the rubbish heap, Where'er the Lord appoints, it smiles, believing That where He planteth, He will surely keep !  Nay, this is not enough, the fierce sirocco Must root it up, and sweep it from its home, [desert, And bear it miles away, across the Then fling it, ruthless, on the white sea-foam.  Do they thus end, those lives of pa- tient duty, That grow, through every grief and pain more fair. — Are they thus cast aside, at length, forgotten ? Ah no! my story is not ended there.  Those roots upon the waves of ocean floating, That in their desert homes no mois- ture knew,	Now, at the fount their life-long thirst are quenching, Whence rise the gentle showers, the nightly dew.  They drink the quickening streams through every fibre, Until with hidden life each seed shall swell ; Then come the winds of God, his word fulfilling, And bear them back, where He shall please, to dwell.  Thus live meek spirits, duly schooled to duty, — The whirlwind storm may sweep them from their place ; What matter if by this affliction driven Straight to their God, the fountain of all grace ?  And when, at length, the final trial cometh, Though hurled to unknown worlds, they shall not die ; Borne not by winds of wrath, but God's own angels, They feed upon His love and dwell beneath His eye.  Till by the angel of the resurrection, One awful blast through heaven and earth be blown ; Then soul and body, met no more to sunder, That all God's ways are true and just shall own !
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## HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

*WHY THUS LONGING?*

WHY thus longing, thus forever sigh-  
ing

For the far-off, unattained and dim,  
While the beautiful, all round thee  
lying,

Offers up its low, perpetual hymn ?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle  
teaching,

All thy restless yearnings it would  
still,

Leaf and flower and laden bee are  
preaching,

Thine own sphere, though humble,  
first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around  
thee

Thou no ray of light and joy canst  
throw, [thee

If no silken cord of love hath bound  
To some little world through weal  
and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can  
brighten.

No fond voices answer to thine own,

If no brother's sorrow thou canst  
lighten

By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that gain the world's  
applauses,

Not by works that win thee world  
renown,

Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,  
Canst thou win and wear the im-  
mortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and  
lonely,

Every day a rich reward will give;  
Thou wilt find by hearty striving  
only,

And truly loving, thou canst truly  
live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning  
When all Nature hails the lord of  
light,

And his smile, nor low nor lofty  
scorning,

Gladdens hall and hovel, vale and  
height ?

Other hands may grasp the field and  
forest,

Proud proprietors in pomp may  
shine,

But with fervent love if thou adorest,  
Thou art wealthier, — all the world  
is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains  
thou rovest,

Sighing that they are not thine  
alone,

Not those fair fields, but thyself thou  
lovest,

And their beauty and thy wealth  
are gone.

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[From *As You Like It*.]

## LIFE'S THEATRE.

ALL the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely  
 players;  
 They have their exits and their en-  
 trances,  
 And one man in his time plays many  
 parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first  
 the infant, [arms.  
 Mewing and puking in his nurse's  
 And then, the whining school-boy,  
 with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping  
 like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then,  
 the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful  
 ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then,  
 the soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded  
 like the pard,  
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick  
 in quarrel;  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And  
 then, the justice,  
 In fair round belly, with good capon  
 lined,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal  
 cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern in-  
 stances;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth  
 age shifts  
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch  
 on side;  
 His youthful hose well saved, a world  
 too wide  
 For his shrunk shanks; and his big  
 manly voice,  
 Turning again towards childish  
 treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last  
 scene of all  
 That ends this strange eventful his-  
 tory,

Is second childishness, and mere oJ-  
 livion:  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans  
 everything.

[From *As You Like It*.]

## INGRATITUDE.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude!  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the  
 green holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most  
 loving mere folly:  
 Then heigh-ho! the holly!  
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot!  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remembered not.  
 "Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho, &c."

[From *Hamlet*.]

## TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.

TO BE, or not to be, that is the ques-  
 tion —  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to  
 suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous  
 fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of  
 troubles,  
 And, by opposing end them? 'To  
 die — to sleep — [end  
 No more; and by a sleep to say we  
 The heartache, and the thousand  
 natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to! — 'tis a con-  
 summation  
 Devoutly to be wished. To die — to  
 sleep —

To sleep!—perchance to dream!—  
 ay, there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death, what  
 dreams may come  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal  
 coil,  
 Must give us pause—there's the  
 respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life:  
 For who would bear the whips and  
 scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud  
 man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's  
 delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of th' unworthy  
 takes,  
 When he himself might his *quietus*  
 make  
 With a bare bodkin! Who would  
 fardels bear, [life,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary  
 But that the dread of something after  
 death—  
 That undiscovered country from  
 whose bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the  
 will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills  
 we have, [of ?  
 Than fly to others that we know not  
 Thus conscience does make cowards  
 of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of  
 thought,  
 And enterprises of great pith and  
 moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn  
 awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

[From *Hamlet*.]

GOOD COUNSEL OF POLONIUS TO  
 LAERTES.

BE thou familiar, but by no means  
 vulgar.  
 The friends thou hast, and their  
 adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks  
 of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with enter-  
 tainment  
 Of each new-hatched, unpledged com-  
 rade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in  
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware  
 of thee.  
 Give every man thine ear, but few  
 thy voice;  
 Take each man's censure, but re-  
 serve thy judgment.  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not expressed in fancy; rich, not  
 gaudy;  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
 And they in France, of the best rank  
 and station,  
 Are most select and generous, chief  
 in that.  
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
 For loan oft loses both itself and  
 friend;  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-  
 bandry.  
 This above all.—To thine own self  
 be true;  
 And it must follow, as the night the  
 day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any  
 man!

[From *The Merchant of Venice*.]

FALSE APPEARANCES.

THE world is still deceived with  
 ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and cor-  
 rupt,  
 But being seasoned with a gracious  
 voice,  
 Obscures the show of evil? In re-  
 ligion,  
 What damned error, but some sober  
 brow  
 Will bless it, and approve it with a  
 text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair orna-  
 ment?  
 There is no voice so simple, but as-  
 sumes  
 Some mark of virtue on its outward  
 parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are  
 all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their  
chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning  
Mars;  
Who, inward searched, have livers  
white as milk!  
And these assume but valor's excre-  
ment,  
To render them redoubted. Look on  
beauty,  
And you shall see 'tis purchased by  
the weight,  
Which therein works a miracle in  
nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most  
of it.  
So are those crispèd, snaky, golden  
locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols  
with the wind  
Upon supposèd fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them in the sep-  
ulchre.  
Thus ornament is but the guilèd  
shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beau-  
teous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning  
times put on  
To entrap the wisest.

[From *The Merchant of Venice*.]

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from  
heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice  
blessed;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him  
that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it be-  
comes  
The thronèd monarch better than his  
crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of tempo-  
ral power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear  
of kings.  
But mercy is above the sceptred  
sway;

It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show  
likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice.

[From *Troilus and Cressida*.]

CONSTANT EFFORT NECESSARY  
TO SUPPORT FAME.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at  
his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster for ingрати-  
tudes:  
Those scraps are good deeds past:  
which are devoured  
As fast as they are made, forgot as  
soon  
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honor bright: To have done,  
is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty  
mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the  
instant way;  
For honor travels in a strait so nar-  
row,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep  
then the path;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue. If you give  
way.  
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-  
right,  
Like to an entered tide, they all rush  
by,  
And leave you hindmost;—  
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first  
rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject  
rear,  
O'errun and trampled on. Then what  
they do in present,  
Though less than yours in past, must  
o'ertop yours:  
For time is like a fashionable host  
That slightly shakes his parting guest  
by the hand;  
And with his arms outstretched, as  
he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever  
smiles

And farewell goes out sighing. O,  
 let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was;  
 For beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in  
 service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are sub-  
 jects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.  
 One touch of nature makes the whole  
 world kin, —  
 That all with one consent, praise new-  
 born gauds,  
 Though they are made and moulded  
 of things past;  
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,  
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.  
 The present eye praises the present  
 object:  
 Then marvel not, thou great and  
 complete man,  
 That all the Greeks begin to worship  
 Ajax;  
 Since things in motion sooner catch  
 the eye  
 Than what not stirs.

[From *Henry VIII.*]

*LIFE'S VICISSITUDES.*

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my  
 greatness!  
 This is the state of man: To-day he  
 puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow  
 blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honors thick  
 upon him;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing  
 frost,  
 And when he thinks, good easy man,  
 full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening, nips his  
 root  
 And then he falls as I do. I have  
 ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on  
 bladders,  
 These many summers in a sea of  
 glory;  
 But far beyond my depth: my high-  
 blown pride

At length broke under me; and now  
 has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the  
 mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever  
 hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I  
 hate ye!

[From *Measure for Measure.*]

*FEAR OF DEATH.*

AY, but to die, and go we know not  
 where;  
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
 This sensible warm motion to become  
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted  
 spirit  
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed  
 ice;  
 To be imprisoned in the viewless  
 winds,  
 And blown with restless violence  
 round about  
 The pendent world: or to be worse  
 than worst  
 Of those, that lawless and uncertain  
 thoughts  
 Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!  
 The weariest and most loathèd  
 worldly life,  
 That age, ache, penury, and impris-  
 onment  
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
 To what we fear of death!

[From *The Tempest.*]

*END OF ALL EARTHLY GLORY.*

OUR revels now are ended: these our  
 actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits,  
 and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air;  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this  
 vision,  
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous  
 palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe  
 itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve:  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made of, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.

[From *Cymbeline*.]

*FEAR NO MORE.*

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,  
 Nor the furious winter's rages;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done.  
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
 Care no more to clothe and eat,  
 To thee the reed is as the oak.  
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must,  
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
 Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
 Fear not slander, censure rash,  
 Thou hast finished joy and moan.  
 All lovers young, all lovers must,  
 Consign to thee, and come to dust,

[From *Venus and Adonis*.]

*THE HORSE OF ADONIS.*

LOOK, when a painter would surpass  
 the life,  
 In limning out a well-proportioned  
 steed,  
 His art with Nature's workmanship  
 at strife,  
 As if the dead the living should exceed:  
 So did this horse excel a common  
 one  
 In shape, in courage, color, pace and  
 bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks  
 shag and long,  
 Broad breast, full eyes, small head,  
 and nostrils wide,  
 High crest, short ears, straight legs,  
 and passing strong,  
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock,  
 tender hide:  
 Look, what a horse should have, he  
 did not lack,  
 Save a proud rider on so proud a  
 back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and then  
 he stares;  
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather,  
 To bid the wind a base he now pre-  
 pares  
 And whe'r he run, or fly, they know  
 not whether.  
 For through his mane and tail the  
 high wind sings,  
 Fanning the hairs, which wave like  
 feathered wings.

*LOVE, THE SOLACE OF PRESENT  
 CALAMITY.*

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and  
 men's eyes,  
 I all alone bewep my outcast state,  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my  
 bootless cries, [fate,  
 And look upon myself, and curse my  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in  
 hope,  
 Featured like him, like him with  
 friends possessed,  
 Desiring this man's art, and that  
 man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented  
 least;  
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost  
 despending,  
 Haply I think on thee, — and then  
 my state [ing  
 (Like to the lark at break of day aris-  
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at  
 heaven's gate;  
 For thy sweet love remembered,  
 such wealth brings,  
 That then I scorn to change my  
 state with kings.

*LOVE, THE RETRIEVER OF PAST  
LOSSES.*

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

*NO SPRING WITHOUT THE BE-  
LOVÈD.*

FROM you have I been absent in the  
spring,  
When proud pied April, dressed in  
all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every  
thing,  
That heavy Saturn laughed and  
leaped with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the  
sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odor and in  
hue,  
Could make me any summer's story  
tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them  
where they grew.  
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the  
rose;

They were but sweet, but figures of  
delight,  
Drawn after you, you pattern of all  
those.  
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you  
away,  
As with your shadow I with these  
did play.

*LOVE UNALTERABLE.*

LET me not to the marriage of true  
minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not  
love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to re-  
move:  
O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never  
shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although  
his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy  
lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass  
come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours  
and weeks  
But bears it out e'en to the edge of  
doom.  
If this be error, and upon me  
proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever  
loved.

*TO MY SOUL.*

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful  
earth,  
Fooled by those rebel powers that  
thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suf-  
fer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly  
gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a  
lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion  
spend?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy  
 body's end?  
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy ser-  
 vant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy  
 store:

Buy terms divine in selling hours of  
 dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no  
 more:  
 So shalt thou feed on death, that  
 feeds on men,  
 And, death once dead, there's no  
 more dying then.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PRO-  
 FANED.

ONE word is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it,  
 One feeling too falsely disdained  
 For thee to disdain it,  
 One hope is too like despair  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And pity from thee more dear  
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,  
 But wilt thou accept not  
 The worship the heart lifts above  
 And the heavens reject not:  
 The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

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

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

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart [art.  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated

Higher still and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring  
 ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run;  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is  
 just begun.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight;  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy  
 shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is  
 there

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud.  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and  
 heaven is overflowed.



What thou art we know not;  
 What is most like thee?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain  
 of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it  
 heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace-tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which  
 overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which  
 screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflowered,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet  
 these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy  
 music doth surpass.

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

Chorus hymeneal,  
 Or triumphal chant,  
 Matched with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt,—  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some  
 hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain?  
 What fields, or waves, or moun-  
 tains?  
 What shapes of sky or plain?  
 What love of thine own kind? what  
 ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be:  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee:  
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's  
 sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such  
 a crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not:  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell  
 of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever  
 should come near.

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

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

*MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE.*

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

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

*TIME.*

UNFATHOMABLE Sea! whose waves  
are years,  
Ocean of Time, whose waters of  
deep woe  
Are brackish with the salt of human  
tears!  
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy  
ebb and flow  
Claspest the limits of mortality!  
And sick of prey, yet howling on for  
more,  
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable  
shore;  
Treachorous in calm, and terrible in  
storm,  
Who shall put forth on thee,  
Unfathomable Sea?

*THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.*

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of  
light  
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
In what cavern of the night  
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and gray  
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,  
In what depth of night or day  
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary wind, who wanderest  
Like the world's rejected guest,  
Hast thou still some secret nest  
On the tree or billow?

*DEATH.*

DEATH is here, and death is there,  
Death is busy everywhere,  
All around, within, beneath,  
Above, is death,— and we are death.

First our pleasures die,— and then  
Our hopes, and then our fears,— and  
when  
These are dead, the debt is due,  
Dust claims dust,— and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish,  
Like ourselves, must fade and perish;  
Such is our rude mortal lot,—  
Love itself would, did they not.

*THE CLOUD.*

I BRING fresh showers for the thirst-  
ing flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shades for the leaves  
when laid  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews  
that waken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their moth-  
er's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains be-  
low,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow  
white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the  
blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skyey  
bowers,  
Lightning, my pilot sits,  
In a cavern under, is fettered the  
thunder,  
It struggles and howls by fits;  
Over earth and ocean with gentle  
motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that  
 move  
 In the depths of the purple sea;  
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the  
 hills,  
 Over the lakes and the plains,  
 Wherever he dream, under mountain  
 or stream,  
 The spirit he loves, remains;  
 And I, all the while, bask in heaven's  
 blue smile,  
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his me-  
 teor eyes,  
 And his burning plumes outspread,  
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
 When the morning-star shines  
 dead.  
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
 Which an earthquake rocks and  
 swings,  
 An eagle alit one moment may sit  
 In the light of its golden wings.  
 And when sunset may breathe, from  
 the lit sea beneath,  
 Its ardors of rest and of love,  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest, on mine  
 airy nest,  
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire  
 laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like  
 floor,  
 By the midnight breezes strewn;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen  
 feet,  
 Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my  
 tent's thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her and  
 peer;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and  
 flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-  
 built tent,  
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and  
 seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through  
 me on high,  
 Are each paved with the moon and  
 these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burn-  
 ing zone, [pearl;  
 And the moon's with a girdle of  
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars  
 reel and swim,  
 When the whirlwinds my banner  
 unfurl.  
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-  
 like shape,  
 Over a torrent sea,  
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
 The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I  
 march,  
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
 When the powers of the air are  
 chained to my chair,  
 Is the million-colored bow;  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors  
 wove,  
 While the moist earth was laugh-  
 ing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
 And the nursling of the sky:  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean  
 and shores;  
 I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain, when with never  
 a stain,  
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams with  
 their convex gleams,  
 Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a  
 ghost from the tomb,  
 I arise and unbuild it again.

FROM "THE SENSITIVE-PLANT."

A SENSITIVE-plant in a garden grew,  
 And the young winds fed it with sil-  
 ver dew,  
 And it opened its fan-like leaves to  
 the light,  
 And closed them beneath the kisses  
 of night.

And the spring arose on the garden  
 fair,  
 And the Spirit of Love fell every-  
 where;  
 And each flower and herb on Earth's  
 dark breast  
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry  
 rest.

But none ever trembled and panted  
 with bliss  
 In the garden, the field, or the wil-  
 derness,  
 Like a doe in the noontide with love's  
 sweet want,  
 As the companionless sensitive-plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,  
 Arose from the ground with warm  
 rain wet,  
 And their breath was mixed with  
 fresh odor, sent  
 From the turf, like the voice and the  
 instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the  
 tulip tall,  
 And narcissi, the fairest among them  
 all,  
 Who gaze on their eyes in the  
 stream's recess,  
 Till they die of their own dear love-  
 liness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,  
 Whom youth makes so fair and pas-  
 sion so pale,  
 That the light of its tremulous bells  
 is seen  
 Through their pavilions of tender  
 green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white,  
 and blue,  
 Which flung from its bells a sweet  
 peal anew  
 Of music so delicate, soft, and in-  
 tense,  
 It was felt like an odor within the  
 sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the  
 bath address,  
 Which unveiled the depth of her  
 glowing breast,

Till, fold after fold, to the fainting  
 air  
 The soul of her beauty and love lay  
 bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted  
 up,  
 As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored  
 cup,  
 Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
 Gazed through the clear dew on the  
 tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the  
 sweet tuberose,  
 The sweetest flower for scent that  
 blows;  
 And all rare blossoms from every  
 clime  
 Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant  
 bosom  
 Was pranked, under boughs of embow-  
 ering blossom,  
 With golden and green light, slanting  
 through  
 Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
 And starry river-buds glimmered by,  
 And around them the soft stream did  
 glide and dance  
 With a motion of sweet sound and  
 radiance.

And from this undefiled Paradise  
 The flowers,— as an infant's awaken-  
 ing eyes  
 Smile on its mother, whose singing  
 sweet  
 Can first lull, and at last must awaken  
 it,—

When heaven's blithe winds had un-  
 folded them,  
 As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden  
 gem,  
 Shone smiling to heaven, and every  
 one  
 Shared joy in the light of the gentle  
 sun;

For each one was interpenetrated  
 With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,  
 Like young lovers whom youth and  
 love make dear,  
 Wrapped and filled by their mutual  
 atmosphere.

But the sensitive-plant, which could  
 give small fruit  
 Of the love which it felt from the  
 leaf to the root,  
 Received more than all, it loved more  
 than ever,  
 Where none wanted but it, could be-  
 long to the giver,—

For the sensitive-plant has no bright  
 flower;  
 Radiance and odor are not its dower;  
 It loves, even like love, its deep heart  
 is full, [ful!  
 It desires what it has not, the beauti-

FROM "TO A LADY WITH A  
 GUITAR."

THE artist who this idol wrought,  
 To echo all harmonious thought,  
 Felled a tree, while on the steep  
 The woods were in their winter sleep,  
 Rocked in that repose divine  
 On the wind-swept Apennine;  
 And dreaming, some of autumn past,  
 And some of spring approaching fast,  
 And some of April buds and showers,  
 And some of songs in July bowers,  
 And all of love; and so this tree,—  
 O that such our death may be! —  
 Died in sleep, and felt no pain,  
 To live in happier form again:  
 From which, beneath heaven's fair-  
 est star,  
 The artist wrought this loved guitar,  
 And taught it justly to reply,  
 To all who question skilfully,  
 In language gentle as thine own;  
 Whispering in enamored tone  
 Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
 And summer winds in sylvan cells;  
 For it had learnt all harmonies  
 Of the plains and of the skies,  
 Of the forests and the mountains,  
 And the many-voicèd fountains;

The clearest echoes of the hills,  
 The softest notes of falling rills,  
 The melodies of birds and bees,  
 The murmuring of summer seas,  
 And pattering rain, and breathing  
 dew,  
 And airs of evening; and it knew  
 That seldom-heard mysterious sound,  
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
 As it floats through boundless day,  
 Our world enkindles on its way,—  
 All this it knows, but will not tell  
 To those who cannot question well  
 The spirit that inhabits it;  
 It talks according to the wit  
 Of its companions; and no more  
 Is heard than has been felt before,  
 By those who tempt it to betray  
 These secrets of an elder day.  
 But, sweetly as its answers will  
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone  
 For our beloved friend alone.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT? ah! no; the hour is ill  
 Which severs those it should unite;  
 Let us remain together still,  
 Then it will be *good* night.

How can I call the lone night good,  
 Though thy sweet wishes wing its  
 flight?  
 Be it not said, thought, understood,  
 That it will be *good* night.

To hearts which near each other  
 move [light,  
 From evening close to morning  
 The night is good; because, my love,  
 They never *say* good-night.

MUTABILITY.

WE are as clouds that veil the mid-  
 night moon;  
 How restlessly they speed, and  
 gleam, and quiver,  
 Streaking the darkness radiantly! —  
 yet soon  
 Night closes round, and they are  
 lost forever:

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings  
 Give various response to each varying blast,  
 To whose frail frame no second motion brings  
 One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest — a dream has power to poison sleep:  
 We rise — one wandering thought pollutes the day;

We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;  
 Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away.

It is the same! — For, be it joy or sorrow,  
 The path of its departure still is free;  
 Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;  
 Naught may endure but mutability.

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### WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

#### STANZAS FROM "THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS."

In every village marked with little spire,  
 Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
 There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,  
 A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;  
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;  
 They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Awd by the power of this relentless dame;  
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or task unconned,  
 are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,  
 Which learning near her little dome did stow;  
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow, [woe;  
 And work the simple vassals mickle  
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
 But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low;

And as they looked they found their horror grow,  
 And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;  
 And at the door imprisoning board is seen,  
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;  
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!  
 The noises intermixed, which thence resound, [tray;  
 Do learning's little tenement be-  
 Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound  
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:  
 Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow, [field:  
 As is the harebell that adorns the  
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield  
 Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,  
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled;

And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,  
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;

A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;

'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;

'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair,

'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare:

And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,

Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;

For they in gaping wonderment abound,

And think no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,

Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;

Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,

Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;

Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:

Nor would esteem him act as mought believe,

Who should not honored eld with these revere:

For never title yet so mean could prove,

But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed;

The plodding pattern of the busy dame:

Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,

Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;

Such favor did her past deportment claim;

And, if neglect had lavished on the ground

Fragments of bread, she would collect the same,

For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,

What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,

Hymnèd such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;

If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,

But in her garden found a summer seat;

Sweet melody to hear her then repeat

How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,

While taunting foemen did a song entreat,

All, for the nonce, untuning every string,

Uphung their useless lyres — small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,

And passed much time in truly virtuous deed;

And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore

The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;

And tortuous death was true devotion's meed;

And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,

That nould on wooden image place her creed;

And lawnlly saints in smouldering flames did burn:

Ah! dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should ere return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,

By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,

In which, when he receives his diadem,

Our sovereign prince and liefest  
 liege is placed.  
 The matron sate; and some with  
 rank she graced.  
 (The source of children's and of  
 courtiers' pride!)  
 Redressed affronts, for vile affronts  
 there passed;  
 And warned them not the fretful  
 to deride,  
 But love each other dear, whatever  
 them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to  
 descry;  
 To thwart the proud and the sub-  
 miss to raise;  
 Some with vile copper-prize exalt  
 on high,  
 And some entice with pittance  
 small of praise;  
 And other some with baleful sprig  
 she frays;  
 E'en absent, she the reins of power  
 doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts, the giddy  
 crowd she sways,  
 Forewarned, if little bird their  
 pranks behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the  
 scene unfold.

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire  
 From flattery, cards, and dice, and  
 din;  
 Nor art thou found in mansions  
 higher  
 Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I  
 reign,  
 And every health which I begin  
 Converts dull port to bright cham-  
 pagne!  
 Such freedom crowns it at an inn,

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,  
 I fly from Falsehood's specious grin;  
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
 And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,  
 Which lackeys else might hope to  
 win;  
 It buys what courts have not in store,  
 It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull  
 round,  
 Where'er his stages may have been,  
 May sigh to think he still has found  
 His warmest welcome at an inn.

### JAMES SHIRLEY.

[From *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.*]

#### DEATH THE LEVELLER.

THE glories of our birth and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things;  
 There is no armor against Fate —  
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.  
 Sceptre and crown  
 Must tumble down,  
 And in the dust be equal made  
 With the poor crooked scythe and  
 spade.

Some men with swords may reap the  
 field, [kill];  
 And plant fresh laurels where they  
 But their strong nerves at last must  
 yield —

They tame but one another still;  
 Early or late  
 They stoop to Fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring  
 breath,  
 When they, pale captives, creep to  
 death.

The garlands wither on your brow —  
 Then boast no more your mighty  
 deeds;  
 Upon Death's purple altar, now,  
 See where the victor-victim bleeds:  
 All heads must come  
 To the cold tomb —  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the  
 dust.



## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

## SONNET TO SLEEP.

COME, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot  
of peace,  
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of  
woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's  
release,  
The indifferent judge between the  
high and low!  
With shield of proof, shield me from  
out the prease  
Of those fierce darts, Despair at me  
doth throw:

O make me in those civil wars to  
cease!  
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.  
Take thou of me smooth pillows,  
sweetest bed;  
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind  
to light;  
A rosy garland, and a weary head;  
And if these things, as being thine  
by right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt  
in me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's im-  
age see.

## LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE  
BODY.

COMPANION dear! the hour draws  
nigh;  
The sentence speeds — *to die, to die.*  
So long in mystic union held,  
So close with strong embrace com-  
pelled,  
How canst thou bear the dread de-  
cree,  
That strikes thy clasping nerves from  
me?  
To Him who on this mortal shore,  
The same encircling vestment wore,  
To Him I look, to Him I bend,  
To Him thy shuddering frame com-  
mend,  
If I have ever caused thee pain,  
The throbbing breast, the burning  
brain,  
With cares and vigils turned thee  
pale,  
And scorned thee when thy strength  
did fail —  
Forgive! — Forgive! — thy task doth  
cease,  
Friend! Lover! — let us part in peace.  
If thou didst sometimes check my  
force,  
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,

Or lure from Heaven my wavering  
trust,  
Or bow my drooping wing to dust —  
I blame thee not, the strife is done,  
I knew thou wert the weaker one,  
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,  
Constrained to hold the breath of  
God.  
— Well hast thou in my service  
wrought;  
Thy brow hath mirrored forth my  
thought,  
To wear my smile thy lip hath glowed,  
Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed;  
Thine ear hath borne me rich sup-  
plies  
Of sweetly varied melodies;  
Thy hands my prompted deeds have  
done,  
Thy feet upon mine errands run;  
Yes, thou hast marked my bidding  
well,  
Faithful and true! farewell, farewell!  
Go to thy rest. A quiet bed  
Meek mother Earth with flowers  
shall spread.  
Where I no more thy sleep may break  
With fevered dream, nor rudely wake  
Thy wearied eye.

Oh, quit thy hold,  
 For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,  
 And long thy gasp and groan of pain  
 Have bound me pitying in thy chain,  
 Though angels urge me hence to soar,  
 Where I shall share thine ills no more.  
 Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy  
 pain  
 Remember — we shall meet again.  
 Quell with this hope the victor's  
 sting,  
 And keep it as a signet-ring,  
 When the dire worm shall pierce thy  
 breast,  
 And nought but ashes mark thy rest,  
 When stars shall fall, and skies grow  
 dark,  
 And proud suns quench their glow-  
 worm spark,  
 Keep thou that hope, to light thy  
 gloom,  
 Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.  
 —Then shalt thou glorious rise, and  
 fair,  
 Nor spot, nor stain, nor wrinkle bear,  
 And I, with hovering wing elate,  
 The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,  
 And breathe the welcome of the sky—  
 “No more to part, no more to die,  
 Co-heir of Immortality.”

—————  
*BENEVOLENCE.*

WHOSE is the gold that glitters in the  
 mine?  
 And whose the silver? Are they not  
 the Lord's?  
 And lo! the cattle on a thousand hills,  
 And the broad earth with all her  
 gushing springs  
 Are they not His who made them?  
 Ye who hold  
 Slight tenantry therein, and call your  
 lands  
 By your own names, and lock your  
 gathered gold  
 From him who in his bleeding Sa-  
 viour's name  
 Doth ask a part, whose shall those  
 riches be  
 When, like the grass-blade from the  
 autumn frost,  
 Ye fall away?

Point out to me the forms  
 That in your treasure-chambers shall  
 enact  
 Glad mastership, and revel where  
 you toiled  
 Sleepless and stern. Strange faces  
 are they all.  
 O man! whose wrinkling labor is  
 for heirs  
 Thou knowest not who, thou in thy  
 mouldering bed,  
 Unkenned, unchronicled of them,  
 shall sleep;  
 Nor will they thank thee, that thou  
 didst bereave  
 Thy soul of good for them.

Now, thou mayest give  
 The famished food, the prisoner  
 liberty,  
 Light to the darkened mind, to the  
 lost soul  
 A place in heaven. Take thou the  
 privilege  
 With solemn gratitude. Speck as  
 thou art  
 Upon earth's surface, gloriously exult  
 To be co-worker with the King of  
 kings.

—————  
*THE CORAL INSECT.*

TOIL on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,  
 Who build on the tossing and treach-  
 erous main;  
 Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye  
 mock,  
 With your sand-based structures, and  
 domes of rock;  
 Your columns the fathomless foun-  
 tains lave,  
 And your arches spring up through  
 the crested wave;  
 Ye're a puny race, thus boldly to rear  
 A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.  
 Ye bind the deep with your secret  
 zone.  
 The ocean is sealed, and the surge a  
 stone;  
 Fresh wreaths from the coral pave-  
 ment spring,  
 Like the terraced pride of Assyria's  
 king:

The turf looks green where the break-  
ers rolled,  
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of  
gold, [men,  
The sea-snatched isle is the home of  
And mountains exult where the wave  
hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the bil-  
lows dark  
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark?  
There are snares enough on the  
texted field;  
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the  
valleys yield;  
There are serpents to coil ere the  
flowers are up:  
There's a poison drop in man's purest  
cup;  
There are foes that watch for his cra-  
dle breath,  
And why need ye sow the floods with  
death?

With mouldering bones the deeps are  
white,  
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics  
bright;

The mermaid hath twisted her fingers  
cold  
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls  
of gold;  
And the gods of ocean have frowned  
to see  
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of  
glee;  
Hath earth no graves? that ye thus  
must spread  
The boundless sea with the throng-  
ing dead?  
Ye build! ye build! but ye enter not  
in;  
Like the tribes whom the desert de-  
voured in their sin;  
From the land of promise, ye fade  
and die,  
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your  
wearied eye.  
As the cloud-crowned pyramids'  
founders sleep  
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,  
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the deso-  
late main,  
While the wonder and pride of your  
works remain.

## WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

### PROGRESS IN DENIAL.

"YET, onward still!" the spirit cries  
within,  
'Tis I that must repay thee. Mor-  
tal fame,  
If won, is but at best the hollow din,  
The vulgar freedom with a mighty  
name;  
Seek not this music,—ask not this  
acclaim,  
But in the strife find succor;—for  
the toil  
Pursued for such false barter ends  
in shame,  
As certainly as that which seeks but  
spoil!  
Best recompense he finds, who, to  
his task  
Brings a proud, patient spirit that  
will wait,

Nor for the guerdon stoop, nor vainly  
ask  
Of fate or fortune,—but with right  
good-will, [still,  
Go, working on, and uncomplaining  
Assured of fit reward, or soon or  
late!

### SOLACE OF THE WOODS.

WOODS, waters, have a charm to  
soothe the ear,  
When common sounds have vexed  
it. When the day  
Grows sultry, and the crowd is in  
thy way,  
And working in thy soul much coil  
and care,—  
Betake thee to the forests. In the  
shade

Of pines, and by the side of pur-  
ling streams  
That prattle all their secrets in  
their dreams,  
Unconscious of a listener,—unafraid;  
Thy soul shall feel their freshening,  
and the truth  
Of nature then, reviving in thy  
heart,  
Shall bring thee the best feelings of  
thy youth,  
When in all natural joys thy joy  
had part,  
Ere lucre and the narrowing toils of  
trade  
Had turned thee to the thing thou  
wast not made.

RECOMPENSE.

NOT profitless the game, even when  
we lose,  
Nor wanting in reward the thank-  
less toil;  
The wild adventure that the man  
pursues,  
Requites him, though he gather not  
the spoil:  
Strength follows labor, and its exer-  
cise  
Brings independence, fearlessness  
of ill,—  
Courage and pride,—all attributes we  
prize;—  
Though their fruits fail, not the  
less precious still.  
Though fame withholds the trophy of  
desire,  
And men deny, and the impatient  
throng  
Grow heedless, and the strains pro-  
tracted, tire;—  
Not wholly vain the minstrel and  
the song,  
If, striving to arouse one heavenly  
tone  
In others' hearts, it wakens up his  
own.  
And this, methinks, were no unseem-  
ly boast,  
In him who thus records the experi-  
ence

Of one, the humblest of that erring  
host,  
Whose labors have been thought to  
need defence.  
What though he reap no honors,—  
what though death  
Rise terrible between him and the  
wreath,  
That had been his reward, ere, in the  
dust,  
He too is dust; yet hath he in his  
heart,  
The happiest consciousness of what  
is just,  
Sweet, true, and beautiful,—which  
will not part [faith,  
From his possession. In this happy  
He knows that life is lovely,—that  
all things  
Are sacred;— that the air is full of  
wings  
Bent heavenward,— and that bliss is  
born of scath!

HEART ESSENTIAL TO GENIUS.

WE are not always equal to our fate,  
Nor true to our conditions. Doubt  
and fear  
Beset the bravest in their high  
career,  
At moments when the soul, no more  
elate  
With expectation, sinks beneath  
the time.  
The masters have their weakness.  
"I would climb,"  
Said Raleigh, gazing on the high-  
est hill,—  
"But that I tremble with the fear to  
fall!"  
Apt was the answer of the high-  
souled Queen,—  
"If thy heart fail thee, never climb  
at all!"  
The heart! if that be sound, confirms  
the rest,  
Crowns genius with his lion will  
and mien,  
And, from the conscious virtue in the  
breast,  
To trembling nature gives both  
strength and will!

## FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH wronged, not harsh my answer! Love is fond,  
 Even pained,—and rather to his injury bends,  
 Than chooses to make shipwreck of his friends  
 By stormy summons. He hath naught beyond  
 For consolation, if that these be lost;  
 And rather will he hear of fortune crossed,  
 Plans baffled, hopes denied,—than take a tone  
 Resentful,—with a quick and keen reply  
 To hasty passion and impatient eye,  
 Such as by noblest natures may be shown,  
 When the mood vexes! Friendship is a seed  
 Needs tendance. You must keep it free from weed,  
 Nor, if the tree has sometimes bitter fruit,  
 Must you for this lay axe unto the root.

## UNHAPPY CHILDHOOD.

THAT season which all other men regret,  
 And strive, with boyish longing, to recall,  
 Which love permits not memory to forget,  
 And fancy still restores in dreams of all  
 That boyhood worshipped, or believed, or knew,—  
 Brings no sweet images to me,—was true,  
 Only in cold and cloud, in lonely days  
 And gloomy fancies,—in defrauded claims,  
 Defeated hopes, denied, denying aims;—  
 Cheered by no promise,—lighted by no rays,

Warmed by no smile,—no mother's smile,—that smile,  
 Of all, best suited sorrow to beguile,  
 And strengthen hope, and, by unmarked degrees,  
 Encourage to their birth high purposes.

## MANHOOD.

MANHOOD at last!—and, with its consciousness,  
 Are strength and freedom; freedom to pursue  
 The purposes of hope,—the godlike bliss,  
 Born in the struggle for the great and true!  
 And every energy that should be mine,  
 This day, I dedicate to its object,—Life!  
 So help me, Heaven, that never I resign  
 The duty which devotes me to the strife;  
 The enduring conflict which demands my strength,  
 Whether of soul or body, to the last;  
 The tribute of my years, through all their length;  
 The future's compensation to the past!  
 Boys' pleasures are for boyhood,—its best cares  
 Befit us not in our performing years.

## NIGHT-STORM.

THUS tempest sweeps the Atlantic!—Nevasink  
 Is howling to the capes! Grim Hatteras cries  
 Like thousand damnèd ghosts, that on the brink  
 Lift their dark hands and threat the threatening skies;  
 Surging through foam and tempest, old Román  
 Hangs o'er the gulf, and, with his cavernous throat,  
 Pours out the torrent of his wolfish note,

<p>And bids the billows bear it where they can! Deep calleth unto deep, and, from the cloud, Launches the bolt, that, bursting o'er the sea, Rends for a moment the thick pitchy shroud, And shows the ship the shore be- neath her lee: Start not, dear wife, no dangers here betide,— And see, the boy still sleeping at your side!</p> <p style="text-align: center;">—</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TRIUMPH.</p> <p>THE grave but ends the struggle! Follows then The triumph, which, superior to the doom,</p>	<p>Grows loveliest, and looks best, to mortal men, Purple in beauty, towering o'er the tomb! Oh! with the stoppage of the impul- sive tide That vexed the impatient heart with needful strife, The soul that is hope's living, leaps to life, And shakes her fragrant plumage far and wide! Eyes follow then in worship which but late Frowned in defiance, — and the timorous herd, [word, That sleekly waited for another's Grow bold, at last, to bring, — obey- ing fate, — The tribute of their praise, but late denied, — Tribute of homage which is some- times, — hate!</p>
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## ALEXANDER SMITH.

[From *Horton*.]

### BARBARA.

ON the Sabbath-day,  
Through the church-yard old and gray,  
Over the crisp and yellow leaves I held my rustling way;  
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms,  
'Mid the gorgeous storms of music — in the mellow organ-calms,  
'Mid the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms,  
I stood careless, Barbara.

My heart was elsewhere  
While the organ shook the air,  
And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people with a prayer;  
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine  
Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine —  
Gleamed and vanished in a moment — Oh, that face was surely thine  
Out of heaven, Barbara!

O pallid, pallid face!  
O earnest eyes of grace!  
When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place.  
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist;  
The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in mist —  
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I kissed,  
That wild morning, Barbara!

I searched, in my despair,  
 Sunny noon and midnight air;  
 I could not drive away the thought that you were lingering there.  
 Oh, many and many a winter night I sat when you were gone,  
 My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire alone,  
 Within the dripping church-yard, the rain plashing on your stone,  
 You were sleeping, Barbara!

'Mong angels, do you think  
 Of the precious golden link  
 I clasped around your happy arm while sitting by yon brink?  
 Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and guitars,  
 Was emptied of its music, and we watched, through latticed bars,  
 The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us with its stars,  
 Till the day broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed;  
 Wild and far my heart hath ranged,  
 And many sins and errors now have been on me avenged;  
 But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I lacked:  
 I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact—  
 Your love the trembling rainbow, I the reckless cataract—  
 Still I love you, Barbara!

Yet, love, I am unblest;  
 With many doubts opprest,  
 I wander like a desert wind, without a place of rest.  
 Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,  
 The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death hath told you more  
 Than the melancholy world doth know; things deeper than all lore.  
 You could teach me, Barbara!

In vain, in vain, in vain!  
 You will never come again!  
 There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain;  
 The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are in the tree,  
 Round selfish shores forever moans the hurt and wounded sea,  
 There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,  
 Barbara!

## GLASGOW.

<p>SING, poet, 'tis a merry world;          That cottage smoke is' rolled and              curled          In sport, that every moss          Is happy, every inch of soil;—          Before <i>me</i> runs a road of toil          With my grave cut across.          Sing, trailing showers and breezy              downs—          I know the tragic hearts of towns.</p>	<p>City! I am true son of thine;          Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings              shine          Around the bleating pens;          Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,          And ne'er upon my childhood weighed              The silence of the glens.          Instead of shores where ocean              beats          I hear the ebb and flow of streets.</p>
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Black Labor draws his weary waves  
Into their secret moaning caves;

But, with the morning light,  
That sea again will overflow  
With a long, weary sound of woe,  
Again to faint in night.

Wave am I in that sea of woes,  
Which, night and morning, ebbs and  
flows.

I dwelt within a gloomy court,  
Wherein did never sunbeam sport;

Yet there my heart was stirred —  
My very blood did dance and thrill,  
When on my narrow window-sill  
Spring lighted like a bird.

Poor flowers! I watched them pine  
for weeks,  
With leaves as pale as human cheeks.

Afar, one summer, I was borne;  
Through golden vapors of the morn  
I heard the hills of sheep:

I trod with a wild ecstasy  
The bright fringe of the living sea:  
And on a ruined keep

I sat, and watched an endless plain  
Blacken beneath the gloom of rain.

Oh, fair the lightly-sprinkled waste,  
O'er which a laughing shower has  
raced!

Oh, fair the April shoots!  
Oh, fair the woods on summer days,  
While a blue hyacinthine haze  
Is dreaming round the roots!  
In thee, O city! I discern  
Another beauty, sad and stern.

Draw thy fiercestreams of blinding ore,  
Smite on a thousand anvils, roar  
Down to the harbor-bars;  
Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare  
On rainy nights; with street and  
square

Lie empty to the stars.  
From terrace proud to alley base  
I know thee as my mother's face.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,  
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are  
rolled,

Thy smoke is dusky fire;  
And, from the glory round thee  
poured,

A sunbeam like an angel's sword  
Shivers upon a spire.  
Thus have I watched thee, Terror!  
Dream!

While the blue night crept up the  
stream.

The wild train plunges in the hills,  
He shrieks across the midnight rills;  
Streams through the shifting glare,  
The roar and flap of foundry fires,  
That shake with light the sleeping  
shires;

And on the moorlands bare  
He sees afar a crown of light  
Hang o'er thee in the hollow night.

At midnight, when thy suburbs lie  
As silent as a noonday sky  
When larks with heat are mute,  
I love to linger on thy bridge,  
All lonely as a mountain ridge,  
Disturbed but by my foot;  
While the black lazy stream beneath  
Steals from its far-off wilds of heath.

And through thy heart as through a  
dream,  
Flows on that black disdainful  
stream;

All scornfully it flows,  
Between the luddled gloom of masts,  
Silent as pines unvexed by blasts —  
'Tween lamps in streaming rows,  
O wondrous sight! O stream of  
dread!  
O long, dark river of the dead!

Afar, the banner of the year  
Unfurls: but dimly prisoned here,  
'Tis only when I greet  
A dropt rose lying in my way,  
A butterfly that flutters gay  
Athwart the noisy street.  
I know the happy Summer smiles  
Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.

'Twere neither pæan now, nor dirge,  
The flash and thunder of the surge  
On flat sands wide and bare;  
No haunting joy or anguish dwells  
In the green light of sunny dells,  
Or in the starry air.  
Alike to me the desert flower,  
The rainbow laughing o'er the shower.



While o'erthy walls the darkness sails,  
I lean against the churchyard rails;

Up in the midnight towers  
The belfried spire, the street is dead,  
I hear in silence overhead

The clang of iron hours:  
It moves me not — I know her tomb  
Is yonder in the shapeless gloom.

All raptures of this mortal breath,  
Solemnities of life and death,

Dwell in thy noise alone:  
Of me thou hast become a part —  
Some kindred with my human heart  
Lives in thy streets of stone;  
For we have been familiar more  
Than galley-slave and weary oar.

The beech is dipped in wine; the  
shower  
Is burnished; on the swinging flower

The latest bee doth sit  
The low sun stares through dust of  
gold.

And o'er the darkening heath and  
wold

The large ghost-moth doth flit.  
In every orchard Autumn stands,  
With apples in his golden hands.

But all these sights and sounds are  
strange;

Then wherefore from thee should I  
range?

Thou hast my kith and kin;  
My childhood, youth, and manhood  
brave;

Thou hast that unforgotten grave  
Within thy central din.

A sacredness of love and death  
Dwells in thy noise and smoky  
breath.

## CHARLOTTE SMITH.

### THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,  
Chirping on my humble hearth;  
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,  
Always harbinger of good,  
Pay me for thy warm retreat  
With a song most soft and sweet;  
In return thou shalt receive  
Such a song as I can give.

Though in voice and shape they be  
Formed as if akin to thee,  
Thou surpassest, happier far,  
Happiest grasshoppers that are;  
Theirs is but a summer-song,  
Thine endures the winter long,  
Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,  
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night nor dawn of day  
Puts a period to thy lay:  
Then, insect! let thy simple song  
Cheer the winter evening long;  
While, secure from every storm,  
In my cottage stout and warm,  
Thou shalt my merry minstrel be,  
And I'll delight to shelter thee.

### THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so  
lately wove,

Each simple flower which she had  
nursed in dew,

Anemones that spangled every grove,  
The primrose wan, and harebell  
mildly blue.

No more shall violets linger in the  
dell,

Or purple orchis variegated the  
plain,

Till Spring again shall call forth every  
bell,

And dress with humid hands her  
wreaths again.

Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so  
fair,

Are the fond visions of thy early  
day,

Till tyrant passion and corrosive  
care

Bid all thy fairy colors fade away!  
Another May new buds and flowers  
shall bring;

Ah! why has *Happiness* no second  
Spring?

## FLORENCE SMITH.

[From *Rainbow-Songs*.]

THE PURPLE OF THE POET.

PURPLE, the passionate color!  
Purple, the color of pain!  
I clothe myself in the rapture—  
I count the suffering gain!

The sea lies gleaming before me,  
Pale in the smile of the sun—  
No shadow — all golden and azure —  
The joy of the day has begun!

Throbbing and yearning forever,  
With longing unsatisfied, sweet —  
Flushed with the pain and the rapture,  
Warm at the sun-god's feet —

In the glow and gloom of the evening  
The glory is reached — and o'er-  
past;  
Joy's rose-bloom has ripened to purple —  
'Twill fade, but the stars shine at last!

Purple, the passionate color!  
Robbing the martyr, the king —  
Regal in joy and in anguish,  
Life's blossom; with, ah! its sting —

Give me the sovereign color —  
I'll suffer that I may reign!  
The poet's moment of rapture  
Is worth the poet's pain!

[From *Rainbow-Songs*.]

THE YELLOW OF THE MISER.

THE beautiful color — the color of gold!  
How it sparkles and burns in the piled-up dust!  
The poets! they know not, they never have told  
Of the fadeless color, the color of gold —  
Of my god in whom I trust!  
Deep down in the earth it winds and it creeps —

In her sluggish old veins 'tis the warm rich blood —  
The old mother-monster! how soundly she sleeps!  
Come! nearest her heart, where the strong life leaps —  
We drink, we bathe in the flood!

Ah, the far-off days! was I ever a child?  
—My brain is so dark, and my heart has grown cold.  
Those fields where the golden-eyed buttercups smiled  
Long ago — did I love them with heart undefiled?  
Did I seek the flowers for the gold?

Be still! O thou traitor Remorse, at my heart,  
Whining without in the dark at the door —  
I know thee, the beggar and thief that thou art,  
Lying low at my threshold — I bid thee depart!  
Thou shalt dog my footsteps no more.

Wilt thou bring me the faded flowers of my youth —  
With hands full of dead leaves, and lips full of lies —  
For these shall I yield thee my treasure, in sooth?  
Are the buttercup's petals pure gold, say truth!  
Wilt thou coin me the daisy's eyes?

I hate them! the smiling flowers in the sun,  
And the yellow, smooth rays that they feed on at noon —  
Tis the hard cold gold I will have or none!  
Come, pluck me the stars down, one by one,  
Plant me the pale rich moon!

Ah! the mystical seed, it has grown,  
 it has spread!  
 — But the sharp star-points they are  
 piercing my brow,  
 And the rosy home-faces grow livid  
 and dead  
 In the terrible color the fire-blossoms  
 shed —  
 I am reaping my harvest in now!

The horrible color—the color of  
 flame!  
 The hot sun has o'erflowed from his  
 broken urn —  
 O thou pitiless sky! wilt thou show  
 me my shame?  
 While the cursèd gold clings to my  
 fingers like flame —  
 And glitters only to burn!

—  
*SOMEBODY OLDER.*

How pleasant it is that always  
 There's somebody older than you—  
 Some one to pet and caress you,  
 Some one to scold you too!

Some one to call you a baby,  
 To laugh at you when you're wise;  
 Some one to care when you're sorry,  
 To kiss the tears from your eyes.

When life has begun to be weary,  
 And youth to melt like the dew,  
 To know, like the little children,  
 Somebody's older than you!

The path cannot be so lonely,  
 For some one has trod it before;  
 The golden gates are the nearer,  
 That some one stands at the door!

— I can think of nothing sadder  
 Than to feel, when days are few,  
 There's nobody left to lean on,  
 Nobody older than you!

The younger ones may be tender  
 To the feeble steps and slow;  
 But they can't talk the old times  
 over—  
 Alas! how should they know!

'Tis a romance to them — a wonder  
 You were ever a child at play;  
 But the dear ones waiting in Heaven  
 Know it is all as you say.

I know that the great All-Father  
 Loves us and the little ones too;  
 Keep only child-like hearted —  
 Heaven is older than you!

—  
*UNREQUITING.*

I CANNOT love thee, but I hold thee  
 dear —  
 Thou must not stay — I cannot bid  
 thee go!  
 I am so lonely, and the end draws  
 near —  
 Ah, love me still, but do not tell  
 me so!

'Tis but a little longer — keep thy  
 faith!  
 Though love's last rapture I shall  
 never know,  
 I fain would trust thee even unto  
 death;  
 Ah, love me still, but do not tell  
 me so!

I am so poor I have no self to give,  
 And less than *all* I will not offer,  
 no!  
 I die, but not for thee — fain would  
 I live —  
 Ay! love me still, but do not tell  
 me so!

Like a strange flower that blossoms  
 in the night,  
 And dies at dawn, love faded long  
 ago —  
 Born in a dream it perished with the  
 light —  
 Lov'st thou me still? Ah, do not  
 tell me so!

Let me imagine that thou art my  
 friend —  
 No less — no more I ask for here  
 below!  
 Be patient with me even to the end—  
 Loving me still, thou wilt not tell  
 me so!

Those words were sweet once—never  
more again!

—I thought my dream had van-  
ished, let it go!

I dreamed of joy—I woke, it turned  
to pain— [so!

Ah, love me still, but never tell me

I cannot lose thee yet, so near to  
heaven!

There with diviner love all souls  
shall glow;

There is no marriage bond, no vows  
are given—

Thou'lt love me still, nor need to  
tell me so!

Ah! I am selfish, asking even this—  
I cannot love thee, nor yet bid thee  
go!

To utter love is nigh love's dearest  
bliss—

Thou lov'st me still, and dost not  
tell me so!

## HORACE SMITH.

### HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes with  
morn to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's  
creation,

And dew-drops on her lonely altars  
sprinkle

As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending  
lowly

Before the uprisen sun—God's  
lidless eye— [holy

Throw from your chalices a sweet and  
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied  
beauty

The floor of Nature's temple tes-  
sellate,

What numerous emblems of instructive  
duty

Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral  
bell that swingeth

And tolls its perfume on the pass-  
ing air,

Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever  
ringeth

A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling  
arch and column

Attest the febleness of mortal  
hand,

But to that fane, most catholic and  
solemn,

Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our  
wonder,

Whose quenchless lamps the sun  
and moon supply—

Its choir, the winds and waves; its  
organ, thunder;

Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I  
wander

Through the green aisles, or,  
stretched upon the sod,

Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
der

The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are  
living preachers,

Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a  
book,

Supplying to my fancy, numerous  
teachers

From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splen-  
dor

“Weep without woe, and blush  
without a crime,”

O may I deeply learn, and ne'er sur-  
render,

Your lore sublime!

“Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy  
glory,  
Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “in robes  
like ours;  
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how  
transitory  
Are human flowers!”

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heaven-  
ly Artist!  
With which thou paintest Nature’s  
wide-spread hall,  
What a delightful lesson thou im-  
partest  
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers! though  
made for pleasure:  
Blooming o’er field and wave, by  
day and night,  
From every source your sanction bids  
me treasure  
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors  
hoary  
For such a world of thought could  
furnish scope?  
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like col-  
lection!  
Upraised from seed or bulb interred  
in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands  
remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers or  
divines,  
My soul would find in flowers of thy  
ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines!

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ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

AND thou hast walked about, (how  
strange a story!)  
In Thebes’s streets three thousand  
years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its  
glory,  
And Time had not begun to over-  
throw  
Those temples, palaces, and piles  
stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremen-  
dous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast  
acted dummy;  
Thou hast a tongue — come — let  
us hear its tune;  
Thou’rt standing on thy legs, above  
ground, mummy!  
Revisiting the glimpses of the  
moon —  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied  
creatures,  
But with thy bones, and flesh, and  
limbs, and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst  
recollect —  
To whom should we assign the  
Sphinx’s fame?  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either Pyramid that bears his  
name?  
Is Pompey’s Pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung  
by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and for-  
bidden  
By oath to tell the secret of thy  
trade —  
Then say what secret melody was  
hidden  
In Memnon’s statue, which at sun-  
rise played;  
Perhaps thou wert a priest — if so,  
my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns  
its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pin-  
ioned flat,  
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh,  
glass to glass;  
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer’s  
hat;  
Or doffed thine own, to let Queen  
Dido pass;

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great Temple's dedica-  
tion.

I need not ask thee if that hand,  
when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and  
knuckled;

For thou wert dead, and buried, and  
embalmed,  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been  
suckled;

Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop — if that with-  
ered tongue

Might tell us what those sightless  
orbs have seen —

How the world looked when it was  
fresh and young,

And the great Deluge still had left  
it green; [pages

Or was it then so old that history's  
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep  
thy vows;

But prythee tell us something of  
thyself —

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-  
house;

Since in the world of spirits thou  
hast slumbered —

What hast thou seen — what strange  
adventures numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box  
extended

We have, above ground, seen some  
strange mutations;

The Roman empire has begun and  
ended —

New worlds have risen — we have  
lost old nations;

And countless kings have into dust  
been humbled,

While not a fragment of thy flesh has  
crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er  
thy head,

When the great Persian conqueror,  
Cambyses,

Marched armies o'er thy tomb with  
thundering tread —

O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis,  
Isis;

And shook the Pyramids with fear  
and wonder,

When the gigantic Memnon fell  
asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be con-  
fessed,

The nature of thy private life un-  
fold:

A heart has throbb'd beneath that  
leathern breast,

And tears adown that dusky cheek  
have rolled;

Have children climbed those knees  
and kissed that face ;

What was thy name and station, age  
and race ?

Statue of flesh! Immortal of the  
dead!

Imperishable type of evanescence!  
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy

narrow bed,  
And standest undecayed within our

presence!

Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judg-  
ment morning,

When the great trump shall thrill  
thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument  
endure,

If its undying guest be lost for-  
ever ?

Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed  
and pure

In living virtue — that when both  
must sever,

Although corruption may our frame  
consume,

The immortal spirit in the skies may  
bloom!

## MAY RILEY SMITH.

*IF.*

IF, sitting with this little worn-out  
shoe

And scarlet stocking lying on my  
knee,

I knew his little feet had pattered  
through

The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt  
heaven and me,

I should be reconciled and happy too,  
And look with glad eyes toward the  
jasper sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of  
birds,

Reminds me of lost music far more  
sweet,

I listened for his pretty broken words,  
And for the music of his dimpled  
feet,

I could be almost happy, though I  
heard

No answer, and I saw his vacant  
seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is  
done,

And all its cares and heart-aches  
laid away, [sun,

I could look westward to the hidden  
And, with a heart full of sweet  
yearnings, say —

“To-night I'm nearer to my little one  
By just the travel of a single day.”

If he were dead, I should not sit to-  
day

And stain with tears the wee sock  
on my knee;

I should not kiss the tiny shoe and say,  
“Bring back again my little boy  
to me!”

I should be patient, knowing it was  
God's way,

And wait to meet him o'er death's  
silent sea.

But oh! to know the feet, once pure  
and white,

The haunts of vice have boldly ven-  
tured in!

The hands that should have battled  
for the right

Have been wrung crimson in the  
clasp of sin!

And should he knock at Heaven's  
gate to-night,

I fear my boy could hardly enter in.

*SOMETIME.*

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons  
have been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore  
have set,

The things which our weak judg-  
ments here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved  
with lashes wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark  
night,

As stars shine most in deeper tints  
of blue;

And we shall see how all God's plans  
are right,

And how what seemed reproof was  
love most true.

And we shall see how, while we  
frown and sigh,

God's plans go on as best for you  
and me;

How, when we called, He heeded not  
our cry,

Because His wisdom to the end  
could see.

And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving baby-  
hood,

So God, perhaps, is keeping from us  
now

Life's sweetest things, because it  
seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with  
life's wine,

We find the wormwood, and rebel  
and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or  
mine

Pours out the potion for our lips to  
drink;

And if some friend we love is lying  
 low,  
 Where human kisses cannot reach his  
 face,  
 Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
 But wear your sorrow with obe-  
 dient grace!

And you shall shortly know that  
 lengthened breath  
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends  
 His friend,  
 And that, sometimes, the sable pall  
 of death  
 Conceals the fairest boon His love  
 can send. [life,  
 If we could push ajar the gates of  
 And stand within and all God's  
 workings see,

We could interpret all this doubt and  
 strife [key.  
 And for each mystery could find a  
 But not to-day. Then be content,  
 poor heart;  
 God's plans like lilies pure and  
 white unfold;  
 We must not tear the close-shut  
 leaves apart, [gold.  
 Time will reveal the calyxes of  
 And if, through patient toil, we  
 reach the land  
 Where tired feet, with sandals  
 loosed, may rest,  
 When we shall clearly know and  
 understand,  
 I think that we shall say, "God  
 knew the best!"

### CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

#### LAUNCH THY BARK, MARINER.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!  
 Christian, God speed thee;  
 Let loose the rudder bands,  
 Good angels lead thee!  
 Set thy sails warily,  
 Tempests will come;  
 Steer thy course steadily,  
 Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather bow,  
 Breakers are round thee;  
 Let fall the plummet now,  
 Shallows may ground thee.  
 Reef in the foresail, there!  
 Hold the helm fast!  
 So — let the vessel wear, —  
 There swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman?  
 What of the night?  
 "Cloudy, all quiet, —  
 No land yet, — all's right."  
 Be wakeful, be vigilant, —  
 Danger may be  
 At an hour when all seemeth  
 Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?  
 Clear out the hold, —

Hoist up thy merchandise,  
 Heave out thy gold;  
 There, let the ingots go; —  
 Now the ship rights;  
 Hurrah! the harbor's near, —  
 Lo! the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet  
 At inlet or island;  
 Straight for the beacon steer,  
 Straight for the high land;  
 Crowd all thy canvas on,  
 Cut through the foam; —  
 Christian! cast anchor now, —  
 Heaven is thy home!

#### THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly! bow the head —  
 In reverent silence bow!  
 No passing bell doth toll;  
 Yet an immortal soul  
 Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,  
 With lowly reverence bow!  
 There's one in that poor shed —  
 One by that paltry bed —  
 Greater than thou.



Beneath that beggar's roof,  
Lo! Death doth keep his state!  
Enter! — no crowds attend —  
Enter! — no guards defend  
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold  
No smiling courtiers tread;  
One silent woman stands,  
Lifting with meagre hands  
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound —  
An infant wail alone;  
A sob suppressed — again  
That short deep gasp — and then  
The parting groan!

O change! — O wondrous change!  
Burst are the prison bars!  
This moment there, so low,  
So agonized — and now  
Beyond the stars!

O change! — stupendous change!  
There lies the soulless clod!  
The sun eternal breaks;  
The new immortal wakes —  
Wakes with his God.

*I NEVER CAST A FLOWER AWAY.*

I NEVER cast a flower away,  
The gift of one who cared for me —  
A little flower — a faded flower —  
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu  
To things familiar, but my heart  
Shrank with a feeling almost pain  
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"  
But with an utterance faint and  
broken;  
An earth-sick longing for the time  
When it shall nevermore be spoken,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[From *Thalaba*.]

*NATURE'S QUESTION AND FAITH'S  
ANSWER.*

ALAS! the setting sun  
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,  
Hodeirah's wife beloved.  
Alas! the wife beloved.  
The fruitful mother late,  
Whom when the daughters of Arabia  
named,  
They wished their lot like hers, —  
She wanders o'er the desert sands  
A wretched widow now;  
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,  
With only one preserved.  
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

No tear relieved the burden of  
her heart;  
Stunned with the heavy woe, she  
felt like one.  
Half-wakened from a midnight dream  
of blood.  
But sometimes, when the boy

Would wet her hand with tears,  
And, looking up to her fixed coun-  
tenance,  
Sob out the name of mother! then  
she groaned.  
At length collecting, Zeinab turned  
her eyes

To heaven, and praised the Lord:  
"He gave, he takes away!"  
The pious sufferer cried;  
"The Lord our God is good!"

"Good, is he?" quoth the boy:  
"Why are my brethren and my sis-  
ters slain?"

Why is my father killed?  
Did ever we neglect our prayers,  
Or ever lift a hand unclean to  
Heaven?

Did ever stranger from our tent  
Unwelcomed turn away?  
Mother, He is not good!"

Then Zeinab beat her breast in  
agony, —  
"O God, forgive the child!

He knows not what he says;  
Thou know'st I did not teach him  
thoughts like these;  
O Prophet, pardon him!"

She had not wept till that assuag-  
ing prayer;  
The fountains of her grief were  
opened then,  
And tears relieved her heart.  
She raised her swimming eyes to  
heaven, —  
"Allah! thy will be done!  
Beneath the dispensations of that  
will  
I groan, but murmur not.  
A day will come when all things  
that are dark  
Will be made clear: then shall I  
know, O Lord!  
Why, in thy mercy, thou hast  
stricken me;  
Then see and understand what  
now  
My heart believes and feels."

[From *Thalaba*.]

REMEDIAL SUFFERING.

"Repine not, O my son!" the old  
man replied,  
"That Heaven hath chastened thee,  
Behold this vine:  
I found it a wild tree, whose wan-  
ton strength  
Had swoll into irregular twigs.  
And bold excrescences,  
And spent itself in leaves and lit-  
tle rings;  
So, in the flourish of its out-  
wardness,  
Wasting the sap and strength  
That should have given forth  
fruit.  
But when I pruned the plant,  
Then it grew temperate in its  
vain expense  
Of useless leaves, and knotted, as  
thou seest,  
Into these full, clear clusters, to  
repay

The hand that wisely wounded it.  
Repine not, O my son!  
In wisdom and in mercy Heaven  
inflicts  
Its painful remedies."

[From *Thalaba*.]

THE TWOFOLD POWER OF ALL  
THINGS.

ALL things have a double power,  
Alike for good and evil. The same  
fire,  
That on the comfortable hearth  
at eve  
Warmed the good man, flames o'er  
the house at night:  
Should we for this forego  
The needful element?  
Because the scorching summer  
sun  
Darts fever, wouldst thou quench the  
orb of day?  
Or deemest thou that Heaven in  
anger formed  
Iron to till the field, because,  
when man  
Had tipped his arrows for the chase,  
he rushed  
A murderer to the war?

[From *Thalaba*.]

NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!  
A dewy freshness fills the silent  
air;  
No mist obscures, nor cloud nor speck  
nor stain  
Breaks the serene of heaven;  
In full-orbed glory yonder moon  
divine  
Rolls through the dark blue  
depths.  
Beneath her steady ray  
The desert-circle spreads,  
Like the round ocean, girdled with  
the sky,  
How beautiful is night!

[From *The Curse of Kehama.*]

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven, Ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;  
Earthly, these passions of the earth  
They perish where they had their  
birth.

But Love is indestructible,  
Its holy flame forever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven re-  
turneth.

Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppressed,

It here is tried and purified,  
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of Love is there.  
Oh! when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then, for pains and  
fears,

The day of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight!

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND  
HOW HE GAINED THEM.

YOU are old, Father William, the  
young man cried,  
The few locks that are left you are  
gray:

You are hale, Father William, a  
hearty old man,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father Wil-  
liam replied,

I remembered that youth would fly  
fast,

And abused not my health and my  
vigor at first,

That I never might need them at  
last.

You are old, Father William, the  
young man cried,

And pleasures with youth pass  
away,

And yet you lament not the days that  
are gone,  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father Wil-  
liam replied,

I remembered that youth could not  
last;

I thought of the future, whatever I  
did,

That I never might grieve for the  
past.

You are old, Father William, the  
young man cried,

And life must be hastening away:  
You are cheerful, and love to cor-  
verse upon death!

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father  
William replied;

Let the cause thy attention engage;  
In the days of my youth I remem-  
bered my God!

And he hath not forgotten my age.

[From *Joan of Arc.*]

THE MAID OF ORLEANS GIRDING  
FOR BATTLE.

SCARCE had the earliest ray from  
Chinon's towers

Made visible the mists that curled  
along

The winding waves of Vienne, when  
from her couch

Started the martial maid. "She  
mailed her limbs;

The white plumes nodded o'er her  
helmed head;

She girt the sacred falchion by her  
side,

And, like some youth that from his  
mother's arms,

For his first field impatient, breaks  
away,

Poising the lance went forth.  
Twelve hundred men,

Rearing in ordered ranks their well-  
sharped spears,

Await her coming. Terrible in arms,  
 Before them towered Dunois, his  
 manly face  
 Dark-shadowed by the helmet's iron  
 cheeks.  
 The assembled court gazed on the  
 marshalled train,  
 And at the gate the aged prelate stood  
 To pour his blessing on the chosen  
 host.  
 And now a soft and solemn sym-  
 phony  
 Was heard, and chanting high the  
 hallowed hymn,  
 From the near convent came the ves-  
 tal maids.  
 A holy banner, woven by virgin  
 hands,  
 Snow-white, they bore. A mingled  
 sentiment  
 Of awe, and eager ardor for the  
 fight,  
 Thrilled through the troops, as he,  
 the reverend man  
 Took the white standard, and with  
 heavenward eye  
 Called on the God of Justice, bless-  
 ing it.  
 The maid, her brows in reverence  
 unhelmed,  
 Her dark hair floating on the morn-  
 ing gale,  
 Knelt to his prayer, and stretching  
 forth her hand,  
 Received the mystic ensign. From  
 the host  
 A loud and universal shout burst  
 forth,  
 As rising from the ground, on her  
 white brow  
 She placed the plumed casque, and  
 waved on high  
 The bannered lilies.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to  
 see  
 The holly-tree?  
 The eye that contemplates it well  
 perceives  
 Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an intelligence so wise  
 As might confound the atheist's  
 sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are  
 seen  
 Wrinkled and keen,  
 No grazing cattle through their  
 prickly round  
 Can reach to wound;  
 But as they grow where nothing is  
 to fear,  
 Smooth, and unarmed the pointless  
 leaves appear.

I love to view these things with cu-  
 rious eyes,  
 And moralize;  
 And in the wisdom of the holly-tree  
 Can emblems see  
 Wherewith perchance to make a  
 pleasant rhyme,  
 Such as may profit in the after-time.

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

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

And as when all the summer trees  
 are seen  
 So bright and green  
 The holly leaves their fadeless hues  
 display  
 Less bright than they,  
 But when the bare and wintry woods  
 we see,  
 What then so cheerful as the holly-  
 tree?

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

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

WHAT! and not one to heave the  
 pious sigh?  
 Not one whose sorrow-swollen and  
 aching eye  
 For social scenes, for life's endear-  
 ments fled,  
 Shall drop a tear and dwell upon the  
 dead!  
 Poor wretched outcast! I will weep  
 for thee,  
 And sorrow for forlorn humanity.  
 Yes, I will weep; but not that thou  
 art come  
 To the stern sabbath of the silent  
 tomb:  
 For squalid want, and the black scor-  
 pion care,  
 Heart-withering fiends! shall never  
 enter there.  
 I sorrow for the ills thy life hath  
 known,  
 As through the world's long pilgrim-  
 age, alone,  
 Haunted by poverty, and woebegone,  
 Unloved, unfriended, thou didst jour-  
 ney on:  
 Thy youth in ignorance and labor  
 past,  
 And thine old age all barrenness and  
 blast.  
 Hard was thy fate, which, while it  
 doomed to woe,  
 Denied thee wisdom to support the  
 blow;  
 And robbed of all its energy thy mind,  
 Ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-  
 kind.  
 Abject of thought, the victim of dis-  
 tress,  
 To wander in the world's wide wilder-  
 ness.

Poor outcast, sleep in peace! the win-  
 try storm  
 Blows bleak no more on thy unshel-  
 tered form;  
 Thy woes are past; thou restest in  
 the tomb;—  
 I pause, and ponder on the days to  
 come.

WRITTEN ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Go thou and seek the house of  
 prayer!  
 I to the woodlands wend, and there  
 In lovely nature see the God of love.  
 The swelling organ's peal  
 Wakes not my soul to zeal,  
 Like the wild music of the wind-  
 swept grove.  
 The gorgeous altar and the mystic  
 vest  
 Rouse not such ardor in my breast,  
 As where the noon-tide beam  
 Flashed from the broken stream,  
 Quick vibrates on the dazzled sight;  
 Or where the cloud-suspended rain  
 Sweeps in shadows o'er the plain;  
 Or when reclining on the cliff's huge  
 height,  
 I mark the billows burst in silver  
 light.  
 Go thou and seek the house of  
 prayer!  
 I to the woodlands shall repair,  
 Feed with all nature's charms mine  
 eyes,  
 And hear all nature's melodies.  
 The primrose bank shall there dis-  
 pense  
 Faint fragrance to the awakened  
 sense:  
 The morning beams that life and  
 joy impart,  
 Shall with their influence warm my  
 heart,  
 And the full tear that down my  
 cheek will steal,  
 Shall speak the prayer of praise I  
 feel.  
 Go thou and seek the house of  
 prayer!

I to the woodlands bend my way  
 And meet Religion there.  
 She needs not haunt the high-arched  
 dome to pray  
 Where storied windows dim the  
 doubtful day.  
 With Liberty she loves to rove,  
 Wide o'er the heathy hill or cow-  
 slipt dale;  
 Or seek the shelter of the embower-  
 ing grove,  
 Or with the streamlet wind along  
 the vale.  
 Sweet are these scenes to her; and  
 when the night  
 Pours in the north her silver streams  
 of light,  
 She woos reflection in the silent  
 gloom,  
 And ponders on the world to come.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done;  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun,  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 That he beside the rivulet  
 In playing there, had found;  
 He came to ask what he had found,  
 That was so large, and smooth, and  
 round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant by;  
 And then the old man shook his head,  
 And with a natural sigh,  
 'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,  
 Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for  
 There's many hereabout,  
 And often when I go to plough,  
 The ploughshare turns them out;  
 For many thousand men, said he,  
 Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,  
 Young Peterkin he cries,  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes;  
 Now tell us all about the war,  
 And what they killed each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,  
 That put the French to rout;  
 But what they killed each other for,  
 I could not well make out.  
 But everybody said, quoth he,  
 That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,  
 Yon little stream hard by,  
 They burnt his dwelling to the  
 ground,  
 And he was forced to fly;  
 So with his wife and child he fled,  
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country  
 round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing mother then,  
 And new-born infant, died;  
 But things like that, you know, must  
 be  
 At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight,  
 After the field was won,  
 For many thousand bodies here  
 Lay rotting in the sun;  
 But things like that, you know, must  
 be  
 After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro'  
 won,  
 And our good Prince Eugene.  
 Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!  
 Said little Wilhelmine.  
 Nay — nay — my little girl, quoth he,  
 It was a famous victory.

And everybody praised the Duke  
 Who such a fight did win.  
 But what good came of it at last?  
 Quoth little Peterkin.  
 Why, that I cannot tell, said he,  
 But 'twas a famous victory.

## THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

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

From its sources which well  
 In the tarn on the fell;  
 From its fountains  
 In the mountains,  
 Its rills and its gills;  
 Through moss and through brake,  
 It runs and it creeps  
 For a while, till it sleeps  
 In its own little lake,  
 And thence at departing,  
 Awakening and starting,  
 It runs through the reeds,  
 And away it proceeds,  
 Through meadow and glade,  
 In sun and in shade,<sup>†</sup>  
 And through the wood-shelter,  
 Among crags in its flurry,  
 Helter-skelter,  
 Hurry-scurry,  
 Here it comes sparkling,  
 And there it lies darkling;  
 Now smoking and frothing  
 Its tumult and wrath in,  
 Till, in this rapid race  
 On which it is bent,  
 It reaches the place  
 Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong  
 Then plunges along,  
 Striking and raging  
 As if a war waging  
 Its caverns and rocks among;  
 Rising and leaping,  
 Sinking and sweeping,  
 Swelling and sweeping,  
 Showering and springing,  
 Flying and flinging,  
 Writhing and ringing,  
 Eddying and whisking,  
 Spouting and frisking,  
 Turning and twisting,  
 Around and around  
 With endless rebound:  
 Smiting and fighting  
 A sight to delight in;  
 Confounding, astounding,  
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with  
 its sound.

Collecting, projecting,  
 Receding and speeding,  
 And shocking and rocking,  
 And darting and parting,  
 And threading and spreading,  
 And whizzing and hissing,  
 And dripping and skipping,  
 And hitting and splitting,  
 And shining and twining,  
 And rattling and battling,  
 And shaking and quaking,  
 And pouring and roaring,  
 And waving and raving,  
 And tossing and crossing,  
 And flowing and going,  
 And running and stunning,  
 And foaming and roaming,  
 And dinnning and spinning,  
 And dropping and hopping,  
 And working and jerking,  
 And guggling and struggling,  
 And heaving and cleaving,  
 And moaning and groaning;  
 And glittering and frittering,  
 And gathering and feathering,  
 And whitening and brightening,  
 And quivering and shivering,  
 And hurrying and skurrying,  
 And thundering and foundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
 And falling and brawling and  
 sprawling,

And driving and riving and striv-  
 ing,  
 And sprinkling and twinkling and  
 wrinkling,  
 And sounding and bounding and  
 rounding,  
 And bubbling and troubling and  
 doubling,  
 And grumbling and rumbling and  
 tumbling,  
 And clattering and battering and  
 shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting  
 and sheeting,  
 Delaying and straying and playing  
 and spraying,  
 Advancing and prancing and glancing  
 and dancing,  
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and  
 boiling,  
 And gleaming and streaming and  
 steaming and beaming,  
 And rushing and flushing and brush-  
 ing and gushing,  
 And flapping and rapping and clap-  
 ping, and slapping,  
 And curling and whirling and purl-  
 ing and twirling,  
 And thumping and plumping and  
 bumping and jumping,  
 And dashing and flashing and splash-  
 ing and clashing;  
 And so never ending, but always de-  
 scending,  
 Sounds and motions forever and ever  
 are blending  
 All at once, and all o'er, with a  
 mighty uproar,—  
 And this way, the water comes down  
 at Lodore.

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*THE EBB-TIDE.*

SLOWLY thy flowing tide  
 Came in, old Avon! scarcely did  
 mine eyes,  
 As watchfully I roamed thy green-  
 wood side,  
 Behold the gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong,  
 The laboring boatmen upward plied  
 their oars,  
 And yet the eye beheld them labor-  
 ing long  
 Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide  
 The unlabored boat falls rapidly  
 along,  
 The solitary helmsman sits to guide,  
 And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks, that lay  
 So silent late, the shallow current  
 roars;  
 Fast flow thy waters on their sea-  
 ward way  
 Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know!  
 The wisdom embled in thy vary-  
 ing way,  
 It speaks of human joys that rise so  
 slow,  
 So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms that long have stood,  
 And slow to strength and power at-  
 tained at last,  
 Thus from the summit of high for-  
 tune's flood  
 Ebb to their ruin fast.

So tardily appears  
 The course of time to manhood's en-  
 vied stage,  
 Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing  
 years  
 Then hasten to old age!

---

*TO THE FIRE.*

MY friendly fire, thou blazest clear  
 and bright,  
 Nor smoke nor ashes soil thy grate-  
 ful flame;  
 Thy temperate splendor cheers the  
 gloom of night,  
 Thy genial heat enlivens the  
 chilled frame.



<p>I love to muse me o'er the evening          hearth,          I love to pause in meditation's          sway;          And whilst each object gives reflec-          tion birth,          Mark thy brisk rise, and see thy          slow decay;          And I would wish, like thee, to shine          serene,</p>	<p>Like thee, within mine influence,          all to cheer;          And wish at last in life's declining          scene,          As I had beamed as bright, to fade          as clear:          So might my children ponder o'er my          shrine,          And o'er my ashes muse, as I will          muse o'er thine.</p>
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## ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

*CONTENT AND RICH.*

My conscience is my crown;  
 Contented thoughts, my rest;  
 My heart is happy in itself,  
 My bliss is in my breast.

Enough I reckon wealth;  
 That mean, the surest lot,  
 That lies too high for base contempt,  
 Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few;  
 All easy to fulfil:  
 I make the limits of my power  
 The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care for gold,  
 Well-doing is my wealth;  
 My mind to me an empire is,  
 While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,  
 The wings of swelling pride;  
 Their fall is worst that from the height  
 Of greatest honor slide.

Since sails of largest size  
 The storm doth soonest tear,  
 I bear so low and small a sail  
 As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage  
 While fury's flame doth burn;

It is in vain to stop the stream  
 Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,  
 And ebbing wrath doth end,  
 I turn a late enraged foe  
 Into a quiet friend.

And, taught with often proof,  
 A tempered calm I find  
 To be most solace to itself,  
 Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,  
 My clothes more fit than fine;  
 I know I feed and clothe a foe,  
 That pampered would repine.

I envy not their hap  
 Whom favor doth advance;  
 I take no pleasure in their pain  
 That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall  
 I deem a losing gain;  
 All states with others' ruin built  
 To ruin run amain.

No change of Fortune's calm  
 Can cast my comforts down:  
 When Fortune smiles, I smile to think  
 How quickly she will frown.

And when, in froward mood,  
 She proved an angry foe,  
 Small gain, I found, to let her come—  
 Less loss to let her go.

## ROBERT WILLIAM SPENCER.

*THE SPEED OF HAPPY HOURS.*

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime—  
 Unheeded flew the hours:  
 How noiseless falls the foot of Time  
 That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks  
 The ebbings of his glass,

When all its sands are diamond  
 sparks,  
 That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement  
 Time's happy swiftness brings,  
 When birds of paradise have lent  
 Their plumage to his wings?

## EDMUND SPENSER.

[From *The Epithalamium.*]

*THE BRIDE BEAUTIFUL, BODY  
 AND SOUL.*

Now is my love all ready forth to  
 come:  
 Let all the virgins therefore well  
 await;  
 And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon  
 her groom,  
 Prepare yourselves, for he is coming  
 straight.  
 Set all your things in seemly good  
 array,  
 Fit for so joyful day:  
 The joyfull'st day that ever sun did  
 see.  
 Fair sun! show forth thy favorable  
 ray,  
 And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,  
 For fear of burning her sunshiny face.  
 Her beauty to disgrace.  
 O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!  
 If ever I did honor thee aright,  
 Or sing the thing that might thy  
 mind delight,  
 Do not thy servant's simple boon  
 refuse,  
 But let this day, let this one day be  
 mine;  
 Let all the rest be thine.  
 Then I thy sovereign praises loud will  
 sing,  
 That all the woods shall answer, and  
 their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with  
 portly pace,  
 Like Phœbe, from her chamber of  
 the east,  
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,  
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin  
 best.  
 So well it her beseems, that ye would  
 ween  
 Some angel she had been.  
 Her long loose yellow locks; like  
 golden wire  
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling  
 flowers atween,  
 Do like a golden mantle her attire;  
 And being crownèd with a garland  
 green,  
 Seem like some maiden queen.  
 Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold  
 So many gazers as on her do stare,  
 Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;  
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too  
 bold,  
 But blush to hear her praises sung so  
 loud,  
 So far from being proud.  
 Nathless do ye still loud her praises  
 sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and  
 your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did  
 ye see  
 So fair a creature in your town be-  
 fore?

So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as  
 she,  
 Adorned with beauty's grace and  
 virtue's store;  
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shin-  
 ing bright,  
 Her forehead ivory white,  
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun  
 hath ruddied,  
 Her lips like cherries charming men  
 to bite,  
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream  
 uncrudded.  
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins in  
 amaze,  
 Upon her so to gaze,  
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to  
 sing  
 To which the woods did answer, and  
 your echo ring!

But if ye saw that which no eyes can  
 see,  
 The inward beauty of her lively  
 sprite,  
 Garnished with heaven by gifts of  
 high degree,  
 Much more then would ye wonder at  
 that sight,  
 And stand astonished like to those  
 which read  
 Medusa's mazelof head.  
 There dwells sweet Love, and con-  
 stant Chastity,  
 Unspotted Faith, and comely Wom-  
 anhood,  
 Regard of Honor, and mild Modesty;  
 There Virtue reigns as queen in royal  
 throne,  
 And giveth laws alone,  
 The which the base affections do obey,  
 And yield their services unto her  
 will:  
 Ne thought of things uncomely ever  
 may  
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind  
 to ill.  
 Had ye once seen these her celestial  
 treasures,  
 And unrevealed pleasures,  
 Then would ye wonder and her praises  
 sing,  
 That all the woods would answer, and  
 your echo ring.

[From *The Faerie Queene.*]

*THE CAPTIVE SOUL.*

WHAT war so cruel, or what siege so  
 sore,  
 As that which strong affections do  
 apply  
 Against the fort of Reason evermore,  
 To bring the soul into captivity?  
 Their force is fiercer through infir-  
 mity  
 Of the frail flesh, relenting to their  
 rage;  
 And exercise most bitter tyranny  
 Upon the parts brought into their  
 bondage;  
 No wretchedness is like to sinful vil-  
 lainage.

[From *The Faerie Queene.*]

*AVARICE.*

AND greedy Avarice by him did ride,  
 Upon a camel laden all with gold;  
 Two iron coffers hung on either side,  
 With precious metal full as they  
 might hold;  
 And in his lap a heap of coin he told;  
 For of his wicked pelf his God he  
 made,  
 And unto hell himself for money sold;  
 Accursed usury was all his trade;  
 And right and wrong alike in equal  
 balance weighed.  
 His life was nigh unto death's door  
 yplaced,  
 And threadbare coat and cobbled  
 shoes he ware;  
 Ne scarce good morsel all his life did  
 taste;  
 But both from back and belly still  
 did spare,  
 To fill his bags, and riches to com-  
 pare;  
 Yet child nor kinsman living had he  
 none  
 To leave them to; but thorough daily  
 care  
 To get, and nightly fear to lose, his  
 own,  
 He led a wretched life unto himself  
 unknown.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing  
 might suffice,  
 Whose greedy lust did lack in great-  
 est store,  
 Whose need had end, but no end  
 covetize,  
 Whose wealth was want, whose  
 plenty made him poor,  
 Who had enough, yet wishèd ever-  
 more;  
 A vile disease; and eke in foot and  
 hand  
 A grievous gout tormented him full  
 sore,  
 That well he could not touch, nor go,  
 nor stand,  
 Such one was Avarice, the fourth of  
 this fair band.

[From *The Faerie Queene.*]

UNA AND THE LION.

NOUGHT is there under heaven's wide  
 hollowness  
 That moves more dear compassion  
 of mind  
 Than beauty brought t' unworthy  
 wretchedness  
 Through envy's snares, or fortune's  
 freaks unkind.  
 I, whether lately through her bright-  
 ness blind,  
 Or through allegiance and fast fealty,  
 Which I do owe unto all woman-  
 kind,  
 Feel my heart pierced with so great  
 agony,  
 When such I see, that all for pity I  
 could die.  
 And now it is impassionèd so deep,  
 For fairest Una's sake, of whom I  
 sing,  
 That my frail eyes these lines with  
 tears do steep,  
 To think how she through guileful  
 handling,  
 Though true as touch, though daugh-  
 ter of a king,  
 Though fair as ever living wight was  
 fair,

Though nor in word nor deed ill-  
 meriting,  
 Is from her knight divorcèd in de-  
 spair,  
 And her due loves derived to that  
 vile witch's share.

Yet, she most faithful lady all this  
 while,  
 Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,  
 Far from all people's preace, as in  
 exile,  
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts  
 strayed,  
 To seek her knight; who, subtly  
 betrayed  
 Through that late vision, which th'  
 Enchanter wrought,  
 Had her abandoned. She of nought  
 afraid,  
 Through woods and wateness wide  
 him daily sought;  
 Yet wishèd tidings none of him unto  
 her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome  
 way,  
 From her unhasty beast she did  
 alight,  
 And on the grass her dainty limbs  
 did lay  
 In secret shadow, far from all men's  
 sight;  
 From her fair head her fillet she  
 undight,  
 And laid her stole aside. Her an-  
 gel's face,  
 As the great eye of heaven, shinèd  
 bright,  
 And made a sunshine in the shady  
 place;  
 Did never mortal eye behold such  
 heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood  
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,  
 Hunting full greedy after salvage  
 blood;  
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,  
 With gaping mouth at her ran greed-  
 ily,  
 To have at once devoured her tender  
 corse:



UNA AND THE LION.

C C C C C C C C C C C C  
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C C C C C C C C C C C C

But to the prey whenas he drew  
 more nigh,  
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,  
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot  
 his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary  
 feet,  
 And licked her lily hands with fawning  
 tongue,  
 As he her wrongèd innocence did  
 weet,  
 Oh, how can beauty master the most  
 strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging  
 wrong!  
 Whose yielded pride and proud sub-  
 mission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had  
 markèd long,  
 Her heart 'gan melt in great compas-  
 sion,  
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure  
 affection.

[From *The Faerie Queene.*]

A HOSPITAL.

EFTSOONES unto an holy hospital,  
 That was foreby the way, she did  
 him bring;  
 In which seven Bead-men, that had  
 vowèd all  
 Their life to service of high heaven's  
 king,  
 Did spend their days in doing godly  
 things:  
 Their gates to all were open ever-  
 more,  
 That by the weary way were travel-  
 ling;  
 And one sat waiting ever them be-  
 fore,  
 To call in comers by, that needy were  
 and poor.

The first of them, that eldest was and  
 best,  
 Of all the house had charge and gov-  
 ernment,

As guardian and steward of the  
 rest:  
 His office was to give entertainment  
 And lodging unto all that came and  
 went;  
 Not unto such as could him feast  
 again,  
 And double quite for that he on them  
 spent;  
 But such, as want of harbor did con-  
 strain:  
 Those for God's sake his duty was to  
 entertain.

The second was as almoner of the  
 place:  
 His office was the hungry for to  
 feed,  
 And thirsty give to drink; a work of  
 grace;  
 He feared not once himself to be in  
 need,  
 Ne cared to hoard for those whom  
 he did breed:  
 The grace of God he laid up still in  
 store,  
 Which as a stock he left unto his  
 seed;  
 He had enough; what need him care  
 for more?  
 And had he less, yet some he would  
 give to the poor.

The third had of their wardrobe  
 custody,  
 In which were not rich tires, nor  
 garments gay,  
 The plumes of pride and wings of  
 vanity,  
 But clothes meet to keep keen cold  
 away,  
 And naked nature seemly to array;  
 With which bare wretched wights he  
 daily clad,  
 The images of God in earthly clay;  
 And if that no spare clothes to give  
 he had,  
 His own coat he would cut, and it  
 distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office  
 was  
 Poor prisoners to relieve with gra-  
 cious aid,

And captives to redeem with price of  
brass  
From Turks and Saracens, which  
them had stayed;  
And though they faulty were, yet  
well he weighed,  
That God to us forgiveth every hour  
Much more than that, why they in  
bands were laid;  
And he, that harrowed hell with  
heavy store,  
The faulty souls from thence brought  
to his heavenly bower.

The fifth had charge sick persons to  
attend,  
And comfort those in point of death  
which lay;  
For them most needeth comfort in  
the end,  
When sin, and hell, and death, do  
most dismay  
The feeble soul departing hence  
away.  
All is but lost, that living we bestow,  
If not well ended at our dying day.  
O man, have mind of that last bitter  
throe;  
For as the tree does fall, so lies it  
ever low.

[From *The Faerie Queene.*]

VICTORY FROM GOD.

WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly  
might  
And vain assurance of mortality?  
Which, all so soon as it doth come to  
fight  
Against spiritual foes, yields by and  
by,  
Or from the field most cowardly doth  
fly;  
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,

That thorough grace hath gainèd vic-  
tory.  
If any strength we have, it is to ill;  
But all the good is God's, both power  
and eke will.

[From *The Faerie Queene.*]

ANGELIC CARE.

AND is there care in heaven? and is  
there love  
In heavenly spirits to these crea-  
tures base,  
That may compassion of their evils  
move?  
There is:—else much more wretch-  
ed were the case  
Of men than beasts. But oh! th'ex-  
ceeding grace  
Of Highest God that loves his crea-  
tures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth  
embrace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and  
fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his  
wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers  
leave  
To come to succor us that succor  
want!  
How oft do they with golden pin-  
ions cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pur-  
suisant, [tant!  
Against foul fiends to aid us mili-  
They for us fight, they watch and  
duly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round  
about us plant;  
And all for love and nothing for  
reward;  
Oh, why should Heavenly God to men  
have such regard!



## HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

## HEREAFTER.

LOVE, when all these years are silent, vanished quite and laid to rest,  
 When you and I are sleeping, folded breathless breast to breast,  
 When no morrow is before us, and the long grass tosses o'er us,  
 And our grave remains forgotten, or by alien footsteps pressed, —

Still that love of ours will linger, that great love enrich the earth,  
 Sunshine in the heavenly azure, breezes blowing joyous mirth;  
 Fragrance fanning off from flowers, melody of summer showers,  
 Sparkle of the spicy wood-fires round the happy autumn hearth.

That's our love. But you and I, dear, — shall we linger with it yet,  
 Mingled in one dewdrop, tangled in one sunbeam's golden net, —  
 On the violet's purple bosom, I the sheen but you the blossom,  
 Stream on sunset winds, and be the haze with which some hill is wet?

Oh, beloved, — if ascending, — when we have endowed the world  
 With the best bloom of our being, whither will our way be whirled;  
 Through what vast and starry spaces, toward what awful holy places,  
 With a white light on our faces, spirit over spirit furled?

Only this our yearning answers, — whereso'er that way defile,  
 Not a film shall part us through the æons of that mighty while,  
 In the fair eternal weather, even as phantoms still together,  
 Floating, floating, one forever, in the light of God's great smile!

## THE NUN AND HARP.

WHAT memory fired her pallid face,  
 What passion stirred her blood,  
 What tide of sorrow and desire  
 Poured its forgotten flood  
 Upon a heart that ceased to beat,  
 Long since, with thought that life  
 was sweet  
 When nights were rich with vernal  
 dusk,  
 And the rose burst its bud?

Had not the western glory then  
 Stolen through the latticed room,  
 Her funeral raiment would have shed  
 A more heart-breaking gloom;  
 Had not a dimpled convent-maid  
 Hung in the doorway, half afraid,  
 And left the melancholy place  
 Bright with her blush and bloom!

Beside the gilded harp she stood,  
 And through the singing strings  
 Wound those wan hands of folded  
 prayer  
 In murmurous preludings.  
 Then, like a voice, the harp rang  
 high  
 Its melody, as climb the sky,  
 Melting against the melting blue,  
 Some bird's vibrating wings.

Ah, why, of all the songs that grow  
 Forever tenderer,  
 Chose she that passionate refrain  
 Where lovers 'mid the stir  
 Of wassailers that round them pass  
 Hide their sweet secret? Now,  
 alas,  
 In her nun's habit, coifed and veiled,  
 What meant that song to her!

Slowly the western ray forsook  
 The statue in its shrine;  
 A sense of tears thrilled all the air  
 Along the purpling line.  
 Earth seemed a place of graves that  
 rang  
 To hollow footsteps, while she sang,  
 "Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine!"

---

OUR NEIGHBOR.\*

OLD neighbor, for how many a year  
 The same horizon, stretching here,  
 Has held us in its happy bound  
 From Rivermouth to Ipswich Sound!  
 How many a wave-washed day we've  
 seen

Above that low horizon lean,  
 And marked within the Merrimack  
 The self-same sunset reddening back,  
 Or in the Powow's shining stream,  
 That silent river of a dream!

Where Craneneck o'er the woody  
 gloom  
 Lifts her steep mile of apple-bloom:  
 Where Salisbury Sands, in yellow  
 length

With the great breaker measures  
 strength;

Where Artichoke in shadow slides,  
 The lily on her painted tides —  
 There's naught in the enchanted view  
 That does not seem a part of you;  
 Your legends hang on every hill,  
 Your songs have made it dearer still.

Yours is the river-road; and yours  
 Are all the mighty meadow floors  
 Where the long Hampton levels lie  
 Alone between the sea and sky.  
 Fresher in Follymill shall blow  
 The Mayflowers, that you loved them  
 so;

Prouder Deer Island's ancient pines  
 Toss to their measure in your lines;  
 And purpler gleam old Appledore,  
 Because your foot has trod her shore.

Still shall the great Cape wade to  
 meet

The storms that fawn about her feet,

\* J. G. WHITTIER.

The summer evening linger late  
 In many-rivered Stackyard Gate,  
 When we, when all your people here,  
 Have fled. But like the atmosphere,  
 You still the region shall surround,  
 The spirit of the sacred ground,  
 Though you have risen, as mounts  
 the star,  
 Into horizons vaster far!

---

PALMISTRY.

A LITTLE hand, a fair soft hand  
 Dimpled and sweet to kiss:  
 No sculptor ever carved from stone  
 A lovelier hand than this.

A hand as idle and as white  
 As lilies on their stems;  
 Dazzling with rosy finger-tips,  
 Dazzling with crusted gems.

Another hand, — a tired old hand,  
 Written with many lines;  
 A faithful, weary hand, whereon  
 The pearl of great price shines!

For folded, as the wingèd fly  
 Sleeps in the chrysalis,  
 Within this little palm I see  
 That lovelier hand than this!

---

FANTASIA.

WE'RE all alone, we're all alone!  
 The moon and stars are dead and  
 gone:  
 The night's at deep, the wind asleep,  
 And thou and I are all alone!

What care have we though life there  
 be?

Tumult and life are not for me!  
 Silence and sleep about us creep;  
 Tumult and life are not for thee!

How late it is since such as this  
 Had topped the height of breathing  
 bliss!

And now we keep an iron sleep, —  
 In that grave thou, and I in this!

## A FOUR-O'CLOCK.

AH, happy day, refuse to go!  
 Hang in the heavens forever so!  
 Forever in mid-afternoon,  
 Ah, happy day of happy June!  
 Pour out thy sunshine on the hill,  
 The piny wood with perfume fill,  
 And breathe across the singing sea  
 Land-scented breezes, that shall be  
 Sweet as the gardens that they pass,  
 Where children tumble in the grass!

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!  
 Hang in the heavens forever so!  
 And long not for thy blushing rest  
 In the soft bosom of the west,  
 But bid gray evening get her back  
 With all the stars upon her track!  
 Forget the dark, forget the dew,  
 The mystery of the midnight blue,  
 And only spread thy wide warm  
 wings [flings!  
 While Summer her enchantment

Ah, happy day, refuse to go!  
 Hang in the heavens forever so!  
 Forever let thy tender mist  
 Lie like dissolving amethyst  
 Deep in the distant dales, and shed  
 Thy mellow glory overhead!  
 Yet wilt thou wander, — call the  
 thrush,  
 And have the wilds and waters hush  
 To hear his passion-broken tune,  
 Ah, happy day of happy June!

## A SNOWDROP.

ONLY a tender little thing,  
 So velvet soft and white it is;  
 But March himself is not so strong,  
 With all the great gales that are his.

In vain his whistling storms he calls,  
 In vain the cohorts of his power  
 Ride down the sky on mighty  
 blasts —  
 He cannot crush the little flower.

Its white spear parts the sod, the  
 snows  
 Than that white spear less snowy  
 are,

The rains roll off its crest like spray,  
 It lifts again its spotless star.

Blow, blow, dark March! To meet  
 you here,  
 Thrust upward from the central  
 gloom,  
 The stellar force of the old earth  
 Pulses to life in this slight bloom.

## MY OWN SONG.

OH, glad am I that I was born!  
 For who is sad when flaming morn  
 Bursts forth, or when the mighty  
 night  
 Carries the soul from height to  
 height!

To me, as to the child that sings,  
 The bird that claps his rain-washed  
 wings, [flower,  
 The breeze that curls the sun-tipped  
 Comes some new joy with each new  
 hour.

Joy in the beauty of the earth,  
 Joy in the fire upon the hearth,  
 Joy in that potency of love  
 In which I live and breathe and move!

Joy even in the shapeless thought  
 That, some day, when all tasks are  
 wrought,  
 I shall explore that vasty deep  
 Beyond the frozen gates of sleep.

For joy attunes all beating things,  
 With me each rhythmic atom sings,  
 From glow till gloom, from mirk till  
 morn;  
 Oh, glad am I that I was born!

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WHAT love do I bring you? The  
 earth,  
 Full of love, were far lighter;  
 The great hollow sky, full of love,  
 Something slighter.

Earth full and heaven full were less  
 Than the full measure given;  
 Nay, say a heart full, — the heart  
 Holds earth and heaven!

## CHARLES SPRAGUE.

## ODE ON ART.

WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,  
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,  
 An angel left her place in heaven,  
 And crossed the wanderer's sunless  
 path,

'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance  
 broke

Where her light foot flew o'er the  
 ground,  
 And thus, with seraph voice she  
 spoke —

“The Curse a blessing shall be  
 found.”

She led him through the trackless  
 wild,

Where noontide sunbeam never  
 blazed;

The thistle shrunk, the harvest  
 smiled;

And Nature gladdened as she gazed.  
 Earth's thousand tribes of living  
 things,

At Art's command, to him are  
 given;

The village grows, the city springs,  
 And point their spires of faith to  
 heaven.

He rends the oak — and bids it ride,  
 To guard the shores its beauty  
 graced;

He smites the rock — upheaved in  
 pride,

See towers of strength, and domes  
 of taste.

Earth's teeming caves their wealth  
 reveal,

Fire bears his banner on the wave,  
 He bids the mortal poison heal,  
 And leaps triumphant o'er the  
 grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the  
 deep,

Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;

He breaks the stubborn marble's  
 sleep,

And mocks his own Creator's skill.

With thoughts that swell his glowing  
 soul,

He bids the ore illumine the page,  
 And, proudly scorning Time's con-  
 trol,

Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,  
 And treads the chambers of the  
 sky;

He reads the stars, and grasps the  
 flame

That quivers round the Throne on  
 high,

In war renowned, in peace sublime,  
 He moves in greatness and in grace;

His power, subduing space and time,  
 Links realm to realm and race to  
 race.

## THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

GAY, guiltless pair,  
 What seek ye from the fields of  
 heaven?

Ye have no need of prayer,  
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

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

Ye never knew  
 The crimes for which we come to  
 weep.

Penance is not for you,  
 Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you, 'tis given  
 To wake sweet Nature's untaught  
 lays;

Beneath the arch of heaven  
 To chirp away a life of praise.

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

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

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

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

—  
*THE FAMILY MEETING.*

We are all here!  
Father, mother,  
Sister, brother,  
All who hold each other dear.  
Each chair is fill'd — we're all at  
home;  
To-night let no cold stranger come;  
It is not often thus around  
Our old familiar hearth we're found.  
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;  
For once be every care forgot;  
Let gentle Peace assert her power,  
And kind Affection rule the hour;  
We're all — all here.

We're *not* all here!  
Some are away — the dead ones dear,  
Who thronged with us this ancient  
hearth,  
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth.  
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
Looked in and thinned our little band;  
Some like a night-flash passed away,  
And some sank, lingering, day by day;  
The quiet graveyard — some lie  
there —  
And cruel Ocean has his share —  
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!  
Even they — the dead — though dead,  
so dear.  
Fond Memory, to her duty true,  
Brings back their faded forms to  
view.

How life-like, through the mist of  
years,  
Each well-remembered face appears!  
We see them as in times long past;  
From each to each kind looks are  
cast;  
We hear their words, their smiles be-  
hold,  
They're round us as they were of  
old —  
We *are* all here.

We are all here!  
Father, mother,  
Sister, brother,  
You that I love with love so dear.  
This may not long of us be said;  
Soon must we join the gathered dead;  
And by the hearth we now sit round  
Some other circle will be found.  
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,  
Which yields a life of peace below!  
So, in the world to follow this,  
May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
We're all — all here!

—  
*TO MY CIGAR.*

YES, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors' spite;  
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,  
And lap me in delight.

By thee, they cry, with pizzes long,  
My years are sooner passed;  
Well, take my answer, right or wrong,  
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art,  
A monitor, though still;  
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart  
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who  
gives  
To goodness every day,  
The odor of whose virtue lives  
When he has passed away.

When, in the lonely evening hour,  
Attended but by thee,  
O'er history's varied page I pore,  
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,  
Then breaks and falls away,  
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,  
Thus tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee the hero burns,  
And smokes and fumes around,  
And then, like thee, to ashes turns.  
And mingles with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,  
And time's the wasting breath,  
That late or early, we behold,  
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's  
robe,  
One common doom is passed;  
Sweet Nature's works, the swelling  
globe,  
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee  
now? —

A little moving heap,  
That soon like thee to fate must bow,  
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,  
Thy essence rolls on high;  
Thus, when my body must lie low,  
My soul shall cleave the sky.

FROM THE "ODE ON SHAKESPEARE."

Who now shall grace the glow-  
ing throne,  
Where, all unrivalled, all alone,  
Bold Shakespeare sat, and looked  
creation through,  
The minstrel monarch of the  
worlds he drew?

That throne is cold — that lyre in  
death unstrung  
On whose proud note delighted Won-  
der hung.  
Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he  
sweeps,  
One spot shall spare — the grave where  
Shakespeare sleeps.  
Rulers and ruled in common gloom  
may lie,  
But Nature's laureate bards shall  
never die.

Art's chiselled boast and Glory's tro-  
phied shore  
Must live in numbers, or can live no  
more.

While sculptured Jove some nameless  
waste may claim, [fame;  
Still rolls the Olympic car in Pindar's  
Troy's doubtful walls in ashes passed  
away,

Yet frown on Greece in Homer's  
deathless lay;

Rome, slowly sinking in her crum-  
bling fane,

Stands all immortal in her Maro's  
strains;

So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,  
On whose broad sway the sun forever  
smiles,

To Time's unsparring rage one day  
must bend,

And all her triumphs in her Shake-  
speare end!

O thou! to whose creative power  
We dedicate the festal hour,

While Grace and Goodness round  
the altar stand,

Learning's anointed train, and Beau-  
ty's rose-lipped band —

Realms yet unborn, in accents now  
unknown,

Thy song shall learn, and bless it for  
their own. [roves,

Deep in the West as Independence  
His banners planting round the land  
he loves,

Where Nature sleeps in Eden's in-  
fant grace,

In Time's full hour shall spring a  
glorious race,

Thy name, thy verse, thy language,  
shall they bear,

And deck for thee the vaulted temple  
there.

Our Roman-hearted fathers broke  
Thy parent empire's galling yoke;

But thou, harmonious master of the  
mind,

Around their sons a gentler chain  
shalt bind;

Once more in thee shall Albion's  
sceptre wave,

And what her monarch lost, her  
monarch-bard shall save.

## EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

## THE TEST.

SEVEN women loved him. When  
the wrinkled pall  
Enwrapt him from their unfulfilled  
desire  
(Death, pale, triumphant rival, con-  
quering all,)

They came, for that last look, around  
his pyre.

One strewed white roses, on whose  
leaves were hung  
Her tears, like dew; and in discreet  
attire

Warbled her tuneful sorrow. Next  
among

The group, a fair-haired virgin  
moved serenely,  
Whose saintly heart no vain repin-  
ings wrung,

Reached the calm dust, and there,  
composed and queenly,  
Gazed, but the missal trembled in  
her hand:

"That's with the past," she said,  
"nor may I meanly

Give way to tears!" and passed into  
the land.

The third hung feebly on the por-  
tals moaning,  
With whitened lips, and feet that  
stood in sand,

So weak they seemed, — and all her  
passion owning.

The fourth, a ripe, luxurious  
maiden, came,  
Half for such homage to the dead  
atoning

By smiles on one who fanned a later  
flame

In her slight soul, her fickle steps  
attended.

The fifth and sixth were sisters; at  
the same

Wild moment both above the image  
bended,  
And with immortal hatred each on  
each.

Glared, and therewith her exultation  
blended,

To know the dead had 'scaped the  
other's reach!

Meanwhile, through all the words  
of anguish spoken,

One lowly form had given no sound  
of speech,

Through all the signs of woe, no sign  
nor token:

But when they came to bear him  
to his rest,

They found her beauty paled, — her  
heart was broken:

And in the Silent Land his shade  
confest

That she, of all the seven, loved him  
best.

## LAURA, MY DARLING.

LAURA, my darling, the roses have  
blushed

At the kiss of the dew, and our  
chamber is hushed;

Our murmuring babe to your bosom  
has clung,

And hears in his slumber the song  
that you sung;

I watch you asleep with your arms  
round him thrown,

Your links of dark tresses wound in  
with his own,

And the wife is as dear as the gentle  
young bride

Of the hour when you first, darling,  
came to my side.

Laura, my darling, our sail down the  
stream

Of Youth's summers and winters  
has been like a dream;

Years have but rounded your womanly grace,  
 And added their spell to the light of your face;  
 Your soul is the same as though part were not given  
 To the two, like yourself, sent to bless me from heaven, —  
 Dear lives, springing forth from the life of my life,  
 To make you more near, darling, mother, and wife!

Laura, my darling, there's hazel-eyed Fred,  
 Asleep in his own tiny cot by the bed,  
 And little King Arthur, whose curls have the art  
 Of winding their tendrils so close round my heart;  
 Yet fairer than either, and dearer than both,  
 Is the true one who gave me in girlhood her troth:  
 For we, when we mated for evil and good, —  
 What were we, darling, but babes in the wood?

Laura, my darling, the years which have flown  
 Brought few of the prizes I pledged to my own.  
 I said that no sorrow should roughen her way,  
 Her life should be cloudless, a long summer's day.  
 Shadow and sunshine, thistles and flowers,  
 Which of the two, darling, most have been ours?  
 Yet to-night, by the smile on your lips, I can see  
 You are dreaming of me, darling, dreaming of me.

Laura, my darling, the stars that we knew  
 In our youth, are still shining as tender and true;  
 The midnight is sounding its slumberous bell,  
 And I come to the one who has loved me so well,

Wake, darling, wake, for my vigil is done:  
 What shall dis sever our lives which are one?  
 Say, while the rose listens under her breath,  
 "Naught until death, darling, naught until death!"

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

COULD we but know  
 The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,  
 Where lie those happier hills and meadows low, —  
 Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavel,  
 Aught of that country could we surely know,  
 Who would not go?

Might we but hear  
 The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,  
 Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,  
 One radiant vista of the realm before us, —  
 With one rapt moment given to see and hear,  
 Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure  
 To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,  
 Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,  
 To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only —  
 This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,  
 Who would endure?

THE TRYST.

SLEEPING, I dreamed that thou wast mine,  
 In some ambrosial lover's shrine.  
 My lips against thy lips were pressed,  
 And all our passion was confessed;  
 So near and dear my darling seemed,  
 I knew not that I only dreamed.



Waking this mid and moonlit night,  
I clasp thee close by lover's right.  
Thou fearest not my warm embrace,  
And yet, so like the dream thy face  
And kisses, I but half partake  
The joy, and know not if I wake.

—  
*TOO LATE.*

CROUCH no more by the ivied walls,  
Weep no longer over her grave,  
Strew no flowers when evening falls;  
Idly you lost what angels gave!

Sunbeams cover that silent mound  
With a warmer hue than your roses  
red;  
To-morrow's rain will bedew the  
ground  
With a purer stream than the tears  
you shed.

But neither the sweets of the scat-  
tered flowers,  
Nor the morning sunlight's soft com-  
mand,  
Nor all the songs of the summer  
showers,  
Can charm her back from that dis-  
tant land.

Tenderest vows are ever too late!  
She, who has gone, can only know  
The cruel sorrow that was her fate,  
And the words that were a mortal  
woe.

Earth to earth, and a vain despair;  
For the gentle spirit has flown away,  
And you can never her wrongs repair,  
Till ye meet again at the Judgment  
Day.

—  
*THE DOORSTEP.*

THE conference-meeting through at  
last,  
We boys around the vestry waited  
To see the girls come tripping past  
Like snow-birds willing to be  
mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall  
By level musket-flashes litten,  
Than I, who stepped before them all  
Who longed to see me get the  
mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my  
arm!  
We let the old folks have the high-  
way,  
And started toward the Maple Farm  
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,  
'Twas nothing worth a song or  
story;  
Yet that rude path by which we sped  
Seemed all transformed and in a  
glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
The moon was full, the fields were  
gleaming:  
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
Her face with youth and health  
were beaming.

The little hand outside her muff, —  
O sculptor, if you could but mould  
it! —  
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,  
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —  
'Twas love and fear and triumph  
blended.  
At last we reached the foot-worn  
stone  
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;  
Her dimpled hand the latches fin-  
gered,  
We heard the voices nearer come,  
Yet on the doorstep still we lin-  
gered.

She shook her ringlets from her head,  
And with a "Thank you, Ned,"  
dissembled,  
But yet I knew she understood  
With what a daring wish I trem-  
bled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
 The moon was slyly peeping  
 through it,  
 Yet hid its face, as if it said,  
 "Come, now or never! do it! *do*  
*it!*"

My lips till then had only known  
 The kiss of mother and of sister,  
 But somehow, full upon her own  
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth, — I  
 kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,  
 O listless woman, weary lover!  
 To feel once more that fresh, wild  
 thrill  
 I'd give — but who can live youth  
 over?

THE DISCOVERER.

I HAVE a little kinsman  
 Whose earthly summers are but  
 three,  
 And yet a voyager is he  
 Greater than Drake or Frobisher,  
 Than all their peers together!  
 He is a brave discoverer,  
 And, far beyond the tether  
 Of them who seek the frozen Pole,  
 Has sailed where the noiseless surges  
 roll,

Ay, he has travelled whither  
 A wingèd pilot steered his bark  
 Through the portals of the dark,  
 Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,  
 Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,  
 Came one who bore a flower,  
 And laid it in his dimpled hand  
 With this command:  
 "Henceforth thou art a rover!  
 Thou must make a voyage far,  
 Sail beneath the evening star,  
 And a wondrous land discover."  
 — With his sweet smile innocent  
 Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word  
 From the absent has been heard.  
 Who can tell  
 How he fares, or answer well

What the little one has found  
 Since he left us, outward bound;  
 Would that he might return!  
 Then should we learn  
 From the pricking of his chart  
 How the skyeey roadways part.  
 Hush! does not the baby this way  
 bring,  
 To lay beside this severed curl,  
 Some starry offering  
 Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!  
 We may follow on his track,  
 But he comes not back,  
 And yet I dare aver  
 He is a brave discoverer  
 Of climes his elders do not know,  
 He has more learning than appears  
 On the scroll of twice three thou-  
 sand years,  
 More than in the groves is taught,  
 Or from furthest Indies brought;  
 He knows, perchance, how spirits  
 fare, —  
 What shapes the angels wear,  
 What is their guise and speech  
 In those lands beyond our reach —  
 And his eyes behold  
 Things that shall never, never be to  
 mortal hearers told.

SEEKING THE MAYFLOWER.

THE sweetest sound our whole year  
 round —

'Tis the first robin of the spring!  
 The song of the full orchard choir  
 Is not so fine a thing.

Glad sights are common: Nature  
 draws [year,  
 Her random pictures through the  
 But oft her music bids us long  
 Remember those most dear.

To me, when in the sudden spring  
 I hear the earliest robin's lay,  
 With the first trill there comes again  
 One picture of the May.

The veil is parted wide, and lo,  
 A moment, though my eyelids  
 close,

Once more I see that wooded hill  
Where the arbutus grows.

I see the village dryad kneel,  
Trailing her slender fingers through  
The knotted tendrils, as she lifts  
Their pink, pale flowers to view.

Once more I dare to stoop beside  
The dove-eyed beauty of my choice,  
And long to touch her careless hair,  
And think how dear her voice.

My eager, wandering hands assist  
With fragrant blooms her lap to fill,  
And half by chance they meet her  
own,  
Half by our young hearts' will.

Till, at the last, those blossoms won,—  
Like her, so pure, so sweet, so  
shy,—  
Upon the gray and lichened rocks  
Close at her feet I lie.

Fresh blows the breeze through hem-  
lock-trees,  
The fields are edged with green  
below; [love  
And naught but youth and hope and  
We know or care to know!

Hark! from the moss-clung apple-  
bough, [broke  
Beyond the tumbled wall, there  
That gurgling music of the May, —  
'Twas the first robin spoke!

I heard it, ay, and heard it not, —  
For little then my glad heart wist  
What toil and time should come to  
pass,  
And what delight be missed;

Nor thought thereafter, year by year,  
Hearing that fresh yet olden song,  
To yearn for unreturning joys  
That with its joy belong.

—  
*ALL IN A LIFETIME.*

THOU shalt have sun and shower  
from heaven above,  
Thou shalt have flower and thorn  
from earth below,

Thine shall be foe to hate and friend  
to love,  
Pleasures that others gain, the ills  
they know, —  
And all in a lifetime.

Hast thou a golden day, a starlit  
night,  
Mirth, and music, and love without  
alloy?  
Leave no drop undrunken of thy  
delight:  
Sorrow and shadow follow on thy  
joy.  
'Tis all in a lifetime.

What if the battle end and thou hast  
lost?  
Others have lost the battles thou  
hast won:  
Haste thee, bind thy wounds, nor  
count the cost;  
Over the field will rise to-mor-  
row's sun.  
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Laugh at the braggart sneer, the  
open scorn, —  
'Ware of the secret stab, the slan-  
derous lie:  
For seventy years of turmoil thou  
wast born,  
Bitter and sweet are thine till these  
go by.  
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Reckon thy voyage well, and spread  
the sail, —  
Wind and calm and current shall  
warp thy way;  
Compass shall set thee false, and  
chart shall fail;  
Ever the waves shall use thee for  
their play.  
'Tis all in a lifetime.

Thousands of years ago were  
chance and change,  
Thousands of ages hence the same  
shall be;  
Naught of thy joy and grief is new or  
strange:  
Gather apace the good that falls  
to thee!  
'Tis all in a lifetime!

## RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

*THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.*

THERE are gains for all our losses,  
 There are balms for all our pain:  
 But when youth, the dream, departs,  
 It takes something from our hearts,  
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
 Under manhood's sterner reign:  
 Still we feel that something sweet  
 Followed youth, with flying feet,  
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,  
 And we sigh for it in vain:  
 We behold it everywhere,  
 On the earth, and in the air,  
 But it never comes again.

*AN OLD SONG REVERSED.*

"THERE are gains for all our losses."  
 So I said when I was young.  
 If I sang that song again,  
 'T would not be with that refrain,  
 Which but suits an idle tongue.

Youth has gone, and hope gone with  
 it,  
 Gone the strong desire for fame.  
 Laurels are not for the old.  
 Take them, lads. Give Senex gold.  
 What's an everlasting name?

When my life was in its summer  
 One fair woman liked my looks:  
 Now that Time has driven his plough  
 In deep furrows on my brow,  
 I'm no more in her good books.

"There are gains for all our losses?"  
 Grave beside the wintry sea,  
 Where my child is, and my heart,  
 For they would not live apart,  
 What has been your gain to me?

No, the words I sang were idle,  
 And will ever so remain:  
 Death, and age, and vanished youth,  
 All declare this bitter truth,  
 "There's a loss for every gain!"

*AT LAST.*

WHEN first the bride and bridegroom  
 wed,  
 They love their single selves the  
 best;  
 A sword is in the marriage-bed.  
 Their separate slumbers are not  
 rest;  
 They quarrel, and make up again,  
 They give and suffer worlds of pain.  
 Both right and wrong,  
 They struggle long, [old,  
 Till some good day, when they are  
 Some dark day, when the bells are  
 tolled,  
 Death having taken their best of life,  
 They lose themselves, and find each  
 other; [wife,  
 They know that they are husband,  
 For, weeping, they are father,  
 mother!

*THE TWO BRIDES.*

I SAW two maids at the kirk,  
 And both were fair and sweet:  
 One in her wedding-robe,  
 And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,  
 The sacred rites were read,  
 And one for life to life,  
 And one to death was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds,  
 In loveliness and bloom;  
 One in a merry castle,  
 And one in a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke  
 In a world of sin and pain;  
 But the other was happier far,  
 And never awoke again.

*ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

THIS man whose homely face you  
 look upon,  
 Was one of nature's masterful, great  
 men;

Born with strong arms, that unfought  
battles won;  
Direct of speech, and cunning with  
the pen.  
Chosen for large designs, he had the  
art  
Of winning with his humor, and he  
went  
Straight to his mark, which was the  
human heart;  
Wise, too, for what he could not  
break he bent.  
Upon his back a more than Atlas-  
load,  
The burden of the Commonwealth,  
was laid;  
He stooped, and rose up to it, though  
the road  
Shot suddenly downwards, not a  
whit dismayed.  
Hold, warriors, councillors, kings!  
All now give place  
To this dear benefactor of the  
race.

HOW ARE SONGS BEGOT AND BRED.

How are songs begot and bred?  
How do golden measures flow?  
From the heart, or from the head,  
Happy poet, let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers  
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;  
How the south wind shapes its tune,  
The harper, he, of June.

None may answer, none may know,  
Winds and flowers come and go,  
And the selfsame canons bind  
Nature and the poet's mind.

RATTLE THE WINDOW.

RATTLE the window, winds,  
Rain, drip on the panes;  
There are tears and sighs in our  
hearts and eyes,  
And a weary weight on our brains.

The gray sea heaves and heaves,  
On the dreary flats of sand;

And the blasted limb of the church-  
yard yew,—  
It shakes like a ghostly hand.

The dead are engulfed beneath it,  
Sunk in the grassy waves:  
But we have more dead in our hearts  
to-day  
Than earth in all her graves!

SONGS UNSUNG.

LET no poet, great or small,  
Say that he will sing a song;  
For song cometh, if at all,  
Not because we woo it long,  
But because it suits its will,  
Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung  
Was before it took a voice,  
Waiting since the world was young  
For the poet of its choice.  
Oh, if any waiting be,  
May they come to-day to me!

I am ready to repeat  
Whatsoever they impart;  
Sorrows sent by them are sweet,  
They know how to heal the heart:  
Ay, and in the lightest strain  
Something serious doth remain.

What are my white hairs, forsooth,  
And the wrinkles on my brow?  
I have still the soul of youth,  
Try me, merry Muses, now.  
I can still with numbers fleet  
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young,  
Old am I this many a year;  
But my songs will yet be sung,  
Though I shall not live to hear.  
O my son that is to be,  
Sing my songs, and think of me!

WHEN THE DRUM OF SICKNESS  
BEATS.

WHEN the drum of sickness beats  
The change o' the watch, and we  
are old,  
Farewell, youth, and all its sweets,  
Fires gone out that leave us cold!

Hairs are white that once were black,  
 Each of fate the message saith;  
 And the bending of the back  
 Salutation is to death.

—  
*PAIN AND PLEASURE.*

PAIN and pleasure both decay,  
 Wealth and poverty depart;  
 Wisdom makes a longer stay,  
 Therefore, be thou wise, my heart.

Land remains not, nor do they  
 Who the lands to-day control.  
 Kings and princes pass away,  
 Therefore, be thou fixed, my soul.

If by hatred, love, or pride  
 Thou art shaken, thou art wrong;  
 Only one thing will abide,  
 Only goodness can be strong.

—  
*OUT OF THE DEEPS OF HEAVEN.*

OUT of the deeps of heaven  
 A bird has flown to my door,  
 As twice in the ripening summers  
 Its mates have flown before.

Why it has flown to my dwelling  
 Nor it nor I may know;  
 And only the silent angels  
 Can tell when it shall go.

That it will not straightway vanish,  
 But fold its wings with me,  
 And sing in the greenest branches  
 Till the axe is laid to the tree,

Is the prayer of my love and terror;  
 For my soul is sore distressed,  
 Lest I wake some dreadful morning,  
 And find but its empty nest!

—  
*WE SAT BY THE CHEERLESS  
 FIRESIDE.*

WE sat by the cheerless fireside,  
 Mother, and you, and I;  
 All thinking of our darling,  
 And sad enough to die.

He lay in his little coffin,  
 In the room adjoining ours,  
 A Christmas wreath on his bosom,  
 His brow in a band of flowers.

“We bury the boy to-morrow,”  
 I said, or seemed to say;  
 “Would I could keep it from coming  
 By lengthening out to-day!

“Why can’t I sit by the fireside,  
 As I am sitting now,  
 And feel my gray hairs thinning,  
 And the wrinkles on my brow?”

“God keep him there in his coffin  
 Till the years have rolled away!  
 If he *must* be buried to-morrow,  
 Oh, let me die to-day!”

—  
*THE HEALTH.*

YOU may drink to your leman in  
 gold,

In a great golden goblet of wine;  
 She’s as ripe as the wine, and as bold  
 As the glare of the gold:

But this little lady of mine,  
 I will not profane her in wine.  
 I go where the garden so still is,  
 (The moon raining through,)  
 To pluck the white bowls of the  
 lilies,  
 And drink her in dew!

—  
*SILENT SONGS.*

IF I could ever sing the songs  
 Within me day and night,  
 The only fit accompaniment  
 Would be a lute of light.

A thousand dreamy melodies,  
 Begot with pleasant pain,  
 Like incantations float around  
 The chambers of my brain.

But when I strive to utter one,  
 It mocks my feeble art,  
 And leaves me silent, with the thorns  
 Of music in my heart!

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

*THE VIOLET.*

O FAINT, delicious, spring-time violet,  
Thine odor, like a key,  
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards  
to let  
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow  
Blows through that open door  
The sound of wind-borne bells, more  
sweet and low,  
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,  
And that beloved hour,  
When life hung ripening in love's  
golden grace,  
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its  
reedy grass;  
The lark sings o'er my head,  
Drowned in the sky.—Oh, pass, ye  
visions, pass!  
I would that I were dead!

Why hast thou opened that forbidden  
door  
From which I ever flee?  
O vanished Joy! O Love, that art no  
more,  
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain  
Hath searched, and stung to grief  
This sunny day, as if a curse did  
stain  
Thy velvet leaf.

*THE UNEXPRESSED.*

STRIVE not to say the whole! the  
poet in his art,  
Must intimate the whole, and say the  
smallest part.

The young moon's silver are, her perfect  
circle tells,  
The limitless, within Art's bounded  
outline dwells.

Of every noble work, the silent part  
is best;  
Of all expression, that which cannot  
be expressed.

Each act contains the life, each work  
of art, the world,  
And all the planet-laws are in each  
dewdrop pearled.

*WETMORE COTTAGE, NAHANT.*

THE hours on the old piazza  
That overhangs the sea,  
With a tender and pensive music  
At times steal over me;  
And again, o'er the balcony leaning,  
We list to the surf on the beach,  
That fills with its solemn warning  
The intervals of speech.

We three sit at night in the moon-  
light,  
As we sat in the summer gone,  
And we talk of art and nature  
And sing as we sit alone;  
We sing the old songs of Sorrento,  
Where oranges hang o'er the sea,  
And our hearts are tender with  
dreaming  
Of days that no more shall be.

How gaily the hours went with us  
In those old days that are gone!  
Ah! would we were all together.  
Where now I am standing alone.  
Could life be again so perfect?  
Ah, never! these years so drain  
The heart of its freshness of feel-  
ing,—  
But I long, though the longing be  
vain.

## HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

*LIFE'S MYSTERY.*

LIFE'S mystery, — deep, restless as  
the ocean, —

Hath surged and wailed for ages to  
and fro;

Earth's generations watch its cease-  
less motion

As in and out its hollow moanings  
flow;

Shivering and yearning by that un-  
known sea,

Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in  
thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable pow-  
er,

Sweep desolation o'er this mortal  
plain;

And human loves and hopes fly as  
the chaff

Borne by the whirlwind from the  
ripened grain: —

Ah, when before that blast my hopes  
all flee,

Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in  
thee!

Between the mysteries of death and  
life

Thou standest, loving, guiding, —  
not explaining;

We ask, and thou art silent, — yet we  
gaze,

And our charmed hearts forget  
their drear complaining!

No crushing fate, — no stony destiny!  
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we  
rest in thee!

The many waves of thought, the  
mighty tides,

The ground-swell that rolls up from  
other lands,

From far-off worlds, from dim eter-  
nal shores

Whose echo dashes on life's wave-  
worn strands, —

This vague, dark tumult of the inner  
sea

Grows calm, grows bright, O, risen  
Lord, in thee!

Thy piercèd hand guides the myste-  
rious wheels;

Thy thorn-crowned brow now  
wears the crown of power;

And when the dark enigma presseth  
sore

Thy patient voice saith, "Watch  
with me one hour!"

As sinks the moaning river in the  
sea

In silver peace, — so sinks my soul in  
Thee!

*THE OTHER WORLD.*

It lies around us like a cloud. —

A world we do not see;

Yet the sweet closing of an eye

May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;

Amid our worldly cares

Its gentle voices whisper love,

And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and  
beat,

Sweet helping hands are stirred,

And palpitates the veil between

With breathings almost heard.

The silence, — awful, sweet, and  
calm,

They have no power to break;

For mortal words are not for them

To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,

So near to press they seem, —

They seem to lull us to our rest,

And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,

'Tis easy now to see

How lovely and how sweet a pass

The hour of death may be.



To close the eye, and close the ear,  
 Wrapped in a trance of bliss,  
 And gently dream in loving arms,  
 To swoon to that,—from this.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,  
 Press nearer to our side,  
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
 With gentle helpings glide.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,  
 Scarce asking where we are,  
 To feel all evil sink away,  
 All sorrow and all care.

Let death between us be as naught,  
 A dried and vanished stream;  
 Your joy be the reality,  
 Our suffering life, the dream.

## ALFRED BILLINGS STREET.

[From Frontenac.]

### QUEBEC AT SUNRISE.

THE fresh May morning's earliest  
 light,  
 From where the richest hues were  
 blended,  
 Lit on Cape Diamond's towering  
 height  
 Whose spangled crystals glittered  
 bright,  
 Thence to the castle roof descended,  
 And bathed in radiance pure and  
 deep [steep.  
 The spires and dwellings of the  
 Still downward crept the strengthen-  
 ing rays;  
 The lofty crowded roofs below  
 And Catarqui caught the glow,  
 Till the whole scene was in a blaze.  
 The scattered bastions,—walls of  
 stone  
 With bristling lines of cannon  
 crowned,  
 Whose muzzles o'er the landscape  
 frowned  
 Blackly through their embrasures  
 —shone.  
 Point Levi's woods sent many a  
 wreath  
 Of mist, as though hearths smoked  
 beneath,  
 Whilst heavy folds of vapor gray  
 Upon St. Charles, still brooding, lay;  
 The basin glowed in splendid dyes  
 Glassing the glories of the skies,  
 And chequered tints of light and  
 shade  
 The banks of Orleans' Isle displayed.

[From Frontenac.]

### QUEBEC AT SUNSET.

'T WAS in June's bright and glowing  
 prime  
 The loveliest of the summer time.  
 The laurels were one splendid sheet  
 Of crowded blossom everywhere;  
 The locust's clustered pearl was  
 sweet, [air  
 And the tall whitewood made the  
 Delicious with the fragrance shed  
 From the gold flowers all o'er it  
 spread.  
 In the rich pomp of dying day  
 Quebec, the rock-throned monarch,  
 glowed,  
 Castle and spire and dwelling gray  
 The batteries rude that niched their  
 way  
 Along the cliff, beneath the play  
 Of the deep yellow light, were gay,  
 And the curved flood, below that lay,  
 In flashing glory flowed;  
 Beyond, the sweet and mellow smile  
 Beamed upon Orleans' lovely isle;  
 Until the downward view  
 Was closed by mountain-tops that,  
 reared  
 Against the burnished sky, appeared  
 In misty dreamy hue.  
 West of Quebec's embankments rose  
 The forests in their wild repose.  
 Between the trunks, the radiance  
 slim  
 Here came with slant and quiver-  
 ing blaze;

Whilst there, in leaf-wreathed arbors  
 dim,  
 Was gathering gray the twilight's  
 haze.  
 Where cut the boughs the back-  
 ground glow  
 That striped the west, a glittering  
 belt,  
 The leaves transparent seemed, as  
 though  
 In the rich radiance they would  
 melt.

Upon a narrow grassy glade,  
 Where thickets stood in grouping  
 shade,  
 The light streaked down in golden  
 mist,  
 Kindled the shrubs, the greensward  
 kissed,  
 Until the clover-blossoms white  
 Flashed out like spangles large and  
 bright.

This green and sun-streaked glade  
 was rife  
 With sights and sounds of forest life.  
 A robin in a bush was singing,  
 A flicker rattled on a tree;  
 In liquid fife-like tones round ringing  
 A thrasher piped its melody;  
 Crouching and leaping with pointed  
 ear  
 From thicket to thicket a rabbit  
 sped,  
 And on the short delicate grass a  
 deer  
 Lashing the insects from off him,  
 fed.

[From *Frontenac*.]

THE CANADIAN SPRING.

'Twas May! the spring with magic  
 bloom  
 Leaped up from winter's frozen  
 tomb.  
 Day lit the river's icy mail;  
 The bland warm rain at evening  
 sank;  
 Ice fragments dashed in midnight's  
 gale;

The moose at morn the ripples  
 drank.  
 The yacht, that stood with naked  
 mast  
 In the locked shallows motionless  
 When sunset fell, went curtseying  
 past  
 As breathed the morning's light  
 caress.  
 The woodman, in the forest deep,  
 At sunrise heard with gladdening  
 thrill,  
 Where yester-eve was gloomy sleep.  
 The brown rossignol's carol shrill;  
 Where yester-eve the snowbank  
 spread  
 The hemlock's twisted roots be-  
 tween,  
 He saw the coltsfoot's golden head  
 Rising from mosses plump and  
 green;  
 Whilst all around were budding trees,  
 And mellow sweetness filled the  
 breeze,  
 A few days passed along, and brought  
 More changes as by magic wrought.  
 With plumes were tipped the beechen  
 sprays;  
 The birch, long dangling tassels  
 showed;  
 The oak still bare, but in a blaze  
 Of gorgeous red the maple glowed;  
 With clusters of the purest white  
 Cherry and shadbush charmed the  
 sight  
 Like spots of snow the boughs  
 among;  
 And showers of strawberry blossoms  
 made  
 Rich carpets in each field and glade  
 Where day its kindest glances  
 flung.  
 And air, too, hailed spring's joyous  
 sway;  
 The bluebird warbled clear and  
 sweet;  
 Then came the wren with carols gay,  
 The customed roof and porch to  
 greet;  
 The mockbird showed its varied skill;  
 At evening moaned the whippoor-  
 will.  
 Type of the spring from winter's  
 gloom!

The butterfly new being found ;  
 Whilst round the pink may-apple's  
 bloom,  
 Gave myriad drinking bees their  
 sound.  
 Great fleeting clouds the pigeons  
 made ;  
 When near her brood the hunter  
 strayed  
 With trailing limp the partridge  
 stirred ;  
 Whilst a quick, feathered spangle  
 shot  
 Rapid as thought from spot to spot  
 Showing the fairy humming-bird.

[From *Frontenac.*]

CAYUGA LAKE.

SWEET sylvan lake! in memory's  
 gold  
 Is set the time, when first my eye  
 From thy green shore beheld thee  
 hold  
 Thy mirror to the sunset sky!  
 No ripple brushed its delicate air,  
 Rich silken tints alone were there;  
 The far opposing shore displayed,  
 Mingling its hues, a tender shade;  
 A sail scarce seeming to the sight  
 To move, spread there its pinion  
 white,  
 Like some pure spirit stealing on  
 Down from its realm, by beauty won.  
 Oh, who could view the scene nor  
 feel  
 Its gentle peace within him steal,  
 Nor in his inmost bosom bless  
 Its pure and radiant loveliness?  
 My heart bent down its willing knee  
 Before the glorious Deity;  
 Beauty led up my heart to Him,  
 Beauty, though cold, and poor, and  
 dim  
 Before His radiance, beauty still  
 That made my bosom deeply thrill;  
 To higher life my being wrought,  
 And purified my every thought,  
 Crept like soft music through my  
 mind,  
 Each feeling of my soul refined,  
 And lifted me that lovely even  
 One precious moment up to heaven.

Then, contrast wild, I saw the cloud  
 The next day rear its sable crest,  
 And heard with awe the thunder  
 loud  
 Come crashing o'er thy blackening  
 breast.  
 Down swooped the eagle of the blast,  
 One mass of foam was tossing high,  
 Whilst the red lightnings, fierce and  
 fast,  
 Shot from the wild and scowling  
 sky,  
 And burst in dark and mighty train  
 A tumbling cataract, the rain.  
 I saw within the driving mist  
 Dim writhing stooping shapes,—  
 the trees  
 That the last eve so softly kissed,  
 And birds so filled with melodies.  
 Still swept the wind with keener  
 shriek,  
 The tossing waters higher rolled,  
 Still fiercer flashed the lightning's  
 streak,  
 Still gloomier frowned the tempest's  
 fold.

Ah, such, ah, such is life, I sighed,  
 That lovely yester-eve and this!  
 Now it reflects the radiant pride  
 Of youth and hope and promise:  
 bliss,  
 Earth's future track an Eden seems  
 Brighter than e'en our brightest  
 dreams.  
 Again, the tempest rushes o'er,  
 The sky's blue smile is seen no more,  
 The placid deep to foam is tossed,  
 All trace of beauty, peace, is lost,  
 Despair is hovering, dark and wild,  
 Ah! what can save earth's stricken  
 child?

Sweet sylvan lake! beside thee now,  
 Villages point their spires to  
 heaven,  
 Rich meadows wave, broad grain-  
 fields bow,  
 The axe resounds, the plough is  
 driven:  
 Down verdant points come herds to  
 drink,  
 Flocks strew, like spots of snow, thy  
 brink;

The frequent farm-house meets the  
 sight,  
 Mid falling harvests scythes are  
 bright,  
 The watch-dog's bark comes faint  
 from far,  
 Shakes on the ear the saw-mill's jar,  
 The steamer like a darting bird  
 Parts the rich emerald of thy wave,  
 And the gay song and laugh are  
 heard,  
 But all is o'er the Indian's grave.  
 Pause, white man! check thy onward  
 stride!  
 Cease o'er the flood thy prow to  
 guide!  
 Until is given one sigh sincere  
 For those who once were monarchs  
 here,  
 And prayer is made beseeching God  
 To spare us his avenging rod  
 For all the wrongs upon the head  
 Of the poor helpless savage shed;  
 Who, strong when we were weak, did  
 not  
 Trample us down upon the spot,  
 But, weak when we were strong, was  
 cast  
 Like leaves upon the rushing blast.

Sweet sylvan lake! one single gem  
 Is in thy liquid diadem.  
 No sister has this little isle  
 To give its beauty smile for smile;  
 With it to hear the blue-bird sing;  
 "Wake, leaves, wake, flowers! here  
 comes the spring!"  
 With it to weave for summer's  
 tread  
 Mosses below and bowers o'erhead;  
 With it to flash to gorgeous skies  
 The opal pomp of autumn skies;  
 And when stern winter's tempests  
 blow  
 To shrink beneath his robes of snow.

Sweet sylvan lake! that isle of thine  
 Is like one hope through grief to  
 shine:  
 Is like one tie our life to cheer;  
 Is like one flower when all is sere;  
 One ray amidst the tempest's might;  
 One star amidst the gloom of night.

## A FOREST WALK.

A LOVELY sky, a cloudless sun,  
 A wind that breathes of leaves and  
 flowers,  
 O'er hill, through dale, my steps have  
 run  
 To the cool forest's shadowy  
 bowers;  
 One of the paths all round that wind,  
 Traced by the browsing herds, I  
 choose,  
 And sights and sounds of human kind  
 In Nature's lone recesses lose:  
 The beech displays its marbled bark,  
 The spruce its green tent stretches  
 wide,  
 While scowls the hemlock grim and  
 dark,  
 The maple's scalloped dome beside.  
 All weave on high a verdant roof  
 That keeps the very sun aloof.  
 Making a twilight soft and green  
 Within the columned, vaulted scene.

Sweet forest-odors have their birth  
 From the clothed boughs and teem-  
 ing earth;  
 Where pine-cones dropped, leaves  
 piled and dead  
 Long tufts of grass, and stars of  
 fern,  
 With many a wild flower's fairy  
 inn,  
 A thick, elastic carpet spread:  
 Here, with its mossy pall, the trunk,  
 Resolving into soil, is sunk;  
 There, wrenched but lately from its  
 throne  
 By some fierce whirlwind circling  
 past,  
 Its huge roots massed with earth and  
 stone,  
 One of the woodland kings is cast.

Above, the forest-tips are bright  
 With the broad blaze of sunny light;  
 But now a fitful air-gust parts  
 The screening branches, and a glow  
 Of dazzling, startling radiance darts  
 Down the dark stems, and breaks  
 below:  
 The mingled shadows off are rolled.  
 The sylvan floor is bathed in gold;

Low sprouts and herbs, before un-  
seen

Display their shades of brown and  
green:

Tints brighten o'er the velvet moss,  
Gleams twinkle on the laurel's gloss;  
The robin, brooding in her nest,  
Chirps as the quick ray strikes her  
breast;

And, as my shadow prints the ground,  
I see the rabbit upward bound,  
With pointed ears an instant look,  
Then scamper to the darkest nook,  
Where, with crouched limb and star-  
ing eye,  
He watches while I saunter by.

A narrow vista, carpeted  
With rich green grass, invites my  
tread:

Here showers the light in golden dots,  
There drops the shade in ebon spots,  
So blended that the very air  
Seems net-work as I enter there.  
The partridge, whose deep-rolling  
drum

Afar has sounded in my ear,  
Ceasing his beatings as I come,  
Whirs to the sheltering branches  
near;

The little milk-snake glides away,  
The brindled marmot dives from day;  
And now, between the boughs, a  
space

Of the blue, laughing sky, I trace:  
On each side shrinks the bowery  
shade;

Before me spreads an emerald glade;  
The sunshine steeps its grass and  
moss;

That couch my footsteps as I cross;  
Merrily hums the tawny bee,  
The glittering humming-bird I see;  
Floats the bright butterfly along,  
The insect choir is loud in song;  
A spot of light and life, it seems, —  
A fairy haunt for Fancy's dreams.

Here stretched, the pleasant turf I  
press

In luxury of idleness;  
Sun-streaks, and glancing wings, and  
sky

Spotted with cloud-shapes charm my  
eye:

While murmuring grass and waving  
trees —

Their leaf-harps sounding to the  
breeze —

And water-tones that tinkle near,  
Blend their sweet music to my ear;  
And by the changing shades alone,  
The passage of the hours is known.

THE BLUE-BIRD'S SONG.

HARK, that sweet carol! With de-  
light

We leave the stifling room;  
The little bluebird meets our sight, —  
Spring, glorious spring, has come!  
The south-wind's balm is in the  
air, [where

The melting snow-wreaths every-  
Are leaping off in showers;  
And Nature, in her brightening looks,  
Tells that her flowers, and leaves,  
and brooks,

And birds, will soon be ours.

[From "The Nook in the Forest."]

A PICTURE.

THE branches arch and shape a pleas-  
ant bower,

Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and  
sunshine bright

Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,  
And flecks of gold; a soft, cool eme-  
erald tint

Colors the air, as though the delicate  
leaves

Emitted self-born light. What splen-  
did walls,

And what a gorgeous roof, carved by  
the hand

Of glorious Nature! Here the spruce  
thrusts in

Its bristling plume, tipped with its  
pale-green points;

The hemlock shows its borders  
freshly fringed;

The smoothly-scalloped beech-leaf  
and the birch,

Cut into ragged edges, interlace:  
While here and there, through clefts,  
the laurel hangs

Its gorgeous chalices half-brimmed  
with dew,

As though to hoard it for the haunt-  
ing elves,  
The moonlight calls to this, their  
festal hall. [the earth  
A thick, rich, grassy carpet clothes  
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The  
fern displays

Its fluted wreath, beaded beneath  
with drops  
Of richest brown; the wild-rose  
spreads its breast  
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging  
fir  
Has dropped its dark, long cone.

## SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

## CONSTANCY.

OUT upon it! I have loved  
Three whole days together;  
And am like to love thee more,  
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,  
Ere he shall discover  
In the whole wide world again,  
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise  
Is due at all to me;  
Love with me had made no stays,  
Except it had been she.

Had it any been but she  
And that very face,  
There had been at least, ere this,  
A dozen in her place!

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND  
LOVER?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Prithee, why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move  
her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Prithee, why so mute?  
Will, when speaking well can't win  
her,  
Saying nothing do't?  
Prithee, why so mute!

Quit, quit for shame, this will not  
move,  
This cannot take her;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her:  
The devil take her.

I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY  
HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,  
Since I can not have thine,  
For if from yours you will not part,  
Why then should'st thou have  
mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,  
To find it were in vain;  
For thou'st a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast  
lie,  
And yet not lodge together?  
O love! where is thy sympathy,  
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out;  
For when I think I'm best resolved,  
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell, care, and farewell,  
woe,  
I will no longer pine;  
For I'll believe I have her heart  
As much as she has mine.

## EARL OF SURREY (HENRY HOWARD).

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE. | IN PRAISE OF HIS LADY-LOVE  
COMPARED WITH ALL OTHERS.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain  
The happy life, be these, I find;  
The riches left, not got with pain;  
The fruitful ground, the quiet  
mind:

The equal friend, no grudge, no  
strife;  
No charge of rule, nor governance;  
Without disease, the healthful life;  
The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;  
True wisdom joined with simple-  
ness;  
The night discharged of all care,  
Where wine the wit may not op-  
press:

The faithful wife, without debate;  
Such sleeps as may beguile the  
night.

Content thee with thine own estate;  
Ne wish for death, ne fear his  
might.

FROM "NO AGE IS CONTENT."

I saw the little boy  
In thought — how oft that he  
Did wish of God to 'scape the rod,  
A tall young man to be:  
The young man eke, that feels  
His bones with pains opprest,  
How he would be a rich old man,  
To live and lie at rest.

The rich old man that sees  
His end draw on so sore,  
How he would be a boy again,  
To live so much the more;  
Whereat full oft I smiled,  
To see how all these three,  
From boy to man, from man to boy,  
Would chop and change degree.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before  
That spent your boasts and brags  
in vain;  
My lady's beauty passeth more  
The best of yours, I dare well  
say'n,  
Than doth the sun the candle  
light,  
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just  
As had Penelope the fair;  
For what she saith ye may it trust,  
As it by writing sealèd were;  
And virtues hath she many mo'  
Than I with pen have skill to  
show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,  
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,  
When she had lost the perfit mould,  
The like to whom she could not  
paint:  
With wringing hands, how she did  
cry,  
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore with raging mind,  
Her kingdom only set apart,  
There was no loss by law of kind  
That could have gone so near her  
heart;  
And this was chiefly all her pain;  
"She could not make the like  
again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise  
To be the chiefest work she  
wrought;  
In faith, methink! some better ways  
On your behalf might well be  
sought,  
Than to compare, as ye have done,  
To match the candle with the sun.

## ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

*IN MEMORY OF BARRY CORNWALL.*

In the garden of death, where the singers whose names are deathless,  
 One with another make music unheard of men,  
 Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips long breathless,  
 And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not or change again,  
 Who comes now crowned with the blossom of snow-white years?  
 What music is this that the world of the dead men hears?

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,  
 Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet,  
 Like summer gone forth of the land his songs made sunny,  
 To the beautiful veiled bright world where the glad ghosts meet,  
 Child, father, bridegroom and bride, and anguish and rest,  
 No soul shall pass of a singer than this more blest.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled and brightened,  
 As a forest with birds, with the fruit and the flower of his song;  
 For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their cares were lightened,  
 For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered his name so long;  
 By the living and dead lips blest that have loved his name,  
 And clothed with their praise and crowned with their love for fame.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that close not,  
 That shrink not by day for heat or for cold by night,  
 As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's self knows not,  
 Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light;  
 Shall wax with the years that wane and the seasons' chime,  
 As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of time.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with another,  
 And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs' sake;  
 The same year beckons, and elder with younger brother  
 Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all shall take.\*  
 They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows be come;  
 And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,  
 To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;  
 But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,  
 Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack breath.  
 For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,  
 Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.

---

*FROM "A VISION OF SPRING IN WINTER."*

As sweet desire of day before the day,  
 As dreams of love before the true love born,  
 From the outer edge of winter overworn  
 The ghost arisen of May before the May

---

\* Sydney Dobell died the same year.



Takes through dim air her unawakened way,  
 The gracious ghost of morning risen ere morn.  
 With little unblown breasts and child-eyed looks  
 Following, the very maid, the girl-child spring,  
 Lifts windward her bright brows,  
 Dips her light feet in warm and moving brooks,  
 And kindles with her own mouth's coloring  
 The fearful firstlings of the plumeless boughs.

I seek thee sleeping, and awhile I see,  
 Fair face that art not, how thy maiden breath  
 Shall put at last the deadly days to death  
 And fill the fields, and fire the woods with thee,  
 And seaward hollows where my feet would be  
 When heaven shall hear the word that April saith,  
 To change the cold heart of the weary time,  
 To stir and soften all the time to tears,  
 Tears joyfuller than mirth;  
 As even to May's clear height the young days climb  
 With feet not swifter than those fair first years  
 Whose flowers revive not with thy flowers on earth.

I would not bid thee, though I might, give back  
 One good thing youth has given and borne away;  
 I crave not any comfort of the day  
 That is not, nor on time's retrodden track  
 Would turn to meet the white-robed hours or black  
 That long since left me on their mortal way;  
 Nor light nor love that has been, nor the breath  
 That comes with morning from the sun to be  
 And sets light hope on fire:  
 No fruit, no flower thought once too fair for death,  
 No flower nor hour once fallen from life's green tree,  
 No leaf once plucked or once-fulfilled desire.

The morning song beneath the stars that fled  
 With twilight through the moonless mountain air,  
 While youth with burning lips and wreathless hair  
 Sang toward the sun that was to crown his head,  
 Rising; the hopes that triumphed and fell dead,  
 The sweet swift eyes and songs of hours that were:  
 These may'st thou not give back forever; these,  
 As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie waste,  
 Lie deeper than the sea;  
 But flowers thou may'st, and winds, and hours of ease,  
 And all its April to the world thou may'st  
 Give back, and half my April back to me.

---

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland  
 At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,  
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,  
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.

A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses  
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed  
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses  
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,  
 To the low last edge of the long lone sand.  
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,  
 Would a ghost not rise of the strange guest's hand?  
 So long have the gray bare walks lain guestless,  
 Through branches and briars if a man make way,  
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless  
 Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled  
 That crawls by a track none turn to climb  
 To the strait waste place that the years have rifled  
 Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.  
 The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;  
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.  
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,  
 These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not;  
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;  
 From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,  
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.  
 Over the meadows that blossom and wither  
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;  
 Only the sun and the rain come hither,  
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels  
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.  
 Only the wind here hovers and revels  
 In a round where life seems barren as death.  
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,  
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,  
 Whose eyes went seaward, a hundred sleeping  
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"  
 Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;  
 For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,  
 And men that love lightly may die — but we?"  
 And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,  
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,  
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,  
 Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?  
 And were one to the end — but what end who knows?  
 Love deep as the sea, as a rose must wither,  
 As the rose-red sea-weed that mocks the rose.

Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them ?

What love was ever as deep as a grave ?  
They are loveless now as the grass above them,  
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,

Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.  
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers  
In the air now soft with a summer to be.  
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter  
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,  
When, as they that are free now of weeping and laughter,  
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever ;

Here change may come not till all change end.  
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,  
Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.  
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,  
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be ;  
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing  
Roll the sea ;

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,

Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,  
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble  
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,  
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,  
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,  
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,  
Death lies dead.

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A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,  
Blown fields or flowerful closes,  
Green pleasure or gray grief :  
If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune,  
With double sound and single  
Delight our lips would mingle,  
With kisses glad as birds are  
That get sweet rain at noon ;  
If I were what the words are  
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death,  
We'd shine and snow together  
Ere March made sweet the weather  
With daffodil and starling  
And hours of fruitful breath ;  
If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy,  
We'd play for lives and seasons,  
With loving looks and treasons  
And tears of night and morrow,  
And laughs of maid and boy ;  
If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,  
 And I were lord in May,  
 We'd throw with leaves for hours.  
 And draw for days with flowers,  
 Till day like night were shady,  
 And night were bright like day;  
 If you were April's lady,  
 And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,  
 And I were king of pain,  
 We'd hunt down love together,  
 Pluck out his flying-feather,  
 And teach his feet a measure,  
 And find his mouth a rein;  
 If you were queen of pleasure,  
 And I were king of pain.

FROM "CHRISTMAS ANTIPHONES."

IN CHURCH.

THOU whose birth on earth  
 Angels sang to men,  
 While thy stars made mirth,  
 Saviour, at thy birth,  
 This day born again;

As this night was bright  
 With thy cradle-ray,  
 Very Light of light,  
 Turn the wild world's night  
 To thy perfect day.

God, whose feet made sweet  
 Those wild ways they trod,  
 From thy fragrant feet  
 Staining field and street  
 With the blood of God;

God, whose breast is rest  
 In the time of strife,  
 In thy secret breast  
 Sheltering souls opprest  
 From the heat of life;

God, whose eyes are skies,  
 Love-lit as with spheres,  
 By the lights that rise  
 To thy watching eyes,  
 Orbed lights of tears;

God, whose heart hath part  
 In all grief that is,  
 Was not man's the dart  
 That went through thine heart,  
 And the wound not his?

Where the pale souls wail,  
 Held in bonds of death,  
 Where all spirits quail,  
 Came thy Godhead pale  
 Still from human breath,—

Pale from life and strife,  
 Wan with manhood, came  
 Forth of mortal life,  
 Pierced as with a knife,  
 Scarred as with a flame.

Thou, the Word and Lord  
 In all time and space  
 Heard, beheld, adored,  
 With all ages poured  
 Forth before thy face;

Lord, what worth in earth  
 Drew thee down to die?  
 What therein was worth,  
 Lord, thy death and birth?  
 What beneath thy sky?

Light, above all love,  
 By thy love was lit,  
 And brought down the dove  
 Feathered from above  
 With the wings of it.

From the height of night,  
 Was not thine the star  
 That led forth with might  
 By no worldly light  
 Wise men from afar?

Yet the wise men's eyes  
 Saw thee not more clear  
 Than they saw thee rise  
 Who in shepherd's guise  
 Drew as poor men near.

Yet thy poor endure,  
 And are with us yet;  
 Be thy name a sure  
 Refuge for thy poor  
 Whom men's eyes forget.

Thou whose ways we praise,  
Clear alike and dark,  
Keep our works and ways  
This and all thy days  
Safe inside thine ark.

Who shall keep thy sheep,  
Lord, and lose not one?  
Who save one shall keep,  
Lest the shepherds sleep?  
Who beside the Son?

From the grave-deep wave,  
From the sword and flame,  
Thou, even Thou, shalt save  
Souls of king and slave  
Only by thy Name.

Light not born with morn  
Or her fires above,  
Jesus virgin-born,  
Held of men in scorn,  
Turn their scorn to love.

Thou whose face gives grace  
As the sun's doth heat,  
Let thy sunbright face  
Lighten time and space  
Here beneath thy feet.

Bid our peace increase,  
Thou that madest morn;  
Bid oppressions cease;  
Bid the night be peace;  
Bid the day be born.

#### OUTSIDE CHURCH.

We whose days and ways  
All the night makes dark,  
What day shall we praise  
Of these weary days  
That our life-drops mark?

We whose mind is blind,  
Fed with hope of nought;  
Wastes of worn mankind,  
Without heart or mind,  
Without meat or thought;

We with strife of life  
Worn till all life cease,  
Want, a whetted knife,  
Sharpening strife on strife,  
How should we love peace?

Ye whose meat is sweet  
And your wine-cup red,  
Us beneath your feet  
Hunger grinds as wheat,  
Grinds to make you bread.

Ye whose night is bright  
With soft rest and heat,  
Clothed like day with light,  
Us the naked night  
Slays from street to street.

Hath your God no rod,  
That ye tread so light?  
Man on us as God,  
God as man hath trod,  
Trode us down with might.

We that one by one  
Bleed from either's rod,  
What for us hath done  
Man beneath the sun,  
What for us hath God?

We whose blood is food  
Given your wealth to feed,  
From the Christless rood  
Red with no God's blood,  
But with man's indeed;

How shall we that see  
Night-long overhead  
Life, the flowerless tree,  
Nailed whereon as we  
Were our fathers dead,—

We whose ear can hear,  
Not whose tongue can name,  
Famine, ignorance, fear,  
Bleeding tear by tear,  
Year by year of shame,

Till the dry life die  
Out of bloodless breast,  
Out of beamless eye,  
Out of mouths that cry  
Till death feed with rest,—

How shall we as ye,  
Though ye bid us, pray?  
Though ye call, can we  
Hear you call, or see,  
Though ye show us day?

We whose name is shame,  
 We whose souls walk bare,  
 Shall we call the same  
 God as ye by name,  
 Teach our lips your prayer?

God, forgive and give,  
 For His sake who died?  
 Nay, for ours who live,  
 How shall we forgive  
 Thee, then, on our side?

We whose right to light  
 Heaven's high noon denies,  
 Whom the blind beams smite  
 That for you shine bright,  
 And but burn our eyes.

With what dreams of beams  
 Shall we build up day,  
 At what sourceless streams  
 Seek to drink in dreams  
 Ere they pass away?

In what street shall meet,  
 At what market-place,  
 Your feet and our feet,  
 With one goal to greet,  
 Having run one race?

What one hope shall ope  
 For us all as one,  
 One same horoscope,  
 Where the soul sees hope  
 That outburns the sun?

At what shrine what wine,  
 At what board what bread,  
 Salt as blood or brine,  
 Shall we share in sign  
 How we poor were fed?

In what hour what power  
 Shall we pray for morn,  
 If your perfect hour,  
 When all day bears flower,  
 Not for us is born?

## JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

### *MENE, MENE.*

THAT precious, priceless gift, a soul  
 Unto thyself surrendered whole,  
 Withdrawn from all but thy control,  
 Thou hast foregone.

The throne where none might sit but  
 thou,  
 The crown of love to bind thy brow,  
 Glad homage paid with praise and  
 vow,  
 Thou hast foregone.

I do not blame thee utterly,  
 But rather strive to pity thee,  
 Remembering all the empery  
 Thou hast foregone.

It was thy folly, not thy crime,  
 To have contemned the call sublime,  
 The realm more firm than fate or  
 time  
 Thou hast foregone.

### *BEATI ILLI.*

BLEST is the man whose heart and  
 hands are pure!  
 He hath no sickness that he shall not  
 cure,

No sorrow that he may not well en-  
 dure:  
 His feet are steadfast and his hope is  
 sure.

Oh, blest is he who ne'er hath sold  
 his soul,  
 Whose will is perfect, and whose  
 word is whole,  
 Who hath not paid to common sense  
 the toll  
 Of self-disgrace, nor owned the  
 world's control!

Through clouds and shadows of the  
 darkest night  
 He will not lose a glimmering of the  
 light,

Nor, though the sun of day be  
shrouded quite,  
Swerve from the narrow path to left  
or right.

ON THE HILL-SIDE.

THE winds behind me in the thicket  
sigh,  
The bees fly droning on laborious  
wing,  
Pink cloudlets scarcely float across  
the sky.  
September stillness broods o'er every-  
thing.  
Deep peace is in my soul: I seem to  
hear  
Catullus murmuring, "Let us live  
and love;  
Suns rise and set, and fill the rolling  
year  
Which bears us deathward, therefore  
let us love;  
Pour forth the wine of kisses, let  
them flow,  
And let us drink our fill before we  
die."  
Hush! in the thicket still the breezes  
blow; [sky;  
Pink cloudlets sail across the azure  
The bees warp lazily on laden  
wing;  
Beauty and stillness brood o'er  
everything..

THE WILL.

BLAME not the times in which we  
live,  
Nor Fortune frail and fugitive;  
Blame not thy parents, nor the rule  
Of vice or wrong once learned at  
school;  
But blame thyself, O man!  
Although both heaven and earth  
combined  
To mould thy flesh and form thy  
mind,  
Though every thought, word, action,  
will,  
Was framed by powers beyond thee,  
still  
Thou art thyself, O man!

And self to take or leave is free,  
Feeling its own sufficiency:  
In spite of science, spite of fate,  
The judge within thee, soon or late,  
Will blame but thee, O man!

Say not, "I would, but could not —  
He  
Should bear the blame who fash-  
ioned me —  
Call you mere change of motive  
choice?" —  
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice  
Cries, "Thine the deed, O man!"

FAREWELL.

THOU goest: to what distant place  
Wilt thou thy sunlight carry? —  
I stay with cold and clouded face:  
How long am I to tarry?  
Where'er thou goest, morn will be:  
Thou leavest night and gloom to me.

The night and gloom I can but take:  
I do not grudge thy splendor:  
Bid souls of eager men awake;  
Be kind and bright and tender.  
Give day to other worlds; for me  
It must suffice to dream of thee.

NEW LIFE, NEW LOVE.

APRIL is in;  
New loves begin!  
Up, lovers all,  
The cuckoos call!  
Winter is by,  
Blue shines the sky,  
Primroses blow  
Where lay cold snow:  
Then why should I  
Sit still and sigh?

Death took my dear:  
Oh, pain! Oh, fear!  
I know not whither,  
When flowers did wither,  
My summer love  
Flew far above.

Now must I find  
 One to my mind:  
 The world is wide;  
 • Spring fields are pied  
 With flowers for thee,  
 New love, and me!

April is in:  
 New loves begin!  
 Up, lovers all,  
 The cuckoos call!

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND.

DEAR friend, I know not if such  
 days and nights  
 Of fervent comradeship as we have  
 spent,  
 Or if twin minds with equal ardor  
 bent  
 To search the world's unspeakable  
 delights,  
 Or if long hours passed on Parnas-  
 sian heights  
 Together in rapt interminglement  
 Of heart with heart on thought  
 sublime intent,  
 Or if the spark of heaven-born fire  
 that lights  
 Love in both breasts from boyhood,  
 thus have wrought  
 Our spirits to communion; but I  
 swear  
 That neither chance nor change  
 nor time nor aught  
 That makes the future of our lives  
 less fair,  
 Shall sunder us who once have  
 breathed this air.  
 Of soul-commingling friendship  
 passion-fraught.

THE PONTE DI PARADISO.

OF all the mysteries wherethrough  
 we move,  
 This is the most mysterious — that  
 a face,  
 Seen peradventure in some distant  
 place,  
 Whither we can return no more to  
 prove

The world-old sanctities of human  
 love,  
 Shall haunt our waking thoughts,  
 and gathering grace  
 Incorporate itself with every phase  
 Whereby the soul aspires to God  
 above.

Thus are we wedded through that  
 face to her  
 Or him who bears it; nay, one fleet-  
 ing glance.

Fraught with a tale too deep for  
 utterance,

Even as a pebble cast into the sea,  
 Will on the deep waves of our spirit  
 stir

Ripples that run through all eter-  
 nity.

[From *The Alps and Italy*.]

SELF.

'Tis self whereby we suffer; 'tis the  
 greed

To grasp, the hunger to assimilate  
 All that earth holds of fair and  
 delicate,

The lust to blend with beauteous  
 lives, to feed

And take our fill of loveliness, which  
 breed

This anguish of the soul intempe-  
 rate;

'Tis self that turns to pain and poi-  
 sonous hate

The calm clear life of love the  
 angels lead.

O, that 'twere possible this self to  
 burn

In the pure flames of joy contem-  
 plative!

THE PRAYER TO MNEMOSYNE.

LADY, when first the message came  
 to me

Of thy great hope and all thy future  
 bliss,

I had no envy of that happiness

Which sets a limit to our joy in thee:  
 But uttering orisons to gods who see

Our mortal strife, and bidding them  
 to bless



With increase of pure good thy  
 goodness,  
 I made unto the mild Mnemosyne  
 More for myself than thee one prayer  
 —that when  
 Our paths are wholly severed, and  
 thy years  
 Glide among other cares and far-off  
 men,  
 She may watch over thee, as one  
 who hears  
 The music of the past, and in thine  
 ears  
 Murmur "They live and love thee  
 now as then."

SONNETS FROM "INTELLECTUAL  
 ISOLATION."

NAY, soul, though near to dying, do  
 not this!  
 It may be that the world and all  
 its ways  
 Seem but spent ashes of extin-  
 guished days  
 And love, the phantom of imagined  
 bliss;  
 Yet what is man among the mysteries  
 Whereof the young-eyed angels  
 sang their praise?  
 Thou know'st not. Lone and wil-  
 dered in the maze,  
 See that life's crown thou dost not  
 idly miss.  
 Is friendship fickle? Hast thou  
 found her so?  
 Is God more near thee on that  
 homeless sea  
 Than by the hearths where chil-  
 dren come and go?  
 Perchance some rotten root of sin in  
 thee  
 Hath made thy garden cease to  
 bloom and glow:  
 Hast thou no need from thine own  
 self to flee?

It is the centre of the soul that ails:  
 We carry with us our own heart's  
 disease;  
 And craving the impossible, we  
 freeze

The lively rills of love that never  
 fails.  
 What faith, what hope will lend the  
 spirit sails  
 To waft her with a light spray-  
 scattering breeze [sies,  
 From this Calypso isle of phanta-  
 Self-sought, self-generated, where  
 the daylight pales?  
 Where wandering visions of foregone  
 desires  
 Pursue her sleepless on a stony  
 strand;  
 Instead of stars the bleak and bale-  
 ful fires  
 Of vexed imagination, quivering  
 spires  
 That have nor rest nor substance,  
 light the land,  
 Paced by lean hungry men, a  
 ghostly band!

OH, that the waters of oblivion  
 Might purge the burdened soul of  
 her life's dross,  
 Cleansing dark overgrowths that  
 dull the gloss  
 Wherewith her pristine gold so  
 purely shone!  
 Oh, that some spell might make us  
 dream undone  
 Those deeds that fret our pillow,  
 when we toss  
 Racked by the torments of that  
 living cross  
 Where memory frowns, a grim  
 centurion! [smart,  
 Sleep, the kind soother of our bodily  
 Is bought and sold by scales-weight;  
 quivering nerves  
 Sink into slumber when the hand  
 of art  
 Hath touched some hidden spring of  
 brain or heart:  
 But for the tainted will no medi-  
 cine serves;  
 The road from sin to suffering  
 never swerves.

WHAT skill shall anodyne the mind  
 diseased?  
 Did Rome's fell tyrant cure his  
 secret sore

With those famed draughts of cooling hellebore ? What opiates on the fiends of thought have seized ? This fever of the spirit hath been eased By no grave simples culled on any shore ; No surgeon's knife, no muttered charm, no lore Of Phœbus Paian have those pangs appeased.	Herself must be her savior. Side by side Spring poisonous weed and hope- ful antidote Within her tangled herbage ; lonely pride And humble fellow-service ; dreams that dote Deeds that aspire ; foul sloth, free labor : she Hath power to choose, and what she wills, to be.
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### THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

[From *Ion*.]

#### LITTLE KINDNESSES.

The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing To give a cup of water ; yet its draught Of cool refreshment, drained by fev- ered lips, May give a shock of pleasure to the frame More exquisite than when nectarian juice Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. It is a little thing to speak a phrase Of common comfort, which by daily use Has almost lost its sense ; yet in the ear Of him who thought to die un- mourned, 'twill fall Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand To know the bonds of fellowship again, And shed on the departing soul, a sense More precious than the benison of friends About the honored death-bed of the rich	To him who else were lonely, that another Of the great family is near, and feels.
<hr style="width: 20%; margin: 0 auto;"/>	
<i>ON THE RECEPTION OF WORDS-          WORTH AT OXFORD.</i>	
OH ! never did a mighty truth pre- vail With such felicities of place and time As in those shouts sent forth with joy sublime Fram the full heart of England's youth, to hail Her once neglected bard within the pale Of Learning's fairest citadel ! That voice, In which the future thunders, bids rejoice Some who through wintry fortunes did not fail To bless with love as deep as life, the name Thus welcomed ;— who in happy silence share The triumph ; while their fondest musings claim Unhoped-for echoes in the joyous air, That to their long-loved poet's spirit bear. A nation's promise of undying fame.	

## ROBERT TANNAHILL.

*THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.*

THE midges dance aboon the burn;  
 The dews begin to fa';  
 The pairtricks down the rushy holm  
 Set up their e'ening ca'.  
 Now loud and clear the blackbird's  
 sang

Rings through the briery shaw,  
 While flitting gay, the swallows play  
 Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky  
 The mavis mends her lay;  
 The red-breast pours his sweetest  
 strains,  
 To charm the ling' ring day;  
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail  
 Their little nestlings torn,  
 The merry wren, frae den to den,  
 Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,  
 The foxglove shuts its bell;  
 The honeysuckle and the birk  
 Spread fragrance through the dell.  
 Let others crowd the giddy court  
 Of mirth and revelry,  
 The simple joys that Nature yields  
 Are dearer far to me.

*THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.*

THE sun has gane down o'er the  
 lofty Benlomond,  
 And left the red clouds to preside  
 o'er the scene,  
 While lanely I stray in the calm sum-  
 mer gloamin',  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower  
 o' Dumblane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft  
 fauldin' blossom,  
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its man-  
 tle o' green;  
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to  
 this bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower  
 o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as  
 she's bonnie,—  
 For guileless simplicity marks her  
 its ain;  
 And far be the villain, divested of  
 feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet  
 flower o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn  
 to the e'ening,—  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Cal-  
 derwood glen;  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless  
 and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the  
 flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi'  
 my Jessie!  
 The sports o' the city seemed fool-  
 ish and vain;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my  
 dear lassie  
 Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the  
 flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o'  
 loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish  
 in pain,  
 And reckon as naething the height  
 o' its splendor,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower  
 o' Dumblane.

## BAYARD TAYLOR.

## ON THE HEADLAND.

I sit on the lonely headland,  
Where the sea-gulls come and go:  
The sky is gray above me,  
And the sea is gray below.

There is no fisherman's pinnace  
Homeward or outward bound;  
I see no living creature  
In the world's deserted round.

I pine for something human,  
Man, woman, young or old,—  
Something to meet and welcome,  
Something to clasp and hold.

I have a mouth for kisses,  
But there's no one to give and  
take;

I have a heart in my bosom  
Beating for nobody's sake.

O warmth of love that is wasted!  
Is there none to stretch a hand?  
No other heart that hungers  
In all the living land?

I could fondle the fisherman's baby,  
And rock it into rest;  
I could take the sunburnt sailor,  
Like a brother, to my breast,

I could clasp the hand of any  
Outcast of land or sea,  
If the guilty palm but answered  
The tenderness in me!

The sea might rise and drown me;  
Cliffs fall and crush my head,—  
Were there one to love me, living,  
Or weep to see me dead!

## THE FATHER.

THE fateful hour, when death stood  
by  
And stretched his threatening hand  
in vain,  
Is over now, and life's first cry  
Speaks feeble triumph through its  
pain.

But yesterday, and thee the earth  
Inscribed not on her mighty  
scroll:

To-day she opes the gate of birth,  
And gives the spheres another  
soul.

But yesterday, no fruit from me  
The rising winds of time had  
hurled

To-day, a father,— can it be  
A child of mine is in the world?

I look upon the little frame,  
As helpless on my arm it lies:  
Thou giv'st me, child, a father's  
name,  
God's earliest name in Paradise.

Like Him, creator too I stand:  
His power and mystery seem more  
near;

Thou giv'st me honor in the land,  
And giv'st my life duration here.

But love, to-day, is more than pride;  
Love sees his star of triumph  
shine,

For life nor death can now divide  
The souls that wedded breathe in  
thine:

Mine and thy mother's, whence arose  
The copy of my face in thee;  
And as thine eyelids first unclose,  
My own young eyes look up to  
me.

Look on me, child, once more, once  
more,

Even with those weak, uncon-  
scious eyes;

Stretch the small hands that help im-  
plore;

Salute me with thy wailing cries!

This is the blessing and the prayer  
A father's sacred place demands:  
Ordain me, darling, for thy care,  
And lead me with thy helpless  
hands!

*A FUNERAL THOUGHT.*

WHEN the stern genius, to whose  
 hollow tramp  
 Echo the startled chambers of the  
 soul,  
 Waves his inverted torch o'er that  
 pale camp  
 Where the archangel's final trum-  
 pets roll,  
 I would not meet him in the chamber  
 dim,  
 Hushed, and pervaded with a name-  
 less fear,  
 When the breath flutters and the  
 senses swim,  
 And the dread hour is near.

Though love's dear arms might clasp  
 me fondly then  
 As if to keep the Summoner at bay,  
 And woman's woe and the calm grief  
 of men  
 Hallow at last the chill, unbreath-  
 ing clay,—  
 These are earth's fetters, and the soul  
 would shrink,  
 Thus bound, from darkness and the  
 dread unknown,  
 Stretching its arms from death's eter-  
 nal brink,  
 Which it must dare alone.

But in the awful silence of the sky,  
 Upon some mountain summit, yet  
 untrod,  
 Through the blue ether would I  
 climb, to die  
 Afar from mortals and alone with  
 God!

To the pure keeping of the stainless air  
 Would I resign my faint and flut-  
 tering breath,  
 And with the rapture of an answered  
 prayer  
 Receive the kiss of Death.

Then to the elements my frame would  
 turn;  
 No worms should riot on my cof-  
 fined clay,  
 But the cold limbs, from that sepul-  
 chral urn,  
 In the slow storms of ages waste  
 away.

Loud winds and thunder's diapason  
 high  
 Should be my requiem through the  
 coming time, |sky,  
 And the white summit, fading in the  
 My monument subline.

*PROPOSAL.*

THE violet loves a sunny bank,  
 The cowslip loves the lea;  
 The scarlet creeper loves the elm,  
 But I love — thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,  
 The stars, they kiss the sea;  
 The west winds kiss the clover-bloom,  
 But I kiss — thee!

The oriole weds his mottled mate:  
 The lily's bride of the bee;  
 Heaven's marriage-ring is round the  
 earth,—  
 Shall I wed thee?

*WIND AND SEA.*

THE sea is a jovial comrade.  
 He laughs wherever he goes;  
 His merriment shines in the dim-  
 pling lines  
 That wrinkle his hale repose;  
 He lays himself down at the feet of  
 the Sun,  
 And shakes all over with glee,  
 And the broad-backed billows fall  
 faint on the shore,  
 In the mirth of the mighty Sea!

But the Wind is sad and restless,  
 And cursed with an inward pain!  
 You may hark as you will, by valley  
 or hill,  
 But you hear him still complain.  
 He wails on the barren mountains,  
 And shrieks on the wintry sea;  
 He sobs in the cedar, and moans in  
 the pine,  
 And shudders all over the aspen  
 tree.

Welcome are both their voices,  
 And I know not which is best, —

The laughter that slips from the  
 Ocean's lips,  
 Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.  
 There's a pang in all rejoicing,  
 A joy in the heart of pain,  
 And the Wind that saddens, the Sea  
 that gladdens,  
 Are singing the self-same strain!

—  
*IN THE MEADOWS.*

I LIE in the summer meadows,  
 In the meadows all alone,  
 With the infinite sky above me,  
 And the sun on his midday throne.

The smell of the flowering grasses  
 Is sweeter than any rose,  
 And a million happy insects  
 Sing in the warm repose.

The mother lark that is brooding  
 Feels the sun on her wings,  
 And the deeps of the noonday glitter  
 With swarms of fairy things.

From the billowy green beneath me  
 To the fathomless blue above,  
 The creatures of God are happy  
 In the warmth of their summer  
 love.

The infinite bliss of Nature  
 I feel in every vein;  
 The light and the life of summer  
 Blossom in heart and brain.

But darker than any shadow  
 By thunder-clouds unfurled,  
 The awful truth arises,  
 That Death is in the world.

And the sky may beam as ever,  
 And never a cloud be curled;  
 And the airs be living odors,  
 But Death is in the world!

Out of the deeps of sunshine  
 The invisible bolt is hurled:  
 There's life in the summer meadows,  
 But Death is in the world.

*BEFORE THE BRIDAL.*

Now the night is overpast,  
 And the mist is cleared away:  
 On my barren life at last  
 Breaks the bright, reluctant day.

Day of payment for the wrong  
 I was doomed so long to bear;  
 Day of promise, day of song,  
 Day that makes the future fair!

Let me wake to bliss alone;  
 Let me bury every fear:  
 What I prayed for is my own;  
 What was distant, now is near.

For the happy hour that waits  
 No reproachful shade shall bring.  
 And I hear forgiving Fates  
 In the happy bells that ring.

Leave the song that now is mute,  
 For the sweeter song begun:  
 Leave the blossom for the fruit,  
 And the rainbow for the sun!

—  
*SQUANDERED LIVES.*

THE fisherman wades in the surges;  
 The sailor sails over the sea;  
 The soldier steps bravely to battle;  
 The woodman lays axe to the tree.

They are each of the breed of the  
 heroes,  
 The manhood attempered in strife;  
 Strong hands that go lightly to labor,  
 True hearts that take comfort in  
 life.

In each is the seed to replenish  
 The world with the vigor it needs,—  
 The centre of honest affections,  
 The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the  
 fisher;  
 The sailor is dropped in the sea;  
 The soldier lies cold by his cannon;  
 The woodman is crushed by his  
 tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted  
 In manly achievement unseen,  
 But lengthens the days of the coward,  
 And strengthens the crafty and  
 mean.

The blood of the noblest is lavished  
 That the selfish a profit may find;  
 But God sees the lives that are squan-  
 dered,  
 And we to His wisdom are blind.

—  
 THE LOST MAY.

WHEN May, with cowslip-braided  
 locks,  
 Walks through the land in green  
 attire,  
 And burns in meadow-grass the phlox  
 His torch of purple fire:

When buds have burst the silver  
 sheath,  
 And shifting pink, and gray, and  
 gold  
 Steal o'er the woods, while fair be-  
 neath  
 The bloomy vales unfold:

When, emerald-bright, the hemlock  
 stands  
 New-feathered, needled new, the  
 pine;  
 And, exiles from the orient lands,  
 The turbaned tulips shine:

When wild azaleas deck the knoll,  
 And cinque-foil stars the fields of  
 home,  
 And winds, that take the white-weed,  
 roll  
 The meadows into foam:

Then from the jubilee I turn  
 To other Mays that I have seen,  
 Where more resplendent blossoms  
 burn,  
 And statelier woods are green;—

Mays when my heart expanded first,  
 A honeyed blossom, fresh with dew;

And one sweet wind of heaven dis-  
 persed  
 The only clouds I knew.

For she, whose softly murmured  
 name  
 The music of the month expressed,  
 Walked by my side, in holy shame  
 Of girlish love confessed,

The budding chestnuts overhead,  
 Their sprinkled shadows in the  
 lane, —  
 Blue flowers along the brooklet's  
 bed, —  
 I see them all again!

The old, old tale of girl and boy,  
 Repeated ever, never old:  
 To each in turn the gates of joy,  
 The gates of heaven unfold.

And when the punctual May arrives,  
 With cowslip-garland on her brow,  
 We know what once she gave our  
 lives,  
 And cannot give us now!

—  
 THE MYSTERY.

THOU art not dead; thou art not gone  
 to dust;  
 No line of all thy loveliness shall  
 fall  
 To formless ruin, smote by Time,  
 and thrust  
 Into the solemn gulf that covers all.

Thou canst not wholly perish, though  
 the sod  
 Sink with its violets closer to thy  
 breast;  
 Though by the feet of generations  
 trod,  
 The headstone crumble from thy  
 place of rest.

The marvel of thy beauty cannot die;  
 The sweetness of thy presence shall  
 not fade;  
 Earth gave not all the glory of thine  
 eye, —  
 Death may not keep what Death has  
 never made.

It was not thine, that forehead  
 strange and cold,  
 Nor those dumb lips, they hid be-  
 neath the snow;  
*Thy* heart would throb beneath that  
 passive fold,  
*Thy* hands for me that stony clasp  
 forego.

But thou hadst gone, — gone from  
 the dreary land,  
 Gone from the storms let loose on  
 every hill,  
 Lured by the sweet persuasion of a  
 hand  
 Which leads thee somewhere in the  
 distance still.

Where'er thou art, I know thou  
 wearest yet  
 The same bewildering beauty, sanc-  
 tified  
 By calmer joy, and touched with soft  
 regret  
 For him who seeks, but cannot  
 reach thy side.

I keep for thee the living love of  
 old,  
 And seek thy place in Nature, as a  
 child  
 Whose hand is parted from his play-  
 mate's hold,  
 Wanders and cries along a lone-  
 some wild.

When, in the watches of my heart, I  
 hear  
 The messages of purer life, and  
 know  
 The footsteps of thy spirit lingering  
 near,  
 The darkness hides the way that I  
 should go.

Canst thou not bid the empty realms  
 restore  
 That form, the symbol of thy  
 heavenly part?  
 Or on the fields of barren silence  
 pour  
 That voice, the perfect music of  
 thy heart?

Oh, once, once bending to these wid-  
 owed lips,  
 Take back the tender warmth of  
 life from me,  
 Or let thy kisses cloud with swift  
 eclipse  
 The light of mine, and give me  
 death with thee?

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

“GIVE us a song!” the soldiers  
 cried,  
 The outer trenches guarding,  
 When the heated guns of the camps  
 allied  
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
 Lay, grim and threatening, under;  
 And the tawny mound of the Mala-  
 koff  
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman  
 said,  
 “We storm the forts to-morrow;  
 Sing while we may, another day  
 Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery's side,  
 Below the smoking cannon:  
 Brave hearts, from Severn and from  
 Clyde,  
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
 Forgot was Britain's glory:  
 Each heart recalled a different name,  
 But all sang “Annie Lawrie.”

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
 Until its tender passion  
 Rose like an anthem, rich and  
 strong, —  
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not  
 speak,  
 But, as the song grew louder,  
 Something upon the soldier's cheek  
 Washed off the stains of powder.



Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot, and burst of  
shell,  
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer, dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing:  
The bravest are the tenderest, —  
The loving are the daring.

—————  
*TO A BAVARIAN GIRL.*

THOU, Bavaria's brown-eyed daughter,  
Art a shape of joy,  
Standing by the Isar's water  
With thy brother-boy;  
In thy dream, with idle fingers  
Threading through his curls,  
On thy cheek the sun's kiss lingers,  
Rosiest of girls!

Woods of glossy oak are ringing  
With the echoes bland,  
While thy generous voice is singing  
Songs of Fatherland, —  
Songs, that by the Danube's river  
Sound on hills of vine,  
And where waves in green light  
quiver,  
Down the rushing Rhine.

Life, with all its hues and changes,  
To thy heart doth lie  
Like those dreamy Alpine ranges  
In the southern sky;  
Where in haze the clefts are hidden,  
Which the foot should fear,  
And the crags that fall unbidden  
Startle not the ear.

Where the village maidens gather  
At the fountain's brim,  
Or in sunny harvest weather,  
With the reapers trim;  
Where the autumn fires are burning  
On the vintage-hills;  
Where the mossy wheels are turning  
In the ancient mills;

Where from ruined robber towers  
Hangs the ivy's hair,  
And the crimson foxbell flowers  
On the crumbling stair: —  
Everywhere, without thy presence,  
Would the sunshine fail,  
Fairest of the maiden peasants!  
Flower of Isar's vale.

—————  
SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

[From *Philip Van Artevelde.*]

UNKNOWN GREATNESS.

HE was a man of that unsleeping  
spirit,  
He seemed to live by miracle: his  
food  
Was glory, which was poison to his  
mind  
And peril to his body. He was one  
Of many thousand such that die be-  
times,

Whose story is a fragment, known  
to few.  
Then comes the man who has the  
luck to live,  
And he's a prodigy. Compute the  
chances,  
And deem there's ne'er a one in dan-  
gerous times  
Who wins the race of glory, but than  
him  
A thousand men more gloriously en-  
dowed

Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others  
 Have had their fortunes foundered  
 by a chance,  
 Whilst lighter barks pushed past  
 them; to whom add  
 A smaller tally, of the singular few  
 Who, gifted with predominating powers,  
 Bear yet a temperate will and keep  
 the peace.  
 The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

THIS circulating principle of life  
 That vivifies the outside of the earth  
 And permeates the sea; that here  
 and there  
 Awakening up a particle of matter,  
 Informs it, organizes, gives it power  
 To gather and associate to itself,  
 Transmute, incorporate other, for a  
 term  
 Sustains the congruous fabric, and  
 then quits it;  
 This vagrant principle so multiform,  
 Ebullient here and undetected there,  
 Is not unauthorized, nor increate,  
 Though indestructible. Life never  
 dies;  
 Matter dies off it, and it lives elsewhere,  
 Or elsehow circumstanced - and  
 shaped; it goes;  
 At every instant we may say 'tis gone,  
 But never it hath ceased; the type is  
 changed,  
 Is ever in transition, for life's law  
 To its eternal essence doth prescribe  
 Eternal mutability; and thus  
 To say I live — says, I partake of that  
 Which never dies. But how far I  
 may hold  
 An interest indivisible from life  
 Through change (and whether it be  
 mortal change,  
 Change of senescence, or of gradual  
 growth,  
 Or other whatsoever 'tis alike)

Is question not of argument, but fact.  
 In all men some such interest inheres;  
 In most 'tis posthumous; the more  
 expand  
 Our thoughts and feelings past the  
 very present,  
 The more that interest overtakes of  
 change  
 And comprehends, till what it comprehends  
 Is comprehended in eternity,  
 And in no less a span.

Here we are

Engendered out of nothing cognizable.  
 If this be not a wonder, nothing is;  
 If this be wonderful, then all is so.  
 Man's grosser attributes can generate  
 What is not, and has never been at all;  
 What should forbid his fancy to  
 restore  
 A being passed away? The wonder  
 lies  
 In the mind merely of the wondering  
 man.  
 Treading the steps of common life  
 with eyes  
 Of curious inquisition, some will stare  
 At each discovery of Nature's ways,  
 As it were new to find that God contrives.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

LOVE RELUCTANT TO ENDANGER  
 ITS OBJECT.

THERE is but one thing that still  
 harks me back.  
 To bring a cloud upon the summer  
 day  
 Of one so happy and so beautiful, —  
 It is a hard condition. For myself,  
 I know not that the circumstance of  
 life  
 In all its changes can so far afflict me  
 As makes anticipation much worth  
 while.  
 But she is younger, — of a sex beside  
 Whose spirits are to ours as flame to  
 fire,  
 More sudden, and more perishable  
 too;

So that the gust wherewith the one  
is kindled

Extinguishes the other. O she is fair!  
As fair as heaven to look upon! as  
fair

As ever vision of the Virgin blest  
That weary pilgrim, resting by the  
fount

Beneath the palm, and dreaming to  
the tune

Of flowing waters, duped his soul  
withal.

It was permitted in my pilgrimage  
To rest beside the fount beneath the  
tree,

Beholding there no vision, but a maid  
Whose form was light and graceful  
as the palm,

Whose heart was pure and jocund as  
the fount,

And spread a freshness and a ver-  
dure round.

This was permitted in my pilgrimage,  
And loath am I to take my staff again,  
Say that I fall not in this enterprise;  
Yet must my life be full of hazardous  
turns,

And they that house with me must  
ever live

In imminent peril of some evil fate.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

#### NATURE'S NEED.

THE human heart cannot sustain  
Prolonged unalterable pain,  
And not till reason cease to reign  
Will nature want some moments brief  
Of other moods to mix with grief;  
Such and so hard to be destroyed  
That vigor which abhors a void,  
And in the midst of all distress,  
Such Nature's need for happiness!  
And when she rallied thus, more  
high

Her spirits ran, she knew not why,  
Than was their wont, in times than  
these

Less troubled, with a heart at ease.  
So meet extremes; so joy's rebound  
Is highest from the hollowest ground;  
So vessels with the storm that strive  
Pitch higher as they deeper dive.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

#### WHEN JOYS ARE KEENEST.

THE sweets of converse and society  
Are sweetest when they're snatched;  
the often-comer,

The boon companion of a thousand  
feasts,

Whose eye has grown familiar with  
the fair,

Whose tutored tongue, by practice  
perfect made,

Is tamely talkative, — he never knows  
That truest, rarest light of social joy  
Which gleams upon the man of many  
cares.

[From Philip Van Artevelde.]

#### RELAXATION.

It was not meant  
By him who on the back the burden  
bound,

That cares, though public, critical,  
and grave,

Should so encase us and encrust, as  
shuts

The gate on what is beautiful below,  
And clogs those entries of the soul of  
man

Which lead the way to what he hath  
of heaven.

#### WHAT MAKES A HERO?

WHAT makes a hero? — not success,  
not fame,

Inebriate merchants, and the loud  
acclaim

Of glutton Avarice, — caps tossed  
up in air,

Or pen of journalist with flourish  
fair;

Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a  
titular name —

These, though his rightful tribute,  
he can spare;

His rightful tribute, not his end or  
aim,

Or true reward; for never yet did  
these

Refresh the soul, or set the heart  
 at ease.  
 What makes a hero? — An heroic  
 mind,  
 Expressed in action, in endurance  
 proved. [right,  
 And if there be pre-eminence of  
 Derived through pain well suffered,  
 to the height  
 Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear un-  
 moved,  
 Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or  
 wind,  
 Not the brute fury of barbarians  
 blind,  
 But worse — ingratitude and poi-  
 sonous darts,

Launched by the country he had  
 served and loved:  
 This, with a free, unclouded spirit  
 pure,  
 This, in the strength of silence to  
 endure,  
 A dignity to noble deeds imparts  
 Beyond the gauds and trappings of  
 renown;  
 This is the hero's complement and  
 crown;  
 This missed, one struggle had been  
 wanting still, —  
 One glorious triumph of the heroic  
 will,  
 One self-approval in his heart of  
 hearts.

## JANE TAYLOR.

### THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light  
 Shoots through the yellow pane;  
 It makes the faded crimson bright,  
 And gilds the fringe again;  
 The window's gothic framework falls  
 In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were  
 new,

How many a cloudless day,  
 To rob the velvet of its hue,  
 Has come and passed away;  
 How many a setting sun hath made  
 That curious lattice-work of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green  
 The cunning hand must be,  
 That carved this fretted door, I ween,  
 Acorn, and *fleur-de-lis*;  
 And now the worm hath done her  
 part  
 In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call)  
 When the first *James* was king,  
 The courtly knight from yonder hall  
 Hither his train did bring;  
 All seated round in order due,  
 With brodered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions, set in fringe,  
 All reverently they knelt:  
 Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and  
 hinge,  
 In ancient English spelt,  
 Each holding in a lily hand,  
 Responsive at the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted  
 aisle,  
 The sunbeam, long and lone,  
 Illumes the characters awhile  
 Of their inscription-stone;  
 And there, in marble hard and  
 cold,  
 The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together, are expressed  
 He and my lady fair;  
 With hands uplifted on the breast,  
 In attitude of prayer;  
 Long-visaged, clad in armor, he,—  
 With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order ere they died,  
 The numerous offspring bend;  
 Devoutly kneeling side by side,  
 As though they did intend  
 For past omissions to atone,  
 By saying endless prayers in stone.

These mellow days are past and dim,  
 But generations new,  
 In regular descent from him,  
 Have filled the stately pew;  
 And in the same succession go,  
 To occupy the vault below.

And now, the polished, modern squire  
 And his gay train appear,  
 Who duly to the hall retire,  
 A season, every year, —  
 And fill the seats with belle and beau,  
 As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread  
 The hollow sounding floor,  
 Of that dark house of kindred dead,  
 Which shall, as heretofore,

In turn, receive, to silent rest,  
 Another, and another guest,—

The feathered hearse and sable  
 train,

In all its wonted state,  
 Shall wind along the village lane,  
 And stand before the gate;  
 Brought many a distant country  
 through,  
 To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,  
 All to their dusty beds,  
 Still shall the mellow evening ray  
 Shine gayly o'er their heads;  
 While other faces, fresh and new,  
 Shall occupy the squire's pew.

## ALFRED TENNYSON.

### COUPLETS FROM "LOCKSLEY HALL."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands:  
 Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might:  
 Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,  
 And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,  
 Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,  
 That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,  
 In the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,  
 Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:  
 Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

STRONG SON OF GOD.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy  
face,

By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and  
shade;

Thou madest life in man and brute,  
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy  
foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
Thou madest man, he knows not  
why;

He thinks he was not made to die;  
And thou hast made him: thou art  
just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood,  
thou:

Our wills are ours, we know not  
how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them  
thine.

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

We have but faith: we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see:  
And yet we trust it comes from  
thee,

A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to  
more,

But more of reverence in us dwell:  
That mind and soul according well,  
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight:  
We mock thee when we do not  
fear:

But help thy foolish ones to bear;  
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy  
light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me:  
What seemed my worth since I  
began;

For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature, whom I found so  
fair,

I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering  
cries,

Confusions of a wasted youth:  
Forgive them where they fail in  
truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

HOPE FOR ALL.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood:

That nothing walks, with aimless  
feet;

That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile com-  
plete:

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything:  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last — far-off — at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil  
dreams?

So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of  
cares

Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope through darkness up to  
God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and  
grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and  
call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

[From *In Memoriam.*]

*SOUL TO SOUL.*

I SHALL not see thee. . Dare I say  
No spirit ever brake the band  
That stays him from the native  
land,  
Where first he walked when claspt in  
clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,  
But he, the Spirit himself, may  
come

Where all the nerve of sense is  
numb  
Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.

Oh, therefore from thy sightless  
range

With gods in unconjectured bliss,  
Oh, from the distance of the abyss  
Of tenfold complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter: hear  
The wish too strong for words to  
name;

That in this blindness of the frame  
My ghost may feel that thine is near.

[From *In Memoriam.*]

*CONDITION OF SPIRITUAL  
COMMUNION.*

How pure at heart and sound in  
head,

With what divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thought  
would hold

An hour's communion with the  
dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
The spirits from their golden day,  
Except, like them, thou too canst  
say,  
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the  
breast,

Imagination calm and fair,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,  
And Doubt beside the portal waits,  
They can but listen at the gates,  
And hear the household jar within.

[From *In Memoriam.*]

*FAITH IN DOUBT.*

PERPLEXED in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.

There lives more faith in honest  
doubt,

Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered  
strength,

He would not make his judgment  
blind,

He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them: thus he came at  
length

To find a stronger faith his own:  
 And Power was with him in the  
 night,  
 Which makes the darkness and the  
 light,  
 And dwells not in the light alone.

But in the darkness and the cloud,  
 As over Sinai's peaks of old,  
 While Israel made their gods of  
 gold,  
 Although the trumpet blew so loud.

[From *In Memoriam*.]

TO A FRIEND IN HEAVEN.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,  
 So far, so near in woe and weal:  
 O loved the most, when most I feel  
 There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown: human, di-  
 vine:

Sweet human hand and lips and  
 eye:

Dear heavenly friend that canst  
 not die,  
 Mine, mine, forever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to  
 be:

Love deeper, darker understood:  
 Behold, I dream a dream of good,  
 And mingle all the world with thee.

Thy voice is on the rolling air:  
 I hear thee where the waters run;  
 Thou standest in the rising sun,  
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;  
 But though I seem in star and  
 flower

To feel thee some diffusive power,  
 I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before:  
 My love is vaster passion now;  
 Though mixed with God and Na-  
 ture thou,

I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh:  
 I have thee still, and I rejoice:  
 I prosper, circled with thy voice:  
 I shall not lose thee though I die-

[From *In Memoriam*.]

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



[From *The Princess.*]

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what  
they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine  
despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the  
eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn  
fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no  
more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering  
on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the  
underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over  
one  
That sinks with all we love below the  
verge:  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no  
more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark  
summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened  
birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glim-  
mering square:  
So sad, so strange, the days that are  
no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after  
death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy  
feigned  
On lips that are for others: deep as  
love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all  
regret:  
O Death in Life, the days that are no  
more.

[From *The Princess.*]

FOR HIS CHILD'S SAKE.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:  
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Called him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe:  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place.  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face:  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee —  
Like summer tempest came her  
tears —  
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

[From *The Princess.*]

RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripest ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,  
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the  
child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
Oh, there above the little grave,  
We kissed again with tears.

[From *The Princess.*]

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the  
lakes  
And the wild cataract leaps in  
glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes  
flying,  
Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying,  
dying, dying.

Oh, hark, oh, hear! how thin and  
clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blow  
ing!

*surv*  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens  
relying; *med*  
Blow, bugle: answer echoes, dying,  
dying, dying.

*med*  
O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
*high*  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes  
flying,  
*med*  
And answer echoes, answer, dying,  
dying, dying.

[From *The Princess*.]

NOW LIES THE EARTH.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to  
the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on,  
and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in  
me.

Now folds the lily all her sweet-  
ness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake:  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou,  
and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

[From *The Princess*.]

MAN AND WOMAN.

FOR woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as  
the man,  
Sweet love were slain: his dearest  
bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference.  
Yet in the long years liker must they  
grow:  
The man be more of woman, she of  
man:  
He gain in sweetness and in moral  
height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that  
throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in child-  
ward care,  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger  
mind;

Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words:  
And so these twain, upon the skirts  
of Time.

Sit side by side, full-summed in all  
their powers,

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing  
each,

Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other even as those  
who love.

[From *The Princess*.]

CRADLE SONG.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and  
blow,

Blow him again to me:  
While my little one, while my pretty  
one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon:  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the  
nest,

Silver sails all out of the west  
Under the silver moon:  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty  
one, sleep,

[From *The Princess*.]

ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more: the moon may  
draw the sea;

The cloud may stoop from heaven  
and take the shape,

With fold to fold, of mountain or  
of cape:

But O too fond, when have I an-  
swered thee?

Ask me no more.



COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

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Ask me no more: What answer  
should I give?

I love not hollow cheek or faded  
eye:

Yet, O my friend, I will not have  
thee die!

Ask me no more, lest I should bid  
thee live:

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine  
are sealed:

I strove against the stream and all  
in vain:

Let the great river take me to the  
main:

No more, dear love, for at a touch I  
yield:

Ask me no more.

[From *The Miller's Daughter*.]

LOVE.

LOVE that hath us in the net,  
Can he pass, and we forget?  
Many suns arise and set.  
Many a chance the years beget.  
Love the gift is Love the debt,  
Even so.

Love is hurt with jar and fret.  
Love is hurt a vague regret.  
Eyes with idle tears are wet.  
Idle habit links us yet.  
What is love? for we forget:  
Ah, no! no!

[From *The Miller's Daughter*.]

HUSBAND TO WIFE.

Look through mine eyes with thine.  
True wife,

Round my true heart thine arms  
entwine:

My other dearer life in life,

Look through my very soul with  
thine!

Untouched with any shade of years,  
May those kind eyes forever dwell!

They have not shed a many tears,  
Dear eyes, since first I knew them  
well.

Yet tears they shed: they had their  
part

Of sorrow: for when time was  
ripe,

The still affection of the heart

Became an outward breathing type,  
That into stillness passed again,

And left a want unknown before:  
Although the loss that brought us

pain,

That loss but made us love the  
more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,  
The woven arms, seem but to be

Weak symbols of the settled bliss,  
The comfort, I have found in thee:

But that God bless thee, dear — who  
wrought

Two spirits to one equal mind —

With blessings beyond hope or  
thought,

With blessings which no words  
can find.

Arise, and let us wander forth,

To yon old mill across the wolds;  
For look, the sunset, south and north,

Winds all the vale in rosy folds,  
And fires your narrow casement

glass,

Touching the sullen pool below:  
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass  
Is dry and dewless, let us go.

[From *The Miller's Daughter*.]

WHAT I WOULD BE.

It is the miller's daughter,

And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel

That trembles at her ear:

For hid in ringlets day and night,  
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle

About her dainty, dainty waist,  
And her heart would beat against me,

In sorrow and in rest:

And I should know if it beat right,  
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

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

[From *Merlin and Vivien.*]

NOT AT ALL, OR ALL IN ALL.

IN Love, if Love be Love, if Love  
 be ours,  
 Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal  
 powers;  
 Unfaith in aught is want of faith in  
 all.

It is the little rift within the lute,  
 That by and by will make the music  
 mute,  
 And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's  
 lute  
 Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
 That rotting inward, slowly moulders  
 all.

It is not worth the keeping: let  
 it go:  
 But shall it? answer, darling, answer,  
 no.  
 And trust me not at all or all in all.

[From *Maud.*]

GARDEN SONG.

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

For a breeze of morning moves,  
 And the planet of Love is on high,  
 Beginning to faint in the light that  
 she loves  
 On a bed of daffodil sky,

To faint in the light of the sun that  
 she loves,  
 To faint in his light, and to die.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There has fallen a splendid tear  
 From the passion-flower at the gate.  
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
 She is coming, my life, my fate;  
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she  
 is near;"  
 And the white rose weeps, "She is  
 late;"  
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I  
 hear;"  
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."  
 She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
 Were it ever so airy a tread,  
 My heart would hear her, and beat,  
 Were it earth in an earthy bed.  
 My dust would hear her, and beat,  
 Had I lain for a century dead:  
 Would start and tremble under her  
 feet,  
 And blossom in purple and red.

[From *Maud*.]

GO NOT, HAPPY DAY.

Go not, happy day,  
 From the shining fields,  
 Go not, happy day,  
 Till the maiden yields.  
 Rosy is the West,  
 Rosy is the South,  
 Roses are her cheeks,  
 And a rose her mouth.

When the happy Yes  
 Falters from her lips,  
 Pass and blush the news  
 O'er the blowing ships,  
 Over blowing seas,  
 Over seas at rest,  
 Pass the happy news,  
 Blush it through the West,  
 Till the red man dance  
 By his red cedar-tree.  
 And the red man's babe,  
 Leap, beyond the sea.  
 Blush from West to East,  
 Blush from East to West,  
 Till the West is East,  
 Blush it through the West.  
 Rosy is the West,  
 Rosy is the South,  
 Roses are her cheeks,  
 And a rose her mouth.

[From *Guinevere*.]

THE NUNS' SONG.

Late, late, so late! and dark the  
 night and chill!  
 Late, late, so late! but we can enter  
 still.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter  
 now.

No light had we: for that we do  
 repent:  
 And learning this, the bridegroom  
 will relent.  
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter  
 now.

No light: so late! and dark and  
 chill the night;  
 Oh, let us in, that we may find the  
 light!  
 Too late, too late! ye cannot enter  
 now.

Have we not heard the bride-  
 groom is so sweet?  
 Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss his  
 feet!  
 No, no, too late! ye cannot enter  
 now.

*THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.*

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily  
sighing:

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die:  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;  
He will not see the dawn of day.  
He hath no other life above; [love.  
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-  
And the new year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go:  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;  
A jollier year we shall not see;  
But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
And though his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.

Old year; you shall not die:  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er.  
To see him die across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.  
The night is starry and cold, my  
friend,  
And the new year, blithe and bold,  
my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro:  
The cricket chirps: the light burns  
low:

'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.  
Shake hands before you die.  
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
Alack! our friend is gone.  
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my  
friend,  
And a new face at the door, my  
friend,  
A new face at the door.

*A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.*

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the  
sea,

Alexandra!

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
But all of us Danes in our welcome  
of thee,

Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and  
of fleet!

Welcome her, thundering cheer of  
the street!

Welcome her, all things youthful and  
sweet,

Scatter the blossom under her feet!  
Break, happy land, into earlier flow-  
ers!

Make music, O bird, in the new-bud-  
ded bowers!

Blazon your mottoes of blessing and  
prayer!

Welcome her, welcome her, all that  
is ours!

Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!  
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and  
towers!

Flames, on the windy headland flare!  
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!  
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March  
air!

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!  
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and  
higher

Melt into the stars for the land's  
desire!

Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,  
Roll as a ground-swell dashed on the  
strand,

Roar as the sea when he welcomes  
the land,



And welcome her, welcome the land's  
 desire,  
 The sea-kings' daughter, as happy as  
 fair,  
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,  
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the  
 sea —  
 O joy to the people, and joy to the  
 throne,  
 Come to us, love us, and make us  
 your own,  
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,  
 Teuton or Celt or whatever we be,  
 We are each all Dane in our welcome  
 of thee,

Alexandra!

—

*LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.*

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,  
 Of me you shall not win renown :  
 You thought to break a country  
 heart  
 For pastime, ere you went to  
 town.  
 At me you smiled, but unbeguiled  
 I saw the snare, and I retired :  
 The daughter of a hundred earls,  
 You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 I know you proud to bear your  
 name,  
 Your pride is yet no mate for mine,  
 Too proud to care from whence I  
 came.  
 Nor would I break for your sweet  
 sake  
 A heart that doats on truer  
 charms.  
 A simple maiden in her flower  
 Is worth a hundred coats of arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 Some meeker pupil you must  
 find  
 For were you queen of all that is,  
 I could not stoop to such a mind.  
 You sought to prove how I could  
 love,  
 And my disdain is my reply.  
 The lion on your old stone gates  
 Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 You put strange memories in my  
 head;  
 Nor thrice your branching limes have  
 blown  
 Since I beheld young Laurence  
 dead.  
 Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies :  
 A great enchantress you may be :  
 But there was that across his throat  
 Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 When thus he met his mother's  
 view,  
 She had the passions of her kind,  
 She spake some certain truths of  
 you.  
 Indeed I heard one bitter word  
 That scarce is fit for you to hear :  
 Her manners had not that repose  
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de  
 Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 There stands a spectre in your hall :  
 The guilt of blood is at your door :  
 You changed a wholesome heart to  
 gall.  
 You held your course without re-  
 morse,  
 To make him trust his modest  
 worth,  
 And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,  
 And slew him with your noble  
 birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
 From yon blue heavens above us  
 bent  
 The grand old gardener and his wife  
 Smile at the claims of long descent.  
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
 'Tis only noble to be good.  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
 And simple faith than Norman  
 blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,  
 You pine among your halls and  
 towers :  
 The languid light of your proud eyes  
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.

In glowing health, with boundless  
wealth,

But sickening of a vague disease,  
You know so ill to deal with time,  
You needs must play such pranks  
as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,  
If Time be heavy on your hands,  
Are there no beggars at your gate,  
Nor any poor about your lands?  
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,  
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,  
Pray Heaven for a human heart,  
And let the foolish yeoman go.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!" he said.  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldiers knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die,  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered:

Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not,  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them,  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of Death  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
Oh, the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade!  
Noble six hundred!

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could  
utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at  
play!  
Oh, well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the  
bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill:  
But oh, for the touch of a vanished  
hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is  
still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is  
dead  
Will never come back to me.

*MOVE EASTWARD, HAPPY EARTH.*

MOVE eastward, happy earth, and leave

Yon orange sunset waning slow:  
From fringes of the faded eve,

O happy planet, eastward go:  
Till over thy dark shoulder glow,  
Thy silver-sister world, and rise  
To glass herself in dewy eyes  
That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, lightly borne,  
Dip forward under starry light,  
And move me to my marriage-morn,  
And round again to happy night.

*THE TEARS OF HEAVEN.*

HEAVEN weeps above the earth all  
night till morn,

In darkness weeps as all ashamed to  
weep,

Because the earth hath made her state  
forlorn

With self-wrought evil of unnum-  
bered years,

And doth the fruit of her dishonor  
reap.

And all the day heaven gathers back  
her tears

Into her own blue eyes so clear and  
deep,

And showering down the glory of  
lightsome day,

Smiles on the earth's worn brow to  
win her if she may.

*COME NOT WHEN I AM DEAD.*

COME not when I am dead,  
To drop thy foolish tears upon my  
grave,

To trample round my fallen head,  
And vex the unhappy dust thou  
wouldst not save.

There let the wind sweep and the  
plover cry;  
But thou go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy  
crime

I care no longer, being all unblest:  
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick  
of Time,

And I desire to rest.  
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me  
where I lie:

Go by, go by.

*CIRCUMSTANCE.*

Two children in two neighbor vil-  
lages [leas:

Playing mad pranks along the healthy  
Two strangers meeting at a festival:

Two lovers whispering by an orchard  
wall:

Two lives bound fast in one with  
golden ease:

Two graves grass-green beside a gray  
church-tower

Washed with still rains and daisy-  
blossomed;

Two children in one hamlet born and  
bred: [to hour.

So runs the round of life from hour

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

*AT THE CHURCH-GATE.*

ALTHOUGH I enter not,  
Yet round about the spot,  
Ofttimes I hover;  
And near the sacred gate,  
With longing eyes I wait,  
Expectant of her.

The minster-bell tolls out  
Above the city's rout,  
And noise and humming;  
They've hushed the minster-bell,  
The organ 'gins to swell,—  
She's coming,— coming!

My lady comes at last,  
Timid and stepping fast,  
And hastening hither,  
With modest eyes downcast;  
She comes,—she's here,—she's past;  
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint,  
Pour out your praise or plaint  
Meekly and duly;

I will not enter there,  
To sully your pure prayer,  
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace  
Round the forbidden place,  
Lingering a minute,  
Like outcast spirits who wait,  
And see, through heaven's gate,  
Angels within it.

## CELIA THAXTER.

### FAREWELL.

THE crimson sunset faded into gray;  
Upon the murmurous sea the twilight fell;  
The last warm breath of the delicious day  
Passed with a mute farewell.

Above my head, in the soft purple sky,

A wild note sounded like a shrill-voiced bell;

Three gulls met, wheeled, and parted with a cry

That seemed to say, "Farewell!"

I watched them; one sailed east, and one soared west,

And one went floating south; while like a knell

That mournful cry the empty sky possessed,

"Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell!" I thought, it is the earth's one speech;

All human voices the sad chorus swell;

Though mighty love to heaven's high gate may reach,

Yet must he say, "Farewell!"

The rolling world is girdled with the sound,

Perpetually breathed from all who dwell

Upon its bosom, for no place is found  
Where is not heard, "Farewell!"

"Farewell, farewell!"—from wave to wave 't is tossed,  
From wind to wind: earth has one tale to tell;  
All other sounds are dulled and drowned and lost  
In this one cry, "Farewell!"

### DISCONTENT.

THERE is no day so dark  
But through the murk some ray of hope may steal,

Some blessed touch from heaven that we might feel,

If we but chose to mark.

We shut the portals fast,  
And turn the key and let no sunshine in;

Yet to the worst despair that comes through sin

God's light shall reach at last.

We slight our daily joy,  
Make much of our vexations, thickly set

Our path with thorns of discontent, and fret

At our fine gold's alloy,

Till bounteous heaven might frown  
At such ingratitude, and, turning, lay

On our impatience, burdens that would weigh

Our aching shoulders down.

We shed too many tears,  
 And sigh too sore, and yield us up to  
 woe,  
 As if God had not planned the way  
 we go  
 And counted out our years.

Can we not be content,  
 And lift our foreheads from the igno-  
 ble dust  
 Of these complaining lives, and wait  
 with trust,  
 Fulfilling heaven's intent ?

Must we have wealth and power,  
 Fame, beauty, all things ordered to  
 our mind ?  
 Nay, all these things leave happiness  
 behind!  
 Accept the sun and shower,

The humble joys that bless,  
 Appealing to indifferent hearts and  
 cold  
 With delicate touch, striving to reach  
 and hold  
 Our hidden consciousness;

And see how everywhere  
 Love comforts, strengthens, helps,  
 and saves us all;  
 What opportunities of good befall  
 To make life sweet and fair!

---

*THE SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US  
 YET.*

UPON the sadness of the sea  
 The sunset broods regretfully;  
 From the far lonely spaces, slow  
 Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;  
 So darken all the happy skies;  
 So gathers twilight, cold and stern;  
 But overhead the planets burn;

And up the east another day  
 Shall chase the bitter dark away;  
 What though our eyes with tears be  
 wet ?  
 The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore  
 Our light and hope and joy once  
 more  
 Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget  
 That sunrise never failed us yet!

---

*A MUSSEL-SHELL.*

WHY art thou colored like the even-  
 ing sky  
 Sorrowing for sunset? Lovely dost  
 thou lie,  
 Bared by the washing of the eager  
 brine,  
 At the snow's motionless and wind-  
 carved line.

Cold stretch the snows, cold thron-  
 g the waves, the wind  
 Stings sharp,—an icy fire, a touch  
 unkind,—  
 And sighs as if with passion of re-  
 gret,  
 The while I mark thy tints of violet.

O beauty strange! O shape of perfect  
 grace,  
 Whereon the lovely waves of color  
 trace  
 The history of the years that passed  
 thee by,  
 And touched thee with the pathos of  
 the sky!

The sea shall crush thee; yea, the  
 ponderous wave  
 Up the loose beach shall grind, and  
 scoop thy grave,  
 Thou thought of God! What more  
 than thou am I ?  
 Both transient as the sad wind's pass-  
 ing sigh.

---

*REVERIE.*

THE white reflection of the sloop's  
 great sail  
 Sleeps trembling on the tide,  
 In scarlet trim her crew lean o'er the  
 rail,  
 Lounging on either side.

Pale blue and streaked with pearl the  
waters lie,  
And glitter in the heat;  
The distance gathers purple bloom  
where sky  
And glimmering coast-line meet.

From the cove's curving rim of sandy  
gray  
The ebbing tide has drained,  
Where, mournful, in the dusk of  
yesterday  
The curlew's voice complained.

Half lost in hot mirage the sails afar  
Lie dreaming, still and white;  
No wave breaks, no wind breathes,  
the peace to mar,  
Summer is at its height.

How many thousand summers thus  
have shone  
Across the ocean waste,  
Passing in swift succession, one by  
one  
By the fierce winter chased!

The gray rocks blushing soft at dawn  
and eve,  
The green leaves at their feet,  
The dreaming sails, the crying birds  
that grieve,  
Ever themselves repeat.

And yet how dear and how forever  
fair  
Is Nature's friendly face,  
And how forever new and sweet and  
rare  
Each old familiar grace!

What matters it that she will sing  
and smile  
When we are dead and still?  
Let us be happy in her beauty while  
Our hearts have power to thrill.

Let us rejoice in every moment  
bright,  
Grateful that it is ours;  
Bask in her smiles with ever fresh  
delight,  
And gather all her flowers;

For presently we part: what will  
avail  
Her rosy fires of dawn,  
Her noontide pomps, to us, who fade  
and fail,  
Our hands from hers withdrawn?

—  
*LOVE SHALL SAVE US ALL.*

O PILGRIM, comes the night so fast?  
Let not the dark thy heart appall,  
Though loom the shadows vague and  
vast,  
For love shall save us all.

There is no hope but this to see  
Through tears that gather fast, and  
fall;  
Too great to perish love must be,  
And love shall save us all.

Have patience with our loss and  
pain,  
Our troubled space of days so  
small;  
We shall not reach our arms in vain,  
For love shall save us all.

O pilgrim, but a moment wait,  
And we shall hear our darlings  
call  
Beyond death's mute and awful gate,  
And love shall save us all!

—  
*TO A VIOLIN.*

WHAT wondrous power from heaven  
upon thee wrought?  
What prisoned Ariel within thee  
broods?  
Marvel of human skill and human  
thought,  
Light as a dry leaf in the winter  
woods!

Thou mystic thing, all beautiful!  
What mind  
Conceived thee, what intelligence  
began  
And out of chaos thy rare shape de-  
signed,  
Thou delicate and perfect work of  
man?

Across my hands thou liest mute and still;  
 Thou wilt not breathe to me thy secret fine;  
 Thy matchless tones the eager air shall thrill  
 To no entreaty or command of mine;

But comes thy master, lo! thou yieldest all:  
 Passion and pathos, rapture and despair;  
 To the soul's need thy searching voice doth call  
 In language exquisite beyond compare,

Till into speech articulate at last  
 Thou seem'st to break, and thy charmed listener hears  
 Thee waking echoes of the vanished past,  
 Touching the source of gladness and of tears;

And with bowed head he lets the sweet wave roll  
 Across him, swayed by that weird power of thine,  
 And reverence and wonder fill his soul  
 That man's creation should be so divine.

---

COURAGE.

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,  
 And will not let the bitterness of life  
 Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond  
 Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,  
 Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,  
 By every ray and every rain-drop kissed  
 That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?  
 No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?

Think you there are no ready tears to fall  
 Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,  
 To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!  
 A thousand times more good than I deserve  
 God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears  
 Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine;  
 Grateful I take His slightest gift, no fears  
 Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,  
 One golden day redeems a weary year;  
 Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last  
 Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.  
 I must be glad and grateful to the end;  
 I grudge you not your cold and darkness,—me  
 The powers of light befriend.

---

IN KITTERY CHURCHYARD.

CRUSHING the scarlet strawberries in the grass,  
 I kneel to read the slanting stone.  
 Alas!  
 How sharp a sorrow speaks! A hundred years  
 And more have vanished, with their smiles and tears,  
 Since here was laid, upon an April day,  
 Sweet Mary Chauncy in the grave away,—

A hundred years since here her lover  
stood  
Beside her grave in such despairing  
mood,  
And yet from out the vanished past  
I hear  
His cry of anguish sounding deep  
and clear,  
And all my heart with pity melts, as  
though  
To-day's bright sun were looking on  
his woe.  
"Of such a wife, O righteous heav-  
en! bereft,  
What joy for me, what joy on earth  
is left?  
Still from my inmost soul the groans  
arise,  
Still flow the sorrows ceaseless from  
mine eyes."  
Alas, poor tortured soul! I look  
away  
From the dark stone,— how brilliant  
shines the day!  
A low wall, over which the roses  
shed  
Their perfumed petals, shuts the  
quiet dead  
Apart a little, and the tiny square  
Stands in the broad and laughing  
field so fair,  
And gay green vines climb o'er the  
rough stone wall,  
And all about the wild-birds flit and  
call,  
And but a stone's-throw southward,  
the blue sea  
Rolls sparkling in and sings inces-  
santly.  
Lovely as any dream the peaceful  
place,  
And scarcely changed since on her  
gentle face  
For the last time on that sad April  
day  
He gazed, and felt, for him, all beauty  
lay [him  
Buried with her forever. Dull to  
Looked the bright world through  
eyes with tears so dim!  
"I soon shall follow the same dreary  
way  
That leads and opens to the coasts  
of day."

His only hope! But when slow time  
had dealt  
Firmly with him and kindly, and he  
felt  
The storm and stress of strong and  
piercing pain  
Yielding at last, and he grew calm  
again,  
Doubtless he found another mate  
before  
He followed Mary to the happy  
shore!  
But none the less his grief appeals to  
me  
Who sit and listen to the singing sea  
This matchless summer day, beside  
the stone  
He made to echo with his bitter  
moan,  
And in my eyes I feel the foolish  
tears  
For buried sorrow, dead a hundred  
years!

—

BEETHOVEN.

O SOVEREIGN Master! stern and  
splendid power,  
That calmly dost both time and  
death defy;  
Lofty and lone as mountain peaks  
that tower,  
Leading our thoughts up to the  
eternal sky:  
Keeper of some divine, mysterious  
key,  
Raising us far above all human  
care,  
Unlocking awful gates of harmony  
To let heaven's light in on the  
world's despair;  
Smiter of solemn chords that still  
command  
Echoes in souls that suffer and as-  
pire,  
In the great moment while we hold  
thy hand,  
Baptized with pain and rapture,  
tears and fire,  
God lifts our saddened foreheads  
from the dust,  
The everlasting God, in whom we  
trust!



## THE SANDPIPER.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,  
 One little sandpiper and I  
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
 The scattered driftwood bleached  
 and dry  
 The wild waves reach their hands  
 for it, [high,  
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs  
 As up and down the beach we flit,—  
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
 Scud black and swift across the sky;  
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
 Stand out the white lighthouses  
 high.  
 Almost as far as eye can reach  
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,  
 As fast we flit along the beach,—  
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along  
 Uttering his sweet and mournful  
 cry;  
 He starts not at my fitful song,  
 Or flash of fluttering drapery;  
 He has no thought of any wrong,  
 He scans me with a fearless eye;  
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and  
 strong,  
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night  
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?  
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright!  
 To what warm shelter canst thou  
 fly?  
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
 The tempest rushes through the  
 sky:  
 For are we not God's children both,  
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

## JAMES THOMSON.

[From *The Seasons*.]

## PURE AND HAPPY LOVE.

BUT happy they! the happiest of  
 their kind!  
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one  
 fate  
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and  
 their beings blend.  
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human  
 laws,  
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the  
 mind,  
 That binds their peace, but harmony  
 itself,  
 Attuning all their passions into love;  
 Where Friendship full-exerts her  
 softest power,  
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire  
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;  
 Thought meeting thought, and will  
 preventing will,  
 With boundless confidence: for  
 nought but love  
 Can answer love, and render bliss  
 secure.

[From *The Seasons*.]

## THE TEMPEST.

UNUSUAL darkness broods; and  
 growing, gains  
 The full possession of the sky, sur-  
 charged  
 With wrathful vapor, from the secret  
 beds,  
 Where sleep the mineral generations,  
 drawn.  
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery  
 spume  
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,  
 With various-tinctured trains of  
 latent flame,  
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful  
 cloud,  
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of  
 fate,  
 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal  
 roused,  
 The dash of clouds, or irritating  
 war  
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm  
 below,

They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,  
 Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound  
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.  
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes  
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce  
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
 Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,  
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.  
 'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:  
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;  
 And following slower, in explosion vast,  
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The noise astounds: till overhead a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,  
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
 Follows the loosened aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal  
 Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds  
 Pour a whole flood; and yet its flame unquenched,  
 The unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.

[From *The Seasons*.]

*HARVEST-TIME.*

A SERENER blue,  
 With golden light enlivened, wide invests  
 The happy world. Attempered suns arise,  
 Sweet-beamed, and shedding oft through lucid clouds  
 A pleasing calm; while broad and brown, below  
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.  
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale  
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:  
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air  
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.  
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;  
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun  
 By fits effulgent gilds the illumined field,  
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
 A gaily-chequered heart-expanding view,  
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.  
 These are thy blessings, industry! rough power!  
 Whom labor still attends, and sweat, and pain;  
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,  
 And all the soft civility of life.

[From *The Seasons*.]

BIRDS, AND THEIR LOVES.

WHEN first the soul of love is sent  
abroad  
Warm through the vital air, and on  
the heart  
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops  
begin,  
In gallant thought, to plume the  
painted wing;  
And try again the long-forgotten  
strain.  
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner  
grows  
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,  
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'er-  
flows  
In music unconfined. Upsprings the  
lark,  
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messen-  
ger of morn;  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted  
sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from  
their haunts  
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every  
copse  
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er  
the heads  
Of the coy quiristers that lodgewithin,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The  
thrush  
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-con-  
tending throng  
Superior heard, run through the  
sweetest length  
Of notes; when listening Philomela  
deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes, in  
thought  
Elate, to make her night excel their  
day.  
The blackbird whistles from the  
thorny brake;  
The mellow bullfinch answers from  
the grove:  
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flower-  
ing furze  
Poured out profusely, silent. Joined  
to these  
Innumerable songsters, in the fresh-  
ening shade

Of new-sprung leaves their modula-  
tions mix  
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the  
daw,  
And each harsh pipe, discordant  
heard alone,  
Aid the full concert: while the stock-  
dove breathes  
A melancholy murmur through the  
whole.  
'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of  
love,  
That even to birds, and beasts, the  
tender arts  
Of pleasing, teaches. Hence, the  
glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive love  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their  
mates  
Pour forth their little souls. First,  
wide around,  
With distant awe, in airy rings they  
rove,  
Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to  
catch  
The cunning, conscious, half-averted  
glance  
Of their regardless charmer. Should  
she seem  
Softening the least approbance to be-  
stow,  
Their colors burnish, and by hope  
inspired,  
They brisk advance; then, on a sud-  
den struck,  
Retire disordered; then again ap-  
proach;  
In fond rotation spread the spotted  
wing,  
And shiver every feather with desire.

[From *The Seasons*.]

DEATH AMID THE SNOWS.

ALL winter drives along the dark-  
ened air:  
In his own loose revolving fields, the  
swain  
Disastered stands; sees other hills  
ascend.  
Of unknown joyless brow; and other  
scenes

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless  
 plain;  
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest,  
 hid  
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders  
 on  
 From hill to dale, still more and  
 more astray;  
 Impatient flouncing through the  
 drifted heaps,  
 Stung with the thoughts of home;  
 the thoughts of home  
 Rush on his nerves, and call their  
 vigor forth  
 In many a vain attempt. Howsinks  
 his soul!  
 What black despair, what horror fills  
 his heart!  
 When for the dusky spot, which  
 fancy feigned  
 His tufted cottage rising through the  
 snow,  
 He meets the roughness of the middle  
 waste,  
 Far from the track and blest abode  
 of man;  
 While round him night, resistless,  
 closes fast,  
 And every tempest, howling o'er his  
 head, [wild.  
 Renders the savage wilderness more  
 Then through the busy shapes into  
 his mind,  
 Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,  
 A dire descent! beyond the power of  
 frost;  
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,  
 Smoothed up with snow; and, what  
 is land, unknown,  
 What water, of the still unfrozen  
 spring,  
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
 Where the fresh fountain from the  
 bottom boils.  
 These check his fearful steps; and  
 down he sinks,  
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless  
 drift,  
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of  
 death;  
 Mixed with the tender anguish nature  
 shoots  
 Through the wrung bosom of the  
 dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends  
 unseen.  
 In vain for him the officious wife  
 prepares  
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vest-  
 ment warm;  
 In vain his little children, peeping  
 out  
 Into the mingling storm, demand  
 their sire,  
 With tears of artless innocence.  
 Alas!  
 Nor wife, nor children more shall he  
 behold,  
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On  
 every nerve  
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up  
 sense;  
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping  
 cold,  
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened  
 corse,  
 Stretched out, and bleaching in the  
 northern blast.

[From Liberty.]

#### INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL! Independence, hail! Heav-  
 en's next best gift,  
 To that of life and an immortal  
 soul!  
 The life of life! that to the banquet  
 high  
 And sober meal gives taste; to the  
 bowed roof  
 Fair-dreamed repose, and to the cot-  
 tage charms.

[From Liberty.]

#### A STATE'S NEED OF VIRTUE.

. . . . VIRTUE! without thee,  
 There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in  
 states;  
 War has no vigor, and no safety,  
 peace:  
 E'en justice warps to party, laws op-  
 press,  
 Wide through the land their weak  
 protection falls,  
 First broke the balance, and then  
 scorned the sword.

[From Liberty.]

THE ZEAL OF PERSECUTION.

MOTHER of tortures! persecuting  
Zeal,  
High flashing in her hand the ready  
torch,  
Or poniard bathed in unbelieving  
blood;  
Jell's fiercest fiend! of saintly brow  
demure,  
Assuming a celestial seraph's name,  
While she beneath the blasphemous  
pretence  
Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the  
Source of Love,  
Has wrought more horrors, more  
detested deeds,  
Than all the rest combined!

[From Liberty.]

THE APOLLO, AND VENUS OF  
MEDICI.

ALL conquest-flushed, from prostrate  
Python, came  
The quivered god. In graceful act  
he stands,  
His arm extended with the slackened  
bow;  
Light flows his easy robe, and fair  
displays  
A manly softened form. The bloom  
of gods  
Seems youthful o'er the beardless  
cheek to wave:  
His features yet, heroic ardor warms;  
And sweet subsiding to a native  
smile,  
Mixed with the joy elating conquest  
gives,  
A scattered frown exalts his match-  
less air.

The Queen of Love arose, as from  
the deep  
She sprung in all the melting pomp  
of charms.  
Bashful she bends, her well-taught  
look aside  
Turns in enchanting guise, where  
dubious mix

Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled  
sense  
Of modest shame, and slippery looks  
of love.  
The gazer grows enamoured, and the  
stone,  
As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.  
So turned each limb, so swelled with  
softening art,  
That the deluded eye the marble  
doubts.

[From The Castle of Indolence.]

REPOSE.

WHAT, what is virtue, but repose of  
mind,  
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no  
storm;  
Above the reach of wild ambition's  
wind,  
Above those passions that this world  
deform,  
And torture man, a proud malignant  
worm?  
But here, instead, soft gales of pas-  
sion play,  
And gently stir the heart, thereby to  
form  
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes  
stray  
Across the enlivened skies, and make  
them still more gay.

The best of men have ever loved re-  
pose:  
They hate to mingle in the filthy  
fray,  
Where the soul sours, and gradual  
rancor grows,  
Embittered more from peevish day to  
day.  
E'en those whom fame has lent her  
fairest ray,  
The most renowned of worthy wights  
of yore,  
From a base world at last have  
stolen away:  
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore  
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew  
before.

[From *The Castle of Indolence.*]

*THE FOLLY OF HOARDING.*

OH, grievous folly! to heap up estate,  
Losing the days you see beneath the  
sun;  
When, sudden, comes blind unrelent-  
ing fate,  
And gives the untasted portion you  
have won  
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch  
undone,  
To those who mock you, gone to  
Pluto's reign,  
There with sad ghosts to pine, and  
shadows dun:  
But sure it is of vanities most vain,  
To toil for what you here untoiling  
may obtain.

[From *The Castle of Indolence.*]

*EXCESS TO BE AVOIDED.*

BUT not e'en pleasure to excess is  
good:  
What most elates, then sinks the  
soul as low:  
When springtide joy pours in with  
copious flood,  
The higher still the exulting billows  
flow,  
The further back again they flagging  
go,  
And leave us grovelling on the dreary  
shore.

[From *The Castle of Indolence.*]

*NATURE'S JOY INALIENABLE.*

I CARE not, Fortune, what you me  
deny:  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's  
grace;  
You cannot shut the windows of the  
sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her  
brightening face;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to  
trace

The woods and lawns, by living  
stream, at eve;  
Let health my nerves and finer fibres  
brace,  
And I their toys to the great children  
leave:  
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can  
me bereave.

[From *The Castle of Indolence.*]

*THE STATE OF THE WORLD HAD  
MEN LIVED AT EASE.*

HAD unambitious mortals minded  
nought,  
But in loose joy their time to wear  
away;  
Had they alone the lap of dalliance  
sought,  
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads  
to lay,  
Rude nature's state had been our  
state to-day;  
No cities e'er their towery fronts had  
raised,  
No arts had made us opulent and  
gay;  
With brother brutes the human race  
had grazed;  
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none  
honored been, none praised.

Great Homer's song had never fired  
the breast  
To thirst of glory, and heroic  
deeds;  
Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglori-  
ous rest,  
Had silent slept amid the Mincian  
reeds:  
The wits of modern time had told  
their beads,  
The monkish legends been their only  
strains;  
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in  
weeds,  
Our Shakespeare strolled and laughed  
with Warwick swains,  
Ne had my master Spenser charm'd  
his Mulla's plains.

[From *The Castle of Indolence.*]

**HEALTH NECESSARY TO HAPPY LIFE.**

AH! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,  
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?  
How tasteless then whatever can be given?  
Health is the vital principle of bliss,  
And exercise of health. In proof of this,  
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,  
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss;  
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,  
As light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys of health!  
Unclogg'd the body, unobscured the mind:  
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,  
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.  
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find:  
See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,  
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;  
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;  
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

**CONTENTMENT.**

IF those, who live in shepherd's bower,  
Press not the rich and stately bed:  
The new-mown hay and breathing flower  
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those, who sit at shepherd's board,  
Soothe not their taste by wanton art;  
They take what Nature's gifts afford,  
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,  
No high and sparkling wines can boast,  
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,  
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,  
Gay dancing on the daisied ground,  
Have not the splendor of a court:  
Yet love adorns the merry round.

**RULE, BRITANNIA!**

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung this strain:  
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blessed as thee,  
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall;  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Rule, etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
As the loud blast that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
Rule, etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:  
All their attempts to bend thee down

Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
But work their woe, and thy re-  
nown.

Rule, etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
Thy cities shall with commerce  
shine:

All thine shall be the subject main:  
And every shore it circles thine.  
Rule, etc.

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair:  
Blessed isle! with matchless beauty  
crowned,

And manly hearts to guard the  
fair:

Rule, Britannia, rule the  
waves;  
Britons never will be slaves.

## THEODORE TILTON.

[From *Thou and I.*]

LOVE IN AGE.

FOR us, the almond-tree  
Doth flourish now:  
Its whitest bloom is on our brow.  
Let others triumph as they may  
And wear their garlands gay  
Of olive, oak, or bay:  
Our crown of glory is, instead,  
The hoary head.

Our threescore years and ten,  
That measure life to mortal men,  
Have lingered to a longer length  
By reason of our strength;  
Yet, like a tale that hath been told,  
They all have passed, and now, be-  
hold!

We verily are old; —

Yea, old like Abraham, when he went,  
With head down bent,  
And mantle rent,  
In dole for her who lay in death,  
And to the Sons of Heth  
The silver shekels gave  
For Mamre's gloomy cave,  
To be her grave; —

Or, older still, like him  
Who, feeble not of limb,  
With eyes not dim,  
Upclimbed, with staff in hand,  
To where Mount Nebo cleft the sky,  
And looked and saw the Promised  
Land

(Forbidden him from on high)  
Till, with an unrecorded cry,  
He laid him down to die.

So too, for us, the end is nigh.  
Our mortal race is nearly run;  
Our earthly toil is nearly done!  
Ah, thou and I,  
Who in the grave so soon shall lie,  
Have little time to see the sun —  
So little it is nearly none!

What then ?

Amen!

All hail, my love, good cheer!  
Keep back thy unshed tear!  
Not thou nor I  
Shall mourn or sigh.  
Nay now, we twain —  
Old man, old wife.

The few days that remain —  
Let us make merry — let us laugh! —  
For now at length we quaff  
The last, best wine of life, —  
The very last — the very best,  
The double cup of love and rest.

What though the groaning world  
declare

That life is but a load of care? —  
A burden wearisome to bear? —  
That as we journey down the years,  
The path is through a vale of tears? —  
Yet we who have the burden borne,  
And travelled until travel-worn,  
Forget the weight upon the back,  
Forget the long and weary track,



And sit remembering here to-day  
How we were children at our play:—

And half in doze, at idle ease,  
Before the hearth-fire's dying brands,  
With elbows on our trembling knees,  
With chin between our wrinkled  
hands,

We sail unnavigable seas, —  
We roam impenetrable lands, —  
We leap from clime to clime, —  
We conquer space and time.

And, howsoever strange it seems,  
The dearest of our drowsy dreams  
Is of that billow-beaten shore  
Where, in our childish days of yore,  
We piled the salty sands  
Into a palace that still stands! —  
Not where it first arose,  
Not where the wild wind blows,  
Not by the ocean's roar, —  
(For, long ago, those turrets fell  
Beneath that billowy swell), —  
But, down within the heart's deep  
core,

Our tumbled tower we oft restore  
And ever build it o'er and o'er!

We have one palace more, —  
Not made with hands, —  
Nor have our feet yet entered at its  
door!

It lieth not behind us, but before!

Dear love, our pilgrimage is thither  
tending,  
And there shall have its ending!

Ah, though the rapturous vision  
Allures us to a Land Elysian,  
Yet aged are our feet, and slow,  
And not in haste to go.

Life still hath many joys to give,  
Whereof the sweetest is — to live.

Then fear we death? Not so!  
Or do we tremble? No!  
Nor do we even grieve!  
And yet a gentle sigh we heave,  
And unto Him who fixes fate, —  
Without whose sovereign leave,

Down-whispered from on high,  
Not even the daisy dares to die, —  
We, jointly, thou and I,  
Implore a little longer date, —  
A little term of kind reprieve, —  
A little lease till by and by!

May it be Heaven's decree, —  
Here, now, to thee and me, —  
That, for a season still,  
The eye shall not grow dim;  
That, for a few more days,  
The ear cease not to hear the hymn  
Which the tongue utters to His  
praise;

That, for a little while,  
The heart faint not, nor fail;  
For even the wintry sun is bright,  
And cheering to our aged sight;  
Yea, though the frosts prevail,  
Yet even the icy air,  
The frozen plain, the leafless wood  
Still keep the earth as fresh and  
fair  
As when from Heaven, He called it  
good!

O final Summoner of the soul!  
Grant, of thy pitying grace,  
That, for a little longer space,  
The pitcher at the fountain's rim  
Be shattered not, but still kept  
whole, —  
Still overflowing at the brim!  
If but a year, if but a day,  
Thy lifted hand, O stay!  
Loose Thou not yet, O Lord,  
The silver cord!  
Break Thou not yet the golden  
bowl!

[From *Thou and I*.]

UNDER THE SOD.

“THOU and I!”  
The voice no longer said;  
But two white stones, instead,  
Above the twain, long dead,  
Still utter, each to each,  
The same familiar speech,  
“Thou and I!” . . .

Not spoken to the passer-by,  
 But just as if, beneath the grass,  
 Deep under foot of all who pass,  
 The sleeping dust should wake to say,  
 Each to its fellow-clay,  
 Each in the same old way,  
 "Thou and I!"

And each to either should reply, —  
 (Tomb murmuring unto tomb,  
 Stone answering unto stone,  
 Yet not with sound of human moan,  
 Nor breath of mortal sigh,  
 But voiceless as the dead's dumb  
 cry,) —  
 "Thou and I!"

"The spirit and the body part,  
 Yet love abideth, heart to heart.

"O silent comrade of my rest,  
 With hands here crossed upon thy  
 breast,  
 I know thee who thou art!  
 O marble brow,  
 Here pillowed next to mine,  
 I know the soul divine  
 That tenanted thy shrine!

"For, though above us, green and  
 high,  
 The yew-trees grow,  
 And churchyard ravens fly,  
 And mourners come and go,  
 Yet thou and I,  
 Who dust to dust lie here below,  
 Still one another know!

"Yea, thee I know — it still is thou;  
 And me thou know'st — it still is I;  
 True lovers once, true lovers now! —  
 The same old vow,  
 The same old thrill,  
 The same old love between us still!

"The gloomy grave hath frosts that  
 kill,  
 But love is chilled not with their  
 chill.

"Love's flame —  
 Consuming, unconsumed —  
 In breasts that breathe — in hearts  
 entombed —  
 Is fed by life and death the same!

"Love's spark  
 Is brightest when love's house is dark!

"Love's shroud —  
 That wraps its bosom round —  
 Must crumble in the charnel ground,  
 Till all the long white winding-sheet  
 Shall drop to dust from head to feet:  
 But love's strong cord,  
 The eternal tie,  
 The immortal bond that binds  
 Love's twain immortal minds; —  
 This silken knot  
 Shall never rot —  
 Nor moulder in the mouldy mound —  
 Nor mildew — nor decay —  
 Nor fall apart — nor drop away —  
 Nor ever be unbound!

"Love's dust,  
 Whatever grave it fill,  
 Though buried deep, is deathless still!  
 Love hath no death, and cannot die!  
 This love is ours, as here we lie, —  
 Thou and I!"

#### THE FOUR SEASONS.

In the balmy April weather,  
 My love, you know,  
 When the corn began to grow,  
 What walks we took together,  
 What sighs we breathed together,  
 What vows we pledged together,  
 In the days of long ago!

In the golden summer weather,  
 My love, you know,  
 When the mowers went to mow,  
 What home we built together,  
 What babes we watched together,  
 What plans we planned together,  
 While the skies were all aglow!

In the rainy autumn weather,  
 My love, you know,  
 When the winds began to blow,  
 What tears we shed together,  
 What mounds we heaped together,  
 What hopes we lost together,  
 When we laid our darlings low!

In the wild and wintry weather,  
 My love, you know,  
 With our heads as white as  
 snow,  
 What prayers we pray together,  
 What fears we share together,  
 What Heaven we seek together,  
 For our time has come to go!

—  
*SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS.*

I won a noble fame;  
 But, with a sudden frown,  
 The people snatched my crown,  
 And, in the mire, trod down  
 My lofty name.

I bore a bounteous purse;  
 And beggars by the way  
 Then blessed me, day by day;  
 But I, grown poor as they,  
 Have now their curse.

I gained what men call friends;  
 But now their love is hate,  
 And I have learned, too late,  
 How mated minds unmated,  
 And friendship ends.

I clasped a woman's breast,—  
 As if her heart, I knew,  
 Or fancied, would be true,—  
 Who proved, alas! she too!  
 False like the rest.

I now am all bereft,—  
 As when some tower doth fall,  
 With battlement, and wall,  
 And gate, and bridge, and all,—  
 And nothing left.

But I account it worth  
 All pangs of fair hopes crossed —  
 All loves and honors lost,—  
 To gain the heavens, at cost  
 Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined  
 To render ill for ill,—  
 Henceforth in me instil,  
 O God, a sweet good will  
 To all mankind.

*RECOMPENSE.*

THE Temple of the Lord stood open  
 wide,  
 And worshippers went up from many  
 lands,  
 Who, kneeling at the altar; side by  
 side,  
 Made votive offerings with uplifted  
 hands.  
 Their gifts were gold, and frankin-  
 cense, and myrrh.  
 Then, with a lustrous gleam and rap-  
 turous stir,  
 While all the people trembled and  
 turned pale.  
 There flew an angel to the altar-rail,  
 Who, with anointed eyes, keen to  
 discern,  
 Gazed, noting all the kneelers, who  
 they were,  
 And what was each one's tribute to  
 the Lord,—  
 And, gift for gift, with sudden, swift  
 return,  
 Bestowed on every suppliant his re-  
 ward.  
 O mocking recompense! To one, a  
 spear!  
 To many, each a thorn! To some a  
 nail!  
 To all, a cross! But unto none a  
 crown!

At last, they saw the angel disappear.  
 Then, as their timid hearts shook off  
 their fear,  
 Some rose in anger, flung their treas-  
 ures down,  
 And cried, "Such gifts from Heaven  
 as these, we spurn!  
 They are too cruel, and too keen to  
 bear!  
 They are too grievous for a human  
 breast!  
 Heaven sends us heartache, misery,  
 and despair!  
 We knelt for blessing, but we rise un-  
 blest!  
 If Heaven so mock us, we will cease  
 to pray!"  
 They left the altar, and they went  
 their way;  
 But their blaspheming hearts were  
 then self-torn

Far more by pride, and heaven-defying scorn,  
Than pierced before by nail, or spear,  
or thorn!

A few (not many!) with their brows  
down bent,  
Gave thanks for each sharp gift that  
Heaven had sent,—  
And each embraced his separate pain  
and sting,  
As if it were some sweet and pleasant  
thing,—  
And each his cross, with joyful tears,  
did take,  
To bear it for the great Cross-bearer's  
sake.

Then lo! as from the Temple forth  
they went,  
Their bleeding bosoms, though with  
anguish rent,  
Had, spite of all their pain!— a sweet  
content;  
For on each brow, though not to mortal  
sight,  
The vanished angel left a crown of  
light!

*THE TWO LADDERS.*

BENIGHTED in my pilgrimage,—  
alone,—  
And footsore — (for the path to  
heaven grew steep,)—  
I looked for Jacob's pillow of a stone,  
In hope of Jacob's vision in my  
sleep.  
Then, in my dream, whereof I quake  
to tell,—  
Not up from earth to heaven, but,  
oh, sad sight!  
The ladder was let down from earth  
to hell!—  
Whereon, ascending from the deep  
abyss,  
Came fiery spirits who, with dismal  
hiss,  
Made woeful clamor of their lost de-  
light,  
And stung my eyelids open, till, in  
fright,  
I caught my staff, and at the dead of  
night,  
I, who toward heaven and peace  
had halted so.  
Was fleet of foot to flee from hell  
and woe!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

*THREE SONNETS ON PRAYER.*

LORD, what a change within us one  
short hour  
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to  
make —  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms  
take,  
What parchèd grounds refresh, as  
with a shower!  
We kneel, and all around us seems to  
lower;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the  
near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave  
and clear;  
We kneel how weak, we rise how full  
of power!  
Why, therefore, should we do our-  
selves this wrong,

Or others — that we are not always  
strong;  
That we are ever overborne with  
care;  
That we should ever weak or heart-  
less be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is  
prayer,  
And joy, and strength, and courage,  
are with Thee?

A GARDEN so well watered before  
morn  
Is hotly up, that not the swart sun's  
blaze,  
Down beating with unmitigated rays,  
Nor arid winds from scorching places  
borne,

Shall quite prevail to make it bare  
and shorn  
Of its green beauty — shall not quite  
prevail  
That all its morning freshness shall  
exhale,  
Till evening and the evening dews  
return —  
A blessing such as this our hearts  
might reap,  
The freshness of the garden they  
might share,  
Through the long day a heavenly  
freshness keep,  
If, knowing how the day and the  
day's glare  
Must beat upon them, we would  
largely steep  
And water them betimes with dews  
of prayer.

WHEN hearts are full of yearning  
tenderness,  
For the loved absent, whom we can  
not reach —  
By deed or token, gesture or kind  
speech,  
The spirit's true affection to express;  
When hearts are full of innermost  
distress, [by,  
And we are doomed to stand inactive  
Watching the soul's or body's agony,  
Which human effort helps not to  
make less —  
Then like a cup capacious to contain  
The overflowings of the heart, is  
prayer:  
The longing of the soul is satisfied,  
The keenest darts of anguish blunted  
are;  
And, though we can not cease to  
yearn or grieve,  
Yet we have learned in patience to  
abide.

LORD, MANY TIMES I AM AWEARY.

LORD, many times I am awear  
quite  
Of mine own self, my sin, my  
vanity —  
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost out-  
right, —  
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,  
And enter with myself in fierce  
debate:

Take Thou my part against myself,  
nor share  
In that just hate!

Best friends might loathe us, if what  
things perverse

We know of our own selves, they  
also knew:

Lord, Holy One! if Thou who know-  
est worse  
Shouldst loathe us too!

[From Lines to a Friend.]

WEAK CONSOLATION.

OH, miserable comfort! Loss is loss,  
And death is death; and after all is  
done —

After the flowers are scattered on the  
tomb,

After the singing of the sweetest  
dirge —

The mourner, with his heart uncom-  
forted,

Returning to his solitary home,  
Thinks with himself, if any one had  
aught

Of stronger consolation, he should  
speak;

If not, 'twere best for ever to hold  
peace,

And not to mock him with vain  
words like these.

SADNESS BORN OF BEAUTY.

ALL beautiful things bring sadness,  
nor alone

Music, whereof that wisest poet  
spake;\*

Because in us keen longings they  
awake

After the good for which we pine and  
groan,

From which exiled we make continual  
moan,

\* I am never merry when I hear sweet  
music. — SHAKESPEARE.

Till once again we may our spirits  
 slake  
 At those clear streams, which man  
 did first forsake,  
 When he would dig for fountains of  
 his own.  
 All beauty makes us sad, yet not in  
 vain —  
 For who would be ungracious to re-  
 fuse,  
 Or not to use, this sadness without  
 pain,  
 Whether it flows upon us from the  
 hues  
 Of sunset, from the time of stars  
 and dews,  
 From the clear sky, or waters pure of  
 stain ?

---

*THE LENT JEWELS.*

IN schools of wisdom all the day was  
 spent:  
 His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward  
 bent,  
 With homeward thoughts, which  
 dwelt upon the wife  
 And two fair children who consoled  
 his life,  
 She, meeting at the threshold, led  
 him in,  
 And with these words preventing,  
 did begin:—  
 “Ever rejoicing at your wished re-  
 turn,  
 Yet am I most so now: for since this  
 morn  
 I have been much perplexed and  
 sorely tried  
 Upon one point which you shall now  
 decide.  
 Some years ago, a friend into my  
 care  
 Some jewels gave—rich, precious  
 gems they were;  
 But having given them in my charge,  
 this friend  
 Did afterward nor come for them, nor  
 send,  
 But left them in my keeping for so  
 long,  
 That now it almost seems to me a  
 wrong

That he should suddenly arrive to-  
 day,  
 To take those jewels, which he left,  
 away.  
 What think you? Shall I freely  
 yield them back,  
 And with no murmuring?—so hence-  
 forth to lack  
 Those gems myself, which I had  
 learned to see  
 Almost as mine for ever, mine in  
 fee.”

“What question can be here?  
 Your own true heart  
 Must needs advise you of the only  
 part:  
 That may be claimed again which  
 was but lent,  
 And should be yielded with no dis-  
 content.  
 Nor surely can we find herein a  
 wrong,  
 That it was left us to enjoy it long.”

“Good is the word,” she answered;  
 “may we now  
 And evermore that it is good allow!”  
 And, rising, to an inner chamber led,  
 And there she showed him, stretched  
 upon one bed,  
 Two children pale: and he the jewels  
 knew,  
 Which God had lent him, and re-  
 sumed anew.

---

*PATIENCE.*

BE patient! oh, be patient! Put your  
 ear against the earth;  
 Listen there how noiselessly the germ  
 o' the seed has birth—  
 How noiselessly and gently it up-  
 heaves its little way,  
 Till it parts the scarcely broken  
 ground, and the blade stands  
 up in the day.  
 Be patient! oh, be patient! The  
 germs of mighty thought  
 Must have their silent undergrowth;  
 must underground be wrought;

But as sure as there's a power that  
makes the grass appear,  
Our land shall be green with liberty,  
the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient — go and  
watch the wheat ears grow —  
So imperceptibly that ye can mark  
nor change nor throe —  
Day after day, day after day, till the  
ear is fully grown,  
And then again day after day, till the  
ripened field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient! — though  
yet our hopes are green,  
The harvest-fields of freedom shall  
be crowned with sunny sheen.  
Be ripening! be ripening! — mature  
your silent way,  
Till the whole broad land is tongued  
with fire on freedom's harvest  
day!

—————  
*HAPPINESS IN LITTLE THINGS  
OF THE PRESENT.*

We live not in our moments or our  
years:  
The present we fling from us like the  
rind  
Of some sweet future, which we after  
find  
Bitter to taste, or bind *that* in with  
fears,  
And water it beforehand with our  
tears —  
Vain tears for that which never may  
arrive;  
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought  
to live,  
Neglected, or unheeded, disappears.  
Wiser it were to welcome and make  
ours  
Whate'er of good, though small, the  
present brings —  
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of  
birds, and flowers,  
With a child's pure delight in little  
things;  
And of the griefs unborn to rest se-  
cure,  
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

*THE ERMINE.*

To miry places me the hunters drive,  
Where I my robes of purest white  
must stain;  
Then yield I, nor for life will longer  
strive,  
For spotless death, ere spotted life,  
is gain.

—————  
*THE BEES.*

We light on fruits and flowers, and  
purest things;  
For if on carcasses or aught unclean,  
When homeward we returned, with  
mortal stings  
Would slay us the keen watchers  
round our queen.

—————  
*THE NIGHTINGALE.*

LEANING my bosom on a pointed  
thorn,  
I bleed, and bleeding sing my  
sweetest strain:  
For sweetest songs of saddest hearts  
are born,  
And who may here dissever love  
and pain?

—————  
*THE SNAKE.*

MYSELF I force some narrowest pas-  
sage through,  
Leaving my old and wrinkled skin  
behind,  
And issuing forth in splendor of my  
new:  
Hard entrance into life all creatures  
find.

—————  
*THE TIGER.*

HEARING sweet music, as in fell de-  
spite,  
Himself the tiger doth in pieces  
tear:  
The melody of other men's delight  
There are, alas! who can as little  
bear.

## THE DIAMOND.

I ONLY polished am in mine own  
 dust —  
 Naught else against my hardness  
 will prevall:  
 And thou, O man, in thine own  
 sufferings must  
 Be polished: every meaner art will  
 fail.

## FALLING STARS.

ANGELS are we, that, once from  
 heaven exiled,  
 Would climb its crystal battlements  
 again;  
 But have their keen-eyed watchers  
 not beguiled,  
 Hurled by their glittering lances  
 back amain.

## HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,  
 And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,  
 Captive overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo! I perish in my thirst;  
 Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught forbore,  
 Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest — for around him angry foes  
 With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph; — "is it, friend, a secret blow?  
 Fear it not! — our gallant Moslem no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou mayst quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before  
 Thou hast drunk that cup of water — this relieve is thine — no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,  
 And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup  
 I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions stirred —  
 Then exclaimed: "For ever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:  
 Drink, I said before, and perish — now I bid thee drink and live!"



## JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

*THE NAME IN THE BARK.*

THE self of so long ago,  
 And the self I struggle to know, —  
 I sometimes think we are two,—or are we shadows of one?  
 To-day the shadow I am  
 Returns in the sweet summer calm  
 To trace where the earlier shadow flitted awhile in the sun.

Once more in the dewy morn  
 I came through the whispering corn;  
 Cool to my fevered cheek soft breezy kisses were blown;  
 The ribboned and tasselled grass  
 Leaned over the flattering glass,  
 And the sunny waters trilled the same low musical tone.

To the gray old birch I came,  
 Where I whittled my school-boy name:  
 The nimble squirrel once more ran skipingly over the rail,  
 The blackbirds down among  
 The alders noisily sung,  
 And under the blackberry-brier whistled the serious quail.

I came, remembering well  
 How my little shadow fell,  
 As I painfully reached and wrote to leave to the future a sign:  
 There, stooping a little, I found  
 A half-healed, curious wound.  
 An ancient scar in the bark, but no initial of mine!

Then the wise old boughs overhead  
 Took counsel together, and said,—  
 And the buzz of their leafy lips like a murmur of prophecy passed,—  
 “He is busily carving a name  
 In the tough old wrinkles of fame;  
 But, cut he as deep as he may, the lines will close over at last!”

Sadly I pondered awhile,  
 Then I lifted my soul with a smile,  
 And I said “Not cheerful men, but anxious children are we,  
 Still hurting ourselves with the knife,  
 As we toil at the letters of life,  
 Just marring a little the rind, never piercing the heart of the tree.”

And now by the rivulet's brink  
 I leisurely saunter, and think  
 How idle this strife will appear when circling ages have run,  
 If then the real I am  
 Descend from the heavenly calm,  
 To trace where the shadow I seem once flitted awhile in the sun.

*THE RESTORED PICTURE.*

IN later years, veiling its unblest face  
 In a most loathsome place,  
 The cheap adornment of a house of  
 shame,  
 It hung, till, gnawed away  
 By tooth of slow decay,  
 It fell, and parted from its moulder-  
 ing frame.

The rotting canvas, faintly smiling  
 still,  
 From worldly puff and frill,  
 Its ghastly smile of coquetry and  
 pride,  
 Crumpling its faded charms  
 And yellow jewelled arms,  
 Mere rubbish now, was rudely cast  
 aside.

The shadow of a Genius crossed the  
 gate:  
 He, skilled to re-create  
 In old and ruined paintings their lost  
 soul  
 And beauty,— one who knew  
 The Master's touch by true,  
 Swift instinct, as the needle knows  
 the pole,—

Locked on it, and straightway his  
 searching eyes  
 Saw through its coarse disguise  
 Of vulgar paint and grime and var-  
 nish stain  
 The Art that slept beneath.—  
 A chrysalis in its sheath,  
 That waited to be waked to life  
 again.

Upon enduring canvas to renew  
 Each wondrous trait and hue,—  
 This is the miracle, his chosen task!  
 He bears it to his house,  
 And there from lips and brows  
 With loving touch removes their alien  
 mask.

For so on its perfection time had laid  
 An early mellowing shade;  
 Then hands unskilled, each seeking  
 to impart  
 Fresh tints to form and face.  
 With some more modern grace,  
 Had buried quite the mighty Master's  
 Art.

First, razed from the divine original,  
 Brow, cheek, and lid, went all  
 That outer shape of worldliness;  
 when, lo!  
 Beneath the varnished crust  
 Of long-embedded dust  
 A fairer face appears, emerging  
 slow,—

The features of a simple shepherd-  
 ess!  
 Pure eyes, and golden tress,  
 And, lastly, crook in hand. But  
 deeper still  
 The Master's work lies hid;  
 And still through lip and lid  
 Works the Restorer with unsparing  
 skill.

Behold, at length, in tender light re-  
 vealed,  
 The soul so long concealed!  
 All heavenly faint at first, then softly  
 bright,  
 As smiles the young-eyed Dawn  
 When darkness is withdrawn,  
 A shining angel breaks upon the  
 sight!

Restored, perfected, after the divine  
 Imperishable design,  
 Lo, now! that once despised and out-  
 cast thing  
 Holds its true place among  
 The fairest pictures hung  
 In the high palace of our Lord the  
 King!

*MIDWINTER.*

THE speckled sky is dim with snow,  
 The light flakes falter and fall  
 slow;  
 Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,  
 Silently drops a silvery veil;  
 And all the valley is shut in  
 By flickering curtains gray and thin.  
 I watch the slow flakes as they fall  
 On bank and brier and broken wall;  
 Over the orchard, waste and brown,  
 All noiselessly they settle down,

Tipping the apple-boughs, and each  
Light quivering twig of plum and  
peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof  
The snow storm spreads its ivory  
woof;

It paves with pearl the garden walk;  
And lovingly round tattered stalk  
And shivering stem its magic weaves  
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,  
Stands like a maiden in the snow;  
And the old door-slab is half hid  
Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows: the sheeted post  
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;  
All day the blasted oak has stood  
A muffled wizard of the wood;  
Garland and airy cap adorn  
The sumach and the wayside thorn.  
And clustering spangles lodge and  
shine

In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,  
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;  
In surplice white the cedar stands,  
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee  
Singeth to me on fence and tree:  
But in my inmost ear is heard  
The music of a holier bird;  
And heavenly thoughts, as soft and  
white.

As snow-flakes, on my soul alight,  
Clothing with love my lonely heart,  
Healing with peace each bruised  
part,

Till all my being seems to be  
Transfigured by their purity.

—————  
*MIDSUMMER.*

BECALMED along the azure sky,  
The argosies of cloudland lie,  
Whose shores, with many a shining  
rift,  
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-  
day

The meadow-sides are sweet with  
hay.

I seek the coolest sheltered seat,  
Just where the field and forest  
meet,—

Where grow the pine-trees tall and  
bland,

The ancient oaks austere and grand,  
And fringy roots and pebbles fret  
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers, as they go  
Through the tall grass, a white-  
sleeved row.

With even stroke their scythes they  
swing,

In tune their merry whetstones ring.  
Behind the nimble youngsters run,  
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.  
The cattle graze, while, warm and  
still,

Slopes the broad pasture, basks the  
hill,

And bright, where summer breezes  
break.

The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumble-bee  
Come to the pleasant woods with me;  
Quickly before me runs the quail,  
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;  
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,  
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.  
Sweet woodland music sinks and  
swells,

The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,  
The swarming insects drone and  
hum.

The partridge beats his throbbing  
drum,

The squirrel leaps among the boughs,  
And chatters in his leafy house.

The oriole flashes by; and look!

Into the mirror of the brook,  
Where the vain bluebird trims his  
coat,

Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,  
The down of peace descends on me.  
O, this is peace! I have no need  
Of friend to talk, of book to read:

A dear Companion here abides;  
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;  
The holy silence is His Voice:  
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

—  
*REAL ESTATE.*

THE pleasant grounds are greenly  
turfed and graded;

A sturdy porter waiteth at the  
gate;

The graceful avenues, serenely  
shaded,

And curving paths, are interlaced  
and braided

In many a maze around my fair  
estate.

Here bloom the early hyacinth, and  
clover

And amaranth and myrtle wreath  
the ground;

The pensive lily leans her pale cheek  
over;

And hither comes the bee, light-  
hearted rover,

Wooing the sweet-breathed flowers  
with soothing sound.

Entwining, in their manifold digres-  
sions,

Lands of my neighbors, wind these  
peaceful ways.

The masters, coming to their calm  
possessions,

Followed in solemn state by long pro-  
cessions,

Make quiet journeys these still  
summer days.

This is my freehold! Elms and fringy  
larches,

Maples and pines, and stately firs  
of Norway,

Build round me their green pyramids  
and arches;

Sweetly the robin sings, while slowly  
marches

The stately pageant past my ver-  
dant doorway.

Oh, sweetly sing the robin and the  
sparrow!

But the pale tenant very silent  
rides.

A low green roof receiveth him;—so  
narrow

His hollow tenement, a schoolboy's  
arrow

Might span the space betwixt its  
grassy sides.

The flowers around him ring their  
wind-swung chalices,

A great bell tolls the pageant's slow  
advance.

The poor alike, and lords of parks  
and palaces,

From all their busy schemes, their  
fears and fallacies,

Find here their rest and sure inher-  
itance.

No more hath Cæsar or Sardanapa-  
lus!

Of all our wide dominions, soon or  
late,

Only a fathom's space can aught  
avail us;

This is the heritage that shall not  
fail us:

Here man at last comes to his Real  
Estate.

“Secure to him and to his heirs for-  
ever”!

Nor wealth nor want shall vex his  
spirit more.

Treasures of hope and love and high  
endeavor

Follow their blest proprietor; but  
never

Could pomp or riches pass this lit-  
tle door.

Flatterers attend him, but alone he  
enters,—

Shakes off the dust of earth, no  
more to roam.

His trial ended, sealed his soul's in-  
dentures,

The wanderer, weary from his long  
adventures,

Beholds the peace of his eternal  
home.

Lo, more than life, Man's great Estate  
comprises!

While for the earthly corner of his  
mansion

A little nook in shady Time suffices,  
The rainbow-pillared heavenly roof  
arises

Ethereal in limitless expansion!

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

ALL round the lake the wet woods  
shake

From drooping boughs their show-  
ers of pearl;

From floating skiff to towering cliff  
The rising vapors part and curl.

The west-wind stirs among the firs  
High up the mountain side emerg-  
ing;

The light illumines a thousand plumes  
Through billowy banners round  
them surging.

A glory smites the craggy heights:  
And in a halo of the haze.

Flushed with faint gold, far up; behold  
That mighty face, that stony gaze!

In the wild sky upborne so high  
Above us perishable creatures,

Confronting Time with those sub-  
lime,

Impassive, adamantine, features.

Thou beaked and bald high front,  
miscalled

The profile of a human face!

No kin art thou, O Titan brow,  
To puny man's ephemeral race.

The groaning earth to thee gave  
birth,—

Throes and convulsions of the  
planet;

Lonely uprose, in grand repose,  
Those eighty feet of facial granite.

Here long, while vast, slow ages  
passed,

Thine eyes (if eyes be thine) beheld  
But solitudes of crags and woods.

Where eagles screamed and pan-  
thers yelled.

Before the fires of our pale sires  
In the first log-built cabin twinkled,  
Or red men came for fish and game,  
That scalp was scarred, that face  
was wrinkled.

We may not know how long ago  
That ancient countenance was  
young;

Thy sovereign brow was seamed as  
now

When Moses wrote and Homer  
sung.

Empires and states it antedates,  
And wars, and arts, and crime, and  
glory;

In that dim morn when man was  
born

Thy head with centuries was  
hoary.

Thou lonely one! nor frost, nor sun,  
Nor tempest leaves on thee its  
trace;

The stormy years are but as tears  
That pass from thy unchanging  
face.

With unconcern as grand and stern,  
Those features viewed, which now  
survey us,

A green world rise from seas of ice,  
And order come from mud and  
chaos.

Canst thou not tell what then befell?  
What forces moved, or fast or  
slow;

How grew the hills; what heats, what  
chills,

What strange, dim life, so long ago?  
High-visaged peak, wilt thou not  
speak?

One word for all our learned wran-  
gle!

What earthquakes shaped, what gla-  
ciers scraped,

That nose, and gave the chin its  
angle?

Our pygmy thought to thee is naught,  
Our petty questionings are vain;

In its great trance thy countenance  
Knows not compassion nor dis-  
dain.

With far-off hum we go and come,  
The gay, the grave, the busy-idle;  
And all things done, to thee are one,  
Alike the burial and the bridal.

Thy permanence, long ages hence,  
Will mock the pride of mortals  
still.

Returning springs, with songs and  
wings fill;

And fragrance, shall these valleys  
The free winds blow, fall rain or  
snow,

The mountains brim their crystal  
breakers;

Still come and go, still ebb and flow,  
The summer tides of pleasure-seek-  
ers.

The dawns shall gild the peaks where  
build

The eagles, many a future pair;  
The gray scud lag on wood and crag,  
Dissolving in the purple air;

The sunlight gleam on lake and  
stream,

Boughs wave, storms break, and  
still at even

All glorious hues the world suffuse,  
Heaven mantle earth, earth melt in  
heaven!

Nations shall pass like summer's  
grass,

And times unborn grow old and  
change;

New governments and great events  
Shall rise, and science new and  
strange;

Yet will thy gaze confront the days  
With its eternal calm and patience,  
The evening red still light thy head,  
Above thee burn the constellations.

O silent speech, that well can teach  
The little worth of words or fame!

I go my way, but thou wilt stay  
While future millions pass the  
same:

But what is this I seem to miss?  
Those features fall into confusion!

A further pace—where was that  
face?

The veriest fugitive illusion!

Gray eidolon! so quickly gone,  
When eyes that make thee onward  
move;

Whose vast pretence of permanence  
A little progress can disprove!

Like some huge wraith of human  
faith

That to the mind takes form and  
measure;

Grim monolith of creed or myth,  
Outlined against the eternal azure!

O Titan, how dislimned art thou!  
A withered cliff is all we see;

That giant nose, that grand repose,  
Have in a moment ceased to be;

Or still depend on lines that blend,  
On merging shapes, and sight, and  
distance,

And in the mind alone can find  
Imaginary brief existence!

#### STANZAS FROM "SERVICE."

WELL might red shame my cheek  
consume!

O service slighted!

O Bride of Paradise, to whom  
I long was plighted!

Do I with burning lips profess  
To serve thee wholly,

Yet labor less for blessedness  
Than fools for folly?

The wary worldling spread his toils  
Whilst I was sleeping;

The wakeful miser locked his spoils,  
Keen vigils keeping:

I loosed the latches of my soul  
To pleading Pleasure;

Who stayed one little hour, and stole  
My heavenly treasure.

A friend for friend's sake will endure  
Sharp provocations;

And knaves are cunning to secure,  
By cringing patience,

And smiles upon a smarting cheek,  
Some dear advantage,—

Swathing their grievances in meek  
Submission's bandage.

Yet for thy sake I will not take  
 One drop of trial,  
 But raise rebellious hands to break  
 The bitter vial.  
 At hardship's surly-visaged churl  
 My spirit sallies;  
 And melts, O Peace! thy priceless  
 pearl  
 In passion's chalice.

Yet never quite, in darkest night,  
 Was I forsaken:  
 Down trickles still some starry rill  
 My heart to waken.

O Love Divine! could I resign  
 This changeful spirit  
 To walk thy ways, what wealth of  
 grace  
 Might I inherit!

If one poor flower of thanks to thee  
 Be truly given,  
 All night thou snowest down to me  
 Lilies of heaven!  
 One task of human love fulfilled  
 Thy glimpses tender,  
 My days of lonely labor gild,  
 With gleams of splendor!

---

*MY COMRADE AND I.*

WE two have grown up so divinely together,  
 Flower within flower from seed within seed,  
 The sagest philosopher cannot say whether  
 His being or mine was first called and decreed.  
 In the life before birth, by inscrutable ties,  
 We were linked each to each; I am bound up in him;  
 He sickens, I languish; without me, he dies;  
 I am life of his life, he is limb of my limb.

Twin babes from one cradle, I tottered about with him,  
 Chased the bright butterflies, singing, a boy with him;  
 Still as a man I am borne in and out with him,  
 Sup with him, sleep with him, suffer, enjoy with him.  
 Faithful companion, me long he has carried  
 Unseen in his bosom, a lamp to his feet;  
 More near than a bridegroom, to him I am married,  
 As light in the sunbeam is wedded to heat.

If my beam be withdrawn he is senseless and blind;  
 I am sight to his vision, I hear with his ears;  
 His the marvellous brain, I the masterful mind;  
 I laugh with his laughter, and weep with his tears  
 So well that the ignorant deem us but one:  
 They see but one shape and they name us one name.  
 O pliant accomplice! what deeds we have done,  
 Thus banded together for glory or shame.

When evil waylays us, and passion surprises,  
 And we are too feeble to strive or to fly,  
 When hunger compels or when pleasure entices,  
 Which most is the sinner, my comrade or I?  
 And when over perils and pains and temptations  
 I triumph, where still I should falter and faint,  
 But for him, iron-nerved for heroic patience,  
 Whose then is the virtue, and which is the saint?

Am I the one sinner? of honors sole claimant  
 For actions which only we two can perform?  
 Am I the true creature, and thou but the raiment?  
 Thou magical mantle, all vital and warm,  
 Wrapped about me, a screen from the rough winds of Time,  
 Of texture so flexile to feature and gesture!  
 Can ever I part from thee? Is there a clime  
 Where Life needeth not this terrestrial vesture?

When comes the sad summons to sever the sweet  
 Subtle tie that unites us, and tremulous, fearful.  
 I feel thy loosed fetters depart from my feet;  
 When friends gather round us, pale-visaged and tearful,  
 Beweep and bewail thee, thou fair earthly prison!  
 And kiss thy cold doors, for thy inmate mistaken;  
 Their eyes seeing not the freed captive, arisen  
 From thy trammels unclasped and thy shackles downshaken;

Oh, then shall I linger, reluctant to break  
 The dear sensitive chains that about me have grown?  
 And all this bright world, can I bear to forsake  
 Its embosoming beauty and love, and alone  
 Journey on to I know not what regions untried?  
 Exists there, beyond the dim cloud-rack of death,  
 Such life as enchants us? O skies arched and wide!  
 O delicate senses! O exquisite breath!

Ah, tenderly, tenderly over thee hovering,  
 I shall look down on thee, empty and cloven,  
 Pale mould of my being!—thou visible covering  
 Wherefrom my invisible raiment is woven.  
 Though sad be the passage, nor pain shall appall me,  
 Nor parting, assured, wheresoever I range  
 The glad fields of existence that naught can befall me  
 That is not still beautiful, blessed and strange.

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## MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.\*

[From *Self-Acquaintance*.]

### ILL-CHOSEN PURSUITS.

THE blind at an easel, the palsied with a graver, the halt making for the goal,  
 The deaf ear tuning psaltery, the stammerer discoursing eloquence,—  
 What wonder if all fail? the shaft flieth wide of the mark,  
 Alike if itself be crooked, or the yow be strung awry;  
 And the mind which were excellent in one way, but foolishly toileth in  
 another,  
 What is it but an ill-strung bow, and its aim a crooked arrow?  
 By knowledge of self, thou provest thy powers; put not the racer to the  
 plough,  
 Nor goad the toilsome ox to wager his slowness with the fleet.

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\* The extracts from this author are from *Proverbial Philosophy*.



[From Fame.]

THE DIGNITY AND PATIENCE OF GENIUS.

A GREAT mind is an altar on a hill; should the priest descend from his altitude  
 To canvass offerings and worship from dwellers on the plain?  
 Rather with majestic perseverance, will he minister in solitary grandeur,  
 Confident the time will come when pilgrims shall be flocking to the shrine.  
 For fame is the birthright of genius; and he recketh not how long it be  
 delayed:  
 The heir need not hasten to his heritage, when he knoweth that his tenure  
 is eternal.  
 The careless poet of Avon, was he troubled for his fame?  
 Or the deep-mouthed chronicler of Paradise, heeded he the suffrage of his  
 equals?  
 Mæonides took no thought, committing all his honors to the future,  
 And Flaccus, standing on his watch-tower, spied the praise of ages.

[From Truth in Things False.]

SPIRITUAL FEELERS.

THE soul hath its feelers, cobwebs floating on the wind,  
 That catch events in their approach with sure and apt presentiment,  
 So that some halo of attraction heraldeth a coming friend.  
 Investing, in his likeness, the stranger that passed on before;  
 And while the word is in thy mouth, behold thy word fulfilled,  
 And he of whom we spake can answer for himself.

[From Writing.]

LETTERS.

THEIR preciousness in absence is proved by the desire of their presence:  
 When the despairing lover waiteth day after day,  
 Looking for a word in reply, one word writ by that hand,  
 And cursing bitterly the morn ushered in by blank disappointment:  
 Or when the long-looked-for answer argueth a cooling friend,  
 And the mind is plied suspiciously with dark inexplicable doubts,  
 While thy wounded heart counteth its imaginary scars,  
 And thou art the innocent and injured, that friend the capricious and in  
 fault:  
 Or when the earnest petition, that craveth for thy needs  
 Unheeded, yea, unopened, tortureth with starving delay:  
 Or when the silence of a son, who would have written of his welfare,  
 Racketh a father's bosom with sharp-cutting fears:  
 For a letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection;  
 And a letter, untimely delayed, is as rust to the soldier.  
 The pen, flowing in love, or dipped black in hate,  
 Or tipped with delicate courtesies, or harshly edged with censure,  
 Hath quickened more good than the sun, more evil than the sword,  
 More joy than woman's smile, more woe than frowning fortune;  
 And shouldst thou ask my judgment of that which hath most profit in the  
 world,  
 For answer take thou this, The prudent penning of a letter.

[From *Beauty*.]

THE CONQUEROR.

THOU mightier than Manoah's son, whence is thy great strength,  
And wherein the secret of thy craft, O charmer charming wisely? —

Ajax may rout a phalanx, but beauty shall enslave him single-handed:  
Pericles ruled Athens, yet is he the servant of Aspasia:  
Light were the labor, and often-told the tale, to count the victories of  
beauty, —

Learning sitteth at her feet, and Idleness laboreth to please her;  
Folly hath flung aside his bells, and leaden Dulness gloweth;  
Prudence is rash in her defence; Frugality filleth her with riches;  
Despair came to her for counsel; and Bereavement was glad when she  
consoled;  
Justice putteth up his sword at the tear of supplicating beauty  
And Mercy, with indulgent haste, hath pardoned beauty's sin.  
For beauty is the substitute for all things, satisfying every absence,  
The rich delirious cup, to make all else forgotten.

[From *Beauty*.]

MENTAL SUPREMACY.

THERE is a beauty of the reason: grandly independent of externals,  
It looketh from the windows of the house, shining in the man triumphant.  
I have seen the broad blank face of some misshapen dwarf  
Lit on a sudden as with glory, the brilliant light of mind:  
Who then imagined him deformed? intelligence is blazing on his forehead,  
There is empire in his eye, and sweetness on his lip, and his brown cheek  
glittereth with beauty:  
And I have known some Nireus of the camp, a varnished paragon of  
chamberers,  
Fine, elegant, and shapely, moulded as the masterpiece of Phidias, —  
Such an one, with intellects abased, have I noted crouching to the dwarf,  
Whilst his lovers scorn the fool whose beauty hath departed!

[From *Beauty*.]

THE SOURCE OF MAN'S RULING PASSION.

VERILY the fancy may be false, yet hath it met me in my musings,  
(As expounding the pleasantness of pleasure, but no ways extenuating  
license,)
 

That even those yearnings after beauty, in wayward wanton youth,  
When guileless of ulterior end, it craveth but to look upon the lovely,  
Seem like struggles of the soul, dimly remembering pre-existence,  
And feeling in its blindness for a long-lost god to satisfy its longing;

God, the undiluted good, is root and stock of beauty,  
And every child of reason drew his essence from that stem.  
Therefore, it is of intuition, an innate hankering for home,

A sweet returning to the well, from which our spirit flowed,  
That we, unconscious of a cause, should bask these darkened souls  
In some poor relics of the light that blazed in primal beauty.

Only, being burdened with the body, spiritual appetite is warped,  
And sensual man, with taste corrupted, drinketh of pollutions:  
Impulse is left, but indiscriminate; his hunger feasteth upon carrion;  
His natural love of beauty doteth over beauty in decay.  
He still thirsteth for the beautiful; but his delicate ideal hath grown gross,  
And the very sense of thirst hath been fevered from affection into passion.

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[From *Indirect Influences.*]

ARGUMENT.

THE weakness of accident is strong, where the strength of design is weak,  
And a casual analogy convinceth, when a mind beareth not argument.  
Will not a man listen? be silent; and prove thy maxim by example:  
Never fear, thou lovest not thy hold, though thy mouth doth not render a  
reason.  
Contend not in wisdom with a fool; for thy sense maketh much of his  
conceit,  
And some errors never would have thriven, had it not been for learnèd  
refutation;  
Yea, much evil hath been caused by an honest wrestler for truth.  
And much of unconscious good, by the man that hated wisdom:  
For the intellect judgeth closely, and if thou overstep thy argument,  
Or seem not consistent with thyself, or fail in thy direct purpose,  
The mind that went along with thee, shall stop and return without thee,  
And thou shalt have raised a foe, where thou mightest have won a friend.

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[From *Indirect Influences.*]

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

HINTS, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit,  
Where a barefaced accusation would be too ridiculous for calumny:  
The sly suggestion touches nerves, and nerves contract the fronds,  
And the sensitive mimosa of affection trembleth to its root;  
And friendships, the growth of half a century, those oaks that laugh at  
storms,  
Have been cankered in a night by a worm, even as the prophet's gourd.  
Hast thou loved, and not known jealousy? for a sidelong look  
Can please or pain thy heart more than the multitude of proofs:  
Hast thou hated, and not learned that thy silent scorn  
Doth deeper aggravate thy foe than loud-cursing malice? —

Thinkest thou the thousand eyes that shine with rapture on a ruin,  
Would have looked with half their wonder on the perfect pile?  
And wherefore not — but that light hints, suggesting unseen beauties  
Fill the complacent gazer with self-grown conceits?

And so, the rapid sketch winneth more praise to the painter,  
 Than the consummate work elaborated on his easel:  
 And so, the Helvetic lion cavered in the living rock  
 Hath more of majesty and force, than if upon a marble pedestal.

. . . . What hath charmed thine ear in music ?  
 Is it the labored theme, the curious fugue or cento, —  
 Nor rather the sparkles of intelligence flashing from some strange note  
 Or the soft melody of sounds far sweeter for simplicity ?  
 . . . . What hath filled thy mind in reading ?  
 Is it the volume of detail, where all is orderly set down,  
 And they that read may run, nor need to stop and think;  
 The book carefully accurate, that counteth thee no better than a fool,  
 Gorging the passive mind with annotated notes; —  
 Nor rather the half-suggested thoughts, the riddles thou mayest solve;

The light analogy, or deep allusion, trusted to thy learning,  
 The confidence implied in thy skill to unravel meaning mysteries ?  
 For ideas are ofttimes shy of the close furniture of words,  
 And thought, wherein only is power, may be best conveyed by a suggestion.  
 The flash that lighteth up a valley, amid the dark midnight of a storm,  
 Coineth the mind with that scene sharper than fifty summers.

[From *Names*.]

ILL-CHRISTENED.

Who would call the tench a whale, or style a torch, Orion ?  
 Yet many a silly parent hath dealt likewise with his nursling.  
 Give thy child a fit distinguishment, making him sole tenant of a name,  
 For it were sore hindrance to hold it in common with a hundred;  
 In the Babel of confused identities fame is little feasible,  
 The felon shall detract from the philanthropist, and the sage share honors  
 with the simple:

Still, in thy title of distinguishment, fall not into arrogant assumption.  
 Steering from caprice and affectations; and for all thou doest have a reason.  
 He that is ambitious for his son, should give him untried names,  
 For those that have served other men, haply may injure by their evils;  
 Or otherwise may hinder by their glories; therefore set him by himself,  
 To win for his individual name some clear specific praise.  
 There were nine Homers, all goodly sons of song; but where is any record  
 of the eight ?

One grew to fame, an Aaron's rod, and swallowed up his brethren.  
 Who knoweth ? more distinctly titled, those dead eight had lived;

Art thou named of a family, the same in successive generations ?  
 It is open to thee still to earn for epithets, such an one, the good or great.  
 Art thou named foolishly ? show that thou art wiser than thy fathers,  
 Live to shame their vanity or sin by dutiful devotion to thy sphere.  
 Art thou named discreetly ? it is well, the course is free;  
 No competitor shall claim thy colors, neither fix his faults upon thee:  
 Hasten to the goal of fame between the posts of duty,  
 And win a blessing from the world, that men may love thy name;

[From *Indirect Influences.*]

THE FORCE OF TRIFLES.

A SENTENCE hath formed a character, and a character subdued a kingdom;  
A picture hath ruined souls, or raised them to commerce with the skies.

Planets govern not the soul, nor guide the destinies of man,  
But trifles, lighter than straws, are levers in the building up of character.

[From *Neglect.*]

TO MURMURERS.

YET once more, griever at Neglect, hear me to thy comfort, or rebuke;  
For, after all thy just complaint, the world is full of love.

For human benevolence is large, though many matters dwarf it,  
Prudence, ignorance, imposture, and the straitenings of circumstance and  
time.

And if to the body, so to the mind, the mass of men are generous:  
Their estimate who know us best, is seldom seen to err:  
Be sure the fault is thine, as pride, or shallowness, or vanity,  
If all around thee, good and bad, neglect thy seeming merit.

Therefore examine thy state, O self-accounted martyr of Neglect,  
It may be, thy merit is a cubit, and thy measure thereof a furlong;  
But grant it greater than thy thoughts, and grant that men thy fellows  
For pleasure, business, or interest, misuse, forget, neglect thee, —  
Still be thou conqueror in this, the consciousness of high deservings;  
Let it suffice thee to be worthy; faint not thou for praise;  
For that thou art, be grateful; go humbly even in thy confidence;  
And set thy foot on the neck of an enemy so harmless as Neglect.

[From *Memory.*]

HINTS OF PRE-EXISTENCE.

WERE I at Petra, could I not declare, My soul hath been here before me?  
Am I strange to the columned halls, the calm dead grandeur of Palmyra?  
Know I not thy mount, O Carmel! Have I not voyaged on the Danube  
Nor seen the glare of Arctic snows, — nor the black tents of the Tartar?  
Is it then a dream, that I remember the faces of them of old?

Be ye my judges, imaginative minds, full-fledged to soar into the sun,  
Whose grosser natural thoughts the chemistry of wisdom hath sublimed,  
Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness, strange and vague,  
That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your daily life,  
Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand,  
Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own footsteps?  
Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old familiar,  
Some newest circumstance or place teemed as with ancient memories?  
A startling sudden flash lighteth up all for an instant,  
And then it is quenched, as in darkness, and leaveth the cold spirit  
trembling.

[From *Neglect.*]

LATE VALUATION.

GOOD men are the health of the world, valued only when it perisheth;  
 Like water, light, and air, all precious in their absence.  
 Who hath considered the blessing of his breath, till the poison of an asthma  
 struck him?  
 Who hath regarded the just pulses of his heart, till spasm or paralysis  
 have stopped them?  
 Even thus, an unobserved routine of daily grace and wisdom,  
 When no more here, had worship of a world, whose penitence atoned for  
 its neglect.

[From *Mystery.*]

FOREKNOWLEDGE UNDESIRABLE.

FOR mystery is man's life; we wake to the whisperings of novelty:  
 And what though we lie down disappointed? we sleep, to wake in hope.  
 The letter, or the news, the chances and the changes, matters that may  
 happen,  
 Sweeten or embitter daily life with the honey-gall of mystery.  
 For we walk blindfold, — and a minute may be much, — a step may reach  
 the precipice;  
 What earthly loss, what heavenly gain, may not this day produce?  
 Levelled of Alps and Andes, without its valleys and ravines,  
 How dull the face of earth, unfeatured of both beauty and sublimity:  
 And so, shorn of mystery, beggared in its hopes and fears,  
 How flat the prospect of existence, mapped by intuitive foreknowledge?

[From *To-Day.*]

LIFE.

A MAN'S life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,  
 That, as he toleth upward, crumble successively behind him:  
 No going back, the past is an abyss; no stopping, for the present perisheth;  
 But ever hastening on, precarious on the foothold of To-day.

[From *To-Morrow.*]

THE WORD OF BANE AND BLESSING.

OFTEN, the painful present is comforted by flattering the future.  
 And kind To-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day.  
 To-morrow, whispereth weakness; and To-morrow findeth him the weaker.  
 To-morrow, promiseth conscience; and behold, no to-day for a fulfilment.  
 O name of happy omen unto youth, O bitter word of terror to the dotard,  
 Goal of folly's lazy wish, and sorrow's ever-coming friend,  
 Fraud's loophole, — caution's hint, — and trap to catch the honest, —  
 Thou wealth to many poor, disgrace to many noble,  
 Thou hope and fear, thou weal and woe, thou remedy, thou ruin,  
 How thickly swarms of thought are clustering round To-morrow.

[From *To-Morrow*.]

## PROCRASTINATION.

Lo, it is the even of To-day, — a day so lately a To-morrow;  
 Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yesternight?  
 O faint heart, still shall thy whisper be, To-morrow,  
 And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that easy slope?  
 Alas, it is ponderous, and moving on in might, that a Sisyphus may not  
 stop it;  
 But haste thee with the lever of a prayer, and stem its strength To-day.

## HENRY VAUGHAN.

*THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.*

DEAR, secret greenness! nurst below!  
 Tempests and winds and winter-  
 nights  
 Vex not, that but One sees thee grow,  
 That One made all these lesser  
 lights.

If those bright joys He singly sheds  
 On thee, were all met in one crown,  
 Both sun and stars would hide their  
 heads;  
 And moons, though full, would get  
 them down.

Let glory be their bait whose minds  
 Are all too high for a low cell:  
 Though hawks can prey through  
 storms and winds,  
 The poor bee in her hive must  
 dwell.

Glory, the crowd's cheap tinsel, still  
 To what most takes them is a  
 drudge;  
 And they too oft take good for ill,  
 And thriving vice for virtue judge.

What needs a conscience calm and  
 bright  
 Within itself an outward test?  
 Who breaks his glass to take more  
 light,  
 Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor  
 catch  
 At noise, but thrive unseen and  
 dumb;  
 Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and  
 watch,  
 Till the white-wingèd reapers come!

*THEY ARE ALL GONE.*

THEY are all gone into the world of  
 light,  
 And I alone sit lingering here!  
 Their very memory is fair and bright,  
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy  
 breast,  
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
 Or those faint beams in which this  
 hill is drest  
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
 Whose light doth trample on my  
 days;  
 My days, which are at best but dull  
 and hoary,  
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!  
 High as the heavens above!  
 These are your walks, and you have  
 shewed them me  
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the jewel of  
the just!

Shining nowhere but in the dark;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy  
dust,

Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged  
bird's nest may know

At first sight if the bird be flown;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings  
in now,

That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter  
dreams,

Call to the soul when man doth  
sleep,

So some strange thoughts transcend  
our wonted themes,  
And into glory peep.

---

FROM "CHILDHOOD."

DEAR, harmless age! the short, swift  
span,

Where weeping virtue parts with  
man;

Where love without lust dwells, and  
bends

What way we please without self-  
ends.

An age of mysteries! which he  
Must live twice that would God's face  
see;

Which angels guard, and with it play,  
Angels! which foul men drive away.

---

PEACE.

MY soul, there is a country

Afar beyond the stars,

Where stands a wingèd sentry

All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,

Sweet Peace sits, crowned with  
smiles,

And one born in a manger

Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,  
And (O my soul, awake)

Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,

There grows the flower of peace,

The rose that cannot wither,

The fortress, and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;

For none can thee secure

But One, who never changes,

Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

---

THE PURSUIT.

LORD! what a busy, restless thing,  
Hast thou made man!

Each day and hour he is on wing,  
Rests not a span.

Then having lost the sun and light,  
By clouds surprised,

He keeps a commerce in the night  
With air disguised.

Hadst thou given to this active dust  
A state untired,

The lost son had not left the husk,  
Nor home desir'd.

That was thy secret, and it is  
Thy mercy too;

For when all fails to bring to bliss,  
Then this must do.

Ah, Lord! and what a purchase will  
that be,

To take us sick, that sound would not  
take thee!

---

FROM "ST. MARY MAGDALEN."

CHEAP, mighty art! her art of love,  
Who loved much, and much more  
could move;

Her art! whose memory must last

Till truth through all the world be  
past;

Till his abused, despisèd flame

Return to heaven from whence it  
came,

And send a fire down, that shall  
bring

Destruction on his ruddy wing.



Her art! whose pensive, weeping  
 eyes  
 Were once sin's loose and tempting  
 spies;  
 But now are fixèd stars, whose light  
 Helps such dark stragglers to their  
 sight.

Self-Loasting Pharisee! how blind  
 A judge wert thou, and how unkind!  
 It was impossible, that thou,  
 Who wert all false, should'st true  
 grief know.

Is't just to judge her faithful tears  
 By that foul rheum thy false eye  
 wears?

"This woman," say'st thou, "is a  
 sinner!"

And sate there none such at thy din-  
 ner?

Go, leper, go! wash till thy flesh  
 Comes like a child's, spotless and  
 fresh;

He is still leprous that still paints:  
 Who saint themselves, they are no  
 saints.

FROM THE "CHRISTIAN POLITICIAN."

COME, then, rare politicians of the  
 time,

Brains of some standing, elders in our  
 clime,

See here the method. A wise, solid  
 state

Is quick in acting, friendly in debate,  
 Joint in advice, in resolutions just,  
 Mild in success, true to the common  
 trust.

It cements ruptures, and by gentle  
 hand

Allays the heat and burnings of a  
 land.

Religion guides it; and in all the  
 Designs so twist, that Heaven con-  
 firms the act.

If from these lists you wander, as  
 you steer,

Look back, and catechize your actions  
 here.

These are the marks to which true  
 statesmen tend,

And greatness here with goodness  
 hath one end.

PROVIDENCE.

SACRED and secret hand!  
 By whose assisting, swift command  
 The angel shewed that holy well,  
 Which freed poor Hagar from her  
 fears,  
 And turn'd to smiles the begging  
 tears  
 Of young, distressed Ishmael.

How, in a mystic cloud  
 Which doth thy strange, sure mercies  
 shroud,  
 Dost thou convey man food and  
 money,  
 Unseen by him till they arrive  
 Just at his mouth, that thankless  
 hive,  
 Which kills thy bees, and eats thy  
 honey!

If I thy servant be,  
 Whose service makes even captives  
 free,  
 A fish shall all my tribute pay,  
 The swift-winged raven shall bring  
 me meat,  
 And I like flowers shall still go  
 neat,  
 As if I knew no month but May.

I will not fear what man,  
 With all his plots and power, can.  
 Bags that wax old may plundered be;  
 But none can sequester or let  
 A state that with the sun doth set,  
 And comes next morning fresh as he.

Poor birds this doctrine sing,  
 And herbs which on dry hills do  
 spring,  
 Or in the howling wilderness  
 Do know thy dewy morning hours,  
 And watch all night for mists or  
 showers,  
 Then drink and praise thy bounteous-  
 ness.

May he for ever die  
 Who trusts not thee! but wretchedly  
 Hunts gold and wealth, and will not  
 lend  
 Thy service nor his soul one day!

May his crown, like his hopes be  
 clay;  
 And, what he saves, may his foes  
 spend!

If all my portion here,  
 The measure given by thee each year,  
 Were by my causeless enemies  
 Usurped, it never should me grieve  
 Who know how well thou canst  
 relieve  
 Whose hands are open as thine eyes.

Great King of love and truth!  
 Who would'st not hate my froward  
 youth,  
 And wilt not leave me when grown  
 old;  
 Gladly will I, like Pontic sheep,  
 Unto my wormwood diet keep,  
 Since thou hast made thy arm my  
 fold.

—————  
*SUNDAYS.*

BRIGHT shadows of true rest! some  
 shoots of bliss;  
 Heaven once a week;  
 The next world's gladness prepossest  
 in this;  
 A day to seek;  
 Eternity in time; the steps by which  
 We climb above all ages; lamps that  
 light  
 Man through his heap of dark days;  
 and the rich  
 And full redemption of the whole  
 week's flight!

The pulleys unto headlong man;  
 time's bower;  
 The narrow way;  
 Transplanted Paradise; God's walk-  
 ing-hour;  
 The cool o'th' day!  
 The creature's jubilee; God's parle  
 with dust;  
 Heaven here; man on those hills of  
 mirth and flowers;  
 Angels descending; the returns of  
 trust;  
 A gleam of glory after six-days-  
 showers!

The church's love-feasts; time's pre-  
 rogative,  
 And interest  
 Deducted from the whole; the combs  
 and hive,  
 And home of rest;  
 The milky way chalked out with  
 suns; a clue,  
 That guides through erring hours;  
 and in full story  
 A taste of heaven on earth; the  
 pledge and cue  
 Of a full feast; and the out-courts of  
 glory.

—————  
*THE SHOWER.*

WATERS above! eternal springs!  
 The dew that silvers the Dove's  
 wings!  
 O welcome, welcome, to the sad!  
 Give dry dust drink, drink that  
 makes glad.  
 Many fair evenings, many flowers  
 Sweetened with rich and gentle show-  
 ers,  
 Have I enjoyed; and down have run  
 Many a fine and shining sun;  
 But never, till this happy hour,  
 Was blest with such an evening  
 shower!

—————  
*FROM "RULES AND LESSONS."*

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy  
 soul leave  
 To do the like; our bodies but forerun  
 The spirit's duty. True hearts spread  
 and heave  
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the  
 sun.  
 Give him thy first thoughts then;  
 so shalt thou keep  
 Him company all day, and in him  
 sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer  
 should  
 Dawn with the day. There are set,  
 awful hours  
 'Twixt heaven and us. The manna  
 was not good

After sun-rising ; far-day sullies  
flowers.

Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth  
sins glut,  
And heaven's gate opens when this  
world's is shut.

Serve God before the world ; let him  
not go,

Until thou hast a blessing ; then re-  
sign

The whole unto him ; and remember  
who

Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun  
did shine.

Pour oil upon the stones ; weep for  
thy sin ;

Then journey on, and have an eye  
to heaven.

When the world's up, and every  
swarm abroad,

Keep thou thy temper ; mix not with  
each clay ;

Dispatch necessities ; life hath a load  
Which must be carried on, and safely  
may,

Yet keep those cares without thee,  
let the heart

Be God's alone, and choose the  
better part.

To God, thy country, and thy friend  
be true ;

If priest and people change, keep  
thou thy ground.

Who sells religion is a Judas Jew ;  
And, oaths once broke, the soul can-  
not be sound.

The perjurer's a devil let loose :  
what can

Tie up his hands, that dares mock  
God and man ?

Seek not the same steps with the  
crowd ; stick thou

To thy sure trot ; a constant, humble  
mind

Is both his own joy, and his Maker's  
too ;

Let folly dust it on, or lag behind.

A sweet self-privacy in a right soul  
Outruns the earth, and lines the  
utmost pole.

To all that seek thee bear an open  
heart ;

Make not thy breast a labyrinth or  
trap ;

If trials come, this will make good  
thy part,

For honesty is safe, come what can  
hap ;

It is the good man's feast, the  
prince of flowers,

Which thrives in storms, and smells  
best after showers.

Spend not an hour so as to weep an-  
other,

For tears are not thine own ; if thou  
giv'st words,

Dash not with them thy friend, nor  
heaven ; oh, smother

A viperous thought ; some syllables  
are swords.

Unbitted tongues are in their pres-  
ence double ;

They shame their owners, and their  
hearers trouble.

When night comes, list thy deeds ;  
make plain the way

'Twixt heaven and thee ; block it not  
with delays ;

But perfect all before thou sleep'st ;  
then say,

" There's one sun more strung on my  
bead of days."

What's good score up for joy ; the  
bad well scann'd

Wash off with tears, and get thy  
Master's hand.

Thy accounts thus made, spend in the  
grave one hour

Before thy time ; be not a stranger  
there,

Where thou may'st sleep whole ages ;  
life's poor flower

Lasts not a night sometimes. Bad  
spirits fear

This conversation ; but the good  
man lies

Entomb'd many days before he  
dies.

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close  
 not thy eyes  
 Up with thy curtains; give thy soul  
 the wing  
 In some good thoughts; so when thy  
 day shall rise,  
 And thou unrakest thy fire, those  
 sparks will bring  
 New flames; besides where these  
 lodge, vain heats mourn  
 And die; that bush, where God is,  
 shall not burn.

TO HIS BOOKS.

BRIGHT books! the perspectives to  
 our weak sights,  
 The clear projections of discerning  
 lights,  
 Burning and shining thoughts, man's  
 posthume day,  
 The track of fled souls, and their  
 milky way, voice  
 The dead alive and busy, the still  
 Of enlarged spirits, kind Heaven's  
 white decoys!  
 Who lives with you lives like those  
 knowing flowers,  
 Which in comérce with light spend  
 all their hours;  
 Which shut to clouds, and shadows  
 nicely shun,  
 But with glad haste unveil to kiss  
 the sun. (night,  
 Beneath you all is dark, and a dead  
 Which whoso lives in, wants both  
 health and sight.  
 By sucking you, the wise, like bees,  
 do grow  
 Healing and rich, though this they  
 do most slow,  
 Because most choicely; for as great a  
 store  
 Have we of books as bees of herbs,  
 or more:

And the great task to try, then know,  
 the good,  
 To discern weeds, and judge of  
 wholesome food,  
 Is a rare scant performance. For  
 man dies  
 Oft ere 'tis done, while the bee feeds  
 and flies.  
 But you were all choice flowers; all  
 set and dressed  
 By old sage florists, who well knew  
 the best;  
 And I amidst you all am turned a  
 weed,  
 Not wanting knowledge, but for want  
 of heed.  
 Then thank thyself, wild fool, that  
 would'st not be  
 Content to know — what was too  
 much for thee!

LIKE AS A NURSE.

EVEN as a nurse, whose child's im-  
 patient pace  
 Can hardly lead his feet from place  
 to place,  
 Leaves her fond kissing, sets him  
 down to go,  
 Nor does uphold him for a step or  
 two;  
 But when she finds that he begins to  
 fall,  
 She holds him up and kisses him  
 withal;  
 So God from man sometimes with-  
 draws his hand  
 Awhile, to teach his infant faith to  
 stand;  
 But when He sees his feeble strength  
 begin  
 To fail, He gently takes him up  
 again.

## JONES VERY.

## NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when  
 I come by,  
 Because my feet find measure with  
 its call;  
 The birds know when the friend they  
 love is nigh,  
 For I am known to them, both great  
 and small.  
 The flower that on the lonely hill-  
 side grows  
 Expects me there when spring its  
 bloom has given;  
 And many a tree and bush my wan-  
 derings knows,  
 And e'en the clouds and silent stars  
 of heaven;  
 For he who with his Maker walks  
 aright,  
 Shall be their lord as Adam was be-  
 fore;  
 His ear shall catch each sound with  
 new delight,  
 Each object wear the dress that then  
 it wore;  
 And he, as when erect in soul he  
 stood,  
 Hear from his Father's lips that all  
 is good.

## THE WORLD.

'Tis all a great show,  
 The world that we're in —  
 None can tell when 'twas finished,  
 None saw it begin;  
 Men wander and gaze through  
 its courts and its halls,  
 Like children whose love is  
 The picture-hung walls.  
 There are flowers in the meadow,  
 There are clouds in the sky —  
 Songs pour from the woodland,  
 The waters glide by:

Too many, too many  
 For eye or for ear,  
 The sights that we see,  
 And the sounds that we hear.

A weight as of slumber  
 Comes down on the mind;  
 So swift is life's train  
 To its objects we're blind;  
 I myself am but one  
 In the fleet-gliding show —  
 Like others I walk,  
 But know not where I go.

One saint to another  
 I heard say "How long?"  
 I listened, but nought more  
 I heard of his song;  
 The shadows are walking  
 Through city and plain, —  
 How long shall the night  
 And its shadow remain?

How long ere shall shine,  
 In this glimmer of things,  
 The light of which prophet  
 In prophecy sings?  
 And the gates of that city  
 Be open, whose sun  
 No more to the west  
 Its circuit shall run!

## HOME AND HEAVEN.

WITH the same letter heaven and  
 home begin,  
 And the words dwell together in the  
 mind;  
 For they who would a home in heav-  
 en win,  
 Must first a heaven in home begin to  
 find.  
 Be happy here, yet with a humble  
 soul  
 That looks for perfect happiness in  
 heaven;

<p>For what thou hast is earnest of the whole Which to the faithful shall at last be given. As once the patriarch, in a vision blessed, Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,</p>	<p>And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest Became to him the gate of heaven below; So may to thee, when life itself is done, Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.</p>
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## EDMUND WALLER.

## OLD AGE AND DEATH.

THE seas are quiet when the winds  
give o'er;  
So calm are we when passions are no  
more. | to boast  
For then we know how vain it was  
Of fleeting things, too certain to be  
lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger  
eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age  
descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and  
decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks  
that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men be-  
come, | home.  
As they draw near to their eternal  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once  
they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the  
new.

## THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired;  
Bid her come forth —  
Suffer herself to be desired.  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee —  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

## ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind:  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely dear,  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair;  
Give me but what this riband bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

## AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

## FROM "A PREACHER."

I KNOW not how it is;  
 I take the faith in earnest, I believe,  
 Even at happy times I think I love,  
 I try to pattern me upon the type  
 My Master left us, am no hypocrite  
 Playing my soul against good men's  
 applause,  
 Nor monger of the Gospel for a cure,  
 But serve a Master whom I chose  
 because  
 It seemed to me I loved Him, whom  
 till now  
 My longing is to love; and yet I feel  
 A falseness somewhere clogging me.  
 I seem  
 Divided from myself; I can speak  
 words  
 Of burning faith and fire myself with  
 them;  
 I can, while upturned faces gaze on  
 me  
 As if I were their Gospel manifest,  
 Break into unplanned turns as natu-  
 ral  
 As the blind man's cry for healing,  
 pass beyond  
 My bounded manhood in the earnest-  
 ness  
 Of a messenger from God. And then  
 I come  
 And in my study's quiet find again  
 The callous actor who, because long  
 since  
 He had some feelings in him like the  
 talk  
 The book puts in his mouth, still  
 warms his pit  
 And even, in his lucky moods, him-  
 self,  
 With the passion of his part, but  
 lays aside  
 His heroism with his satin suit  
 And thinks "the part is good and  
 well conceived  
 And very natural — no flaw to find"  
 And then forgets it.

Yes, I preach to others  
 And am — I know not what — a cast-  
 away?  
 No, but a man who feels his heart  
 asleep,  
 As he might feel his hand or foot.  
 . . . . .  
 To-night now I might triumph. Not  
 a breath  
 But shivered when I pictured the  
 dead soul  
 Awakening when the body dies, to  
 know  
 Itself has lived too late; and drew in  
 long  
 With yearning when I showed how  
 perfect love  
 Might make Earth's self be but an  
 earlier Heaven.  
 And I may say and not be over-bold,  
 Judging from former fruits, "Some  
 one to-night  
 Has come more near to God, some  
 one has felt  
 What it may mean to love Him,  
 some one learned  
 A new great horror against death  
 and sin,  
 Some one at least — it may be  
 many."  
 . . . . .  
 And yet, I know not why it is, this  
 knack  
 Of sermon-making seems to carry  
 me  
 Athwart the truth at times before I  
 know —  
 In little things at least; thank God  
 the greater  
 Have not yet grown, by the familiar  
 use,  
 Such puppets of a phrase as to slip  
 by  
 Without clear recognition. Take to-  
 night —  
 I preached a careful sermon, gravely  
 planned,

All of it written. Not a line was meant  
 To fit the mood of any differing  
 From my own judgment: not the less I find —  
 (I thought of it coming home while my good Jane  
 Talked of the Shetland pony I must get  
 For the boys to learn to ride:) yes, here it is,  
 And here again on this page — blame by rote,  
 Where by my private judgment I blame not.  
 “We think our own thoughts on this day,” I said,  
 “Harmless it may be, kindly even, still  
 Not Heaven’s thoughts — not Sunday thoughts I’ll say.”  
 Well now, do I, now that I think of it,  
 Advise a separation of our thoughts  
 By Sundays and by week-days, Heaven’s and ours?  
 By no means, for I think the bar is bad.  
 I’ll teach my children “Keep all thinkings pure,  
 And think them when you like, if but the time  
 Is free to any thinking. Think of God  
 So often that in anything you do  
 It cannot seem you have forgotten Him,  
 Just as you would not have forgotten us,  
 Your mother and myself, although your thoughts  
 Were not distinctly on us, while you played;  
 And, if you do this, in the Sunday’s rest  
 You will most naturally think of Him.”  
 Then here again “the pleasures of the world  
 That tempt the younger members of my flock.”  
 Now I think really that they’ve not enough

Of these same pleasures. Gray and joyless lives  
 A many of them have, whom I would see  
 Sharing the natural gayeties of youth.  
 I wish they’d more temptations of the kind.  
 Now Donne and Allan preach such things as these  
 Meaning them and believing. As for me,  
 What did I mean? Neither to feign nor teach  
 A Pharisaic service. ’Twas just this,  
 That there are lessons and rebukes long made  
 So much a thing of course that, unobserving,  
 One sets them down as one puts dots to *i*’s,  
 Crosses to *t*’s.

[From *A Painter*.]

*THE ARTIST’S DREAD OF BLINDNESS.*

How one can live on beauty and be rich  
 Having only that! — a thing not hard to find,  
 For all the world is beauty. We know that,  
 We painters, we whom God shows how to see.  
 We have beauty ours, we take it where we go.  
 Ay, my wise critics, rob me of my bread,  
 You can do that, but of my birth-right, no.  
 Imprison me away from skies and seas,  
 And the open sight of earth and her rich life,  
 And the lesson of a face or golden hair:  
 I’ll find it for you on a whitewashed wall,  
 Where the slow shadows only change so much  
 As shows the street has different darknesses  
 At noontime and at twilight.



Only that  
 Could make me poor of beauty which  
 I dread  
 Sometimes, I know not why, save  
 that it is  
 The one thing which I could not  
 bear, not bear  
 Even with Ruth by me, even for  
 Ruth's sake —  
 If this perpetual plodding with the  
 brush  
 Should blind my fretted eyes!

— — —  
 ON THE LAKE.

A SUMMER mist on the mountain  
 heights,  
 A golden haze in the sky,  
 A glow on the shore of sleeping  
 lights,  
 And shadows lie heavily.

Far in the valley the town lies still,  
 Dreaming asleep in the glare,  
 Dreamily near purs the drowsy rill,  
 Dreams are afloat in the air.

Dreaming above us the languid sky,  
 Dreaming the slumbering lake,  
 And we who rest floating listlessly,  
 Say, love, do we dream or wake?

— — —  
 THE GIFT.

O HAPPY glow, O sun-bathed tree,  
 O golden-lighted river,  
 A love-gift has been given me,  
 And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,  
 Musing a mournful measure,  
 Now all my heart in me is glad  
 With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart  
 Half-sick of life's vexed story,  
 And now it grows of you a part,  
 Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept  
 And laughs through all my being,  
 New joy into my life has leapt,  
 A joy of only seeing!

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,  
 O golden-lighted river,  
 A love-gift has been given me,  
 And which of you is giver?

— — —  
 TWO MAIDENS.

Two maidens listening to the sea —  
 The younger said "The waves are  
 glad,  
 The waves are singing as they break."  
 The elder spake:  
 "Sister, their murmur sounds to me  
 So very sad."

Two maidens looking at a grave —  
 One smiled, "A place of happy sleep.  
 It would be happy if I slept."  
 The younger wept:  
 "Oh, save me from the rest you crave,  
 So lone, so deep."

Two maidens gazing into life —  
 The younger said, "It is so fair,  
 So warm with light and love and  
 pride."  
 The elder sighed:  
 "It seems to me so vexed with strife,  
 So cold and bare."

Two maidens face to face with death:  
 The elder said, "With quiet bliss  
 Upon his breast I lay my head."  
 The younger said:  
 "His kiss has frozen all my breath,  
 Must I be his?"

## CHARLES WESLEY.

STANZAS FROM "THE TRUE USE  
OF MUSIC."

LISTED into the cause of sin,  
Why should a good be evil?  
Music, alas! too long has been  
Pressed to obey the devil —  
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay  
Flowed to the soul's undoing —  
Widened, and strewed with flowers,  
the way  
Down to eternal ruin.

Who on the part of God will rise,  
Innocent sound recover —  
Fly on the prey, and take the prize,  
Plunder the carnal lover —  
Strip him of every moving strain,  
Every melting measure —  
Music in virtue's cause retain,  
Rescue the holy pleasure?

Come, let us try if Jesus' love  
Will not as well inspire us;  
This is the theme of those above —  
This upon earth shall fire us.  
Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing  
Is there a subject greater?  
Harmony all its strains may bring;  
Jesus' name is sweeter.

## THE ONLY LIGHT.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
'Triumph o'er the shades of night!  
Day-spring from on high, be near!  
Day-star, in my heart appear!

Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief!  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

## JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past:  
Safe into Thy haven guide —  
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none —  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone —  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring:  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?  
Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?  
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall —  
Lo! on Thee I cast my care;  
Reach me out Thy gracious hand,  
While I of Thy strength receive!  
Hoping against hope I stand —  
Dying, and behold I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want —  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint.  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name —  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False, and full of sin I am: —  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is  
found,—

Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound—  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art—  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart—  
Rise to all eternity.

—  
*COME, LET US ANEW.*

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still, till the Master  
appear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope, and the  
labor of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a  
stream,  
Glides swiftly away;  
And the fugitive moment refuses to  
stay.

The arrow is flown; the moment is  
gone;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's  
here.

O that each in the day of his coming  
may say,  
“I have fought my way through;  
I have finished the work thou didst  
give me to do.”

O that each, from his Lord, may re-  
ceive the glad word,  
“Well and faithfully done;  
“Enter into my joy, and sit down on  
my throne.”

—  
ELLA WHEELER.

*SECRETS.*

THINK not some knowledge rests with thee alone.  
Why, even God's stupendous secret, Death,  
We one by one, with our expiring breath,  
Do, pale with wonder, seize and make our own.  
The bosomed treasures of the earth are shown  
Despite her careful hiding; and the air  
Yields its mysterious marvels in despair,  
To swell the mighty storehouse of things known.

In vain the sea expostulates and raves;  
It cannot cover from the keen world's sight  
The curious wonders of its coral caves.  
And so, despite thy caution or thy tears,  
The prying fingers of detective years  
Shall drag thy secret out into the light.

## BLANCO WHITE.

## TO NIGHT.

<p>MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew Thee from report divine, and heard thy name; Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great set- ting flame, Hesperus with the host of heaven came,</p>	<p>And lo! creation widened in man's view. Who could have thought such dark- ness lay concealed Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find, While fly, and leaf, and insect lay re- vealed, That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind! Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?— If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?</p>
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## HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen  
sire!  
Whose modest form, so delicately  
fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms,  
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young Spring first ques-  
tioned Winter's sway,  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the  
fight,  
Thee on this bank he threw  
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the  
year,  
Serene, thou openest to the nipping  
gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid  
the storms  
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on  
her blows,  
Chastens her spotless purity of  
breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene the ills of life.

## SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,  
That bids this silent tear to flow;  
It is not grief that bids me moan,  
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,  
When the tired hedger hies him  
home;  
Or by the woodland pool to rest,  
When pale the star looks on its  
breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,  
With hallowed airs and symphonies,  
My spirit takes another tone,  
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sere and dead,  
It floats upon the water's bed;  
I would not be a leaf, to die  
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sudden  
    wail,  
Tell all the same unvaried tale;  
I've none to smile when I am free,  
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,  
That thinks on me, and loves me  
    too;  
I start, and when the vision's flown,  
I weep that I am all alone.

—  
*ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.*

COME, Disappointment, come!  
Not in thy terrors clad;  
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;  
Thy chastening rod but terrifies  
    The restless and the bad.  
But I recline  
    Beneath thy shrine,  
And round my brow resigned, thy  
    peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away  
    Before thy hollow tread,  
Yet Meditation in her cell;  
Hears with faint eye the lingering  
    knell,  
That tells her hopes are dead;  
And though the tear  
    By chance appear,  
Yet she can smile, and say, My all  
    was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!  
Though from Hope's summit  
    hurled,  
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,  
For thou severe wert sent from  
    heaven  
To wean me from the world;  
To turn my eye  
    From vanity,  
And point to scenes of bliss that  
    never, never die.

What is this passing scene!  
A peevish April day!  
A little sun — a little rain,  
And then night sweeps along the  
    plain,  
And all things fade away.  
Man (soon discussed)  
    Yields up his trust,  
And all his hopes and fears lie with  
    him in the dust.

Oh, what is beauty's power?  
It flourishes and dies;  
Will the cold earth its silence break,  
To tell how soft, how smooth a  
    cheek  
Beneath its surface lies?  
Mute, mute is all  
O'er beauty's fall:  
Her praise resounds no more when  
    mantled in the pall.

The most beloved on earth  
Not long survives to-day;  
So music past is obsolete,  
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing  
    sweet;  
But now 'tis gone away.  
Thus does the shade  
    In memory fade,  
When in forsaken tomb the form  
    beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,  
And volatile and fleet,  
Why should I lay up earthly joys,  
Where rust corrupts, and moth de-  
    stroys,  
And cares and sorrows eat?  
Why fly from ill  
    With anxious skill,  
When soon this hand will freeze,  
    this throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!  
Thou art not stern to me;  
Sad monitress! I own thy sway,  
A votary sad in early day,  
I bend my knee to thee.  
From sun to sun  
My race will run,  
I only bow and say, My God, Thy  
    will be done.

THE STANZA ADDED TO WALLER'S  
"ROSE."

YET, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance  
rise;  
And teach the maid,  
That goodness Time's rude hand de-  
fies,  
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

TO MISFORTUNE.

MISFORTUNE, I am young,— my chin  
is bare,  
And I have wondered much when  
men have told  
How youth was free from sorrow and  
from care,  
That thou should'st dwell with me,  
and leave the old.  
Sure dost not like me! — Shrivelled  
hag of hate,  
My phiz, and thanks to thee, is  
sadly long;  
I am not either, beldame, over  
strong;  
Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,  
For thou, sweet Fury, art my utter  
hate.  
Nay, shake not thus thy miserable  
pate; [face;  
I am yet young, and do not like thy  
And lest thou should'st resume the  
wild-geese chase,

I'll tell thee something all thy heat  
to assuage,  
Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my  
age.

A LITTLE BEFORE DEATH.

YES, 'twill be over soon. — This  
sickly dream  
Of life will vanish from my fever-  
ish brain;  
And death my wearied spirit will re-  
deem  
From this wild region of unvaried  
pain.  
Yon brook will glide as softly as be-  
fore, —  
Yon landscape smile, — yon golden  
harvest grow,  
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing  
will soar,  
When Henry's name is heard no  
more below.  
I sigh when all my youthful friends  
caress,  
They laugh in health, and future  
evils brave;  
Them shall a wife and smiling chil-  
dren bless,  
While I am mouldering in my silent  
grave.  
God of the just, — Thou gavest the  
bitter cup;  
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

EQUINOCTIAL.

THE sun of life has crossed the line;  
The summer-shine of lengthened  
light  
Faded and failed, till where I stand  
'Tis equal day and equal night.  
One after one, as dwindling hours,  
Youth's glowing hopes have drop-  
ped away,  
And soon may barely leave the gleam  
That coldly scores a winter's day.

I am not young; I am not old;  
The flush of morn, the sunset calm,  
Paling and deepening, each to each,  
Meet midway with a solemn charm.  
One side I see the summer fields  
Not yet disrobed of all their green;  
While westerly, along the hills  
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.  
Ah, middle point, where cloud and  
storm  
Make battle-ground of this, my life!

Where, even-matched, the night and  
day  
Wage round me their September  
strife!

I bow me to the threatening gale;  
I know when that is overpast,  
Among the peaceful harvest days,  
An Indian summer comes at last!

—  
*BEHIND THE MASK.*

It was an old, distorted face,—  
An uncouth visage, rough and  
wild,—  
Yet, from behind, with laughing  
grace,  
Peeped the fresh beauty of a child.

And so, contrasting strange to-day,  
My heart of youth doth inly ask  
If half earth's wrinkled grimness  
may  
Be but the baby in the mask.

Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow  
And withered look that life puts  
on,  
Each, as he wears it, comes to know  
How the child hides, and is not  
gone.

For while the inexorable years  
To saddened features fit their  
mould,  
Beneath the work of time and tears  
Waits something that will not grow  
old!

The rifted pine upon the hill,  
Scarred by the lightning and the  
wind,  
Through bolt and blight doth nurture  
still  
Young fibres underneath the rind;

And many a storm-blast, fiercely sent,  
And wasted hope, and sinful stain,  
Roughen the strange integument  
The struggling soul must wear in  
pain;

Yet when she comes to claim her own,  
Heaven's angel, happily, shall not  
ask  
For that last look the world hath  
known,  
But for the face behind the mask!

—  
*THE THREE LIGHTS.*

My window that looks down the west,  
Where the cloud-thrones and islands  
rest,  
One evening, to my random sight,  
Showed forth this picture of delight.

The shifting glories were all gone;  
The clear blue stillness coming on;  
And the soft shade, 'twixt day and  
night  
Held the old earth in tender light.

Up in the ether hung the horn  
Of a young moon; and, newly born  
From out the shadows, trembled far  
The shining of a single star.

Only a hand's breadth was between:  
So close they seemed, so sweet-  
serene,  
As if in heaven some child and  
mother,  
With peace untold, had found each  
other.

Then my glance fell from that fair  
sky  
A little down, yet very nigh,  
Just where the neighboring tree-tops  
made  
A lifted line of billowy shade,—

And from the earth-dark twinkled  
clear  
One other spark, of human cheer:  
A home-smile, telling where there  
stood  
A farmer's house beneath the wood.

Only these three in all the space:  
Far telegraphs of various place.  
Which seeing, this glad thought was  
mine,—  
Be it but little candle-shine,

Or golden disk of moon that swings  
 Nearest of all the heavenly things,  
 Or world in awful distance small,  
 One Light doth feed and link them  
 all!

“I WILL ABIDE IN THINE HOUSE.”

AMONG so many, can He care?  
 Can special love be everywhere?  
 A myriad homes,—a myriad ways,—  
 And God’s eye over every place.

*Over*; but *in*? The world is full;  
 A grand omnipotence must rule;  
 But is there life that doth abide  
 With mine own living, side by side?

So many, and so wide abroad:  
 Can any heart have all of God?  
 From the great spaces, vague and dim,  
 May one small household gather Him?

I asked: my soul bethought of this:—  
 In just that very place of his  
 Where He hath put and keepeth you,  
 God hath no other thing to do!

HEARTH-GLOW.

IN the freshine at the twilight,  
 The pictures that I see  
 Are less with mimic landscape bright  
 Than with life and mystery.

Where the embers flush and flicker  
 With their palpitating glow,  
 I see, fitfuller and quicker,  
 Heart-pulses come and go.

And here and there, with eager flame,  
 A little tongue of light  
 Upreaches earnestly to claim  
 A somewhat out of sight.

I know, with instinct sure and high,  
 A somewhat must be there;  
 Else should the fiery impulse die.  
 In ashes of despair.

Through the red tracery I discern  
 A parable sublime;  
 A solemn myth of souls that burn  
 In ordeals of time.

SUNLIGHT AND STARLIGHT.

GOD sets some souls in shade, alone;  
 They have no daylight of their own:  
 Only in lives of happier ones  
 They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy  
 night,  
 Thy greater heaven hath grander  
 light.

To-day is close; the hours are small;  
 Thou sit’st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind;  
 Reach forth a larger bliss to find.  
 To-day is brief: the inclusive spheres  
 Rain raptures of a thousand years.

LARVÆ.

My little maiden of four years old—  
 No myth, but a genuine child is she,  
 With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold—  
 Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,  
 As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,  
 She cried, “O mother! I found on my arm  
 A horrible, crawling caterpillar!”

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,  
 Yet a glance in its daring, half awed, half shy,  
 She added, “While they were about it, mother  
 I wish they’d just finished the butterfly!”



They were words to the thought of the soul that turns  
 From the coarser form of a partial growth,  
 Reproaching the infinite patience that yearns  
 With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,  
 On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,  
 For the possible glory that underlies  
 The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love  
 Beholdeth our pitiful life below  
 From the holy height of their heaven above,  
 Could n't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

## ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.

## CHARITY.

THE pilgrim and stranger, who, through the day, Holds over the desert his trackless way, Where the terrible sands no shade have known, No sound of life save his camel's moan, Hears, at last, through the mercy of Allah to all, From his tent-door, at evening, the Bedouin's call: "Whoever thou art, whose need is great, In the name of God, the Compas- sionate And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"	For gifts, in his name, of food and rest, The tents of Islam, of God are blest. Thou, who hast faith in the Christ above, Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of Love? O Christian! — open thy heart and door, — Cry, east and west, to the wandering poor, — "Whoever thou art, whose need is great, In the name of Christ, the Compas- sionate And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"
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## JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## THE BAREFOOT BOY.

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!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,  
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
 Knowledge never learned in 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!

Oh, 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!  
 Still as my horizon grew

Larger grew my riches too;  
 All the world I saw or knew  
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh, for festal dainties spread,  
 Like my bowl of milk and bread, —  
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
 On the door-stone, gray and rude!  
 O'er me, like a regal tent,  
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold;  
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;  
 While for music came the play  
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra;  
 And, to light the noisy choir,  
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
 I was monarch; pomp and joy  
 Waited on the barefoot boy.

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 toil:  
 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!

#### IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

STILL sits the school-house by the  
 road,  
 A ragged beggar sunning;  
 Around it still the sumachs grow,  
 And blackberry-vines are running.  
 Within, the master's desk is seen,  
 Deep scarred by raps official;  
 The warpir  $\gamma$  floor, the battered seats,  
 The jack  $\wedge$  nife's carved initial;

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

Long years ago a winter sun  
 Shone over it at setting;  
 Lit up its western window-panes,  
 And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
 And brown eyes full of grieving,  
 Of one who still her steps delayed  
 When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
 Her childish favor singled:  
 His cap pulled low upon a face  
 Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
 To right and left, he lingered;—  
 As restlessly her tiny hands  
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

● He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
 The soft hand's light caressing,  
 And heard the tremble of her voice,  
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:  
 I hate to go above you,  
 Because,"—the brown eyes lower  
 fell,—  
 "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
 That sweet child-face is showing.  
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
 Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard  
 school  
 How few who pass above him  
 Lament their triumph and his loss,  
 Like her, — because they love him.

—  
 MY PSALM.

I MOURN no more my vanished years:  
 Beneath a tender rain,  
 An April rain of smiles and tears,  
 My heart is young again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not less shall manly deed and word  
 Rebuke an age of wrong;  
 The graven flowers that wreath the  
 sword  
 Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to  
 heal, —  
 To build as to destroy;  
 Nor less my heart for others feel  
 That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds  
 To give or to withhold,  
 And knoweth more of all my needs  
 Than all my prayers have told!

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

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

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

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through Memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair;—

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west-winds play;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick  
stand,  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland;

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,  
To the eyes of the famished rebel  
horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early  
fall,  
When Lee marched over the moun-  
tain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind: the  
sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not  
one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and  
ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled  
down.

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced: the old flag met his  
sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood  
fast;

“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and  
sash,  
It rent the banner with seam and  
gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken  
scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-  
sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray  
head,  
But spare your country's flag,” she  
said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirr'd  
To life at that woman's deed and  
word.

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And, through the hill-gaps, sunset  
light  
Shone over it with a warm good-  
night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no  
more.

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's  
bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

---

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the  
wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry  
glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off  
town,  
White from its hill-slope looking  
down,

The sweet song died, and a vague  
unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her  
breast, —

A wish that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had  
known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid;

And asked a draught from the spring  
that flowed  
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring  
bubbled up.  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking  
down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered  
gown.

"Thanks," said the judge, "a  
sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never  
quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers  
and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the hum-  
ming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and won-  
dered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring  
foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and  
brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel  
eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed:  
"Ah me!  
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so  
fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine

“ My father should wear a broadcloth  
coat;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

“ I’d dress my mother so grand and  
gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy  
each day.

“ And I’d feed the hungry, and clothe  
the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our  
door.”

The judge looked back as he climbed  
the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

“ A form more fair, a face more  
sweet,  
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet.

“ And her modest answer and grace-  
ful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“ Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay:

“ No doubtful balance of rights and  
wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless  
tongues,

“ But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health, and quiet, and loving  
words.”

But he thought of his sisters proud  
and cold,  
And his mother vain of her rank and  
gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode  
on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that after-  
noon,  
When he hummed in court an old  
love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the  
well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover  
fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for  
power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth’s bright  
glow,  
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller’s hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was  
red,  
He longed for the wayside well in-  
stead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished  
rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover-  
blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a  
secret pain:

“ Ah, that I were free again!

“ Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked  
her hay.”

She wedded a man unlearned and  
poor,  
And many children played round  
her door.

But care, and sorrow, and childbirth  
pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone  
hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow  
lot.

And she heard the little spring-brook  
fall

Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down, with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her  
face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney  
lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and  
mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life  
again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."

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 re-  
call.

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!

[From *The Tent on the Beach*.—*The Grave  
by the Lake*.]

#### UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

O THE generations old  
Over whom no church-bells tolled,  
Christless, lifting up blind eyes  
To the silence of the skies!  
For the innumerable dead  
Is my soul disquieted,

Hearst thou, O of little faith.  
What to thee the mountain saith,  
What is whispered by the trees?—  
"Cast on God thy care for these;  
Trust him, if thy sight be dim;  
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.

"Blind must be their close-shut eyes  
Where like night the sunshine lies,  
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain  
Binding ever sin to pain,  
Strong their prison-house of will,  
But without He waiteth still.

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

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

[From *The Tent on the Beach*.—*Abraham  
Davenport*.]

#### NATURE'S REVERENCE.

THE harp at Nature's advent, strung  
Has never ceased to play:  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

THE time of gifts has come again,  
And, on my northern window-pane,  
Outlined against the day's brief light,  
A Christmas token hangs in sight.  
The wayside travellers, as they pass,  
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass;  
And the dull blankness seems, per-  
chance,  
Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see  
The perfect grace it hath for me;  
For there the flower, whose fringes  
through

The frosty breath of autumn blew,  
Turns from without its face of bloom  
To the warm tropic of my room,  
As fair as when beside its brook  
The hue of bending skies it took.

So, from the trodden ways of earth,  
Seem some sweet souls who veil  
their worth,

And offer to the careless glance  
The clouding gray of circumstance.  
They blossom best where hearth-fires  
burn,

To loving eyes alone they turn  
The flowers of inward grace, that  
hide

Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,  
My half-immortal flower, from thee!

Man judges from a partial view,  
None ever yet his brother knew;  
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole  
May better read the darkened soul,  
And find, to outward sense denied,  
The flower upon its inmost side!

MY PLAYMATE.

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

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

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

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

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

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round  
Of uneventful years;  
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year  
Her summer roses blow;  
The dusky children of the sun  
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands  
She smooths her silken gown, —  
No more the homespun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.





THE PINES WERE DARK ON RAMOTH HILL.



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

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

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems. —  
Ever the pines of Ramoth wood,  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:  
Does she remember mine?  
And what to her is now the boy  
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build  
For other eyes than ours, —  
That other hands with nuts are filled,  
And other laps with flowers?

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

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

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

## OSCAR WILDE.

### EASTER-DAY.

THE silver trumpets rang across the  
dome:  
The people knelt upon the ground  
with awe:  
And borne upon the necks of men  
I saw,  
Like some great god, the Holy Lord  
of Rome.  
Priest-like, he wore a robe more  
white than foam,  
And, king-like, swathed himself  
in royal red,  
Three crowns of gold rose high  
upon his head:  
In splendor and in light the Pope  
passed home.  
My heart stole back across wide  
wastes of years  
To One who wandered by a  
lonely sea.  
And sought in vain for any place  
of rest:  
"Foxes have holes, and every bird  
its nest,  
I, only I, must wander wearily,  
And bruise my feet, and drink  
wine salt with tears."

### MADONNA MIA.

A LILY-GIRL, not made for this  
world's pain,  
With brown, soft hair close braided  
by her ears,  
And longing eyes half veiled by  
slumberous tears  
Like bluest water seen through mists  
of rain:  
Pale cheeks whereon no love hath  
left its stain,  
Red underlip drawn in for fear of  
love,  
And white throat, whiter than the  
silvered dove,  
Through whose wan marble creeps  
one purple vein.  
Yet, though my lips shall praise her  
without cease,  
Even to kiss her feet I am not  
bold, [of awe.  
Being o'ershadowed by the wings  
Like Dante, when he stood with  
Beatrice  
Beneath the flaming lion's breast,  
and saw  
The seventh Crystal, and the Stair  
of Gold.

## SONNET.

ON HEARING THE *DIES IRÆ* SUNG IN  
THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

NAY, Lord, not thus! white lilies in  
the spring,  
Sad olive-groves, or silver-breasted  
dove,  
Teach me more clearly of Thy life  
and love  
Than terrors of red flame and thun-  
dering.  
The empurpled vines dear memories  
of Thee bring:  
A bird at evening flying to its nest,  
Tells me of One who had no place  
of rest:  
I think it is of Thee the sparrows  
sing.  
Come rather on some autumn after-  
noon,  
When red and brown are burnished  
on the leaves,  
And the fields echo to the gleaner's  
song.  
Come when the splendid fulness of  
the moon  
Looks down upon the rows of  
golden sheaves,  
And reap Thy harvest: we have  
waited long.

## IMPRESSION DU MATIN.

THE Thames nocturne of blue and  
gold  
Changed to a harmony in gray:  
A barge with ochre-colored hay  
Dropt from the wharf: and chill and  
cold  
The yellow fog came creeping down  
The bridges, till the houses' walls  
Seemed changed to shadows, and  
St. Paul's  
Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.  
Then suddenly arose the clang  
Of waking life; the streets were  
stirred  
With country wagons: and a bird  
Flew to the glistening roofs and sang.

But one pale woman all alone,  
The daylight kissing her wan hair,  
Loitered beneath the gas-lamps'  
flare,  
With lips of flame and heart of stone.

## SUNRISE.

THE sky is laced with fitful red,  
The circling mists and shadows  
flee,  
The dawn is rising from the sea,  
Like a white lady from her bed.  
And jagged brazen arrows fall  
Athwart the feathers of the night,  
And a long wave of yellow light  
Breaks silently on tower and hall,  
And spreading wide across the  
wold  
Wakes into flight some fluttering  
bird,  
And all the chestnut tops are  
stirred  
And all the branches streaked with  
gold.

## SILHOUETTES.

THE sea is flecked with bars of gray  
The dull dead wind is out of tune,  
And like a withered leaf the moon  
Is blown across the stormy bay.  
Etched clear upon the pallid sand  
The black boat lies: a sailor boy  
Clambers aboard in careless joy  
With laughing face and gleaming  
hand.  
And overhead the curlews cry,  
Where through the dusky upland  
grass  
The young brown-throated reapers  
pass,  
Like silhouettes against the sky.

## REQUIESCAT.

TREAD lightly, she is near  
Under the snow,  
Speak gently, she can hear  
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair  
Tarnished with rust,  
She that was young and fair  
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,  
She hardly knew  
She was a woman, so  
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,  
Lie on her breast,  
I vex my heart alone  
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear  
Lyre or sonnet,  
All my life's buried here,  
Heap earth upon it.

## RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

### *MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.*

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close  
Is scattered on the ground — to die.  
Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see,—  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale  
ray!

Its hold is frail, its date is brief;  
Restless, and soon to pass away!  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,—  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the  
sea,—  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

### *TO THE MOCKING BIRD.*

Winged mimic of the woods! thou  
motley fool!  
Who shall thy gay buffoonery de-  
scribe?  
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule  
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and  
gibe:  
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy  
tribe,  
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's  
school;  
To thee, the palm of scoffing, we as-  
cribe,  
Arch-mocker and mad abbot of mis-  
rule!  
For such thou art by day—but all  
night long  
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive,  
solemn, strain,  
As if thou didst, in this thy moon-  
light song,  
Like to the melancholy Jacques com-  
plain,—  
Musing on falsehood, folly, sin, and  
wrong,  
And sighing for thy motley coat  
again.

## HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

*WHILST THEE I SEEK.*

WHILST Thee I seek, protecting  
Power!

Be my vain wishes stilled;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought be-  
stowed, —

To Thee my thoughts would soar:  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul most dear,  
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored  
hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow  
lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;

My steadfast heart shall know no  
fear;  
That heart will rest on Thee.

*SONNET TO HOPE.*

OH, ever skilled to wear the form we  
love,  
To bid the shapes of fear and grief  
depart,—  
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay  
smile remove  
The lasting sadness of an aching  
heart.  
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let  
me hear;  
Say that for me some pleasures yet  
shall bloom;  
That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's  
precious tear,  
Shall soften or shall chase misfor-  
tune's gloom.  
But come not glowing in the dazzling  
ray  
Which once with dear illusions  
charmed my eye;  
Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer,  
on my way  
The flowers I fondly thought too  
bright to die.  
Visions less fair will soothe my pen-  
sive breast,  
That asks not happiness, but longs  
for rest.

## NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

*TO A CITY PIGEON.*

STOOP to my window, thou beautiful  
dove!

Thy daily visits have touched my love.  
I watch thy coming, and list the note  
That stirs so low in thy mellow  
throat,

And my joy is high  
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated  
eaves,  
And forsake the wood with its fresh-  
ened leaves?  
Why dost thou haunt the sultry  
street,  
When the paths of the forest are cool  
and sweet?  
How canst thou bear  
This noise of people — this sultry air?

Thou alone of the feathered race  
Dost look unscared on the human  
face;

Thou alone, with a wing to flee,  
Dost love with man in his haunts  
to be;

And the "gentle dove"  
Has become a name for trust and  
love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!  
Thou'rt named with childhood's ear-  
liest word!

Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh  
and wild

In the prisoned thoughts of the city  
child;

And thy glossy wings  
Are its brightest image of moving  
things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set  
apart,

Wisely by Him who has tamed thy  
heart,

To stir the love for the bright and  
fair

That else were sealed in this crowded  
air;

I sometimes dream  
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, ever, when daylight  
leaves

The page I read, to my humble  
eaves,

And wash thy breast in the hollow  
spout,

And murmur thy low sweet music  
out!

I hear and see  
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in  
thee!

---

*SATURDAY AFTERNOON.*

I LOVE to look on a scene like  
this,

Of wild and careless play.  
And persuade myself that I am not

old,  
And my locks are not yet gray;

For it stirs the blood in an old man's  
heart,

And makes his pulses fly,  
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,  
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore  
years;

And they say that I am old,  
That my heart is ripe for the reaper,  
Death,

And my years are well-nigh told.  
It is very true; it is very true;

I'm old, and "I 'bide my time:"  
But my heart will leap at a scene like

this,  
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,  
In the midst of your merry ring:

I can feel the thrill of the daring  
jump,

And the rush of the breathless  
swing.

I hide with you in the fragrant hay,  
And I whoop the smothered call,

And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,  
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time  
shall come,

And I shall be glad to go;  
For the world at best is a weary place,

And my pulse is getting low;  
But the grave is dark, and the heart

will fail  
In treading its gloomy way;

And it wiles my heart from its dreari-  
ness

To see the young so gay.

---

*ON THE PICTURE OF A "CHILD  
TIRED OF PLAY."*

TIRED of play! tired of play!  
What hast thou done this livelong  
day?

The birds are silent, and so is the bee;  
The sun is creeping up steeple and  
tree;

The doves have flown to the shelter-  
ing eaves,

And the nests are dark with the  
drooping leaves;

Twilight gathers, and day is done —  
How hast thou spent it — restless one?

Playing? But what hast thou done  
beside,

To tell thy mother at eventide?

What promise of morn is left un-  
broken?

What kind word to thy playmate  
spoken?

Whom hast thou pitied, and whom  
forgiven?

How with thy faults has duty striven?  
What hast thou learned by field and

hill,  
By greenwood path, and by singing  
rill?

There will come an eve to a longer  
day,

That will find thee tired — but not of  
play?

And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest  
now,

With drooping limbs and aching  
brow,

And wish the shadows would faster  
creep,

And long to go to thy quiet sleep.

Well were it then if thine aching  
brow

Were as free from sin and shame as  
now!

Well for thee if thy lip could tell

A tale like this of a day spent  
well;

If thine open hand hath relieved dis-  
tress,

If thy pity hath sprung to wretched-  
ness;

If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,  
And humbled thy heart with peni-  
tence;

If Nature's voices have spoken to  
thee

With her holy meanings eloquently;

If every creature hath won thy love,  
From the creeping worm to the brood-  
ing dove;

If never a sad, low-spoken word  
Hath plead with thy human heart  
unheard,—

Then, when the night steals on, as  
now,

It will bring relief to thine aching  
brow,

And, with joy and peace at the  
thought of rest,

Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy  
mother's breast.

THE BURIAL OF THE CHAMPION  
OF HIS CLASS.

YE'VE gathered to your place of  
prayer

With slow and measured tread:  
Your ranks are full, your mates all  
there—

But the soul of one has fled.  
He was the proudest in his strength,

The manliest of ye all;  
Why lies he at that fearful length,

And ye around his pall?

Ye reckon it in days, since he  
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,

With his dark eye flashing gloriously,  
And his lip wreathed with a smile.

Oh, had it been but told you then,  
To mark whose lamp was dim—

From out yon rank of fresh-lipped  
men,

Would ye have singled him?

Whose was the sinewy arm that flung  
Defiance to the ring?

Whose laugh of victory loudest rung—  
Yet not for glorying?

Whose heart, in generous deed and  
thought,

No rivalry might brook,  
And yet distinction claiming not?

There lies he—go and look!

On now—his requiem is done,  
The last deep prayer is said—

On to his burial, comrades—on,  
With a friend and brother dead!

Slow—for it presses heavily—  
It is a man ye bear!

Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily  
On the gallant sleeper there.



Tread lightly, comrades! — we have  
laid

His dark locks on his brow —  
Like life — save deeper light and  
shade:

We'll not disturb them now.  
Tread lightly — for 'tis beautiful,  
That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,  
Hiding the eye, death left so dull —  
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now! his journeying is done —  
Your feet are on his sod —  
Death's blow has felled your cham-  
pion —

He waiteth here his God.  
Ay — turn and weep — 'tis manliness  
To be heart-broken here —  
For the grave of one, the best of us,  
Is watered by the tear.

TO GIULIA GRISI.

AFTER HEARING HER IN "ANNA BO-  
LENA."

WHEN the rose is brightest,  
Its bloom will soonest die;  
When burns the meteor brightest,  
'Twill vanish from the sky.  
If Death but wait until delight  
O'errun the heart, like wine,  
And break the cup when brimming  
quite,  
I die — for thou hast poured to-night  
The last drop into mine.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,  
'Twas near the twilight-tide —  
And slowly there a lady fair  
Was walking in her pride.  
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,  
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her  
feet,  
And Honor charmed the air;  
And all astir looked kind on her,  
And called her good as fair —  
For all God ever gave to her  
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare  
From lovers warm and true —  
For her heart was cold to all but  
gold,

And the rich came not to woo —  
But honored well are charms to sell  
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more  
fair —

A slight girl, lily-pale;  
And she had unseen company  
To make the spirit quail —  
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked  
forlorn,  
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow  
For this world's peace to pray;  
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved  
in air,

Her woman's heart gave way! —  
But the sin forgiven by Christ in  
heaven  
By man is cursed away!

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

ON the cross-beam under the Old  
South bell  
The nest of a pigeon is builded  
well.

In summer and winter that bird is  
there,

Out and in with the morning air:  
I love to see him track the street,  
With his wary eye and active feet;  
And I often watch him as he springs,  
Circling the steeple with easy wings,  
Till across the dial his shade has  
passed,

And the belfry edge is gained at last.  
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding  
note,

And the trembling throb in its mot-  
tled throat;

There's a human look in its swelling  
breast,

And the gentle curve of its lowly  
crest;

And I often stop with the fear I feel —  
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy  
bell —

Chime of the hour or funeral knell —  
The dove in the belfry must hear it  
well.

When the tongue swings out to the  
midnight moon —

When the sexton cheerily rings for  
noon —

When the clock strikes clear at morn-  
ing light,

When the child is waked with "nine  
at night" —

When the chimes play soft in the  
Sabbath air,

Filling the spirit with tones of prayer;  
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,  
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,  
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,  
He takes the time to smooth his breast,  
Then drops again with filmèd eyes,  
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be  
A hermit in the crowd like thee!

With wings to fly to wood and glen,  
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;  
And daily, with unwilling feet,  
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;  
But, unlike thee, when day is o'er,  
Thou canst dismiss the world and  
soar,

Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,  
Canst smooth the feathers on thy  
breast,

And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

---

FROM "ABSALOM."

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou  
shouldst die!

Thou, who wert made so beauti-  
fully fair!

That Death should settle in thy glo-  
rious eye,

And leave his stillness in this clus-  
tering hair!

How could he mark thee for the silent  
tomb?

My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am  
chill,

As to my bosom I have tried to press  
thee!

How was I wont to feel my pulses  
thrill,

Like a rich harp-string, yearning to  
caress thee,

And hear thy sweet '*my father!*'  
from these dumb

And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear  
the gush

Of music, and the voices of the  
young;

And life will pass me in the mantling  
blush,

And the dark tresses to the soft  
winds flung; —

But thou no more, with thy sweet  
voice, shalt come

To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and  
my heart,

Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be  
broken,

How will its love for thee, as I depart,  
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last  
deep token!

It were so sweet, amid death's gath-  
ering gloom,

To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to  
give thee up,

With death so like a gentle slum-  
ber on thee; —

And thy dark sin! — Oh! I could  
drink the cup,

If from this woe its bitterness had  
won thee.

May God have called thee, like a wan-  
derer, home,

My lost boy, Absalom!"

## FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

## THE OLD SERGEANT.

“COME a little nearer, doctor, — thank you, — let me take the cup;  
 Draw your chair up, — draw it closer, — just another little sup!  
 May be you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty well used up, —  
 Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a going up!

“Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try” —  
 “Never say that,” said the surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh;  
 “It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die!”  
 “What you say will make no difference, doctor, when you come to die.

“Doctor, what has been the matter?” “You were very faint, they say;  
 You must try to get to sleep now.” “Doctor, have I been away?”  
 “Not that anybody knows of!” “Doctor, — Doctor, please to stay!  
 There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay!

“I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go;  
 Doctor, did you say I fainted? — but it couldn't ha' been so, —  
 For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,  
 I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh!

“This is all that I remember: The last time the lighter came,  
 And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,  
 He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name:  
 ‘Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!’ — just that way it called my name.

“And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,  
 Knew it couldn't be the lighter, — he could not have spoken so, —  
 And I tried to answer, ‘Here, sir!’ but I couldn't make it go;  
 For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

“Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore:  
 Just another foolish grapevine, — and it won't come any more;  
 But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before:  
 ‘Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton!’ — even plainer than before:

“That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,  
 And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,  
 Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,  
 When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

“And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,  
 And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower;  
 And the same mysterious voice said: ‘It is the eleventh hour!’  
 Orderly Sergeant — Robert Burton — it is the eleventh hour!”

“Doctor Austin! what day is this?” “It is Wednesday night, you know.”  
 “Yes, — to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!  
 What time is it, Doctor Austin?” “Nearly twelve.” “Then don't you go!  
 Can it be that all this happened — all this — not an hour ago?”

“ There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious host;  
 And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;  
 There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost, —  
 And the same old transport came and took me over — or its ghost!

“ And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;  
 There was where they fell on Prentiss, — there McClermand met the tide;  
 There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlburt's heroes died, —  
 Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

“ There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of the canny kin,  
 There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rousseau waded in;  
 There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began to win, —  
 There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to win.

“ Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was spread;  
 And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my head,  
 I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was dead, —  
 For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

“ Death and silence! — Death and silence! all around me as I sped!  
 And behold, a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,  
 To the heaven of the heavens lifted up its mighty head,  
 Till the Stars and Stripes of heaven all seemed waving from its head!

“ Round and mighty-based it towered, — up into the infinite, —  
 And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so bright;  
 For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding-stair of light  
 Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of sight!

“ And, behold, as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare, —  
 Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair,  
 Suddenly the solemn challenge broke, of — ‘ Halt, and who goes there!’  
 ‘ I'm a friend,’ I said, ‘ if you are.’ ‘ Then advance, sir, to the stair!’

“ I advanced! That sentry, doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne! —  
 First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line! —  
 ‘ Welcome, my old sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!’  
 And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

“ As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;  
 But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive;  
 ‘ That's the way, sir, to headquarters.’ What headquarters? ‘ Of the brave.’  
 ‘ But the great tower?’ ‘ That,’ he answered, ‘ is the way, sir, of the  
 brave!’

“ Then a sudden shame came o'er me, at his uniform of light;  
 At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright:  
 ‘ Ah!’ said he, ‘ you have forgotten the new uniform to-night, —  
 Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!’

“ And the next thing I remember, you were sitting there, and I —  
 Doctor, — did you hear a footstep? Hark! — God bless you all! Good-by!  
 Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack, when I die,  
 To my son — my son that's coming, — he won't get here till I die!

“Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did before, —  
 And to carry that old musket” — Hark! a knock is at the door! —  
 “Till the Union” — See! it opens! — “Father! Father! speak once more!”  
 “Bless you!” gasped the old, gray sergeant, and he lay and said no more!

## JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH.)

### THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting  
 sun,  
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided  
 snow:  
 Long had I watched the glory moving  
 on  
 O'er the still radiance of the lake  
 below.  
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated  
 slow!  
 Even in its very motion there was  
 rest;  
 While every breath of eve that  
 chanced to blow  
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous  
 west.  
 Emblem, methought, of the departed  
 soul,  
 To whose white robe the gleam of  
 bliss is given;  
 And by the breath of mercy made to  
 roll  
 Right onwards to the golden gates of  
 heaven,  
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful  
 lies,  
 And tells to man his glorious desti-  
 nies.

[From the *Isle of Palms*.]

### THE SHIPWRECK.

BUT list! a low and moaning sound  
 At distance heard, like a spirit's song,  
 And now it reigns above, around,  
 As if it called the ship along.  
 The moon is sunk; and a clouded  
 gray  
 Declares that her course is run,

And like a god who brings the day,  
 Up mounts the glorious sun.  
 Soon as his light has warmed the  
 seas,  
 From the parting cloud fresh blows  
 the breeze;  
 And that is the spirit whose well-  
 known song  
 Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.  
 No fears hath she; her giant form  
 O'er wrathful surge, through black-  
 ening storm,  
 Majestically calm would go  
 'Mid the deep darkness white as  
 snow!  
 But gently now the small waves  
 glide  
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's  
 side.  
 So stately her bearing, so proud her  
 array,  
 The main she will traverse for ever  
 and aye.  
 Many ports will exult at the gleam  
 of her mast; —  
 Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this  
 hour is her last.  
 Five hundred souls in one instant of  
 dread  
 Are hurried o'er the deck;  
 And fast the miserable ship  
 Becomes a lifeless wreck.  
 Her keel hath struck on a hidden  
 rock,  
 Her planks are torn asunder,  
 And down come her masts with a  
 reeling shock,  
 And a hideous crash like thunder.  
 Her sails are draggled in the brine,  
 That gladdened late the skies,  
 And her pennant, that kissed the fair  
 moonshine,  
 Down many a fathom lies.

Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues  
 Gleamed softly from below,  
 And flung a warm and sunny flush  
 O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,  
 To the coral-rock are hurrying down,  
 To sleep amid colors as bright as their own.  
 Oh! many a dream was in the ship  
 An hour before her death;  
 And sights of home with sighs disturbed  
 The sleeper's long-drawn breath.  
 Instead of the murmur of the sea,  
 The sailor heard the humming-tree  
 Alive through all its leaves,  
 The hum of the spreading sycamore  
 That grows before his cottage door,  
 And the swallow's song in the eaves.  
 His arms enclosed a blooming boy,  
 Who listened with tears of sorrow  
 and joy  
 To the dangers his father had  
 passed;  
 And his wife—by turns she wept  
 and smiled,

As she looked on the father of her child,  
 Returned to her heart at last.  
 He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll  
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.  
 Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,  
 'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;  
 The whole ship's crew are there!  
 Wailing around and overhead,  
 Brave spirits stupefied or dead,  
 And madness and despair.  
 Now is the ocean's bosom bare,  
 Unbroken as the floating air;  
 The ship hath melted quite away,  
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.  
 No image meets my wandering eye,  
 But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.  
 Though the night-shades are gone,  
 yet a vapor dull  
 Bedims the waves so beautiful:  
 While a low and melancholy moan  
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

## WILLIAM WINTER.

### THE WHITE FLAG.

BRING poppies for a weary mind  
 That saddens in a senseless din,  
 And let my spirit leave behind  
 A world of riot and of sin,—  
 In action's torpor deaf and blind.  
 Bring poppies — that I may forget!  
 Bring poppies — that I may not  
 learn!  
 But bid the audacious sun to set,  
 And bid the peaceful starlight burn  
 O'er buried memory and regret.  
 Then will the slumberous grasses grow  
 Above the bed wherein I sleep;  
 While winds I love will softly blow,  
 And dews I love will softly weep,  
 O'er rest and silence hid below,

Bring poppies, — for this work is  
 vain!  
 I cannot mould the clay of life.  
 A stronger hand must grasp the rein,  
 A stouter arm annul the strife.  
 A braver heart defy the pain.  
 Youth was my friend, — but Youth  
 had wings,  
 And he has flown unto the day,  
 And left me, in a night of things,  
 Bewildered, on a lonesome way,  
 And careless what the future brings.  
 Let there be sleep! nor any more  
 The noise of useless deed or word:  
 While the free spirit hovers o'er  
 A sea where not a sound is heard—  
 A sea of dreams, without a shore.

Dark Angel, counselling defeat,  
 I see thy mournful, tender eyes:  
 I hear thy voice, so faint, so sweet,  
 And very dearly should I prize  
 Thy perfect peace, thy rest complete.

But is it rest to vanish hence,  
 To mix with earth, or sea, or air?  
 Is death indeed a full defence  
 Against the tyranny of care?  
 Or is it cruellest pretence?

And, if an hour of peace draws nigh,  
 Shall we, who know the arts of war,  
 Turn from the field and basely fly,  
 Nor take what fate reserves us for,  
 Because we dream 'twere sweet to die?

What shall the untried warriors do,  
 If we, the battered veterans, fail?  
 How strive, and suffer, and be true,  
 In storms that make our spirits quail,  
 Except our valor lead them through?

Though for ourselves we droop and tire,  
 Let us at least for them be strong.  
 'Tis but to bear familiar fire:  
 Life at the longest is not long,  
 And peace at last will crown desire.

So Death, I will not hear thee speak!  
 But I will labor — and endure  
 All storms of pain that time can wreak.  
 My flag be white because 'tis pure,  
 And not because my soul is weak!

---

*HOMAGE.*

WHITE daisies on the meadow green  
 Present thy beauteous form to me:  
 Peaceful and joyful these are seen,  
 And peace and joy encompass thee.  
 I watch them, where they dance and shine,  
 And love them — for their charm is thine.

Red roses o'er the woodland brook  
 Remember me thy lovely face:  
 So blushing and so fresh its look,  
 So wild and shy its radiant grace!  
 I kiss them, in their coy retreat,  
 And think of lips more soft and sweet.

Gold arrows of the merry morn,  
 Shot swiftly over orient seas;  
 Gold tassels of the bending corn  
 That ripple in the August breeze;  
 Thy wildering smile, thy glorious hair,  
 And all thy power and state declare.

White, red, and gold — the awful crown  
 Of beauty and of virtue too!  
 From what a height those eyes look down  
 On him who proudly dares to sue!  
 Yet, free from self as God from sin,  
 Is love that loves, nor asks to win.

Let me but love thee in the flower,  
 The waving grass, the dancing wave,  
 The fragrant pomp of garden bower,  
 The violet of the nameless grave,  
 Sweet dreams by night, sweet thoughts by day, —  
 And time shall tire ere love decay!

Let me but love thee in the glow  
 When morning on the ocean shines,  
 Or in the mighty winds that blow,  
 Snow-laden, through the mountain pines —  
 In all that's fair, or grand or dread,  
 And all shall die ere love be dead!

---

*AFTER ALL.*

THE apples are ripe in the orchard,  
 The work of the reaper is done,  
 And the golden woodlands redden  
 In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage-door the grandsire  
 Sits, pale, in his easy-chair,  
 While a gentle wind of twilight  
 Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him;  
A fair young head is prest,  
In the first wild passion of sorrow,  
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance  
The faltering echoes come,  
Of the flying blast of trumpet  
And the rattling roll of drum.

Then the grandsire speaks, in a whisper, —  
“The end no man can see;  
But we give him to his country,  
And we give our prayers to Thee.”

The violets star the meadows,  
The rosebuds fringe the door,  
And over the grassy orchard  
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,  
The cottage is dark and still,  
There's a nameless grave in the battle-field,  
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman  
By the cold hearth sits alone;  
And the old clock in the corner  
Ticks on with a steady drone.

#### THE QUESTION.

BECAUSE love's sigh is but a sigh,  
Doth it the less love's heart disclose?  
Because the rose must fade and die,  
Is it the less the lovely rose?  
Because black night must shroud the day,  
Shall the brave sun no more be gay?

Because chill autumn frights the birds,  
Shall we distrust that spring will come?  
Because sweet words are only words,  
Shall love forevermore be dumb?  
Because our bliss is fleeting bliss,  
Shall we who love forbear to kiss?

Because those eyes of gentle mirth  
Must some time cease my heart to thrill,

Because the sweetest voice on earth  
Sooner or later must be still,  
Because its idol is unsure,  
Shall my strong love the less endure?

Ah, no! let lovers breathe their sighs,

And roses bloom, and music sound,  
And passion burn in lips and eyes,  
And pleasure's merry world go round:

Let golden sunshine flood the sky,  
And let me love, or let me die!

#### WITHERED ROSES.

NOT made by worth, nor marred by flaw,

Not won by good, nor lost by ill,  
Love is its own and only law,  
And lives and dies by its own will.  
It was our fate, and not our sin,  
That we should love, and love should win.

Not bound by oath, nor stayed by prayer,

Nor held by thirst of strong desire,  
Love lives like fragrance in the air.  
And dies as breaking waves expire.  
'Twas death, not falsehood, bade us part, —

The death of love that broke my heart.

Not kind, as dreaming poets think,

Nor merciful, as sages say —  
Love heeds not where its victims sink,

When once its passion ebbs away.  
'Twas nature — it was not disdain —  
That made thee careless of my pain.

Not thrall'd by law, nor ruled by right,

Love keeps no audit with the skies;  
Its star, that once is quenched in night,

Has set — and never more will rise.  
My soul is lost, by thee forgot;  
And there's no heaven where thou art not.



But happy he, though scathed and  
lone,

Who sees afar love's fading wings—  
Whose seared and blighted heart has  
known

The splendid agony it brings!  
No life that is, no life to be  
Can ever take the Past from me!

Red roses bloom for other lives —  
Your withered leaves alone are  
mine;

Yet, not for all that Time survives  
Would I your heavenly gift re-  
sign —

Now cold and dead, once warm and  
true,  
The love that lived and died in you.

— — —  
*THE GOLDEN SILENCE.*

WHAT though I sing no other song?  
What though I speak no other  
word?

Is silence shame? Is patience  
wrong? —  
At least one song of mine was  
heard:

One echo from the mountain air,  
One ocean murmur, glad and free —  
One sign that nothing grand or fair,  
In all this world was lost to me.

I will not wake the sleeping lyre;  
I will not strain the chords of  
thought:

The sweetest fruit of all desire  
Comes its own way, and comes un-  
sought.

Though all the bards of earth were  
dead,

And all their music passed away,  
What nature wishes should be said  
She'll find the rightful voice to say!

Her heart is in the shimmering leaf,  
The drifting cloud, the lonely sky,  
And all we know of bliss or grief  
She speaks, in forms that cannot  
die.

The mountain peaks that shine afar,  
The silent stars, the pathless sea,  
Are living signs of all we are,  
And types of all we hope to be.

— — —  
*A DIRGE.*

IN MEMORY OF POE.

COLD is the pæan honor sings,  
And chill is glory's icy breath,  
And pale the garland memory brings  
To grace the iron doors of death.

Fame's echoing thunders, long and  
loud,  
The pomp of pride that decks the  
pall,

The plaudits of the vacant crowd —  
One word of love is worth them all!

With dew of grief our eyes are dim:  
Ah, bid the tear of sorrow start;  
And honor, in ourselves and him,  
The great and tender human heart!

Through many a night of want and  
woe

His frenzied spirit wandered wild,  
Till kind disaster laid him low,  
And love reclaimed its wayward  
child.

Through many a year his fame has  
grown, —

Like midnight, vast; like starlight,  
sweet, —

Till now his genius fills a throne,  
And homage makes his realm com-  
plete.

One meed of justice, long delayed.  
One crowning grace his virtues  
crave!

Ah, take, thou great and injured  
shade,

The love that sanctifies the grave.

And may thy spirit, hovering nigh,  
Pierce the dense cloud of darkness  
through,

And know, with fame that cannot  
die,

Thou hast the world's compassion  
too!

## GEORGE WITHER.

## HYMN FOR ANNIVERSARY MARRIAGE DAYS.

LORD, living here are we —  
 As fast united yet  
 As when our hands and hearts by  
 Thee  
 Together first were knit.  
 And in a thankful song  
 Now sing we will Thy praise,  
 For that Thou dost as well prolong  
 Our loving, as our days.

Together we have now  
 Begun another year;  
 But how much time Thou wilt allow  
 Thou makest it not appear.  
 We, therefore, do implore  
 That live and love we may.  
 Still so as if but one day more  
 Together we should stay.

Let each of other's wealth  
 Preserve a faithful care,  
 And of each other's joy and health  
 As if one soul we were.  
 Such conscience let us make,  
 Each other not to grieve,  
 As if we daily were to take  
 Our everlasting leave.

The frowardness that springs  
 From our corrupted kind,  
 Or from those troublous outward  
 things  
 Which may distract the mind,  
 Permit Thou not, O Lord,  
 Our constant love to shake —  
 Or to disturb our true accord,  
 Or makè our hearts to ache.

But let these frailties prove  
 Affection's exercise;  
 And let discretion teach our love  
 Which wins the noblest prize.  
 So time, which wears away,  
 And ruins all things else,  
 Shall fix our love on Thee for aye,  
 In whom perfection dwells.

## FROM "POVERTY."

THE works my calling doth propose,  
 Let me not idly shun;  
 For he whom idleness undoes,  
 Is more than twice undone:  
 If my estate enlarge I may,  
 Enlarge my love for Thee;  
 And though I more and more decay,  
 Yet let me thankful be.

For be we poor or be we rich,  
 If well employed we are,  
 It neither helps nor hinders much,  
 Things needful to prepare;  
 Since God disposeth riches now,  
 As manna heretofore.  
 The feeblest gatherer got enow,  
 The strongest got no more.

Nor poverty nor wealth is that  
 Whereby we may acquire  
 That blessed and most happy state,  
 Whereto we should aspire;  
 But if Thy Spirit make me wise,  
 And strive to do my best,  
 There may be in the worst of these  
 A means of being blessed.

The rich in love obtain from Thee  
 Thy special gifts of grace;  
 The poor in spirit those men be  
 Who shall behold Thy face:  
 Lord! grant I may be one of these,  
 Thus poor, or else thus rich;  
 E'en whether of the two Thou please,  
 I care not greatly which.

## FOR A WIDOWER OR WIDOW.

How near me came the hand of  
 death,  
 When at my side he struck my dear,  
 And took away the precious breath  
 Which quickened my beloved peer!  
 How helpless am I thereby made —  
 By day how grieved, by night how  
 sad  
 And now my life's delight is gone,  
 Alas! how am I left alone!

The voice which I did more esteem  
Than music in her sweetest key,  
Those eyes which unto me did seem  
More comfortable than the day —

Those now by me, as they have  
been!

Shall never more be heard or seen;  
But what I once enjoyed in them  
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus —  
So little hold of them have we  
That we from them or they from us  
May in a moment ravished be;

Yet we are neither just nor wise  
If present mercies we despise,  
Or mind not how there may be made  
A thankful use of what we had.

I therefore do not so bemoan,  
Though these beseeming tears I drop,  
The loss of my beloved one  
As they that are deprived of hope;

But in expressing of my grief  
My heart receiveth some relief,  
And joyeth in the good I had,  
Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord, keep me faithful to the trust  
Which my dear spouse reposed in me!  
To him now dead preserve me just  
In all that should performèd be;

For though our being man and wife  
Extendeth only to this life,  
Yet neither life nor death should end  
The being of a faithful friend.

Those helps which I through him en-  
joyed,

Let Thy continual aid supply —  
That, though some hopes in him are  
void,

I always may on Thee rely;  
And whether I shall wed again,  
Or in a single state remain,

Unto Thine honor let it be,  
And for a blessing unto me.

FOR A SERVANT.

DISCOURAGE not thyself, my soul,  
Nor murmur, though compelled we be  
To live subjected to control!

When many others may be free;  
For though the pride of some dis-  
dains

Our mean and much despisèd lot,  
We shall not lose our honest pains,  
Nor shall our sufferance be forgot.

To be a servant is not base,  
If baseness be not in the mind,  
For servants make but good the place,  
Whereto their Maker them assigned:  
The greatest princes do no more,  
And if sincerely I obey,  
Though I am now despised and poor,  
I shall become as great as they.

The Lord of heaven and earth was  
pleasèd

A servant's form to undertake;  
By His endurance I am eased,  
And serve with gladness for His sake:  
Though checked unjustly I should be,  
With silence I reproofs will bear,  
For much more injurèd was He  
Whose deeds most worthy praises  
were.

He was reviled, yet naught replied,  
And I will imitate the same;  
For though some faults may be de-  
nied,

In part I always faulty am:  
Content with meek and humble heart,  
I will abide in my degree,  
And act an humble servant's part,  
Till God shall call me to be free.

## JOHN WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).

## TO MY CANDLE.

Thou lone companion of the spectred night!

I wake amid thy friendly watchful light.

To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep.

Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark!

Hell's genius roams the regions of the deep!  
And swells the thundering horrors of the deep!

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies,

Now blackened, and 'now flashing through the skies;

But all is silence here, beneath thy I own I labor for the voice of praise—

For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?

Who would not live in songs of distant days?

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!

Ah! falling—falling—ready to expire!

In vain thy struggles, all will soon be o'er.

At life thou snatchest with an eager leap;

Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,

Faint, lessening, quivering, glimmering, now no more!

Thus shall the suns of science sink away,

And thus of beauty fade the fairest flower—

For where's the giant who to Time shall say,

“Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy power!”

## CHARLES WOLFE.

## TO MARY.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,

I might not weep for thee;

But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be:

It never through my mind had passed  
The time would e'er be o'er,

And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,

And think 'twill smile again;

And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain!

But when I speak, thou dost not say  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;

And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,  
All cold and all serene—

I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been!

While e'en thy chill, bleak corpse I have,

Thou seemest still mine own;  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;

And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,

In thinking too of thee:

Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore!

—————  
*BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral  
note,

As his corse to the rampart we  
hurried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell  
shot

O'er the grave where our hero we  
buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of  
night,

The sods with our bayonets turn-  
ing;

By the struggling moonbeams' misty  
light,

And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound  
him;

But he lay, like a warrior taking his  
rest,

With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we  
said,

And we spoke not a word of sor-  
row;

But we steadfastly gazed on the face  
of the dead,

And we bitterly thought of the  
morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his nar-  
row bed,

And smoothed down his lonely pil-  
low,

That the foe and the stranger would  
tread o'er his head,

And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's  
gone, [him;

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid

But little he'll reckon, if they let him  
sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has  
laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,  
When the clock struck the hour  
for retiring;

And we heard the distant and ran-  
dom gun

That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh  
and gory!

We carved not a line, and we raised  
not a stone,

But we left him alone with his glory.

—————  
*GO, FORGET ME.*

Go, forget me — why should sorrow  
O'er that brow a shadow fling?

Go, forget me — and to-morrow  
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.

Smile — though I shall not be near  
thee,

Sing, though I shall never hear thee;  
May thy soul with pleasure shine  
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,  
Clothes the meanest things in light;

And when thou, like him, art going,  
Loveliest objects fade in night.

All things looked so bright about  
thee,

That they nothing seem without  
thee;

By that pure and lucid mind  
Earthly things were too, refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,  
Softly on my soul that fell;

Go, for me no longer beaming —  
Hope and Beauty! fare ye well!

Go, and all that once delighted  
Take, and leave me all benighted —

Glory's burning, generous swell,  
Fancy, and the poet's shell.

## SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

*THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.*

How dear to this heart are the scenes  
of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them  
to view!—  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-  
tangled wildwood,  
And every loved spot which my in-  
fancy knew!  
The wide-spreading pond, and the  
mill that stood by it;  
The bridge, and the rock where the  
cataract fell;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house  
nigh it;  
And e'en the rude bucket that hung  
in the well — [bucket,  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
The moss-covered bucket which hung  
in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as  
a treasure;  
For often at noon, when returned  
from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite  
pleasure—  
The purest and sweetest that nature  
can yield  
How ardent I seized it, with hands  
that were glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bot-  
tom it fell!  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth  
overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose  
from the well—  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, arose from  
the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy  
brim to receive it,  
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to  
my lips!  
Not a full, blushing goblet could  
tempt me to leave it,  
The brightest that beauty or revelry  
sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved  
habitation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively  
swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plan-  
tation,  
And sighs for the bucket that hangs  
in the well—  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket that hangs  
in the well!

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[From Lines Composed a Few Miles Above  
Tintern Abbey.]

*THE SOLACE OF NATURE.*

THOUGH absent long,  
These forms of beauty have not been  
to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's  
eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid  
the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to  
them,

In hours of weariness, sensations  
sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the  
heart;  
And passing even into my purer  
mind,  
With tranquil restoration: feelings  
too  
Of unremembered pleasure; such,  
perhaps,  
As may have had no trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's  
life,



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.





His little, nameless, unremembered  
 acts  
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less,  
 I trust,  
 To them I may have owed another  
 gift,  
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed  
 mood,  
 In which the burden of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary  
 weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world  
 Is lightened; that serene and blessed  
 mood,  
 In which the affections gently lead  
 us on, —  
 Until, the breath of this corporeal  
 frame,  
 And even the motion of our human  
 blood,  
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
 In body, and become a living soul:  
 While with an eye made quiet by the  
 power  
 Of harmony, and the deep power of  
 joy,  
 We see into the life of things.

I have learned

To look on Nature, not as in the  
 hour  
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing  
 oftentimes  
 The still, sad music of humanity,  
 Not harsh nor grating, though of  
 ample power  
 To chasten and subdue. And I have  
 felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the  
 joy  
 Of elevated thoughts: a sense sub-  
 lime  
 Of something far more deeply inter-  
 fused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
 suns,  
 And the round ocean and the living  
 air,  
 And the blue sky, and in the mind  
 of man:  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all  
 thought,  
 And rolls through all things.

[From Lines Composed a Few Miles Above  
 Tintern Abbey.]

APOSTROPHE TO THE POET'S  
 SISTER.

THOU art with me, here, upon the  
 banks  
 Of this fair river; thou, my dearest  
 friend,  
 My dear, dear friend, and in thy  
 voice I catch  
 The language of my former heart,  
 and read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting  
 lights  
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little  
 while  
 May I behold in thee what I was  
 once,  
 My dear, dear sister! And this  
 prayer I make,  
 Knowing that Nature never did be-  
 tray  
 The heart that loved her: 'tis her  
 privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our  
 life, to lead  
 From joy to joy: for she can so in-  
 form  
 The mind that is within us, so im-  
 press  
 With quietness and beauty, and so  
 feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil  
 tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of  
 selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is,  
 nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or dis-  
 turb  
 Our cheerful faith that all which we  
 behold  
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let  
 the moon  
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
 And let the misty mountain winds be  
 free  
 To blow against thee: and, in after  
 years,  
 When these wild ecstasies shall be  
 matured  
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind

Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies;  
 oh, then,  
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
 Should be thy portion, with what  
 healing thoughts  
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember  
 me,  
 And these my exhortations! nor,  
 perchance,  
 If I should be where I no more can  
 hear  
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild  
 eyes these gleams  
 Of past existence, wilt thou then  
 forget  
 That on the banks of this delightful  
 stream  
 We stood together; and that I, so  
 long  
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came,  
 Unwearied in that service: rather say  
 With warmer love; oh, with far  
 deeper zeal  
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then  
 forget,  
 That after many wanderings, many  
 years  
 Of absence, these steep woods and  
 lofty cliffs,  
 And this green pastoral landscape,  
 were to me  
 More dear, both for themselves and  
 for thy sake.

[From *The Excursion*.]

THE PROP OF FAITH.

ONE adequate support  
 For the calamities of mortal life  
 Exists — one only — an assured belief  
 That the procession of our fate,  
 however  
 Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a  
 Being  
 Of infinite benevolence and power,  
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
 All accidents, converting them to  
 good.  
 The darts of anguish *fix* not where  
 the seat

Of suffering hath been thoroughly  
 fortified  
 By acquiescence in the Will supreme,  
 For time and for eternity — by faith,  
 Faith absolute in God, including  
 hope,  
 And the defence that lies in bound-  
 less love  
 Of His perfections; with habitual  
 dread  
 Of aught unworthily conceived, en-  
 dured  
 Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone  
 To the dishonor of His holy name.  
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of  
 the world,  
 Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of  
 heart!  
 Restore their languid spirits, and re-  
 call  
 Their lost affections unto Thee and  
 Thine!

[From *The Excursion*.]

UNDEVELOPED GENIUS.

OH, many are the poets that are  
 sown  
 By Nature! men endowed with high-  
 est gifts —  
 The vision, and the faculty divine —  
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of  
 verse  
 (Which in the docile season of their  
 youth  
 It was denied them to acquire,  
 through lack  
 Of culture and the inspiring aid of  
 books;  
 Or haply by a temper too severe;  
 Or a nice backwardness afraid of  
 shame),  
 Nor, having e'er as life advanced,  
 been led  
 By circumstance to take unto the  
 height  
 The measure of themselves, these  
 favored beings,  
 All but a scattered few, live out their  
 time,  
 Husbanding that which they possess  
 within,

And go to the grave unthought of.  
Strongest minds  
Are often those of whom the noisy  
world hears least.

[From *The Excursion*.]

THE DEAF DALESMAN.

ALMOST at the root  
Of that tall pine, the shadow of  
whose bare  
And slender stem, while here I sit at  
eve,  
Oft stretches towards me, like a long  
straight path  
Traced faintly in the greensward;  
there beneath  
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman  
lies,  
From whom, in early childhood, was  
withdrawn  
The precious gift of hearing. He  
grew up  
From year to year in loneliness of  
soul;  
And this deep mountain valley was  
to him  
Soundless, with all its streams. The  
bird of dawn  
Did never rouse this cottager from  
sleep  
With startling summons; nor for his  
delight  
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for  
him  
Murmured the laboring bee. When  
stormy winds  
Were working the broad bosom of  
the lake  
Into a thousand thousand sparkling  
waves,  
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud  
on cloud  
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty  
crag,  
The agitated scene before his eye  
Was silent as a picture: evermore  
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er  
he moved;  
Yet, by the solace of his own pure  
thoughts  
Upheld, he duteously pursued the  
round

Of rural labors; the steep mountain-  
side  
Ascended, with his staff and faithful  
dog;  
The plough he guided, and the scythe  
he swayed;  
And the ripe corn before his sickle  
fell  
Among the jocund reapers. For  
himself,  
All watchful and industrious as he  
was,  
He wrought not; neither flock nor  
field he owned;  
No wish for wealth had place within  
his mind;  
Nor husband's love, nor father's hope  
or care.  
Though born a younger brother, need  
was none  
That from the floor of his paternal  
home  
He should depart to plant himself  
anew;  
And when, mature in manhood, he  
beheld  
His parents laid in earth, no loss en-  
sued  
Of rights to him; but he remained  
well pleased,  
By the pure bond of independent  
love,  
An inmate of a second family,  
The fellow-laborer and friend of him  
To whom the small inheritance had  
fallen.  
Nor deem that his mild presence was  
a weight  
That pressed upon his brother's  
house, for books  
Were ready comrades whom he could  
not tire,  
Of whose society the blameless man  
Was never satiate. Their familiar  
voice,  
Even to old age, with unabated  
charm  
Beguiled his leisure hours, refreshed  
his thoughts;  
Beyond its natural elevation, raised  
His introverted spirit, and bestowed  
Upon his life an outward dignity  
Which all acknowledged. The dark  
winter night,

The stormy day, had each its own resource;  
 Song of the muses, sage historic tale,  
 Science severe, or word of Holy Writ  
 Announcing immortality and joy  
 To the assembled spirits of the just,  
 From imperfection and decay secure.  
 Thus soothed at home, thus busy in  
 the field,  
 To no perverse suspicion he gave  
 way,  
 No languor, peevishness, nor vain  
 complaint:  
 And they, who were about him, did  
 not fail  
 In reverence, or in courtesy; they  
 prized  
 His gentle manners; and his peaceful  
 smiles,  
 The gleams of his slow-varying coun-  
 tenance,  
 Were met with answering sympathy  
 and love.

At length, when sixty years and  
 five were told,  
 A slow disease insensibly consumed  
 The powers of nature; and a few  
 short steps  
 Of friends and kindred bore him  
 from his home  
 (Yon cottage shaded by the woody  
 crags)  
 To the profounder stillness of the  
 grave.  
 Nor was his funeral denied the grace  
 Of many tears, virtuous and thought-  
 ful grief;  
 Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by grat-  
 itude.  
 And now that monumental stone pre-  
 serves  
 His name, and unambitiously relates  
 How long, and by what kindly out-  
 ward aids,  
 And in what pure contentedness of  
 mind,  
 The sad privation was by him en-  
 dured.  
 And yon tall pine-tree, whose com-  
 posing sound  
 Was wasted on the good man's living  
 ear,  
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;

And, at the touch of every wander-  
 ing breeze,  
 Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful  
 grave.

FROM "INTIMATIONS OF IMMOR-  
 TALITY."

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forget-  
 ting:  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's  
 star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we  
 come  
 From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to  
 close  
 Upon the growing boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence  
 it flows,  
 He sees it in his joy;  
 The youth, who daily farther from  
 the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended;  
 At length the man perceives it die  
 away,  
 And fade into the light of common  
 day.

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That Nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me  
 doth breed  
 Perpetual benedictions: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be  
 blessed;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at  
 rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering  
 in his breast:  
 Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate question-  
ings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings;  
Black misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our  
mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing sur-  
prised!

But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our  
day,  
Are yet a master light of all our  
seeing;

Uphold us — cherish — and have  
power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the  
being

Of the eternal silence: truths that  
wake,

To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad  
endeavor,

Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immor-  
tal sea

Which brought us hither;  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the  
shore,

And hear the mighty waters rolling  
evermore.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKING LONG  
WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR child of nature, let them  
rail!

- There is a nest in a green dale,  
A harbor and a hold,  
Where thou, a wife and friend, shalt  
see

Thy own delightful days, and be  
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd-boy,  
As if thy heritage were joy,  
And pleasure were thy trade,  
Thou, while thy babes around thee  
cling,

Shalt show us how divine a thing  
A woman may be made.

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not  
die,

Nor leave thee when gray hairs are  
nigh,

A melancholy slave;  
But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and  
hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly  
dance.

The waves beside them danced, but  
they

Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had  
brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure  
fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## TWILIGHT.

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one  
 peaceful hour!  
 Not dull art thou as undiscerning  
 Night;  
 But studious only to remove from  
 sight  
 Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient  
 power!  
 Thus did the waters gleam, the  
 mountains lower  
 To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-  
 skin vest  
 Here roving wild, he laid him down  
 to rest  
 On the bare rock, or through a leafy  
 bower  
 Looked ere his eyes were closed. By  
 him was seen  
 The selfsame vision which we now  
 behold,  
 At thy meek bidding, shadowy pow-  
 er, brought forth;  
 These mighty barriers, and the gulf  
 between;  
 The floods,—the stars; a spectacle  
 as old  
 As the beginning of the heavens and  
 earth!

## TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass  
 by,  
 One after one; the sound of rain,  
 and bees  
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds,  
 and seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water,  
 and pure sky;  
 I've thought of all by turns; and still  
 I lie  
 Sleepless; and soon the small bird's  
 melodies  
 Must hear, first utter'd from my or-  
 chard trees;  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy  
 cry.  
 Even thus last night, and two nights  
 more, I lay,  
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by  
 any stealth:

So do not let me wear to-night away:  
 Without thee what is all the mor-  
 ning's wealth?  
 Come, blessed barrier betwixt day  
 and day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and  
 joyous health!

## LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove;  
 A maid whom there were none to  
 praise,  
 And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone  
 Half-hidden from the eye!  
 — Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could  
 know  
 When Lucy ceased to be;  
 But she is in her grave, and oh!  
 The difference to me!

## TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a  
 plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the treacher-  
 ous air  
 Of absence withers what was once so  
 fair?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to  
 grant?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been  
 vigilant,  
 Bound to thy service with unceasing  
 care—  
 The mind's least generous wish a  
 mendicant  
 For nought but what thy happiness  
 could spare.

Speak!—though this soft warm  
 heart, once free to hold  
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine  
 and mine,  
 Be left more desolate, more dreary  
 cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with  
snow  
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglan-  
tine—  
Speak, that my torturing doubts their  
end may know!

TO A SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the  
sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where  
cares abound?  
Or while the wings aspire, are heart  
and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy  
ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into  
at will,  
Those quivering wings composed,  
that music still!

To the last point of vision, and be-  
yond,  
Mount, daring warbler! — that love-  
prompted strain  
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-fail-  
ing bond—  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the  
plain:  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privi-  
lege! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady  
wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the  
world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more di-  
vine;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never  
roam—  
True to the kindred points of Heaven  
and Home!

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:  
She was eight years old, she said;  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;  
— Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?”  
“How many? Seven in all,” she  
said,  
And wondering look'd at me.

“And where are they? I pray you  
tell.”  
She answer'd, “Seven are we;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother;  
And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little maid reply,  
“Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may  
be seen,”  
The little maid replied,  
“Twelve steps or more from my  
mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them,

And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain;  
And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid;  
And all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we play'd,  
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with  
snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side.

"How many are you then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
The little maiden did reply,  
"O master! we are seven!"

"But they are dead; those two are  
dead!

Their spirits are in Heaven!"  
'Twas throwing words away: for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

—————  
*SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DE-  
LIGHT.*

SHE was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my  
sight;

A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful  
dawn;

A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay,

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
Her household motions light and  
free,

And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food,  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and  
smiles.

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

—————  
*THY ART BE NATURE.*

A POET!—He hath put his heart to  
school,  
Nor dares to move unpropped upon  
the staff  
Which art hath lodged within his  
hand; must laugh  
By precept only, and shed tears by  
rule!  
Thy art be nature; the live current  
quaff,  
And let the groveller sip his stagnant  
pool,  
In fear that else, when critics grave  
and cool  
Have killed him, scorn should write  
his epitaph.  
How does the meadow-flower its  
bloom unfold!  
Because the lovely little flower is  
free  
Down to its root, and in this free-  
dom bold;  
And so the grandeur of the forest-  
tree  
Comes not by casting in a formal  
mould,  
But from its own divine vitality.



## SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

SCORN not the sonnet. Critic, you  
 have frowned,  
 Mindless of its just honors: with this  
 key  
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the  
 melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Pe-  
 trarch's wound;  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso  
 sound; [grief;  
 Camoëns soothed with it an exile's  
 The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante  
 crowned  
 His visionary brow; a glow-worm  
 lamp,  
 It cneied mild Spenser, called from  
 fairy-land  
 To struggle through dark ways; and,  
 when a damp [hand  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his  
 The thing became a trumpet, whence  
 he blew  
 Soul-animating strains — alas, too  
 few!

## EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and  
 free,  
 The holy time is quiet as a nun  
 Breathless with adoration; the broad  
 sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
 The gentleness of heaven is on the  
 sea.  
 Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion  
 make  
 A sound like thunder — everlastingly.  
 Dear child! dear girl, that walkest  
 with me here!  
 If thou appearest untouched by sol-  
 emn thought,  
 Thy nature is not, therefore, less  
 divine:  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all  
 the year,  
 And worshippest at the temple's in-  
 ner shrine,  
 God being with thee when we knew  
 it not.

## THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE world is too much with us; late  
 and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste  
 our powers:  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We have given our hearts away, a  
 sordid boon!  
 This sea that bares her bosom to the  
 moon;  
 The winds that will be howling at all  
 hours  
 And are up-gathered now like sleep-  
 ing flowers;  
 For this, for everything, we are out  
 of tune;  
 It moves us not. Great God! I'd  
 rather be  
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant  
 lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me  
 less forlorn  
 Have sight of Proteus coming from  
 the sea, [horn.  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd

## WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show  
 more fair:  
 Dull would he be of soul who could  
 pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty:  
 This city now doth like a garment  
 wear [bare,  
 The beauty of the morning; silent,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and  
 temples lie  
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,  
 All bright and glittering in the  
 smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendor valley, rock, or  
 hill;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so  
 deep!  
 The river glideth at his own sweet  
 will:  
 Dear God! the very houses seem  
 asleep;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying  
 still!

## TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice:  
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy loud note smites my ear!  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers;  
And unto me thou bringest a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the  
spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy  
days  
I listened to; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand  
ways  
In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place;  
That is fit home for thee!

## SIR HENRY WOTTON.

## A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth  
raise  
Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by  
praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong re-  
treat:  
Whose state can neither flatterers  
feed,  
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend:

—This man is freed from servile  
bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

*DESCRIPTION OF THE ONE HE  
WOULD LOVE.*

A FACE that should content me  
wondrous well,  
Should not be fair, but lovely to  
behold;  
With gladsome cheer, all grief for to  
expel;  
With sober looks so would I that  
it should  
Speak without words, such words as  
none can tell;  
The tress also should be of crisped  
gold.  
With wit, and these, might chance I  
might be tied,  
And knit again the knot that should  
not slide.

*A LOVER'S PRAYER.*

DISDAIN me not without desert,  
Nor leave me not so suddenly;  
Since well ye wot that in my heart  
I mean ye not but honestly.  
Refuse me not without cause why,  
Nor think me not to be unjust;  
Since that by lot of fantasy,  
This careful knot needs knit I  
must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be  
That fain would spot my steadfast-  
ness.  
Believe them not, since that ye see  
The proof is not as they express.  
Forsake me not, till I deserve;  
Nor hate me not, till I offend,  
Destroy me not, till that I swerve;  
But since ye know what I intend,  
Disdain me not, that am your own;  
Refuse me not that am so true;  
Mistrust me not, till all be known;  
Forsake me not now for no new.

*PLEASURE MIXED WITH PAIN.*

VENOMOUS thorns that are so sharp  
and keen  
Bear flowers we see, full fresh and  
fair of hue:  
Poison is also put in medicine,  
And unto man his health doth oft  
renew.  
The fire that all things eke consu-  
meth clean,  
May hurt and heal: then if that  
this be true,  
I trust some time my harm may be  
my health,  
Since every woe is joinèd with some  
wealth.

EDWARD YOUNG.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT I.

*PROCRASTINATION, AND FORGET-  
FULNESS OF DEATH.*

ALL promise is poor dilatory man,  
And that through every stage: when  
young, indeed,  
In full content we sometimes nobly  
rest,

Unanxious for ourselves; and only  
wish,  
As duteous sons, our fathers were  
more wise.  
At thirty man suspects himself a  
fool;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his  
plan;  
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to re-  
solve;

In all the magnanimity of thought  
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies  
the same.  
And why? Because he thinks him-  
self immortal.  
All men think all men mortal, but  
themselves;  
Themselves, when some alarming  
shock of fate  
Strikes through their wounded hearts  
the sudden dread:  
But their hearts wounded, like the  
wounded air,  
Soon close; where passed the shaft,  
no trace is found.  
As from the wing no scar the sky  
retains;  
The parted wave no furrow from the  
keel;  
So dies in human hearts the thought  
of death.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

*TIME, ITS USE AND MISUSE.*

TIME, in advance, behind him hides  
his wings,  
And seems to creep, decrepit with  
his age:  
Behold him, when past by; what  
then is seen,  
But his broad pinions swifter than  
the winds?  
We waste, not use, our time: we  
breathe, not live.  
Time wasted is existence, used is  
life:  
We push time from us, and we wish  
him back;  
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of  
life;  
Life we think long, and short; death  
seek, and shun;  
Body and soul, like peevish man and  
wife,  
United jar, and yet are loth to part.  
Oh, the dark days of vanity! while  
here,  
How tasteless! and how terrible,  
when gone!

Gone? they ne'er go; when past,  
they haunt us still:  
The spirit walks of every day de-  
ceased;  
And smiles an angel, or a fury  
frowns.  
Nor death, nor life, delight us. If  
time past,  
And time possessed, both pain us,  
what can please?  
That which the Deity to please or-  
dained,  
Time used. The man who conse-  
crates his hours  
By vigorous effort, and an honest  
aim,  
At once he draws the sting of life  
and death:  
He walks with nature; and her paths  
are peace.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

*JOY TO BE SHARED.*

NATURE, in zeal for human amity,  
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.  
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;  
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;  
Rich fruit! Heaven-planted! never  
plucked by one.  
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to  
give  
To social man true relish of himself.  
Full on ourselves, descending in a  
line,  
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in  
delight:  
Delight intense is taken by rebound;  
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

*CONSCIENCE.*

O TREACHEROUS conscience! while  
she seems to sleep  
On rose and myrtle, lulled with sy-  
ren song;  
While she seems nodding o'er her  
charge, to drop  
On headlong appetite the slackened  
rein,

And give us up to license, unrecalled,  
 Unmarked; see, from behind her  
 secret stand,  
 The sly informer minutes every fault,  
 And her dread diary with horror fills.  
 Not the gross act alone employs her  
 pen:  
 She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,  
 A watchful foe! the formidable spy,  
 Listening; o'erhears the whispers of  
 our camp;  
 Our dawning purposes of heart ex-  
 plores,  
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.  
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal  
 Their doomsday-book from all-con-  
 suming heirs;  
 Thus, with indulgence most severe,  
 she treats  
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable time;  
 Unnoted, notes each moment misap-  
 plied;  
 In leaves more durable than leaves  
 of brass,  
 Writes our whole history.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

*EFFECT OF CONTACT WITH THE  
 WORLD.*

VIKTUE, for ever frail, as fair, below,  
 Her tender nature suffers in the  
 crowd,  
 Nor touches on the world, without a  
 stain:  
 The world's infectious; few bring  
 back at eve,  
 Immaculate, the manners of the  
 morn.  
 Something we thought, is blotted;  
 we resolved,  
 Is shaken; we renounced, returns  
 again.  
 Each salutation may slide in a sin  
 Unthought before, or fix a former  
 flaw.  
 Nor is it strange: light, motion, con-  
 course, noise,  
 All, scatter us abroad. Thought, out-  
 ward-bound,  
 Neglectful of her home affairs, flies  
 off

In fume and dissipation, quits her  
 charge,  
 And leaves the breast unguarded to  
 the foe.

Present example gets within our  
 guard,  
 And acts with double force, by few  
 repelled.  
 Ambition fires ambition; love of gain  
 Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast  
 to breast:  
 Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapors  
 breathe;  
 And inhumanity is caught from man,  
 From smiling man. A slight, a single  
 glance,  
 And shot at random, often has  
 brought home  
 A sudden fever to the throbbing  
 heart,  
 Of envy, rancor, or impure desire.  
 We see, we hear, with peril; safety  
 dwells  
 Remote from multitude; the world's  
 a school  
 Of wrong, and what proficients  
 swarm around  
 We must, or imitate, or disapprove;  
 Must list as their accomplices, or  
 foes.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

*THE CROWNING DISAPPOINT-  
 MENT.*

So prone our hearts to whisper what  
 we wish,  
 'Tis later with the wise than he's  
 aware.  
 . . . . .  
 And all mankind mistake their time  
 of day;  
 Even age itself. Fresh hopes are  
 hourly sown.  
 In furrowed brows. To gentle life's  
 descent  
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a  
 plain.  
 We take fair days in winter, for the  
 spring;

And turn our blessings into bane.  
 Since oft  
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel,  
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.  
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in [store  
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;  
 The disappointment of a promised hour.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

*INSUFFICIENCY OF THE WORLD.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;  
 And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;  
 And how they might have borne more welcome news.  
 Their answers form what men experience call;  
 If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.  
 Oh, reconcile them! Kind experience cries,  
 "There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs:  
 The more our joy, the more we know it vain;  
 And by success are tutored to despair."  
 Nor is it only thus, but must be so.  
 Who knows not this, though gray, is still a child;  
 Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,  
 Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

*EFFORT, THE GAUGE OF GREATNESS.*

No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant,  
 Virtue, or purposed virtue, still be thine:

This cancels thy complaint at once;  
 this leaves  
 In act no trifle, and no blank in time.  
 This greatens, fills, immortalizes, all;  
 This, the blest art of turning all to gold;  
 This, the good heart's prerogative, to raise  
 A royal tribute from the poorest hours:  
 Immense revenue! every moment pays.  
 If nothing more than purpose in thy power;  
 Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:  
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
 Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.  
 Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;  
 'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer.  
 Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in Heaven.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT II.

*THE END OF THE VIRTUOUS.*

THE chamber where the good man meets his fate,  
 Is privileged beyond the common walk  
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.  
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.  
 Here, tired dissimulation drops her mask;  
 Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!  
 Here, real and apparent are the same.  
 You see the man; you see his hold on heaven.  
 Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,  
 Virtue alone has majesty in death;  
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT III.

THE OTHER LIFE THE END OF THIS.

“He sins against this life who slights the next.”  
 What is this life? How few their favorite know!  
 Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,  
 By passionately loving life we make Loved life unlovely; hugging her to death.  
 We give to time eternity’s regard; And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.  
 Life has no value as an end, but means;  
 An end, deplorable! a means, divine! When ’tis our all, ’tis nothing; worse than nought;  
 A nest of pains; when held as nothing, much:  
 Like some fair humorists, life is most enjoyed  
 When courted least; most worth, when disesteemed:  
 Then ’tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;  
 In prospect, richer far; important! awful!  
 Not to be mentioned, but with shouts of praise;  
 Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy;  
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT III.

THE GLORY OF DEATH.

DEATH but entombs the body; life the soul.  
 Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts;  
 Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves.  
 Death, that absolves my birth; a curse without it!  
 Rich death, that realizes all my cares,

Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera! [joy:  
 Death, of all pain the period, not of Joy’s source, and subject, still subsist unhurt,  
 One, in my soul: and one, in her great Sire.

Death is the crown of life;  
 Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;  
 Were death denied, to live would not be life;  
 Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.  
 Death wounds to cure: we fall; we rise; we reign;  
 Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies; [sight:  
 Where blooming Eden withers in our Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.  
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.  
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?  
 When shall I die? When shall I live for ever?

[From Night Thoughts.]

NIGHT III.

CRUELTY.

MAN is to man the sorest, surest ill,  
 A previous blast foretells the rising storm;  
 O’erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;  
 Volcanoes bellow ere they disembogue;  
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;  
 And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:  
 Ruin from man is most concealed when near, [blow.  
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!  
 Heaven’s Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,  
 That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT IV.

*FALSE TERRORS IN VIEW OF  
DEATH.*

WHY start at death! Where is he?  
Death arrived,  
Is past; not come, or gone, he's  
never here.  
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-  
boding man  
Receives, not suffers, death's tremen-  
dous blow.  
The knell, the shroud, the mattock,  
and the grave;  
The deep, damp vault, the darkness,  
and the worm; [eve,  
These are the bugbears of a winter's  
The terrors of the living, not the  
dead.  
Imagination's fool and error's wretch,  
Man makes a death, which nature  
never made:  
Then on the point of his own fancy  
falls;  
And feels a thousand deaths, in fear-  
ing one.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT V.

*DIFFERENT SOURCES OF FUNE-  
RAL TEARS.*

OUR funeral tears from different  
causes rise.  
As if from cisterns in the soul,  
Of various kinds they flow. From  
tender hearts  
By soft contagion called, some burst  
at once,  
And stream obsequious to the lead-  
ing eye.  
Some ask more time, by curious art  
distilled.  
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to  
melt,  
Struck by the magic of the public eye,  
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out  
again.  
Some weep to share the fame of the  
deceased,  
So high in merit, and to them so  
dear:

They dwell on praises, which they  
think they share;  
And thus, without a blush, commend  
themselves.  
Some mourn, in proof that some-  
thing they could love:  
They weep not to relieve their grief,  
but show.  
Some weep in perfect justice to the  
dead,  
As conscious all their love is in arrear.  
Some mischievously weep, not unap-  
prised,  
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest  
of an eye.  
With what address the soft Ephesians  
draw  
Their sable network o'er entangled  
hearts!  
As seen through crystal, how their  
roses glow,  
While liquid pearl runs trickling  
down their cheek!  
Of hers not prouder Egypt's wanton  
queen,  
Carousing gems, herself dissolved in  
love.  
Some weep at death, abstracted from  
the dead,  
And celebrate, like Charles, their  
own decease.  
By kind construction some are  
deemed to weep  
Because a decent veil conceals their  
joy.  
Some weep in earnest, and yet weep  
in vain,  
As deep in indiscretion as in woe.  
Passion, blind passion! impotently  
pours  
Tears, that deserve more tears; while  
Reason sleeps,  
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcerned;  
Nor comprehends the meaning of the  
storm;  
Knows not it speaks to her, and her  
alone.  
Half-round the globe, the tears  
pumped up by death  
Are spent in watering vanities of life;  
In making folly flourish still more  
fair.



[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT V.

*VIRTUE, THE MEASURE OF YEARS.*

WHAT though short thy date!  
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind  
matures.

That life is long, which answers life's  
great end.

The time that bears no fruit, de-  
serves no name:

The man of wisdom is the man of  
years.

In hoary youth Methuselems may die;  
Oh, how misdated on their flattering  
tombs!

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT V.

*POWER OF THE WORLD.*

NOR reason, nor affection, no, nor  
both

Combined, can break the witchcrafts  
of the world.

Behold, the inexorable hour at hand!  
Behold, the inexorable hour forgot!

And to forget it the chief aim of  
life;

Though well to ponder it, is life's  
chief end.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT VI.

*ALL CHANGE; NO DEATH.*

ALL change; no death. Day follows  
night; and night

The dying day; stars rise and set and  
rise;

Earth takes the example. See, the  
summer gay,

With her green chaplet and ambro-  
sial flowers,

Droops into pallid autumn: winter  
gray,

Horrid with frost and turbulent with  
storm,

Blows autumn, and his golden fruits  
away:

Then melts into the spring: soft  
spring, with breath

Favonian, from warm chambers of  
the south, [fades,

Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish,  
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.

Emblems of man, who passes, not  
expires.

With this minute distinction, em-  
blems just,

Nature revolves, but man advances;  
both

Eternal; that a circle, this a line.

That gravitates, this soars. The as-  
piring soul,

Ardent and tremulous, like flame,  
ascends;

Zeal and humility, her wings to  
heaven.

The world of matter, with its various  
forms,

All dies into new life. Life born  
from death

Rolls the vast mass, and shall for  
ever roll.

No single atom, once in being, lost.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT VII.

*AMBITION.*

MAN must soar:

An obstinate activity within,  
An insuppressive spring will toss

him up

In spite of fortune's load. Not kings  
alone,

Each villager has his ambition too;

No sultan prouder than his fettered  
slave: [straw,

Slaves build their little Babylons of  
Echo the proud Assyrian, in their

hearts,

And cry — "Behold the wonders of  
my might!"

And why? Because immortal as  
their lord,

And souls immortal must for ever  
heave

At something great; the glitter, or  
the gold;

The praise of mortals, or the praise  
of Heaven.

Nor absolutely vain is human  
praise,  
When human is supported by divine.  
As love of pleasure is ordained to  
guard  
And feed our bodies, and extend our  
race; [tect,  
The love of praise is planted to pro-  
And propagate the glories of the  
mind.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT VIII.

WISDOM.

No man e'er found a happy life by  
chance;  
Or yawned it into being with a wish;  
Or, with the snout of grovelling ap-  
petite,  
E'er smelt it out, and grubbed it  
from the dirt.  
An art it is, and must be learned;  
and learned  
With unremitting effort, or be lost;  
And leave us perfect blockheads, in  
our bliss.  
The clouds may drop down titles and  
estates;  
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom  
must be sought;  
Sought before all; but (how unlike  
all else  
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought  
in vain.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT IX.

*CHEERFULNESS IN MISFORTUNE.*  
NONE are unhappy: all have cause to  
smile,  
But such as to themselves that cause  
deny. [pains;  
Our faults are at the bottom of our  
Error, in act, or judgment, is the  
source  
Of endless sighs. We sin, or we  
mistake;  
And nature tax, when false opinion  
stings.  
Let impious grief be banished, joy  
indulged;

But chiefly then, when grief puts in  
her claim.  
Joy from the joyous, frequently be-  
trays;  
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.  
Joy amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;  
'Tis joy and conquest; joy and virtue  
too.  
A noble fortitude in ills, delights  
Heaven, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty,  
glory, peace.  
Affliction is the good man's shining  
scene:  
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray:  
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to  
man.  
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,  
And virtue in calamities, admire.  
The crown of manhood is a winter  
joy;  
An evergreen that stands the north-  
ern blast,  
And blossoms in the rigor of our fate.

[From *Night Thoughts*.]

NIGHT IX.

*THE WORLD A GRAVE.*

WHERE is the dust that has not  
been alive?  
The spade, the plough, disturb our  
ancestors;  
From human mould we reap our  
daily bread.  
The globe around earth's hollow sur-  
face shakes,  
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.  
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;  
While buried towns support the  
dancer's heel.  
The moist of human frame the sun  
exhales;  
Winds scatter, through the mighty  
void, the dry;  
Earth repossesses part of what she  
gave,  
And the freed spirit mounts on  
wings of fire;  
Each element partakes our scattered  
spoils;  
As nature, wide, our ruins spread:  
man's death  
Inhabits all things, but the thought  
of man.

# SPORTIVE, SATIRICAL, HUMOROUS,

AND

## DIALECT POEMS.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

### YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy  
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;  
Der queerest schap, der createst  
rogue,

As efer you dit see.  
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes  
dings

In all barts off der house;  
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,  
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles and der mumbs,  
Und 'eferyding dot's oudt;  
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,  
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.  
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg  
cheese, —

Dot vas der roughest chouse:  
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy  
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,  
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,  
Tc make der schticks to beat it mit, —  
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!  
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,  
He kicks oup sooch a touse:  
But nefer mind; der poys vas few  
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dese:  
Who baints mine nose so red?  
Who was it cuts dot schmoodth blace  
oudt  
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der  
lamp  
Vene'er der glim I douse,  
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain  
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go wild  
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,  
Und wish vonce more I Gould haf  
rest,

Und beaceful dimes enshoy;  
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,  
So gulet as a mouse,  
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,  
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

### PAT'S CRITICISM.

THERE's a story that's old,  
But good if twice told,  
Of a doctor of limited skill,  
Who cured beast and man  
On the "cold-water plan,"  
Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine  
Hung an elegant sign,  
Depicting a beautiful rill,  
And a lake where a sprite,  
With apparent delight,  
Was sporting a sweet dishabille.

Pat McCarty one day,  
As he sauntered that way,  
Stood and gazed at that portal of  
pine;

NOTE.—Thackeray's *Bouillabaisse* and Trowbridge's *Vagabonds*, being really pathetic poems, are placed here for convenience rather than fitness, their colloquial style adapting them to this rather than the other department.

When the doctor with pride  
Stepped up to his side,  
Saying, "Pat, how is that for a  
sign?"

"There's wan thing," says Pat,  
"Y've lift out o' that,  
Which, be jabbers! is quite a mistake:  
It's trim, and it's nate:  
But, to make it complate,  
Ye should have a foin burd on the  
lake."

"Ah! indeed! pray, then tell,  
To make it look well,  
What bird do you think it may lack?"  
Says Pat, "Of the same,  
I've forgotten the name.  
But the song that he sings is 'Quack!'  
quack!"

FRITZ AND I.

MYNHEER, please helb a boor oldt  
man

Vot gomes vrom Sharmany,  
Mit Fritz, mine tog, and only freund,  
To geeep me company.

I haf no geld to puy mine pread,  
No blace to lay me down;  
For ve vas vanderers, Fritz und I,  
Und sdrangers in der town.

Some beoples gife us dings to eadt,  
Und some dey kicks us oudt,  
Und say, "You don'd got peennis  
here  
To sdroll der schtreets about!"

Vot's dot you say? — you puy mine  
tog  
To gife me pread to eadt!  
I vas so boor as nefer vas,  
But I vas no "tead peat."

Vot, sell mine tog, mine leedle tog,  
Dot vollows me aboutt,  
Und vags his dail like anydings  
Vene'er I dakes him oudt?

Schust look at him, und see him  
schump!  
He likes me pooty vell;  
Und dere vas somedings 'bout dot  
tog,  
Mynheer, I wouldn't sell.

"Der collar?" Nein: 'tvas some-  
ding else  
Vrom vich I Gould not bart ;  
Und, if dot ding was dook away  
I dink it prakes mine heart.

"Vot was it, den, aboutt dot tog,"  
You ashk, "dot's not vor sale?"  
I dells you what it ish, mine freund:  
'Tish der vag off dot tog's dail!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best!  
If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest;  
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,  
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,  
How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many a shock;  
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with a shower,  
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up,  
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup;  
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine—  
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit Monday night exceeded all before—  
 No pretty girl for miles around was missing from the floor;  
 But Mary kept the belt of love, and O! but she was gay;  
 She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,  
 The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her feet;  
 The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her so much praised;  
 But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liting what you sung;  
 Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue.  
 But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,  
 And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.

O, you're the flower of womankind, in country or in town;  
 The higher I exalt you the lower I'm cast down.  
 If some great lord should come this way and see your beauty bright,  
 And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O, might we live together in lofty palace hall  
 Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains fall!  
 O, might we live together in a cottage mean and small,  
 With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only wall!

O, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress—  
 It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less;  
 The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low,  
 But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

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## FLETCHER BATES.

### THE CLERGYMAN AND THE PEDDLER.

A CLERGYMAN who longed to trace  
 Amid his flock a work of grace,  
 And mourned because he knew not  
 why,  
 Yon fleece kept wet and his kept  
 dry,  
 While thinking what he could do  
 more  
 Heard some one rapping at the door,  
 And opening it, there met his view  
 A dear old brother whom he knew,  
 Who had got down by worldly blows,  
 From wealth to peddling cast-off  
 clothes.  
 "Come in, my brother," said the  
 pastor,  
 "Perhaps my trouble you can mas-  
 ter,

For since the summer you withdrew,  
 My converts have been very few."  
 "I can," the peddler said, "unroll  
 Something, perchance, to ease your  
 soul,  
 And to cut short all fulsome speeches,  
 Bring me a pair of your old breeches."  
 The clothes were brought, the ped-  
 dler gazed,  
 And said, "No longer be amazed,  
 The gloss upon this cloth is such,  
 I think, perhaps, you sit too much  
 Building air castles, bright and gay,  
 Which Satan loves to blow away.  
 And here behold, as I am born,  
 The nap from neither *knee* is worn;  
 He who would great revivals see,  
 Must wear his pants out on the knee;  
 For such the lever prayer supplies,  
 When pastors kneel, their churches  
 rise."

## THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE? But Spurzheim could not touch their  
*hearts,*  
 And, oh! they won't propose!

WHY don't the men propose, mam-  
 ma?  
 Why *don't* the men propose?  
 Each seems just coming to the point,  
 And then away he goes!  
 It is no fault of yours, mamma,  
*That* everybody knows;  
 You *fête* the finest men in town,  
 - Yet, oh! they won't propose!

I'm sure I've done my best, mamma,  
 To make a proper match;  
 For coronets and eldest sons  
 I'm ever on the watch;  
 I've hopes when some *distingué*  
 beau  
 A glance upon me throws;  
 But though he'll dance, and smile,  
 and flirt,  
 Alas! he won't propose!

I've tried to win by languishing  
 And dressing like a blue;  
 I've bought big books, and talk'd of  
 them  
 As *if* I'd read them through!  
 With hair cropped like a man, I've  
 felt  
 The heads of all the beaux;

I threw aside the books, and thought  
 That ignorance was bliss;  
 I felt convinced that men preferr'd  
 A simple sort of Miss;  
 And so I lisped out naught beyond  
 Plain "Yeses" or plain "noes,"  
 And wore a sweet unmeaning smile;  
 Yet, oh! they won't propose!

Last night, at Lady Ramble's rout,  
 I heard Sir Harry Gale  
 Exclaim, "Now I *propose* again!"  
 I started, turning pale;  
 I really thought my time was come,  
 I blushed like any rose;  
 But, oh! I found 'twas only at  
*Ecarté* he'd *propose*!

And what is to be done, mamma?  
 Oh! what is to be done?  
 I really have no time to lose,  
 For I am thirty-one:  
 At balls I am too often left  
 Where spinsters sit in rows;  
 Why won't the men propose, mam-  
 ma?  
 Why *won't* the men propose?

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

GOODNESS.

DISTRUST that word.

"There is none good save God," said  
 Jesus Christ.

If He once, in the first creation-week,  
 Called creatures good, — for ever af-  
 terward,

The Devil has only done it, and his  
 heirs, [who lose;

The knaves who win so, and the fools

The world's grown dangerous. In  
 the middle age,

I think they called malignant fays  
 and imps

Good people. A good neighbor, even  
 in this,

Is fatal sometimes, — cuts your morn-  
 ing up

To mince-meat of the very smallest  
 talk,

Then helps to sugar her bohea at  
 night

With your reputation. I have known  
 good wives,  
 As chaste, or nearly so, as Potiphar's;  
 And good, good mothers, who would  
 use a child  
 To better an intrigue; good friends,  
 beside,  
 (Very good) who hung succinctly  
 round your neck  
 And sucked your breath, as cats are  
 fabled to do  
 By sleeping infants. And we all have  
 known  
 Good critics, who have stamped out  
 poets' hopes;  
 Good statesmen, who pulled ruin on  
 the state;  
 Good patriots, who, for a theory,  
 risked a cause;  
 Good kings, who disembowelled for  
 a tax;  
 Good popes, who brought all good to  
 jeopardy;  
 Good Christians, who sate still in  
 easy chairs,  
 And damned the general world for  
 standing up. —  
 Now, may the good God pardon all  
 good men!

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

#### CRITICS.

My critic Hammond flatters prettily,  
 And wants another volume like the  
 last.  
 My critic Belfair wants another book,  
 Entirely different, which will sell,  
 (and live?)  
 A striking book, yet not a startling  
 book.  
 The public blames originalities,  
 (You must not pump spring water  
 unawares  
 Upon a gracious public, full of  
 nerves —)  
 Good things, not subtle, new, yet  
 orthodox,  
 As easy reading as the dog-eared page  
 That's fingered by said public, fifty  
 years,  
 Since first taught spelling by its  
 grandmother,

And yet a revelation in some sort:  
 That's hard, my critic Belfair! So  
 — what next?  
 My critic Stokes objects to abstract  
 thoughts;  
 "Call a man, John, a woman, Joan,"  
 says he,  
 "And do not prate so of humani-  
 ties:"  
 Whereat I call my critic simply  
 Stokes.  
 My critic Johnson recommends more  
 mirth  
 Because a cheerful genius suits the  
 times,  
 And all true poets laugh unquench-  
 ably  
 Like Shakespeare and the gods.  
 That's very hard.  
 The gods may laugh, and Shake-  
 speare; Dante smiled  
 With such a needy heart on two pale  
 lips,  
 We cry, "Weep rather, Dante." Po-  
 ems are  
 Men, if true poems: and who dares  
 exclaim  
 At any man's door, "Here, 'tis un-  
 derstood  
 The thunder fell last week and killed  
 a wife,  
 And scared a sickly husband — what  
 of that?  
 Get up, be merry, shout and clap  
 your hands,  
 Because a cheerful genius suits the  
 times —?"  
 None says so to the man, — and why  
 indeed  
 Should any to the poem?

[From *Aurora Leigh*.]

#### HUMANITY.

HUMANITY is great;  
 And, if I would not rather pore upon  
 An ounce of common, ugly, human  
 dust,  
 An artisan's palm or a peasant's  
 brow,  
 Unsmooth, ignoble, save to me and  
 God,

Than track old Nilus to his silver  
 roots,  
 And wait on all the changes of the  
 moon  
 Among the mountain-peaks of Thes-  
 saly,  
 (Until her magic crystal round itself  
 For many a witch to see in) set it down  
 As weakness — strength by no means.

How is this  
 That men of science, osteologists  
 And surgeons, beat some poets in  
 respect  
 For nature, — count nought common  
 or unclean, [mens

Spend raptures upon perfect speci-  
 Of indurated veins, distorted joints,  
 Or beautiful new cases of curved  
 spine;

While we, we are shocked at nature's  
 falling off.

We dare to shrink back from her  
 warts and blains,

We will not, when she sneezes, look  
 at her,

Not even to say, "God bless her,"  
 That's our wrong.

For that, she will not trust us often  
 with

Her larger sense of beauty and de-  
 sire,

But tethers us to a lily or a rose  
 And bids us diet on the dew inside,  
 Left ignorant that the hungry beg-  
 gar-boy

(Who stares unseen against our ab-  
 sent eyes.

And wonders at the gods that we  
 must be,

To pass so carelessly for the oranges!)  
 Bears yet a breastful of a fellow-  
 world

To this world, undisparaged, unde-  
 spoiled,

And (while we scorn him for a flower  
 or two,

As being, Heaven help us, less poet-  
 ical)

Contains himself both flowers and  
 firmaments

And surging seas and aspectable stars  
 And all that we would push him out  
 of sight

In order to see nearer.

## ROBERT BROWNING.

### *THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.*

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,  
 By famous Hanover city;  
 The river Weser, deep and wide,  
 Washes its wall on the southern  
 side;

A pleasanter spot you never spied;  
 But when begins my ditty,  
 Almost five hundred years ago,  
 To see the townfolk suffer so  
 From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!  
 They fought the dogs, and killed the  
 cats,

And bit the babies in the cradles,  
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
 And licked the soup from the cook's  
 own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoiled the women's chats,  
 By drowning their speaking  
 With shrieking and squeaking  
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body  
 To the Town Hall came flocking:  
 "'Tis clear," cried they, "our mayor's  
 a noddy;

And as for our corporation—shock-  
 ing

To think we buy gowns lined with  
 ermine

For dolts that can't or won't deter-  
 mine

What's best to rid us of our vermin!  
 You hope, because you're old and  
 obese,

To find in the furry civic robe ease?  
 Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a  
 racking,



To find the remedy we're lacking,  
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you pack-  
ing!"

At this, the mayor and corporation  
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in counsel —

At length the mayor broke silence:  
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown  
sell;

I wish I were a mile hence!  
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —  
I'm sure my poor head aches again,  
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.

Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"  
Just as he said this, what should hap  
At the chamber door but a gentle  
tap?

"Bless us," cried the mayor, "what's  
that?"

(With the corporation as he sat,  
Looking little, though wondrous fat;  
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,  
Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
Save when at noon his paunch grew  
mutinous

For a plate of turtle, green and glu-  
tinous)

"Only a scraping of shoes on the  
mat?

Anything like the sound of a rat  
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in!" the mayor cried, look-  
ing bigger:

And in did come the strangest figure!  
His queer long coat from heel to head  
Was half of yellow and half of red;  
And he himself was tall and thin;  
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;  
And light loose hair, yet swarthy  
skin;

No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,  
But lips where smiles went out and  
in —

There was no guessing his kith and  
kin!

And nobody could enough admire  
The tall man and his quaint attire.

Quoth one: "It's as my great-grand-  
sire,

Starting up at the trump of doom's  
Had walked this way from his painted  
tombstone!"

He advanced to the council-table:  
And, "Please your honors," said he,  
"I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw  
All creatures living beneath the sun,  
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,  
After me so as you never saw!

And I chiefly use my charm  
On creatures that do people harm —  
The mole, and toad, and newt, and  
viper —

And people call me the Pied Piper."  
(And here they noticed round his  
neck

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
To match with his coat of the self-  
same check;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;  
And his fingers, they noticed, were  
ever straying

As if impatient to be playing  
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled  
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I  
am,

In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
Last June, from his huge swarm of  
gnats;

I eased in Asia the Nizam  
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-  
bats;

And, as for what your brain bewil-  
ders —

If I can rid your town of rats,  
Will you give me a thousand guil-  
ders?"

"One? fifty thousand!"—was the  
exclamation

Of the astonished mayor and corpo-  
ration.

Into the street the piper stopt,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept

In his quiet pipe the while;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes  
twinkled,

Like a candle flame where salt is  
sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe  
uttered,

You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grum-  
bling;  
And the grumbling grew to a mighty  
rumbling;  
And out of the houses the rats came  
tumbling.  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats,  
brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats,  
tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young frisk-  
ers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —  
Followed the piper for their lives.  
From street to street he piped advan-  
cing,  
And step by step they followed dan-  
cing,  
Until they came to the river Weser  
Wherein all plunged and perished  
— Save one who, stout as Julius  
Cæsar,  
Swam across and lived to carry  
(As he the manuscript he cherished)  
To rat-land home his commentary,  
Which was: “At the first shrill notes  
of the pipe,  
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
Into a cider-press’s gripe —  
And a moving away of pickle-tub-  
boards,  
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cup-  
boards,  
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-  
flasks,  
And a breaking the hoops of butter-  
casks,  
And it seemed as if a voice  
(Sweeter far than by harp or by  
psaltery  
Is breathed) called out, O rats, re-  
joice!  
The world is grown to one vast dry-  
saltery!  
So much on, crunch on, take your  
nuncheon,  
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!  
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,  
All ready staved, like a great sun  
shone

Glorious, scarce an inch before me,  
Just as methought it said, Come,  
bore me,  
— I found the Weser rolling o’er  
me.”

You should have heard the Hamelin  
people  
Ringing the bells till they rocked the  
steeple;  
“Go,” cried the mayor, “and get  
long poles!  
Poke out the nests and block up the  
holes!  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a  
trace  
Of the rats!”—when suddenly, up  
the face  
Of the piper perked in the market-  
place,  
With a, “First, if you please, my  
thousand guilders!”

A thousand guilders! The mayor  
looked blue;  
So did the corporation too,  
For the council dinners made rare  
havoc  
With claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,  
Hock;  
And half the money would replenish  
Their cellar’s biggest butt with Rhen-  
ish.  
To pay this sum to a wandering fel-  
low  
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!  
“Beside,” quoth the mayor, with a  
knowing wink,  
“Our business was done at the river’s  
brink; [sink,  
We saw with our eyes the vermin  
And what’s dead can’t come to life,  
I think.  
So, friend, we’re not the folks to  
shrink  
From the duty of giving you some-  
thing for drink,  
And a matter of money to put in  
your poke;  
But, as for the guilders, what we  
spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was  
in joke,

Besides, our losses have made us  
thrifty;

A thousand guilders! Come, take  
fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,  
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,  
I've promised to visit by dinner  
time

Bagdat, and accept the prime  
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's  
rich in,

For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor —

With him I proved no bargain-  
driver;

With you, don't think I'll bate a  
stiver!

And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the mayor, "d'ye  
think I'll brook

Being worse treated than a cook?  
Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
You threaten us, fellow? Do your  
worst,

Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;  
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight  
cane;

And ere he blew three notes (such  
sweet

Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like  
a bustling

Of merry crowds justling at pitching  
and hustling;

Small feet were pattering, wooden  
shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little  
tongues chattering;

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when  
barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.  
All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
And sparkling eyes and teeth like  
pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily  
after

The wonderful music with shouting  
and laughter.

The mayor was dumb, and the council  
stood

As if they were changed into blocks  
of wood,

Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by —

And could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the piper's  
back.

But how the mayor was on the rack,  
And the wretched council's bosoms  
beat,

As the piper turned from the High  
Street

To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and  
daughters!

However, he turned from south to  
west,

[dressed,  
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-  
And after him the children pressed;

Great was the joy in every breast.  
"He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop,  
And we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo, as they reached the moun-  
tain's side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hol-  
lowed;

And the piper advanced and the  
children followed;

And when all were in, to the very  
last,

The door in the mountain side shut  
fast.

Did I say all? No! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the  
way!

And in after years, if you would  
blame

His sadness, he was used to say, —  
"It's dull in our town since my play-  
mates left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the piper also promised me;

For he led us, he said, to a joyous  
land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit-trees  
grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And every thing was strange and  
new;  
The sparrows were brighter than pea-  
cocks here,  
And their dogs outran our fallow  
deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
And horses were born with eagles'  
wings;  
And just as I became assured  
My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped and I stood still,  
And found myself outside the Hill,  
Left alone against my will,  
To go now limping as before,  
And never hear of that country  
more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's  
pate  
A text which says that Heaven's  
gate  
Opes to the rich at as easy rate  
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!  
The mayor sent east, west, north, and  
south,  
To offer the piper by word of mouth,  
Wherever it was men's lot to find  
him,  
Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
If he'd only return the way he went,  
And bring the children behind him.  
But when they saw 'twas a lost en-  
deavor,  
And piper and dancers were gone for-  
ever,  
They made a decree that lawyers  
never  
Should think their records dated  
duly  
If, after the day of the month and  
year

These words did not as well appear:  
"And so long after what happened  
here

On the twenty-second of July,  
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six;"  
And the better in memory to fix  
The place of the children's last re-  
treat

They called it the Pied Piper's Street;  
Where any one playing on pipe or  
tabor

Was sure for the future to lose his  
labor.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern  
To shock with mirth a street so  
solemn;

But opposite the place of the cavern  
They wrote the story on a column,  
And on the great church window  
painted

The same, to make the world ac-  
quainted

How their children were stolen away;  
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say  
That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress  
On which their neighbors lay such  
stress

To their fathers and mothers having  
risen

Out of some subterranean prison  
Into which they were trepanned  
Long time ago, in a mighty band,  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick  
land,

But how or why, they don't under-  
stand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers  
Of scores out with all men—especially  
pipers:

And, whether they pipe us free from  
rats or from mice,  
If we've promised them aught, let us  
keep our promise.

## ROBERT BURNS.

## TAM O' SHANTER.

## A TALE.

Brownys and of Bogilis, full is this Buke.  
—Gavin Douglas.

WHEN chapman billies leave the  
street,

And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,  
As market-days are wearing late,

An' folk begin to tak the gate;  
While we sit bousing at the nappy,<sup>1</sup>

An' getting fou and unco happy,  
We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,

The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,  
That lie between us and our hame,

Whare sits our sulky sullen dame  
Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring  
storm,

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.  
This truth fand honest Tam O'

Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter

(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town sur-  
passes,

For honest men and bonnie lasses).  
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae

wise,  
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!

She tauld thee weel thou wast a  
skellum,<sup>2</sup>

A blethering, blustering, drunken  
blellum;<sup>3</sup>

That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;

That ilka melder,<sup>4</sup> wi' the miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roaring fou

on,  
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on  
Sunday,

Thou drank wi' Kirkton<sup>5</sup> Jane till  
Monday.

She prophesy'd that, late or soon,  
Thou would be found deep drown'd  
in Doon;

Or catch'd wi' warlocks<sup>6</sup> i' the mirk,<sup>7</sup>  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me  
greet,<sup>8</sup>

To think how many counsels sweet,  
How many lengthen'd, sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: A market night,  
Tam had got planted unco right;

Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats,<sup>9</sup> that drank di-  
vinely;

And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither:  
They had been fou for weeks the-  
gither.

The night drave on wi' sangs and  
clatter;

And ay the ale was growing better;  
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,

Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and pre-  
cious:

The souter<sup>10</sup> tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready

chorus: [rustle,

The storm without might rair and  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sa happy,  
E'en drowned himself amang the

nappy! [ure,

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treas-  
The minutes wing'd their way wi'

pleasure;  
Kings may be blest, but Tam was  
glorious,

O'er a' the iils o' life victorious!  
But pleasures are like poppies

spread, [shed;  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is

<sup>1</sup> Ale.

<sup>2</sup> Worthless fellow.

<sup>3</sup> Idle talker.

<sup>4</sup> Every time that corn was sent to be ground.

<sup>5</sup> Kirkton is the distinctive name of a village in which the parish kirk stands.

<sup>6</sup> Wizards.

<sup>7</sup> Dark.

<sup>8</sup> Makes me weep.

<sup>9</sup> Frothing ale.

<sup>10</sup> Shoemaker.

Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white — then melts for  
ever:

Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place:  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide; —  
The hour approaches Tam maun  
ride:

That hour, o' night's black arch the  
key-stane,

That dreary hour he mounts his beast  
in;

And sic a night he taks the road  
in,

As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its  
last;

The rattling show'rs rose on the  
blast;

The speedy gleams the darkness  
swallow'd;

Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder  
bellow'd;

That night, a child might understand,  
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare,  
Meg,

A better, never lifted leg,  
Tam skelpit<sup>1</sup> on throu' dub and  
mire,

Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his gude blue  
bonnet;

Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots  
sonnet;

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent  
cares,

Lest bogles catch him unawares;  
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly  
cry

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Whare in the snaw the chapman  
smoor'd;<sup>2</sup>

And past the birks<sup>3</sup> and meikle<sup>4</sup>  
stane,

Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-  
bane;

And thro' the whins, and by the  
cairn,

Whare hunters fand the murder'd  
bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd her-  
sel.

Before him Doon pours all his  
floods;

The doubling storm roars thro' the  
woods;

The lightnings flash from pole to  
pole;

Near and more near the thunders  
roll:

When, glimmering thro' the groan-  
ing trees,

Kirk Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;  
Thro' ilka bore<sup>5</sup> the beams were  
glancing;

And loud resounded mirth and danc-  
ing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!

What dangers thou canst make us  
scorn!

Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the Devil!

The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's  
noddle,

Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.  
But Maggie stood right sair aston-  
ish'd,

Till, by the heel and hand admon-  
ished,

She ventured forward on the light;  
And wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:  
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and  
reels,

Put life and mettle in their heels.

At winnock-bunker<sup>6</sup> in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o'  
beast;

A towzie<sup>7</sup> tyke, black, grim, and  
large,

To gie them music, was his charge:  
He screw'd the pipes and gart<sup>8</sup> them  
skirl,<sup>9</sup>

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. —

<sup>1</sup> Went at a smart pace.

<sup>2</sup> Smothered.

<sup>3</sup> Birches,

<sup>4</sup> Big.

<sup>5</sup> Hole in the wall.

<sup>6</sup> Window-seat.

<sup>7</sup> Shaggy.

<sup>8</sup> Forced.

<sup>9</sup> Scream.

Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
That shaw'd the dead in their last  
dresses;

And by some devilish cantrip<sup>1</sup> slight  
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;<sup>2</sup>  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd  
bairns;

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;  
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had man-  
gled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which ev'n to name wad be un-  
lawfu',

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and  
curious,

The mirth and fun grew fast and  
furious:

The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker  
flew;

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd,  
they cleekit,

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies<sup>3</sup> to the wark,  
And linket<sup>4</sup> at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been  
queans

A' plump and strapping in their  
teens;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie<sup>5</sup>  
flannen,

Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder  
linnen!<sup>6</sup>

Thir<sup>7</sup> breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' gude blue  
hair,

I wad a gi'en them off my hurdies,<sup>8</sup>  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and  
droll,

Rigwoodie lags, wad spean a foal,  
Lowping and flinging on a crum-  
mock,<sup>9</sup>

I wonder didna turn the stomach,  
But 'Tam kend what was what fu'  
brawlie,

“There was ae winsome wench and  
walie,”

That night enlisted in the core,  
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;  
For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and  
bear,<sup>10</sup>

And kept the country-side in fear),  
Her cutty<sup>11</sup> sark, o' Paisley harn,<sup>12</sup>  
That, while a lassie, she had worn,  
In longitude though sorely scanty,

It was her best, and she was vauntie—  
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,

That sark she coft<sup>13</sup> for her wee  
Nannie,

Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her  
riches),

Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!  
But here my muse her wing maun  
cour;

Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
(A souple jade she was, and strang),  
And how Tam stood, like ane be-  
witch'd,

And thought his very e'en enrich'd;  
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu'  
fain,

And hotch'd and blew wi' might and  
main:

Till first ae caper, syne<sup>14</sup> anither,  
'Tam tint<sup>15</sup> his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, “Weel done, Cutty-  
sark!”

And in an instant all was dark;  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

<sup>1</sup> Magic.

<sup>2</sup> Irons.

<sup>6</sup> The manufacturing term for a fine linen, woven in a reel of 1700 divisions.—

*Cromek.*

<sup>7</sup> These

<sup>8</sup> Loins.

<sup>9</sup> Short staff,

<sup>3</sup> Clothes.

<sup>4</sup> Tripped along.

<sup>5</sup> Greasy.

<sup>10</sup> Barley.

<sup>11</sup> Short.

<sup>12</sup> Very coarse linen.

<sup>13</sup> Bought.

<sup>14</sup> Then.

<sup>15</sup> Lost.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,<sup>1</sup>  
When plundering herds assail their  
byke;<sup>2</sup>

As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their  
nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds  
aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and  
hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get  
thy fairin!

In hell they'll roast thee like a her-  
rin!

In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane<sup>3</sup> of the brig;  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na cross.

But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fient a tail she had to shake!

For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;<sup>4</sup>

But little wist she Maggie's mettle —  
Ae spring brought off her master  
hale,

But left behind her ain gray tail;  
The carlin clautght her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, who this tale of truth shall  
read,

Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed;

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
Remember Tam O' Shanter's mare.

FROM THE "LINES TO A LOUSE."

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,  
Below the fatt'rils,<sup>5</sup> snug and tight;  
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right

'Till ye've got on it,  
The vera topmost, tow'ring height  
O' Miss's bonnet.

I wad na been surpris'd to spy  
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;<sup>6</sup>  
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,

On 's wyliecoat;<sup>7</sup>  
But Miss's fine Lunardi<sup>8</sup> fie,  
How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,  
An' set your beauties a' abroad!  
Ye little ken what cursed speed

The blastie's<sup>9</sup> makin!  
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,  
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as others see us!

It wad frae mony a blunder free us  
And foolish notion;

What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e  
us,

And ev'n devotion!

<sup>1</sup> Bustle,

<sup>2</sup> Hive.

<sup>3</sup> It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back. — R. B.

<sup>4</sup> Effort.

<sup>5</sup> Ribbon-ends.

<sup>6</sup> An old-fashioned head-dress.

<sup>7</sup> Flannel vest.

<sup>8</sup> A bonnet, named after Lunardi, whose balloon made him notorious in Scotland about 1785.

<sup>9</sup> The shrivelled dwarf.



## SAMUEL BUTLER.

[From *Hudibras*.]

## THE LEARNING OF HUDIBRAS.

HE was in logic a great critic,  
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic;  
 He could distinguish and divide  
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west  
 side;

On either which he would dispute,  
 Confute, change hands, and still con-  
 fute.

He'd undertake to prove, by force  
 Of argument, a man's no horse.  
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
 And that a lord may be an owl,  
 A calf an alderman, a goose a jus-  
 tice,

And rooks committee-men and trus-  
 tees.

He'd run in debt by disputation,  
 And pay with ratiocination.

All this by syllogism, true  
 In mood and figure he would do.  
 For Rhetoric, he could not ope  
 His mouth, but out there flew a  
 trope:

And when he happened to break off  
 In the middle of his speech, or cough,  
 He had hard words ready to shew  
 why;

And tell what rules he did it by:  
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,  
 You'd think he talk'd like other  
 folk:

For all a rhetorician's rules  
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.  
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his  
 speech,

In loftiness of sound, was rich;  
 A Babylonish dialect,  
 Which learnèd pedants much affect.  
 It was a party-color'd dress  
 Of patch'd and piebald languages:  
 'Twas English cut on Greek and La-  
 tin,

Like fustian heretofore on satin.  
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,  
 As if he'd talked three parts in  
 one;

Which made some think, when he  
 did gabble,

They'd heard three laborers of Babel  
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
 A leash of languages at once.

This he as volubly would vent  
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent;  
 And truly to support that charge,  
 He had supplies as vast and large;  
 For he could coin or counterfeit  
 New words with little or no wit:

Words, so debas'd and hard, no stone  
 Was hard enough to touch them on:  
 And when with hasty noise he spoke  
 'em,

The ignorant for current took 'em;  
 That had the orator, who once  
 Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones  
 When he harangued, but known his  
 phrase,

He would have used no other ways.  
 In Mathematics he was greater  
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater:  
 For he, by geometric scale,  
 Could take the size of pots of ale;  
 Resolve, by signs and tangents,  
 straight,

If bread or butter wanted weight;  
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day  
 The clock does strike, by algebra.  
 Beside he was a shrewd philosopher,  
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss  
 over.

Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
 He understood by implicit faith:  
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,  
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;  
 Knew more than forty of them do,  
 As far as words and terms could go:  
 All which he understood by rote,  
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote  
 No matter whether right or wrong,  
 They might be either said or sung.  
 His notions fitted things so well,  
 That which was which he could not  
 tell

But oftentimes mistook the one  
 For th' other, as great clerks have  
 done.

He could reduce all things to acts,  
 And knew their natures by abstracts;  
 Where entity and quiddity,  
 The ghosts of defunct bodies fly,  
 Where truth in person does appear,  
 Like words congeal'd in northern  
 air.  
 He knew what's what, and that's as  
 high  
 As metaphysic wit can fly.

[From Hudibras.]

THE BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE AND  
 RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

HE knew the seat of Paradise,  
 Could tell in what degree it lies;  
 And, as he was disposed, could prove  
 it  
 Below the moon, or else above it:  
 What Adam dreamt of, when his  
 bride  
 Came from her closet in his side;  
 Whether the devil tempted her  
 By a High-Dutch interpreter:  
 If either of them had a navel:  
 Who first made music malleable;  
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,  
 Had cloven feet or none at all.  
 All this without a gloss or comment,  
 He could unriddle in a moment,  
 In proper terms, such as men smat-  
 ter,  
 When they throw out and miss the  
 matter.

For his religion, it was fit  
 To match his learning and his wit:  
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;  
 For he was of that stubborn crew  
 Of errant saints whom all men grant  
 To be the true church militant;  
 Such as do build their faith upon  
 The holy text of pike and gun;  
 Decide all controversies by  
 Infallible artillery;  
 And prove their doctrine orthodox  
 By apostolic blows and knocks.

A sect whose chief devotion lies  
 In odd perverse antipathies;  
 In falling out with that or this,  
 And finding somewhat still amiss:

More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick;  
 That with more care keep holy-day  
 The wrong, than others the right  
 way:

Compound for sins they are inclined  
 to,  
 By damning those they have no mind  
 to:

Still so perverse and opposite,  
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite.  
 The self-same thing they will abhor  
 One way, and long another for.  
 Free-will they one way disavow;  
 Another, nothing else allow.  
 All piety consists therein  
 In them, in other men all sin.  
 Rather than fail they will decry  
 That which they love most tenderly;  
 Quarrel with minced pie, and dispar-  
 age  
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-  
 porridge.

[From Hudibras.]

THE KNIGHT'S STEED.

THE beast was sturdy, large, and  
 tall,  
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of  
 wall.

I would say eye; for he had but one,  
 As most agree: tho' some say none.  
 He was well stay'd: and in his gait  
 Preserved a grave majestic state.  
 At spur or switch no more he skipt,  
 Or mended pace than Spaniard  
 whipt;

And yet so fiery he would bound  
 As if he grieved to touch the ground:  
 That Cæsar's horse, who as fame  
 goes

Had corns upon his feet and toes,  
 Was not by half so tender hooft,  
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft.  
 And as that beast would kneel and  
 stoop

(Some write) to take his rider up,  
 So Hudibras his ('tis well known)  
 Would often do to set him down.  
 We shall not need to say what lack  
 Of leather was upon his back;

For that was hidden under pad,  
 And breech of knight galled full as  
 bad.  
 His strutting ribs on both sides  
 showed  
 Like furrows he himself had  
 ploughed;  
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,  
 'Twixt every two there was a chan-  
 nel.  
 His dragging tail hung in the  
 dirt,  
 Which on his rider he would flirt,  
 Still as his tender side he pricked,  
 With armed heel, or with unarmed,  
 kicked;

For Hudibras wore but one spur:  
 As wisely knowing, could he stir  
 To active trot one side of 's horse,  
 The other would not hang an arse.

[From Hudibras.]

THE PLEASURE OF BEING CHEATED.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great  
 Of being cheated, as to cheat:  
 As lookers-on feel most delight,  
 That least perceive a juggler's sleight:  
 And still the less they understand,  
 The more they admire his sleight of  
 hand.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

FROM "NOTHING TO WEAR."

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as <sup>med</sup> this  
 is a true ditty,

I do not assert — this, you know,  
 is between us —

That she's in a state of absolute nu-  
 dity,

Like Powers' Greek Slave or the  
 Medici Venus;

But I do mean to say, I have heard  
 her declare,

When at the same moment she had  
 on a dress

Which cost five hundred dollars,  
 and not a cent less,

And jewelry worth ten times more,  
 I should guess,

That she had not a thing in the wide  
 world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out  
 of Miss Flora's

Two hundred and fifty or sixty  
 adorers,

I had just been selected as he who  
 should throw all

The rest in the shade, by the gra-  
 cious bestowal

On myself, after twenty or thirty re-  
 jections,

Of those fossil remains which she  
 called her "affections,"

And that rather decayed, but well-  
 known work of art,

Which Miss Flora persisted in styl-  
 ing her "heart."

So we were engaged. Our troth had  
 been plighted,

Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by  
 fountain or grove,

But in a front parlor, most brilliantly  
 lighted,

Beneath the gas-fixtures, we whis-  
 pered our love.

Without any romance, or raptures,  
 or sighs,

Without any tears in Miss Flora's  
 blue eyes,

Or blushes, or transports, or such  
 silly actions,

It was one of the quietest business  
 transactions,

With a very small sprinkling of sen-  
 timent, if any,

And a very large diamond imported  
 by Tiffany.

On her virginal lips while I printed a  
 kiss,

She exclaimed, as a sort of paren-  
 thesis,

And by way of putting me quite at  
 my ease,

"You know I'm to polka as much as  
 I please,

And flirt when I like — now, stop,  
don't you speak —

And you must not come here more  
than twice in the week,

Or talk to me either at party or ball,  
But always be ready to come when I  
call;

So don't prose to me about duty and  
stuff,

If we don't break this off, there will  
be time enough

For that sort of thing; but the barg-  
ain must be

That, as long as I choose, I am per-  
fectly free, —

For this is a kind of engagement,  
you see,

Which is binding on you, but not  
binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M-  
Flimsey and gained her,

With the silks, crinolines, and hoops  
that contained her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent re-  
mainder

At least in the property, and the best  
right

To appear as its escort by day and by  
night;

And it being the week of the Stuck-  
ups' grand ball, —

Their cards had been out a fort-  
night or so,

And set all the Avenue on the tip-  
toe, —

I considered it only my duty to call,  
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I found her — as ladies are apt to be  
found,

When the time intervening between  
the first sound

Of the bell and the visitor's entry is  
shorter

Than usual — I found; I won't say  
I caught her,

Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly  
meaning

To see if perhaps it did n't need  
cleaning.

She turned as I entered — "Why  
Harry, you sinner,

I thought that you went to the Flash-  
ers' to dinner!"

"So I did," I replied, "but the din-  
ner is swallowed,

And digested, I trust, for 't is now  
nine and more,

So, being relieved from that duty, I  
followed

Inclination, which led me, you see,  
to your door;

And now will your ladyship so con-  
descend

As just to inform me if you intend  
Your beauty, and graces, and pres-  
ence to lend

(All of which, when I own, I hope  
no one will borrow)

To the Stuckups', whose party, you  
know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up, with a  
pitiful air,

And answered quite promptly,  
"Why, Harry, *mon cher*,

I should like above all things to go  
with you there,

But really and truly — I've nothing  
to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you  
are;

Wear the dress you have on, and  
you'll be by far,

I engage, the most bright and par-  
ticular star

On the Stuckup horizon —" I  
stopped, for her eye,

Notwithstanding this delicate onset  
of flattery,

Opened on me at once a most terrible  
battery

Of scorn and amazement. She  
made no reply,

But gave a slight turn to the end of  
her nose,

(That pure Grecian feature,) as  
much as to say,

"How absurd that any sane man  
should suppose

That a lady would go to a ball in the  
clothes,

No matter how fine, that she wears  
every day!"

So I ventured again; "Wear your  
crimson brocade;"

(Second turn up of nose) — "That's  
too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk" — "That's too heavy." "Your pink" — "That's too light."

Wear tulle over satin" — "I can't endure white."

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch" —

"I have n't a thread of point-lace to match."

"Your brown *moire antique*" —

"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"

"The pearl-colored" — "I would, but that plaguy dress-maker

Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock;"

(Here the nose took again the same elevation) —

"I would n't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it

As more *comme il faut*" — "Yes, but dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;

That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,

That zephyr-like tarletan, that rich *grenadine*" —

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times, at the least calculation, And that and most of my dresses are ripped up!"

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,

But you do not believe me," (here the nose went still higher),

"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.

Our engagement is ended, sir, — yes, on the spot;

You're a brute, and a monster, and — I don't know what."

I mildly suggested the words Hot-tentot,

Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,

As gentle expletives which might give relief;

But this only proved as a spark to the powder,

And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;

It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears

Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,

Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,

In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay

Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;

Then, without going through the form of a bow,

Found myself in the entry — I hardly knew how,

On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,

At home and up stairs, in my own easy-chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my  
 fire into blaze,  
 And said to myself, as I lit my  
 cigar,  
 "Supposing a man had the wealth of  
 a Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the  
 rest of his days,  
 On the whole, do you think he would  
 have much to spare,  
 If he married a woman with nothing  
 to wear?"

## JOHN BYROM.

*THE WAY A RUMOR IS SPREAD;  
 OR, THE THREE BLACK CROWS.*

Two honest tradesmen meeting in  
 the Strand,  
 One took the other, briskly, by the  
 hand;  
 Hark-ye, said he, 'tis an odd story  
 this  
 About the crows! — I don't know  
 what it is,  
 Replied his friend. — No! I'm sur-  
 prised at that;  
 Where I came from it is the common  
 chat;  
 But you shall hear; an odd affair  
 indeed!  
 And, that it happened, they are all  
 agreed:  
 Not to detain you from a thing so  
 strange,  
 A gentleman, that lives not far from  
 Change,  
 This week, in short, as all the alley  
 knows,  
 Taking a puke, has thrown up three  
 black crows, —  
 Impossible! — Nay, but it's really  
 true;  
 I have it from good hands, and so  
 may you. —  
 From whose, I pray? — So having  
 named the man,  
 Straight to inquire his curious com-  
 rade ran.  
 Sir, did you tell — relating the af-  
 fair —  
 Yes, sir, I did: and if its worth your  
 care,  
 Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me  
 But, by the by, 'twas *two* black  
 crows, not *three*. —

Resolved to trace so wondrous an  
 event,  
 Whip, to the third, the virtuoso  
 went;  
 Sir — and so forth — Why, yes; the  
 thing is fact,  
 Though in regard to number, not  
 exact;  
 It was not *two* black crows, 'twas  
 only *one*,  
 The truth of *that* you may depend  
 upon,  
 The gentleman himself told me the  
 case —  
 Where may I find him? — Why, in  
 such a place.  
 Away goes he, and having found  
 him out,  
 Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt.  
 Then to his last informant he re-  
 ferred,  
 And begged to know, if *true* what  
 he had heard?  
 Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?  
 — Not I —  
 Bless me! how people propagate a lie!  
 Black crows have been thrown up,  
*three, two, and one;*  
 And here, I find, all comes, at last, to  
*none!*  
 Did you say *nothing* of a crow at  
*all?* —  
 Crow — crow — perhaps I might, now  
 I recall  
 The matter over — And, pray, sir,  
 what was't?  
 Why, I was *horrid* sick, and, at the  
 last,  
 I did throw up, and told my neighbor  
 so,  
 Something that was — *as black, sir,*  
 as a crow.

## CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care,  
 Wag as it will the world for me;  
 When fuss and fret was all my fare,  
 It got no ground as I could see:  
 So when away my caring went,  
 I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of  
 thought,  
 I strive to make my matters meet;  
 To seek what ancient sages sought,  
 Physic and food in sour and sweet:  
 To take what passes in good part,  
 And keep the hiccups from the  
 heart.

With good and gentle-humored hearts,  
 I choose to chat where'er I come,  
 Whate'er the subject be that starts;  
 But if I get among the glum,  
 I hold my tongue to tell the truth,  
 And keep my breath to cool my  
 broth.

For chance or change of peace or  
 pain,  
 For Fortune's favor or her frown,  
 For lack or glut, for loss or gain,  
 I never dodge, nor up nor down:  
 But swing what way the ship shall  
 swim,  
 Or tack about with equal trim.

If names or notions make a noise,  
 Whatever hap the question hath,  
 The point impartially I poise,  
 And read or write, but without  
 wrath;  
 For should I burn, or break my  
 brains,  
 Pray, who will pay me for my  
 pains?

I suit not where I shall not speed,  
 Nor trace the turn of every tide;  
 If simple sense will not succeed,  
 I make no bustling, but abide:  
 For shining wealth, or scaring woe,  
 I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,  
 Of they're i' the wrong, and we're  
 i' the right,  
 I shun the rancors and the routs;  
 And wishing well to every wight,  
 Whatever turn the matter takes,  
 I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,  
 Nor if the folks should flout me,  
 faint:  
 If wanted welcome be withdrawn,  
 I cook no kind of a complaint:  
 With none disposed to disagree,  
 But like them best who best like  
 me.

Not that I rate myself the rule  
 How all my betters should be-  
 have;  
 But fame shall find me no man's  
 fool,  
 Nor to a set of men a slave:  
 I love a friendship free and frank,  
 And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,  
 I never loose where'er I link;  
 Though if a business budges by,  
 I talk thereon just as I think;  
 My word, my work, my heart, my  
 hand,  
 Still on a side together stand.

I love my neighbor as myself,  
 Myself like him too, by his leave;  
 Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,  
 Came I to crouch, as I conceive:  
 Dame Nature doubtless has designed  
 A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,  
 Mood it and brood it in your  
 breast;  
 Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,  
 That man does right to mar his  
 rest,  
 Let me be deft and debonair,  
 I am content, I do not care.

## SPECTACLES, OR HELPS TO READ.

A CERTAIN artist — I've forgot his name —  
 Had got, for making spectacles, a fame,  
 Or "helps to read," as, when they first were sold,  
 Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold;  
 And, for all uses to be had from glass,  
 His were allowed by readers to surpass.

There came a man into his shop one day —  
 "Are you the spectacle contriver, pray?"  
 "Yes, sir," said he; "I can in that affair  
 Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."  
 "Can you? pray do then." So, at first, he chose  
 To place a youngish pair upon his nose;  
 And book produced to see how they would fit:  
 Asked how he liked 'em? "Like 'em? not a bit."

"Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,  
 These in my hand will better suit your eye."  
 "No, but they don't." "Well, come, sir, if you please,  
 Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these;  
 Still somewhat more they magnify the letter;  
 Now, sir?" "Why, now — I'm not a bit the better."  
 "No? here, take these, that magnify still more;  
 How do *they* fit?" "Like all the rest before."

In short they tried a whole assortment through.  
 But all in vain, for none of 'em would do.  
 The operator, much surprised to find  
 So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind!  
 "What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he.  
 "Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."  
 "Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball —  
 Pray, let me ask you, can you read at all?"  
 "No, you great blockhead; if I could, what need  
 Of paying you for any 'helps to read?'"  
 And so he left the maker in a heat,  
 Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

## LORD BYRON.

[From *English Bards and Scotch Re-*  
*viewers.*]

## CRITICS.

OH! nature's noblest gift — my  
 gray goose-quill!  
 Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my  
 will,

Torn from thy parent bird to form a  
 pen,  
 That mighty instrument of little  
 men!  
 The pen! foredoomed to aid the men-  
 tal throes  
 Of brains that labor, big with verse  
 or prose,



Though nymphs forsake, and critics may deride,	A man must serve his time to every trade
The lover's solace and the author's pride.	Save censure — critics all are ready made.
What wits, what poets, dost thou daily raise!	Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote,
How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!	With just enough of learning to mis- quote:
Condemned at length to be forgotten quite,	A mind well skilled to find or forge a fault;
With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.	A turn for punning, — call it Attic salt;
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;	To Jeffrey go; be silent and discreet, His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.	Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Speed, Pegasus! — ye strains of great and small,	Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!	Care not for feeling — pass your proper jest,
I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a a time	And stand a critic, hated, yet ca- ressed.
I poured along the town a flood of rhyme,	And shall we own such judgment? No — as soon
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or blame;	Seek roses in December — ice in June;
I printed — older children do the same.	Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;	Believe a woman, or an epitaph, Or any other thing that's false, before You trust in critics, who themselves are sore.
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.	

---

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SONG.

To Love in my heart, I exclaimed, t'other morning,  
Thou hast dwelt here too long, little lodger, take warning;  
Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober duty,  
To go gadding, bewitched by the young eyes of beauty.  
For weary's the wooing, ah! weary,  
When an old man will have a young dearie.

The god left my heart, at its surly reflections,  
But came back on pretext of some sweet recollections,  
And he made me forget what I ought to remember,  
That the rosebud of June cannot bloom in November.  
Ah! Tom, 'tis all o'er with thy gay days —  
Write psalms, and not songs for the ladies.

But time's been so far from my wisdom enriching,  
 That the longer I live, beauty seems more bewitching;  
 And the only new lore my experience traces,  
 Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces.  
 How weary is wisdom, how weary!  
 When one sits by a smiling young dearie!

And should she be wroth that my homage pursues her,  
 I will turn and retort on my lovely aceuser;  
 Who's to blame, that my heart by your image is haunted?  
 It is you, the enchantress — not I, the enchanted.  
 Would you have me behave more discreetly,  
 Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly.

---

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL FOR HER ALBUM

AN original something, fair maid, you would win me  
 To write — but how shall I begin?  
 For I fear I have nothing original in me —  
 Excepting Original Sin!

---

GEORGE CANNING.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view  
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,  
 I think of those companions true  
 Who studied with me at the U-  
 niversity of Gottingen,  
 niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet kerchief, checked with heaven-  
 blue,  
 Which once my love sat knotting  
 in —  
 Alas, Matilda then was true!  
 At least I thought so at the U-  
 niversity of Gottingen,  
 niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you  
 flew,  
 Her neat post-wagon trotting in!  
 Ye bore Matilda from my view;  
 Forlorn I languished at the U-  
 niversity of Gottingen,  
 niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! but's pallid hue!  
 This blood my veins is clotting  
 in!  
 My years are many — they were few  
 When first I entered at the U-  
 niversity of Gottingen,  
 niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion  
 grew,  
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!  
 Thou wast the daughter of my tu-  
 tor, law professor at the U-  
 niversity of Gottingen,  
 niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world,  
 adieu,  
 That kings and priests are plotting  
 in;  
 Here doomed to starve on water gru-  
 el, never shall I see the U-  
 niversity of Gottingen,  
 niversity of Gottingen.

## WILL CARLETON.

## THE NEW-YEAR'S BABY.

"Th'art welcome, litle bonnie bird,  
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha' did.  
Teimes are bad." — *Old English Ballad.*

Hoor, ye little rascal! ye come it on me this way  
Crowdin' yerself amongst us this blusterin' winter's day  
Knowin' that we already have three of ye, and seven,  
An' tryin' to make yerself out a New-Year's present o' heaven!

Ten of ye have we now, sir, for this world to abuse,  
An' Bobbie he have no waistcoat; and Nellie she have no shoes;  
And Sammie he have no shirt, sir (I tell it to his shame);  
And the one that was just before you we a'n't had time to name.

An' all the banks be smashin', an' on us poor folks fall;  
An' boss he whittles the wages when work's to be had at all;  
An' Tom he have cut his foot off, an' lies in a woful plight;  
An' all of us wonders at mornin' as what we shall eat at night.

An' but for your father an' Sandy a-findin' somew'at to do,  
An' but for the preacher's woman, who often helps us through,  
An' but for your poor, dear mother a-doin' twice her part,  
Ye'd 'a' seen us all in heaven afore ye was ready to start.

An' now ye have come, ye rascal! so healthy an' fat an' sound,  
A weighin', I'll wager a dollar, the full of a dozen pound;  
With your mother's eyes a-flashin', yer father's flesh an' build,  
An' a good big mouth an' stomach all ready to be filled.

No, no, don't cry, my baby; hush up, my pretty one.  
Don't get my chaff in yer eye, my boy; I only was just in fun.  
Ye'll like us when ye know us, although we're cur'ous folks;  
But we don't get much victual, and half our livin' is jokes.

Why, boy! did ye take me in earnest? Come, sit upon my knee.  
I'll tell ye a secret, youngster; I'll name ye after me;  
Ye shall have all yer brothers an' sisters with ye to play;  
An' ye shall have yer carriage, an' ride out every day.

Why, boy, do ye think ye'll suffer? I'm gettin' a trifle old,  
But it'll be many years yet before I lose my hold;  
An' if I should fall on the road, boy, still them's yer brothers there,  
An' not a rogue of 'em ever would see ye harmed a hair.

Say, when ye come from heaven, my little namesake dear,  
Did ye see, 'mongst the little girls there, a face like this one here?  
That was yer little sister; she died a year ago.  
An' all of us cried like babies when they laid her under the snow.

Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see or knew  
Came here with all their traps, boy, an' offered 'em for you,  
I'd show 'em to the door, sir, so quick they'd think it odd,  
Before I'd sell to another my New-Year's gift from God.

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

FROM "LINES COMPOSED IN A  
CONCERT ROOM."

NOR cold nor stern, my soul! yet I  
detest  
These scented rooms, where to a  
gaudy throng,  
Heaves the proud harlot her dis-  
tended breast  
In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not Music's genuine power,  
nor deign  
To melt at Nature's passion-war-  
bled plaint;  
But when the long-breathed singer's  
uptrilled strain  
Bursts in a squall—they gape for  
wonderment.

—  
NAMES.

I ASKED nry fair, one happy day,  
What I should call her in my lay;  
By what sweet name from Rome  
or Greece:  
Lalage, Næra, Chloris,  
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,  
Arethusa, or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,  
"Beloved, what are names but air?  
Choose thou whatever suits the line;  
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris.  
Call me Lalage or Doris,  
Only, only call me Thine."

—  
LINES TO A COMIC AUTHOR ON  
AN ABUSIVE REVIEW.

WHAT though the chilly wide-  
mouthed quacking chorus  
From the rank swamps of murk Re-  
view-land croak;  
So was it, neighbor, in the times be-  
fore us,  
When Momus, throwing on his attic  
cloak,

Romped with the Graces; and each  
tickled Muse  
(That Turk, Dan Phœbus, whom  
bards call divine,  
Was married to—at least, he kept—  
all nine)  
Fled, but still with reverted faces ran;  
Yet, somewhat the broad freedoms to  
excuse,  
They had allured the audacious Greek  
to use,  
Swore they mistook him for their own  
good man.  
This Momus—Aristophanes on earth  
Men called him—maugre all his wit  
and worth  
Was croaked and gabbled at. How,  
then, should you,  
Or I, friend, hope to 'scape the skulk-  
ing crew?  
No! laugh, and say aloud, in tones  
of glee,  
"I hate the quacking tribe, and they  
hate me!"

—  
FROM "AN ODE TO THE RAIN."

Composed before daylight, on the morning ap-  
pointed for the departure of a very worthy,  
but not very pleasant visitor, whom it was  
feared the rain might detain.

THOUGH you should come again to-  
morrow,  
And bring with you both pain and  
sorrow;  
Though stomach should sicken and  
knees should swell—  
I'll nothing speak of you but well.  
But only now for this one day,  
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! I ne'er refused to say  
You're a good creature in your way;  
Nay, I would write a book myself,  
Would fit a parson's lower shelf,  
Showing how very good you are.  
What then? sometimes it must be  
fair!  
And if sometimes, why not to-day?  
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and  
shy,  
Take no offence! I'll tell you why.  
A dear old friend e'en now is here,  
And with him came my sister dear;  
After long absence now first met,  
Long months by pain and grief be-  
set —  
With three dear friends! in truth we  
groan —  
Impatiently to be alone.  
We three, you mark! and not one  
more!  
The strong wish makes my spirit sore.

We have so much to talk about,  
So many sad things to let out;  
So many tears in our eye-corners,  
Sitting like little Jacky Horners —  
In short, as soon as it is day,  
Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

—  
*EPIGRAM ON "THE RIME OF  
THE ANCIENT MARINER"*

YOUR poem must eternal be,  
Dear sir; it cannot fail;  
For, 'tis incomprehensible,  
And without head or tail.

WILLIAM COWPER.

*JOHN GILPIN.*

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her  
dear —  
"Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton  
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,  
Myself and children three,  
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride  
On horseback after we."

He soon replied — "I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin — "That's well  
said;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife,  
O'erjoyed was he to find [bent,  
That, though on pleasure she was  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was  
brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was  
stayed,  
Where they did all get in;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went  
the wheels,  
Were never folks so glad,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he  
saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he know,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down  
stairs,  
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring  
it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and  
neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried;  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his  
hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children  
screamed,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, "Well  
done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?  
His fame soon spread around —  
"He carries weight! he rides a race!  
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to  
smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols did he play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here’s  
the house,” —  
They all aloud did cry;  
“The dinner waits, and we are  
tired:”  
Said Gilpin — “So am I.”

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there;  
For why? — His owner had a house  
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly — which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend’s the calender’s  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbor in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your  
tidings tell,  
Tell me you must and shall;  
Say why bare-headed you are come,  
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke: —

“I came because your horse would  
come,  
And, if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here —  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in,

Whence straight he came with hat  
and wig —  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit;  
“My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John — “It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.”

So, turning to his horse, he said,  
“I am in haste to dine;  
’Twas for your pleasure you came  
here,  
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless  
boast!  
For which he paid full dear;  
For while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:  
He lost them sooner than at first;  
For why? — They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,  
"This shall be yours when you bring  
back  
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain,  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein:

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went post-boy at his heels,  
The post-boy's horse right glad to  
miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly.  
With post-boy scampering in the  
rear,  
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highway-  
man!"  
Not one of them was mute;  
And all and each that passed that  
way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again  
Flew open in short space;  
The tollmen thinking as before  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did; and won it too;  
For he got first to town;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,  
And Gilpin, long live he;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see!

[From Conversation.]

THE TONGUE.

WORDS learned by rote, a parrot  
may rehearse,  
But talking is not always to converse;  
Not more distinct from harmony di-  
vine

The constant creaking of a country  
sign.

As alphabets in ivory employ  
Hour after hour the yet unlettered  
boy,

Sorting and puzzling with a deal of  
glee

Those seeds of science called his  
A B C;

So language in the mouth of the  
adult,  
(Witness its insignificant result,)

Too often proves an implement of  
play,

A toy to sport with, and pass time  
away.

Collect at evening what the day  
brought forth,

Compress the sum into its solid worth,  
And if it weigh the importance of a  
fly,

The scales are false, or algebra a lie.

[From Conversation.]

THE UNCERTAIN MAN.

DUBIUS is such a scrupulous good  
man —

Yes, you may catch him tripping —  
if you can.

He would not with a peremptory  
tone

Assert the nose upon his face his  
own:

With hesitation admirably slow,  
He humbly hopes — presumes — it  
may be so.



His evidence, if he were called by  
law  
To swear to some enormity he saw,  
For want of prominence and just relief,  
Would hang an honest man and save  
a thief.  
Through constant dread of giving  
truth offence,  
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;  
Knows what he knows as if he knew  
it not;  
What he remembers seems to have  
forgot;  
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,  
Centring at last in having none at  
all.

[From Conversation.]

THE EMPHATIC TALKER.

THE emphatic speaker dearly loves  
to oppose,  
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,  
As if the gnomon on his neighbor's  
phiz,  
Touched with the magnet, had attracted his.  
His whispered theme, dilated and at  
large,  
Proves after all a windgun's airy  
charge—  
An extract of his diary,—no more,—  
A tasteless journey of the day before.  
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the  
rain,  
Called on a friend, drank tea, stepped  
home again,  
Resumed his purpose, had a world of  
talk  
With one he stumbled on, and lost  
his walk.  
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,  
“Adieu, dear sir! lest you should  
lose it now.”

[From Conversation.]

DESCANTING ON ILLNESS.

SOME men employ their health, an  
ugly trick,  
In making known how oft they have  
been sick.

And give us in recitals of disease,  
A doctor's trouble, but without the  
fees;  
Relate how many weeks they kept  
their bed,  
How an emetic or cathartic sped:  
Nothing is slightly touched, much  
less forgot.  
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on  
the spot.  
Now the distemper, spite of draught  
or pill,  
Victorious seemed, and now the doc-  
tor's skill;  
And now — alas, for unforeseen mis-  
haps!  
They put on a damp nightcap and  
relapse:  
They thought they must have died,  
they were so bad;  
Their peevish hearers almost wish  
they had.

[From Conversation.]

A FAITHFUL PICTURE OF ORDINARY SOCIETY.

THE circle formed, we sit in silent  
state,  
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate;  
“Yes, ma'am,” and “No, ma'am,”  
uttered softly, show  
Every five minutes how the minutes  
go;  
Each individual, suffering a con-  
straint—  
Poetry may, but colors cannot,  
paint,—  
As if in close committee on the sky,  
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or  
dry,  
And finds a changing clime a happy  
source  
Of wise reflection and well-timed  
discourse.  
We next inquire, but softly and by  
stealth,  
Like conservators of the public  
health,  
Of epidemic throats, if such there are  
Of coughs and rheums, and phtisic  
and catarrh.

That theme exhausted, a wide chasm  
 ensues,  
 Filled up at last with interesting  
 news,  
 Who danced with whom, and who  
 are like to wed;  
 And who is hanged, and who is  
 brought to bed;  
 But fear to call a more important  
 cause,  
 As if 'twere treason against English  
 laws.  
 The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,  
 As from a seven years' transportation,  
 home,  
 And there resume an unembarrassed  
 brow,  
 Recovering what we lost we know  
 not how,  
 The faculties that seemed reduced to  
 nought,  
 Expression and the privilege of  
 thought.

(From Conversation.)

*THE CAPTIOUS.*

SOME fretful tempers wince at every  
 touch,  
 You always do too little or too much:  
 You speak with life in hopes to en-  
 tertain,  
 Your elevated voice goes through the  
 brain;  
 You fall at once into a lower key,  
 That's worse — the drone-pipe of an  
 humble-bee.  
 The southern sash admits too strong  
 a light,  
 You rise and drop the curtain — now  
 'tis night.  
 He shakes with cold, you stir the fire  
 and strive  
 To make a blaze — that's roasting  
 him alive.  
 Serve him with venison, and he  
 chooses fish;  
 With sole — that's just the sort he  
 would not wish.  
 He takes what he at first professed to  
 loathe,  
 And in due time feeds heartily on  
 both.

*PAIRING-TIME ANTICIPATED.*

A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rous-  
 seau  
 If birds confabulate or no;  
 'Tis clear that they were always able  
 To hold discourse, at least in fable;  
 And even the child who knows no  
 better  
 Than to interpret by the letter,  
 A story of a cock and bull  
 Must have a most uncommon skill.  
 It chanced then on a winter's day,  
 But warm and bright and calm as  
 May,  
 The birds, conceiving a design  
 To forestall sweet St. Valentine,  
 In many an orchard, copse, and grove  
 Assembled on affairs of love,  
 And with much twitter and much  
 chatter  
 Began to agitate the matter.  
 At length a Bulfinch, who could boast  
 More years and wisdom than the  
 most,  
 Entreated, opening wide his beak,  
 A moment's liberty to speak;  
 And, silence publicly enjoined,  
 Delivered briefly thus his mind:  
 "My friends! be cautious how you  
 treat  
 The subject upon which we meet;  
 I fear we shall have winter yet."  
 A Finch, whose tongue knew no  
 control,  
 With golden wing and satin poll,  
 A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried  
 What marriage means, thus pert re-  
 plied:  
 "Methinks the gentleman," quoth  
 she,  
 "Opposite in the apple-tree,  
 By his good-will would keep us single  
 Till yonder heaven and earth shall  
 mingle;  
 Or (which is likelier to befall)  
 Till death exterminates us all.  
 I marry without more ado;  
 My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?"  
 Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling,  
 bridling,  
 Turning short round, strutting, and  
 sidling,

Attested, glad, his approbation  
 Of an immediate conjugation.  
 Their sentiments so well expressed  
 Influenced mightily the rest;  
 All paired, and each pair built a nest.  
 But though the birds were thus in  
 haste,  
 The leaves came on not quite so fast,  
 And destiny, that sometimes bears  
 An aspect stern on man's affairs,  
 Not altogether smiled on theirs.  
 The wind, of late, breathed gently  
 forth,  
 Now shifted east, and east by north;  
 Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you  
 know, [snow]  
 Could shelter them from rain or

Stepping into their nests they pad-  
 dled,  
 Themselves were chilled, their eggs  
 were addled;  
 Soon every father bird and mother  
 Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each  
 other,  
 Parted without the least regret,  
 Except that they had ever met,  
 And learned in future to be wiser  
 Than to neglect a good adviser.

## MORAL.

Misses! the tale that I relate  
 This lesson seems to carry—  
 Choose not alone a proper mate,  
 But proper time to marry.

## GEORGE CRABBE.

[From *The Newspaper*.]

## THE RELIGIOUS JOURNAL.

THEN, lo! the sainted Monitor is  
 born,  
 Whose pious face some sacred texts  
 adorn.  
 As artful sinners cloak the secret sin,  
 To veil with seeming grace the guile  
 within;  
 So moral essays on his front appear,  
 But all his carnal business in the  
 rear;  
 The fresh-coined lie, the secret whis-  
 pered last,  
 And all the gleanings of the six days  
 past.

[From *The Newspaper*.]

## THE READERS OF DAILIES.

GRAVE politicians look for facts  
 alone,  
 And gravely add conjectures of their  
 own:  
 The sprightly nymph, who never  
 broke her rest,  
 For tottering crowns, or mighty lands  
 oppressed,

Finds broils and battles, but neglects  
 them all  
 For coats and suits, a birthday, or a  
 ball:  
 The keen warm man o'erlooks each  
 idle tale  
 For "Moneys Wanted," and "Es-  
 tates for Sale;"  
 While some with equal minds to all  
 attend,  
 Pleased with each part, and grieved  
 to find an end.

[From *The Newspaper*.]

## REPORTERS.

FIRST, from each brother's hoard a  
 part they draw,  
 A mutual theft that never feared a  
 law;  
 Whate'er they gain, to each man's  
 portion fall,  
 And read it once, you read it through  
 them all:  
 For this their runners ramble day and  
 night,  
 To drag each lurking deep to open  
 light;

For daily bread the dirty trade they  
 ply,  
 Coin their fresh tales, and live upon  
 the lie;  
 Like bees for honey, forth for news  
 they spring,—  
 Industrious creatures! ever on the  
 wing;  
 Home to their several cells they bear  
 the store,  
 Culled of all kinds, then roam abroad  
 for more.

[From *Physic.*]

QUACKS.

TINCTURE or syrup, lotion, drop, or  
 pill,  
 All tempt the sick to trust the lying  
 bill;  
 And twenty names of cobblers turned  
 to squires,  
 Aid the bold language of these blush-  
 less liars.  
 There are among them those who can-  
 not read,  
 And yet they'll buy a patent, and  
 succeed;  
 Will dare to promise dying sufferers  
 aid,  
 For who, when dead, can threaten or  
 upbraid?

And then, in many a paper through  
 the year,  
 Must cures and cases, oaths and  
 proofs appear;  
 Men snatched from graves, as they  
 were dropping in,  
 Their lungs coughed up, their bones  
 pierced through their skin;  
 Their liver all one scirrhus, and the  
 frame  
 Poisoned with evils which they dare  
 not name;  
 Men who spent all upon physicians'  
 fees,  
 Who never slept, nor had a moment's  
 ease,  
 Are now as roaches sound, and all as  
 brisk as bees.

[From *Law.*]

SLY LAWYERS.

Lo! that small office! there th' in-  
 cautious guest  
 Goes blindfold in, and that maintains  
 the rest;  
 There in his web, th' observant spider  
 lies, [flies;  
 And peers about for fat, intruding  
 Doubtful at first, he hears the distant  
 hum,  
 And feels them flutt'ring as they  
 nearer come;  
 They buzz and blink, and doubtfully  
 they tread  
 On the strong bird-lime of the utmost  
 thread;  
 But when they're once entangled by  
 the gin,  
 With what an eager clasp he draws  
 them in! [delay,  
 Nor shall they 'scape till after long  
 And all that sweetens life is drawn  
 away.

[From *The Patron.*]

ADVICE TO ONE OF SIMPLE LIFE  
 ENTERING SOCIETY.

IN silent ease, at least in silence,  
 dine,  
 Nor one opinion start of food or wine:  
 Thou know'st that all the science thou  
 canst boast,  
 Is of thy father's simple boiled and  
 roast,  
 Nor always these; he sometimes saved  
 his cash,  
 By interlinear days of frugal hash:  
 Wine hadst thou seldom; wilt thou  
 be so vain  
 As to decide on claret or champagne?  
 Dost thou from me derive this taste  
 sublime,  
 Who order port the dozen at a time?  
 When (every glass held precious in  
 our eyes)  
 We judged the value by the bottle's  
 size: [sume,  
 Then never merit for thy praise as-  
 Its worth well knows each servant in  
 the room.

[From *The Patron.*]

THE YOUNG POET'S VISIT TO  
THE HALL.

AND now arriving at the Hall, he  
tried  
For air composed, serene and satisfied;  
As he had practised in his room alone,  
And there acquired a free and easy  
tone;  
There he had said, "Whatever the  
degree  
A man obtains, what more than man  
is he?"  
And when arrived — "This room is  
but a room,  
Can aught we see the steady soul  
o'ercome?  
Let me in all a manly firmness  
show,  
Upheld by talents, and their value  
know."

This reason urged; but it surpassed  
his skill  
To be in act as manly as in will;  
When he his lordship and the lady  
saw,  
Brave as he was, he felt oppressed  
with awe;  
And, spite of verse, that so much  
praise had won,  
The poet found he was the bailiff's  
son.  
But dinner came, and the succeed-  
ing hours  
Fixed his weak nerves, and raised his  
failing powers:  
Praised and assured, he ventured once  
or twice  
On some remark, and bravely broke  
the ice;  
So that at night, reflecting on his  
words,  
He found, in time, he might con-  
verse with lords.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

SHELLING PEAS.

No, Tom, you may banter as much as you please;  
But it's all the result of the shellin' them peas.  
Why, I had n't the slightest idee, do you know,  
That so serious a matter would out of it grow.  
I tell you what, Tom, I do feel kind o' scared.  
I dreamed it, I hoped it, but never once dared  
To breathe it to her. And besides, I must say  
I always half fancied *she* fancied Jim Wray,  
So I felt kind o' stuffy and proud, and took care  
To be out of the way when that feller was there  
A danglin' around; for thinks I, if it's him  
That Katy likes best, what's the use lookin' grim  
At Katy or Jim, — for it's all up with me;  
And I'd better jest let 'em alone, do you see?  
But you would n't have thought it; that girl never keered  
The snap of a pea-pod for Jim's bushy beard.  
Well, here's how it was. I was takin' some berries  
Across near her garden to leave at Aunt Mary's;  
When, jest as I come to the old ellum-tree,  
All alone in the shade, that June mornin', was she —  
Shellin' peas — setting there on a garden settee.  
I swan, she was handsomer 'n ever I seen,  
Like a rose all alone in a moss-work o' green.

Well, there wasn't no use; so, says I, I'll jest linger  
And gaze at her here, hid behind a syringa.  
But she heard me a movin', and looked a bit frightened,  
So I come and stood near her. I fancied she brightened,  
And seemed sort o' pleased. So I hoped she was well;  
And — would she allow me to help her to shell?  
For she sot with a monstrous big dish full of peas  
Jest fresh from the vines, which she held on her knees.  
“May I help you, Miss Katy?” says I. “As you please,  
Mr. Baxter,” says she. “But you're busy, I guess” —  
Glancin' down at my berries, and then at her dress.  
“Not the least. There's no hurry. It ain't very late;  
And I'd rather be here, and Aunt Mary can wait.”  
So I sot down beside her; an' as nobody seen us,  
I jest took the dish, and I held it between us.  
And I thought to myself I must make an endeavor  
To know which she likes, Jim or me, now or never!  
But I couldn't say nothin': We sot there and held  
That green pile between us. She shelled, and I shelled;  
And *pop* went the pods; and I couldn't help thinkin'  
Of popping the question. A kind of a sinkin'  
Come over my spirits; till at last I got out,  
“Mister Wray's an admirer of yours, I've no doubt  
You see him quite often.” “Well, sometimes. But why  
And what if I did?” “O, well, nothin',” says I.  
“Some folks says you're goin' to marry him, though.”  
“Who says so?” says she; and she flared up like tow  
When you throw in a match. “Well, some folks that I know.”  
“T ain't true, sir,” says she. And she snapped a big pod,  
Till the peas, right and left, flew all over the sod.  
Then I looked in her eyes, but she only looked down  
With a blush she tried to chase off with a frown.  
“Then it's somebody else you like better,” says I.  
“No, it ain't though,” says she; and I thought she would cry.  
Then I tried to say somethin'; it stuck in my throat,  
And all my ideas were upset and afloat.  
But I said I knew somebody 'd loved her so long —  
Though he never had told her — with feelin's so strong  
He was ready to die at her feet, if she chosed,  
If she only could love him! — I hardly supposed  
That she cared for him much, though. And so Tom, — and so, —  
For I thought that I saw how the matter would go, —  
With my heart all a jumpin' with rapture, I found  
I had taken her hand, and my arm was around  
Her waist ere I knew it, and she with her head  
On my shoulder, — but no, I won't tell what she said.  
The birds sang above us; our secret was theirs;  
The leaves whispered soft in the wandering airs.  
I tell you the world was a new world to me.  
I can talk of these things like a book now, you see.  
But the peas? Ah, the peas *in* the pods were a mess  
Rather bigger than those that we shelled, you may guess.  
It's risky to set with a girl shellin' peas.  
You may tease me now, Tom, just as much as you please.

## THE DISPUTE OF THE SEVEN DAYS.

ONCE on a time the days of the week  
Quarrelled and made bad weather.  
The point was which of the seven  
was best;

So they all disputed together.

And Monday said, "I wash the  
clothes";

And Tuesday said, "I air 'em";

And Wednesday said, "I iron the  
shirts";

And Thursday said, "I wear 'em."

And Friday, "I'm the day for fish";

And Saturday, "Children love  
me";

And Sunday, "I am the Sabbath  
day,

I'm sure there are none above me."

One said, "I am the fittest for  
work";

And one, "I am fittest for leisure."

Another, "I'm best for prayer and  
praise";

And another, "I'm best for pleas-  
ure."

Arguing thus, they flapped their  
wings,

And puffed up every feather;

They blew and rained and snowed  
and hailed:

There never was seen such weather.

Old Father Time was passing by,

And heard the hurly-burly.

Said he, "Here's something going  
wrong;

It's well I was up so early.

"These children of mine have lost  
their wits

And seem to be all *non compos*.

I never knew them to gabble thus.

Hollo there!—stop the rumpus!

"I should think you a flock of angry  
geese,

To hear your screaming and bawling.

Indeed, it would seem by the way it  
snows,

Goose-feathers *are* certainly falling.

"You, Sunday, sir, with your starched  
cravat,

Black coat, and church-veneering:  
Tell me the cause of this angry spat;  
Speak loud,—I am hard of hearing.

"You are the foremost talker here;  
The wisest sure you should be.

I little thought such a deuce of a row  
As you are all making, *could* be."

Then Sunday said, "Good Father  
Time,

The case is clear as noonday;  
For ever since the world was made,  
The Lord's day has been Sunday.

"The church—" Here Monday  
started up:

"The folks are glad when you  
leave 'em;

They all want *me* to give 'em work,  
And the pleasures of which you  
bereave 'em."

But Tuesday said, "I finish your  
chores,

And do them as fine as a fiddle."

And Wednesday, "I am the best of  
you all

Because I stand in the middle."

And Thursday, Friday, Saturday,  
each

Said things that I can't remember.  
And so they might have argued their  
case

From March until December.

But Father Tempus cut them short:

"My children, why this pother?

There is no best, there is no worst;  
One day's just like another.

"To God's great eye all shine alike  
As in their primal beauty.

That day is best whose deeds are best,  
That worst that fails in duty.

"Where Justice lights the passing  
hours,

Where Love is wise and tender,  
There beams the radiance of the skies,  
There shines a day of splendor."

## AUSTIN DOBSON.

## MORE POETS YET!

“MORE poets yet!” — I hear him say,  
 Aiming his heavy hand to slay; —  
 “Despite my skill and ‘swashing blow,’  
 They seem to sprout where’er I go; —  
 I killed a host but yesterday!”

Slash on, O Hercules! You may;  
 Your task’s at best a Hydra-fray;  
 And though you cut, not less will grow  
 More poets yet!

Too arrogant! For who shall stay  
 The first blind motions of the May?  
 Who shall outblot the morning glow,  
 Or stem the full heart’s overflow?  
 Who? There will rise, till time decay,  
 More poets yet!

## JOHN DRYDEN.

[From “*Absalom and Achitophel*.”]

## A CHARACTER.

A MAN so various that he seemed to  
 be  
 Not one, but all mankind’s epitome:  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the  
 wrong;  
 Was everything by starts, and nothing  
 long;  
 But, in the course of one revolving  
 moon,  
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and  
 buffoon:  
 Then all for women, painting, rhym-  
 ing, drinking,  
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died  
 in thinking.  
 Blest madman, who could every hour  
 employ,  
 With something new to wish, or to  
 enjoy!  
 Railing and praising were his usual  
 themes;

And both, to show his judgment in  
 extremes:  
 So over-violent, or over-civil,  
 That every man with him was God or  
 Devil.  
 In squandering wealth was his pecu-  
 liar art;  
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.  
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found  
 too late;  
 He had his jest, and they had his  
 estate.

FROM “*THE COCK AND THE FOX*.”

A FOX, full-fraught with seeming  
 sanctity,  
 That feared an oath, but, like the  
 devil, would lie;  
 Who looked like Lent, and had the  
 holy leer,  
 And durst not sin before he said his  
 prayer;



This pious cheat, that never sucked  
 the blood,  
 Nor chewed the flesh of lambs, —  
 but when he could;  
 Had passed three summers in the  
 neighboring wood:  
 And musing long, whom next to cir-  
 cumvent,  
 On Chanticleer his wicked fancy  
 bent;  
 And in his high imagination cast,  
 By stratagem to gratify his taste.  
 The plot contrived, before the break  
 of day,  
 Saint Reynard through the hedge had  
 made his way;  
 The pale was next, but proudly with  
 a bound  
 He leapt the fence of the forbidden  
 ground:  
 Yet fearing to be seen, within a bed  
 Of coleworts he concealed his wily  
 head;  
 Then skulked till afternoon, and  
 watched his time,  
 (As murderers use) to perpetrate his  
 crime.

The cock, that of his flesh was ever  
 free,  
 Sung merrier than the mermaid in the  
 sea:  
 And so befell, that as he cast his eye  
 Among the coleworts on a butterfly,  
 He saw false Reynard where he lay  
 full low:  
 I need not swear he had no list to  
 crow:  
 But cried, cock, cock, and gave a sud-  
 den start,  
 As sore dismayed and frightened at his  
 heart.  
 For birds and beasts, informed by  
 Nature, know  
 Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their  
 foe.  
 So Chanticleer, who never saw a  
 fox,  
 Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the  
 rocks.  
 But the false loon, who could not  
 work his will  
 By open force, employed his flattering  
 skill;

I hope, my lord, said he, I not offend;  
 Are you afraid of me, that am your  
 friend?  
 I were a beast indeed to do you  
 wrong,  
 I, who have loved and honored you so  
 long:  
 Stay, gentle sir, nor take a false  
 alarm,  
 For on my soul I never meant you  
 harm.  
 I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,  
 To learn the secrets of your soft re-  
 cess:  
 Far be from Reynard so profane a  
 thought,  
 But by the sweetness of your voice  
 was brought:  
 For, as I bid my beads, by chance I  
 heard  
 The song as of an angel in the yard;  
 My lord, your sire familiarly I  
 knew,  
 A peer deserving such a son as you:  
 He, with your lady-mother, (whom  
 Heaven rest)  
 Has often graced my house, and been  
 my guest:  
 To view his living features does me  
 good,  
 For I am your poor neighbor in the  
 wood;  
 And in my cottage should be proud  
 to see  
 The worthy heir of my friend's  
 family.  
 But since I speak of singing, let  
 me say,  
 As with an upright heart I safely  
 may,  
 That, save yourself, there breathes  
 not on the ground  
 One like your father for a silver-  
 sound. [day,  
 So sweetly would he wake the winter-  
 That matrons to the church mistook  
 their way,  
 And thought they heard the merry  
 organ play.  
 And he to raise his voice with artful  
 care,  
 (What will not beaux attempt to  
 please the fair?)

On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,  
 And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length:  
 And while he strained his voice to pierce the skies,  
 As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,  
 That the sound striving through the narrow throat,  
 His winking might avail to mend the note.

The cock was pleased to hear him speak so fair,  
 And proud beside, as solar people are;  
 Nor could the treason from the truth descry,  
 So was he ravish'd with this flattery:  
 So much the more, as from a little elf,  
 He had a high opinion of himself;  
 Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,  
 Concluding all the world was made for him.

This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,  
 Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;  
 Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes,  
 Ambitious as he sought the Olympic prize.  
 But while he pained himself to raise his note,  
 False Reynard rushed, and caught him by the throat.  
 Then on his back he laid the precious load,  
 And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;  
 Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,  
 Of all unheeded, and pursued by none.

But see how Fortune can confound the wise,  
 And when they least expect it, turn the dice.

The captive cock, who scarce could draw his breath,  
 And lay within the very jaws of death;  
 Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,  
 And fear supplied him with this happy thought:  
 Yours is the prize, victorious prince, said he,  
 The vicar my defeat, and all the village see,  
 Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,  
 And bid the churls that envy you the prey,  
 Call back their mongrel curs, and cease their cry.  
 See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,  
 And Chanticleer in your despite shall die,  
 He shall be plucked and eaten to the bone.  
 'Tis well advised, in faith it shall be done;  
 This Reynard said: but as the word he spoke,  
 The prisoner with a spring from prison broke:  
 Then stretch'd his feathered fans with all his might,  
 And to the neighboring maple winged his flight.  
 Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,  
 He cursed the gods, with shame and sorrow filled;  
 Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,  
 For plotting an unprofitable crime;  
 Yet mastering both, the artificer of lies  
 Renews the assault, and his last battery tries.  
 Though I, said he, did ne'er in thought offend,  
 How justly may my lord suspect his friend?  
 The appearance is against me, I confess,  
 Who seemingly have put you in distress:

This, since you take it ill, I must re-  
pent,

Though Heaven can witness, with no  
bad intent [cheer  
I practised it, to make you taste your  
With double pleasure, first prepared  
by fear.

Descend! so help me Jove! as you  
shall find

That Reynard comes of no dissem-  
bling kind.

Nay, quoth the cock; but I beshrew  
us both,

If I believe a saint upon his oath:

An honest man may take a knave's  
advice,

But idiots only may be cozened twice:  
Once warned is well bewared. Not  
flattering lies

Shall soothe me more to sing with  
winking eyes,  
And open mouth, for fear of catch-  
ing flies.

Who blindfold walks upon a river's  
brim,

When he should see, has he deserved  
to swim?

Better, Sir Cock, let all contentions  
cease,

Come down, said Reynard, let us treat  
of peace.

A peace with all my soul, said Chan-  
ticleer;

But, with your favor, I will treat it  
here:

And lest the truce with treason should  
be mix'd,

'Tis my concern to have the tree be-  
twixt.

## JOHN GAY.

### THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a  
name,

Unless to one you stint the flame.

The child, whom many fathers share,  
Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis thus in friendships; who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare, who, in a civil way,  
Complied with everything, like Gay,  
Was known by all the bestial train  
Who haunt the wood, or graze the  
plain;

Her care was never to offend;  
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,  
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,  
And from the deep-mouthed thunder  
flies.

She starts, she stops, she pants for  
breath,

She hears the near advance of death;  
She doubles, to mislead the hound,  
And measures back her mazy round;  
Till, fainting in the public way,  
Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew  
When first the horse appeared in view!

"Let me," says she, "your back  
ascend,

And owe my safety to a friend.

You know my feet betray my flight:  
To friendship every burden's light."

The horse replied, "Poor honest  
puss,

It grieves my heart to see thee thus:  
Be comforted, relief is near,

For all your friends are in the rear."  
She next the stately bull implored;

And thus replied the mighty lord:  
"Since every beast alive can tell

That I sincerely wish you well,  
I may, without offence, pretend

To take the freedom of a friend.  
To leave you thus might seem un-

kind;

But, see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remarked, "Her pulse  
was high,

Her languid head, her heavy eye:

My back," says he, "may do you  
harm;

The sheep's at hand, and wool is  
warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complained,

"His sides a load of wool sustained;  
Said he was slow, confessed his fears;  
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."

She now the trotting calf addressed;  
To save from death a friend distressed.

"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,  
In this important care engage?"

Older and abler passed you by;  
How strong are those! how weak am I!

Should I presume to bear you hence,  
Those friends of mine may take offence.

Excuse me, then; you know my heart;  
But dearest friends, alas! must part.  
How shall we all lament! Adieu;  
For see, the hounds are just in view."

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND  
THE FAIRY.

"GIVE me a son." The blessing sent,

Were ever parents more content?  
How partial are their doting eyes!  
No child is half so fair and wise.

Waked to the morning's pleasing care,

The mother rose and sought her heir.  
She saw the nurse like one possest,  
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.

"Sure, some disaster has befall;  
Speak, nurse, I hope the boy is well."

"Dear madam, think not me to blame;

Invisible the fairy came:  
Your precious babe is hence conveyed,

And in the place a changeling laid.  
Where are the father's mouth and nose?

The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?  
See, here, a shocking awkward creature,

That speaks a fool in every feature."  
"The woman's blind," the mother cries,

"I see wit sparkle in his eyes."

"Lord, madam, what a squinting leer!

No doubt the fairy hath been here."  
Just as she spoke, a prying sprite  
Pops through the keyhole swift as light;

Perched on the cradle's top he stands,  
And thus her folly reprimands:

"Whence sprung the vain, conceited lie,

That we with fools the world supply?  
What! give our sprightly race away

For the dull, helpless sons of clay!  
Besides, by partial fondness shown,

Like you, we dote upon our own.  
When yet was ever found a mother

Who'd give her booby for another?  
And should we change with human

breed,  
Well might we pass for fools indeed."

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE (MILES O'REILLY).

QUAKERDOM,—A FORMAL CALL.

THROUGH her forced, abnormal  
quiet

Flashed the soul of frolic riot,  
And a most malicious laughter lighted  
up her downcast eyes;

All in vain I tried each topic,  
Ranged from polar climes to tropic,  
Every commonplace I started met  
with yes-or-no replies.

For her mother—stiff and stately,  
As if starched and ironed lately—

Sat erect, with rigid elbows bedded  
thus in curving palms;

There she sat on guard before  
us,

And in words precise, decorous,  
And most calm, reviewed the weather,  
and recited several psalms.

How without abruptly ending  
This my visit, and offending  
Wealthy neighbors, was the problem  
which employed my mental  
care;

When the butler, bowing lowly,  
Uttered clearly, stiffly, slowly,  
"Madam, please, the gardener wants  
you," — Heaven, I thought,  
has heard my prayer.

"Pardon me!" she grandly uttered;  
Bowing low, I gladly muttered,  
"Surely, Madam!" and, relieved I  
turned to scan the daughter's  
face:

Ha! what pent-up mirth outflashes  
From beneath those pencilled  
lashes!  
How the drill of Quaker custom yields  
to Nature's brilliant grace.

Brightly springs the prisoned foun-  
tain [tain  
From the side of Delphi's moun-

When the stone that weighed upon its  
buoyant life is thrust aside;  
So the long-enforced stagnation  
Of the maiden's conversation  
Now imparted fivefold brilliance to  
its ever-varying tide.

Widely ranging, quickly changing,  
Witty, winning, from beginning  
Unto end I listened, merely flinging  
in a casual word;  
Eloquent, and yet how simple!  
Hand and eye, and eddying dimple,  
Tongue and lip together made a  
music seen as well as heard.

When the noonday woods are ring-  
ing,  
All the birds of summer singing,  
Suddenly there falls a silence, and we  
know a serpent nigh:  
So upon the door a rattle  
Stopped our animated tattle,  
And the stately mother found us prim  
enough to suit her eye.

## BRET HARTE.

### DOW'S FLAT.

Dow's Flat. That's its name.  
And I reckon that you  
Are a stranger? The same?  
Well, I thought it was true,  
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow, —  
Which the same was an ass;  
And as to the how  
Thet the thing kem to pass, —  
Just tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here in the grass.

You see this yer Dow  
Hed the worst kind of luck;  
He slipped up somehow  
On each thing thet he struck.  
Why, ef he'd a' straddled that fence-rail the derved thing 'ed get up and  
buck.

He mined on the bar  
 Till he couldn't pay rates;  
 He was smashed by a car  
 When he tunnelled with Bates;  
 And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five kids from the States.

It was rough, — mighty rough;  
 But the boys they stood by,  
 And they brought him the stuff  
 For a house, on the sly;  
 And the old woman, — well, she did washing, and took on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's  
 Was so powerful mean  
 That the spring near his house  
 Dried' right up on the green;  
 And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,  
 And the boys wouldn't stay;  
 And the chills got about,  
 And his wife fell away;  
 But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual ridikilous way.

One day, — it was June, —  
 And a year ago, jest, —  
 This Dow kem at noon  
 To his work like the rest,  
 With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,  
 And he stands on the brink,  
 And stops for a spell  
 Jest to listen and think:  
 For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals  
 In the gulch were at play,  
 And a gownd that was Sal's  
 Kinder flapped on a bay:  
 Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all, — as I've heer'd the folks say.

And — that's a peart hoss  
 Thet you've got — ain't it now?  
 What might be her cost?  
 Eh? Oh! — Well then, Dow —  
 Let's see, — well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick  
 Sorter caved in the side,  
 And he looked and turned sick,  
 Then he trembled and cried;  
 For you see the dern cuss had struck — "Water?" — Beg your parding, young man, there you lied!

It was *gold*, — in the quartz,  
 And it ran all alike;  
 And I reckon five oughts  
 Was the worth of that strike;

And that house with the coopilow 's his'n, — which the same isn't bad for  
 a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;  
 And the thing of it is  
 That he kinder got that  
 Through sheer contrairiness:

For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck made him certain  
 to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way  
 To the left of yon tree;  
 But — a — look li'yur, say,  
 Won't you come up to tea?

No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask after Dow, — and  
 thet's *me*.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTH-  
 FUL JAMES.

POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE "HEATHEN  
 CHINEE."

WHICH I wish to remark —  
 And my language is plain —  
 That for ways that are dark  
 And for tricks that are vain,  
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar:  
 Which the same I would rise to  
 explain.

Ah Sin was his name;  
 And I shall not deny  
 In regard to the same  
 What that name might imply;  
 But his smile it was pensive and  
 childlike,  
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,  
 And quite soft was the skies,  
 Which it might be inferred  
 That Ah Sin was likewise;  
 Yet he played it that day upon Wil-  
 liam  
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
 And Ah Sin took a hand:  
 It was euhre. The same  
 He did not understand,

But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
 With the smile that was childlike  
 and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
 In a way that I grieve,  
 And my feelings were shocked  
 At the state of Nye's sleeve,  
 Which was stuffed full of aces and  
 bowers,  
 And the same with intent to de-  
 ceive.

But the hands that were played  
 By that heathen Chinee,  
 And the points that he made,  
 Were quite frightful to see, —  
 Till at last he put down a right  
 bower,  
 Which the same Nye had dealt  
 unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
 And he gazed upon me;  
 And he rose with a sigh,  
 And said, "Can this be?  
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap  
 labor," —  
 And he went for that heathen  
 Chinee.

In the scene that ensued  
 I did not take a hand.

But the floor it was strewed,  
 Like the leaves on the strand,  
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been  
 hiding  
 In the game "he did not under-  
 stand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
 He had twenty-four jacks, —  
 Which was coming it strong,  
 Yet I state but the facts.

And we found on his nails which  
 were taper, — [wax.  
 What is frequent in tapers, — that's

Which is why I remark,  
 And my language is plain,  
 That for ways that are dark,  
 And for tricks that are vain,  
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar, —  
 Which the same I am free to main-  
 tain.

## JOHN HAY.

### LITTLE BREECHES.

I DON'T go much on religion,  
 I never ain't had no show;  
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,  
 On the handful of things I know.  
 I don't pan out on the prophets  
 And free-will, and that sort of  
 thing, —  
 But I b'lieve in God and the angels,  
 Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,  
 And my little Gabe came along, —  
 No four-year-old in the county  
 Could beat him for pretty and  
 strong,

Peart and chipper and sassy,  
 Always ready to swear and fight, —  
 And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker  
 Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket  
 As I passed by Taggart's store;  
 I went in for a jug of molasses  
 And left the team at the door.  
 They scared at something and start-  
 ed, —  
 I heard one little squall,  
 And hell-to-split over the prairie,  
 Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!  
 I was almost froze with skeer;  
 But we roused up some torches,  
 And sarched for 'em far and near.

At last we struck hosses and wagon,  
 Snowed under a soft white mound,  
 Upsot, dead beat, — but of little Gabe  
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,  
 Of my fellow-critter's aid, —  
 I jest flopped down on my marrow-  
 bones,  
 Crotch-deep in the snow, and  
 prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,  
 And me and Isrul Parr  
 Went off for some wood to a sheep-  
 fold  
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed  
 Where they shut up the lambs at  
 night.

We locked in and seen them hud-  
 dled thar,  
 So warm and sleepy and white;  
 And thar sot Little Breeches and  
 chirped,  
 As peart as ever you see,  
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,  
 And that's what's the matter of  
 me."

How did he git thar? Angels.  
 He could never have walked in  
 that storm;  
 They jest scooped down and toted  
 him  
 To whar it was 'safe and warm.



And I think that saving a little child,  
 And bringing him to his own,  
 Is a derved sight better business  
 Than loafing round the Throne.

—

JIM BLUDSO, OF THE PRAIRIE  
 BELLE.

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he  
 lives.

Because he don't live, you see;  
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit  
 Of livin' like you and me,  
 Whar have you been for the last  
 three year

That you have'nt heard folks tell  
 How Jimmy Bludso passed in his  
 checks  
 The night of the Prairie Belle ?

He weren't no saint, — them engi-  
 neers

Is all pretty much alike, —  
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill  
 And another one here, in Pike;  
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,  
 And an awkward hand in a row,  
 But he never flunked, and he never  
 lied, —

I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he  
 had, —

To treat his engine well;  
 Never be passed on the river  
 To mind the pilot's bell;  
 And if ever the Prairie Belle took  
 fire, —

A thousand times he swore,  
 He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank  
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mis-  
 sissip,  
 And her day come at last. —

The Movastar was a better boat,  
 But the Belle she *wouldn't* be  
 passed.

And so she came tearin' along that  
 night —

The oldest craft on the line —  
 With a nigger squat on her safety-  
 valve,  
 And her furnace crammed, rosin  
 and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the  
 bar,  
 And burnt a hole in the night,  
 And quick as a flash she turned, and  
 made

For that willer-bank on the right.  
 There was runnin' and cursin', but  
 Jim yelled out,  
 Over all the infernal roar,  
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank  
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the  
 burnin' boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,  
 And they all had trust in his cussed-  
 ness,  
 And knowed he would keep his  
 word.

And sure's you're born, they all got  
 off

Afore the smokestacks fell, —  
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone  
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint, — but at jedg-  
 ment

I'd run my chance with Jim,  
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen  
 That wouldn't shook hands with  
 him.

He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, —  
 And went for it thar and then;  
 And Christ ain't a going to be too  
 hard

On a man that died for men.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A FAMILIAR LETTER TO SEVERAL  
CORRESPONDENTS.

YES, write, if you want to, there's  
nothing like trying;

Who knows what a treasure your  
casket may hold?

I'll show you that rhyming's as easy  
as lying

If you'll listen to me while the art  
I unfold.

Here's a book full of words: one can  
choose as he fancies,

As a painter his tint, as a workman  
his tool;

Just think! all the poems and plays  
and romances

Were drawn out of this, like the  
fish from a pool!

You can wander at will through its  
syllabled mazes,

And take all you want, — not a  
copper they cost, —

What is there to hinder your picking  
out phrases

For an epic as clever as "Paradise  
Lost"?

Don't mind if the index of sense is at  
zero,

Use words that run smoothly,  
whatever they mean;

Leander and Lilian and Lillibullero  
Are much the same thing in the

rhyming machine.

There are words so delicious their  
sweetness will smother

That boarding-school flavor of which  
we're afraid, —

There is "lush" is a good one, and  
"swirl" is another, —

Put both in one stanza, its fortune  
is made.

With musical murmurs and rhythmical  
closes

You can cheat us of smiles when  
you've nothing to tell;

You hand us a nosegay of milliner's  
roses,

And we cry with delight, "O, how  
sweet they *do* smell!"

Perhaps you will answer all needful  
conditions

For winning the laurels to which  
you aspire,

By docking the tails of the two prepo-  
sitions

I' the style o' the bards you so  
greatly admire.

As for subjects of verse, they are  
only too plenty

For ringing the changes on metri-  
cal chimes:

A maiden, a moonbeam, a lover of  
twenty,

Have filled that great basket with  
bushels of rhymes.

Let me show you a picture — 'tis far  
from irrelevant —

By a famous old hand in the arts  
of design;

'Tis only a photographed sketch of  
an elephant, —

The name of the draughtsman was  
Rembrandt of Rhine.

How easy! no troublesome colors to  
lay on,

It can't have fatigued him, — no,  
not in the least, —

A dash here and there with a hap-  
hazard crayon,

And there stands the wrinkled-  
skinned, baggy-limbed beast.

Just so with your verse, — 'tis as easy  
as sketching, —

You can reel off a song without  
knitting your brow,

As lightly as Rembrandt a drawing  
or etching;

It is nothing at all, if you only  
know how.

Well; imagine you've printed your  
volume of verses;

Your forehead is wreathed with  
the garland of fame,  
Your poem the eloquent school-boy  
rehearses.

Her album the school-girl presents  
for your name;

Each morning the post brings you  
autograph letters;

You'll answer them promptly, —  
an hour isn't much

For the honor of sharing a page with  
your betters,

With magistrates, members of Con-  
gress, and such.

Of course you're delighted to serve  
the committees

That come with requests from the  
country all round;

You would grace the occasion with  
poems and ditties

When they've got a new school-  
house, or poorhouse or pound.

With a hymn for the saints and a  
song for the sinners,

You go and are welcome wherever  
you please;

You're a privileged guest at all man-  
ner of dinners,

You've a seat on the platform  
among the grandees.

At length your mere presence be-  
comes a sensation,

Your cup of enjoyment is filled to  
its brim

With the pleasure Horatian of digit-  
monstration,

As the whisper runs round of  
"That's he!" or "That's him!"

But remember, O dealer in phrases  
sonorous,

So daintily chosen, so tunefully  
matched,

Though you soar with the wings of  
the cherubim o'er us,

The *ovum* was human from which  
you were hatched.

No will of your own with its puny  
compulsion

Can summon the spirit that quick-  
ens the lyre;

It comes, if at all, like the sibyl's  
convulsion

And touches the brain with a finger  
of fire.

So perhaps, after all, it's as well to  
be quiet,

If you've nothing you think is  
worth saying in prose,

As to furnish a meal of their cannibal  
diet

To the critics, by publishing, as  
you propose.

But it's all of no use, and I'm sorry  
I've written, —

I shall see your thin volume some  
day on my shelf;

For the rhyming tarantula surely has  
bitten,

And music must cure you, so pipe  
it yourself.

#### THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I'M not a chicken: I have seen

Full many a chill September,

And though I was a youngster then,

That gale I well remember;

The day before my kite-string  
snapped,

And I, my kite pursuing,

The wind whisked off my palm-leaf  
hat, —

For me two storms were brewing!

It came as quarrels sometimes do,

When married folks get clashing;

There was a heavy sigh or two,

Before the fire was flashing, —

A little stir among the clouds,

Before they rent asunder, —

A little rocking of the trees,

And then came on the thunder.

Lord! how the ponds and rivers  
boiled!

They seemed like bursting craters!

And oaks lay scattered on the ground

As if they were p'taters;

And all above was in a howl,  
 And all below a clatter,—  
 The earth was like a frying-pan,  
 Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,  
 And all our things were drying;  
 The storm came roaring through the  
 lines,  
 And set them all a flying;  
 I saw the shirts and petticoats  
 Go riding off like witches:  
 I lost, ah! bitterly I wept,—  
 I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,  
 Alas! too late to win them;  
 I saw them chase the clouds, as if  
 The devil had been in them;  
 They were my darlings and my pride,  
 My boyhood's only riches,—  
 "Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried:  
 "My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,  
 How changed from what I knew  
 them!

The dews had steeped their faded  
 threads,

The winds had whistled through  
 them!

I saw the wide and ghastly rents  
 Where demon claws had torn  
 them;

A hole was in their amplest part,  
 As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,  
 And tailors kind and clever,  
 But those young pantaloons have  
 gone

Forever and forever!

And not till fate has cut the last

Of all my earthly stitches,  
 This aching heart shall cease to  
 mourn

My loved, my long-lost breeches!

## THOMAS HOOD.

### TO MY INFANT SON.

Thou happy, happy elf!  
 (But stop; first let me kiss away that  
 tear,)

Thou tiny image of myself!  
 (My love, he's poking peas into his  
 ear,)

Thou merry, laughing sprite,  
 With spirits, feather light,  
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled  
 by sin.

(My dear, the child is swallowing a  
 pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!  
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
 Light as the singing bird that wings  
 the air,—

(The door! the door! he'll tumble  
 down the stair!)

Thou darling of thy sire!  
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore  
 afire!)

Thou imp of mirth and joy!

In love's dear chain so bright a link,  
 Thou idol of thy parents;— (Drat  
 the boy!

There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth;  
 Fit playfellow for fairies, by moon-  
 light pale,

In harmless sport and mirth,  
 (That dog will bite him, if he pulls  
 his tail!)

Thou human humming-bee, ex-  
 tracting honey  
 From every blossom in the world that  
 blows,

Singing in youth's Elysium ever  
 sunny,—

(Another tumble! That's his precious  
 nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!  
 (He'll break the mirror with that  
 skipping-rope!)

With pure heart newly stamped from  
 Nature's mint,

(Where did he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!  
(He'll have that ring off with another  
shove.)

Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!  
(Are these torn clothes his best?)

Little epitome of man!  
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his  
plan.)

Touched with the beauteous tints of  
dawning life,

(He's got a knife!)  
Thou enviable being!

No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky  
foreseeing.

Play on, play on,  
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball, bestride the  
stick, —

(I knew so many cakes would make  
him sick!)

With fancies buoyant as the thistle-  
down,

Prompting the feat grotesque, and  
antic brisk,

With many a lamb-like frisk!  
(He's got the scissors, snipping at  
your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!

(Go to your mother, child, and wipe  
your nose!)

Balmy and breathing music like the  
south,

(He really brings my heart into my  
mouth!) [dove;

Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the  
(I'll tell you what, my love,

I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

—  
*JOHN DAY.*

JOHN DAY he was the biggest man  
Of all the coachman kind,  
With back too broad to be conceived  
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight  
When he was in the rear.  
And wished his box a Christmas-box  
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love  
What armor can avail?  
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through  
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved,  
From whom he never ranged;  
For though he changed his horses  
there,  
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,  
So fondly love prefers;  
And often, among twelve outsides,  
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day, as she was sitting down  
Beside the porter-pump,  
He came, and knelt with all his fat,  
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never learn  
To like so huge a man,  
So I must beg you will come here  
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,  
With vows, and sighs, and tears,  
It could not pierce her heart, al-  
though  
He drove the "Dart" for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;  
The maid was cold and proud,  
And sent him off to Coventry,  
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,  
And thence all back to town;  
The course of love was never smooth,  
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine  
To merely bones and skin,  
But still he loved like one resolved  
To love through thick and thin.

"O Mary! view my wasted back,  
And see my dwindled calf;  
Though I have never had a wife,  
I've lost my better half."

Alas! in vain he still assailed,  
Her heart withstood the dint;  
Though he had carried sixteen stone,  
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow  
To break his being's link;  
For he was so reduced in size  
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,  
And waste a deal of breath,  
But John, though he drank nothing  
else,  
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,  
Found out the fatal close,  
For looking in the butt, she saw  
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,  
But that is only talk —  
For after riding all his life,  
His ghost objects to walk.

NUMBER ONE.

It's very hard! — and so it is,  
To live in such a row, —  
And witness this, that every Miss  
But me has got a beau.  
For Love goes calling up and down,  
But here he seems to shun;  
I am sure he has been asked enough  
To call at Number One!

I'm sick of all the double knocks  
That come to Number Four!  
At Number Three I often see  
A lover at the door;  
And one in blue, at Number Two,  
Calls daily, like a dun, —  
It's very hard they come so near,  
And not to Number One!

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear  
Exactly to her mind, —  
By sitting at the window-pane  
Without a bit of blind;  
But I go in the balcony,  
Which she has never done;  
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five  
Don't take at Number One.

'Tis hard, with plenty in the street,  
And plenty passing by, —  
There's nice young men at Number  
Ten,  
But only rather shy;  
And Mrs. Smith across the way  
Has got a grown-up son,  
But, la! he hardly seems to know  
There is a Number One!

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,  
But he's intent on pelf;  
And though he's pious, will not love  
His neighbor as himself.  
At Number Seven there was a sale —  
The goods had quite a run!  
And here I've got my single lot  
On hand at Number One!

My mother often sits at work,  
And talks of props and stays,  
And what a comfort I shall be  
In her declining days:  
The very maids about the house  
Have set me down a nun,  
The sweethearts all belong to them  
That call at Number One!

Once only, when the flue took fire,  
One Friday afternoon,  
Young Mr. Long came kindly in  
And told me not to swoon:  
Why can't he come again, without  
The Phoenix and the Sun?  
We cannot always have a flue  
On fire at Number One!

I am not old; I am not plain;  
Nor awkward in my gait —  
I am not crooked like the bride  
That went from Number Eight:  
I'm sure white satin made her look  
As brown as any bun —  
But even beauty has no chance,  
I think, at Number One!

At Number Six they say Miss Rose  
Has slain a score of hearts,  
And Cupid, for her sake, has been  
Quite prodigal of darts.  
The Imp they show with bended  
bow,  
I wish he had a gun!  
But if he had he'd never deign  
To shoot with Number One!

It's very hard, and so it is,  
To live in such a row!  
And here's a ballad-singer come  
To aggravate my woe:  
Oh, take away your foolish song,  
And tones enough to stun —  
There is "Nae luck about the house,"  
I know, at Number One!

## I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess  
 A simple marriage vow  
 Would make me find all women-kind  
 Such unkind women now!  
 They need not, sure, as *distant* be  
 As Java or Japan,—  
 Yet every Miss reminds me this —  
 I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass  
 voice  
 To share in each duet;  
 So well I danced, I somehow chanced  
 To stand in every set:  
 They now declare I cannot sing,  
 And dance on Bruin's plan;  
 Me draw!—me paint!—me any-  
 thing!—  
 I'm not a single man!

Once I was asked advice, and tasked  
 What works to buy or not,  
 And "would I read that passage out  
 I so admired in Scott?"  
 They then could bear to hear one read;  
 But if I now began,  
 How they would snub, "My pretty  
 page,"—  
 I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,  
 Another hemmed a frill;  
 I had more purses netted then  
 Than I could hope to fill.  
 I once could get a button on,  
 But now I never can —  
 My buttons then were Bachelor's —  
 I'm not a single man!

Oh, how they hated politics  
 Thrust on me by papa:  
 But now my chat — they all leave that  
 To entertain mamma:  
 Mamma, who praises her own self,  
 Instead of Jane or Ann,  
 And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—  
 I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is, the change,  
 In parlor and in hall,  
 They treat me so, if I but go  
 To make a morning call.

If they had hair in papers once,  
 Bolt up the stairs they ran;  
 They now sit still in dishabille —  
 I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond  
 Of Romans and of Greeks;  
 She daily sought my cabinet  
 To study my antiques.  
 Well, now she doesn't care a dump  
 For ancient pot or pan,  
 Her taste at once is modernized —  
 I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,  
 And all that sort of thing;  
 I go to balls without my wife,  
 And never wear a ring:  
 And yet each Miss to whom I come,  
 As strange as Genghis Khan,  
 Knows by some sign I can't divine —  
 I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,  
 I'm left in crowded rooms,  
 Like Zimmerman on Solitude,  
 Or Herve at his Tombs.  
 From head to heel they make me feel  
 Of quite another clan;  
 Compelled to own, though left alone,  
 I'm not a single man!

Miss Towne the toast, though she can  
 boast  
 A nose of Roman line,  
 Will turn up even that in scorn  
 At compliments of mine:  
 She should have seen that I have been  
 Her sex's partisan,  
 And really married all I could —  
 I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,  
 Whilst I rejected stand,—  
 Will no one take my arm because  
 They cannot have my hand?  
 Miss Parry, that for some would go  
 A trip to Hindostan,  
 With me don't care to mount a stair—  
 I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in  
 force,  
 But, surely, not so much—

There may be hands I may not  
squeeze,

But must I never touch?  
Must I forbear to hand a chair  
And not pick up a fan?  
But I have been myself picked up —  
I'm not a single man!

Others may hint a lady's tint  
Is purest red and white,—  
May say her eyes are like the skies,  
So very blue and bright —  
I must not say that she *has eyes*,  
Or if I so began,  
I have my fears about my ears —  
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess  
A simple marriage vow,  
Would make me find all women-kind  
Such unkind women now;  
I might be hashed to death, or  
smashed,  
By Mr. Pickford's van,  
Without, I fear, a single tear —  
I'm not a single man!

#### THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's  
chin;  
"That hat, I know it!" cried the  
joyful girl;  
"Summer's it is, I know him by his  
knock;  
Comers like him are welcome as the  
day!  
Lizzie! go down and open the street  
door;  
Busy I am to any one but *him*.  
Know him you must — he has been  
often here;  
Show him upstairs, and tell him I'm  
alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down  
the stair;  
Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda  
beat,  
"Sure he has brought me tickets for  
the play —  
Drury — or Covent Garden — darling  
man!

Kemble will play — or Kean, who  
makes the soul

Tremble in Richard or the frenzied  
Moore —

Farren, the stay and prop of many a  
farce

Barren beside — or Liston, Laugh-  
ter's child —

Kelly, the natural, to witness whom  
Jelly is nothing to the public's jam —  
Cooper, the sensible — and Walter  
Knowles

Super, in William Tell, now rightly  
told.

Better — perchance, from Andrews,  
brings a box,

Letter of boxes for the Italian stage —  
Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!  
No card — thank Heaven — engages  
me to-night!

Feathers, of course — no turban and  
no toque —

Weather's against it, but I'll go in  
curls.

Dearly I dote on white — my satin  
dress,

Merely one night — it won't be much  
the worse —

Cupid — the new ballet I long to  
see —

Stupid! why don't she go and ope the  
door?"

Glistened her eye as the impatient  
girl

Listened, low bending o'er the top-  
most stair,

Vainly, alas! she listens and she  
bends,

Plainly she hears this question and  
reply:

"Axes your pardon, sir, but what  
d'ye want?"

"Taxes," says he, "and shall not  
call again!"

#### THE CIGAR.

SOME sigh for this and that,  
My wishes don't go far,  
The world may wag at will,  
So I have my cigar.



Some fret themselves to death,  
With Whig and Tory jar;  
I don't care which is in,  
So I have my cigar.

Sir John requests my vote,  
And so does Mr. Marr;  
I don't care how it goes,  
So I have my cigar.

Some want a German row,  
Some wish a Russian war,  
I care not — I'm at peace —  
So I have my cigar.

I never see the *Post*,  
I seldom read the *Star*,  
The *Globe* I scarcely heed,  
So I have my cigar.

They tell me that bank stock  
Is sunk much under par,  
It's all the same to me,  
So I have my cigar.

Honors have come to men,  
My juniors at the bar,  
No matter — I can wait,  
So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not;  
A cab, or glory's car  
Are just the same to me,  
So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain gods,  
But serve the household Lar;  
I'm sure to be at home,  
So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,  
A general with a scar;  
A private let me be,  
So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among  
The toys of life's bazaar,  
The deuce may take them all,  
So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost  
By tempests, like a Tar;  
I always seem in port,  
So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love,  
My bosom cannot char;  
I smoke, but do not burn,  
So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low  
Has married Mr. R——:  
The jilt! but I can live,  
So I have my cigar.

—  
*FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.*

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms;  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms!

Now, as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, "Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army surgeons made him limbs:  
Said he, "They're only pegs;  
But there's as wooden members  
quite,  
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nelly Gray;  
So he went to pay her his devours  
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff;  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat,  
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call I left my legs  
In Badajos's breaches!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost  
the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms!"

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray;  
I know why you refuse: [man  
Though I've no feet — some other  
Is standing in my shoes!"

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;  
But, now, a long farewell!  
For you will be my death; — alas!  
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got —  
And life was such a burthen grown,  
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off, — of course,  
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung till he was dead  
As any nail in town, —  
For though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died —  
And they buried Ben in four cross-  
roads,  
With a *stake* in his inside!

—————  
*FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.*

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young  
man,  
A carpenter by trade,  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked  
words,  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That though she did seem in a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your  
head,  
He'll be as good as me;  
For when your swain is in our boat,  
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game  
her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"  
She cried, and wept outright:  
"Then I will to the water side,  
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her:  
"Now, young woman," said he,  
"If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben  
To sail with old Benbow;"  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him  
To the Tender ship, you see;"  
"The Tender ship," cried Sally  
Brown,  
What a hard-ship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid  
now,  
For then I'd follow him;  
But, 'oh! — I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a  
place  
That's underneath the world;  
But in two years the ship came  
home,  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she went on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,  
He heaved a bitter sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing, "All's  
Well,"

But could not, though he tried;  
His head was turned, and so he  
chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his  
[berth,  
At forty-odd befell:  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton tolled the bell.

#### THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish to lend, thus lose, their books,  
Are snared by anglers,—folks that fish with literary Hooks,—  
Who call and take some favorite tome, but never read it through;—  
They thus complete their set at home, by making one at you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was shaken;  
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, nor could I save my "Bacon;"  
And then I saw my "Crabbe," at last, like Hamlet, backward go;  
And, as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, which makes me thus a talker;  
And once, when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a "Walker."  
While studying, o'er the fire, one day, my "Hobbes," amidst the smoke,  
They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more than Bramah's patent worth,  
And now my losses I deplore, without a "Home" on earth.  
If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal,  
For though I caught them stealing "Swift," as swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood elated;  
But what is strange my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.  
My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the ravage;  
And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 'twas mine to lose,—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put my frozen hands upon;  
Though ever since I lost my "Foote," my "Bunyan" has been gone.  
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed; my "Taylor," too, must fail;  
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see the "Hood" so late in front;  
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee," oh! where was my "Leigh Hunt"?  
I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickle" touch?  
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle,"—and surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to excuse,  
To think I cannot read my "Reid," nor even use my "Hughes;"  
My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped;  
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away; I suffer from these shocks,  
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray," there's gray upon my locks;  
I'm far from "Young," am growing pale, I see my "Butler" fly;  
And when they ask about my ail, 'tis "Burton," I reply.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my griefs divide;  
For, oh! they cured me of my "Burns," and eased my "Akenside."  
But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn,  
For, as they never found me "Gay," they have not left me "Sterne."

## FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

### THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

GALLANTS, attend and hear a friend  
Trill forth harmonious ditty;  
Strange things I'll tell which late be-  
fell

In Philadelphia city.

'T was early day, as poets say,  
Just when the sun was rising,  
A soldier stood on a log of wood,  
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,  
The truth can't be denied, sir,  
He spied a score of kegs or more  
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,  
This strange appearance viewing,  
First rubbed his eyes, in great sur-  
prise,  
Then said some mischief 's brewing.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold  
Packed up like pickled herring;  
And they're come down t' attack the  
town,  
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,  
And scared almost to death, sir,  
Wore out their shoes, to spread the  
news,  
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the  
town

Most frantic scenes were acted;  
And some ran here, and others there,  
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,  
But said the earth had quaked;  
And girls and boys, with hideous  
noise,  
Ran through the streets half naked.

From sleep Sir William starts upright,  
Awaked by such a clatter;  
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,  
For God's sake, what's the matter?

At his bedside he then espied  
Sir Erskine at command, sir;  
Upon one foot he had one boot,  
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise!" Sir Erskine cries;  
"The rebels — more 's the pity —  
Without a boat are all afloat,  
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,  
With Satan for their guide, sir,  
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,  
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war;  
These kegs must all be routed,  
Or surely we despised shall be,  
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,  
All ranged in dread array, sir,  
With stomach stout, to see it out,  
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar, from shore to to  
shore,  
The small arms make a rattle;  
Since wars began I'm sure no man  
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,  
With rebel trees surrounded;  
The distant woods, the hills and  
floods,  
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below, swam to and fro,  
Attacked from every quarter;  
Why, sure, thought they, the devil's  
to pay  
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly  
made  
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,  
Could not oppose their powerful foes,  
The conq'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of  
might  
Displayed amazing courage;  
And when the sun was fairly down  
Retired to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,  
Or more, upon my word, sir,  
It is most true would be too few  
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day  
Against these wicked kegs, sir,  
That years to come, if they get home,  
They'll make their boast and brags,  
sir.

## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

### THE ONE WHITE HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise  
Listen to pretty lies  
And love to hear them told;  
Doubt not that Solomon  
Listened to many a one, —  
Some in his youth, and more when  
he grew old.

I never was among  
The choir of Wisdom's song,  
But pretty lies loved I,  
As much as any king,  
When youth was on the wing,  
And (must it then be told?) when  
youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not  
The pleasant hour forgot  
When one pert lady said  
"O Landor! I am quite  
Bewildered with affright!  
I see (sit quiet now) a white hair on  
your head!"

Another more benign  
Drew out that hair of mine,  
And in her own dark hair  
Pretended it was found,  
That one, and twirled it round;  
Fair as she was she never was so fair!

### UNDER THE LINDENS.

UNDER the lindens lately sat  
A couple, and no more, in chat;  
I wondered what they would be at  
Under the lindens

I saw four eyes and four lips meet;  
I heard the words, "How sweet!  
how sweet!"

Had then the fairies given a treat  
Under the lindens?

I pondered long, and could not tell  
What dainty pleased them both so  
well:

Bees! bees! was it your hydromel  
Under the lindens?

## CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

[From *Breitmann about Town.*]

## CITY EXPERIENCES.

DEY vented to de Opera Haus,  
 Und dere dey vound em blayin'.  
 Of Offenbach (der *open brook*),  
 His show spiel Belle Heléne.  
 "Dere's Offenbach,—Sebastian Bach;  
 Mit Kaulbach,—dat makes dree:  
 I always likes soosh *brooks* ash dese,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,  
 Which Mishder Astor bilt:  
 Some pooks vere only *en brochure*,  
 Und some vere pound und gilt.  
 "Dat makes de gold — dat makes de  
*sinn*,  
 Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,  
 De pest tressed vellers gilt de most:"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,  
 Of frames wort' many a cent,  
 De broberly of a shendleman,  
 Who oonto Europe vent.  
 "Don't gry—he'll soon pe pack  
 again  
 Mit anoder gallerie:  
 He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a  
 year,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson's house,  
 To see his furnidure,  
 Sold oud at auccion rite afay,  
 Berembdory und sure.  
 "He geeps six houses all at vonce,  
 Each veek a sale dere pe;  
 Gotts! vat a dime his vife moost  
 hafe!" —  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of  
 De last sensadion shtyle,  
 'Twas 'nough to make der tyfel weep  
 To see his "awful shmile."

"Vot bities dat der Fechter ne'er  
 Vas in Theologie.  
 Dey'd make him pishop in dis  
 shoorsh,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedins next,  
 Dey hear dem rant and rail,  
 Der president vas a forger,  
 Shoost bardoned oud of jail.  
 He does it oud of cratitood  
 To dem who set him vree:  
 "Id's Harmonie of Indereds,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyaad vitch,  
 A plack-eyed handsome maid,  
 She wahrsagt all der vortunes — denn  
 "Fife dollars, gents!" she said.  
 "Dese vitches are nod of dis eart',  
 Und yed are *on id*, I see  
 Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right  
 vell,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,  
 Der vaiter coot a dash;  
 He garfed a shicken in a vink,  
 Und serfed id at a vlash.  
 "Dat shap knows vell shoost how to  
 coot,  
 Und roon mit poulerie,  
 He vas copitain oonder Turchin  
 vonce,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman's Rights,  
 Vere laties all agrees  
 De gals should pe de voters,  
 Und deir beaux all de votées.  
 "For efery man dat nefer vorks,  
 Von frau should vranchised pe:  
 Dat ish de vay I solf dis ding,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

## SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

HERR SCHNITZERL make a philoso-  
pede,

Von of de pullyest kind;  
It vent mitout a vheel in front,  
And hadn't none pehind.  
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,  
And it vent as sure as ecks,  
For he shtraddled on de axle-dree  
Mit de vheel petween his lecks.

Und ven he vant to shtart id off,  
He paddlet mit his feet,  
Und soon he cot to go so vast  
Dat avery dings he peat.  
He run her out on Broader Shtreed,  
He shkeeted like der vind;  
Hei! how he bassed de vancy crabs,  
And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trottin nags  
Pooled oop to see him bass;  
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt:  
"Potztausend! Was ist das?"  
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl  
flewed  
On — mit a gashtly smile;  
He tidn't tooch de tirt, py shings!  
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eartly pliss?  
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?  
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?  
Und vot ish hobbiness?  
Ve find a pank-node in de shtreedt,  
Next dings der pank is preak;  
Ve folls, und knocks our outsides in,  
Ven ve a ten-shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein  
On his philosopede;  
His feet both shlippid outsideward  
shoost  
When at his extra shpeed.  
He felled oopon der vheel, of course;  
De vheel like blitzen flew:  
Und Schnitzerl he vas schnitz in  
vact,  
For id shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,  
Id cot so shkared, men say,  
It pounded onward till it vent  
Ganz teufelwards afay.  
But where ish now de Schnitzerl's  
soul?  
Where dos his shbirit pide?  
In Himmel troo de entless plue,  
Id dakes a medeor ride.

## CHARLES LEVER.

## WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
Who lived in the town of Athlone,  
Alone!  
O, she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts;  
So lovely the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
So lovely the Widow Malone.  
Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more,  
And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store;  
From the minister down  
To the clerk of the Crown

All were courting the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
All were courting the Widow Malone,  
But so modest was Mistress Malone,  
'Twas known  
That no one could see her alone,  
Ohone!  
Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye,  
So bashful the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
So bashful the Widow Malone.  
Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare  
(How quare!  
It's little for blushing they care  
Down there),

Put his arm round her waist, —  
Gave ten kisses at laste, —  
"O," says he, "you're my Molly  
Malone!

My own!  
O," says he, "you're my Molly  
Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so  
shy,

My eye!  
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh, —  
For why?

But, "Lucius," says she,  
"Since you've now made so free,

You may marry your Mary Malone,  
Ohone!  
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,  
Not wrong;  
And one comfort, it's not very long,  
But strong, —

If for widows you die,  
Learn to kiss, not to sigh;  
For they're all like sweet Mistress  
Malone,

Ohone!  
For they're all like sweet Mistress  
Malone.

## SAMUEL LOVER.

### THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

On the eighth day of March it was,  
some people say,  
That Saint Patrick at midnight he  
first saw the day;

While others declare 'twas the ninth  
he was born,

And 'twas all a mistake between mid-  
night and morn;

For mistakes *will* occur in a hurry  
and shock,

And some blamed the babby — and  
some blamed the clock —

'Till with all their cross questions  
sure no one could know

If the child was too fast — or the  
clock was too slow.

Now the first faction fight in owld  
Ireland, they say,

Was all on account of Saint Patrick's  
birthday,

Some fought for the eighth — for the  
ninth more would die,

And who wouldn't see right, sure  
they blacken'd his eye.

At last, both the factions so positive  
grew,

That *each* kept a birth-day, so Pat  
then had *two*,

'Till Father Mulcahy, who showed  
them their sins, *med*  
Said, "No one could have two birth-  
days, but a *twins*."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for  
eight or for nine,

Don't be always dividing — but some-  
times combine;

Combine eight with nine, and seven-  
teen is the mark,

So let that be his birth-day" *alt*  
"Amen," says the clerk. *alt*

"If he wasn't a twins, sure our  
hist'ry will show —

That, at least, he's worth any two  
saints that we know!"

Then they all got blind drunk — which  
completed their bliss,

And we keep up the practice from  
that day to this.

### RORY O'MORE.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kath-  
leen Bawn,  
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft  
as the dawn;



He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,  
And he thought the best way to do  
*that* was to *tease*.

"Now, Rory, be easy," sweet Kathleen would cry,  
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye,

"With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what I'm about,  
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way

You've thrated my heart for this many a day.

And it's plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?

For it's all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,  
For I half gave a promise to *soothering* Mike;

The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound:"

"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love *you* than the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go:

Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"

"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,

For *dhrames* always go by *conthrairies*, my dear.

Oh! jewel, keep *dhraming* that same till you die,

And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!

And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?

Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,

Sure I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;

And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a *baste*,

So I think, after that, I may *talk to the praste*."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,

So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,

And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,

And he kissed her sweet lips — don't you think he was right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir — you'll hug me no more,

That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,

For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

#### WIDOW MACHREE.

WIDOW *machree*, it's no wonder you frown,

Och hone! widow *machree*;  
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,

Och hone! widow *machree*.  
How altered your air,

With that close cap you wear — 'Tis destroying your hair

Which would be flowing free:  
Be no longer a churl

Of its black silken curl,  
Och hone! widow *machree*!

Widow *machree*, now the summer is come,

Och hone! widow *machree*;  
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?

Och hone! widow *machree*.  
See the birds go in pairs,

And the rabbits and hares — Why even the bears

Now in couples agree;  
And the mute little fish,

Though they can't spake, they wish,  
Och hone! widow *machree*.

Widow *machree*, and when winter comes in,

Och hone! widow *machree*.  
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,

Och hone! widow machree.  
 Sure the shovel and tongs  
 To each other belongs,  
 And the kettle sings songs  
 Full of family glee;  
 While alone with your cup,  
 Like a hermit *you* sup,  
 Och hone! widow machree.

And how do you know, with the  
 comforts I've towld,  
 Och hone! widow machree,  
 But you're keeping some poor fellow  
 out in the cowl,  
 Och hone! widow machree.  
 with such sins on your head,  
 Sure your peace would be fled,  
 Could you sleep in your bed,  
 Without thinking to see  
 Some ghost or some sprite,  
 That would wake you each night,  
 Crying, "Och hone! widow ma-  
 chree."

Then take my advice, darling widow  
 machree,  
 Och hone! widow machree.  
 And with my advice, faith I wish  
 you'd take me,  
 Och hone! widow machree.  
 You'd have me to desire  
 Then to stir up the fire;  
 And sure Hope is no liar  
 In whispering to me,  
 That the ghosts would depart,  
 When you'd me near your heart,  
 Och hone! widow machree.

FATHER-LAND AND MOTHER-  
TONGUE.

OUR Father-land! and would'st thou  
 know  
 Why we should call it Father-land?  
 It is, that Adam here below,  
 Was made of earth by Nature's  
 hand;  
 And he, our father, made of earth,  
 Hath peopled earth on ev'ry hand,  
 And we, in memory of his birth,  
 Do call our country, "Father-  
 land."

At first, in Eden's bowers they say,  
 No sound of speech had Adam  
 caught,  
 But whistled like a bird all day —  
 And may be, 'twas for want of  
 thought:  
 But Nature, with resistless laws,  
 Made Adam soon surpass the birds,  
 She gave him lovely Eve — because  
 If he'd a wife — they must *have*  
*words.*

And so, the Native Land I hold,  
 By male descent is proudly mine;  
 The Language, as the tale hath told,  
 Was given in the female line.  
 And thus, we see, on either hand,  
 We name our blessings whence  
 they've sprung,  
 We call our country *Father land*,  
 We call our language *Mother*  
*tongue.*

FATHER MOLLOY.

PADDY McCABE was dying one  
 day,  
 And Father Molloy he came to con-  
 fess him;  
 Paddy prayed hard he would make  
 no delay  
 But forgive him his sins and make  
 haste for to bless him.  
 "First tell me your sins," says  
 Father Molloy,  
 "For I'm thinking you've not been  
 a very good boy."  
 "Oh," says Paddy, "so late in the  
 evenin' I fear  
 'Twould trouble you such a long  
 story to hear,  
 For you've ten long miles o'er the  
 mountain to go,  
 While the road *I've* to travel's much  
 longer, you know:  
 So give us your blessin' and get in the  
 saddle,  
 To tell all my sins my poor brain it  
 would addle;  
 And the docthor gave ordhers to  
 keep me so quiet —  
 'Twould disturb me to tell all my  
 sins, if I'd thry it,

And your reverence has towld us, unless we tell *all*,  
'Tis worse than not makin' confession at all:  
So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,  
And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well, I'll read from a book," says Father Molloy,  
"The manifold sins that humanity's heir to;  
And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,  
You'll just squeeze my hand, as acknowledging thereto."  
Then the Father began the dark roll of iniquity,  
And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,  
And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a roar —  
"Oh, murder!" says Paddy, "don't read any more,  
For, if you keep readin', by all that is thrue,  
Your reverence's fist will be soon black and blue;  
Besides, to be troubled my conscience begins,  
That your reverence should have any hand in *my* sins;  
So you'd better suppose I committed them all,  
For whether they're great ones, or whether they're small,  
Or if they're a dozen, or if they're fourscore,  
'Tis your reverence knows how to absolve them, ashore:

So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,  
And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well," says Father Molloy, "if your sins I forgive,  
So you must forgive all your enemies truly;  
And promise me also that, if you should live,  
You'll leave off your tricks, and begin to live newly,"  
"I forgive ev'rybody," says Pat, with a groan,  
"Except that big vagabone, Micky Malone;  
And him I will murder if ever I can —"  
"Tut, tut!" says the priest, "you're a very bad man;  
For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,  
You'll ne'er go to Heaven, and that is my sentence."  
"Poo!" says Paddy McCabe, "that's a very hard case,  
With your Reverence and Heaven I'm content to make pace;  
But with Heaven and your Reverence I wondher — *Och hone*,  
You would think of comparin' that blackguard Malone —  
But since I'm hard press'd and that I *must* forgive,  
I forgive — if I die — but as sure as I live  
That ugly blackguard I will surely desthroy! —  
So, *now*, for your blessin', sweet Father Molloy!"

## JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[From the *Riglow Papers*.]

### THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still  
Fur'z you can look or listen,  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown  
And pecked in thru' the window,  
An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,  
 With half a cord o' wood in'—  
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort  
 died)  
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,  
 And leetle flames danced all about  
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,  
 An' in among 'em rusted  
 The ole queen's-arm that granther  
 Young  
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',  
 And she looked full ez rosy agin  
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
 On sech a blessed cretur,  
 A dog-rose blushin' to a brook  
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A I,  
 Clean grit, an' human natur';  
 None couldn't quicker pitch a ton  
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
 Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv  
 'em,  
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells:  
 All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
 All crinkly like curled maple,  
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun  
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed such a  
 swing  
 Ez hisn in the choir;  
 My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring.  
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in  
 prayer,  
 When her new meetin'-bunnet  
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair  
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked  
*some!*  
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,  
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,  
 A-raspin' on the scraper,—  
 All ways to once her feelins flew  
 Like sparks in burnt up, paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,  
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk  
 Ez though she wished him furdur,  
 An' on her apples kep' to work,  
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"  
 "Wal . . . no . . . I come da-  
 signin'!"—

"To see my ma? She's sprinklin'  
 clo'es  
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,  
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';  
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
 Then stood a spell on t'other,  
 An' on which one he felt the wust  
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"  
 Says she, "Think likely, mister;"  
 Thet last word pricked him like a  
 pin,  
 An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
 Huldly sot pale ez ashes,  
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
 Whose naturs never vary,  
 Like streams that keep a summer  
 mind  
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt  
glued

Too tight for all expressin',  
Tell mother see how metters stood,  
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
An' all I know is they was cried  
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

My coachman, in the moonlight there,  
Looks through the side-light of the  
door;

I hear him with his brethren swear,  
As I could do, — but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,  
He envies me my brilliant lot,  
Breathes on his aching fist in vain,  
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me into supper go,  
A silken wonder by my side,  
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row  
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm  
'Neath its white-gloved and jew-  
elled load:

And wishes me some dreadful harm,  
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore  
Of hunting still the same old  
coon,  
And envy him, outside the door,  
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold  
As the bright smile he sees me win,  
Nor the host's oldest wine so old  
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance  
By which his freezing feet he  
warms,  
And drag my lady's-chains and dance,  
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

O, could he have my share of din,  
And I his quiet! — past a doubt  
'T would still be one man bored  
within,  
And just another bored without.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON (OWEN MEREDITH).

[From *Lucile*.]

THE STOMACH OF MAN.

O HOUR of all hours, the most bless'd  
upon earth,  
Blessèd hour of our dinners!

The land of his birth;  
The face of his first love; the bills  
that he owes;

The twaddle of friends and the venom  
of foes;

The sermon he heard when to church  
he last went;

The money he borrow'd, the money  
he spent; —

All of these things a man, I believe,  
may forget,

And not be the worse for forgetting;  
but yet

Never, never, oh, never! earth's  
luckiest sinner

Hath unpunished forgotten the hour  
of his dinner!

Indigestion, that conscience of every  
bad stomach,

Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue  
him with some ache

Or some pain; and trouble, remorse-  
less, his best ease,

As the Furies once troubled the sleep  
of Orestes.

We may live without poetry, music,  
and art;

We may live without conscience, and  
live without heart;

We may live without friends; we may  
live without books;

But civilized man cannot live without  
cooks.

He may live without books,—what is  
 knowledge but grieving ?  
 He may live without hope,—what is  
 hope but deceiving ?  
 He may live without love, what is  
 passion but pining ?  
 But where is the man that can live  
 without dining ?

[From *Lucile*.]

FEW IN MANY.

THE age is gone o'er  
 When a man may in all things be all.  
 We have more  
 Painters, poets, musicians, and art-  
 ists, no doubt,  
 Than the great Cinquecento gave  
 birth to; but out  
 Of a million of mere dilettanti, when,  
 when  
 Will a new Leonardo arise on our ken?  
 He is gone with the age which begat  
 him. Our own  
 Is too vast, and too complex, for one  
 man alone  
 To embody its purpose, and hold it  
 shut close  
 In the palm of his hand. There  
 were giants in those  
 Irreclaimable days; but in these days  
 of ours,  
 In dividing the work we distribute  
 the powers.  
 Yet a dwarf on a dead giant's shoul-  
 ders sees more  
 Than the 'live giant's eyesight availed  
 to explore;  
 And in life's lengthen'd alphabet  
 what used to be  
 To our sires X Y Z is to us A B C.  
 A Vanini is roasted alive for his  
 pains,  
 But a Bacon comes after and picks  
 up his brains.  
 A Bruno is angrily seized by the  
 throttle  
 And hunted about by thy ghost,  
 Aristotle,  
 Till a More or Lavater step into his  
 place:  
 Then the world turns and makes an  
 admiring grimace.

Once the men were so great and so  
 few, they appear,  
 Through a distant Olympian atmos-  
 phere,  
 Like vast Caryatids upholding the  
 age.  
 Now the men are so many and small,  
 disengage  
 One man from the million to mark  
 him, next moment  
 The crowd sweeps him hurriedly out  
 of your comment;  
 And since we seek vainly (to praise  
 in our songs)  
 'Mid our fellows the size which to  
 heroes belongs,  
 We take the whole age for a hero, in  
 want  
 Of a better; and still, in its favor,  
 descendant  
 On the strength and the beauty which,  
 failing to find  
 In any one man, we ascribe to man-  
 kind.

[From *Lucile*.]

THE ERRATIC GENIUS.

WITH irresolute finger he knock'd at  
 each one  
 Of the doorways of life, and abided  
 in none.  
 His course, by each star that would  
 cross it, was set,  
 And whatever he did he was sure to  
 regret,  
 That target, discuss'd by the travel-  
 lers of old,  
 Which to one appear'd argent, to one  
 appear'd gold,  
 To him, ever lingering on Doubt's  
 dizzy margent,  
 Appeared in one moment both golden  
 and argent.  
 The man who seeks one thing in life,  
 and but one,  
 May hope to achieve it before life be  
 done;  
 But he who seeks all things, wherever  
 he goes,  
 Only reaps from the hopes which  
 around him he sows

A harvest of barren regrets. And  
 the worm  
 That crawls on in the dust to the  
 definite term  
 Of its creeping existence, and sees  
 nothing more  
 Than the path it pursues till its  
 creeping be o'er,  
 In its limited vision, is happier far  
 Than the Half-Sage, whose course,  
 fix'd no friendly star  
 Is by each star distracted in turn, and  
 who knows  
 Each will still be as distant wherever  
 he goes.

[From *Lucile*.]

A CHARACTER.

THE banker, well known  
 As wearing the longest philacteried  
 gown  
 Of all the rich Pharisees England can  
 boast of;  
 A shrewd Puritan Scot, whose sharp  
 wits made the most of  
 This world and the next; having  
 largely invested  
 Not only where treasure is never mo-  
 lested  
 By thieves, moth, or rust; but on this  
 earthly ball  
 Where interest was high, and security  
 small,  
 Of mankind there was never a theory  
 yet  
 Not by some individual instance up-  
 set:  
 And so to that sorrowful verse of the  
 Psalm  
 Which declares that the wicked ex-  
 pand like the palm  
 In a world where the righteous are  
 stunted and pent,  
 A cheering exception did Ridley pre-  
 sent.  
 Like the worthy of Uz, Heaven pros-  
 pered his piety.  
 The leader of every religious society,  
 Christian knowledge he labored  
 through life to promote  
 With personal profit, and knew how  
 to quote

Both the Stocks and the Scripture,  
 with equal advantage  
 To himself and admiring friends, in  
 this Cant-Age.

[From *Lucile*.]

FAME.

THE poets pour wine; and, when 'tis  
 new, all deery it;  
 But, once let it be old, every trifler  
 must try it.  
 And Polonius, who praises no wine  
 that's not Massic,  
 Complains of my verse, that my verse  
 is not classic.  
 And Miss Tilburina, who sings, and  
 not badly,  
 My earlier verses, sighs "Common-  
 place sadly!"

As for you, O Polonius, you vex me  
 but slightly;  
 But you, Tilburina, your eyes beam  
 so brightly  
 In despite of their languishing looks,  
 on my word,  
 That to see you look cross I can  
 scarcely afford.  
 Yes! the silliest woman that smiles  
 on a bard  
 Better far than Longinus himself can  
 reward  
 The appeal to her feelings of which  
 she approves;  
 And the critics I most care to please  
 are the Loves.

Alas, friend! what boots it, a stone  
 at his head  
 And a brass on his breast, -- when a  
 man is once dead?  
 Ay! were fame the sole guerdon, poor  
 guerdon were then  
 Theirs who, stripping life bare, stand  
 forth models for men.  
 The reformer's? -- a creed by poster-  
 ity learnt  
 A century after its author is burnt!  
 The poet's? -- a laurel that hides the  
 bald brow  
 It hath blighted! The painters? --  
 ask Raphael now

Which Madonna's authentic! The  
statesman's — a name  
For parties to blacken, or boys to de-  
claim!  
The soldier's? — three lines on the  
cold Abbey pavement!  
Were this all the life of the wise and  
the brave meant,  
All it ends in, thrice better, *Næra*,  
it were  
Unregarded to sport with thine odor-  
ous hair, [shade  
Untroubled to lie at thy feet in the  
And be loved, while the roses yet  
bloom overhead,  
Than to sit by the lone hearth, and  
think the long thought,  
A severe, sad, blind schoolmaster, en-  
vied for naught  
Save the name of John Milton! For  
all men, indeed,  
Who in some choice edition may  
graciously read, [note,  
With fair illustration, and erudite  
The song which the poet in bitter-  
ness wrote,  
Beat the poet, and notably beat him,  
in this —  
The joy of the genius is theirs, whilst  
they miss  
The grief of the man: Tasso's song —  
not his madness!

Dante's dreams — not his waking to  
exile and sadness!  
Milton's music — but not Milton's  
blindness! . . . Yet rise,  
My Milton, and answer, with those  
noble eyes  
Which the glory of heaven hath  
blinded to earth!  
Say — the life, in the living it, savors  
of worth;  
That the deed, in the doing it, reaches  
its aim:  
That the fact has a value apart from  
the fame:  
That a deeper delight, in the mere  
labor, pays  
Scorn of lesser delights, and laborious  
days:  
And Shakespeare, though all Shake-  
speare's writings were lost,  
And his genius, though never a trace  
of it crossed  
Posterity's path, not the less would  
have dwelt  
In the isle with *Miranda*, with *Hamlet*  
have felt  
All that *Hamlet* hath uttered, and  
haply where, pure  
On its death-bed, wronged *Love* lay,  
have moaned with the Moor!

## CHARLES MACKAY.

### TO A FRIEND AFRAID OF CRITICS.

AFRAID of critics! an unworthy  
fear:  
Great minds must learn their great-  
ness and be bold.  
Walk on thy way; bring forth thine  
own true thought;  
Love thy high calling only for itself,  
And find in working, recompense for  
work,  
And Envy's shaft shall whiz at thee  
in vain. [just;  
Despise not censure; — weigh if it be  
And if it be — amend, whate'er the  
thought

Of him who cast it. Take the wise  
man's praise,  
And love thyself the more that thou  
couldst earn  
Meed so exalted; but the blame of  
fools,  
Let it blow over like an idle whiff  
Of poisonous tobacco in the streets,  
Invasive of thy unoffending nose: —  
Their praise no better, only more per-  
fumed.

The critics — let me paint them as  
they are.  
Some few I know, and love them from  
my soul;



Polished, acute, deep read; of inborn  
taste  
Cultured into a virtue; full of pith  
And kindly vigor, having won their  
spurs  
In the great rivalry of friendly mind,  
And generous to others, though un-  
known,  
Who would, having a thought, let all  
men know  
The new discovery. But these are  
rare;  
And if thou find one, take him to  
thy heart,  
And think his unbought praise both  
palm and crown,  
A thing worth living for, were nought  
beside.  
Fear thou no critic, if thou'rt true  
thyself;—  
And look for fame *now* if the wise  
approve,  
Or from a wiser jury yet unborn.  
The poetaster may be harmed enough,  
But criticasters cannot crush a bard.

If to be famous be thy sole intent,  
And greatness be a mark beyond thy  
reach,  
Manage the critics, and thou'lt win  
the game;  
Invite them to thy board, and give  
them feasts,  
And foster them with unrelaxing  
care;  
And they will praise thee in their  
partial sheets,  
And quite ignore the worth of better  
men.  
But if thou wilt not court them, let  
them go,  
And scorn the praise that sells itself  
for wine,  
Or tacks itself upon success alone,  
Hanging like spittle on a rich man's  
beard.

One, if thou'rt great, will cite from  
thy new book  
The tamest passage,—something that  
thy soul  
Revolts at, now the inspiration's o'er,  
And would give all thou hast to blot  
from print

And sink into oblivion;— and will  
vaunt  
The thing as beautiful, transcendent,  
rare —  
The best thing thou hast done! An-  
other friend,  
With finer sense, will praise thy  
greatest thought,  
Yet cavil at it; putting in his "*but*s"  
And "*yets*," and little obvious hints,  
That though 'tis good, the critic could  
have made  
A work superior in its every part.

Another, in a pert and savage mood,  
Without a reason, will condemn thee  
quite,  
And strive to quench thee in a para-  
graph.  
Another, with dishonest waggery,  
Will twist, misquote, and utterly per-  
vert  
Thy thoughts and words; and hug  
himself meanwhile  
In the delusion, pleasant to his soul,  
That thou art crushed, and he a gen-  
tleman.

Another, with a specious fair pre-  
tence,  
Immaculately wise, will skim thy  
book,  
And, self-sufficient, from his desk  
look down  
With undisguised contempt on thee  
and thine;  
And sneer and snarl thee, from his  
weekly court,  
From an idea, spawn of his conceit,  
That the best means to gain a great  
renown  
For wisdom is to sneer at all the  
world,  
With strong denial that a good ex-  
ists;—  
That all is bad, imperfect, feeble,  
stale,  
Except this critic, who outshines  
mankind.

Another, with a foolish zeal, will  
prate  
Of thy great excellence, and on thy  
head

Heap epithet on epithet of praise  
 In terms preposterous, that thou wilt  
 blush  
 To be so smothered with such ful-  
 some lies.  
 Another, calmer, with laudations  
 thin,  
 Unsavory and weak, will make it  
 seem  
 That his good-nature, not thy merit,  
 prompts  
 The baseless adulation of his pen.  
 Another, with a bulldog's bark, will  
 bay  
 Foul names against thee for some  
 fancied slight  
 Which thou ne'er dream'dst of, and  
 will damn thy work  
 For spite against the worker; while  
 the next,  
 Who thinks thy faith or politics a  
 crime,  
 Will bray displeasure from his month-  
 ly stall,  
 And prove thee dunce, that disagre'st  
 with him.  
  
 And, last of all, some solemn sage,  
 whose nod  
 Trimestral awes a world of little  
 wits,  
 Will carefully avoid to name thy  
 name,  
 Although thy words are in the mouths  
 of men,  
 And thy ideas in their inmost hearts,  
 Moulding events, and fashioning thy  
 time  
 To nobler efforts. Little matters  
 it!  
 Whate'er thou art, thy value will ap-  
 pear.  
 If thou art bad, no praise will buoy  
 thee up;  
 If thou art good, no censure weigh  
 thee down,  
 Nor silence nor neglect prevent thy  
 fame.  
 So fear not thou the critics! Speak  
 thy thought;  
 And, if thou'rt worthy, in the peo-  
 ple's love  
 Thy name shall live, while lasts thy  
 mother tongue!

*AT A CLUB-DINNER.*

THE OLD FOGIES.

WE merry three  
 Old fogies be;  
 The crow's-foot crawls, the wrinkle  
 comes,  
 Our heads grow bare  
 Of the bonnie brown hair,  
 Our teeth grow shaky in our gums.  
 Gone are the joys that once we knew,  
 Over the green, and under the blue,  
 Our blood runs calm, as calm can be,  
 And we're old fogies — fogies three.

Yet if we be  
 Old fogies three  
 The life still pulses in our veins;  
 And if the heart  
 Be dulled in part,  
 There's sober wisdom in our brains.  
 We may have heard that Hope's a  
 knave,  
 And Fame a breath beyond the grave.  
 But what of that — if wiser grown,  
 We make the passing day our own,  
 And find true joy where joy can be,  
 And live our lives, though fogies  
 three?

Ay — though we be  
 Old fogies three,  
 We're not so dulled as not to dine;  
 And not so old  
 As to be cold  
 To wit, to beauty, and to wine.  
 Our hope is less, our memory more;  
 Our sunshine brilliant as of yore.  
 At four o'clock, 'twixt noon and  
 night,  
 'Tis warm as morning, and as bright.  
 And every age bears blessings free,  
 Though we're old fogies — fogies  
 three.

THE JOLLY COMPANIONS.

Jolly companions! three times three!  
 Let us confess what fools we be!  
 We eat more dinner than hunger  
 craves,  
 We drink our passage to early graves,  
 And fill, and swill, till our foreheads  
 burst,  
 For sake of the wine, and not of the  
 thirst.

Jolly companions! three times three,  
Let us confess what fools we be!

We toil and moil from morn to night,  
Slaves and drudges in health's despite,  
Gathering and scraping painful gold  
To hold and garner till we're old;  
And die, mayhap, in middle prime,  
Loveless, joyless, all our time.  
Jolly companions! three times three,  
Let us confess what fools we be!

Or else we leave our warm fireside,  
Friends and comrades, bairns and  
    bride,  
To mingle in the world's affairs,  
And vex our souls with public cares;  
And have our motives misconstrued,  
Reviled, maligned, misunderstood.  
Jolly companions! three times three,  
Let us confess what fools we be!

---

HAPPINESS.

I've drunk good wine  
From Rhone and Rhine,  
And filled the glass  
To friend or lass  
Mid jest and song,  
The gay night long,  
And found the bowl  
Inspired the soul,  
With neither wit nor wisdom richer  
Than comes from water in the pitcher.

I've ridden far  
In coach and car,  
Sped four-in-hand  
Across the land;  
On gallant steed  
Have measured speed,  
With the summer wind  
That lagged behind;  
But found more joy for days to-  
    gether  
In tramping o'er the mountain  
    heather.

I've dined, long since,  
With king and prince,  
In solemn state,  
Stiff and sedate;

And wished I might  
Take sudden flight  
And dine alone,  
Unseen, unknown,  
On a mutton chop and a hot potato,  
Reading my Homer, or my Plato.

It comes to this,  
The truest bliss  
For great or small  
Is free to all;  
Like the fresh air,  
Like flowerets fair,  
Like night or day,  
Like work or play;  
And books that charm or make us  
    wiser,  
Are better comrades than a Kaiser.

---

THE GREAT CRITICS.

0 WHOM shall we praise?  
Let's praise the dead!  
In no men's ways  
Their heads they raise,  
Nor strive for bread  
With you or me,—  
0 So, do you see?  
We'll praise the dead!  
Let living men  
Dare but to claim  
From tongue or pen  
Their meed of fame,  
We'll cry them down,  
0 Spoil their renown,  
Deny their sense,  
Wit, eloquence,  
Poetic fire,  
All they desire.  
0 Our say is said,  
Long live the dead!

---

BE QUIET, DO! — I'LL CALL MY  
MOTHER.

As I was sitt.ing in a wood,  
Under an oak-tree's leafy cover,  
Musing in pleasant solitude,  
Who should come by but John, my  
    lover!

He pressed my hand and kissed my  
cheek;

Then, warmer growing, kissed the  
other,

While I exclaimed, and strove to  
shriek,

“*Be quiet, do! — I’ll call my  
mother!*”

He saw my anger was sincere,

And lovingly began to chide me;

Then wiping from my cheek the  
tear,

He sat him on the grass beside  
me,

He feigned such pretty amorous  
woe,

Breathed such sweet vows one after  
other,

I could but smile, while whispering  
low,

“*Be quiet, do! — I’ll call my  
mother!*”

He talked so long, and talked so  
well,

And swore he meant not to deceive  
me;

I felt more grief than I can tell,  
When with a sigh he rose to leave  
me.

“O John!” said I; “and must thou  
go?”

I love thee better than all other;

There is no need to hurry so,—

*I never meant to call my mother.”*

#### THE LITTLE MAN.

THERE was a little, very little,

Quiet little man,

He wore a little overcoat

The color of the tan;

And when his weekly wage was earned

On Saturday, at night,

He had but half-a-crown to spare

To keep his spirits light;

“But that,” quoth he, and twirled  
his thumb,  
So blithe he was, and free,  
“Is quite enough for happiness  
For a little man like me.”

And oft this little, very little,

Happy little man,

Would talk a little to himself

About the great world’s plan:

“Though people think me very  
poor,

I feel I’m very glad,

And this I’m sure could scarcely be  
If I were very bad.

Rich knaves who cannot rest o’  
nights,

At every turn I see,

While cosy sleep unbidden comes

To a quiet man like me.

“For though I’m little, very little,

Do whate’er I can,

Yet every morning when I shave,

I shave an honest man;

And every night when I go home,

My winsome little wife,

Receives me smiling at the door,

And loves me more than life:—

And this is joy that kings them-  
selves,

If thoughts were spoken free,

Might give their sceptres to ex-  
change

With a little man like me.

“And I’ve a little, quite a little,

Bonnie little child,

A little maid with golden hair,

And blue eyes bright and mild;

She sits and prattles on my knee,

She’s merry as a song,

She’s pleasant as a ray of light,

She keeps my heart from wrong.

And so, let kingdoms rise or fall,

I’ll earn my daily fee,

And think the world is good  
enough

For a little man like me.”

## JAMES MERRICK.

## THE CHAMELEON.

Two travellers of conceited cast,  
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,  
And, on their way, in friendly chat,  
Now talked of this, and then of that,  
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other  
matter,  
Of the chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,  
"Sure never lived beneath the sun;  
A lizard's body, lean and long;  
A fish's head; a serpent's tongue;  
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;  
And what a length of tail behind!  
How slow its pace! and then its hue—  
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick re-  
plies;

"'Tis green—I saw it with these  
eyes,

As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warmed it in the sunny ray;  
Stretched at its ease, the beast I  
viewed,

And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue;  
At leisure I the beast surveyed  
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure  
ye."

"Green!" cries the other, in a fury:  
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my  
eyes?"

"'Twere no great loss," the friend  
replies;

"For if they always serve you thus,  
You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to  
blows;

When luckily came by a third —  
To him the question they referred;  
And begged he'd tell them, if he  
knew,  
Whether the thing was green, or  
blue?

"Sirs," cried the umpire, "cease  
your pother,  
The creature's neither one nor  
t'other;

I caught the animal last night,  
And viewed it o'er by candle-light;  
I marked it well — 'twas black as jet;  
You stare! but, sirs, I've got it yet,  
And can produce it." "Pray, sir,  
do;

I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

"And I'll engage that, when you've  
seen  
The reptile, you'll pronounce him  
green."

"Well, then, at once, to ease the  
doubt,"

Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;  
And, when before your eyes I've set  
him,

If you don't find him black, I'll eat  
him."

He said; then full before their sight  
Produced the beast, and lo—'twas  
white!

Both stared; the man looks wondrous  
wise!

"My children," the chameleon cries  
(Then first the creature found a  
tongue),

"You all are right, and all are  
wrong;

When next you talk of what you  
view,

Think others see as well as you;  
Nor wonder if you find that none  
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

## THOMAS MOORE.

[From an Epistle to Samuel Rogers.]

## THE MODERN PUFFING SYSTEM.

UNLIKE those feeble gales of praise  
Which critics blew in former days,  
Our modern puffs are of a kind  
That truly, really "raise the wind;"  
And since they've fairly set in blowing,

We find them the best *trade-winds*  
going.

What storm is on the deep—and  
more

Is the great power of Puff on shore,  
Which jumps to glory's future tenses  
Before the present even commences,  
And makes "immortal" and "di-  
vine" of us,

Before the world has read one line of  
us.

In old times when the god of song  
Drew his own two-horse team along,  
Carrying inside a bard or two  
Booked for posterity "all through,"  
Their luggage, a few close-packed  
rhymes

(Like yours, my friend, for after-  
times)

So slow the pull to Fame's abode  
That folks oft slumbered on the road;  
And Homer's self sometimes, they  
say,

Took to his nightcap on the way.  
But now, how different is the story  
With our new galloping sons of glory,  
Who, scorning all such slack and  
slow time,

Dash to posterity in no time!  
Raise but one general blast of puff  
To start your author—that's enough:  
In vain the critics sit to watch him  
Try at the starting-post to catch him;  
He's off—the puffers carry it hol-  
low—

The critics, if they please, may fol-  
low;

Ere they've laid down their first po-  
sitions,

He's fairly blown through six edi-  
tions!

In vain doth Edinburgh dispense  
Her blue-and-yellow pestilence  
(That plague so awful in my time  
To young and touchy sons of rhyme);  
The *Quarterly*, at three months'  
date,

To catch the Unread One comes too  
late;

And nonsense, littered in a hurry,  
Becomes "immortal" spite of Mur-  
ray.

[From *The Fudge Family in Paris*].

EXTRACTS FROM MISS BIDDY'S  
LETTERS.

WHAT a time since I wrote!—I'm a  
sad naughty girl—

Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in  
a twirl,

Yet even (as you wittily say) a tee-  
totum

Between all its twirls gives a *letter*  
to note 'em.

But, Lord, such a place! and then,  
Dolly, my dresses,

My gowns, so divine!—there's no  
language expresses,

Except just the *two* words "su-  
perbe," "magnifique,"

The trimmings of that which I had  
home last week!

It is called—I forget—*à la*—some-  
thing which sounded

Like *alicampane*—but, in truth, I'm  
confounded

And bothered, my dear, 'twixt that  
troublesome boy's

(Bob's) cookery language, and Ma-  
dame Le Roi's:

What with filets of roses, and filets  
of veal,

Things *garni* with lace, and things  
*garni* with eel,

One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,  
 And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,  
 I can scarce tell the difference, at least as to phrase,  
 Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls *à la braise*,—  
 But, in short, dear, I'm tricked out quite *à la française*,  
 With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high up and poking,  
 Like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking.  
 Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights  
 Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights—  
 This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting,  
 But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?  
 Last night, at the Beaujon, a place where—I doubt  
 If I well can describe—there are cars, that set out  
 From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,  
 And rattle you down, Doll— you hardly know where.  
 These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through  
 This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.  
 Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether  
 You'll venture down with him— you smile—'tis a match;  
 In an instant you're seated, and down both together  
 Go thundering, as if you went post to old Scratch!  
 Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remarked  
 On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embarked,  
 The impatience of some for the perilous flight,  
 The forced giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,  
 That there came up— imagine, dear Doll, if you can—

A fine, sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-faced man,  
 With mustachios that gave (what we we read of so oft)  
 The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,  
 As hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or  
 A something between Abelard and old Blucher!  
 Up he came, Doll, to me, and uncovering his head,  
 (Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,  
 "Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle will be so very good—  
 Just for von little course"— though I scarce understood  
 What he wished me to do, I said, thank him, I would.  
 Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew whether  
 My head or my heels were the uppermost then,  
 For 'twas like heaven and earth, Dolly, coming together,—  
 Yet, spite of the danger, we dared it again.  
 And oh! as I gazed on the features and air  
 Of the man who for me all this peril defied,  
 I could fancy almost he and I were a pair  
 Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,  
 Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a  
 Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara!  
 Well, it *isn't* the king, after all, my dear creature!  
 But *don't* you go laugh, now— there's nothing to quiz in't—  
 For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,  
 He *might* be a king, Doll, though, hang him, he *isn't*.  
 At first I felt hurt, for I wished it, I own,  
 If for no other cause than to vex Miss Malone,—

(The great heiress, you know, of  
Shandangan, who's here,  
Showing off with *such* airs and a real  
Cashmere,  
While mine's but a paltry old rabbit-  
skin, dear!)  
But says Pa, after deeply considering  
the thing,  
"I am just as well pleased it should  
*not* be the king;

As I think for my Bidy so *gentille*  
and *jolie*,  
Whose charms may their price in  
an *honest* way fetch,  
That a Brandenburg — (what is a  
Brandenburg, Dolly?)—  
Would be, after all, no such very  
great catch.

## WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

### THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,  
Mid Berkshire's hills, one winter's  
day,  
Was humming with its wonted noise  
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;  
Some few upon their tasks intent,  
But more on furtive mischief bent.  
The while the master's downward  
look  
Was fastened on a copy-book;  
When suddenly, behind his back,  
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!  
As 't were a battery of bliss  
Let off in one tremendous kiss!  
"What's that?" the startled master  
cries;  
"That, thir," a little imp replies,  
"Wati William Willith, if you  
pleathe, —  
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"  
With frown to make a statue thrill,  
The master thundered, "Hither,  
Will!"  
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,

With stolen chattels on his back,  
Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
And to the awful presence came, —  
A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
The butt of all good-natured fun.  
With smile suppressed, and birch  
upraised,  
The thunderer faltered, — "I'm  
amazed  
That you, my biggest pupil, should  
Be guilty of an act so rude!  
Before the whole set school to boot—  
What evil genius put you to 't?"  
" 'Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the  
lad;  
"I did not mean to be so bad;  
But when Susannah shook her curls,  
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls  
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,  
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,  
But up and kissed her on the spot!  
I know — boo-hoo — I ought to not,  
But, somehow, from her looks —  
boo-hoo —  
I thought she kird o' wished me to!"



## THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

## SAINT PERAY.

## ADDRESSED TO H. T. P.

WHEN to any saint I pray,  
It shall be to Saint Peray.  
He alone, of all the brood,  
Ever did me any good:  
Many I have tried that are  
Humbugs in the calendar.

On the Atlantic faint and sick,  
Once I prayed to Saint Dominick:  
He was holy, sure, and wise;—  
Was't not he that did devise  
Auto da Fes and rosaries?—  
But for one in my condition  
This good saint was no physician.

Next in pleasant Normandie,  
I made a prayer to Saint Denis,  
In the great cathedral, where  
All the ancient kings repose;  
But, how I was swindled there  
At the "Golden Fleece,"—he  
knows!

In my wanderings, vague and vari-  
ous,  
Reaching Naples—as I lay  
Watching Vesuvius from the bay,  
I besought Saint Januarius.  
But I was a fool to try him;  
Naught I said could liquefy him;  
And I swear he did me wrong,  
Keeping me shut up so long  
In that pest-house, with obscene  
Jews and Greeks and things un-  
clean—  
What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score—  
In Spain about as many more—  
And in Rome almost as many  
As the loves of Don Giovanni,  
Did I pray to—sans reply;  
Devil take the tribe!—said I,

Worn with travel, tired and lame,  
To Assisi's walls I came:  
Sad and full of homesick fancies,  
I addressed me to Saint Francis:  
But the beggar never did  
Any thing as he was bid,  
Never gave me aught—but fleas—  
Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Provence, near Vaucluse,  
Hard by the Rhone, I found a  
saint  
Gifted with a wondrous juice,  
Potent for the worst complaint.  
'Twas at Avignon that first—  
In the witching time of thirst—  
To my brain the knowledge came  
Of this blessed Catholic's name;  
Forty miles of dust that day  
Made me welcome St. Peray.

Though till then I had not heard  
Aught about him, ere a third  
Of a litre passed my lips,  
All saints else were in eclipse.  
For his gentle spirit glided  
With such magic into mine,  
That methought such bliss as I did,  
Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me, and refection,  
Chastened hopes, calm retrospec-  
tion,  
Softened images of sorrow,  
Bright forebodings for the morrow,  
Charity for what is past,  
Faith in something good at last.

Now, why should any almanac  
The name of this good creature lack?  
Or wherefore should the breviary  
Omit a saint so sage and merry?  
The pope himself should grant a day  
Especially to Saint Peray.  
But since no day hath been appointed  
On purpose, by the Lord's anointed,  
Let us not wait—we'll do him right;  
Send round your bottles, Hal,—and  
set your night.

## JOHN PIERPONT.

## WHITTLING.

<p>THE Yankee boy, before he's sent to school, Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool, The pocket-knife. To that his wistful eye Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby; His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it, Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it; And in the education of the lad No little part that implement hath had. His pocket-knife to the young whittler brings A growing knowledge of material things.</p> <p>Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art, His chestnut whistle and his shingle cart, His elder pop-gun with its hickory rod, Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad, His corn-stalk fiddle, and the deeper tone That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone, Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed, His windmill, raised the passing breeze to win, His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin, Or, if his father lives upon the shore, You'll see his ship, "beam ends upon the floor,"</p>	<p>Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers staunch, And waiting, near the wash-tub, for a launch. Thus, by his genius and his jack-knife driven Ere long he'll solve you any problem given; Make any gimcrack, musical or mute, A plough, a couch, an organ, or a flute; Make you a locomotive or a clock, Cut a canal, or build a floating-dock, Or lead forth beauty from a marble block;— Make anything, in short, for sea or shore, From a child's rattle to a seventy-four;— Make it, said I?—Ay, when he undertakes it, He'll make the thing and the machine that makes it.</p> <p>And when the thing is made,—whether it be To move on earth, in air, or on the sea; Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide, Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide; Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring, Whether it be a piston or a spring, Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass, The thing designed shall surely come to pass; For, when his hand's upon it, you may know That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.</p>
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## ALEXANDER POPE.

[From the *Dunciad*.]

## DULLNESS.

IN eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,  
 Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,  
 Dullness o'er all possessed her ancient right,  
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:  
 Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,  
 Gross as her sire, and as her mother gave,  
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold and blind,  
 She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.  
 Still her old empire to restore she tries,  
 For, born a goddess, Dullness never dies.

How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,  
 How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry;  
 Maggots half-formed in rhyme exactly meet,  
 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.  
 Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,  
 And ductile Dullness new meanders takes;  
 There motley images her fancy strike,  
 Figures ill-paired, and similes unlike.  
 She sees a mob of metaphors advance,  
 Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance:  
 How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;  
 How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;  
 How Time itself stands still at her command,  
 Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land,  
 Here gay description Egypt glads with showers,

Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;  
 Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,  
 There painted valleys of eternal green,  
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,  
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.  
 All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen  
 Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene:  
 She, tinselled o'er in robes of varying hues,  
 With self-applause her wild creation views;  
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,  
 And with her own fool's-colors gilds them all.

[From *The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*. *The Prologue to the Satires*.]

## AN AUTHOR'S COMPLAINT.

SHUT, shut the door, good John!  
 fatigued, I said,  
 Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead,  
 The Dog-star rages: nay, 'tis past a doubt,  
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:  
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,  
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.  
 What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?  
 They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,  
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,  
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge;

No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,

Happy to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,

A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,  
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,

Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?

Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls

With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?

All fly to Twick'nam, and in humble strain

Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,

Imputes to me and to my works the cause:

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,

And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,

The world had wanted many an idle song)

What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?

Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?

A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,

If foes, they write, — if friends, they read me dead.

Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!

Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:

To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,

And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.

I sit with sad civility, I read  
With honest anguish and an aching head;

And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,  
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury Lane,

Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,

Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,

Obliged by hunger, and request of friends:

"The piece, you think, is incorrect? Why, take it,

I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,

My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,

I want a patron; ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libelled me — "but here's a letter

informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet. — "'Tis a stranger sues,

A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,

The players and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fired that the house reject him, "Sdeath, I'll print it,

And shame the fools — Your interest, sir, with Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

"Not, sir, if you revise it, and re-touch."

All my demurs but double his attacks;

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,

(Midas, a sacred person and a king,) His very minister who spied them first

(Some say his queen) was forced to speak or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,

When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool. Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,

Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:

Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurled,

Thou standest unshook amid a bursting world.

Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:

Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain, The creature's at his dirty work again,

Throned in the centre of his thin designs,

Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!

Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,

It is the slaver kills, and not the bite. A fool quite angry is quite innocent, Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose, And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,

And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court:

I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,

Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir! you have an eye." —

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see,

All that disgraced my betters, met in me.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,

"Just so immortal Maro held his head:"

And when I die, be sure you let me know

Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown

Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame, I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade, No duty broke, no father disobeyed.

The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life:

To second, *ARBUTHNOT!* thy art and care,

And teach the being you preserved to bear.

[From the Rape of the Lock.]

BELINDA.

AND now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,

Each silver vase in mystic order laid. First, robed in white the nymph intent adores,

With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;

The inferior priestess, at her altar's  
 side,  
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of  
 pride.  
 Unnumbered treasures ope at once,  
 and here  
 The various offerings of the world  
 appear;  
 From each she nicely culls with curi-  
 ous toil,  
 And decks the goddess with the glit-  
 tering spoil.  
 This casket India's glowing gems  
 unlocks,  
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder  
 box.  
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
 Transformed to combs, the speckled,  
 and the white.  
 Here files of pins extend their shining  
 rows,  
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-  
 doux.  
 Now awful beauty puts on all its  
 arms:  
 The fair each moment rises in her  
 charms,  
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every  
 grace,  
 And calls forth all the wonders of  
 her face;  
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
 And keener lightnings quicken in her  
 eyes.  
 The busy sylphs surround their dar-  
 ling care,  
 These set the head, and those divide  
 the hair,  
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others  
 plait the gown;  
 And Betty's praised for labors not  
 her own.

Not with more glories, in the ethe-  
 real plain,  
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled  
 main,  
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his  
 beams  
 Launched on the bosom of the silver  
 Thames.  
 Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths  
 around her shone,  
 But every eye was fixed on her alone.

On her white breast a sparkling cross  
 she wore,  
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels  
 adore.  
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind dis-  
 close,  
 Quick as her eyes and as unfixed as  
 those:  
 Favors to none, to all she smiles ex-  
 tends;  
 Oft she rejects, but never once of-  
 fends.  
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers  
 strike,  
 And like the sun, they shine on all  
 alike.  
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void  
 of pride,  
 Might hide her faults if belles had  
 faults to hide:  
 If to her share some female errors  
 fall,  
 Look on her face and you'll forget  
 them all.  
 This nymph, to the destruction  
 of mankind,  
 Nourished two locks which graceful  
 hung behind  
 In equal curls, and well conspired to  
 deck  
 With shining ringlets the smooth  
 ivory neck.  
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves  
 detains  
 And mighty hearts are held in slen-  
 der chains.  
 With hairy springes we the birds be-  
 tray,  
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny  
 prey,  
 Fair tresses man's imperial race en-  
 snare,  
 And beauty draws us with a single  
 hair.

[From the Rape of the Lock.]

MERIT BEYOND BEAUTY.

SAY, why are beauties praised and  
 honored most,  
 The wise man's passion, and the vain  
 man's toast?

Why decked with all that land and  
 sea afford,  
 Why angels called, and angel-like  
 adored?  
 Why round our coaches crowd the  
 white-gloved beaux,  
 Why bows the side-box from its in-  
 most rows?  
 How vain are all these glories, all our  
 pains,  
 Unless good sense preserve what  
 beauty gains:  
 That men may say, when we the  
 front-box grace,  
 Behold the first in virtue as in  
 face!  
 Oh! if to dance all night, and dress  
 all day,  
 Charmed the small-pox, or chased old  
 age away;  
 Who would not scorn what house-  
 wife's cares produce,  
 Or who would learn one earthly thing  
 of use?

To patch, nay, ogle, might become a  
 saint,  
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to  
 paint. [cay,  
 But since, alas! frail beauty must de-  
 Curled or uncurled, since locks will  
 turn to gray;  
 Since, painted or not painted, all  
 shall fade,  
 And she who scorns a man must die  
 a maid;  
 What then remains but well our pow-  
 er to use,  
 And keep good-humor still whate'er  
 we lose?  
 And trust me, dear! good-humor can  
 prevail,  
 When airs, and flights, and screams,  
 and scolding fail;  
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes  
 may roll;  
 Charms strike the sight, but merit  
 wins the soul.

## WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

### THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams  
 Had been of being wise or witty,  
 Ere I had done with writing themes,  
 Or yawned o'er this infernal Chit-  
 ty, —  
 Years, years ago, while all my joys  
 Were in my fowling-piece and filly;  
 In short, while I was yet a boy,  
 I fell in love with Laura Lilly.  
 I saw her at the country ball;  
 There, when the sounds of flute and  
 fiddle  
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall  
 Of hands across and down the mid-  
 dle,  
 Hers was the subtlest spell by far  
 Of all that sets young hearts ro-  
 mancing:  
 She was our queen, our rose, our  
 star;  
 And then she danced, -- O Heaven!  
 her dancing.

Dark was her hair; her hand was  
 white;  
 Her voice was exquisitely tender;  
 Her eyes were full of liquid light;  
 I never saw a waist so slender;  
 Her every look, her every smile,  
 Shot right and left a score of ar-  
 rows:  
 I thought 't was Venus from her  
 isle,  
 And wondered where she'd left her  
 sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,  
 Of Southey's prose or Words-  
 worth's sonnets,  
 Of danglers or of dancing bears,  
 Of battles or the last new bonnets;  
 By candle-light, at twelve o'clock, —  
 To me it mattered not a tittle, —  
 If those bright lips had quoted  
 Locke,  
 I might have thought they mur-  
 mured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry  
 June,  
 I loved her with a love eternal;  
 I spoke her praises to the moon,  
 I wrote them to the Sunday Jour-  
 nal.  
 My mother laughed; I soon found  
 out  
 That ancient ladies have no feel-  
 ing:  
 My father frowned; but how should  
 gout  
 See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean, —  
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;  
 She had one brother just thirteen,  
 Whose color was extremely hectic;  
 Her grandmother for many a year  
 Had fed the parish with her boun-  
 ty;  
 Her second cousin was a peer,  
 And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,  
 And mortgages and great relations,  
 And India bonds, and tithes and  
 rents,  
 O, what are they to love's sensa-  
 tions?  
 Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering  
 locks, —  
 Such wealth, such honors, Cupid  
 chooses;  
 He cares as little for the stocks  
 As Baron Rothschild for the  
 Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the  
 beach,  
 Grew lovelier from her pencil's  
 shading:  
 She botanized; I envied each  
 Young blossom in her boudoir  
 fading:  
 She warbled Handel; it was grand, —  
 She made the Catilina jealous:  
 She touched the organ; I could  
 stand  
 For hours and hours to blow the  
 bellows.

She kept an album too, at home,  
 Well filled with all an album's  
 glories, —  
 Paintings of butterflies and Rome,  
 Patterns for trimmings, Persian  
 stories,  
 Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,  
 Fierce odes to famine and to  
 slaughter,  
 And autographs of Prince Leboo,  
 And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped,  
 bored;  
 Her steps were watched, her dress  
 was noted;  
 Her poodle-dog was quite adored;  
 Her sayings were extremely quoted.  
 She laughed, — and every heart was  
 glad,  
 As if the taxes were abolished;  
 She frowned, — and every look was  
 sad,  
 As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for  
 fun, —  
 I knew that there was nothing in  
 it;  
 I was the first, the only one,  
 Her heart had thought of for a  
 minute.  
 I knew it, for she told me so,  
 In phrase which was divinely  
 moulded;  
 She wrote a charming hand, — and  
 oh,  
 How sweetly all her notes were  
 folded!

Our love was most like other loves, —  
 A little glow, a little shiver,  
 A rosebud and a pair of gloves,  
 And "Fly Not Yet" upon the  
 river;  
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,  
 Some hopes of dying broken-  
 hearted;  
 A miniature, a lock of hair,  
 The usual vows, — and then we  
 parted.



We parted: months and years rolled  
by:

We met again four summers after.  
Our parting was all sob and sigh,  
Our meeting was all mirth and  
laughter!

For in my heart's most secret cell  
There had been many other lodg-  
ers;

And she was not the ball-room's  
belle,

But only Mrs. — Something — Rog-  
ers!

—————  
QUINCE.

NEAR a small village in the West,  
Where many very worthy people  
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their  
best

To guard from evil, church and  
steeple,  
There stood — alas, it stands no  
more! —

A tenement of brick and plaster,  
Of which, for forty years and four,  
My good friend Quince was lord  
and master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall,  
To maids and matrons, peers and  
peasants;

He won the sympathies of all  
By making puns and making pres-  
ents.

Though all the parish was at strife,  
He kept his counsel and his car-  
riage,

And laughed, and loved a quiet life,  
And shrunk from Chancery-suits  
and marriage.

Sound were his claret and his head,  
Warm were his double ale and  
feelings;

His partners at the whist-club said  
That he was faultless in his deal-  
ings.

He went to church but once a week,  
Yet Dr. Poundtext always found  
him

An upright man, who studied Greek,  
And liked to see his friends around  
him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools  
He used to swear were made to  
cozen;

All who subscribed to them were  
fools —

And he subscribed to half a dozen.

It was his doctrine that the poor  
Were always able, never willing;

And so the beggar at the door  
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,  
But was no flatterer nor fretter;  
He rapped his box when things were  
bad,

And said: "I cannot make them  
better."

And much he loathed the patriot's  
snort,

And much he scorned the place-  
man's snuffle,

And cut the fiercest quarrels short  
With, "Patience, gentlemen, and  
shuffle!"

For full ten years his pointer,  
Speed,

Had couched beneath his master's  
table,

For twice ten years his old white  
steed

Had fattened in his master's stable.  
Old Quince averred upon his troth

They were the ugliest beasts in  
Devon;

And none knew why he fed them  
both

With his own hands, six days in  
seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or  
knock,

Quicker than thought the village  
slatterns

Flung down the novel, smoothed the  
frock,

And took up Mrs. Glasse or pat-  
terns.

Alice was studying baker's bills;  
Louisa looked the queen of knit-  
ters;

Jane happened to be hemming frills;  
And Nell by chance was making  
fritters.

But all was vain. And while decay  
 Came like a tranquil moonlight  
 o'er him,  
 And found him gouty still and gay,  
 With no fair nurse to bless or bore  
 him;  
 His rugged smile and easy chair,  
 His dread of matrimonial lectures,  
 His wig, his stick, his powdered hair  
 Were themes for very grave conjec-  
 tures.

Some sages thought the stars above  
 Had crazed him with excess of  
 knowledge;  
 Some heard he had been crossed in  
 love  
 Before he came away from college;  
 Some darkly hinted that His Grace  
 Did nothing, great or small, with-  
 out him;  
 Some whispered, with a solemn face,  
 That there was something odd  
 about him.

I found him at threescore and ten  
 A single man, but bent quite dou-  
 ble;  
 Sickness was coming on him then  
 To take him from a world of trou-  
 ble.  
 He prosed of sliding down the hill,  
 Discovered he grew older daily;  
 One frosty day he made his will,  
 The next he sent for Dr. Baillie.

And so he lived, and so he died;  
 When last I sat beside his pillow,  
 He shook my hand: "Ah me!" he  
 cried,  
 "Penelope must wear the willow!  
 Tell her I hugged her rosy chain  
 While life was flickering in the  
 socket,  
 And say that when I call again  
 I'll bring a license in my pocket.

"I've left my house and grounds to  
 Fag—  
 I hope his master's shoes will suit  
 him!—  
 And I've bequeathed to you my  
 nag,  
 To feed him for my sake, or shoot  
 him.  
 The vicar's wife will take old Fox,  
 She'll find him an uncommon  
 mouser;  
 And let her husband have my box,  
 My Bible and my Assmanshäuser.

"Whether I ought to die or not  
 My doctors cannot quite determine;  
 It's only clear that I shall rot,  
 And be, like Priam, food for ver-  
 min.  
 My debts are paid. But Nature's  
 debt  
 Almost escaped my recollection!  
 Tom, we shall meet again; and yet  
 I cannot leave you my direction!"

## MATTHEW PRIOR.

### FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of  
 prevention,  
 Matt, alive and in health, of his  
 tombstone took care;  
 For delays are unsafe, and his pious  
 intention [heir.  
 May haply be never fulfilled by his  
 Then take Matt's word for it, the  
 sculptor is paid,  
 That the figure is fine, pray believe  
 your own eye;

Yet credit but lightly what more may  
 be said,  
 For we flatter ourselves, and teach  
 marble to lie.  
 Yet counting so far as to fifty his  
 years,  
 His virtues and vices were as other  
 men's are;  
 High hopes he conceived, and he  
 smothered great fears,  
 In a life party-colored, half pleas-  
 ure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,

He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;

In public employments industrious and grave,

And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,

Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;

And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,

He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,

Sets neither his titles nor merits to view;

It says that his relics collected lie here,

And no mortal yet knows if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,

So Matt may be killed, and his bones never found;

False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,

So Matt may yet chance to be hanged or be drowned.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,

To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;

And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,

He cares not — yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

#### AN EPITAPH.

INTERRED beneath this marble stone  
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.

While rolling threescore years and one  
Did round this globe their courses run;

If human things went ill or well,  
If changing empires rose or fell,

The morning past, the evening came,  
And found this couple just the same.

They walked and ate, good folks:  
What then?

Why, then they walked and ate again;  
They soundly slept the night away;

They did just nothing all the day.  
Nor sister either had nor brother;

They seemed just tallied for each other.

Their moral and economy  
Most perfectly they made agree;

Each virtue kept its proper bound,  
Nor trespassed on the other's ground.

Nor fame nor censure they regarded;  
They neither punished nor rewarded.

He cared not what the footman did;  
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:

So every servant took his course,  
And, bad at first, they all grew worse,

Slothful disorder filled his stable,  
And sluttish plenty decked her table.

Their beer was strong, their wine was port;

Their meal was large, their grace was short.

They gave the poor the remnant meat,  
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate,  
And took, but read not, the receipt;

For which they claimed their Sunday's due,

Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know,

So never made themselves a foe.

No man's good deeds did they commend,

So never raised themselves a friend.

Nor cherished they relations poor,  
That might decrease their present store;

Nor barn nor house did they repair,  
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded;  
They neither wanted nor abounded.

Nor tear nor smile did they employ  
At news of grief or public joy.

When bells were rung and bonfires made

If asked, they ne'er denied their aid;  
Their jug was to the ringers carried,

Whoever either died or married.

Their billet at the fire was found,  
 Whoever was deposed or crowned.  
 Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor  
 wise,  
 They would not learn, nor could  
 advise;  
 Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,  
 They led — a kind of — as it were;  
 Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed,  
 nor cried,  
 And so they lived, and so they died.

FROM "THE THIEF AND THE  
 CORDELIER."

"WHAT frightens you thus, my good  
 son?" says the priest;  
 "You murdered, are sorry, and have  
 been confessed."  
 "O father! my sorrow will scarce  
 save my bacon;  
 For 'twas not that I murdered, but  
 that I was taken."

"Pooh, prithee ne'er trouble thy head  
 with such fancies;  
 Rely on the aid you shall have from  
 St. Francis;  
 If the money you promised be brought  
 to the chest,  
 You have only to die; let the church  
 do the rest."

"And what will folks say, if they see  
 you afraid?  
 It reflects upon me, as I knew not my  
 trade.  
 Courage, friend, for to-day is your  
 period of sorrow;  
 And things will go better, believe me,  
 to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" our hero replied in a  
 fright;

"He that's hanged before noon,  
 ought to think of to-night."

"Tell your beads," quoth the priest,  
 "and be fairly trussed up,  
 For you surely to-night shall in Para-  
 dise sup."

"Alas!" quoth the 'squire, "how'er  
 sumptuous the treat,  
 Parbleu! I shall have little stomach  
 to eat;  
 I should therefore esteem it great  
 favor and grace,  
 Would you be so kind as to go in my  
 place."

"That I would," quoth the father,  
 "and thank you to boot;  
 But our actions, you know, with our  
 duty must suit;  
 The feast I proposed to you, I cannot  
 taste,  
 For this night, by our order, is marked  
 for a fast."

[From *Alma*.]

RICHARD'S THEORY OF THE MIND.

I SAY, whatever you maintain  
 Of *Alma* in the heart or brain,  
 The plainest man alive may tell ye  
 Her seat of empire is the belly.  
 From hence she sends out those sup-  
 plies,  
 Which make us either stout or  
 wise:  
 Your stomach makes the fabric roll  
 Just as the bias rules the bowl.  
 The great Achilles might employ  
 The strength designed to ruin Troy;  
 He dined on lion's marrow, spread  
 On toasts of ammunition bread;  
 But, by his mother sent away  
 Amongst the Thracian girls to play,  
 Effeminate he sat and quiet —  
 Strange product of a cheese-cake  
 diet!

Observe the various operations  
 Of food and drink in several nations.  
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel  
 Upon the strength of water gruel?  
 But who shall stand his rage or force  
 If first he rides, then eats his horse?  
 Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare  
 Tune the Italian spark's guitar:  
 And, if I take Dan Congreve right,  
 Pudding and beef make Britons  
 fight.

## JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

*HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE.*

COME, listen all unto my song  
It is no silly fable;  
'Tis all about the mighty cord  
They call the Atlantic Cable.

Bold Cyrus Field, he said, says he,  
I have a pretty notion  
That I can run a telegraph  
Across the Atlantic Ocean.

Then all the people laughed, and said,  
They'd like to see him do it;  
He might get half-seas over, but  
He never could get through it:

To carry out his foolish plan  
He never would be able;  
He might as well go hang himself  
With his Atlantic Cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man,  
A fellow of decision:  
And heeded not their mocking words,  
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,  
And yet his mind was stable;  
He wa'n't the man to break his heart  
Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he  
cried;  
"Three times! — you know the  
fable, —  
(I'll make it *thirty*," muttered he,  
"But I will lay the cable!")

Once more they tried, — hurrah!  
hurrah!  
What means this great commotion?  
The Lord be praised! the cable's laid  
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Loud rang the bells, — for flashing  
through  
Six hundred leagues of water,  
Old Mother England's benison  
Salutes her eldest daughter!

O'er all the land the tidings speed,  
And soon, in every nation,  
They'll hear about the cable with  
Profoundest admiration!

Now long live President and Queen;  
And long live gallant Cyrus;  
And may his courage, faith, and zeal  
With emulation fire us;

And may we honor evermore  
The manly, bold, and stable;  
And tell our sons, to make them  
brave,  
How Cyrus laid the cable!

*THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.*

I LONG have been puzzled to guess,  
And so I have frequently said,  
What the reason could really be  
That I never have happened to  
wed;  
But now it is perfectly clear,  
I am under a natural ban;  
The girls are already assigned, —  
And I'm a superfluous man!

Those clever statistical chaps  
Declare the numerical run  
Of women and men in the world,  
Is twenty to twenty-and-one;  
And hence in the pairing, you see,  
Since wooing and wedding began,  
For every connubial score,  
They've got a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go,  
And giddily rush to their fate,  
For none of the number, of course,  
Can fail of a conjugal mate;  
But while they are yielding in scores  
To Nature's inflexible plan,  
There's never a woman for me, —  
For I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am a churl,  
To solitude over-inclined;

It isn't that I am at fault  
 In morals or manners or mind;  
 Then what is the reason, you ask,  
 I'm still with the bachelor-clan?  
 I merely was numbered amiss, —  
 And I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am in want  
 Of personal beauty or grace,  
 For many a man with a wife  
 Is uglier far in the face;  
 Indeed, among elegant men  
 I fancy myself in the van;  
 But what is the value of that,  
 When I'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,  
 For aught I could ever discern  
 The tender emotion I feel  
 Is one that they never return;  
 'Tis idle to quarrel with fate!  
 For, struggle as hard as I can,  
 They're mated already, you know, —  
 And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,  
 With women so pretty and plenty,  
 To know that I never was born  
 To figure as one of the twenty;  
 But yet, when the average lot  
 With critical vision I scan,  
 I think it may be for the best  
 That I'm a superfluous man!

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said  
 To a lady from over the Rhine;  
 And the lady shook her flaxen head,  
 And civilly answered "*Nein!*"\*

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said  
 To the lady from over the Rhine;  
 And again the lady shook her head,  
 And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal  
 said,  
 To the lady from over the Rhine;  
 And again the lady shook her head,  
 And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

\* *Nein*, pronounced *nine*, is the German  
 for "No."

"Husband, of course?" the Marshal  
 said  
 To the lady from over the Rhine;  
 And again she shook her flaxen head,  
 And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the Marshal  
 said  
 To the lady from over the Rhine;  
 And again she shook her flaxen head,  
 And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now what do you mean by shaking  
 your head,  
 And always answering, '*Nine!*'?"  
 "*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly  
 said  
 The lady from over the Rhine.

SONG OF SARATOGA.

"PRAY, what do they do at the  
 Springs?"

The question is easy to ask;  
 But to answer it fully, my dear,  
 Were rather a serious task.  
 And yet, in a bantering way,  
 As the magpie or mocking-bird  
 sings,  
 I'll venture a bit of a song  
 To tell what they do at the Springs!

*Imprimis*, my darling, they drink  
 The waters so sparkling and clear;  
 Though the flavor is none of the best,  
 And the odor exceedingly queer;  
 But the fluid is mingled, you know,  
 With wholesome medicinal things,  
 So they drink, and they drink, and  
 they drink, —  
 And that's what they do at the  
 Springs!

Then with appetites keen as a knife,  
 They hasten to breakfast or dine  
 (The latter precisely at three,  
 The former from seven till nine.)  
 Ye gods! what a rustle and rush  
 When the eloquent dinner-bell  
 rings!  
 Then they eat, and they eat, and they  
 eat, —  
 And that's what they do at the  
 Springs!

Now they stroll in the beautiful  
walks,  
Or loll in the shade of the trees :  
Where many a whisper is heard  
That never is told by the breeze ;  
And hands are commingled with  
hands,  
Regardless of conjugal rings ;  
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they  
flirt,—  
And that's what they do at the  
Springs!

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,  
And music is shrieking away ;  
Terpsichore governs the hour,  
And Fashion was never so gay !  
An arm round a tapering waist,  
How closely and fondly it clings !  
So they waltz, and they waltz, and  
they waltz, —  
And that's what they do at the  
Springs!

In short — as it goes in the world —  
They eat, and they drink, and they  
sleep ;  
They talk, and they walk, and they  
woo ;  
They sigh, and they laugh, and  
they weep ;  
They read, and they ride, and they  
dance ;  
(With other unspeakable things ;)  
They pray, and they play, and they  
pay, —  
And that's what they do at the  
Springs!

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EARLY RISING.

“God bless the man who first in-  
vented sleep !”  
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I :  
And bless him, also, that he didn't  
keep  
His great discovery to himself ; nor  
try  
To make it — as the lucky fellow  
might —  
A close monopoly by patent-right !

Yes ; bless the man who first invented  
sleep  
(I really can't avoid the iteration) ;  
But blast the man with curses loud  
and deep,  
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age,  
or station,  
Who first invented, and went round  
advising,  
That artificial cut-off,—Early Rising.

“Rise with the lark, and with the  
lark to bed,”  
Observes some solemn, sentimental  
owl ;  
Maxims like these are very cheaply  
said ;  
But, ere you make yourself a fool  
or fowl,  
Pray just inquire about his rise and  
fall,  
And whether larks have any beds  
at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed  
Is in the morning, if I reason right :  
And he who cannot keep his precious  
head  
Upon the pillow till it's fairly light,  
And so enjoy his forty morning  
winks,  
Is up to knavery ; or else — he drinks.

Thomson, who sang about the “Sea  
sons,” said  
It was a glorious thing to rise in  
season ;  
But then he said it — lying — in his  
bed,  
At ten o'clock, A. M., — the very  
reason  
He wrote so charmingly. The simple  
fact is,  
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by  
his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes  
awake, —  
Awake to duty, and awake to  
truth, —  
But when, alas ! a nice review we  
take  
Of our best deeds and days, we  
find, in sooth,

The hours that leave the slightest  
cause to weep  
Are those we passed in childhood or  
asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world  
awhile

For the soft visions of the gentle  
night;  
And free, at last, from mortal care or  
guile.

To live as only in the angels' sight,  
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut  
in,

Where, at the worst, we only *dream*  
of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker  
praise.

I like the lad, who, when his father  
thought

To clip his morning nap by hack-  
neyed phrase

Of vagrant worm by early songster  
caught,

Cried, "Served him right! — it's not  
at all surprising;

The worm was punished, sir, for  
early rising!"

#### ABOUT HUSBANDS.

"A man is, in general, better pleased  
when he has a good dinner upon his table,  
than when his wife speaks Greek." — SAM.  
JOHNSON.

JOHNSON was right. I don't agree to  
all

The solemn dogmas of the rough  
old stager;

But very much approve what one  
may call

The minor morals of the "Ursa  
Major."

Johnson was right. Although some  
men adore

Wisdom in woman, and with learn-  
ing cram her,

There isn't one in ten but thinks far  
more

Of his own grub than of his  
spouse's grammar.

I know it is the greatest shame in life;  
But who among them (save, per-  
haps, myself)

Returning hungry home, but asks his  
wife

What beef — not books — she has  
upon the shelf?

Though Greek and Latin be the lady's  
boast,

They're little valued by her loving  
mate;

The kind of tongue that husbands  
relish most

Is modern, boiled, and served upon  
a plate.

Or if, as fond ambition may com-  
mand,

Some home-made verse the happy  
matron show him,

What mortal spouse but from her  
dainty hand

Would sooner see a pudding than a  
poem?

Young lady, — deep in love with Tom  
or Harry, —

'Tis sad to tell you such a tale as  
this;

But here's the moral of it: Do not  
marry;

Or, marrying, take your lover as  
he is, —

A very man, — with something of the  
brute

(Unless he prove a sentimental  
noddy),

With passions strong and appetite to  
boot,

A thirsty soul within a hungry  
body.

A very man, — not one of nature's  
clods, —

With human failings, whether saint  
or sinner;

Endowed, perhaps, with genius from  
the gods,

But apt to take his temper from his  
dinner.



## RAILROAD RHYME.

SINGING through the forests,  
 Rattling over ridges;  
 Shooting under arches,  
 Rumbling over bridges;  
 Whizzing through the mountains,  
 Buzzing o'er the vale, —  
 Bless me! this is pleasant,  
 Riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations"  
 In the eye of fame,  
 Here are very quickly  
 Coming to the same;  
 High and lowly people,  
 Birds of every feather,  
 On a common level,  
 Travelling together.

Gentleman in shorts,  
 Looming very tall;  
 Gentleman at large  
 Talking very small;  
 Gentleman in tights,  
 With a loose-ish mien;  
 Gentleman in gray,  
 Looking rather green;

Gentleman quite old,  
 Asking for the news;  
 Gentleman in black,  
 In a fit of blues;  
 Gentleman in claret,  
 Sober as a vicar;  
 Gentleman in tweed,  
 Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right  
 Looking very sunny,  
 Obviously reading  
 Something rather funny.  
 Now the smiles are thicker, —  
 Wonder what they mean!  
 Faith, he's got the Knicker-  
 Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left  
 Closing up his peepers;  
 Now he snores amain,  
 Like the Seven Sleepers;  
 At his feet a volume  
 Gives the explanation,  
 How the man grew stupid  
 From "Association."

Ancient maiden lady  
 Anxiously remarks,  
 That there must be peril  
 'Mong so many sparks;  
 Roguish-looking fellow,  
 Turning to the stranger,  
 Says it's his opinion  
*She* is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,  
 Sitting *vis-à-vis*;  
 Baby keeps a-squalling,  
 Woman looks at me;  
 Asks about the distance,  
 Says it's tiresome talking,  
 Noises of the cars  
 Are so very shocking!

Market-woman, careful  
 Of the precious casket,  
 Knowing eggs are eggs,  
 Tightly holds her basket,  
 Feeling that a smash,  
 If it came, would surely  
 Send her eggs to pot,  
 Rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests,  
 Rattling over ridges;  
 Shooting under arches,  
 Rumbling over bridges;  
 Whizzing through the mountains,  
 Buzzing o'er the vale, —  
 Bless me! this is pleasant,  
 Riding on the rail!

## THE FAMILY MAN.

I ONCE was a jolly young beau,  
 And knew how to pick up a fan,  
 But I've done with all that, you must  
 know,  
 For now I'm a family man!

When a partner I ventured to take,  
 The ladies all favored the plan;  
 They owned I was certain to make  
 "Such an excellent family man!"

If I travel by land or by water,  
 I have charge of some Susan of  
 Ann;

Mrs. Brown is so sure that her daughter  
Is safe with a family man!

The trunks and the bandboxes round  
'em  
With something like horror I scan,  
But though I may mutter "Confound  
'em!"  
I smile — like a family man!

I once was as gay as a templar,  
But levity's now under ban;

Young people must have an exemplar,  
And I am a family man!

The club-men I meet in the city  
All treat me as well as they can,  
And only exclaim, "What a pity  
Poor Tom is a family man!"

I own I am getting quite pensive;  
Ten children, from David to Dan,  
Is a family rather extensive;  
But then — I'm a family man!

## RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

### THE MISTAKE.

HE saw in sight of his house,  
At dusk, as stories tell,  
A woman picking mulberries,  
And he liked her looks right well.

He struggled out of his chair,  
And began to beckon and call;  
But she went on picking mulberries,  
Nor looked at him at all.

"If Famine should follow you,  
He would find the harvest in;  
You think yourself and your mulber-  
ries  
Too good for a mandarin.

I have yellow gold in my sleeve."  
But she answered, sharp and bold,  
"Be off! Let me pick my mulberries,  
I am bought with no man's gold."

She scratched his face with her nails,  
Till he turned and fled for life,  
For the lady picking mulberries  
Was his true and virtuous wife!

### TOO OLD FOR KISSES.

My uncle Philip, hale old man,  
Has children by the dozen;  
Tom, Ned, and Jack, and Kate and  
Ann —  
How many call me "Cousin?"

Good boys and girls, the best was  
Bess,

I bore her on my shoulder;  
A little bud of loveliness  
That never should grow older!  
Her eyes had such a pleading way,  
They seemed to say, "Don't strike  
me."

Then, growing bold another day,  
"I mean to make you like me."  
I liked my cousin, early, late,  
Who liked not little misses:  
She used to meet me at the gate,  
Just old enough for kisses!

This was, I think, three years ago,  
Before I went to college:  
I learned but one thing — how to  
row,  
A healthy sort of knowledge.  
When I was plucked, (we won the  
race.)

And all was at an end there,  
I thought of Uncle Philip's place,  
And every country friend there.  
My cousin met me at the gate,  
She looked five, ten years older,  
A tall young woman, still, sedate,  
With manners coyer, colder.  
She gave her hand with stately  
pride.

"Why, what a greeting this is!  
You used to kiss me." She replied,  
"I am too old for kisses."

I loved — I loved my Cousin Bess,  
 She's always in my mind now;  
 A full-blown bud of loveliness,  
 The rose of womankind now!  
 She must have suitors; old and young  
 Must bow their heads before her;  
 Vows must be made, and songs be  
 sung  
 By many a mad adorer.  
 But I must win her: she must give  
 To me her youth and beauty;  
 And I — to love her while I live  
 Will be my happy duty.  
 For she will love me soon or late,  
 And be my bliss of blisses,  
 Will come to meet me at the gate,  
 Nor be too old for kisses!

—  
 THE MARRIAGE KNOT.

I KNOW a bright and beauteous May,  
 Who knows I love her well;  
 But if she loves, or will some day,  
 I cannot make her tell.  
 She sings the songs I write for her,  
 Of tender hearts betrayed;  
 But not the one that I prefer,  
 About a country maid.  
 The hour when I its burden hear  
 Will never be forgot:  
 "O stay not long, but come, my dear,  
 And knit our marriage knot!"  
 It is about a country maid —  
 I see her in my mind;  
 She is not of her love afraid,  
 And cannot be unkind.

She knits, and sings with many a  
 sigh,  
 And, as her needles glide,  
 She wishes, and she wonders why  
 He is not at her side.  
 "He promised he would meet me  
 here,  
 Upon this very spot:  
 O stay not long, but come, my dear,  
 And knit our marriage knot!"

My lady will not sing the song;  
 "Why not?" I say. And she,  
 Tossing her head, "It is too long."  
 And I, "Too short, may be."  
 She has her little wilful ways,  
 But I persist, and then,  
 "It is not maidenly," she says,  
 "For maids to sigh for men."  
 "But men must sigh for maids, I  
 fear,

I know it is my lot,  
 Until you whisper, 'Come, my dear,  
 And knit our marriage knot!'"

Why is my little one so coy?  
 Why does she use me so?  
 I am no fond and foolish boy  
 To lightly come and go.  
 A man who loves, I know my heart,  
 And will know hers ere long,  
 For, certes, I will not depart  
 Until she sings my song.  
 She learned it all, as you shall hear,  
 No word has she forgot.  
 "Begin, my dearest." "Come, my  
 dear,  
 And knit our marriage knot!"

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM "VERSES ON HIS OWN  
 DEATH."

SOME great misfortune to portend  
 No enemy can match a friend.  
 With all the kindness they profess,  
 The merit of a lucky guess —  
 When daily how-d'ye's come of  
 course,  
 And servants answer: "Worse and  
 worse!" —

Would please them better than to tell,  
 That, God be praised! the dean is well.  
 Then he, who prophesied the best,  
 Approves his foresight to the rest:  
 "You know I always feared the worst,  
 And often told you so at first."  
 He'd rather choose that I should die,  
 Than his prediction prove a lie.  
 Not one foretells I shall recover,  
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbor feel a  
 pain  
 Just in the parts where I complain,  
 How many a message would he send?  
 What hearty prayers that I should  
 mend!  
 Inquire what regimen I kept?  
 What gave me ease, and how I slept?  
 And more lament when I was dead,  
 Than all the snivellers round my bed.  
 My good companions, never fear;  
 For, though you may mistake a year,  
 Though your prognostics run too fast,  
 They must be verified at last.  
 Behold the fatal day arrive!  
 How is the dean? he's just alive.  
 Now the departing prayer is read;  
 He hardly breathes. The dean is  
 dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,  
 The news through half the town has  
 run;  
 "Oh! may we all for death pre-  
 pare!  
 What has he left? and who's the  
 heir?"  
 I know no more than what the  
 news is;  
 'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.  
 "To public uses! there's a whim!  
 What had the public done for him?  
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride:  
 He gave it all — but first he died.  
 And had the dean in all the nation  
 No worthy friend, no poor rela-  
 tion?  
 So ready to do strangers good,  
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,  
 For which no rhyme our language  
 yields,  
 Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its  
 name is —  
 The New Street of the Little Fields;  
 And there's an inn, not rich and  
 splendid,  
 But still in comfortable case —  
 The which in youth I oft attended,  
 To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —  
 A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,  
 Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,  
 That Greenwich never could outdo;  
 Green herbs, red peppers, muscles,  
 saffern,  
 Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and  
 dace;  
 All these you eat at Terré's tavern,  
 In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savory stew 't is;  
 And true philosophers, methinks,  
 Who love all sorts of natural beauties,  
 Should love good victuals and good  
 drinks.

And Cordelier or Benedictine  
 Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,  
 Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,  
 Which served him up a Bouilla-  
 baisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?  
 Yes, here the lamp is as before;  
 The smiling, red-cheeked *écaille* is  
 Still opening oysters at the door.  
 Is Terré still alive and able?  
 I recollect his droll grimace;  
 He'd come and smile before your  
 table,  
 And hoped you liked your Bouilla-  
 baisse.

We enter; nothing's changed or older.  
 "How's Monsieur Terré, waiter,  
 pray?"  
 The waiter stares and shrugs his  
 shoulder; —  
 "Monsieur is dead this many a  
 day."

"It is the lot of saint and sinner.  
 So honest Terré's run his race!"  
 "What will Monsieur require for din-  
 ner?"  
 "Say, do you still cook Bouilla-  
 baisse?"

“Oh, oui, Monsieur,” ’s the waiter’s answer;

“Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il ?”  
“Tell me a good one.” “That I can, sir;

The Chambertin with yellow seal.’  
“So Terré’s gone,” I say, and sink in  
My old accustomed corner-place;  
“He’s done with feasting and with  
drinking,  
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.”

My old accustomed corner here is —  
The table still is in the nook;  
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,  
This well-known chair since last I  
took.

When first I saw ye, *Cara Luoghi*,  
I’d scarce a beard upon my face,  
And now a grizzled grim old foggy,  
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty  
Of early days, here met to dine?  
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty,  
I’ll pledge them in the good old  
wine.

The kind old voices and old faces  
My memory can quick retrace;  
Around the board they take their  
places,  
And share the wine and Bouilla-  
baisse.

There’s Jack has made a wondrous  
marriage;  
There’s laughing Tom is laughing  
yet;

There’s brave Augustus drives his  
carriage;  
There’s poor old Fred in the Ga-  
zette;

On James’s head the grass is growing:  
Good Lord! the world has wagged  
apace

Since here we set the claret flowing,  
And drank, and ate the Bouilla-  
baisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flit-  
ting!

I mind me of a time that’s gone,  
When here I’d sit as now I’m sitting,  
In this same place — but not alone.

A fair young form was nestled near  
me,

A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to  
cheer me.

— There’s no one now to share my  
cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.  
Come, fill it, and have done with  
rhymes;

Fill up the lonely glass and drain it  
In memory of dear old times.

Welcome the wine, whate’er the seal  
is;

And sit you down and say your  
grace

With thankful heart whate’er the  
meal is.

Here comes the smoking Bouilla-  
baisse!

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*SORROWS OF WERTHER.*

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte  
Such as words could never utter;  
Would you know how first he met her?  
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,  
And a moral man was Werther,  
And for all the wealth of Indies  
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,  
And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
Till he blew his silly brains out.  
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte having seen his body  
Borne before her on a shutter,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
Went on cutting bread and butter.

---

*LITTLE BILLEE.*

THERE were three sailors of Bristol  
City

Who took a boat and went to sea,  
But first with beef and captain’s bis-  
cuits,

And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack, and guzzling Jimmy,  
And the youngest he was little Billee.  
Now when they'd got as far as the Equator,  
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"I am extremely hungaree."  
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"With one another we shouldn't agree!  
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,  
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"O Billy! we're going to kill and eat you,  
So undo the button of your chemie."  
When Bill received this information,  
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,  
Which my poor mother taught to me."

"Make haste! make haste!" says guzzling Jimmy,  
While Jack pulled out his snicker-snee.

Billee went up to the main-top-gallant mast,  
And down he fell on his bended knee,  
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment  
When up he jumps — "There's land I see!"

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,  
And North and South Amerikee,  
There's the British flag a riding at anchor,  
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,  
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee  
But as for little Bill, he made him  
The captain of a Seventy-three.

## HESTER L. THRALE (PIOZZI).

### THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground ;  
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
That love of life increased with years  
So much, that in our later stages,  
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,

The greatest love of life appears.  
This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,  
If old assertions can't prevail,  
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.  
When sports went round and all were gay,

On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,  
Death called aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room,

And, looking grave, "You must,"  
says he,

"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."

"With you! and quit my Susan's side?  
With you!" the hapless husband cried;

"Young as I am, 't is monstrous hard!

Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:  
My thoughts on other matters go;  
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard,

His reasons could not well be stronger;

So Death the poor delinquent spared,  
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,  
His hour-glass trembled while he  
spoke—

“Neighbor,” he said, “farewell! no  
more [hour];

Shall Death disturb your mirthful  
And further, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall  
have,

Before you're summoned to the grave;  
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,  
And grant a kind reprieve,

In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
But when I call again this way,  
Well pleased the world will leave.”  
To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he lived, how wise, how  
well,

How roundly he pursued his course,  
And smoked his pipe, and stroked  
his horse,

The willing muse shall tell:  
He chattered then, he bought and  
sold,

Nor once perceived his growing old,  
Nor thought of death as near:

His friends not false, his wife no  
shrew,

Many his gains, his children few,  
He passed his hours in peace.

But while he viewed his wealth  
increase,

While thus along life's dusty road  
The beaten track content he trod,  
Old time, whose haste no mortal  
spares,

Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,  
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,  
As all alone he sate,

The unwelcome messenger of Fate  
Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,  
“So soon returned!” old Dodson  
cries.

“So soon, d'ye call it!” Death  
replies;

“Surely, my friend, you're but in  
jest!

Since I was here before  
'T is six-and-thirty years at least,  
And you are now fourscore.”

“So much the worse,” the clown  
rejoined;

“To spare the aged would be kind;  
However, see your search be legal;  
And your authority, — is 't regal?  
Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
With but a secretary's warrant.

Beside, you promised me three  
warnings,

Which I have looked for nights and  
mornings;

But for that loss of time and ease  
I can recover damages.”

“I know,” cries Death, “that at  
the best

I seldom am a welcome guest;  
But don't be captious, friend, at  
least:

I little thought you'd still be able  
To stump about your farms and  
stable:

Your years have run to a great  
length;

I wish you joy, though, of your  
strength!”

“Hold,” says the farmer, “not so  
fast!

I have been lame these four years  
past!”

“And no great wonder,” Death  
replies:

“However, you still keep your eyes;  
And sure, to see one's loves and  
friends

For legs and arms would make  
amends.”

“Perhaps,” says Dodson, “so it  
might,

But latterly I've lost my sight.”

“This is a shocking tale, 't is true;  
But still there's comfort left for you:  
Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
I warrant you hear all the news.”

“There's none,” cries he; “and  
if there were,

I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.”

“Nay, then,” the spectre stern  
rejoined,  
“These are unjustifiable yearnings:  
If you are lame and deaf and blind,  
You’ve had your three sufficient  
warnings;

So come along, no more we’ll part.”  
He said, and touched him with his  
dart.  
And now, old Dodson, turning pale,  
Yields to his fate,—so ends my  
tale.

## JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

### THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.  
Roger’s my dog.—Come here, you  
scamp!

Jump for the gentleman,—mind your  
eye!

Over the table, — look out for the  
lamp!

The rogue is growing a little old;  
Five years we’ve tramped through  
wind and weather,

And slept out-doors when nights  
were cold,

And eat and drank—and starved—  
together.

We’ve learned what comfort is, I tell  
you!

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!

The paw he holds up there’s been  
frozen),

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle  
(This out-door business is bad for  
strings),

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from  
the griddle,

And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir, — I never drink;  
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—

Aren’t we, Roger?—See him wink!—  
Well, something hot, then—we  
won’t quarrel.

He’s thirsty, too,—see him nod his  
head?

What a pity, sir, that dogs can’t  
talk!

He understands every word that’s  
said,

And he knows good milk from  
water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,  
I’ve been so sadly given to grog,  
I wonder I’ve not lost the respect  
(Here’s to you, sir!) even of my  
dog.

But he sticks by, through thick and  
thin;

And this old coat, with its empty  
pockets,

And rags that smell of tobacco and  
gin,

He’ll follow while he has eyes in  
his sockets.

There isn’t another creature living  
Would do it, and prove, through  
every disaster,

So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,  
To such a miserable, thankless  
master!

No, sir!—see him wag his tail and  
grin!

By George! it makes my old eyes  
water!

That is, there’s something in this gin  
That chokes a fellow. But no  
matter!

We’ll have some music, if you’re  
willing,

And Roger (hem! what a plague a  
cough is, sir!)

Shall march a little—Start, you  
villain!

Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your  
officer!

’Bout face! Attention! Take your  
rifle!

(Some dogs have arms, you see!)  
Now hold your

Cap while the gentleman gives a trifle,  
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!



March! Halt! Now show how the  
rebel shakes

When he stands up to hear his  
sentence.

Now tell us how many drams it takes  
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.

Five yelps, — that's five; he's mighty  
knowing!

The night's before us, fill the  
glasses!

Quick, sir! I'm ill, — my brain is  
going! —

Some brandy, — thank you, — there!  
it passes!

Why not reform? That's easy said;  
But I've gone through such

wretched treatment, [bread,  
Sometimes forgetting the taste of

And scarce remembering what meat  
meant,

That my poor stomach's past reform;  
And there are times when, mad

with thinking,

I'd sell out heaven for something warm  
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, sir, home, fortune,  
friends,

A dear girl's love, — but I took to  
drink; —

The same old story; you know  
how it ends.

If you could have seen these classic  
features, —

You needn't laugh, sir; they were  
not then

Such a burning libel on God's  
creatures:

I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen HER, so fair and  
young,

Whose head was happy on this  
breast! [sung

If you could have heard the songs I  
When the wine went round, you

wouldn't have guessed

That ever I, sir, should be straying  
From door to door with fiddle and

dog,

Ragged and penniless, and playing  
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since, — a parson's wife;  
'Twas better for her that we should

part, —

Better the soberest, prosiest life,

Than a blasted home and a broken  
heart.

I have seen her? Once: I was weak  
and spent

On the dusty road: a carriage  
stopped:

But little she dreamed, as on she  
went,

Who kissed the coin that her fingers  
dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm  
sorry; [change

It makes me wild to think of the  
What do you care for a beggar's story?

Is it amusing? you find it strange?  
I had a mother so proud of me!

'Twas well she died before — Do  
you know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see  
The ruin and wretchedness here  
below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
This pain; then Roger and I will  
start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpish,  
leaden,

Aching thing in place of a heart?

He is sad sometimes, and would  
weep, if he could,

No doubt, remembering things that  
were,

A virtuous kennel, with plenty of  
food, [cur.

And himself a sober, respectable

I'm better now; that glass was warm-  
ing.

You rascal! limber your lazy feet!

We must be fiddling and performing  
For supper and bed, or starve in

the street.

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?  
But soon we shall go where lodg-  
ings are free,

And the sleepers need neither victuals  
nor drink;

The sooner, the better for Roger  
and me!

## DARIUS GREEN.

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,  
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,  
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump  
With flapping arms from stake or  
stump,

Or, spreading the tail  
Of his coat for a sail,  
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,  
And wonder why  
He couldn't fly,  
And flap and flutter and wish and  
try —

If ever you knew a country dunce  
Who didn't try that as often as once,  
All I can say is, that's a sign  
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:  
The son of a farmer, — age fourteen:  
His body was long and lank and  
lean, —

Just right for flying, as will be seen;  
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,  
And a freckled nose that grew be-  
tween,

A little awry, — for I must mention  
That he had riveted his attention  
Upon his wonderful invention,  
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the  
strings

And working his face as he worked  
the wings,  
And with every turn of gimlet and  
screw

Turning and screwing his mouth  
round too,

Till his nose seemed bent  
To catch the scent,

Around some corner, of new-baked  
pies,

And his wrinkled cheeks and his  
squinting eyes

Grew puckered into a queer grimace,  
That made him look very droll in the  
face,

And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do  
more

Than ever a genius did before,  
Excepting Dædalus of yore  
And his son Icarus, who wore

Upon their backs  
Those wings of wax  
He had read of in the old almanacs.  
Darius was clearly of the opinion  
That the air was also man's dominion,  
And that, with paddle or fin or  
pinion,

We soon or late  
Should navigate  
The azure as now we sail the sea.  
The thing looks simple enough to me;  
And if you doubt it,  
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

“The birds can fly,  
An' why can't I?  
Must we give in,”  
Says he with a grin,  
“'T the bluebird an' phœbe  
Are smarter'n we be?  
Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller  
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us  
holler?”

Does the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,  
No bigger'n my thumb, know more  
than men?

Jest show me that!  
Er prove 't the cat  
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,  
An' I'll back down, an' not till  
then!”

He argued further: “Ner I can't see  
What's th' use of wings to a bumble-  
bee,

Fer to get a livin' with, more'n to  
me; —

Ain't my business  
Importanter'n his'n is?

“That Icarus  
Was a silly cuss, —  
Him an' his daddy Dædalus.  
They might 'a' knowed wings made  
o' wax  
Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard  
whacks.

I'll make mine o' luther,  
Er suthin er other.”

And he said to himself, as he tin-  
kered and planned:  
“But I ain't goin' to show my hand

To nummies that never can understand

The fust idee that's big an' grand.

They'd 'a'laft an' made fun  
O' Creation itself afore 't was done!"  
So he kept his secret from all the rest,  
Safely buttoned within his vest;  
And in the loft above the shed  
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread

And wax and hammer and buckles  
and screws,  
And all such things as geniuses use;—  
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!

A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;  
An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as  
Some wire, and several old umbrellas;  
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;  
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;

And a big strong box,  
In which he locks  
These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and  
Burke

And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk

Around the corner to see him work,—  
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,  
Drawing the waxed-end through with  
a jerk,

And boring the holes with a comical  
quirk

Of his wise old head, and a knowing  
smirk.

But vainly they mounted each other's  
backs,

And poked through knot-holes and  
pried through cracks;

With wood from the pile and straw  
from the stacks

He plugged the knot-holes and calked  
the cracks;

And a bucket of water, which one  
would think

He had brought up into the loft to  
drink

When he chanced to be dry,  
Stood always nigh,

For Darius was sly!

And whenever at work he happened  
to spy

At chink or crevice a blinking eye,  
He let a dipper of water fly.

"Take that! an' ef ever ye git a peep,  
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"

And he sings as he locks  
His big strong box:—

## SONG.

"The weasel's head is small an' trim,  
An' he is leetle an' long an' slim.

An' quick of motion an' nimble of  
limb,

An' ef yeou'll be  
Advised by me,  
Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin'  
him!"

So day after day  
He stitched and tinkered and ham-  
mered away,

Till at last 'twas done,—  
The greatest invention under the  
sun!

"An' now," says Darius, "hooray  
fer some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July,  
And the weather was dry,  
And not a cloud was on all the sky,  
Save a few light fleeces, which here  
and there,

Half mist, half air,  
Like foam on the ocean went float-  
ing by:

Just as lovely a morning as ever was  
seen

For a nice little trip in a flying-ma-  
chine.

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I  
shan't go

Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.  
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!

An' then, when the folks 'ave all  
gone off,

I'll hev full swing  
Fer to try the thing,

An' practyse a leetle on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"  
Says Brother Nate. "No; bothera-  
tion!

I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—  
My gracious!—feel's though I should  
fly!"

Said Jotham, "Sho!  
 Guess ye better go,"  
 But Darius said, "No!  
 Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see  
 me, though,  
 'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red  
 O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my  
 head."

For all the while to himself he said:—  
 "I tell ye what!

I'll fly a few times around the lot,  
 To see how 't seems, then soon 's I've  
 got

The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,  
 I'll astonish the nation,  
 An' all creation,

By flyin' over the celebration!

Over their heads I'll sail like an  
 eagle;

I'll balance myself on my wings like  
 a sea-gull;

I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan'  
 on the steeple;

I'll flop up to winders an' scare the  
 people!

I'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an'  
 crow;

An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools  
 below,

'What world's this 'ere  
 That I've come so near?'

Fer I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap  
 f'm the moon;

An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' bal-  
 loon!"

He crept from his bed;

And, seeing the others were gone, he  
 said,

"I'm a-gittin' over the cold'n my  
 head."

And away he sped,

To open the wonderful box in the  
 shed.

His brothers had walked but a little  
 way

When Jotham to Nathan chanced to  
 say,

"What on airth is he up to, hey?"

"Don'o' — the's suthin' er other to  
 pay,

Er he wouldn't 'a'stayed to hum to-  
 day."

Says Burke, "His toothache's all'n  
 his eye!

He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,  
 Ef he hedn't got some machine to  
 try."

Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By  
 darn!

Le's hurry back an' hide'n the barn,  
 An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"

"Agreed!" Through the orchard  
 they creep back,

Along by the fences, behind the  
 stack,

And one by one, through a hole in  
 the wall,

In under the dusty barn they crawl,  
 Dressed in their Sunday garments  
 all;

And a very astonishing sight was  
 that,

When each in his cobwebbed coat  
 and hat

Came up through the floor like an  
 ancient rat.

And there they hid;

And Reuben slid

The fastenings back, and the door  
 undid.

"Keep dark! said he,

"While I squint an' see what the' is  
 to see."

As knights of old put on their mail,—  
 From head to foot

An iron suit,

Iron jacket and iron boot,

Iron breeches, and on the head

No hat, but an iron pot instead,

And under the chin the bail,—

I believe they called the thing a helm:

And the lid they carried they called  
 a shield;

And, thus accoutred, they took the  
 field,

Sallying forth to overwhelm

The dragons and pagans that plagued  
 the realm:—

So this modern knight

Prepared for fight,

Put on his wings and strapped them  
 tight;

Jointed and jaunty, strong and  
 light:

Buckled them fast to shoulder and  
hip,—

Ten feet they measured from tip to  
tip!

And a helm had he, but that he wore  
Not on his head like those of yore,  
But more like the helm of a ship.

“Hush!” Reuben said,

“He’s up in the shed!

He’s opened the winder, — I see his  
head!

He stretches it out,

An’ pokes it about,

Lookin’ to see if the coast is clear,

An’ nobody near; —

Guess he don’o’ who’s hid in here!

He’s riggin’ a spring-board over the  
sill!

Stop laffin’ Solomon! Burke, keep  
still!

He’s a clinin’ out now. Of all the  
things!

Wat’s he got on? I van, it’s wings!

And that tother thing? I vum, it’s  
a tail!

An’ there he sets like a hawk on a  
rail!

Steppin’ careful, he travels the length  
Of his spring-board, and teeters to  
try its strength.

Now he stretches his wings, like a  
monstrous bat;

Peeks over his shoulder, this way an’  
that,

Fer to see ’f the’s any one passin’ by;  
But the’s on’y a ca’f an’ a goslin  
nigh.

They turn up at him a wonderin’  
eye,

To see — The dragon? he’s goin’ to  
fly!

Away he goes! Jimminy! what a  
jump!

Flop — flop — an’ plump

To the ground with a thump!

Flutt’rin’ an’ flound’rin, all’n a  
lump!”

As a demon is hurled by an angel’s  
spear

Heels over head, to his proper  
sphere,

Heels over head, and head over heels,  
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,  
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,  
In the midst of the barn-yard he  
came down,

In a wonderful whirl of tangled  
strings,

Broken braces and broken springs,

Broken tail and broken wings,

Shooting stars, and various things.

Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,  
And much that wasn’t so sweet by  
half.

Away with a bellow fled the calf,

And what was that? Did the gosling  
laugh?

’Tis a merry roar

From the old barn-door,

And he hears the voice of Jotham  
crying,

“Say, D’rius! how de yeou like  
flyin’?”

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,

Darius just turned and looked that  
way,

As he stanchd his sorrowful nose  
with his cuff.

“Wal, I like flyin’ well enough,”

He said; “but the’ ain’t such a  
thunderin’ sight

O’ fun in’t when ye come to light.”

#### MORAL.

I have just room for the moral here;  
And this is the moral: Stick to your  
sphere.

Or if you insist, as you have the  
right,

On spreading your wings for a loftier  
flight,

The moral is, — Take care how you  
light.

## JOHN WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).

## THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market town,  
Most musical, cried razors up and  
down,  
And offered twelve for eighteen-  
pence;  
Which certainly seemed wondrous  
cheap,  
And for the money quite a heap,  
As every man would buy, with  
cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer  
heard;  
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad  
black beard,  
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck  
beneath his nose:  
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence  
he paid,  
And proudly to himself in whispers,  
said,  
"This rascal stole the razors, I  
suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,  
Provided that the razors *shave*;  
It certainly will be a monstrous  
prize."

So home the clown, with his good  
fortune, went,  
Smiling in heart and soul, content,  
And quickly soaped himself to ears  
and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,  
Hodge now began with grinning pain  
to grub,  
Just like a hedger cutting furze:  
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest  
he tried—  
All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge  
sighed,  
I wish my eighteen-pence within  
my purse."

Hodge sought the fellow—found  
him—and begun:

"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to  
you 'tis fun,  
That people flay themselves out of  
their lives:  
You rascal! for an hour have I been  
grubbing,  
Giving my crying whiskers here a  
scrubbing,  
With razors just like oyster-knives.  
Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,  
To cry up razors that can't *shave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man,  
"I'm not a knave:  
As for the razors you have bought,  
Upon my soul I never thought  
That they would *shave*."  
"Not think they'd *shave*!" quoth  
Hodge, with wondering eyes,  
And voice not much unlike an  
Indian yell;  
"What were they made for then, you  
dog?" he cries;  
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a  
smile,—"TO SELL"

## THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,  
Were ordered to the Virgin  
Mary's shrine,  
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone,  
wood,  
And in a curled white wig looked  
wondrous fine,

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues  
to travel,  
With something in their shoes much  
worse than gravel:  
In short, their toes so gentle to  
amuse,  
The priest had ordered peas into  
their shoes:  
A nostrum famous in old popish  
times  
For purifying souls deep sunk in  
crimes:

A sort of apostolic salt,  
That popish parsons for its powers  
exalt,

For keeping souls of sinners sweet,  
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,  
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;  
But very different was their speed,  
I wot:

One of the sinners galloped on,  
Light as a bullet from a gun;  
The other limped as if he had been  
shot,

One saw the Virgin, soon — *peccavi*  
cried —

Had his soul whitewashed all so  
clever;

When home again he nimbly hied,  
Made fit with saints above to live  
for ever.

In coming back, however, let me  
say,

He met his brother rogue about half-  
way —

Hobbling with outstretched hands  
and bending knees,

Cursing the souls and bodies of the  
peas:

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and  
brows in sweat,

Deep sympathizing with his groaning  
feet.

“How now!” the light-toed white-  
washed pilgrim broke,

“You lazy lubber!”

“You see it!” cried the other, “’tis  
no joke;

My feet once hard as any rock,  
Are now as soft as blubber.

“But, brother sinner, do explain  
How ’tis that you are not in pain —  
What power hath work’d a wonder  
for your toes —

Whilst I, just like a snail, am  
crawling

Now groaning, now on saints  
devoutly bawling,

Whilst not a rascal comes to ease *my*  
woes?

“How is’t that you can like a grey-  
hound go,

Merry as if nought had happened,  
burn ye?”

“Why,” cried the other, grinning,  
“you must know,

That just before I ventured on my  
journey,

To walk a little more at ease,  
*I took the liberty to boil my peas!*”

## ANONYMOUS.

## THE EGGS AND THE HORSES.

## A MATRIMONIAL EPIC.

JOHN DOBBINS was so captivated  
By Mary Trueman’s fortune, face,  
and cap,

(With near two thousand pounds  
the hook was baited),

That in he popped to matrimony’s  
trap.

One small ingredient towards happi-  
ness,

It seems ne’er occupied a single  
thought;

For his accomplished bride  
Appearing well supplied

With the three charms of riches,  
beauty, dress,

He did not, as he ought,

Think of aught else; so no in-  
quiry made he

As to the temper of his lady.

And here was certainly a great omis-  
sion;

Noneshould accept of Hymen’s gentle  
fetter,

“For worse or better,” [tion,  
Whatever be their prospect or condi-

Without acquaintance with each  
other's nature;

For many a mild and quiet crea-  
ture

Of charming disposition,  
Alas! by thoughtless marriage has  
destroyed it.

So take advice; let girls dress e'er so  
tastily,

Don't enter into wedlock hastily  
Unless you can't avoid it.

Week followed week, and it must  
be confest,

The bridegroom and the bride had  
both been blest;

Month after month had languidly  
transpired,

Both parties became tired:  
Year after year dragged on;  
Their happiness was gone.

Ah! foolish pair!

"Bear and forbear"

Should be the rule for married folks  
to take.

But blind mankind (poor discon-  
tented elves)!

Too often make  
The misery of themselves.

At length the husband said, "This  
will not do!

Mary, I never will be ruled by you;  
So, wife, d' ye see?

To live together as we can't agree,  
Suppose we part!"

With woman's pride,

Mary replied,  
"With all my heart!"

John Dobbins then to Mary's father  
goes,

And gives the list of his imagined  
woes.

"Dear son-in-law!" the father said,  
"I see

All is quite true that you've been  
telling me;

Yet there in marriage is such strange  
fatality,

That when as much of life  
You shall have seen

As it has been

My lot to see, I think you'll own your  
wife

As good or better than the generality.

An interest in your case I really  
take,

And therefore gladly this agreement  
make:

An hundred eggs within the basket  
lie,

With which your luck, to-morrow,  
you shall try;

Also my five best horses, with my  
cart;

And from the farm at dawn you shall  
depart.

All round the country go,

And be particular, I beg;

Where husbands rule, a horse be-  
stow,

But where the wives, an egg.

And if the horses go before the  
eggs,

I'll ease you of your wife, — I will, —  
I'f fegs!"

Away the married man departed

Brisk and light-hearted:

Not doubting that, of course,

The first five houses each would take  
a horse.

At the first house he knocked,

He felt a little shocked

To hear a female voice, with angry  
roar,

Scream out, — "Hullo!

Who's there below?

Why, husband, are you deaf? go to  
the door,

See who it is, I beg."

Our poor friend John

Trudged quickly on,

But first laid at the door an egg.

I will not all his journey through  
The discontented traveller pursue;

Suffice it here to say

That when his first day's task was  
nearly done,

He'd seen an hundred husbands,  
minus one,

And eggs just ninety-nine had given  
away.



“Ha! there’s a house where he I  
seek must dwell,”  
At length cried John; “I’ll go and  
ring the bell.”

The servant came, — John asked him,  
“Pray,  
Friend, is your master in the  
way?”

“No,” said the man, with  
smiling phiz,

“My master is not, but my mis-  
tress is;

Walk in that parlor, sir, my  
lady’s in it:

Master will be himself there—in  
a minute.”

The lady said her husband then was  
dressing,

And, if his business was not very  
pressing,

She would prefer that he should wait  
until

His toilet was completed;  
Adding, “Pray, sir, be seated.”

“Madam, I will,”

Said John, with great politeness;  
“but I own

That you alone

Can tell me all I wish to know;  
Will you do so?

Pardon my rudeness

And just have the goodness  
(A wager to decide) to tell me—  
do—

Who governs in this house, — your  
spouse or you?”

“Sir,” said the lady, with a  
doubting nod,

“Your question’s very odd;  
But as I think none ought to be  
Ashamed to do their duty, do  
you see?

On that account I scruple not to  
say

It always is my pleasure to obey.  
But here’s my husband (always  
sad without me);

Take not my word, but ask him,  
if you doubt me.”

“Sir,” said the husband, “’t is most  
true;

I promise you,  
A more obedient, kind, and gentle  
woman

Does not exist.”

“Give us your fist,”

Said John, “and, as the case is some-  
thing more than common,

Allow me to present you with a  
beast

Worth fifty guineas at the very  
least.

“There’s Smiler, sir, a beauty, you  
must own,

There’s Prince, that handsome  
black,

Ball the gray mare, and Saladin the  
roan,

Besides old Dunn;

Come, sir, choose one;

But take advice from me,

Let Prince be he;

Why, sir, you’ll look a hero on his  
back.”

“I’ll take the black, and thank you  
too.”

“Nay, husband, that will never  
do;

You, know, you’ve often heard  
me say

How much I long to have a gray;  
And this one will exactly do for  
me.”

“No, no,” said he,

“Friend, take the four others  
back,

And only leave the black.”

“Nay, husband, I declare

I must have the gray mare;”

Adding (with gentle force),

“The gray mare is, I’m sure, the  
better horse.”

“Well, if it must be so, — good sir,  
The gray mare *we* prefer;

So we accept your gift.” John made  
a leg:

“Allow me to present you with an egg;  
’Tis my last egg remaining,

The cause of my regaining,

I trust the fond affection of my wife,  
Whom I will love the better all my  
life.

"Home to content has her kind  
 father brought me;  
 I thank him for the lesson he has  
 taught me."

DOCTOR DROLLHEAD'S CURE.

THREE weeks to a day had old Doctor  
 Drollhead  
 Attended Miss Debby Keepill;  
 Three weeks to a day had she lain in  
 her bed  
 Defying his marvellous skill.

She put out her tongue for the twenty-  
 first time,  
 But it looked very much as it  
 should;  
 Her pulse with the doctor's scarce  
 failed of a rhyme,  
 As a matter of course, it was good.

To-day has this gentleman happened  
 to see—  
 Very strange he's not done it  
 before—  
 That the way to recovery simply  
 must be  
 Right out of this same chamber-  
 door.

So he said, "Leave your bed, dear  
 Miss Keepill, I pray;  
 Keep the powders and pills, if you  
 must,  
 But the color of health will not long  
 stay away  
 If you exercise freely, I trust."

"Why, doctor! of all things, when I  
 am so weak  
 That scarce from my bed can I  
 stir,  
 Of color and exercise thus will you  
 speak?  
 Of what *are* you thinking, dear  
 sir?"

"That a fright is the cure, my good  
 lady, for you,"  
 He said to himself and the wall,  
 And to frighten her, what did the  
 doctor do,  
 But jump into bed, boots and all!

And as in jumped he, why then out  
 jumped she,  
 Like a hare, except for the pother,  
 And shockingly shocked, pray who  
 wouldn't be?  
 Ran, red as a rose, to her mother.

Doctor Drollhead, meanwhile, is  
 happily sure,  
 Debby owes a long life just to  
 him;  
 And vows he's discovered a capital  
 cure  
 For the bedrid when tied by a  
 whim.

At any rate, long, long ago this oc-  
 curred,  
 And Debby is not with the dead;  
 But in pretty good health, 't may be  
 gently inferred,  
 Since she makes all the family  
 bread.

## SUPPLEMENT.

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BERKELEY AIKEN.

*UNCROWNED KINGS.*

O YE uncrowned but kingly kings!  
Made royal by the brain and heart;  
Of all earth's wealth the noblest  
part,

Yet reckoned nothing in the mart  
Where men know naught but sordid  
things —

All hail to you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!  
Whose breath and words of living  
flame

Have waked slave-nations from their  
shame,

And bid them rise in manhood's  
name, —

Swift as the curved bow backward  
springs —

To follow you, most kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!  
Whose strong right arm hath oft been  
bared

Where fire of righteous battle glared,  
And where all odds of wrong ye  
dared! —

To think on you the heart upsprings,  
O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!  
Whose burning songs like lava  
poured,

Have smitten like a two-edged sword  
Sent forth by Heaven's avenging  
Lord

To purge the earth where serfdom  
clings

To all but you, O kingly kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!  
To whose ecstatic gaze alone  
The beautiful by Heaven is shown,  
And who have made it all your own;  
Your lavish hand around us flings  
Earth's richest wreaths, O noble  
kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!  
The heart leaps wildly at your  
thought;

And the brain fires as if it caught  
Shreds of your mantle; ye have  
fought

Not vainly, if your glory brings  
A lingering light to earth, O kings!

O ye uncrowned but kingly kings!  
Whose souls on Marah's fruit did sup,  
And went in fiery chariots up  
When each had drained his hemlock  
cup, —

Ye priests of God, but tyrants' stings,  
Uncrowned but still the kingliest  
kings!

---

ANNIE R. ANNAN.

*RECOMPENSE.*

THE summer coaxed me to be glad,  
Entreating with the primrose hue  
Of sunset skies, with downward calls  
From viewless larks, with winds  
that blew

The red-tipped clover's breast abroad,  
And told the mirth of waterfalls;  
In vain! my heart would not be  
wooded

From the December of its mood.

But on a day of wintry skies  
 A withered rose slipped from my  
 book;  
 And as I caught its faint perfume  
 The soul of summer straight forsook  
 The little tenement it loved,  
 And filled the world with song  
 and bloom,  
 Missed, in their season, by my sense,  
 So found my heart its recompense.

—◆—  
 SIR ROBERT AYTON.

FAIR AND UNWORTHY.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
 And I might have gone near to love  
 thee,  
 Had I not found the lightest prayer  
 That lips could speak, had power  
 to move thee:  
 But I can let thee now alone,  
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet find  
 Thee such an unthrif of thy sweets,  
 Thy favors are but like the wind,  
 That kisses everything it meets;  
 And since thou canst with more than  
 one,  
 Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched  
 stands  
 Armed with her briars, how sweetly  
 smells!  
 But plucked and strained through  
 ruder hands,  
 No more her sweetness with her  
 dwells,  
 But scent and beauty both are gone,  
 And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,  
 When thou hast handled been  
 awhile,—  
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside;  
 And I will sigh, while some will  
 smile,  
 To see thy love for more than one  
 Hath brought thee to be loved by  
 none.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting  
 cares,  
 Of earth and folly born;  
 Ye shall not dim the light that  
 streams  
 From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough  
 To feel your harsh control;  
 Ye shall not violate, this day,  
 The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts,  
 Let fires of vengeance die;  
 And, purged from sin, may I be-  
 hold  
 A God of purity.

—◆—  
 MARY A. BARR.

WHITE POPPIES.

O MYSTIC, mighty flower whose frail  
 white leaves.  
 Silky and crumpled like a banner  
 furled,  
 Shadow the black mysterious seed  
 that gives  
 The drop that soothes and lulls a  
 restless world;  
 Nephenthes for our woe, yet swift to  
 kill,  
 Holding the knowledge of both good  
 and ill.

The rose for beauty may outshine  
 thee far,  
 The lily hold herself like some  
 sweet saint  
 Apart from earthly griefs, as is a  
 star  
 Apart from any fear of earthly  
 taint;  
 The snowy poppy like an angel  
 stands,  
 With consolation in her open hands.

Ere History was born, the poet  
 sung  
 How godlike Thone knew thy com-  
 pelling power,  
 And ancient Ceres, by strange sor-  
 rows wrung,  
 Sought sweet oblivion from thy  
 healing flower.  
 Giver of sleep! Lord of the Land of  
 Dreams!  
 O simple weed, thou art not what  
 man deems.

The clear-eyed Greeks saw oft their  
 god of sleep  
 Wandering about through the  
 black midnight hours,  
 Soothing the restless couch with  
 slumbers deep,  
 And scattering thy medicated flow-  
 ers,  
 Till hands were folded for their final  
 rest,  
 Claspings white poppies o'er a pulse-  
 less breast.

We have a clearer vision; every  
 hour  
 Kind hearts and hands the poppy  
 juices mete,  
 And panting sufferers bless its kindly  
 power,  
 And weary ones invoke its peace-  
 ful sleep.  
 Health has its rose, and grape and  
 joyful palm,  
 The poppy to the sick is wine and  
 balm.

I sing the poppy! The frail snowy  
 weed!  
 The flower of mercy! that within  
 its heart  
 Doth keep "a drop serene" for  
 human need,  
 A drowsy balm for every bitter  
 smart.  
 For happy hours the rose will idly  
 blow —  
 The poppy hath a charm for pain  
 and woe.

## PARK BENJAMIN.

## PRESS ON.

PRESS on! there's no such word as  
 fail!

Press nobly on! the goal is near, —  
 Ascend the mountain! breast the  
 gale!

Look upward, onward, — never  
 fear!

Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven  
 smiles above,

Though storm and vapor intervene;  
 That sun shines on, whose name is

Love,  
 Serenely o'er Life's shadow'd scene.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,  
 Climb boldly o'er the torrent's  
 arch;

He fails alone who feebly creeps;  
 He wins, who dares the hero's  
 march.

Be thou a hero! let thy might  
 Tramp on eternal snows its way,  
 And through the ebon walls of night  
 Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if Fortune play thee false  
 To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;  
 Whom now she sinks she now  
 exalts,

Taking old gifts and granting new.  
 The wisdom of the present hour  
 Makes up for follies past and  
 gone, —

To weakness strength succeeds, and  
 power

From frailty springs, — press on!  
 press on!

Press on! what though upon the  
 ground

Thy love has been poured out like  
 rain?

That happiness is always found  
 The sweetest, which is born of  
 pain.

Oft 'mid the forest's deepest glooms,  
 A bird sings from some blighted  
 tree,

And, in the dreariest desert, blooms  
 A never-dying rose for thee.

Therefore, press on! and reach the  
 goal,  
 And gain the prize and wear the  
 crown;  
 Faint not! for to the steadfast soul  
 Come wealth and honor and re-  
 nown.  
 To thine own self be true, and keep  
 Thy mind from sloth, thy heart  
 from soil;  
 Press on! and thou shalt surely reap  
 A heavenly harvest for thy toil!

ANNIE BERRY BENSEL.

*THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.*

SEE you yonder castle stately?  
 On the rocks it stands alone,  
 Gleaming in the silver moonlight  
 Like a sentinel of stone.

Years ago in that old castle  
 Dwelt a lady, proud and grand;  
 Fairer than the fairest lady  
 You might find in all the land.

It was on her bridal morning —  
 So the gossips tell the tale —  
 Lady Hilda walked the garden,  
 Fairer than the roses pale.

Soon she reached the massive gate-  
 way,  
 And her dark eyes sparkled bright,  
 As she saw a gay procession  
 Wending towards the castle height.

For she knew it was her lover,  
 With his merry comrades all;  
 Foremost in the glittering pageant  
 Rode Count Rupert, fair and tall.

Just between them and the castle  
 Lay a chasm wide and deep;  
 They must ride still further onward  
 O'er the bridge their road to keep.

But Count Rupert saw the lady  
 Standing by the gateway there,  
 Dauntlessly he turned his charger,  
 Heeding not the cry, "Beware!"

"It is but a narrow chasm,  
 Go you by the bridge," cried he,  
 "I will leap to yonder hillock,  
 There my lady waits for me."

All in vain his comrades' warning,  
 Vain, alas, his page's cries;  
 Forward leaps the noble charger,  
 Lady Hilda veils her eyes.

One long cry of bitter anguish!  
 She who heard it, swooning, fell;  
 Knowing by that single outcry  
 All the tale there was to tell.

Turn your eyes beyond the castle,  
 You will see a convent drear;  
 There the lady lived they tell me,  
 Just for one brief mournful year.

There within the lofty chapel  
 Is a quaint and carven tomb,  
 Lady Hilda — well beloved —  
 Sleeps beneath the ghostly gloom.

No one dwells in that old castle,  
 Desolate it stands alone,  
 Gleaming in the silver moonlight  
 Like a sentinel of stone.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

*THE HOPE OF THE HETERODOX.*

IN Thee, O blessed God, I hope,  
 In Thee, in Thee, in Thee!  
 Though banned by presbyter and  
 pope,  
 My trust is still in Thee.  
 Thou wilt not cast Thy servant  
 out

Because he chanced to see  
 With his own eyes, and dared to  
 doubt

What praters preach of Thee.  
 Oh no! no! no!  
 For ever and ever and aye,  
 (Though pope and presbyter  
 bray)

Thou wilt not cast away  
 An honest soul from thee.

I look around on earth and sky,  
 And Thee and ever Thee,  
 With open heart and open eyes  
 How can I fail to see?  
 My ear drinks in from field and fell  
 Life's rival floods of glee:  
 Where finds the priest his private hell  
 When all is full of Thee?  
 Oh no! no! no!  
 Though flocks of geese  
 Give Heaven's high ear no peace:  
 I still enjoy a lease  
 Of happy thoughts from Thee.

My faith is strong; out of itself  
 It grows erect and free;  
 No Talmud on the Rabbi's shelf  
 Gives amulets to me.  
 Small Greek I know, nor Hebrew  
 much,  
 But this I plainly see:  
 Two legs without the bishop's crutch  
 God gave to thee and me.  
 Oh no! no! no!  
 The church may loose and bind,  
 But mind, immortal mind,  
 As free as wave or wind,  
 Came forth, O God, from Thee!

O pious quack! thy pills are good;  
 But mine as good may be,  
 And healthy men on healthy food  
 Live without you or me.  
 Good lady! let the doer do!  
 Thought is a busy bee,  
 Nor honey less what it doth brew,  
 Though very gall to thee.  
 Oh no! no! no!  
 Though councils decree and de-  
 clare;  
 Like a tree in the open air,  
 The soul its foliage fair  
 Spreads forth, O God, to Thee!

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

*WISHES OF YOUTH.*

GAYLY and greenly let my seasons  
 run:  
 And should the war-winds of the  
 world uproot

The sanctities of life, and its sweet  
 fruit  
 Cast forth as fuel for the fiery  
 sun,—  
 The dews be turned to ice,—fair  
 days begun  
 In peace, wear out in pain, and  
 sounds that suit  
 Despair and discord, keep Hope's  
 harp-string mute,  
 Still let me live as Love and Life were  
 one:  
 Still let me turn on earth a childlike  
 gaze,  
 And trust the whispered charities  
 that bring  
 Tidings of human truth; with inward  
 praise  
 Watch the weak motion of each com-  
 mon thing,  
 And find it glorious—still let me  
 raise  
 On wintry wrecks, an altar to the  
 Spring.

*HIDDEN JOYS.*

PLEASURES lie thickest where no  
 pleasures seem:  
 There's not a leaf that falls upon the  
 ground  
 But holds some joy, of silence or of  
 sound,  
 Some sprite begotten of a summer  
 dream.  
 The very meanest things are made  
 supreme  
 With innate ecstasy. No grain of  
 sand  
 But moves a bright and million-  
 peopled land,  
 And hath its Edens and its Eves, I  
 deem.  
 For Love, though blind himself, a  
 curious eye  
 Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of  
 things,  
 And touched mine ear with power.  
 Thus far or nigh,  
 Minute or mighty, fixed, or free with  
 wings,

Delight from many a nameless covert  
sly  
Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar  
sings.

THE ELOQUENT PASTOR DEAD.

HE taught the cheerfulness that still  
is ours  
The sweetness that still lurks in  
human powers;  
If heaven be full of stars, the earth  
has flowers.

His was the searching thought, the  
glowing mind;  
The gentle will, to others soon re-  
signed;  
But, more than all, the feeling just  
and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from  
reeds —  
Sweet books, deep music and un-  
selfish deeds,  
Finding immortal flowers in human  
weeds.

True to his kind, nor of himself  
afraid,  
He deemed that love of God was best  
arrayed  
In love of all the things that God has  
made.

He deemed man's life no feverish  
dream of care,  
But a high pathway into freer air,  
Lift up with golden hopes and duties  
fair.

He showed how wisdom turns its  
hours to years,  
Feeding the heart on joys instead of  
fears,  
And worships God in smiles, and not  
in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-  
piled,  
On whose far top an angel stood and  
smiled —  
Yet in his heart was he a simple  
child.

WILFRED BLUNT

(PROTEUS).

TO ONE WHO WOULD MAKE A  
CONFESSION.

OH! leave the past to bury its own  
dead;

The past is naught to us, the present  
all.

What need of last year's leaves to  
strew love's bed?

What need of ghosts to grace a fes-  
tival?

I would not, if I could, those days  
recall,

Those days not ours. For us the  
feast is spread,

The lamps are lit, and music plays  
withal.

Then let us love and leave the rest  
unsaid.

This island is our home. Around it  
roar

Great gulfs and oceans, channels,  
straits, and seas.

What matter in what wreck we  
reached the shore,

So we both reached it? We can  
mock at these.

OH! leave the past, if past indeed  
there be.

I would not know it. I would know  
but thee.

THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN.

I LONG have had a quarrel set with  
Time,

Because he robbed me. Every day  
of life

Was wrested from me after bitter  
strife,

I never yet could see the sun go  
down

But I was angry in my heart, nor  
hear

The leaves fall in the wind without a  
tear

Over the dying summer. I have  
known

No truce with Time nor Time's ac-  
complice, Death.



The fair world is the witness of a  
 crime  
 Repeated every hour. For life and  
 breath  
 Are sweet to all who live; and bit-  
 terly  
 The voices of these robbers of the  
 heath  
 Sound in each ear and chill the passer-  
 by.  
 —What have we done to thee, thou  
 monstrous Time?  
 What have we done to Death that we  
 must die?

—  
*A DAY IN SUSSEX.*

THE dove did lend me wings. I fled  
 away  
 From the loud world which long had  
 troubled me.  
 Oh, lightly did I flee when hoyden  
 May  
 Threw her white mantle on the haw-  
 thorn tree.  
 I left the dusty highroad, and my way  
 Was through deep meadows, shut  
 with copses fair.  
 A choir of thrushes poured its round-  
 clay  
 From every hedge and every thicket  
 there.  
 Mild, moon-faced kine looked on,  
 where in the grass,  
 All heaped with flowers I lay, from  
 noon till eve;  
 And hares unwitting close to me did  
 pass,  
 And still the birds sang, and I could  
 not grieve.  
 Oh, what a blessed thing that evening  
 was!  
 Peace, music, twilight, all that could  
 deceive  
 A soul to joy, or lull a heart to peace.  
 It glimmers yet across whole years  
 like these.

—  
*LAUGHTER AND DEATH.*

THERE is no laughter in the natural  
 world  
 Of beast or fish or bird, though no  
 sad doubt

Of their futurity to them unfurled  
 Has dared to check the mirth-com-  
 pelling shout.  
 The lion roars his solemn thunder  
 out  
 To the sleeping woods. The eagle  
 screams her cry;  
 Even the lark must strain a serious  
 throat  
 To hurl his blest defiance at the sky  
 Fear, anger, jealousy have found a  
 voice;  
 Love's pains or raptures the brute  
 bosom swell.  
 Nature has symbols for her nobler  
 joys,  
 Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared  
 foretell  
 That only man, by some sad mock-  
 ery,  
 Should learn to laugh who learns  
 that he must die?

—  
*COLD COMFORT.*

THERE is no comfort underneath the  
 sun.  
 Youth turns to age; riches are quickly  
 spent;  
 Pride breeds us pain, our pleasures  
 punishment;  
 The very courage which we count  
 upon  
 A single night of fever shall break  
 down;  
 And love is slain by fear. Death last  
 of all  
 Spreads out his nets and watches for  
 our fall.  
 There is no comfort underneath the  
 sun!  
 —When thou art old, O man, if thou  
 wert proud  
 Be humble; pride will here avail thee  
 not.  
 There is no courage which can con-  
 quer death.  
 Forget that thou wert wise. Nay,  
 keep thy breath  
 For prayer, that so thy wisdom be  
 forgot  
 And thou perhaps get pity of thy  
 God.

## GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

[From "The Book of the Dead."]

## NEARNESS.

THROUGH the dark path, o'er which  
 I tread,  
 One voice is ever at my ear,  
 One muffled form deserts the dead,  
 And haunts my presence far and  
 near.

In times of doubt, he whispers trust;  
 In danger, drops a warning word;  
 And when I waver from the just,  
 His low, complaining sigh is heard.

He follows me, with patient tread,  
 From daybreak unto evening's  
 close;  
 He bends beside me, head by head,  
 To scent the violet or the rose.

And sharing thus my smallest deed,  
 When all the works of day are past,  
 And sleep becomes a blessed need,  
 He lies against my heart at last.

Dear ghost, I feel no dread of thee;  
 A gracious comrade thou art grown;  
 Be near me, cheer, bend over me,  
 When the long sleep is settling  
 down!

## IN AUTUMN.

IN hazy gold the hill-side sleeps,  
 The distance fades within the mist,  
 A cloud of lucid vapor creeps  
 Along the lake's pale amethyst.

The sun is but a blur of light,  
 The sky in ashy gray is lost;  
 But all the forest-trees are bright,  
 Brushed by the pinions of the frost.

I hear the clamor of the crow,  
 The wild-ducks' far discordant cry,  
 As swiftly out of sight they go,  
 In wedges driving through the sky.

I know the sunshine of this hour,  
 Warm as the glow of early May,  
 Will never wake the dying flower,  
 Nor breathe a spirit through decay.

The scarlet leaves are doomed to  
 fall,  
 The lake shall stiffen at a breath;  
 The crow shall ring his dreary call  
 Above December's waste of death.

And so, thou bird of southern flight,  
 My soul is yearning for thy wings;  
 I dread the thoughts that come to  
 light,  
 In gazing on the death of things.

Fain would I spread an airy plume,  
 For lands where endless summers  
 reign,  
 And lose myself in tropic bloom,  
 And never think of death again.

## MY ANSWER.

WHEN I am turned to mouldering  
 dust,  
 And all my ways are lost in night,  
 When through me crocuses have  
 thrust  
 Their pointed blades, to find the  
 light;

And caught by plant and grass and  
 grain,  
 My elements are made a part  
 Of nature, and, through sun and  
 rain,  
 Swings in a flower my wayward  
 heart;

Some curious mind may haply ask,  
 "Who penned this scrap of olden  
 song?  
 Paint us the man whose woful task  
 Frowns in the public eye so long."

I answer, truly as I can;  
 I hewed the wood, the water drew;  
 I toiled along, a common man, —  
 A man, in all things, like to you.

## SARAH K. BOLTON.

*ENTERED INTO REST.*

SOLDIER, statesman, scholar, friend,  
 Brother to the lowliest one,  
 Life has come to sudden end,  
 But its work is grandly done.  
 Toil and cares of state are o'er;  
 Pain and struggle come no more.  
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

Nations weep about thy bier,  
 Flowers are sent by queenly hands;  
 Bring the poor their homage here,  
 Come the great from many lands.  
 Be thy grave our Mecca, hence,  
 With its speechless eloquence;  
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

Winter snows will wrap thy mound,  
 Spring will send its wealth of bloom,  
 Summer kiss the velvet ground,  
 Autumn leaves lie on thy tomb:  
 Home beside this inland sea,  
 Where thou lov'dst in life to be;  
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

Strong for right, in danger brave,  
 Tender as with woman's heart,  
 Champion of the fettered slave,  
 Of the people's life a part.  
 To be loved is highest fame;  
 Garfield, an immortal name!  
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

All thy gifted words shall be  
 Treasured speech from age to age;  
 Thy heroic loyalty  
 Be a country's heritage;  
 Mentor and thy precious ties  
 Sacred in the nation's eyes.  
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

From thy life and death shall come  
 An ennobled, purer race,  
 Honoring labor, wife, and home;  
 More of cheer and Christian grace.  
 Kindest, truest! till that day  
 When He rolls the stone away,  
 Rest thee by Lake Erie.

## A. B. BOYLE.

*WIDOWED.*

SHE did not sigh for death, nor make  
 sad moan,  
 Turning from smiles as one who  
 solace fears,  
 But filled with kindly deeds the wait-  
 ing years;  
 Yet, in her heart of hearts, she lived  
 alone,  
 And in her voice there thrilled an  
 undertone  
 That seemed to rise from soundless  
 depths of tears;  
 As, when the sea is calm, one some-  
 times hears  
 The long, low murmur of a storm,  
 unknown  
 Within the sheltered haven where he  
 stands,  
 While tokens of a tempest overpast  
 The changing tide brings to the  
 shining sands;  
 So on the surface of her life was cast,  
 An ever-present shadow of the day,  
 When love and joy went hand in  
 hand away.

## EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

*AN UNTHRIFT.*

BROWN bird, with a wisp in your  
 mouth for your nest,  
 Away! away! you have found your  
 guest.  
 Golden-ringed bee, through the air-  
 sea steer home,  
 The freight of sweets that lured you  
 to roam.  
 O reapers! well may you sing, to  
 hold  
 Your arms brimful of the grain's  
 bossed gold.  
 But what to me that ye all go by?  
 An unthrift, empty-handed, fare I,  
 Yet I heard, as I passed, the noise  
 of a rill;  
 In my heart of hearts, it is singing  
 still,

Blent with the wind's sough, the trill  
of a bird,  
A child's laugh and a gracious word,  
Pictures I saw limned everywhere,  
A light here and a shadow there—  
A cloud, a stream, a flower small;  
In my heart of hearts I have hid  
them all;  
And some one, it may be, yet through  
me  
The songs shall hear and the pictures  
see.  
O brown bird, and bee, and reapers,  
go by!  
Richer than any of you am I.

◆

### MARY D. BRINE.

#### *SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.*

THE woman was old and ragged and  
gray,  
And bent with the chill of the win-  
ter's day:  
The street was wet with a recent  
snow,  
And the woman's feet were agèd and  
slow.  
She stood at the crossing and waited  
long,  
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng  
Of human beings who passed her  
by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious  
eye.  
Down the street with laughter and  
shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let  
out,"  
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and  
deep.  
Past the woman so old and gray  
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,  
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses'  
feet  
Should crowd her down in the slip-  
pery street.  
At last came one of the merry troop—  
The gayest laddie of all the group:  
He paused beside her and whispered  
low,  
"P'll help you across if you wish to  
go."  
Her aged hand on his strong young  
arm  
She placed, and so, without hurt or  
harm,  
He guided her trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and  
strong.  
Then back again to his friends he  
went,  
His young heart happy and well con-  
tent.  
" She's somebody's mother, boys,  
you know,  
For all she's agèd and poor and slow;  
And I hope some fellow will lend a  
hand  
To help my mother, you understand,  
If ever she's poor and old and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far  
away."  
And "somebody's mother" bowed  
low her head  
In her home that night, and the  
prayer she said  
Was, "God be kind to the noble  
boy  
Who is somebody's son and pride and  
joy."

## ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## DYING.

“O BAIRN, when I am dead,  
How shall ye keep frae harm?  
What hand will gie ye bread?  
What fire will keep ye warm?  
How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae  
me!”

“O mither, dinna dee!”

“O bairn, by night or day  
I hear nae sounds awa',  
But voices of winds that blaw,  
And the voices of ghaists that say,  
Come awa'! come awa'!  
The Lord that made the wind and  
made the sea,  
Is hard on my bairn and me,  
And I melt in his breath like snaw.”  
“O mither, dinna dee!”

“O bairn, it is but closing up the een,  
And lying down never to rise again.  
Many a strong man's sleeping hae I  
seen, —

There is nae pain!

I'm weary, weary, and I scarce ken  
why;  
My summer has gone by,  
And sweet were sleep, but for the  
sake o' thee.”

“O mither, dinna dee!”

[From *Faces on the Wall*.]

## TO TRIFLERS.

Go, triflers with God's secret. Far,  
oh, far  
Be your thin monotone, your brows  
flower-crowned,  
Your backward-looking faces; for ye  
mar  
The pregnant time with silly sooth  
of sound,  
With flowers around the feverish  
temples bound,  
And withering in the close air of the  
feast.  
Take all the summer pleasures ye  
have found,

While Circe-charmed ye turn to bird  
and beast.

Meantime I sit apart, a lonely wight  
On this bare rock amid this fitful  
sea,

And in the wind and rain I try to  
light

A little lamp that may a beacon be,  
Whereby poor ship-folk, driving  
through the night,

May gain the ocean-course, and think  
of me!

## H. C. BUNNER.

## LONGFELLOW.

POET, whose sunny span of fruitful  
years

Outreaches earth, whose voice  
within our ears

Grows silent — shall we mourn for  
thee? Our sigh

Is April's breath, our grief is April's  
tears.

If this be dying, fair it is to die:  
Even as a garment weariness lays  
by,

Thou layest down life, to pass as time  
hath passed,

From wintry rigors to a springtime  
sky.

Are there tears left to give thee at  
the last,

Poet of spirits crushed and hearts  
downcast,

Loved of worn women who when  
work is done

Weep o'er thy page in twilights  
fading fast?

Oh, tender-toned and tender-  
hearted one,

We give thee to the season new  
begun!

Lay thy white head within the arms  
of spring —

Thy song had all her shower and  
all her sun.

Nay, let us not such sorrowful  
tribute bring  
Now that thy lark-like soul hath  
taken wing:  
A grateful memory fills and more  
endears  
The silence when a bird hath  
ceased to sing.

---

TO A DEAD WOMAN.

NOT a kiss in life; but one kiss, at  
life's end,  
I have set on the face of Death in  
trust for thee.  
Through long years, keep it fresh on  
thy lips, O friend!  
At the gate of silence, give it back  
to me.

---

IRWIN RUSSELL.

Died in New Orleans, Dec., 1879.

SMALL was thy share of all this  
world's delight,  
And scant thy poet's crown of flow-  
ers of praise;  
Yet ever catches quaint of quaint  
old days  
Thou sang'st, and, singing, kept thy  
spirit bright:  
Even as to lips, the winds of winter  
bite,  
Some outcast wanderer sets his flute  
and plays  
Till at his feet blossom the icy  
ways,  
And from the snowdrift's bitter  
wasting white  
He hears the uprising carol of the  
lark,  
Soaring from clover seas with  
summer ripe —  
While freeze upon his cheek  
glad, foolish tears.  
Ah! let us hope that somewhere in  
thy dark,  
Herrick's full note, and Suck-  
ling's pleasant pipe  
Are sounding still their solace  
in thine ears.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

SHE might have known it in the  
earlier spring,  
That all my heart with vague desire  
was stirred;  
And, ere the summer winds had taken  
wing.  
I told her; but she smiled and said  
no word.

The autumn's eager hand his red gold  
grasped,  
And she was silent; till from skies  
grown drear  
Fell soft one fine, first snow-flake, and  
she clasped  
My neck, and cried, "Love, we  
have lost a year!"

---

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

AT DIVINE DISPOSAL.

OH, leave thyself to God! and if,  
indeed,  
'Tis given thee to perform so vast a  
task,  
Think not at all — think not, but  
kneel and ask.  
O friend, by thought was never crea-  
ture freed  
From any sin, from any mortal  
need:  
Be patient! not by thought canst thou  
devise  
What course of life for thee is right  
and wise;  
It will be written up, and thou wilt  
read.  
Oft like a sudden pencil of rich  
light,  
Piercing the thickest umbrage of the  
wood,  
Will shoot, amid our troubles infinite,  
The spirit's voice; oft, like the balmy  
flood  
Of morn, surprise the universal night  
With glory, and make all things  
sweet and good.

## EVENTIDE.

COMES something down with even-  
tide

Beside the sunset's golden bars,  
Beside the floating scents, beside  
The twinkling shadows of the stars.

Upon the river's rippling face,  
Flash after flash the white  
Broke up in many a shallow place;  
The rest was soft and bright.

By chance my eye fell on the stream;  
How many a marvellous power,  
Sleeps in us, — sleeps, and doth not  
dream!

This knew I in that hour.

For then my heart, so full of strife,  
No more was in me stirred;  
My life was in the river's life,  
And I nor saw nor heard.

I and the river, we were one:  
The shade beneath the bank,  
I felt it cool; the setting sun  
Into my spirit sank.

A rushing thing in power serene  
I was; the mystery  
I felt of having ever been  
And being still to be.

Was it a moment or an hour?  
I knew not; but I mourned  
When from that realm of awful power,  
I to these fields returned.



## WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

## THE HARVEST-CALL.

ABIDE not in the land of dreams,  
O man, however fair it seems,  
Where drowsy airs thy powers repress  
In languors of sweet idleness.

Nor linger in the misty past,  
Entranced in visions vague and vast;  
But with clear eye the present scan,  
And hear the call of God to man.

That call, though many-voiced, is  
one,  
With mighty meanings in each tone;  
Through sob and laughter, shriek and  
prayer,  
Its summons meets thee everywhere.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,  
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands;  
From duty's claims no life is free,  
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.

Look up! the wide extended plain  
Is billowy with its ripened grain;  
And in the summer winds, are rolled  
Its waves of emerald and gold.

Thrust in thy sickle, nor delay  
The work that calls for thee to-day;  
To-morrow, if it come, will bear  
Its own demands of toil and care.

The present hour allots thy task!  
For present strength and patience  
ask,  
And trust His love whose sure sup-  
plies  
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

Lo! the broad fields with harvest  
white.  
Thy hands to strenuous toil invite:  
And he who labors and believes,  
Shall reap reward of ample sheaves.

Up! for the time is short; and soon  
The morning sun will climb to noon.  
Up! ere the herds, with trampling  
feet  
Outrunning thine, shall spoil the  
wheat.

While the day lingers, do thy best!  
Full soon the night will bring its rest;  
And, duty done, that rest shall be  
Full of beatitudes to thee.

## RAIN.

DASHING in big drops on the narrow  
pane,  
And making mournful music for the  
mind,

While plays his interlude the wizard  
 wind,  
 I hear the ringing of the frequent  
 rain:  
 How doth its dreamy tone the spirit  
 lull,  
 Bringing a sweet forgetfulness of  
 pain,  
 While busy thought calls up the past  
 again,  
 And lingers mid the pure and beau-  
 tiful  
 Visions of early childhood! Sunny  
 faces  
 Meet us with looks of love, and in  
 the moans  
 Of the faint wind we hear familiar  
 tones,  
 And tread again in old familiar  
 places!  
 Such is thy power, O rain! the heart  
 to bless,  
 Wiling the soul away from its own  
 wretchedness.

—◆—

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ON RESIGNATION.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the  
 sky,  
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys,  
 To Thee, my only rock, I fly,  
 Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,  
 The shadows of celestial light,  
 Are past the powers of human skill,  
 But what the Eternal acts, is right.

Oh, teach me in the trying hour,  
 When anguish swells the dewy  
 tear,  
 To still my sorrows, own thy power,  
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,  
 Encroaching, sought a boundless  
 sway,  
 Omniscience could the danger see,  
 And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou com-  
 plain?

Why drooping, seek the dark re-  
 cess?

Shake off the melancholy chain,  
 For God created all to bless.

But, ah! my breast is human still;  
 The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
 My languid vitals, feeble will,  
 The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,  
 I'll thank the infliction of the blow,  
 Forbid my sigh, compose my mind,  
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night  
 Which on my sinking spirit steals  
 Will vanish at the morning light,  
 Which God, my East, my Sun, re-  
 veals.

—◆—

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE PARSON.

A GOOD man there was of religioun,  
 That was a poore *parson* of a town,  
 But rich he was of holy thought and  
 work;

He was also a learnèd man, a clerk,  
 That Christés gospel truly wouldé  
 preach;

His parishens devoutly would he  
 teach;

Benign he was, and wonder diligent,  
 And in adversity full patiént;

And such he was yprovèd ofté  
 sithès;

Full loth were him to cursen for his  
 tithès;

But rather would he given out of  
 doubt

Unto his poor parishens about  
 Of his off'ring, and eke of his sub-  
 stance;

He could in little thing have suffi-  
 sance:

Wide was his parish, and houses far  
 asunder,



But he ne left nought for no rain nor  
thunder,  
In sickness and in mischief, to visit  
The farthest in his parish much and  
lite,  
Upon his feet, and in his hand a  
staff:  
This noble 'nsample to his sheep he  
gaf,  
That first he wrought, and after-  
ward he taught.  
Out of the gospel he the wordès  
caught,  
And this figure he added eke thereto,  
That, if gold rustè, what should iron  
do?  
For, if a priest be foul on whom we  
trust,  
No wonder is a lewèd man to rust;  
For shame it is, that if a priest take  
keep  
To see a "foulèd" shepherd and  
clean sheep:  
Well ought a priest ensample for to  
give  
By his cleanness how his sheep should  
live.  
He settè not his benefice to hire,  
And let his sheep accumbred in the  
mire,  
And ran unto London unto Saint  
Poule's  
To seeken him a chantery for souls,  
Or with a brotherhood to be withhold;  
But dwelt at home and keptè well his  
fold,  
So that the wolf ne made it not mis-  
carry;  
He was a shepherd and no mer-  
cenary;  
As though he holy were and virtuous,  
He was to sinful men not dispitous,  
Ne of his speechè dangerous ne  
digne;  
But in his teaching discreet and  
benign.  
To drawn folk to heaven with fairè-  
ness,  
By good ensample, was his business;  
But it were any person obstinate,  
What so he were of high or low  
estate,  
Him would he snibben sharply for  
the nonés:

A better priest I trow that no where  
none is.  
He waited after no pomp or rever-  
ence,  
Ne makèd him no spicèd consciéce;  
But Christès lore, and his apostles  
twelve  
He taught, but first he followed it  
himselve.

---

GOOD COUNSEL.

FLY fro the press, and dwell with  
soothfastnesse.  
Suffice unto thy good though it be  
small,  
For hoard hath hate, and climbing  
tickleness,  
Press hath envy, and weal is blent  
over all.  
Savour no more than thee behové  
shall.  
Rede well thyself that other folke  
canst rede;  
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no  
drede.  
Painè thee not each crooked to re-  
dress  
In trust of her that turneth as a  
ball;  
Great rest standeth in little busi-  
nesse,  
Beware also to spurne against an  
awl,  
Strive not as doth a crockè with a  
wall;  
Deemè thyself that demest others'  
deed;  
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no  
drede.  
That thee is sent receive in buxom-  
nesse;  
The wrastling of this world asketh a  
fall.  
Here is no home, here is but a wilder-  
nesse.  
Forth, pilgrim! forth, beast, out of  
thy stall!  
Lookè up on high, and thankè God  
of all!

Waivè thy lusts, and let thy ghost  
thee lead;  
And truth thee shall deliver, it is no  
dredde.

—  
*TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.*

To you, my purse, and to none other  
wight

Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,  
I am sorry now that ye be light,  
For, certes, ye now make me heavy  
chere,

Me were as lefe laid upon a bere,  
For which unto your mercy thus I  
crie,  
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be  
night,

That I of you the blissful sowne may  
here,

Or see your color like the sunne  
bright,

That of yelowness had never pere,  
Ye be my life, ye be my hertes stere,  
Queene of comfort and good companie,  
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse, that art to me my livès  
light,

And saviour, as downe in this world  
here,

Out of this towne helpe me by your  
might,

Sith that you woll not be my treasure,  
For I am shave as nere as any frere,  
But I pray unto your courtesie,  
Be heavy againe, or els mote I die.

—  
**JOHN VANCE CHENEY.**

*MAY.*

WHEN beeches brighten early May,  
And young grass shines along her  
way;

When April willows meet the breeze  
Like softest dawn among the trees:

When smell of spring fills all the air,  
And meadows bloom, and blue-birds  
pair;

When love first laves her sunny head  
Over the brook and lily-bed;  
Nothing of sound or sight to grieve  
From cheering morn to quiet eve,  
My heart will not, for all its ease,  
Forget the days to follow these.

This loveliness shall be betrayed,  
This happiest of music played  
From field to field, by stream and  
bough,

Shall silent be, as tuneful now;  
The silver launch of thistles sail  
Adown the solitary vale;  
The blue solicitude of sky  
Bent over beauty doomed to die,  
With nightly mist shall witness here  
The yielded glory of the year.

—  
**CLARENCE COOK.**

*ON ONE WHO DIED IN MAY.*

(J. H. E., May 3, 1870.)

WHY, Death, what dost thou here,  
This time o' year?

Peach-blow and apple-blossom;  
Clouds, white as my love's bosom;

Warm wind o' the west  
Cradling the robin's nest;  
Young meadows hasting their green  
laps to fill

With golden dandelion and daffodil;  
These are fit sights for spring;

But, oh, thou hateful thing,  
What dost thou here?

Why, Death, what dost thou here,  
This time o' year?

Fair, at the old oak's knee,  
The young anemone;

Fair, the plash places set  
With dog-tooth violet;

The first sloop-sail,  
The shad-flower pale;

Sweet are all sights,  
Sweet are all sounds of spring;

But thou, thou ugly thing,  
What dost thou here:

Dark Death let fall a tear.

Why am I here?

Oh, heart ungrateful! Will man  
never know

I am his friend, nor ever was his foe?  
Whose the sweet season, if it be not  
mine?

Mine, not the bobolink's, that song  
divine,

Chasing the shadows o'er the flying  
wheat!

'Tis a dead voice, not his, that sounds  
so sweet.

Whose passionate heart burns in this  
flaming rose

But his, whose passionate heart long  
since lay still?

Whose wan hope pales this snow-  
like lily tall,

Beside the garden wall,

But his, whose radiant eyes and lily  
grace,

Sleep in the grave that crowns yon  
tufted hill?

All hope, all memory,

Have their deep springs in me;

And love, that else might fade,

By me immortal made,

Spurns at the grave, leaps to the wel-  
coming skies,

And burns a steadfast star to stead-  
fast eyes.

## SUSAN COOLIDGE

(SARAH WOOLSEY).

### ONE LESSER JOY.

WHAT is the dearest happiness of  
heaven?

Ah, who shall say!

So many wonders, and so wondrous  
fair,

Await the soul who, just arrivèd  
there

In trance of safety, sheltered and for-  
given,

Opens glad eyes to front the eter-  
nal day:

Relief from earth's corroding discon-  
tent,

Relief from pain,

The satisfaction of perplexing  
fears,

Full compensation for the long,  
hard years.

Full understanding of the Lord's in-  
tent,

The things that were so puzzling  
made quite plain:

And all astonished joy as, to the spot,  
From further skies,

Crowd our belovèd with white  
wingèd feet,

And voices than the chiming harps  
more sweet,

Faces whose fairness we had half for-  
got,

And outstretched hands, and wel-  
come in their eyes.

Heart cannot image forth the endless  
store

We may but guess.

But this one lesser joy I hold my  
own:

All shall be known in heaven; at  
last be known

The best and worst of me; the less  
the more.

My own shall know — and shall not  
love me less.

Oh, haunting shadowy dread which  
underlies

All loving here!

We iuly shiver as we whisper  
low,

"Oh, if they knew — if they could  
only know,

Could see our naked souls without  
disguise —

How they would shrink from us  
and pale with fear."

The bitter thoughts we hold in leash  
within

But do not kill;

The petty anger and the mean de-  
sire,

The jealousy which burns — a  
smouldering fire —

The slimy trail of half-annoted sin,  
The sordid wish which daunts the  
nobler will.

We fight each day with foes we dare  
not name,

We fight, we fall!

Noiseless the conflict and unseen  
of men;

We rise, are beaten down, and rise  
again,

And all the time we smile, we move  
the same,

And even to dearest eyes draw close  
the veil;

But in the blessed heavens these wars  
are past;

Disguise is o'er!

With new anointed vision, face to  
face,

We shall see all, and clasped in  
close embrace

Shall watch the haunting shadow flee  
at last,

And know as we are known, and  
fear no more.

---

*MIRACLE.*

Oh! not in strange portentous way  
Christ's miracles were wrought of  
old,

The common thing, the common clay  
He touched and tintured, and  
straightway

It grew to glory manifold.

The barley loaves were daily bread  
Kneaded and mixed with usual  
skill;

No care was given, no spell was said,  
But when the Lord had blessed, they  
fed

The multitude upon the hill.

The hemp was sown 'neath common  
sun,

Watered by common dews and rain,  
Of which the fisher's nets were spun;  
Nothing was prophesied or done

To mark it from the other grain.

Coarse, brawny hands let down the  
net

When the Lord spake and ordered  
so;

They hauled the meshes, heavy-wet,  
Just as in other days, and set  
Their backs to labor, bending low;

But quivering, leaping from the lake  
The marvellous shining burdens  
rise

Until the laden meshes break,  
And all amazed, no man spake  
But gazed with wonder in his eyes.

So still, dear Lord, in every place  
Thou standest by the toiling folk,  
With love and pity in Thy face,  
And givest of Thy help and grace  
To those who meekly bear the yoke.

Not by strange sudden change and  
spell,

Baffling and darkening nature's  
face;

Thou takest the things we know so  
well

And buildest on them Thy miracle —  
The heavenly on the common-place.

The lives which seem so poor, so low,  
The hearts which are so cramped  
and dull,

The baffled hopes, the impulse slow,  
Thou takest, touchest all, and lo!  
They blossom to the beautiful.

We need not wait for thunder-peal  
Resounding from a mount of fire  
While round our daily paths we feel  
Thy sweet love and Thy power to heal  
Working in us Thy full desire.

---

*INFLUENCE.*

COUCHED in the rocky lap of hills  
The lake's blue waters gleam,  
And thence in linked and measured  
rills

Down to the valley stream,  
To rise again, led higher and higher,  
And slake the city's hot desire.

High as the lake's bright ripples shine  
 So high the water goes;  
 But not a drop that air-drawn line  
 Passes or overflows.  
 Though man may strive and man  
 may woo,  
 The stream to its own law is true.

Vainly the lonely tarn, its cup  
 Holds to the feeding skies;  
 Unless the source be lifted up,  
 The streamlets cannot rise.  
 By law inexorably blent,  
 Each is the other's measurement.

Ah, lonely tarn! ah, striving rill!  
 So yearn these souls of ours,  
 And beat with sad and urgent will  
 Against the unheeding powers.  
 In vain is longing, vain is force,  
 No stream goes higher than its source.

---

## HENRY S. CORNWELL.

### *THE SPIDER.*

SPINNER of the silken snare,  
 Fell Arachne in your lair,  
 Tell me, if your powers can tell  
 How you do your work so well?

Weaving on in light and dark,  
 Segment and concentric arc,  
 Lace-like, gossamer designs,  
 Strict to geometric lines;

Perfect to the utmost part,  
 Occult, exquisite of art, —  
 How are all these wonders bred  
 In your atom of a head?

Propositions here involved  
 Wit of man has never solved;  
 Demonstrations hard to find  
 Are as crystal to your mind.

How in deepest dungeon-glooms,  
 Do your Lilliputian looms  
 Work such miracles as these, —  
 Faultless, fairy filigrees?

Careless flies that hither flit  
 Come to die; but there you sit,  
 Feeling with your fingers fine  
 Each vibrating, pulse-like line;

Eager to anticipate  
 Hourly messages of fate, —  
 Funeral telegrams that say  
 Here is feasting one more day?

Spider, only He can tell  
 How you do your work so well,  
 Who in life's mysterious ways  
 Knows the method of the maze.

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### *THE DRAGON-FLY.*

WHEN brooks of summer shallow  
 run,  
 And fiercely glows the ardent sun;  
 Where waves the blue-flag tall and  
 dank,  
 And water-weeds grow rich and  
 rank,  
 The flaunting dragon-fly is seen,  
 A winged spindle, gold and green.

Born of the morning mists and  
 dews,  
 He darts — a flash of jewelled hues —  
 Athwart the waterfall, and flings,  
 From his twice-duplicate wet wings,  
 Diamonds and sapphires such as  
 gleam  
 And vanish in a bridesmaid's dream!

Sail not, O dragon-fly, too near  
 The lakelet's bosom, dark and clear!  
 For, lurking in its depths below,  
 The hungry trout, thy fatal foe,  
 Doth watch to snatch thee, unaware,  
 At once from life, and light and air!

O brilliant fleck of summer's prime,  
 Enjoy thy brief, fleet span of time!  
 Full soon chill autumn's frosty  
 breath  
 Shall blow for thee a wind of death,  
 And dash to dust thy gaudy sheen —  
 Thy glittering mail of gold and  
 green!

## ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

## WATCHWORDS.

We are living — we are dwelling  
 In a grand and awful time;  
 In an age, on ages telling,  
 To be living — is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,  
 Gog and Magog to the fray:  
 Hark! what soundeth, is creation's  
 Groaning for its latter day.

Hark! the onset! will you fold your  
 Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?  
 Up, oh, up! for, drowsy soldier,  
 Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging — heaven be-  
 holding!  
 You have but an hour to fight:  
 Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,  
 On — right onward, for the right!

What! still hug your dreamy slum-  
 bers?  
 'Tis no time for idling play,  
 Wreaths, and dance, and poet-num-  
 bers,  
 Flout them, we must work to-day!

Oh! let all the soul within you  
 For the truth's sake go abroad!  
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew  
 Tell on ages — tell for God!

## RICHARD CRASHAW.

LINES ON A PRAYER-BOOK SENT  
 TO MRS. R.

Lo! here a little volume, but large  
 book,  
 (Fear it not, sweet,  
 It is no hypocrite)  
 Much larger in itself than in its look.  
 It is, in one rich handful, heaven and  
 all —

Heaven's royal hosts encamp'd thus  
 small;  
 To prove that true, schools used to  
 tell,  
 A thousand angels in one point can  
 dwell.

It is love's great artillery,  
 Which here contracts itself, and  
 comes to lie  
 Close couched in your white bosom,  
 and from thence,  
 As from a snowy fortress of de-  
 fence,  
 Against the ghostly foe to take your  
 part,  
 And fortify the hold of your chaste  
 heart;

It is the armory of light:  
 Let constant use but keep it bright,  
 You'll find it yields  
 To holy hands and humble hearts,  
 More swords and shields  
 Than sin hath snares or hell hath  
 darts.

Only be sure  
 The hands be pure  
 That hold these weapons, and the  
 eyes  
 Those of turtles, chaste and true,  
 Wakeful and wise,  
 Here is a friend shall fight for  
 you.  
 Hold but this book before your  
 heart,  
 Let prayer alone to play his part.  
 But oh! the heart  
 That studies this high art  
 Must be a sure housekeeper,  
 And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,  
 Mercy will come ere long,  
 And bring her bosom full of bless-  
 ings —  
 Flowers of never fading graces,  
 To make immortal dressings,  
 For worthy souls whose wise  
 embraces  
 Store up themselves for Him who is  
 alone  
 The spouse of virgins, and the virgin's  
 son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when  
He come,  
Shall find the wandering heart from  
home,

Leaving her chaste abode  
To gad abroad  
Amongst the gay mates of the god of  
flies;

To take her pleasure and to play,  
And keep the devil's holiday;  
To dance in the sunshine of some  
smiling

But beguiling  
Sphere of sweet and sugared lies;  
Of all this hidden store  
Of blessings, and ten thousand more  
Doubtless he will unload

Himself some other where;  
And pour abroad  
His precious sweets,  
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!  
O! happy, and thrice happy she,  
Dear silver-breasted dove,  
Whoe'er she be,

Whose early love,  
With winged vows,  
Makes haste to meet her morning  
spouse,

And close with his immortal kisses!  
Happy soul! who never misses  
To improve that precious hour;  
And every day

Seize her sweet prey,  
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,  
Dropping with a balmy shower,  
A delicious dew of spices.

Oh! let that happy soul hold fast  
Her heavenly armful: she shall taste  
At once ten thousand paradises:  
She shall have power

To rifle and deflower  
The rich and rosal spring of those  
rare sweets,  
Which with a swelling bosom there  
she meets;

Boundless and infinite, bottomless  
treasures  
Of pure inebriating pleasures.  
Happy soul! she shall discover

What joy, what bliss,  
How many heavens at once it is  
To have a God become her lover.

## MARY AINGE DE VERE.

## A LOVE SONG.

His love hath filled my life's fair cup  
Full to its crystal brim;  
The dancing bubbles crowding up  
Are dreams of him.

I work, and every thread I draw  
Sets in a thought, —  
The letter of Love's tender law  
In patience wrought.

I serve his meals, — the fruit and  
bread  
Are sound and sweet:  
But that invisible feast I spread  
For gods were meet!

I pray for him. All else I do  
Fades far away  
Before the thrill that smites me  
through,  
The while I pray:

Ah, God, be good to him, my own,  
Who, on my breast,  
Sleeps, with soft dimpled hands out-  
thrown,  
A child at rest!

## MARY B. DODGE.

## LOSS.

I LOST my treasures one by one,  
Those joys the world holds dear;  
Smiling, I said "To-morrow's sun  
Will bring us better cheer."  
For faith and love were one. Glad  
faith!

All loss is naught save loss of faith.

My truant joys come trooping back,  
And trooping friends no less;  
But tears fall fast to meet the lack  
Of dearer happiness.

For faith and love are two. Sad  
faith!

'Tis loss indeed, the loss of faith.

## JOHN DONNE.

## THE FAREWELL.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,  
 And whisper to their souls to go;  
 Whilst some of their sad friends do  
 say,  
 The breath goes now — and some say,  
 no;

So let us melt and make no noise,  
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests  
 move;  
 'Twere profanation of our joys  
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and  
 fears,  
 Men reckon what it did, and meant:  
 But trepidation of the spheres,  
 Though greater far is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lovers' love  
 (Whose soul is sense) cannot admit  
 Absence, because it doth remove  
 Those things which alimented it.

But we're by love so much refined,  
 That ourselves know not what it is,  
 Inter-assured of the mind,  
 Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore (which are  
 one),  
 Though I must go, endure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansion,  
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so  
 As stiff twin compasses are two;  
 Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no  
 show  
 To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,  
 Yet when the other far doth roam,  
 It leans, and hearkens after it,  
 And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must  
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run;  
 Thy firmness makes my circles just,  
 And makes me end where I begun.

## HENRY RIPLEY DORR.

## DOOR AND WINDOW.

THERE is a room, a stately room,  
 Now filled with light, now wrapped  
 in gloom.

There is a door, a steel-clad door,  
 Lined with masses of hammered ore,

Closed with a lock of Titan weight,  
 Opened only by hand of Fate!

There is a window, broad and old,  
 Barred with irons of massive mould;

Back from the window, closed and  
 fast,  
 Stretches the vista of the Past;

A lengthening vista, faint and dim,  
 Reaching beyond the horizon's rim.

Men may wait at the window-sill  
 And listen, listen — but all is still.

Men may wait till their hairs are  
 white,  
 Through the hours of day and night;

Men may shower their tears like  
 rain  
 And mourn that they cannot pass  
 again;

Over the pathway of the Past;  
 But travelled first, it is travelled last!

Turn with me to the iron door  
 Many a mortal has stood before!

Lift the latch? It is fastened down!  
 The hinges are flecked with a rusty  
 brown.

Batter away at its massive plates!  
 Hark! do you hear the mocking  
 Fates?

'Tis only the echoes that go and  
 come  
 Like the measured beats of a muffled  
 drum!



Your hands are bleeding? Then  
 come away,  
 Perhaps, at length, you have learned  
 to-day

That only when under the grass or  
 snow  
 We learn what mortals must die to  
 know;

That only when we are still and  
 cold  
 The door swings wide on its hinges  
 old!

### SIR EDWARD DYER.

*MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.*

My mind to me a kingdom is ;  
 Such perfect joy therein I find  
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
 That God or Nature hath assigned;  
 Though much I want that most  
 would have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay.  
 I seek no more than may suffice.  
 I press to bear no haughty sway;  
 Look, what I lack my mind sup-  
 plies.  
 Lo! thus I triumph like a king!  
 Content with that my mind doth  
 bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
 And hasty climbers soonest fall;  
 I see that such as sit aloft  
 Mishap doth threaten most of all.  
 These get with toil, and keep with  
 fear;  
 Such cares my mind could never  
 bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,  
 No force to win the victory,  
 No wily wit to salve a sore,  
 No shape to win a lover's eye, —  
 To none of these I yield as thrall;  
 For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they  
 crave;

I little have, yet seek no more,  
 They are but poor, though much they  
 have;

And I am rich with little store.  
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give:  
 They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
 I grudge not at another's gain:  
 No worldly wave my mind can toss;  
 I brook that is another's bane.  
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;  
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;  
 I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a  
 straw;

For care, I care not what it is:  
 I fear not fortune's fatal law;  
 My mind is such as may not move  
 For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;  
 I wander not to seek for more:  
 I like the plain, I climb no hill;  
 In greatest storms I sit on shore,  
 And laugh at them that toil in vain  
 To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;  
 I feign not love where most I  
 hate;

I break no sleep to win my will;  
 I wait not at the mighty's gate.  
 I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;  
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe;  
 Extremes are counted worst of all;  
 The golden mean betwixt them both  
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;  
 This is my choice; for why, I find  
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect  
 ease;

My conscience clear my chief de-  
 fence;

I never seek by bribes to please,  
 Nor by desert to give offence.  
 Thus do I live, thus will I die;  
 Would all did so as well as I!

## WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

## TWO APRILS.

WHEN last the maple bud was swelling,  
 When last the crocus bloomed below,

Thy heart to mine its love was telling;  
 Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow:  
 Again the maple bud is swelling,  
 Again the crocus blooms below:—

In heaven thy heart its love is telling,  
 But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

When last the April bloom was flinging  
 Sweet odors on the air of spring,

In forest aisles thy voice was ringing,  
 Where thou didst with the red-bird sing.

Again the April bloom is flinging  
 Sweet odors on the air of spring,

But now in heaven thy voice is ringing,  
 Where thou dost with the angels sing.

## THE LABORER.

STAND up, erect! Thou hast the form  
 And likeness of thy God!—who more?

A soul as dauntless mid the storm  
 Of daily life, a heart as warm  
 And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then? Thou art as true a man  
 As moves the human mass among;  
 As much a part of the great plan,  
 As with creation's dawn began,  
 As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high  
 In station, or in wealth the chief?  
 The great, who coldly pass thee by,  
 With proud step and averted eye?  
 Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,  
 What were the proud one's scorn to thee?

A feather, which thou mightest cast  
 Aside, as idly as the blast,  
 The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurbed passions, low desires,  
 Absence of noble self-respect,  
 Death, in the breast's consuming fires,  
 To that high nature which aspires  
 Forever, till thus checked;

These are thine enemies—thy worst;  
 They chain thee to thy lonely lot:  
 Thy labor and thy lot accursed,  
 Oh! stand erect, and from them burst,  
 And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy.  
 The great! what better they than thou?

As theirs, is not thy will as free?  
 Has God with equal favors thee  
 Neglected to endow.

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!

Nor place—uncertain as the wind!  
 But that thou hast, which, with thy crust

And water, may despise the lust  
 Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,  
 True faith, and holy trust in God,  
 Thou art the peer of any man.  
 Look up, then, that thy little span  
 Of life may be well trod.

## WILLIAM WHEELER GAY.

## APOLLO BELVEDERE.

SUPREME among a race of gods he stands,

His strong limbs strained and quivering with might;  
 His heart exulting, as his foemen's bands

Before the dreadful ægis, melt in flight.

So once he strode on red Scamander's  
plain

Breasting at Hector's side the storm  
of spears;

Perchance in dreams he shakes the  
shield again

And, shouting, fills the Grecian  
host with fears.

Far-darting god of Homer, dost thou  
dream

That Time still wears a crown of  
sunny hair?

That dawn-faced Daphne sings by  
Peneus' stream,

And Dian routs the roebuck from  
his lair?

Know, shrineless god, that temples  
sink to dust;

Creeds moulder with the heart that  
gave them birth;

Time is a despot, and gods, even,  
must

Bow to his will like mortals of the  
earth.

Look close! the crowds that throng  
this Belvedere

Are not gray-bearded elders laden  
well

With costly gifts, from Athens sent  
to hear

The fateful murmurs issue from thy  
cell.

No longer now they tremble as they  
stand

Before thy face, remembering  
Niobe;

Not reverence thee, but him whose  
mortal hand

Gave thee the gift of immortality.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

VILLANELLE.

WOULDST thou not be content to die  
When low-hung fruit is hardly  
clinging  
And golden autumn passes by?

If we could vanish, thou and I  
While the last woodland bird is  
singing,

Wouldst thou not be content to die?

Deep drifts of leaves in the forest lie,  
Red vintage that the frost is fling-  
ing,

And golden autumn passes by.

Beneath this delicate, rose-gray sky.  
While sunset bells are faintly ring-  
ing,

Wouldst thou not be content to die?

For wintry webs of mist on high  
Out of the muffled earth are spring-  
ing,

And golden autumn passes by.

Oh, now, when pleasures fade and fly,  
And hope her southward flight is  
winging,

Wouldst thou not be content to die?

Lest winter come, with wailing cry,  
His cruel, icy bondage bringing,  
When golden autumn hath passed by,

And thou with many a tear and sigh,  
While Life her wasted hands is  
wringing,

Shalt pray in vain for leave to die  
When golden autumn hath passed by.

SUNSHINE IN MARCH.

WHERE are you, Sylvia, where?  
For our own bird the woodpecker, is  
here,

Calling on you with cheerful tap-  
pings loud!

The breathing heavens are full of  
liquid light;

The dew is on the meadow like a  
cloud;

The earth is moving in her green  
delight —

Her spiritual crocuses shoot through,  
And rathe hepaticas in rose and blue;

But snow-drops that awaited you so  
long

Died at the thrush's song.

“Adieu, adieu!” they said,  
 “We saw the skirts of glory fade;  
 We were the hopeless lovers of the  
 spring,  
 Too young, as yet, for any love of  
 ours;  
 She is harsh, not having heard the  
 white-throats sing;  
 She is cold, not knowing the tender  
 April showers;  
 Yet have we felt her, as the buried  
 grain  
 May feel the rustle of the unfallen  
 rain;  
 We have known her, as the star that  
 sets too soon  
 Bows to the unseen moon.”

◆

### DAVID GRAY.

#### *DIE DOWN, O DISMAL DAY.*

DIE down, O dismal day, and let me  
 live;  
 And come, blue deeps, magnificently  
 strewn  
 With colored clouds, — large light,  
 and fugitive, —  
 By upper winds through pompous  
 motions blown.  
 Now it is death in life, — a vapor  
 dense  
 Creeps round my window till I cannot  
 see  
 The far snow-shining mountains and  
 the glens  
 Shagging the mountain-tops. O God!  
 make free  
 This barren shackled earth, so deadly  
 cold, —  
 Breathe gently forth thy spring, till  
 winter flies  
 In rude amazement, fearful and yet  
 bold,  
 While she performs her customed  
 charities;  
 I weigh the loaded hours till life is  
 bare, —  
 O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop,  
 and sweet air!

#### *IF IT MUST BE.*

IF it must be — if it must be, O  
 God!  
 That I die young and make no further  
 moans;  
 That underneath the unrespective  
 sod,  
 In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones  
 Shall crumble soon; — then give me  
 strength to bear  
 The last convulsive throe of too  
 sweet breath!  
 I tremble from the edge of life, to  
 dare  
 The dark and fatal leap, having no  
 faith,  
 No glorious yearning for the Apoc-  
 alypse;  
 But like a child that in the night-  
 time cries  
 For light, I cry; forgetting the eclipse  
 Of knowledge and our human des-  
 tinies —  
 O peevish and uncertain soul! obey  
 The law of patience till the Day.

—

#### *WINTRY WEATHER.*

O WINTER, wilt thou never, never  
 go?  
 O summer, but I weary for thy  
 coming,  
 Longing once more to hear the Luggie  
 flow,  
 And frugal bees laboriously hum-  
 ming,  
 Now the east wind diseases the  
 infirm,  
 And I must crouch in corners from  
 rough weather,  
 Sometimes a winter sunset is a  
 charm —  
 When the fired clouds compacted,  
 burn together.  
 And the large sun dips red behind the  
 hills.  
 I, from my window can behold this  
 pleasure;  
 And the eternal moon what time she  
 fills  
 Her orb with argent, treading a soft  
 measure,

With queenly motions of a bridal  
mood,  
Through the wide spaces of infinity.  
tude.

—◆—

ELLIS GRAY.

SUNSHINE.

I SAT in a darkened chamber,  
Near by sang a tiny bird;  
Through all my deep pain and sadness,  
A wonderful song I heard.

The birdling bright sang in the sunlight  
From out of a golden throat;  
The song of love he was singing  
Grew sweeter with every note.

I opened my casement wider  
To welcome the song I heard;  
Straight into my waiting bosom  
Flew sunshine and song and bird.

No longer I now am sighing;  
The reason canst thou divine?  
The birdling with me abideth,  
And sunshine and song are mine.

—◆—

DORA GREENWELL.

THE SUNFLOWER.

TILL the slow daylight pale,  
A willing slave, fast bound to one  
above,  
I wait; he seems to speed, and  
change, and fail;  
I know he will not move.

I lift my golden orb  
To his, unsmitten when the roses die,  
And in my broad and burning disk  
absorb  
The splendors of his eye.

His eye is like a clear  
Keen flame that searches through  
me; I must drop  
Upon my stalk, I cannot reach his  
sphere;  
To mine he cannot stoop.

I win not my desire,  
And yet I fail not of my guerdon; lo!  
A thousand flickering darts and  
tongues of fire  
Around me spread and glow;

All rayed and crowned, I miss  
No queenly state until the summer  
wane,  
The hours flit by; none knoweth of  
my bliss,  
And none has guessed my pain;

I follow one alone,  
I track the shadow of his steps, I  
grow  
Most like to him I love,  
Of all that shines below.

—◆—

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY! So you say,  
So do I *not* believe!  
For no men or women that live to-  
day,  
Be they as good or as bad as they  
may,  
Ever would dare to leave  
In faintest pencil or boldest ink,  
All they truly and really think;  
What they have said and what they  
have done,  
What they have lived and what they  
have felt,  
Under the stars or under the sun.  
At the touch of a pen the dew-  
drops melt,  
And the jewels are lost in the grass,  
Though you count the blades as  
you pass.  
At the touch of a pen the lightning  
is fixed,

An innocent streak on a broken  
cloud;  
And the thunder that pealed so  
fierce and loud,  
With musical echo is softly mixed.  
Autobiography? Nol  
It never was written yet, I trow.  
Grant that they try!  
Still they must fail!  
Words are too pale.  
For the fervor and glow of the lava-  
flow.

Can they paint the flash of an  
eye?  
How much less the flash of a heart,  
Or its delicate ripple and glimmer  
and gleam,  
Swift and sparkling, suddenly dark-  
ling,  
Crimson and gold tints, exquisite  
soul-tints,  
Changing like dawn-flush touching  
a dream!  
Where is the art  
That shall give the play of blending  
lights  
From the porphyry rock on the  
pool below?  
Or the bird-shadow traced on the  
sunlit heights  
Of golden rose and snow?

You say 'tis a fact that the books  
exist,  
Printed and published in Mudie's  
list,  
Some in two volumes, and some in  
one—  
Autobiographies plenty. But look!  
I will tell you what is done  
By the writers, confidentially!  
They cut little pieces out of their  
lives  
And join them together,  
Making them up as a readable book,  
And call it an autobiography,  
Though little enough of the life sur-  
vives.

What if we went in the sweet May  
weather  
To a wood that I know which hangs  
on a hill,

And reaches down to a tinkling  
brook,  
That sings the flowers to sleep at  
night,  
And calls them again with the earliest  
light.  
Under the delicate flush of green,  
Hardly shading the bank below,  
Pale anemones peep between  
The mossy stumps where the  
violets grow;  
Wide clouds of bluebells stretch  
away,  
And primrose constellations rise,—  
Turn where we may,  
Some new loveliness meets our  
eyes.  
The first white butterflies flit around,  
Bees are murmuring close to the  
ground,  
The cuckoo's happy shout is heard.  
Hark again!  
Was it echo, or was it bird?  
All the air is full of song,  
A carolling chorus around and above:  
From the wood-pigeon's call so soft  
and long,  
To merriest twitter and marvellous  
trill,  
Every one sings at his own sweet  
will,  
True to the key-note of joyous love.

Well, it is lovely! is it not?  
But we must not stay on the fairy  
spot,  
So we gather a nosegay with care:  
A primrose here and a bluebell  
there,  
And something that we have never  
seen,  
Probably therefore a specimen  
rare;  
Stitchwort, with stem of transparent  
green,  
The white-veined woodsorrel, and  
a spray  
Of tender-leaved and budding May.  
We carry home the fragrant load,  
In a close, warm hand, by a dusty  
road;  
The sun grows hotter every hour;  
Already the woodsorrel pines for the  
shade;

We watch it fade,  
And throw away the fairy little  
flower;

We forgot that it could not last an  
hour

Away from the cool moss where it  
grows.

Then the stitchworts droop and close;  
There is nothing to show but a tangle  
of green,

For the white-rayed stars will no  
more be seen.

Then the anemones, can they sur-  
vive?

Even now they are hardly alive.

Ha! where is it, our unknown spray?  
Dropped on the way!

Perhaps we shall never find one  
again.

At last we come in with the few that  
are left,

Of freshness and fragrance bereft;  
A sorry display.

Now, do we say,

"Here is the wood where we rambled  
to-day?

See, we have brought it to you;  
Believe us, indeed it is true.

This is the wood!" do we say?

So much for the bright and pleasant  
side.

There is another. We did not bring  
All that was hidden under the wing  
Of the radiant plumaged spring.

We never tried

To spy, or watch, or away to bear,  
Much that was just as truly there.

What have we seen?

Hush, ah, hush!

Curled and withered fern between,  
And dead leaves under the living  
green,

Thick and damp. A clammy feather,  
All that remains of a singing thrush  
Killed by a weasel long ago,

In the hungry winter weather.

Nettles in unfriendly row,  
And last year's brambles, sharp and  
brown,

Grimly guarding a hawthorn crown.  
A pale leaf trying to reach the light  
By a long weak stem, but smothered  
down,

Dying in darkness, with none to see.  
The rotting trunk of a willow tree,  
Leafless, ready to fall from the bank;  
A poisonous fungus, cold and white,  
And a hemlock growing strong and  
rank.

A tuft of fur and a ruddy stain,  
Where a wounded hare has escaped  
the snare,

Only perhaps to be caught again.  
No specimens we bring of these,  
Lest they should disturb our ease,  
And spoil the story of the May,  
And make you think our holiday  
Was far less pleasant than we say.

Ah no! We write our lives indeed,  
But in a cipher none can read,  
Except the author. He may pore  
The life-accumulating lore

For evermore,

And find the records strange and  
true,

Bring wisdom old and new;  
But though he break the seal,  
No power has he to give the key;  
No license to reveal.

We wait the all-declaring day,

When love shall know as it is  
known.

Till then, the secrets of our lives are  
ours and God's alone.

SONG FROM "RIGHT."

LIGHT after darkness,  
Gain after loss,  
Strength after suffering,  
Crown after cross.  
Sweet after bitter,  
Song after sigh,  
Home after wandering,  
Praise after cry.

Sheaves after sowing,  
Sun after rain,  
Sigh after mystery,  
Peace after pain.  
Joy after sorrow,  
Calm after blast,  
Rest after weariness,  
Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,  
Gleam after gloom,  
Love after loneliness,  
Life after tomb.  
After long agony,  
Rapture of bliss!  
*Right* was the pathway  
Leading to this!

FROM "MAKING POETRY."

'Tis not stringing rhymes together  
In a pleasant true accord;  
Not the music of the metre,  
Not the happy fancies, sweeter  
Than a flower-bell, honey-stored.

'T is the essence of existence,  
Rarely rising to the light;  
And the songs of echo longest,  
Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,  
With your life-blood you will write.

*With your life-blood.* None will  
know it,  
You will never tell them how.  
Smile! and they will never guess it:  
Laugh! and you will not confess it  
By your paler cheek and brow.

There must be the tightest tension  
Ere the tone be full and true;  
Shallow lakelets of emotion  
Are not like the spirit-ocean,  
Which reflects the purest blue.

Every lesson you shall utter,  
If the charge indeed be yours,  
First is gained by earnest learning,  
Carved in letters deep and burning  
On a heart that long endures.

Day by day that wondrous tablet  
Your life-poem shall receive,  
By the hand of Joy or Sorrow;  
But the pen can never borrow  
Half the records that they leave.

You will only give a transcript  
Of a life-line here and there,  
Only just a spray-wreath springing  
From the hidden depths, and flinging  
Broken rainbows on the air.

Still, if you but copy truly.  
'T will be poetry indeed,  
Echoing many a heart's vibration;  
Rather love than admiration  
Earning as your priceless meed.

THE COL DE BALM.

SUNSHINE and silence on the Col de  
Balm!  
I stood above the mists, above the  
rush  
Of all the torrents, when one mar-  
vellous hush  
Filled God's great mountain temple,  
vast and calm,  
With hallelujah light, as seen through  
silent psalm:—

Crossed with one discord, only one.  
For love  
Cried out, and would be heard.  
"If ye were here,  
O friends, so far away and yet so  
near,  
Then were the anthem perfect!"  
And the cry  
Threaded the concords of that Alpine  
harmony.

Not vain the same fond cry if first I  
stand  
Upon the mountain of our God, and  
long,  
Even in the glory and with His  
new song  
Upon my lips, that you should come  
and share  
The bliss of heaven, imperfect still  
till all are there.

Dear ones! shall it be mine to watch  
you come  
Up from the shadows and the val-  
ley mist,  
To tread the jacinth and the ame-  
thyst;  
To rest and sing upon the stormless  
height,  
In the deep calm of love and ever-  
lasting light?



## PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

## LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood  
O'er the past that is withered and  
dead:

What though the heart's roses are  
ashes and dust?

What though the heart's music be  
fled?

Still shine the grand heavens o'er-  
head,

Whence the voice of an angel thrills  
clear on the soul,

"Gird about thee thine armor, press  
on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy  
youth

Are a burden too heavy to bear,  
What hope can rebloom on the deso-  
late waste

Of a jealous and craven despair?  
Down! down with the fetters of  
fear!

In the strength of thy valor and man-  
hood arise,

With the faith that illumines and the  
will that defies.

*Too late!* through God's infinite  
world,

From His throne to life's nether-  
most fires,

*Too late* is a phantom that flies at  
the dawn

Of the soul that repents and as-  
pires.

If pure thou hast made thy de-  
sires,

There's no height the strong wings  
of immortals may gain

Which in striving to reach, thou shalt  
strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,  
Unbound by the past which is  
dead!

What though the heart's roses are  
ashes and dust?

What though the heart's music be  
fled?

Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;

And sublime as the angel that rules  
in the sun  
Beams the promise of peace when the  
conflict is won!

## GEORGE HERBERT.

## FROM THE "ELIXIR."

TEACH me, my God and King,  
In all things Thee to see,  
And what I do in anything,  
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake;  
Nothing can be so mean  
Which with this tincture, for Thy  
sake,  
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine:  
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,  
Makes that and the action fine.

## AARON HILL.

HOW TO DEAL WITH COMMON  
NATURES.

TENDER-handed stroke a nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures:  
Use them kindly, they rebel;  
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,  
And the rogues obey you well.

## F. A. HILLARD.

## THE POET'S PEN.

I AM an idle reed;  
I rustle in the whispering air;  
I bear my stalk and seed  
Through spring-time's glow and sum-  
mer's glare.

And in the fiercer strife  
Which winter brings to me amain,  
Sapless, I waste my life,  
And, murmuring at my fate, complain.

I am a worthless reed;  
No golden top have I for crown,  
No flower for beauty's meed,  
No wreath for poet's high renown.

Hollow and gaunt, my wand  
Shrill whistles, bending in the gale;  
Leafless and sad I stand,  
And still neglected, still bewail.

O foolish reed! to wail!  
A poet came, with downcast eyes,  
And, wandering through the dale,  
Saw thee and claimed thee for his prize.

He plucked thee from the mire;  
He pruned and made of thee a pen,  
And wrote in words of fire  
His flaming song to listening men;

Till thou, so lowly bred,  
Now wedded to a nobler state,  
Utt'rest such pæans overhead  
That angels listen at their gate.

### LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS.

#### TEMPESTUOUS DEEPS.

PASSIONATE, stormy ocean,  
Spreading thine arms to me,  
The depths of my soul's emotion  
Surge with the surging sea:  
Waves and billows go o'er me,  
Give me thy strong right hand!  
The throes of my heart's vain struggle  
I know thou wilt understand.

Break with thy hidden anguish,  
Restless and yearning main!  
Echo my sighs; I languish,  
Moaning in secret pain.  
The heart I had trusted fails me,  
The hopes I would rest in, flee;  
Woe upon woe assails me,  
Comfort me, answering sea!

Mightily tossed with tempest,  
Lashed into serried crest,  
Roaring and seething billows  
Give thee nor peace nor rest:  
Oh, to thy heaving bosom  
Take me, wild sobbing sea!  
For the whole earth's groaning and  
travail  
Utters itself in thee.

#### DECEMBER.

BLOW, northern winds!  
To brace my fibres, knit my cords,  
To gird my soul, to fire my words,  
To do my work,—for 't is the  
Lord's,—  
To fashion minds.

Come, tonic blasts!  
Arouse my courage, stir my thought,  
Give nerve and spring, that as I ought  
I give my strength to what is wrought,  
While duty lasts.

Glow, arctic light,  
And let my heart with burnished  
steel,  
That bright magnetic flame reveal  
Which kindles purpose, faith, and  
zeal  
For truth and right.

Shine, winter skies!  
That when each brave day's work is  
done,  
I wait in peace, from sun to sun,  
To meet unshamed, through victory  
won,  
Your starry eyes.

[From *Persephone*.]

#### EARLY SUMMER.

THE chrysalid with rapture stirs;  
The water-beetle feels more nigh  
His glory of the dragon-fly,  
And nectar fills the flower-spurs.

Down in the confidential green  
Of clover-fields the insects hum,  
While myriad creatures pipe and  
drum,  
And live their busy life unseen.

The flowers of the Indian corn  
 Droop their fair feathers o'er the  
 sheath,  
 And all their pollen grains bequeath  
 That golden harvests may be born.

[From *Persephone.*]

LATE SUMMER.

THE summer-tide swells high and  
 full;  
 I sit within the waving grass;  
 The scented breezes o'er me pass,  
 The thistles shed their silky wool.

The ox-eyed daisies hail the sun,  
 And sprinkle all the acres bright  
 With golden stars of radiant light  
 Amid the feathery grasses dun.

The plaintive brook reflects the glow  
 Of rows of bleeding cardinal;  
 The whippoorwill's sweet madrigal  
 Breathes through the sunset soft and  
 low.

I see the dear Persephone  
 Trailing her purple robes more  
 slow,  
 Her lovely eyelids drooping low,  
 And gazing pensive o'er the sea.

The fringed gentians kiss her hand,  
 The milkweed waves its soft adieus;  
 Their tender words she must refuse,  
 For dark steeds wait upon the strand.

[From *Persephone.*]

AUTUMN.

EREWILE the sap has had its will,  
 The bud has opened into leaf  
 The grain is ripening for the sheaf,  
 Demeter's arms have had their fill.

The seed has dropped into the mould,  
 The flower all its petals shed,  
 The rattling stalks are dry and dead,  
 Persephone is still and cold.

For Nature's dream is all fulfilled,  
 Her clinging robes she folds once  
 more,  
 And glides within her close-locked  
 door,  
 For all the wine of life is spilled.

HYMN FROM "MOTHERHOOD."

O BEAUTIFUL new life within my  
 bosom,  
 New life, love-born, more beautiful  
 than day.  
 I tremble in thy sacred presence,  
 knowing  
 What holy miracle attends my  
 way!  
 My heart is hushed, I hear between  
 its beating  
 The angel of annunciation say,  
 "Hail, blessed among women!"  
 while I pray.

O all-creative Love! thy finger  
 touches  
 My leaping pulses to diviner heat.  
 What am I, that thy thought of life  
 should blossom  
 In me, in me thy tide of life should  
 beat?  
 Beat strong within me, God-tide, in  
 high passion,  
 With quickening spirit earth-born  
 essence greet!  
 Fountain of life! flow through me  
 pure and sweet.

O all-sustaining Love! come close  
 beside me, —  
 Me, so unworthy of this wondrous  
 gift.  
 Purge me, refine me, try me as by  
 fire,  
 Whiten me white as snow in gla-  
 cier-rift,  
 That neither spot, nor stain nor  
 blemish darken  
 These elements that now to being  
 drift:  
 Inspire, sustain me, all my soul  
 uplift!

O all-sufficient Love! I am as  
 nothing;  
 Take me, thy way, most facile to  
 thy need;  
 Enraptured, let me feel thy spirit  
 moulding  
 The germ that thou hast made a  
 living seed.  
 And while the currents of my life are  
 speeding  
 This life immortal in its growth to  
 feed,  
 'To one dear purpose, all my forces  
 lead!

---

ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

*SEA-WAY.*

THE tide slips up the silver sand,  
 Dark night and rosy day;  
 It brings sea-treasures to the land,  
 Then bears them all away.  
 On mighty shores from east to west  
 It walls, and gropes, and cannot  
 rest.

O tide, that still doth ebb and  
 flow  
 Through night to golden day:—  
 Wit, learning, beauty, come and go,  
 Thou giv'st—thou tak'st away.  
 But sometime, on some gracious  
 shore,  
 Thou shalt lie still and ebb no more.

---

*ON THE ROAD.*

DoST know the way to Paradise?  
 Pray, tell me by thy grace.  
 "Any way thou canst devise  
 That leads to my love's face—  
 For that's his dwelling-place."

How far is it to Paradise?  
 "Ah, that I cannot say;  
 Time lingers and my heart it flies—  
 A minute seems a day  
 Whene'er I go that way."

*THE PRINCE.*

SEPTEMBER waves his golden-rod  
 Along the lanes and hollows,  
 And saunters round the sunny fields  
 A-playing with the swallows.

The corn has listened for his step,  
 The maples blush to greet him,  
 And gay coquetting Sunach dons  
 Her velvet cloak to meet him.

Come to the hearth, O merry prince,  
 With flaming knot and ember;  
 For all your tricks of frosty eyes,  
 We love your ways, September!

---

*AUTUMN SONG.*

RED leaf, gold leaf,  
 Flutter down the wind:  
 Life is brief, oh! life is brief,  
 But Mother Earth is kind;  
 From her dear bosom ye shall spring  
 To new blossoming.

The red leaf, the gold leaf,  
 They have had their way;  
 Love is long if life be brief,—  
 Life is but a day;  
 And love from grief and death shall  
 spring  
 To new blossoming.

---

HELEN JACKSON

(H. H.).

*THE LAST WORDS.*

[The last words written by Dr. Holland,  
 Oct. 11th, 1881,—referring to President  
 Garfield: "By sympathy he drew all hearts  
 to him."]

I.

WE may not choose! Ah, if we  
 might, how we  
 Should linger here, not ready to be  
 dead,  
 Till one more loving thing were  
 looked, or said,—  
 Till some dear child's estate of joy  
 should be  
 Complete,—or we triumphant, late  
 should see

Some great cause win for which our  
 hearts had bled. —  
 Some hope come true which all our  
 lives had fed, —  
 Some bitter sorrow fade away and flee,  
 Which we, rebellious, had too bitter  
 thought;  
 Or even, — so our human hearts  
 would cling,  
 If but they might, to this fair world  
 inwrought  
 With heavenly beauty in each small-  
 est thing,  
 We would refuse to die till we had  
 sought  
 One violet more, heard one more  
 robin sing!

## II.

We may not choose: but if we did  
 foreknow  
 The hour when we should pass from  
 human sight,  
 What words were last that we should  
 say, or write,  
 Could we pray fate a sweeter boon  
 to show  
 Than bid our last words burn with  
 loving glow  
 Of heartfelt praise, to lift, and make  
 more bright  
 A great man's memory, set in clearer  
 light?  
 Ah yes! Fate could one boon more  
 sweet bestow:  
 So frame those words that every  
 heart which knew,  
 Should sudden, awe-struck, weeping  
 turn away,  
 And cry: "His own hand his best  
 wreath must lay!  
 Of his own life his own last words  
 are true,  
 So true, love's truth no truer thing  
 can say, —  
 "By sympathy, all hearts to him he  
 drew."

## MARCH.

MONTH which the warring ancients  
 strangely styled  
 The month of war, — as if in their  
 fierce ways

Were any month of peace! — in thy  
 rough days,  
 I find no war in nature, though the  
 wild  
 Winds clash and clang, and broken  
 boughs are piled  
 At feet of writhing trees. The violets  
 raise  
 Their heads without affright, or look  
 of maze,  
 And sleep through all the din, as  
 sleeps a child.  
 And he who watches well, will well  
 discern  
 Sweet expectation in each living  
 thing.  
 Like pregnant mother, the sweet  
 earth doth yearn;  
 In secret joy makes ready for the  
 spring;  
 And hidden, sacred, in her breast  
 doth bear  
 Annunciation lilies for the year.

## JULY.

SOME flowers are withered and some  
 joys have died;  
 The garden reeks with an East Indian  
 scent  
 From beds where gillyflowers stand  
 weak and spent;  
 The white heat pales the skies from  
 side to side;  
 At noonday all the living creatures  
 hide;  
 But in still lakes and rivers, cool,  
 content,  
 Like starry blooms on a new firm-  
 ment,  
 White lilies float and regally abide.  
 In vain the cruel skies their hot rays  
 shed;  
 The lily does not feel their brazen  
 glare;  
 In vain the pallid clouds refuse to  
 share  
 Their dews; the lily feels no thirst,  
 no dread;  
 Unharm'd she lifts her queenly face  
 and head;  
 She drinks of living waters and keeps  
 fair.

*MY NASTURTIUMS.*

QUAINT blossom with the old fantas-  
tic name,  
By jester christened at some an-  
cient feast!  
How royally to-day among the least  
Considered herbs, it flings its spice  
and flame.  
How careless wears a velvet of the  
same  
Unfathomed red, which ceased  
when Titian ceased  
To paint it in the robes of doge and  
priest.  
Oh, long lost loyal red which never  
came  
Again to painter's palette — on my  
sight  
It flashes at this moment, trained  
and poured  
Through my nasturtiums in the  
morning light.  
Like great-souled kings to kingdoms  
full restored,  
They stand alone and draw them to  
their height,  
And shower me from their stintless  
golden hoard.

LUCIA W. JENNISON

(OWEN INNSLY).

*IN A LETTER.*

THERE came a breath, out of a dis-  
tant time,  
An odor from neglected gardens  
where  
Unnumbered roses once perfumed  
the air  
Through summer days, in child-  
hood's happy clime,  
There came the salt scent of the sea,  
the chime  
Of waves against the beaches or the  
bare,  
Gaunt rocks; as to the mind, half  
unaware,  
Recur the words of some familiar  
rhyme.

And as above the gardens and the  
sea  
The moon arises, and her silver light  
Touches the landscape with a deeper  
grace,  
So o'er the misty wraiths of memory,  
Turning them into pictures clear  
and bright,  
Rose in a halo the belovèd face.

*HER ROSES.*

AGAINST her mouth she pressed the  
rose, and there,  
'Neath the caress of lips as soft and  
red  
As its own petals, quick the bright  
bud spread  
And oped, and flung its fragrance on  
the air.  
It ne'er again a bud's young grace  
can wear?  
O love, regret it not! It gladly  
shed  
Its soul for thee, and though thou  
kiss it dead  
It does not murmur at a fate so  
fair.  
Thus, once, thou breath'dst on me,  
till every germ  
Of love and song broke into raptu-  
rous flower,  
And sent a challenge upwards to the  
sky,  
What if too swift fruition set a  
term  
Too brief to all things? I have lived  
my hour,  
And die contented since for thee I  
die.

*OUTRE-MORT.*

SUPPOSE the dreaded messenger of  
death  
Should hasten steps that seem,  
though sure, so slow,  
And soon should whisper with his  
chilly breath:  
"Arise! thine hour has sounded,  
thou must go;

For they that earliest taste life's holiest feast  
Must early fast, lest, grown too bold,  
they dare  
Of them that follow after seize the  
share."

Then, though my pulse's beat forever  
ceased,  
If where I slumbered thou shouldst  
chance to pass  
Though grave-bound, I thy presence  
should discern.  
Heedless of coffin-lid and tangled  
grass,  
Upward to kiss thy feet my lips  
would yearn;  
And did one spark of love thy heart  
in flame,  
With the old rapture I should call  
thy name.

—  
*DEPENDENCE.*

WHAT would life keep for me if  
thou shouldst go?  
Belovèd, give me answer; for my  
art  
Is pledged unto thy service, and my  
heart  
Apart from thee nor joy nor grace  
doth know.  
No arid desert, no wide waste of  
snow,  
Looks drearier to exiled ones who  
start  
On their forced journey than,  
shouldst thou depart,  
This fair green earth to my dead  
hope would show.  
And like a drowning man who strug-  
gling clings  
With stiffened fingers to the rope  
that saves.  
Thrown out to meet his deep need  
from the land,  
So to thy thought I hold when  
sorrow's wings  
Darken the sky, and 'mid the bitter-  
est waves  
Of fate am succored by thy friendly  
hand.

*AT SEA.*

WHAT lies beyond the far horizon's  
rim?  
Ah! could our ship but reach and  
anchor there,  
What wondrous scenes, what visions  
bright and fair  
Would meet the eyes that gazed  
across the brim!  
But though we crowd the canvass  
on and trim  
Our barque with skill, the proud  
waves seem to bear  
No nearer to that goal, and every-  
where  
Stretches an endless circle wide and  
dim,  
So we do dream, treading the narrow  
path  
Of life, between the bounds of day  
and night,  
To-morrow turns this page so often  
conned.  
But when to-morrow cometh, lo! it  
hath  
The limits of to-day, and in its  
light  
Still lies far off the unknown heaven  
beyond.

We sail the centre of a ceaseless  
round,  
Forever circled by the horizon's rim;  
And fondly deem that from that far-  
off brim  
Some sign will rise or some glad ti-  
dings sound.  
But no word comes, nor aught to  
break the bound  
Of sea and sky all day with distance  
dim,  
And vanished quite when darkness,  
chill and grim,  
About the deep her sable shroud has  
wound.  
So on the seas of life and time we  
drift,  
Within the circling limits of our  
fate,  
Expectant ever of some solving  
breath.  
But no sound comes, no pitying hand  
doth lift

The veil nor faith nor love can penetrate,  
And to our dusk succeeds the dark  
of death.

ROBERT U. JOHNSON.

IN NOVEMBER.

HERE is the water-shed of all the  
year,  
Where by a thought's space,  
thoughts do start anear  
That fare most widely forth: some  
to the mouth  
Of Arctic rivers, some to the mellow  
South.

The gaunt and wrinkled orchard  
shivers 'neath  
The blast, like Lear upon the English  
heath,  
And mossy boughs blow wild that,  
undistressed,  
Another spring shall hide the cheer-  
ful nest.

All things are nearer from this chilly  
crown, —  
The solitude, the white and huddling  
town;  
And next the russet fields, of harvest  
shorn,  
Shines the new wheat that freshens  
all the morn.

From out the bursting milkweed,  
dry and gray,  
The silken argosies are launched  
away,  
To mount the gust, or drift from hill  
to hill  
And plant new colonies by road and  
rill.

Ah, wife of mine, whose clinging  
hand I hold,  
Shrink you before the new, or at  
the old ?  
And those far eyes that hold the si-  
lence fast —  
Look they upon the Future, or the  
Past ?

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

KILCOLEMAN CASTLE.

KILCOLEMAN CASTLE, an ancient and very picturesque ruin, once the residence of Spenser, lies on the shore of a small lake, about two miles to the west of Donegal, in the county of Cork. It belonged once to the Earls of Desmond, and was burned by their followers in 1598. Spenser, who was hated by the Irish in consequence of his stringent advices to the English about the management of the refractory chiefs and minstrels, narrowly escaped with his life, and an infant child of his, unfortunately left behind, was burnt to death in the flames.

No sound of life was coming  
From glen or tree or brake,  
Save the bittern's hollow booming  
Up from the reedy lake;  
The golden light of sunset  
Was swallowed in the deep,  
And the night came down with a  
sullen frown,  
On Houra's craggy steep.

And Houra's hills are soundless:  
But hark, that trumpet blast!  
It fills the forest boundless,  
Rings round the summits vast;  
'Tis answered by another  
From the crest of Corrin Mór,  
And hark again the pipe's wild strain  
By Bregoge's caverned shore!

Oh, sweet at hush of even  
The trumpet's golden thrill;  
Grand 'neath the starry heaven  
The pibroch wild and shrill;  
Yet all were pale with terror,  
The fearful and the bold,  
Who heard its tone that twilight lone  
In the poet's frowning hold!

Well might their hearts be beating;  
For up the mountain pass,  
By lake and river meeting  
Came kern and galloglass,  
Breathing of vengeance deadly,  
Under the forest tree,  
To the wizard man who had cast the  
ban  
On the minstrels bold and free!



They gave no word of warning,  
 Round still they came, and on,  
 Door, wall, and ramparts scorning,  
 They knew not he was gone!  
 Gone fast and far that even,  
 All secret as the wind,  
 His treasures all in that castle tall,  
 And his infant son behind!

All still that castle hoarest;  
 Their pipes and horns were still,  
 While gazed they through the forest,  
 Up glen and northern hill;  
 Till from the Brehon circle,  
 On Corrin's crest of stone,  
 A sheet of fire like an Indian pyre  
 Up to the clouds was thrown.

Then, with a mighty blazing,  
 They answered — to the sky;  
 It dazzled their own gazing,  
 So bright it rolled and high;  
 The castle of the poet —  
 The man of endless fame —  
 Soon hid its head in a mantle red  
 Of fierce and rushing flame.

Out burst the vassals, praying  
 For mercy as they sped,  
 "Where was their master staying,  
 Where was the poet fled?"  
 But hark! that thrilling screaming,  
 Over the crackling din, —  
 'Tis the poet's child in its terror wild,  
 The blazing tower within!

There was a warlike giant  
 Amid the listening throng;  
 He looked with face defiant  
 On the flames so wild and strong;  
 Then rushed into the castle,  
 And up the rocky stair,  
 But alas, alas! he could not pass  
 To the burning infant there!

The wall was tottering under,  
 And the flame was whirring round,  
 The wall went down in thunder,  
 And dashed him to the ground;  
 Up in the burning chamber  
 Forever died that scream,  
 And the fire sprang out with a wilder  
 shout  
 And a fiercer, ghastlier gleam!

It glared o'er hill and hollow,  
 Up many a rocky bar,  
 From ancient Kilnamulla  
 To Darra's Peak afar;  
 Then it heaved into the darkness  
 With a final roar amain,  
 And sank in gloom with a whirring  
 boom,  
 And all was dark again!

Away sped the galloglasses  
 And kerns, all still again,  
 Through Houra's lonely passes,  
 Wild, fierce, and reckless men.  
 But such the Saxon made them,  
 Poor sons of war and woe;  
 So they venged their strife with flame  
 and knife  
 On his head long, long ago!

—  
*THE BANKS OF ANNER.*

In purple robes old Sliavnamon  
 Towers monarch of the mountains,  
 The first to catch the smiles of dawn,  
 With all his woods and fountains;  
 His streams dance down by tower and  
 town,  
 But none since time began her,  
 Met mortal sight so pure and bright  
 As winding, wandering Anner.

In hillside's gleam or woodland's  
 gloom,  
 O'er fairy height and hollow,  
 Upon her banks gay flowerets bloom,  
 Where'er her course I follow.  
 And halls of pride hang o'er her  
 tide,  
 And gleaming bridges span her,  
 As laughing gay, she winds away,  
 The gentle, murmuring Anner.

There gallant men, for freedom born,  
 With friendly grasp will meet you;  
 There lovely maids, as bright as  
 morn,  
 With sunny smiles will greet you;  
 And there they strove to raise above,  
 The Red, Green Ireland's banner.  
 There yet its fold they'll see unrolled  
 Upon the banks of Anner.

'Tis there we'll stand, with bosoms  
proud,

True soldiers of our sireland,  
When freedom's wind blows strong  
and loud,

And floats the flag of Ireland.  
Let tyrants quake, and doubly shake,  
Each traitor and trepanner,  
When once we raise our camp-fire's  
blaze

Upon the banks of Anner.

Oh, God be with the good old days,  
The days so light and airy,  
When to blithe friends I sang my lays  
In gallant Tipperary!

When fair maids' sighs and witching  
eyes

Made my young heart the planner  
Of castles rare, built in the air,  
Upon the banks of Anner.

The morning sun may fail to show  
His light the earth illuming;  
Old Sliavnamon to blush and glow  
In autumn's purple blooming;  
And shamrocks green no more be  
seen,

And breezes cease to fan her,  
Ere I forget the friends I met  
Upon the banks of Anner!

### CHARLES DE KAY.

#### FINGERS.

Who will tell me the secret, the cause  
For the life in her swift-flying  
hands?

How weaves she the shuttle with  
never a pause,  
With keys of the octave for  
strands?

Have they eyes, those soft fingers of  
her

That they kiss in the darkness the  
keys,  
As in darkness the poets aver  
Lovers' lips will find lips by de-  
grees?

Ay, marvels they are in their shadowy  
dance,

But who is the god that has given  
them soul?

When leant they the spell other  
souls to entrance,

When the heart, other hearts to  
control?

'Twas the noise of the waves at the  
prow,

The musical lapse on the beaches,  
'Twas the surf in the night when the  
land-breezes blow,

The song of the tide in the reaches:

She has drawn their sweet influence  
home

To a soul not yet clear but pro-  
found,

Where it blows like the Persian sea-  
foam into pearls,  
Into pearls of melodious sound.

### HENRY KING.

#### FROM THE "EXEQUY ON HIS WIFE."

SLEEP on, my love, in thy cold bed,  
Never to be disquieted!  
My last good night! Thou wilt not  
wake

Till I thy fate shall overtake;  
Till age, or grief, or sickness must  
Marry my body to that dust  
It so much loves, and fills the room  
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

Stay for me there! I will not fail  
To meet thee in the hollow vale.  
And think not much of my delay:  
I am already on the way,  
And follow thee with all the speed  
Desire can make, or sorrow heed.  
Each minute is a short degree,  
And every hour a step towards thee.

At night when I betake to rest,  
Next morn I rise nearer my nest  
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,  
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy  
gale,

Thus from the sun my vessel steers  
And my day's compass downward  
bears;  
Nor labor I to stem the tide  
Through which to thee I swiftly  
glide.

'Tis time, with shame and grief I  
yield,  
Thou like the van first tak'st the  
field,  
And gotten hast the victory,  
In thus adventuring to die  
Before me, whose more years might  
crave  
A just precedence in the grave.  
But hark! my pulse, like a soft  
drum  
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;  
And slow how'er my marches be,  
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,  
And wait my dissolution  
With hope and comfort. Dear, for-  
give

The crime, — I am content to live  
Divided, with but half a heart,  
Till we shall meet and never part.

## ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

[From *Closing Chords*.]

### THE STRIVING OF HOPE.

WHEN I shall go  
Into the narrow house that leaves  
No room for wringing of the hands  
and hair,  
And feel the pressing of the walls  
which bear  
The heavy sod upon my heart, that  
grieves  
As the weird earth rolls on —  
Then I shall know  
What is the power of destiny. But  
still,  
Still while my life, however sad, be  
mine  
I war with memory, striving to divine

Phantom to-morrows, to outrun the  
past:  
For yet the tears of final, absolute  
ill  
And ruinous knowledge of my fate I  
shun.  
Even as the frail, instinctive weed  
Tries, through unending shade, to  
reach at last  
A shining, mellowing, rapture-giving  
sun;  
So in the deed of breathing joy's  
warm breath,  
Fain to succeed,  
I, too, in colorless longings, hope till  
death.

## HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

### PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

"E venni dal martirio a questa pace."

THESE words the poet heard in Para-  
dise,  
Uttered by one who, bravely dying  
here,  
In the true faith, was living in that  
sphere  
Where the celestial Cross of sacri-  
fice  
Spread its protecting arms athwart  
the skies;  
And, set thereon, like jewels crys-  
tal clear,  
The souls magnanimous, that  
knew not fear,  
Flashed their effulgence on his daz-  
zled eyes.

Ah, me! how dark the discipline of  
pain,  
Were not the suffering followed by  
the sense  
Of infinite rest and infinite release!

This is our consolation; and again  
A great soul cries to us in our sus-  
pense:  
"I came from martyrdom unto this  
peace!"

## GEORGE LUNT.

## THE COMET.

YON car of fire, though veiled by  
 day,  
 Along the field of gleaming blue,  
 When twilight folded earth in gray,  
 A world-wide wonder flew.

Duly, in turn, each orb of night  
 From out the darkling concave  
 broke!  
 Eve's glowing herald swam in light  
 And every star awoke.

The Lyre re-strung its burning  
 chords;  
 Streamed from the Cross its earliest  
 ray;  
 Then rose Altair, more sweet than  
 words  
 Or music's soul could say.

They from old time, in course the  
 same,  
 Familiar set, familiar rise;  
 But what art thou, wild lovely flame,  
 Across the startled skies?

Mysterious yet as when it burst,  
 Through the vast void of nature  
 hurled,  
 And shook their shrinking hearts at  
 first,  
 The fathers of the world!

No curious sage the scroll unseals,  
 Vain quest for baffled science  
 given!  
 Its orbit ages, while it wheels,  
 The miracle of heaven!

In nature's plan thy sphere unknown,  
 Save that no sphere this order mars,  
 Whose law could guide thy path alone  
 In realms beyond the stars.

God's minister! we know no more  
 Of thee, thy frame, thy mission  
 still,  
 Than he who watched thy flight of  
 yore  
 On the Chaldean hill.

Yet thus, transcendent from thy  
 blaze  
 Beams light to pierce this mortal  
 clod;  
 Scarcely "the fool" on thee could  
 gaze  
 And say, "There is no God!"

## LORD LYTTON

[EDWARD BULWER].

## IS IT ALL VANITY?

LIFE answers, "No! If ended here  
 be life,  
 Seize what the sense can give; it  
 is thine own  
 Disarm thee, Virtue! barren is thy  
 strife;  
 Knowledge, thy torch let fall!

"Seek thy lost Psyche, yearning  
 Love, no more!  
 Love is but lust, if soul be only  
 breath;  
 Who would put forth one billow from  
 the shore  
 If the great sea be Death?"

But if the soul, that slow artificer,  
 For ends its instincts rears *from*  
 life hath striven,  
 Feeling beneath its patient web-work  
 stir  
 Wings only freed in heaven, —

Then, and but then, to toil is to be  
 wise;  
 Solved is the riddle of the grand  
 desire  
 Which ever, ever for the distant  
 sighs,  
 And must perforce aspire.

Rise then, my soul, take comfort from  
 thy sorrow;  
 Thou feel'st thy treasure when  
 thou feel'st thy load;  
 Life without thought, the day with-  
 out the morrow,  
 God on the brute bestowed; —

Longings obscure as for a native  
 clime,  
 Flight from what is, to live in  
 what may be  
 God gave the soul:—thy discontent  
 with time  
 Proves thine eternity.

[From *Richelieu*.]

*JUSTICE, THE REGENERATIVE  
 POWER.*

My liege, your anger can recall  
 your trust,  
 Annul my office, spoil me of my  
 lands,  
 Rifle my coffers; but my name,—  
 my deeds,—  
 Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre.  
 Pass sentence on me, if you will;—  
 from kings,  
 Lo, I appeal to time! Be just, my  
 liege.  
 I found your kingdom rent with heresies,  
 And bristling with rebellion;—lawless  
 nobles  
 And breadless serfs; England fomenting  
 discord,  
 Austria, her clutch on your dominion;  
 Spain  
 Forging the prodigal gold of either  
 Ind  
 To armèd thunderbolts. The arts  
 lay dead;  
 Trade rotted in your marts; your  
 armies mutinous,  
 Your treasury bankrupt. Would you  
 now revoke  
 Your trust, so be it! and I leave  
 you, sole,  
 Supreme monarch of the mightiest  
 realm,  
 From Ganges to the icebergs. Look  
 without,—  
 No foe not humbled! Look within,—  
 the arts  
 Quit for our schools, their old Hesperides,  
 The golden Italy! while throughout  
 the veins

Of your vast empire flows in strengthening  
 tides  
 Trade, the calm health of nations!  
 Sire, I know  
 That men have called me cruel;—  
 I am not;—I am *just!* I found  
 France rent asunder,  
 The rich men despots, and the poor  
 banditti;  
 Sloth in the mart, and schism within  
 the temple.  
 Brawls festering to rebellion; and  
 weak laws  
 Rotting away with rust in antique  
 sheaths.  
 I have re-created France; and, from  
 the ashes  
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,  
 Civilization, on her luminous wings  
 Soars phoenix-like, to Jove! What  
 was my art?  
 Genius, some say;—some, fortune;  
 witchcraft, some.  
 Not so;—my art was Justice!

[From *King Arthur*.]

*CARADOC, THE BARD, TO THE  
 CYMRIANS.*

No Cymrian bard, by the primitive law,  
 could bear weapons.  
 HARK to the measured march!—The  
 Saxons come!  
 The sound earth quails beneath the  
 hollow tread!  
 Your fathers rushed upon the swords  
 of Rome,  
 And climbed her war-ships, when  
 the Cæsar fled,  
 The Saxons come! why wait within  
 the wall?  
 They scale the mountain:—let its  
 torrents fall!  
 Mark, ye have swords, and shields,  
 and armor, ye!  
 No mail defends the Cymrian  
 child of Song;  
 But where the warrior, there the  
 bard shall be!  
 All fields of glory to the bards be-  
 long!

His realm extends wherever godlike  
strife  
Spurns the base death, and wins im-  
mortal life.

Unarmed he goes — his guard the  
shield of all,

Where he bounds foremost on the  
Saxon spear!

Unarmed he goes, that, falling, even  
his fall

Shall bring no shame, and shall  
bequeath no fear!

Does the song cease? — avenge it by  
the deed,

And make the sepulchre — a nation  
freed!



## LORD LYTTON

[EDWARD ROBERT BULWER]

(OWEN MEREDITH).

### THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,  
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,  
Those evenings in the bleak Decem-  
ber,

Curtained warm from the snowy  
weather,

When you and I played chess to-  
gether,

Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand  
Hovering warm o'er queen and  
knight;

Brave pawns in valiant battle stand;  
The double castles guard the wings;  
The bishop, bent on distant things,  
Moves sidling through the fight.

Our fingers touch, our glances meet,  
And falter, falls your golden hair  
Against my cheek: your bosom sweet  
Is heaving; down the field, your  
queen

Rides slow her soldiery all between,  
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle's done,  
Dispersed is all its chivalry;

Full many a move, since then, have  
we  
'Mid life's perplexing chequers made,  
And many a game with fortune  
played —

What is it we have won?

This, this at least — if this alone —

That never, never, never more,  
As in those old still nights of yore —

Ere we were grown so sadly wise —

Can you and I shut out the skies,  
Shut out the world and wintry

weather,

And eyes exchanging warmth with  
eyes,

Play chess as then we played together!

### CHANGES.

WHOM first we love, you know, we  
seldom wed.

Time rules us all. And life indeed,  
is not

The thing we planned it out ere hope  
is dead.

And then, we women cannot choose  
our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard  
to bear:

Much given away which it were  
sweet to keep.

God help us all! who need, indeed,  
His care,

And yet I know, the Shepherd  
loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now  
Upon my knee his earliest infant  
prayer;

He has his father's eager eyes, I know;  
And, they say too, his mother's  
sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon  
my knee,

And I can feel his light breath  
come and go,

I think of one — Heaven help and  
pity me!

Who loved me, and whom I loved,  
long ago.

Who might have been — ah, what I  
dare not think?  
We all are changed. God judges  
for us best.  
God help us do our duty, and not  
shrink,  
And trust in Heaven humbly for  
the rest.

But blame us women not, if some  
appear  
Too cold at times; and some too gay  
and light.  
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes  
are hard to bear;  
Who knows the past? and who can  
judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might  
have been,  
And not by what we are, too apt to  
fall!  
My little child — he sleeps and smiles  
between  
These thoughts and me. In heaven  
we shall know all!

[From *Lucile*.]

LIFE A VICTORY.

A POWER hid in pathos; a fire veiled  
in cloud:  
Yet still burning outward: a branch  
which, though bowed  
By the bird in its passage, springs  
upward again:  
Through all symbols I search for her  
sweetness — in vain!  
Judge her love by her life. For our  
life is but love  
In act. Pure was hers: and the  
dear God above,  
Who knows what his creatures have  
need of for life,  
And whose love includes all loves,  
through much patient strife  
Led her soul into peace. Love,  
though love may be given  
In vain, is yet lovely. Her own na-  
tive heaven  
More clearly she mirrored, as life's  
troubled dream

Wore away; and love sighed into  
rest, like a stream  
That breaks its heart over wild rocks  
toward the shore  
Of the great sea which hushes it up  
evermore  
With its little wild wailing. No  
stream from its source  
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its  
course,  
But what some land is gladdened.  
No star ever rose  
And set, without influence some-  
where. Who knows  
What earth needs from earth's lowest  
creature? No life  
Can be pure in its purpose and  
strong in its strife  
And all life not be purer and stronger  
thereby.  
The spirits of just men made perfect  
on high,  
The army of martyrs who stand by  
the throne  
And gaze into the face that makes  
glorious their own,  
Know this, surely, at last. Honest  
love, honest sorrow,  
Honest work for the day, honest  
hope for the morrow,  
Are these worth nothing more than  
the hand they make weary,  
The heart they have sadden'd, the  
life they leave dreary?  
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the  
voice of the Spirit  
Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all  
things inherit.

[From *Lucile*.]

THE UNFULFILLED.

How blest should we be, have I often  
conceived,  
Had we really achieved what we  
nearly achieved!  
We but catch at the skirts of the  
thing we would be,  
And fall back on the lap of a false  
destiny.  
So it will be, so has been, since this  
world began!

And the happiest, noblest, and best  
 part of man  
 Is the part which he never hath fully  
 played out:  
 For the first and last word in life's  
 volume is—Doubt.  
 The face the most fair to our vision  
 allowed  
 Is the face we encounter and lose in  
 the crowd;  
 The thought that most thrills our  
 existence is one  
 Which, before we can frame it in  
 language, is gone.

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### JAMES I. MCKAY.

#### *A SUMMER MORNING.*

OH, the earth and the air!  
 Honeysuckle and rose;  
 Fir-trees tapering high  
 Into the deep repose  
 Of the fleckless sky:  
 Hills that climb and are strong;  
 Basking, contented plain;  
 Sunlight poured out along  
 The sea of the grass like rain;  
 Spice-burdened winds that rise,  
 Whisper, wander and hush;  
 And the carolling harmonies  
 Of robin and quail and thrush!  
 O God, Thy world is fair!

And this but the place of His feet!  
 I had cried, "Let me see! let me  
 hear!  
 Show me the ways of Thy hand!"  
 For it all was a riddle drear  
 That I fainted to understand.  
 Canopy, close-drawn round,  
 Part not, nor lift from the ground:  
 Move not your finger-tips,  
 Firs, from the heavens' lips.  
 When this is the place of His feet,  
 How should I fear to raise  
 My blasted vision to meet  
 The inconceivable blaze  
 Of His majesty complete?

### CAMERON MANN.

#### *THE LONGING OF CIRCE.*

THE rapid years drag by, and bring  
 not here  
 The man for whom I wait;  
 All things pall on me; in my heart  
 grows fear  
 Lest I may miss my fate.

I weary of the heavy wealth and ease  
 Which all my isle enfold,  
 The fountain's sleepy plash, the  
 changeless breeze,  
 That bears nor heat nor cold,

With dull unvaried mien, my maids  
 and I  
 Glide through our household tasks;  
 Gather strange herbs, weave purple  
 tapestry,  
 Distil, in magic flasks.

Most weary am I of these men who  
 yield  
 So swiftly to my spell,—  
 The beastly rout now wandering afield  
 With grunt and snarl and yell.

Ah! when in place of tigers and of  
 swine,  
 Shall he confront me, whom  
 My song cannot enslave, nor that  
 bright wine  
 Where rank enchantments fume?

Then with what utter gladness will I  
 cast  
 My sorceries away;  
 And kneel to him, my lord revealed  
 at last  
 And serve him night and day!

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### CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

#### *A PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.*

COME live with me and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove  
 That grove or valley, hill or field,  
 Or wood and steepy mountain yield.



Where we will sit on rising rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their  
flocks

By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Pleased will I make thee beds of roses,  
And twine a thousand fragrant  
posies;

A cap of flowers and rural kirtle,  
Embroidered all with leaves of myr-  
tle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we  
pull;

And shoés lined choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
If these, these pleasures can thee  
move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.



### PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

#### FROM FAR.

O LOVE, come back, across the weary  
way  
Thou didst go yesterday —  
Dear Love, come back!

“I am too far upon my way to turn;  
Be silent, hearts that yearn  
Upon my track.”

O Love! Love! Love! sweet Love!  
we are undone,  
If thou indeed be gone  
Where lost things are.

“Beyond the extremest sea’s waste  
light and noise,  
As from Ghostland, thy voice  
Is borne afar.”

O Love, what was our sin that we  
should be  
Forsaken thus by thee?  
So hard a lot!

“Upon your hearts, my hands and  
lips were set —  
My lips of fire — and yet  
Ye knew me not.

Nay, surely, Love! We knew thee  
well, sweet Love!  
Did we not breathe and move  
Within thy light?

“Ye did reject my thorns who wore  
my roses;  
Now darkness closes  
Upon your sight.”

O Love! stern Love! be not impla-  
cable;  
We loved thee, Love, so well!  
Come back to us!

“To whom, and where, and by what  
weary way  
That I went yesterday,  
Shall I come thus?

Oh, weep, weep, weep! for Love who  
tarried long  
With many a kiss and song  
Has taken wing,

No more he lightens in our eyes like  
fire!  
He heeds not our desire,  
Or songs we sing.



#### TOO NEAR.

So close we are, and yet so far apart,  
So close, I feel your breath upon my  
cheek;  
So far that all this love of mine is  
weak  
To touch in any way your distant  
heart;  
So close that when I hear your voice  
I start,  
To see my whole life standing bare  
and bleak;  
So far that though for years and  
years I seek,  
I shall not find thee other than  
thou art;

So while I live and walk upon the  
 verge  
 Of an impassable and changeless sea,  
 Which more than death divides me,  
 love, from thee:  
 The mournful beating of its leaden  
 surge  
 Is all the music now that I shall  
 hear;—  
 O love, thou art too far and yet too  
 near!

—◆—  
 CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

MAY.

I SAW a child, once, that had lost its  
 way  
 In a great city: ah, dear Heaven, such  
 eyes!  
 A far-off look in them, as if the skies  
 Her birthplace were. So looks to me  
 the May.  
 April is ominous; June is glad and  
 gay;  
 May glides between them in such  
 wondering wise,  
 Lovely as dropped from some far Par-  
 adise,  
 And knowing, all the while, herself  
 astray.  
 Or, is the fault with us? Nay, call  
 it not  
 A fault, but a sweet trouble. Is it  
 we,—  
 Catching some glimpse of our own  
 destiny  
 In May's renewing touch, some yearn-  
 ing thought  
 Of Heaven, beneath her resurrecting  
 hand,—  
 We who are aliens, lost in a strange  
 land?

—◆—  
 AN OPEN SECRET.

WOULD the lark sing the sweeter if  
 he knew  
 A thousand hearts hung breathless  
 on his lay?  
 And if "How fair!" the rose could  
 hear us say,

Would she, her primal fairness to  
 outdo,  
 Take on a richer scent, a lovelier  
 hue?  
 Who knows or cares to answer yea or  
 nay?  
 O tuneful lark! sail singing on your  
 way,  
 Brimmed with excess of ecstasy; and  
 you,  
 Sweet rose! renew with every perfect  
 June,  
 Your perfect blossoming! Still na-  
 ture-wise  
 Sing, bloom, because ye must and not  
 for praise.  
 If only we who covet the fair boon  
 Of well-earned fame, and wonder  
 where it lies  
 Would read the secret in your simple  
 ways!

—◆—  
 WEIR MITCHELL.

THE QUAKER GRAVEYARD.

FOUR straight brick walls, severely  
 plain,  
 A quiet city square surround;  
 A level space of nameless graves,  
 The Quaker's burial-ground.  
 In gown of gray or coat of drab,  
 They trod the common ways of  
 life,  
 With passions held in sternest leash,  
 And hearts that knew not strife.  
 To yon grim meeting-house they  
 fared,  
 With thoughts as sober as their  
 speech  
 To voiceless prayer, to songless  
 praise,  
 To hear the elders preach.  
 Through quiet lengths of days they  
 came,  
 With scarce a change to this re-  
 pose;  
 Of all life's loveliness they took  
 The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves  
Glad rings the southward robin's  
glee;

And sparrows fill the autumn air  
With merry mutiny.

While on the graves of drab and  
gray

The red and gold of autumn lie;  
And wilful Nature decks the sod  
In gentlest mockery.



## LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

### MY SAINT.

OH, long the weary vigils since you  
left me —

In your far home, I wonder, can  
you know

To what dread uttermost your loss  
bereft me,

Or half it meant to me that you  
should go ?

This world is full, indeed, of fair  
hopes perished,

And loves more fleet than this poor  
fleeting breath;

But that deep heart in which my  
heart was cherished

Must surely have survived what we  
call death.

*They* cannot cease — our own true  
dead — to love us,

And you will hear this far-off cry  
of mine,

Though you keep holiday so high  
above us,

Where all the happy spirits sing  
and shine.

Steal back to me to-night, from your  
far dwelling,

Beyond the pilgrim moon, beyond  
the sun;

They will not miss your single voice  
for swelling

Their rapture-chorus — you are  
only one.

Ravish my soul, as with divine em-  
braces;

Teach me, if life is false, that  
Death is true;

With pledge of new delights in  
heavenly places

Entice my spirit; take me hence  
with you.

### AT SEA.

OUTSIDE the mad sea ravens for its  
prey —

Shut from it by a floating plank I  
lie;

Through this round window search  
the faithless sky,

The hungry waves that fain would  
rend and slay,

The live-long, blank, interminable  
way,

Blind with the sun and hoarse with  
the wind's cry

Of wild, unconquerable mutiny,  
Until night comes more terrible than  
day.

No more at rest am I than wind and  
wave;

My soul cries with them in their wild  
despair,

I, who am Destiny's impatient slave,  
Who find no help in hope, nor ease  
in prayer,

And only dream of rest, on some dim  
shore

Where sea and storms and life shall  
be no more.

### LEFT BEHIND.

WILT thou forget me in that other  
sphere —

Thou who hast shared my life so  
long in this —

And straight grown dizzy with that  
greater bliss,

Fronting heaven's splendor strong  
and full and clear,

No longer hold the old embraces  
dear

When some sweet seraph crowns  
thee with her kiss?

Nay, surely from that rapture thou  
wouldst miss

Some slight, small thing that thou  
 hast cared for here.  
 I do not dream that from those ultimate heights  
 Thou wilt come back to seek me  
 where I bide;  
 But if I follow, patient of thy slights,  
 And if I stand there, waiting by  
 thy side,  
 Surely thy heart with some old thrill  
 will stir,  
 And turn thy face toward me, even  
 from her.

—  
*HIC JACET.*

So Love is dead that has been quick  
 so long!  
 Close, then, his eyes, and bear him  
 to his rest,  
 With eglantine and myrtle on his  
 breast;  
 And leave him there, their pleasant  
 scents among,  
 And chant a sweet and melancholy  
 song  
 About the charms of which he  
 was possest;  
 And how of all things he was love-  
 liest,  
 And to compare with aught were him  
 to wrong.  
 Leave him, beneath the still and  
 solemn stars,  
 That gather and look down from  
 their far place,  
 With their long calm our brief  
 woes to deride,  
 Until the sun the morning's gate un-  
 bars,  
 And mocks, in turn, our sorrows  
 with his face —  
 And yet, had Love been Love,  
 he had not died.

—  
*FROM A WINDOW IN CHAMOUNI.*

LONG waited for, the lingering sun  
 arose:  
 Hid was the low east, flushed with  
 crimson shame,  
 By stately hills to which his glory  
 came

One after one, kindling the virgin  
 snows,  
 That on their brows eternally repose,  
 To glowing welcome of his godlike  
 claim  
 To be their lord and lover, and his  
 flame  
 Of everlasting passion to disclose.  
 Even so for you, impatient hearts,  
 that wait,  
 Cold 'neath the snows of your  
 virginity,  
 The hour shall come that warms you,  
 soon or late:  
 Though long your night, the long-  
 est night goes by,  
 Strong love shall shine in triumph  
 from your sky,  
 And with his kiss of fire fulfil your  
 fate.

—◆—  
 CAROLINE FRANCES ORNE.

*THE GOLD UNDER THE ROSES.*

“OH where hae ye been, my ain  
 Johnnie?  
 Where hae ye been wi' your little  
 spade?”  
 “I hae been to dig up a pot o' money  
 Amang the roses white and red.”  
 “O dear, my Johnnie, my ain John-  
 nie,  
 Hae ye digged my roses red and sweet?  
 What did ye find, my little laddie?  
 What gaed wrang? and what gars  
 ye greet?”  
 “I fand nae aucht but ane auld  
 penny —  
 A thistle upon its grimy head;  
 And the sweet white roses, the sweet  
 red roses,  
 Are a' uprooted and withered and  
 dead.”  
 “Ah, my wee mannie, my ain John-  
 nie!  
 Tak tent the lesson be wisely sped;  
 For gold or gear waste not life's  
 sweetness,  
 Better love's roses white and red.”

## SARAH HAMMOND PALFREY

(E. FOXTON).

*THE CHILD'S PLEA.*

BECAUSE I wear the swaddling-bands  
of time,

Still mark and watch me,  
Eternal Father, on Thy throne sub-  
lime,

Lest Satan snatch me.

Because to seek Thee I have yet to  
learn,

Come down and lead me;

Because I am too weak my bread to  
earn,

My Father, feed me.

Because I grasp at things that are  
not mine,

And might undo me,

Give, from thy treasure-house of  
goods divine,

Good gifts unto me.

Because too near the pit I creeping  
go,

Do not forsake me.

To climb into Thine arms I am too  
low;

O Father, take me!

*THE LIGHT-HOUSE.*

O'ER waves that murmur ever nigh  
My window opening toward the  
deep,

The light-house, with its wakeful eye  
Looks into mine, that shuts to  
sleep.

I lose myself in idle dreams,  
And wake in smiles or sighs or  
fright

According to my vision's themes,  
And see it shining in the night,

Forever there and still the same;  
While many more, besides me,  
mark,—

On various course, with various  
aim,—

That light that shineth in the dark.

It draws my heart towards those  
who roam

Unknown, nor to be known by me;  
I see it and am glad, at home,

They see it, and are safe at sea.

On slumbrous, thus, or watching  
eyes,

It shines through all the dangerous  
night;

Until at length the day doth rise,

And light is swallowed up of light.

Light of the world, incarnate Word,  
So shin'st thou through our night

of time,

Whom freemen love to call their Lord,  
O Beacon, steadfast and sublime!

And men of every land and speech,  
If but they have Thee in their

sight,

Are bound to Thee, and each to each,  
Through thee, by countless threads

of light.

## GEORGE DENNISON PRENTICE.

*THE RIVER IN THE MAMMOTH  
CAVE.*

O DARK, mysterious stream, I sit by  
thee

In awe profound, as myriad wander-  
ers

Have sat before. I see thy waters  
move

From out the ghostly glimmerings of  
my lamp

Into the dark beyond, as noiselessly  
As if thou wert a sombre river drawn

Upon a spectral canvas, or the stream  
Of dim Oblivion flowing through the  
lone

And shadowy vale of death. There  
is no wave

To whisper on thy shore, or breathe  
a wail,

Wounding its tender bosom on thy  
sharp



Hath caught the trick of that first,  
delicate streak  
Which says earth's light-ward foot-  
steps have begun!

And still her brow is like some Arctic  
height

Which never knows the full, hot  
flush of noon;

She wears the seal of May and not  
of June;

She is the new day, furthest off from  
night!

Luring in promise of all daintiest  
sweetness:

A bud with crimson rifting through  
its green;

The large, clear eyes, so shy their  
lids between

Give hints of this dear wonder's near  
completeness.

For, when the bud is fair and full,  
like this,

We know that there will be a queen  
of roses,

Before her cloister's emerald gate  
uncloses,

And her true knight unlocks her with  
a kiss!

And gazing on the young moon,  
fashioned slightly,

A silver cipher inlaid on the blue,  
For all that she is strange and slim  
and new,

We know that she will grow in glory  
nightly.

And dear to loving eyes as that first  
look

The watcher getteth of the far  
white sail,

This new light on her face; she  
doth prevail

Upon us like a rare, unopened book!

HELEN RICH.

SILENT MOTHERS.

I WONDER, child, if, when you cry  
To me, in such sore agony

As I moaned "Mother!" yesterday,  
I shall not find some gracious way,  
Of comforting my little May!

If, when you kiss my silent lips,  
They will not pass from death's  
eclipse

To smile in peace I then shall know,  
That waits where tired mothers go —  
Ay, kiss and bless you soft and low?

If my poor children's grief will fail  
To stir the white and frosty veil  
That hides my secret from their eyes,  
Shall I not turn from Paradise  
To still the tempest of their sighs?

Oh! patient hands, that toil to keep  
The wolf at bay while children sleep,  
That smooth each flossy tangled  
tress,

And thrill with mother happiness;  
Have they not soon the power to  
bless?

I think the sting of death must be  
Resigning Love's sweet mastery;  
To bid our little ones "Good night,"  
And even with all Heaven in sight,  
To turn from home and its delight.

HIRAM RICH.

STILL TENANTED.

OLD house, how desolate thy life!  
Nay, life and death alike have fled;  
Nor thrift, nor any song within,  
Nor daily thought for daily bread.

The dew is nightly on thy hearth,  
Yet something sweeter to thee  
clings,

And some who enter think they hear  
The murmur of departing wings.

No doubt within the chambers  
there,

Not by the wall nor through the  
gate,

Uncounted tenants come, to whom  
The house is not so desolate.

To them the walls are white and  
 warm,  
 The chimneys lure the laughing  
 flame,  
 The bride and groom take happy  
 hands,  
 The new-born babe awaits a name.  
 Who knows what far-off journeyers  
 At night return with winged  
 feet,  
 To cool their fever in the brook,  
 Or haunt the meadow, clover-  
 sweet?

And yet the morning mowers find  
 No footprint in the grass they mow,  
 The water's clear, unwritten song  
 Is not of things that come or go.

'Tis not forsaken rooms alone  
 That unseen people love to tread,  
 Nor in the moments only when  
 The day's eluded cares are dead.

To every home, or high or low,  
 Some unimagined guests repair,  
 Who come unseen to break and bless  
 The bread and oil they never share.

## ROGER RIORDAN.

### INVOCATION.

COME, come, come, my love, come and hurry, and come, my dear;  
 You'll find me ever loving true, or lying on my bier:  
 For love of you has burned me through — has oped a gap for Death, I fear;  
 O come, come, come, my love, before his hand is here,

Though angels' swords should bar your way, turn you not back, but  
 persevere;

Though heaven should send down fiery hail, rain lightnings, do not fear;  
 Let your small, exquisite, white feet fly over cliffs and mountains sheer,  
 Bridge rivers, scatter armed foes, shine on the hill-tops near.

Like citizens to greet their queen, then shall my hopes, desires, troop out,  
 Eager to meet you on your way and compass you about —

To speed, to urge, to lift you on, 'mid storms of joy and floods of tears,  
 To the poor town, the battered wall, delivered by your spears.

The javelin-scourges of your eye, the lightnings from your glorious face,  
 Shall drive away Death's armies gray in ruin and disgrace.

Lift me you shall, and succor me; my ancient courage you shall rouse,  
 Till like a giant I shall stand, with thunder on my brows.

Then, hand in hand, we'll laugh at Death, his brainless skull, his nerveless  
 arm;

How can he wreak our overthrow, or plot, to do us harm?  
 For what so weak a thing as Death when you are near, when you are near?  
 Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hand is here!



## MARY L. RITTER.

## RECOMPENSE.

HEART of my heart! when that great  
 light shall fall,  
 Burning away this veil of earthly  
 dust,  
 And I behold thee beautiful and  
 strong,  
 My grand, pure, perfect angel, wise  
 and just;  
 If the strong passions of my mortal  
 life  
 Should, in the vital essence, still re-  
 main,  
 Would there be then—as now—  
 some cruel bar  
 Whereon my tired hands should beat  
 in vain?  
 Or should I, drawn and lifted, folded  
 close  
 In eager-asking arms, unlearn my  
 fears  
 And in one transport, ardent, wild  
 and sweet,  
 Receive the promise of the endless  
 years?

## T. H. ROBERTSON.

## COQUETTE.

“COQUETTE,” my love they some-  
 times call,  
 For she is light of lips and heart;  
 What though she smile alike on all,  
 If in her smiles she knows no art?  
 Like some glad brook she seems to  
 be,  
 That ripples o'er its pebbly bed,  
 And prattles to each flower or tree,  
 Which stoops to kiss it, overhead.  
 Beneath the heavens' white and blue  
 It purls and sings and laughs and  
 leaps,  
 The sunny meadows dancing through  
 O'er noisy shoals and frothy steeps.

'Tis thus the world doth see the  
 brook;  
 But I have seen it otherwise,  
 When following it to some far nook  
 Where leafy shields shut out the  
 skies.

And there its waters rest, subdued,  
 In shadowy pools, serene and shy,  
 Wherein grave thoughts and fancies  
 brood  
 And tender dreams and longings  
 lie.

I love it when it laughs and leaps,  
 But love it better when at rest—  
 'Tis only in its tranquil deeps  
 I see my image in its breast!

## AN IDLE POET.

'Tis said that when the nightingale  
 His mate has found,  
 He fills no more the woodland deeps  
 With songful sound.

I sing not since I found my love,  
 For, like the bird's  
 My heart is full of song too sweet,  
 Too deep, for words.

## IRWIN RUSSELL.

## HER CONQUEST.

MUSTER thy wit, and talk of whatso-  
 ever  
 Light, mirth-provoking matter  
 thou canst find:  
 I laugh, and own that thou, with  
 small endeavor,  
 Hast won my mind.  
 Be silent if thou wilt—thine eyes ex-  
 pressing  
 Thy thoughts and feelings, lift  
 them up to mine:  
 Then quickly thou shalt hear me,  
 love, confessing  
 My heart is thine.

And let that brilliant glance become  
but tender—  
Return me heart for heart—then  
take the whole  
Of all that yet is left me to surrender:  
Thou hast my soul.

Now, when the three are fast in thy  
possession,  
And thou hast paid me back their  
worth, and more,  
I'll tell thee—all whereof I've made  
thee cession  
Was thine before.

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### ANDREW B. SAXTON.

#### MIDSUMMER.

MIDWAY about the circle of the year  
There is a single perfect day that lies  
Supremely fair before our careless  
eyes;  
After the spathes of floral bloom ap-  
pear,  
Before is found the first dead leaf and  
sere,  
It comes precursor of the autumn  
skies,  
And crown of spring's endeavor.  
Till it dies  
We do not dream the flawless day is  
here.  
And thus, as on the way of life we  
speed,  
Mindful but of the joys we hope to  
see,  
We never think, "These present  
hours exceed  
All that has been or that shall ever  
be;"  
Yet somewhere on our journey we  
shall stay  
Backward to gaze on our midsummer  
day.

---

#### DELAY.

THOU dear, misunderstood, maligned  
Delay,  
What gentler hand than thine can  
any know!

How dost thou soften Death's un-  
kindly blow,  
And halt his messenger upon the way!  
How dost thou unto Shame's swift  
herald say,  
"Linger a little with thy weight of  
woe!"  
How art thou, unto those whose  
joys o'erflow,  
A stern highwayman, bidding passion  
stay,  
Robbing the lover's pulses of their  
heat  
Within the lonesome shelter of thy  
wood!  
Of all Life's varied accidents we meet  
Where can we find so great an of-  
fered good?  
Even the longed-for heaven might  
seem less sweet  
Could we but hurry to it when we  
would.

---

### ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

#### OUT OF THE DARK.

DAY like a flower blossoms from the  
night,  
And all things beautiful arise from  
things  
That bear a lesser grace. The lily  
springs  
Pure as an angel's soul, and just as  
white,  
From out the dark clod where no ray  
of light  
E'er creeps. The butterfly, on airy  
wings,  
Rises from the cold chrysalis that  
clings  
To some dead, mouldering leaflet, hid  
from sight.  
If thus in nature all things good and  
fair,  
And all things that the grace of beauty  
wear,  
Begotten are of things that hold no  
charm,  
Then will I seek to find in every care,  
And every sorrow, and in all the harm  
That comes to me, a pleasure sweet  
and rare.

## SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

*A DESIRE.*

LET me not lay the lightest feather's  
weight  
Of duty upon love. Let not, my  
own,  
The breath of one reluctant kiss be  
blown  
Between our hearts. I would not be  
the gate  
That bars, like some inexorable  
fate,  
The portals of thy life; that says,  
"Alone  
Through me shall any joy to thee be  
known!"  
Rather the window, fragrant early  
and late  
With thy sweet, clinging thoughts,  
that grow and twine  
Around me like some bright and  
blooming vine,  
Through which the sun shall shed his  
wealth on thee  
In golden showers; through which  
thou mayest look out  
Exulting in all beauty, without  
doubt,  
Or fear, or shadow of regret from me.

## EDITH M. THOMAS.

*FLOWER AND FRUIT.*

IN the spring, perverse and sour,  
He cared not for bud or flower,  
Garden row or blossomed tree:  
Rounded fruit he fain would see;  
Vintage glow on sunburnt hills,  
Bursting garners, toiling mills.  
Sheer unreason!  
Pity 'twere to waste the blooming  
season!

What's the matter? Now he sits  
Deep in thought; his brow he knits  
Here is fruit on vine and bough, —  
Malcontent! what seeks he now?  
Would have flowers when flowers  
are none,

So in love with springtime grown!  
Sheer unreason!  
Pity 'twere to waste the ripened sea-  
son!

## MAURICE THOMPSON.

*THE MORNING HILLS.*

## I.

HE sits among the morning hills,  
His face is bright and strong;  
He scans far heights, but scarcely  
notes  
The herdsman's idle song.

He cannot brook this peaceful life,  
While battle's trumpet calls;  
He sees a crown for him who wins,  
A tear for him who falls.

The flowery glens and shady slopes  
Are hateful to his eyes;  
Beyond the heights, beyond the  
storms,  
The land of promise lies.

## II.

He is so old and sits so still,  
With face so weak and mild,  
We know that he remembers naught,  
Save when he was a child.

His fight is fought, his fame is won,  
Life's highest peak is past,  
The laurel crown, the triumph's arch  
Are worthless at the last.

The frosts of age destroy the bay, —  
The loud applause of men  
Falls feebly on the palsied ears  
Of fourscore years and ten.

He does not hear the voice that bears  
His name around the world;  
He has no thought of great deeds done  
Where battle-tempests whirled.

But evermore he's looking back,  
Whilst memory fills and thrills  
With echoes of the herdsman's song  
Among the morning hills.

## BEFORE DAWN.

A KEEN, insistent hint of dawn  
 Came from the mountain height;  
 A wan, uncertain gleam betrayed  
 The faltering of the night.

The emphasis of silence made  
 The fog above the brook  
 Intensely pale; the trees took on  
 A haunted, haggard look.

Such quiet came, expectancy  
 Filled all the earth and sky;  
 Time seemed to pause a little space;  
 I heard a dream go by!

## FRANK O. TICKNOR.

## LITTLE GIFFEN.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire,  
 Out of the hospital walls as dire;  
 Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,  
 (Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)  
 Spectre! such as you seldom see,  
 Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the sur-  
 geons said;  
 Little the doctor can help the dead!  
 So we took him; and brought him  
 where  
 The balm was sweet in the summer  
 air;  
 And we laid him down on a whole-  
 some bed—  
 Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated  
 breath,—  
 Skeleton boy against skeleton death.  
 Months of torture, how many such?  
 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;  
 And still a glint of the steel-blue eye  
 Told of a spirit that *wouldn't* die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's  
 despite  
 The crippled skeleton "learned to  
 write."  
*Dear mother*, at first, of course; and  
 then

*Dear captain*, inquiring about the  
 men.

Captain's answer: of eighty-and-five,  
 Giffen and I are left alive.

Word of gloom from the war, one day;  
 Johnson pressed at the front, they say.  
 Little Giffen was up and away;  
 A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,  
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye,  
 "I'll write, if spared!" There was  
 news of the fight;  
 But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king  
 Of the princely knights of the golden  
 ring,  
 With the song of the minstrel in mine  
 ear,  
 And the tender legend that trembles  
 here,  
 I'd give the best on his bended knee,  
 The whitest soul of my chivalry,  
 For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

## GRAY.

SOMETHING so human-hearted  
 In a tint that ever lies  
 Where a splendor has just departed  
 And a glory is yet to rise!

Gray in the solemn gloaming,  
 Gray in the dawning skies;  
 In the old man's crown of honor,  
 In the little maiden's eyes.

Gray mists o'er the meadows brood-  
 ing,  
 Whence the world must draw its  
 best;  
 Gray gleams in the churchyard  
 shadows,  
 Where all the world would "rest."

Gray gloom in the grand cathedral,  
 Where the "Glorias" are poured,  
 And, with angel and archangel,  
 We wait the coming Lord.

Silvery gray for the bridal,  
 Leaden gray for the pall;  
 For urn, for wreath, for life and death,  
 Ever the *Gray* for all.

Gray in the very sadness  
 Of ashes and sackcloth; yea,  
 While our raiment of beauty and  
 gladness  
 Tarries, our *tears* shall stay;  
 And our soul shall smile through  
 their sadness,  
 And our hearts shall wear the *Gray*.

—◆—  
 HENRY TIMROD.

*HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND'*

HARK to the shouting wind!  
 Hark to the flying rain!  
 And I care not though I never see  
 A bright blue sky again.

There are thoughts in my breast to-  
 day  
 That are not for human speech;  
 But I hear them in the driving storm,  
 And the roar upon the beach.

And oh! to be with that ship  
 That I watch through the blinding  
 brine!  
 O wind! for thy sweep of land and  
 sea!  
 O sea! for a voice like thine!

Shout on, thou pitiless wind,  
 To the frightened and flying rain!  
 I care not though I never see  
 A calm blue sky again.

—◆—  
 DECORATION ODE,

*Sung at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston,  
 S. C. 1867.*

SLEEP sweetly in your humble  
 graves,  
 Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;  
 Though yet no marble column craves  
 The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth  
 The blossom of your fame is  
 blown,  
 And somewhere waiting for its birth,  
 The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years  
 Which keep in trust your storied  
 tombs,  
 Behold! your sisters bring their  
 tears,  
 And these memorial blooms,  
 Small tributes! but your shades will  
 smile  
 More proudly on those wreaths to-  
 day,  
 Than when some cannon-moulded  
 pile  
 Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!  
 There is no holier spot of ground  
 Than where defeated valor lies,  
 By mourning beauty crowned.

—◆—  
 A COMMON THOUGHT.

SOMEWHERE on this earthly planet,  
 In the dust of flowers to be,  
 In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,  
 Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight  
 I behold it dawn in mist,  
 And I hear a sound of sobbing  
 Through the darkness. Hist, oh,  
 hist!

In a dim and musky chamber,  
 I am breathing life away!  
 Some one draws a curtain softly,  
 And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,  
 As it brightens on the lawn,  
 There's a hush of death about me,  
 And a whisper, "He is gone!"

—◆—  
 ISAAC WATTS.

*INSIGNIFICANT EXISTENCE.*

THERE are a number of us creep  
 Into this world, to eat and sleep;  
 And know no reason why we're born,  
 But only to consume the corn,

Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,  
 And leave behind an empty dish.  
 The crows and ravens do the same,  
 Unlucky birds of hateful name;  
 Ravens or crows might fill their  
 places,  
 And swallow corn and carcasses,  
 Then if their tombstone, when they  
 die,  
 Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,  
 There's nothing better will be said  
 Than that "they've eat up all their  
 bread,  
 Drunk up their drink, and gone to  
 bed."

—  
 LORD, WHEN I QUIT THIS  
 EARTHLY STAGE.

LORD, when I quit this earthly  
 stage,  
 Where shall I flee but to thy breast?  
 For I have sought no other home,  
 For I have learned no other rest.

I cannot live contented here,  
 Without some glimpses of thy face;  
 And heaven, without thy presence  
 there,  
 Would be a dark and tiresome  
 place.

My God! And can a humble child,  
 That loves thee with a flame so  
 high,  
 Be ever from thy face exiled,  
 Without the pity of thy eye?

Impossible. For thine own hands  
 Have tied my heart so fast to thee,  
 And in thy book the promise stands,  
 That where thou art thy friends  
 must be.

—  
 THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Eternal day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-fading flowers;  
 Death, like a narrow sea divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling  
 flood,  
 Stand dressed in living green:  
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and  
 shrink,  
 To cross this narrow sea;  
 And linger, trembling, on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts re-  
 move,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unobscured eyes;—

Could we but climb where Moses  
 stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream—nor death's  
 cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

◆  
 AMELIA B. WELBY.

TWILIGHT AT SEA.

THE twilight hours, like birds, flew  
 by,  
 As lightly and as free;  
 Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
 Ten thousand on the sea.

For every wave with dimpled face  
 That leaped upon the air,  
 Had caught a star in its embrace  
 And held it trembling there.

◆  
 SARAH H. WHITMAN.

SONNETS TO EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WHEN first I looked into thy glorious  
 eyes,  
 And saw, with their unearthly beauty  
 pained,

Heaven deepening within heaven,  
 like the skies  
 Of autumn nights without a shadow  
 stained, —  
 I stood as one whom some strange  
 dream enthalls:  
 For, far away, in some lost life  
 divine,  
 Some land which every glorious  
 dream recalls,  
 A spirit looked on me with eyes like  
 thine.  
 E'en now, though death has veiled  
 their starry light,  
 And closed their lids in his relentless  
 night —  
 As some strange dream, remembered  
 in a dream,  
 Again I see in sleep their tender  
 beam;  
 Unfading hopes their cloudless azure  
 fill,  
 Heaven deepening within heaven,  
 serene and still.

## II.

If thy sad heart, pining for human  
 love,  
 In its earth solitude grew dark with  
 fear,  
 Lest the high sun of heaven itself  
 should prove  
 Powerless to save from that phantas-  
 mal sphere  
 Wherein thy spirit wandered — if the  
 flowers  
 That pressed around thy feet seemed  
 but to bloom  
 In lone Gethsemanes, through star-  
 less hours,  
 When all who loved had left thee to  
 thy doom! —  
 Oh, yet believe that in that hollow  
 vale  
 Where thy soul lingers, waiting to at-  
 tain  
 So much of Heaven's sweet grace as  
 shall avail  
 To lift its burden of remorseful  
 pain, —  
 My soul shall meet thee, and its  
 heaven forego  
 Till God's great love on both, one  
 hope, one Heaven, bestow.

## THE LAST FLOWERS.

Dost thou remember that autumnal  
 day  
 When by the Seekonk's lovely  
 wave we stood,  
 And marked the languor of repose  
 that lay,  
 Softer than sleep, on valley, wave,  
 and wood?

A trance of holy sadness seemed to  
 lull  
 The charmed earth and circum-  
 ambient air;  
 And the low murmur of the leaves  
 seemed full  
 Of a resigned and passionless des-  
 pair.

Though the warm breath of summer  
 lingered still  
 In the lone paths where late her  
 footsteps passed,  
 The pallid star-flowers on the purple  
 hill  
 Sighed dreamily, "We are the last  
 — the last!"

I stood beside thee, and a dream of  
 heaven  
 Around me like a golden halo fell!  
 Then the bright veil of fantasy was  
 riven,  
 And my lips murmured, "Fare  
 thee well! farewell!"

I dared not listen to thy words, nor  
 turn  
 To meet the mystic language of  
 thine eyes;  
 I only felt their power, and in the  
 urn  
 Of memory, treasured their sweet  
 rhapsodies.

We parted then, forever — and the  
 hours  
 Of that bright day were gathered to  
 the past —  
 But through long, wintry nights I  
 heard the flowers  
 Sigh dreamily, "We are the last!  
 — the last!"

## WILLIAM YOUNG.

## THE HORSEMAN.

Who is it rides with whip and spur—  
Or madman, or king's messenger?

The night is near, the lights begin  
To glimmer from the roadside inn,

And o'er the moorland, waste and  
wide,  
The mists behind the horseman ride.

"Ho, there within — a stirrup-cup!  
No time have I to sleep or sup.

"An honest cup! — and mingle well  
The juices that have still the spell

"To banish doubt and care, and  
slay  
The ghosts that prowl the king's  
highway."

"And whither dost thou ride, my  
friend?"

"My friend, to find the roadway's  
end."

His eyeballs shone: he caught and  
quaffed,  
With scornful lips, the burning  
draught.

"Yea, friend, I ride to prove my  
life;  
If there be guerdon worth the strife—

"If after loss, and after gain,  
And after bliss, and after pain,

"There be no deeper draught than  
this —  
No sharper pain — no sweeter bliss—

"Nor anything which yet I crave  
This side, or yet beyond the grave —

"All this, all this I ride to know;  
So pledge me, gray-beard, ere I go."

"But gold thou hast: and youth is  
thine,  
And on thy breast the blazoned sign

"Of honor — yea, and Love hath  
bound,  
With rose and leaf thy temples round.

"With youth, and name, and wealth  
in store,  
And woman's love, what wilt thou  
more?"

"What more?" "what more?" thou  
gray-beard wight?  
That something yet — that one de-  
light —

"To know! to know! — although it  
be  
To know but endless misery!

"The something that doth beckon  
still,  
Beyond the plain, beyond the hill,

"Beyond the moon, beyond the sun,  
Where yonder shining coursers run.

"Farewell! Where'er the pathway  
trend,  
I ride, I ride, to find the end!"



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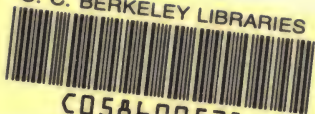
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Years, years ago, ere yet my dreams, . . . . .	<i>Praed,</i>	769
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around, . . . . .	<i>Burns,</i>	85
Ye distant spires, ye antique towers, . . . . .	<i>T. Gray,</i>	244
Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true, . . . . .	<i>Campbell,</i>	111
Ye Mariners of England! . . . . .	<i>Campbell,</i>	110
Yes, faith is a goodly anchor; . . . . .	<i>Lowell,</i>	350
Yes, love indeed is light from heaven; . . . . .	<i>Byron,</i>	97
Yes, social friend, I love thee well, . . . . .	<i>Sprague,</i>	533
Yes, 'twill be over soon, — . . . . .	<i>H. K. White,</i>	636
Yes, write, if you want to, there's nothing like trying; . . . . .	<i>Holmes,</i>	732
Yet of his little he had some to spare, . . . . .	<i>Dryden,</i>	207
Yet once more, griever at Neglect, . . . . .	<i>Tupper,</i>	619
"Yet, onward still!" the spirit cries within, . . . . .	<i>Simms,</i>	501
Ye, though thou fade, . . . . .	<i>H. K. White,</i>	636
Ye've gathered to your place of prayer, . . . . .	<i>Willis,</i>	652
Yon car of fire, though veiled by day, . . . . .	<i>Lunt,</i>	838
Yon woodland, like a human mind, . . . . .	<i>Hayne,</i>	256
You are old, Father William, the young man cried, . . . . .	<i>R. Southey,</i>	517
You may drink to your leman in gold, . . . . .	<i>Stoddard,</i>	542
Young Ben, he was a nice young man, . . . . .	<i>Hood,</i>	740
Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn, . . . . .	<i>Lover,</i>	746
Four poem must eternal be, . . . . .	<i>S. T. Coleridge,</i>	711
You think you love me, Marguerite, . . . . .	<i>K. P. Osgood,</i>	403
You, thou art fled, — but where are all the charms, . . . . .	<i>H. Coleridge,</i>	133







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