



SUNSHINE
AND
STORM

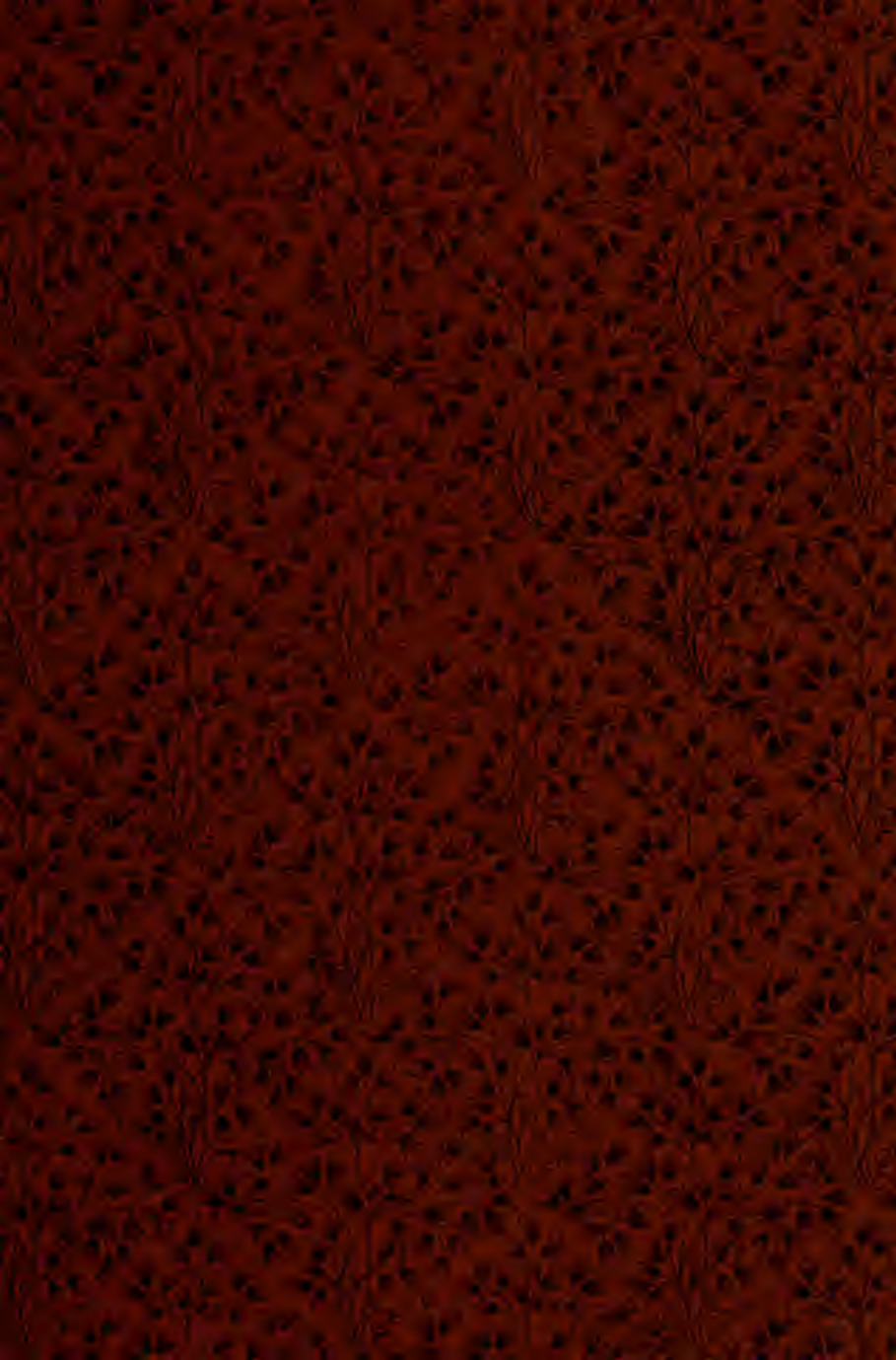


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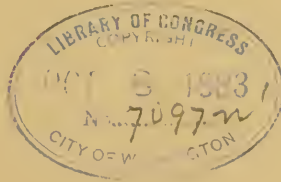
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



SUNSHINE AND STORM

Rendered in Rhyme

33
BY LUCIAN HERVEY KENT.



SANDUSKY, OHIO.
I. F. MACK AND BROTHER
1883.

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PREFACE.

The principal pieces of this work were written after having labored at farm life for more than half a century, and amid its continued activities, cares and interruptions. The title has been chosen as seemingly appropriate to the coloring it has received from the occupation. Without literary pretension, it is an humble attempt

To outline passing scenes as they appear
Where sights and sounds detain the eye and ear,
And draw such glimpses of the land and wave
As hasty pencilings suffice to save;
To gather treasures from a world of strife
And weave their shreds into the web of life;
On its descending grade, to cull some flower
Whose sweetness shall beguile the passing hour:

To note sensations when the zephyrs blow,
The songster's warble and the waters flow—
The inspiration of the moment given
As nature wafts her incense up to heaven:
On mooted themes to be far out at sea,
With compass lost, where wise men disagree;
In non-essentials in a *status quo*,
Long as life's river shall divinely flow;
In fiction's realm, a tendency to stray
Where roving fancy kindly leads the way—
Beginning in a search for polar shore
To close in presence of Niagara's roar,
In solemn adoration and in awe,
Where unseen power gives majesty to law;—
Then to resume the pen and, in surprise,
Address the latest marvel of the skies,—
First-form, *perchance*, of all which was to be,
In whose arcanum is life's mystery.

L. H. K.

WESTFIELD, N. Y.

	PAGE.
DOUBT, FAITH, AND SCIENCE,	100
WILL AND LAW,	103
TRUTH,	107
WHAT IS IT?	108
LINES ON THE "SONG OF THE TOWER,"	111
BREVITIES,	114
WAR,	118
POLAR EXPEDITIONS,	121
THAT MAN 'S A MORAL COWARD,	123
ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD,	125
A NIGHT WONDER,	127
UNSEEN WORLDS,	129
THE GRACES,	133
THE FALLS OF NIAGARA,	138
THE COMET OF 1882,	161

THE POLAR WORLD.

HAN loves adventure and will wander wide
To make discoveries on land and tide ;
He spreads the sails on seas before unknown
And penetrates new fields from zone to zone.
In vain the desert wastes before him lie,
Or mountains rise and intercept the sky ;
A dream-land lies somewhere beneath the sun
Where through enchanted vales the waters run,
Where virgin gold is mingled with the sand
And sparkling gems are strewn upon the strand,
Where balmy odors on the zephyrs float
And richest music lingers in each note ;
New marvels ever in the distance rise
To fascinate the wanderer's longing eyes
And lure him onward like the rainbow's ends
With some new charm which fancy freely lends ;
His fearless courage braves the ocean's deep

Where cyclones make their devastating sweep,
While on the land he threads the canyon's way
Where frowning crags obscure the light of day;
He wends his course up the volcano's side
Down which the lava pours its molten tide,
Eager to gaze into the dark abyss
Where fumes ascend and belching vapors hiss.
When prostrate on his couch he lies in pain,
With fever racking his delirious brain,
He sees with clearness of a second sight
Far to the north from whence auroral light
Shoots up the skies in bright electric streams,
A land of fountains haunting all his dreams,
And in his thirst he fain would summon wings
And fly away to bathe within its springs.
He deems their virtues will relieve his pains
And send health's currents coursing through his
Infuse new life into a frame unstrung [veins,
And as in olden fable make it young.
So long as fact must still remain unknown
Error will reign securely on its throne,
Maintain its forts and ever be at home
In those domains where truth can never come.

There fiction revels in the wildest form,
She only sees the bow upon the storm,
Her pigments color with delusive play
And never dare from fancy's realm to stray;
She tops the hills with palaces of snow
But clothes in emerald the vales below.
'Twas thus the hero who is now in mind,
To all the terrors of that climate blind,
When burning fever raged within his soul
First had a glowing vision of the pole.
Beyond that belt where terror only reigns
And desolating storms sweep hills and plains,
Where rolling waves and shifting winds beguile
The transient sweetness of the summer's smile,
And frost extends into the earth so deep
That sun or shower cannot awake its sleep,
Where prowling monsters in the shadows tread
And every sound has something in it dread—
Enthusiasm can see a brighter morn
Where day to last for half a year is born,
Where nature's harmonies are wont to blend
Around the region of the planet's end,
All pleasing to the sense, but only seen

As pantomimes that play behind the screen.
He pictures all as most divinely fair
Spreading around the whole horizon there,
And deems the one most blest who first shall learn
The wonders there and then again return
An honored guest upon the crowded street
To find that fame and smiling fortune meet.

What though the milder climes have lands to lease
For scenes of strife or for the arts of peace,
Where man may toil or mingle in the fray
As generations come and pass away,
While others yet may undiscovered lie
Beyond the line which bounds the earth and sky,
To which the bolts of frosts still bar the gate
With force relentless as the laws of fate.
The bold aspirant sees above the plain
The "northern light"—he feels in every vein
New life, and currents which had fallen low
Pulsate once more with strong and healthful flow
And give momentum to a scheme begun
At first appearance of the vernal sun.

He rouses kindred spirits till they meet
And make provision for a polar fleet,
To be supplied with every needed store
And rigged as none had ever been before.
The stalwart crew must show in every man
The well-tryed seaman by his face of tan
Prepared to sail whenever signs appear
To usher in the opening of the year,
When Taurus plunges north with fiery horn
And leaves it winter under Capricorn,
When Gemini spread out their loving arms
As smiling Virgo wakes anew her charms,
When winds shall come from under tropic sun
Joining their forces with the streams that run
To speed the squadron on to higher climes
Where days are lost in year's sublimer rhymes.

With swelling canvas on auspicious breeze
The fleet soon sails away to northern seas,
The friendly winds are reinforced by tide
To bear them gaily on with pomp and pride.
Shores disappear as they speed on their way
To where the nights seem giving place to day.

Where heat and frost war with a force intense
Alike in their attacks and in defense,
And sterile nature echoes mournful sounds
In solemn cadence throughout all its rounds.
A narrow strait invites them on their way
And seems to open to a sheltering bay,
Girt round by hills where frost forever reigns
And holds the world in its relentless chains ;
The battlements around loom up like forts
Forbidding feet profane within their courts,
And snow-clad statues rear their hoary forms
Like marble sentinels amid the storms,
Through every season in unchanging dress
Sightless and dumb in their wild loneliness.
But the brave sailors to their purpose true,
Still struggling onward, find an avenue
Through which they press toward the polar star
In spite of creaking ship and falling spar.
From upper deck true to his turn each man
Watches the objects rising in the van ;
The sun each day sinks lower in the skies
And like a baleful comet mocks the eyes,
Still in a cold horizon circling round

Above the floods which spread without a bound.
Weeks pass away and coasts at last appear
In rising headlands rugged, wild and drear,
Beyond whose tops still higher hills proclaim
A frozen world as yet without a name.
The signal guns are answered by the chimes
Of solemn echoes made in broken rhymes,
And in the gorges fearful din is made,
Like foeman's horn and tramp of cavalcade ;
Contracting matter makes a quaking sound
And sends its undulating wakes around,
Till they are lost in final interlude
Upon the depths of a vast solitude,
While gloomy shadows all around them close
In dark forebodings of a land of woes.
Exploring parties sent to search a route
Report the passage in, the only out,
And that they found, engraven on a wall,
The timely warning made alike for all :
To "make retreat and suffer no delay
Within the precincts of this lonely bay."
Now angry billows dash upon the rocks
And make all tremble with their fearful shocks

As barely they escape in time to find
That fields of ice are closing in behind.
They soon sail out into an open sea,
Still pressing on to unseen destiny,
And lured with hope, pursue an onward way
With hearts too brave for terror or dismay.
The canvas spreads to an auspicious breeze
Which joins with wave to play its harmonies
Above a stream which flows and faileth not
Towards the north through seasons cold and hot
Until at last its restless force is spent
Against the bulwarks of a continent,
Then to return and still anew be whirled
Upon the longer circuits of the world.
The wandering sun at midnight, noon and even
Shines out of skies as cloudless as is heaven :
The ships on waters smooth as mirrors glide
And all around seems jubilant with pride :
A vast expanse spreads out across a zone
Stretching away into the far Unknown.
As they sail northward constellations rise
While planets sink upon the southern skies ;
Enchantment seems to rest on earth and sky

And passing hours to all unconscious fly ;
Each sailor with a lighter footstep treads
As on his sight the panorama spreads,
Till from a mast a distant coast is seen
Which fancy dresses in the loveliest green,
Softened and shaded by transparent haze
That lends a fascination to the gaze ;
The sunlit hills seem resting on the sky
While floods around in tranquil beauty lie.
O, who would dream that on such balmy breath
So soon would come the searing blast of death,
Remorseless as the tides which never wait
To drive the fleet into a dangerous strait ?
Like savage hordes that pour from northern wilds
Invading hosts on lands of sunnier smiles,
So now, as if allured by smiling charms,
The waking winds arouse themselves to arms,
And roaring down the gorges for affray
Soon make the crescent line an easy prey.
The yielding timbers mutter apothegms
And every cleft sings out its requiems,
Till vanquish'd by the foe in wrecks once more
The navy drifts upon a hostile shore,

With broken masts and canvas rent in twain
Without material for repairs again.
Woe to the sailor, when he plants his feet
And grasps his hands on naught but ice and sleet,
While chilling fogs brood on a scene forlorn
And muffle every sound of signal horn!
When mists have vanish'd and the air is clear,
The bravest men are seen to blanch with fear;
Dismantled ships now float before their eyes
And all around a scene of ruin lies;
The sullen billows still dash in their rage
Against the walls which form a prison cage
Whose surf-worn sides, in crumbling to decay,
Have left projecting cliffs above the spray
From which the cleaving masses often fall
And send forth doleful sounds from wall to wall.
Cold in the sun above the line of storms
The giant peaks present imposing forms
And cast their gloomy frowns upon the isles
That lie in shadows where no sunbeam smiles:
The moon-lit wastes remain without a glow
From cheering verdure or from winter's snow,
And every rustle makes a startling sound

Through the monotony of all the round;
Glaciers, which are to float upon the sea,
Here glide down gorges to their destiny
And break away to mingle with the waves
As they dissolve into their ocean graves.
The remnant now enclosed by sea and land
Too well might pause and make a final stand,
When hills on hills far in the distance lie
As battlements entrenched against the sky,
Forming a line of forts before the gaze
That chill the bravest and the senses daze.

'Tis only genius which is truly great
That has the courage to encounter fate,
That nerves itself in straits the most forlorn
When ships are tossed like bubbles in the storm,
That rallies calmly from a sad defeat,
Collects the fragments of a shattered fleet
And equals the occasion at each time
In pushing purpose to its end sublime.
While the brave sailors filled with new dismay
Now turn their thoughts to home and friends away
And fancy paints a world all fresh and green

Beyond the passless barriers between,
And dwells upon the scenes which they had loved,
Where youth in all its busy ways had roved,
A cherished plan inspires the leader's soul
To make a last attempt to reach the pole.
Life, like the sparks ascending from the fire,
Casts down its cinders as it rises higher;
The great soul leaves the grosser man to clay
When his last refuge is to soar away;
So now our hero bound to gain the pole
Braves every danger with a dauntless soul,
And since all other means of transit fail
It's now resolved to try the fickle gale.
He calmly waits for an auspicious day,
Collects the vessels scatter'd round the bay,
Makes his arrangements for a final leave
And lifts a prayer that none for him may grieve.
Charmed by a vision like to prophet given,
He views an epha* borne on wings through heaven,
Mounts a balloon, is seen to rise in air
And hang at rest for observation there.
He looks abroad both to and from the pole,

*ZECH. 5, 9.

Surveys the scene and writes upon a scroll.

The message drops with tokens of his love

And thus describes the view as seen above:

“The southern waters spread in peace below

“And like a mirror in the sunshine glow,

“Off to the west the landscape all is drear,

“With heights beyond most dismal, cold and sear,

“Where frozen peaks rise over wastes forlorn

“And seem to look upon the world with scorn.

“Far to the east there is, as I account,

“A smoke ascending from a burning mount;

“There vivid lightnings play with tongues of flame

“But show no way but that by which we came.

“Far to the north the hilly regions spread

“Where human feet can never safely tread,

“With walls so steep and black against the sky

“Their terror bids you from their presence fly.”

But like the vision seen on Pisgah's height

That pleased the prophet gazing on the sight,

As o'er the hills and streams and desert sand

He sees a dwelling place in Canaan land,

So now, beyond the hills which northward lie

The glass discloses to the observer's eye

A brighter prospect which inspires a hope
And nerves his trembling hand to part the rope.
He cheers his comrades with the hopeful trust
That souls will meet when dust returns to dust;
He points into the north with signal beck
And lets the cord fall clanking on the deck;
A waving ensign hangs out from the car
As it moves onward toward the polar star—
A seeming phantom drifting on the wind
Hope in the van and sad despair behind,
Drawn on the sky in symbols clear and bold
Dark in the rear, in front as bright as gold;
While from below goes up a mournful cry:
“We yet may live, but surely he must die.”
He wraps himself in furs and takes his berth
On high above the swift retreating earth.
Fleet as the wind the fairy object goes
With freight of human life in sweet repose;
Its somber shadow scales the mountains' sides,
Makes its descents and through the valleys glides;
It sails through columns of electric light
Into the gates that close the walls of night
And passes safely over sea and land

As if directed by an angel's hand
To safely guide its swift ethereal wings
Beyond the sway of conquerors or kings,
While he is dreaming of the fragrant flowers
His hands once plucked amid his native bowers.
And hears the music of the foaming rills
That vernal showers awoke among the hills,
Sweetly unconscious of all present care
As when he wandered in his childhood there.
But still the floating bubble northward flies,
A star-lit cloud along the frozen skies,
Until he wakes to find he has no guide
And sees the needle swing from side to side,
While earth seems rising upward to the sky
With noise of pinions rushing swiftly by.
The balloon swoops in wild gyrations round
And with a shock collapses on the ground.
With feet now firmly planted on the sod
He stands in reverence before his God—
A second Adam on his mother earth—
An exile from the land which gave him birth.
He gazes 'round and feels that he is lost
Far more than when upon the billows tost;

The sun lies rocking low on ocean's brine
And seems to scintillate instead of shine:
Its waning orb seen faintly from afar
Peers over earth like a receding star;
The cold and cheerless moon rests in the skies
Upon the line in which her pathway lies,
Soon like the sun to circle out of sight
Into a halø of revolving light. .

The north star hangs its plummet in the skies
Down from the zenith on the upturned eyes,
While circling round the constellations own
Their central orb and bow before its throne,
Dispensing with a soft and brilliant glow
Their light upon the Arctic lands below,
While in concentric curves they move sublime
And measure an eternity by time,
With the sweet luster of their twinkling rays
Shed down on altars consecrate to praise.

An insulated eye above the pole
Can see the earth upon its axis roll
And earthly objects all to wander back,
As railway trains retreat upon the track;

The rising hills loom upward from the west
And all the stars above appear at rest;
But in attraction's grasp, be where it may,
The eye still sees the heavens around it play
And with a shift at call of human will
Each moves again and in its turn stands still,
Changing the scene around, above, below,
As often as the eye moves to and fro.
Our hero finds a grotto near the wave
And spreads his furry robes within the cave;
With all his wants supplied he feels no care
And only wishes his companions there;
No manna needs by miracle appear
As seals abundant sport in waters near,
A living fund of food and light and heat,
Harmless as lambs, that gambol at the feet;
A fountain issues from a rock close by
Pure as the one in Sinai's land so dry;
He makes surveys and enters as his own
In simple fee what vests in him alone,
A title to surrounding land and sea
By virtue of the first discovery,
And never did an earthly magistrate

With clearer right direct the affairs of state,
Or better show that all true grandeur lies
In the fulfillment of our destinies.
As forth he wanders echoes round him ring
And field and flood alike proclaim him king:
The wealth around appeals to ear and eye—
A priceless sum drawn on the earth and sky,
By the possessor never to be sold
For empty titles, honors, place or gold.
Here mammon builds no temples to its god
Nor gilded crime pollutes the virgin sod,
But incense rises to the Maker's throne
From altars hands divine have built alone,
Lighted by orbs which hang above and burn
In radiant glory as around they turn,
Which ever sweep above the hills and plains
And cheer the night by their harmonious trains,
As round a central star they seem to run,
Without regard to planet, moon or sun,
In revolutions countless as the sands—
A universal time-piece without hands.
He lives to see the marvels which appear
As earth perform the circuit of its year,

To see new constellations light the skies
As twilight fades and wandering planets rise,
And there to bear alone the awful gloom
In which the polar midnight shrouds the tomb
Of nature, ere, in promise of a morn
The first auroras in the east are born.
He sees the sun rise from its watery grave
And dance again upon the rocking wave.
To climb a spiral round up to its noon
And light the zone with its returning boon.
He learns that fern and violet can grow
Beneath the mantle of an Arctic snow,
That summer's sun can bring a bloom of flowers
Where winter's frost had built its crystal bowers.
He walks the earth with an elastic spring
And hears with rapture voices round him sing,
While echo sends them back from hill again
Till they are lost upon the distant main.

But life is short and hastens to its close
Sure as the streamlet to the river flows,
And blest is he who all his work has done
And feels prepared to leave a victory won,

Whose mission has fulfilled its prophecy
Before the call to lay his armor by.
A constant strain wears on the strongest frame
Like fire which rages with a wind-fed flame;
When lofty aims have well achieved their end
The wise man's thoughts will ever upward tend;
He comes to feel it is a loss to live
That death's a blessing heaven may kindly give;
So now the exile finds himself in pain
And with a trembling hand and swimming brain;
He wanders from his cave with feeble tread
With scarcely strength to raise his drooping head,
And moves with faltering limbs and failing breath
A ghostly shadow in the haunts of death,
The scenes of early life like dreams arise
Filled with affection's tender memories;
And, as thought lingers on the by-gone years
His wrinkled cheeks are channels for his tears.
No friend is near to share his sorrows now,
Or place a soothing hand upon his brow;
No vital force is left him to expend
And death is welcomed as the nearest friend.
As an inviting call from unseen spheres

Sweet as an angel harp salutes his ears
He lifts his eyes, beholds a smiling face
And stretches out his arms for an embrace:
Earth sinks away and vanishes from sight
As the freed spirit takes its upward flight,
While from this lower temple praise and prayer
Go up as off'rings for its entrance there.
Although no human aid can now be near
To lend a helping hand or drape a bier,
Yet, kindly nature, in her ample plan,
Has sympathy for all the wants of man;—
The air is plaintive as it sinks to rest
And all things seem for the occasion drest;
With measured pulses waves come and retreat
And lave the shore with almost silent beat;
The prowling beast moves round with cautious tread
And shuns the form of which it has a dread;
A mystic veil hangs over sea and plain
Like sable pall before a mourning train;
A Geologic cycle seems to close
And leave an unique race to here repose,
Not like the fossils buried in the earth
Till science in its time reveals their worth,

By whose remains no mourners ever weep
Or rising columns look down where they sleep,
Out-living all the ravages of lust
To tell the time which they have lain in dust—
But some strange power has borne the body hence
And placed it on a sightly eminence,
Upon a rock where he has often stood
To take an outlook on the works of God.
It stands upon the pole in perfect line
Finished with art less human than divine,
In petrification like enameled bone
More durable than either brass or stone,
With form as grand as ever mortal bore.
In unveiled beauty on a lonely shore,
To there remain as long as earth shall roll
Or matter be the temple of a soul.



CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

THOU lovely lake, thy placid waters lie
High on the hills that face the northern sky,
In tranquil rest through changing sun and shade
Pure as the streams that once through Eden made.
Above thy waves in vain the tempest roars
And deep enchantment sleeps upon thy shores.
Fed by the fountains God has placed on high
Thou shalt not fail or ever lack supply,
Long as the rolling fields that grace thy plain
Receive the early and the latter rain.
The echoes from the groves around thee given
Earth's discords join with the sweet notes of Heaven,
And nature's rhapsodies attune in song
To the high octaves of the unseen throng
That o'er thy courts and to thy chambers come,
Where truth seeks for a witness and a home.
May all thy borders sacred from the tread

Of those forever from their presence fled,
Find law and order to around them reign
And peaceful arts, to still adorn thy main.
May all the beauties which are blended here
Be still reflected in thy waters clear
Until the trumpet shall the scroll disclose,
That holds the secrets where the souls repose.



LAKE ERIE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

THOU inland sea, around whose spreading shores
Such scenes of beauty in profusion lie,
Whose outlet forms the finest fall that pours,
Whose source above earth's grandest likes supply,
What hand can paint the changing shades that fall
Upon thy bosom through the rolling year,
Thy foaming billows and the ripples small
As on thy shifting surface they appear?
Or who can paint thee in thy tranquil hours
As seen through openings round which woodlands lie,
As town and villa each sends up its towers
In line with sails that float along the sky,
While like a mirror spread beneath the skies
In sweet repose the peaceful waters sleep,
Rocked into rest by nature's melodies
Within the cradle of the mighty deep?

Or when the wavelets with the breezes play
And dance cotillions morning, noon and eve,
In sounds as soft as words which maidens say
When doubt and trust alike their bosoms heave?

When purple tints blend with cerulean hue
In lights and shadows as they come and go
Which leave to art no image for a view
As gentle zephyrs o'er the ripples blow?

How vain the painter's skill when vapors hang
As valances along the distant coast,
And float above the waves from which they sprang
Until the land and lake are in them lost!

Hung in mirage between the cloud and sky
They blend in forms, like some aërial shore,
Which swept by winds in broken masses fly
And quickly vanish to be seen no more.

The cooler breezes on their columns play
And on their pinions waft them from the sight
Up to the realms of bright and cloudless day
Where all their fabric changes into light:

While skies benign the waters overspread
And all around goes up a joyful song
For the rich bounty from which life is fed
Bestowed by Him to whom all thanks belong.

And oft the frowning clouds hang down like cones
To tunnel lightnings from the floods below,
And terrifying thunders peal their tones
As lurid fires are darting to and fro,

While winds and tempest make the waters roll,
Till white caps sparkle on their tossing crest
In forms of beauty which entrance the soul
As they are driven to their ports of rest.

With sunlit borders oft the fleecy cloud
Floats in the calm, and like a mystic screen
Makes flying shadows on thy surface crowd
In endless forms of every hue and mien.

When early dawn breaks on the sable cone
Which crowns the pillars of supporting night
Then wildest phantoms flee to parts unknown
And leave thee glist'ning in the morning light.

When full-born day upon the hill-tops shines
And the deep shadows lie along the vale,
Then thy expanse, kissed by the morning winds,
Is seen to stretch beyond the distant sail.

But when the glory of the noontide sky
Pours its full splendors on the world below,
Then flood and field alike all glimmering lie
Beneath the shimmer of the fervent glow.

When closing day sets on the western wave
And golden sunset lights a streak of flame
Along the track its last rays seem to lave,
Beauties are seen which language cannot name.

And in night's gateways sentries seem to stand
In shining robes to bid the world adieu,
While evening shades wing over lake and land
And all the scene takes on a sombre hue:

Until thy form is wafted to the skies
There with the day to mingle with the night
And far on high, as on the earth it dies,
Thy image rests upon the vaults of light;—

And world on world in correspondence lies:
Seen from above the beauty is below,
While from below enchanting scenes arise
Up to the fountains whence the waters flow.

There is a solemn beauty in the scene
That rises into view when day has fled
And landscapes weird conceal their dress of green
Beneath the feet of night's majestic tread—

When from thy presence the reflections fade
And waste away like the dissolving snow,
As night's dark mantle is upon thee laid
And mirrored planets on thy surface glow.

Now in her robes the high ascending moon
Around and o'er thee sheds a milder sheen,
Till passed beyond the limits of her noon
She leaves thee gemmed and graceful as a queen.

What voice can raise and sing anew the song
Of sportive winds which round the waters play,
Or imitate the sounds of breakers strong
As on they plunge and gently die away?

When wind and calm in turn dominion claim
And changing colors on thy bosom lie,
Without a trace to tell from whence they came
Or echoing answer to the zephyr's sigh?

All art is pow'rless when the summer beams
Are pouring down with all their ardent glow,
While all around is like a land of dreams,
Dropped by enchantment on the world below.

Till hushed to silence nature has no song,
While the blue liquids drink the fiery rays,
That with a torrid heat pour down so strong
And glimmer on thy surface like a blaze.

The finny tribes now sink to rest below
Beneath the cliffs that lie among the main
And wearied fishermen are seen to row
To cool retreats with their new stores of gain.

Art cannot paint the flowers along the mead
Which shed their fragrance on the morning air,
While thorns and roses hang where pathways lead.
Wild and untended by the hand of care.

The sheep and kine on the surrounding hills
Find pasture sweet and range in sun and shade
Amid the groves made green by purling rills
Pure as the fountains where the streams are made.

As a lost wand'rer on a lonely isle
Climbs up a mountain to a ship espy
And finds some power his senses to beguile
As ocean round him rises to the sky,

So from the heights the waters, like a wall,
Before the vision in illusion rise,
Till on low ground the trav'ler's footsteps fall
When like a plain they spread before his eyes.

While round him field and deep embow'ring wood
Are resonant with song from morn to even
And many a sail is wafted o'er the flood
And by the waters mirror'd back to heaven.

Or if 'tis night the naiads wildly rove
Adorned with star-lit gems on their attire,
With cunning art into their garments wove
In hues that glow like phosphorescent fire.

But with each season there must be a change
And short-lived summer cannot hold thee long,
For nature's keys, made for a wider range,
Will soon be strung to notes for autumn's song.

The heat which has been stored within the floods,
As time moves on will be returned again
With forces tempered to the latent buds
On all the slopes and intervening plain.

While in the change the rarest fruits which grow—
The grape, the peach, the apple and the pear
With purple cheeks and crimson all aglow,
Will load the branches and perfume the air.

And in the harvest fields the waving grain
Before the sickle in its time will yield;
The plow will run its furrows on the plain
And turn the stubble to enrich the field.

The sweetest seasons are not born to last,
Their age, like man's, must mourn departed charms;
The leaf must fall before the keener blast
Which soon will come as warriors rush to arms.

The fading autumn with its garnered sheaves
Must yield possession to a sterner power;
Its glories wane when frost its garlands weaves,
And snow shall cover every branch and bower.

For soon November's low descending sun
Will shine aslant on the forsaken waves,
The rising winds proclaim his race has run
And burrowing life will hasten to its caves.

In their array the geese will file and rank
High o'er the earth to wing their airy way,
In one loud concert singing their *gallank*
And grace the Indian summer's closing day.

Forewarned by instinct, leaders in the van,
Ere art can signal from the lofty towers,
Will leave their haunts to less sagacious man
For milder climes and more congenial bowers.

Echoes will sound as if a siren sang—
A joyous song all jubilant with life—
While baleful mock-suns on the vapors hang
Portentous harbingers of coming strife;

While hid in haze the quiet waters sleep
And rest unconscious of the coming storm,
That on its way is from the north to sweep
And change their peaceful to a raging form.

The loon's loud voice will from his wild retreat
Foretell the tempest coming from afar,
The strong-winged duck will, borne on wings as fleet,
Fly from the storm, swift as the winds at war.

The coming tempest soon will o'er thee reign,
And, with a trackless waste of ice and snow,
Change the bland shore into a dreary plain
On which the wanton gales will moan and blow.

The piercing winds of chill December drear,
Through cleft and wild and waving forest bare,
Will chant the dirges of the dying year
In plaintive numbers on the wintry air.

The sailors now will seek some shelt'ring bay
Where they can rest secure to leave their helms,
Save some who may be drifting far away
Lost in the darkness spreading round these realms.

Who now will haste to reef the canvas in
From howling winds which shriek around the bark,
While all commands are lost amid the din
As frightful monsters loom up through the dark?

But winds and waves will in accord go down
And find alike a calm and peaceful rest,
The hand of mercy still their angry frown
And make all balmy as the flowery west.

For direst tempests are forever crowned
With the bright halo of the upper land,
Which on their summits sheds its glories round
And by the contrast makes the scene more grand.

What else may be where winds and waters roar,
A beauty ever follows on the storm
And gives fresh colors to the lake and shore
And wakes to life creations new and warm.

But soon the frost will crystal pavements lay
In solid mass on all the borders round,
And close the entrance to each nook and bay
Where many crafts will be in durance bound.

The chilly north will send its icy breath
And thy expanse will glisten in the sun,
While down beneath, still as the vaults of death,
The limpid currents will in freedom run,

Till genial spring shall come and visit thee
To loose the ice from off the frozen shore
And send it drifting out again to sea
To mingle with the waters as of yore.

Then the warm rains will on thy face descend
And waste the floating batteries away,
While all around thee harmonies will blend
As April warms and changes into May.

The swelling buds no longer waiting call
Will spread their opening petals to the sun,
Safe from the frosts which on the inlands fall
Beyond thy slopes, down which the waters run.

And softer breath from warmer skies will cheer
All sentient life around these wide domains,
And on the cadence of the by-gone year
Tune nature's chords to play their sweetest strains.

Weak language tires when spent upon the forms.
It cannot mimic nature's lofty psalms,
No panorama can display the storms,
There are no notes to sing the breathless calms.

Fancy might sketch the waters fair as morn,
Where frailest barks might ever safely row,
Winds still will shriek, loud as the bugle-horn
And make the ripples into billows grow,

And drive them forward on the rocky shore
Where they will wildly bellow round the main,
As they are broken with an angry roar
Which dies away into a sad refrain

In the deep murmurs of an undertone,
As down the banks receding waters lave,
And struggle backward with a sullen moan
To reinforce a new assaulting wave.

Like troops in war led on by trumpeter
That by surprise strike an unguarded foe,
So storms come onward in their mad career
And waters revel with the winds that blow,

As if a prince with power to rule the air, [rocks,
Loosed from the chains which bound him to the
Rode on the storm amid the lightning's glare
And made his charges with electric shocks;

While angry clouds like armies close around,
Whose dark reflections span the waters o'er,
And peals of thunder give their warning sound
Like chariots rumbling on a trembling floor;

While on the scene the sun pours down his beams
With wasting strength upon the wavering host,
And lurid fires shoot in destroying streams
Above the floods that are in frenzy tost.

But fiercest tempests waste themselves in calms
Which noiseless follow on their track of flight
To grace the waters with a victor's palms
And dot them o'er with coronets of light.

Though round about the thunders roar aloud,
Yet mercy's voice will come to earth below,
Sweet as the sunbeams shining on the cloud
When the sure promise rests upon the bow.

When man looks out upon a tranquil sea,
He feels new faith and safety in the power
From whose dread presence he had sought to flee
When in the storm he craved a shelt'ring tower.

He finds the song, that now the waters sing,
Sweet as the breeze which fans him to repose
And in the triumphs which the conflicts bring,
A compensation for a strife with foes.

When the terrific surges onward roll
And dash their rolling columns on the strand,
There is a music for the human soul
That unappalled upon the brink can stand,

And bow in worship until worlds of stars
Through bright auroras streaming o'er the pole
Dance on the lines of those electric bars
Which cast their shadows where the waters roll.

Though frowning darkness hides the secret place
And veils the glories where those dwellings are,
The sun will shine again upon thy face
And shed anew transcendent beauties there.

Clouds as pavilions tented on the storms,
With burnished domes, will float in azure skies
Reflecting down the beauty of the forms
Of moving temples reared in paradise;

And spent vibrations still will give a sound
From strings which play the finer harmonies,
Through all the reaches, by the arches crowned,
Where ether trembles on the flowing breeze.

There will be music in the solemn roar
Where foaming torrents down the gorges fall,
Or timely showers distill along the shore
When thirsting nature lifts on high her call;

And strings attuned will play their varied strains
To temper joys and cheer the scenes of woe,
Alike when winter in its rigor reigns
Or balmy breezes in the summer blow.

And Thou, sweet Lake, though swept by chilly blast,
Or warmed beneath the spring's reviving air,
Will yield new beauties while the seasons last
In forms so changeful as to still seem rare.

New marvels still will paint the morning skies,
The evening clouds will hang their fringes down
To hide some land which in the fancy lies
Beyond the ken, as seen from hill or town,

Till art shall tame the storm into a shower
To ride magnificent upon the wind,
Without the danger and appalling power
Of wasting tempests in their fury blind;

And only gentle breezes more shall lay
Their fanning breath upon a tranquil form,
Where now the warring winds triumphant play
Their demon forces in the angry storm.

While new-born life shall ever have its fill
In these domains wherever nature breathes,
New robes of beauty clothe each plain and hill
Which winter's frost or ardent summer weaves;

And all around the shores the sound of bells
Will strike anew the hours for song and prayer,
And send their notes through all the vales and dells
In sweetest concert with the music there.

As long as morn shall pulsate in the east
To cast its sparkling diamonds on the waves,
May life enjoy a rich perennial feast,
And stores unfailing yield what nature craves;

And as the evening shades shall on thee fall
Still may the western skies be draped in flame,
With scenes of beauty art cannot recall
And fading glories it can never claim.

May purple darkness still sift down its stars
To twinkle o'er thee from the realms of night—
Reflected constellations bright as Mars—
Until thy surface glows anew with light.

As long as oceans counterpoise the world
And tides shall roll a balance to its wheels,
May sails above thy waters be unfurled
And wakes be made around thy vessel's keels;

And man upon thy borders still behold
The spring time come with its attendant bloom,
The autumn's harvest ripen as of old
Till thou at last shalt find in earth a tomb,

Or with it be transmuted in some zone,
'Mid crash of worlds where fires intense shall glow.
Into a torch to light up skies unknown,
That through the wastes a blazing orb shall go,
To ever wander in the deep abyss
Through fields where science yet has failed to tread,
Till cooled again into a world like this
With hills and plains and waters overspread.

7



CHILDHOOD.

Childhood and youth are vanity.—[Eecl.xi:10.

[ful note?

WHOSE was the hand that penned this mourn-
Who sat in judgment on the words it wrote?
Did childhood speak in joyous accents there?
Was it the man who made that glorious prayer
In the new temple to the throne on high,
Where incense rose to meet the morning sky?
The brightest intuitions of his prime
Sending their wisdom down the stream of time?
The royal signet placing under ban
Life, the first gift which Heaven made to man?
Or, the repinings of ascetic age,
Thus made historic on the sacred page,
Whose golden bowl was broken at the well,
Whose silver cord had lost its strength to tell?
Childhood, the season when a mother's smile
And charming voice can ev'ry hour beguile;

Ere anxious care as yet has found a home
To mar the present with the ills to come;
Before life's tempests have begun to blow,
And all is stainless as th' untrodden snow;
Recorded vain! When the enchanted eye
Sees ev'ry tint that blends on earth or sky
In full fruition, till the light of day
Changes to night and fades from earth away;
Whose vision climbs the stairways of the skies,
To drink the nectar when the planets rise;
Or the full moon her nightly vigils keeps [weeps;
'Mid those bright worlds where childhood never
Whose eyes alone can trace the milky sky
Up through the vaults, where angels' pathways lie;
See lost ones *here*, in that bright happy land,
With the immortals walking hand in hand,
And, wond'ring, gaze as star-born worlds go down
In silent grandeur over shore and town.
What varied sounds engage the listening ear
Of life's first stage which others never hear!
When music's note gives out the sweetest tone,
How fraught with charms that it can know alone!
When fragrant odors wafted on the breeze

Give keener zest, and finer senses please;
When genial warmth is felt at every pore,
And taste has relish age can know no more.
Call all this vain when life is but a span,
Thus blight the bud and think 'twill bloom in man!
Ye sainted Solomons in chariots rolled,
With trains of servants dusted o'er with gold,*
Your gems are dross staked with the wealth of life,
Your glory vain, with deadly poison rife,
And all your gilded show can never buy
The flow'ry fields where childhood's treasures lie.

*See Josephus.



THOUGHTS ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

HAIL! frost-bound lands far off in northern climes,
And captive waters held in icy chains!
Ye sunless zones long swept by boreal winds,
And star-lit skies where silence ever reigns!

This wandering orb has reached its farthest bound,
Turned in its course upon the Tropic's line;
Bears north again to make its annual round,
And light your skies with radiance more divine.

Held by the Mighty Power that drives it on,
It moves unvarying in its swift career
Through the vast orbit it so long has run,
To measure out to man, th' appointed year.

Nations and empires still may rise and fall,
The pyramids may crumble into sand;
Oceans may cease to roll upon this ball,
Yea, worn down mountains waste upon the land;

Still the first impulse which its maker gave
Will send it onward through the deep immense,
Until the sun's bright beams shall cease to wave
With light, and heat, to wake up soul and sense.

The king of day has turned his course to come
And chase night's shadows by a rising morn;
With cheerful rays to light up every home,
And fill with joy the regions most forlorn.

The tangent's secants now increase in length,
As he ascends up to his summer throne,
To meet in frost a foe of mighty strength,
Who seeks to build an empire of his own,—

An ice-clad monarch, marching through the zones,
To plant his colors on the mountain's crown,
Blockade the waters with his crystal stones,
And chill the seasons by his sable frown.

The mounting sun, with burning glory decked,
Bombards the intrenchments of this subtle foe.
To his advances gives a telling check,
And with his fire lays many columns low.

Soon from the north a mighty host once more
Pours forth a stormy sleet o'er sea and land;
Retakes the battle-field it lost before,
And rears its fortress with an iron hand.

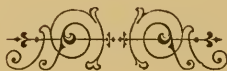
The sun, though veiled in clouds, moves in his course,
Imperial conqueror! up th' ecliptic's plane,
Transports the waters with the south wind's force,
And melts the frosty battlements with rain.

The conquered foe retires to where the snow
And drifting icebergs still maintain his sway,
To make the raging arctic tempests blow,
And hurl defiance in his armed array.

But hotter still, the high advancing sun
Moves in his might to cannonade the pole:
Yet, long before he has his circuit run,
The earth's extreme is frozen to the soul.

King frost has gone from realms of rising day
To found an empire in antarctic night,
And while the sun is wandering far away,
To fortify that zone anew for fight,

And vindicate his right to rule alone,
 (As he has claimed since first the world began,)
And dwell in grandeur on his frozen throne,
 Till times azoic to the age of man.



THE SHADOWS.

WHEN morning comes and sheds its beams of
To chase away the vestiges of night, [light
Each object casts a semblance on the air,
And leaves the outline of an image there;
To sink in hollows, and ascend the hills,
Run o'er the plains, and span the rippling rills,
And, in its ever changing forms to go
Wherever land is found or waters flow.
It paints the beast which lurks within his lair,
And shape of bird that flies along the air.
It with the insect darts across the fields,
And to the nobler forms resemblance yields;
Floats with the smoky columns on the breeze,
And times with billows on the troubled seas,
And in its haunts, it often wildly roves
Into each dell and nook within the groves.
It spreads its drapery round each shrub and tree,

And while 'tis fixed, it moves forever free;
From the high rock it stretches on the main,
And makes its strides colossal o'er the plain;
Traverses wastes where man has never trod,
And spans the chasms with its measuring rod.
Beneath the tower it swings in circles round,
And from the sunset trails along the ground,
Till from the moon its solemn presence falls
In darker lines around the lonely walls;
Or from the ship is mirrored in the wave,
Among the monsters that the waters lave.
Thus o'er the earth the shadows ever run,
And lurk behind whatever hides the sun,
From Cancer's line they shift to Capricorn,
And back again as seasons new are born;
When summer reigns in the antarctic sky,
Their longest reaches to the northward lie.
When northern lands claim summer as their own,
They change their course throughout the torrid zone:
And there are places where they daily roll
Around with earth, towards and from the pole.
'Tis thus they ever in their antics turn
To shun the light as if they felt it burn.

They dance around the sparkling fountain's spray,
And mimic drops that in the sunbeams play—
Ready to seize on every interlude,
And act the farce of a similitude.
Though frail and evanescent in their forms,
Yet they are proof against the winds and storms.
They bask where sunlight all around them glows,
And calmly on the track of gales repose.
Beneath the moon, they bathe within the lake,
To share caresses truant lovers take;
They seek the stream where peaceful currents flow,
Where banks are lined with branches hanging low;
They stem the torrents where the waters roll,
With force terrific to the timid soul,
They enter where the hideous caverns yawn,
And spread their lace-like webs upon the lawn;
On the wild desert follow beast and man
In burning sun, with tramp of caravan.
When the great condor up the mountain soars,
Or downward swoops to sail along the shores,
In swift pursuit they chase him on his way,
And with him pounce upon his helpless prey.
They love the glens when day's departing gleam

Shines through the boughs which overhang the stream.
As if to worship in that sacred hour
Before the altars reared within that bower,
Till in the dusk they rise on fancy's wings
Above the towering palaces of kings,
And from the clouds which o'er the hill-tops run,
Cast down their glances at the setting sun;
And wave their wands to bid the world adieu,
As lost in night they disappear from view.
But still the earth is with them to be blest,
For they will light on other lands to rest:
Their tireless forms will the Pacific stride,
And pass beyond its almost boundless tide;
Will tip the mountains, and spread o'er the plains
As rising day upon the orient reigns;
Bask under palms which grow along its coast,
And ride on waves that are by monsoons tost;
Will lie beneath where pagan temples stand,
And round the mosques which rise on Moslem land;
Across the classic waters ply their oars,
And wander over European shores,
To every isle where sun shall rise or set,
On frowning tower, or shining minaret;

Will be in place beneath the pyramid,
Within whose chambers ancient kings were hid,
A pall to rest where all their grandeur lies,
Lost in the drifting sands of centuries.
They, in their course, will pass where Hercules
Was said to raise his pillars o'er the seas,
And from that rock will take their onward way
To every isle around which sunbeams play;
Will proudly sail across the ocean's crest
To lands of story in the golden west,
Where they will be in primal beauty born
On every coast at glimpse of early morn,
To over stream, and plain, and mountain flow,
Wherever sun shall shine or winds shall blow;
To dance to songs that restless nature chimes,
From sunny lands to far-off frozen climes;
And charm alike where the grand forests wave,
Or specters fall within the torch-lit cave;
Where on the prairies they shall wander free,
Or round the navies rest upon the sea;
With modest art to imitate each plan,
And lend their graces to the works of man;—
In calms the emblems of the peaceful forms,

And ever beautiful in track of storms;
Alike to mimic scenes of peace and strife,
And weave in gossamer the forms of life,
In every place on which the shadows fall
From nature's works, or from the city's wall;
When like a waif so noiselessly they glide
Beneath the clouds which on the zephyrs ride,
Or from the rock they fall upon the sand
Of burning deserts in a weary land.
As once to Israel, they still cheer the day,
When fiery pillar fails to lead the way.
They are so planned, so matchless in design,
As to evince a skill and power divine,
And sure as light they will forever live,
Though the works perish man's best art can give—
Live to fulfill their purposes and end—
By their sweet charms, as with the light they blend,
Made by His power who clothes Himself with light,
And hangs its tassels on the trains of night,
As it alternates with the day so grand
In all the circuits of the border land.
But 'tis not here alone the shadows run,—
The moon obscures the brightness of the sun.

The earth in turn cuts off the solar ray,
And hides a vision of the moon's own day;
While time is found by the lost mariner,
From orbs which pass the shade of Jupiter.
Thus every planet has a sable cone
Where night holds scepter on an ebon throne,
Through which the stars that twinkle on our sight
Shine in their glory on the shades of night.
But, baseless shadows passing through the skies,
Must meet with substance or their fabric dies.
The fancied cones might ever swing around
And be unknown to sense of sight or sound,
Attendant fixtures of the flying spheres,
As they course on through their appointed years,
While sentient being in their precincts dwells,
And holds its own delightful festivals,—
Until some orb, which shines by borrowed light,
Passes their gates, and opens on the sight
A section of a great mysterious cone,
Where there is life as real as our own.
Yet, science tells that no reflections rise
From all the wastes of only vacant skies;
That suns and stars there seem like diamonds set

In depths of night, as black as purest jet.
It is the air which weaves the azure crown,
And spreads the light as it comes pouring down,
To make the restless shadows ever roam,
In varied forms to beautify each home.
The air reflects the landscape's dress of green,
And lends new charms to every object seen,
Makes the outgoings* of the morning known,
And arches evening with its crimson zone—
That vestibule, where a last view is given
As day fades out into the vault of heaven.

*Ps. lxxv: 8.



THOUGHTS ON THE PANAMA ROCKS.

How came these rocks upon this ridge of land,
So grand in size, so mighty in repose?
Were they formed thus when plastic in His hand,
And piled up here when first the hills arose?

Is there no record on these wondrous stones
Like that once found on Sinai's sacred mount,
Borne on the stream down which time ever runs
From the high source of Truth's eternal fount,
To tell of earthquakes that convulsed the world,
When the sun darkened and the rocks were rent,
As the fell banners were in war unfurled,
Or of some orb, a meteor unspent,

The cause? Was it the lightnings from the skies
That cleft the earth and scattered this debris
To leave a lesson for man's wondering eyes
On times beyond all human history?

Or was it glaciers long since passed away,
That left their record thus of what befell
A region which their masses overlay
Like some strange story that the fables tell?

When standing here life seems a fitful dream,
And man an atom on a boundless shore,—
The ages past an ever flowing stream
That will roll on till time shall be no more.

Here bards may sing and seers may prophesy
And tune their numbers to immortal song,
And wistful hope may lift her longing eye
Up to the hills angelic beings throng.

These rocks may also an existence sing,—
Sing of a long and immemorial past,
Of the strange changes future times may bring,
Of the deep mysteries over being cast;

Sing of a faith which can these piles remove
And send them off into some distant sea;
Of floods beyond the time of Noah's dove,
Whose mighty currents shaped their destiny.

Nature has furnished her exhaustless stores
Of rich material for the use of man;
Has given problems too in countless scores
For him to solve whose skill and genius can.

But richest gems may slumber in the rocks
Where the wild savage may for ages roam;
And coal may strew the mountain sides with blocks
While he sits shuddering in his fireless home.

Ye men of science, who with lynx-eyed gaze,
Can unappalled look down the depths below,
Divert your lenses from the milky-ways
To where earth's fires are still supposed to glow,

And tell if aught within that dread abyss
Explains this wonder, and of how and when
It came to be upon a hill like this,—
And of the force that must have lifted them.

Ye savans! pitch your tabernacles here,
Bring your retorts and light your furnaces,
Let every land of science send its seer;
Come ye magicians from the land of Fez;

Make the alembic with the gasses steam,
Let serpent charmers all their marvels tell,
Mix up the wonders that fanatics dream,
And make philosophy to bear as well.

Cite solemn priest to talk of mystery,
If Heaven ordained it's given him to know,
And hold the jury till they all agree [so.
Whence came these rocks, and what once rent them

Here feeble man stands humbled in his pride,
And like a child his heart here yearns to know;
When he looks round, his soul is stultified,—
When he looks down what labyrinths below!

Man is a speck which tosses on the flood,
The sport of winds that ever round him play,
Till time remorseless turns him to the sod,
And to the unseen hastes his soul away.

Here visions rise, when savage monsters roared
Within these caves washed by the restless sea,
While land's proud mammals tearing up the sward
Came rushing on to join in the melee:

When night was hideous with the doleful howls
Of lesser creatures lurking round for prey,
Kept in the distance by the fearful growls
Of the combatants bleeding from the fray;

Of epochs when the great behemoth roared,
And mighty dragons kept the world in awe;
When horns held empire, ere the wasting sword
Made force, and carnage, arbiters and law.

And of a time when the vile viper sprang
Upon the stag, to fix with fatal thrust
The subtle venom of the deadly fang,
To in its turn be trampled in the dust.

Who knows what terrors reigned around these hills
Ere cross or crescent over warriors waved?
What crimson streams once mingled with the rills,
When furious beasts in their fierce anger raved:

Before the kine was minister to man,
Or the proud steed had yielded to the rein,
But in the stampede wildly led the van,
And reckless dashed along the smoking plain?

Whate'er the past, may man find in this hill
A source of wealth rich as a golden mine,
To rear a structure that in grandeur will
Excel the temples built in olden time;

Whose deep foundations on firm rock shall rest,
Whose lofty towers will on oppression frown,
And all its fabric shall be built and drest
To show its founders worthy of renown.

Where offerings shall be made for human kind,
And truth and justice will their tribute bring,
Where man as man his title deed shall find,
And Christ be worshipped as earth's moral king.

Where sapient justice shall forestall the time
When guilt shall strive to innocence betray,
And from whose towers the bells will ring in chime,
Oppression's doom till it shall pass away.

To long remain a dedicated shrine
By pilgrims sought, and held a sacred place
To study records from a hand Divine,
Traced on these rocks, anterior to our race.

Till every throne of tyranny shall fall,
And only freedom's flags o'er ocean wave,
Until the *stone hewn from the mountain's wall
Shall crush the systems that our race enslave.

Till songs of triumph over death are sung
Of man's deliverance and a world redeemed,
In pæans worthy of an angel's tongue,
In times of which the ancient prophets dreamed.

*Daniel, ii: 34, 35.



THE NAMELESS RIVER OF LIFE.

THY current rolls, thou deep encavern'd stream,
In awful murmurs to the unfathomed sea,
Through a wild waste, where nature's brightest gleam
Like twilight's mantle hovers over thee!

Down from the snow clad hills around the pole,
Where thundering icebergs fall with deafening roar.
Thy rushing torrent breaks upon the soul,
In foaming billows, as they lash the shore.

Then swiftly on, within thy narrow cell,
Thou movest in thy course to milder climes,
Through awful solitudes where spirits dwell,
And nature's voice speaks out in solemn chimes;

While far above, among the echoing pines,
The dark plumed raven and the vulture scream,
The wildest cries are borne upon the winds,
And monster shadows dance around thy stream.

But even here around thy rock-walled bed,
The awe struck soul can hear wild echoes speak
Behold above, supernal glories spread,
And in seclusion humbler penance make.

Here far away within these distant wilds,
Where prowling panthers seek their midnight prey,
Pleased nature holds her festivals and smiles,
With scorn on man, more treacherous far than they.

The savage beast that scents for human blood,
Is known and only reckoned on as guile;
Is chased beyond where man has ever trod
And held a lasting foe in dread exile.

But brother, when he preys on brother man,
Oft lays his wily snares in friendship's show,
With subtle art, he meditates his plan,
And, from his covert, strikes the cruel blow.

O, 'mid the mountains, or upon the flood,
On the wild desert, or the deep blue sea,
As far from him, as he is far from God,
Where truth and justice dwell, O let me flee.

Love, joy and hope and friendship with me fly,
And richer treasures, light, and life in death,
And tranquil thoughts all leagued in amity
With motives pure as heaven's inspiring breath.

Fly to thy walls, thou ever flowing stream,
Stand on thy battlements, and from thy shore,
Rest in His government who reigns supreme,
And worship in thy everlasting roar.



THE STREAM OF LIFE.

THERE is a stream where mortals row,
Which moves with a resistless flow
Down to a sea of viewless shore,
Where those who go return no more.
Life is that stream—the grave that sea—
An urn, O mortal man! for thee;
For 'tis decreed that thou must sleep
Beneath its billows, long and deep,
Till Time's vast cycle shall be run,
And one eternal be begun.
But o'er those gloomy waters lies
A Canaan of unclouded skies,
Where ransomed souls anew are born,
Within the precincts of its morn.
O wondrous stream! O glorious shore!
O land! where tempests never roar;
O Truth! which sheds transcendent light

To man across a sea of night,
O light! to cheer the shadowy way—
Faith! to behold the far-off day;
Death! that has lost its fatal sting—
That grave which canst a victory sing!
O man are these possessions thine
Is life a lamp once more to shine
To still exist in other spheres?
These are thy hopes and these, thy fears,
For life is real—and not a dream,
Whilst thou, a bubble on its stream,
Tossed to and fro on time's brief wave
Hast hope of life beyond the grave.



JENNY LIND.

THEY say the songstress has a seraph's tongue,
And chants in the sweet notes of Paradise,
That thousands rush to hear the inspiring song,
And will go in however great the price.

Music, what is it? He who formed the winds
Hath bade it float on each aërial breeze:
But man's so lost, in his deep slumberings,
He wakes not to its mighty power to please

Until some finer nature strikes the lyre
And tunes the anthem on the swelling air,
His soul then lights up with ecstatic fire,
And all around hears voices singing there.

If thus a wandering angel here below,
Can ravish human ears with music's tone,
Oh then, how great must be the spirit's glow
Of the redeemed who sing before the throne.

But gold alone can gain admittance *here*,
And none can enter, only those who pay;
There, the best offering, is a soul sincere—
The poor and lowly are not turned away.

Listen, O man! a deep seraphic lay
Comes from the home of the supremely blest:
It calls, O sorrowing mortal, haste away,
Up to the mountains of eternal rest.



THE LOVE OF LIFE.

LOVE to live, because the skies,
In beauty from above,
Shed down their light from Paradise
In forms of mildest love.

I love to live upon this earth,
Moving through space alone,
And gaze upon those star-born worlds,
That shine through realms unknown;

For they are suns in other spheres,
Where other beings dwell;
Exempt, perhaps, from death's own fears,—
From its dire sounding knell.

I love to live where hope's bright scenes
In constant prospect rise;
For though they're often blighted here,
They reach beyond the skies.

I love to live though all without
Is like a hurricane
That sweeps across life's stormy sea,—
If all is calm within.

And then the pleasing tide of life,
Its animating stream;
For it alone I'd love to live
Though life were but a dream.

I love to live where truth's bright beams
Can reach the awful shade,
That willful falsehood here can form
In light which God has made.

I want to live beyond the grave
To hear the trumpet's sound
Peal like a storm on error's wave
And waste its fabrics round;

To listen to Truth's sweetest tone,
As it comes up the aisle;
To stand before a juster throne
Than man's, all stained with guile:

To find an answer to my prayer.

“O, make my garments white
As those pure robes which angels wear,
When standing in Thy sight.”

The deep recesses of the soul
All speak one voice for man:
If he shall die, O tell me if
He e'er shall live again!

II



MATTER AND MIND.

PART FIRST.

SEARCH all the realms of matter and of mind.
Scan their relations single and combined.
Make them a problem for solution given
To find what is of earth and what from heaven:
Go to the rocks on which the sunbeams pour
And learn the treasures there laid up in store.
When flint is struck a scintillation flies,
Twinkles a moment and in darkness dies:
Say is it lost, when all is gone and dark,
Or did the flash preclude another spark?
Where is the lightning which the hill top rent?
With that one stroke were all its forces spent?
Did all its power to single purpose tend,
And that performed did its existence end?
Gold is the same although defiled by dross
And an assay may find it without loss:

The cloud which hovers over the expanse
Consumes away before the solar glance,
And seems to turn to nothing on the sight
As it dissolves in the empyrean height;
But ere night fall it may return again
To swell the rills which flow along the plain.
The waving branches which to-day are green,
Touched by a blight will soon be naked seen
Without a chance that either sun or rain
Will ever wake them into life again.
The change to *them* remains as only death
While *other* forms of life seize on their breath.
The frailest bubble on the waters tossed
Still has a being though its form be lost.
Its drops may issue where the fountains teem
And mingle in the waters of the stream.
If matter turns to force and force to soul
Can links be found to make the chain a whole?
The ivy sends its tendrils to entwine
The object that supports its slender vine,
Nor can the sage with all his wisdom find
A better method with his God-like mind.
An instinct guides the beaver and the bee.

Instructs the timid hare in time to flee,
And when his feet shall fail him in the race
To double on the track and blind the chase.
A chain of being on a perfect scale
Must have the parts above too strong to fail:
The upper links must hold the weight below
Or else the whole will in confusion go.
If matter is the base of all the line
And the inert can rise to the Divine,
If rock ground into dust by ponderous power
Opens to sunshine in the spring-time flower.
And by transition in its time shall find
Its nature quite synonymous with mind,
Itself the essence of a living soul
With matter less refined in its control,
Is there no chance pertaining to the plan
That grosser matter will reclaim the man?
Will the coy glances of the lover's eyes
Pass off to live as ether in the skies,
Until at last in state still more refined
They form the moral element of mind?
Now in the trial let us freely own
That mind's another form of flesh and bone.

Call all things matter which pertain to mind
And offer incense to the sighing wind.
Say life awaking from a latent sleep
Rides on the elements that blindly sweep,
That force inherent, running through the scheme,
Drives onward till it forms a mental stream:
Is there no chance that it will culminate
And then fall back into its first estate?
If soul is subject to contingency
Forever drifting on a restless sea,
Without a beacon light by which to trace
Its past connection to its present place,
Then memory's lost with the expiring breath
And all the past becomes as blank as death:
While with each change the soul begins anew
To grope its way in search of what is true,
Glares for a time till it consumes away
And turns to sinter in its bed of clay,
On being's scale at last to sink so low
As not to answer to the sunbeam's glow,
In nature's useless mortar to be ground
Long as her tireless wheels repeat a round,
Until all which a universe adorns

Returns at last to the primeval forms,
Without a promise of another birth
From all the forces left in heaven or earth.

PART SECOND.

If life is something which can never die
And is an immaterial entity,
Then it may lie, while passing ages wane,
Stored up in porous matter else inane,
Not for the sport of elemental play—
A wreck of being that has passed away—
Nor as a *victim* for the demon's mirth,
But, as a *fund* to meet the wants of earth:
There long prepared in nature's wisest plan
For a great drama ending up in man,
And every time that it inhales a breath
To leave behind a catacomb of death.
We know how well the kernel's oily germ
Survives the winter's long and frozen term,
And at the call of sun and air and rain
Springs to new life and ripens into grain.
The acorn also in its time expands
And sends a shoot up from its prison sands.

To spread its waving branches on the breeze
Till it becomes a monarch of the trees.
Life *may be* only motion, at the best,
To cease whenever atoms come to rest.
But like the bellows on a pivot hung
A lever also moves the breathing lung,
Some force exists, its action to control,
And wake the first phenomenon of soul.
Does non-existence into being spring,
Tone up the instrument and touch each string?
If not, the thoughts may be inclined to rise
And heav'nward cast the ever longing eyes,
To find the source from which the fountains flow,
To furnish life for all the wants below,
In whose pure waves all nascent soul is born
And its first opening only has a morn,
To come to earth and sweetly take its rest
In peaceful slumber on a loving breast.
Now, let an infant represent a race
Which thus looks up to find its native place.
It hears a voice in accents soft and low
Sweet as the zephyrs through the branches blow,
And all the colors blend before the eyes

To give the charms of nature's richest dyes,
At life's first entrance little gives offence
To break the spell attendant on each sense;
Perhaps its youth is spent in giddy mirth
And early manhood is all stained with earth:
This waif of life may yet the deserts tread
A fugitive from law, in want of bread,
May be a remnant of a noble band
Driven by oppression from his native land,
Or may be doomed for many years to pine
Imprisoned in some dark and loathesome mine.
Why, if the stream above is pure and clear,
Consign a sinless soul to trial here?
What has it in its primal being done
That it must through this incarnation run?
And should it find a fertile field to range
What treasures can it garner from the change
Of real value in its first estate,
If its sad lessons shall have come too late?
Why call life down to vibrate like a string
In turn to notes which fiends and seraphs sing,
To be cajoled with freedom of the will
But held in durance as a captive still,

With its frail tendons so much overdrawn
Their tension will be lost, their music gone?
Waive that the Oracle divinely spake,
That those who sleep in dust shall yet awake,
Is there assurance in the frame of things
That disembodied life has spirit wings?
Man formed of dust is treated as a whole
And by an act was made a living soul:
The first, as earthly, but with higher leaven,
The second is declared the Lord from heaven.
He seems unconscious that a sterner plan
Gives no exemptions to his whims as man,
And makes his will as if he had no heir
To that which is to be embalmed with care.
He sees it is insured before it falls,
To save the debris of its crumbling walls,
And then commits it as a sacred trust
As the last tribute which is due to dust,
Orders a monument to grace the sod
When it shall lie to moulder as a clod;
Leaves the memorial to preserve his name
When other beings shall his substance claim:
When ruthless time shall wipe out every trace

To give a clue to color, cast or race,
And dismal doubt shall rest upon a tomb
Where no ray shines to lighten up the gloom.

PART THIRD.

Now take a view of life as it appears
To one while passing through a vale of tears.
It ripples for a time until a wave
Of greater force engulfs it in the grave.
Want lifts its cry from its incipient stage
And makes its presence felt on trembling age.
In its subjection to material law
Life must have food for its voracious maw.
Not only man but every lower race
Is in a warfare to maintain its place,
Procuring aliment wherever found,
Though weaker tribes are into atoms ground:
Hence it must be on an ascending plane
Or all of this autonomy is vain—
Its best estate is like a transient flower
Whose sweet perfume may vanish in an hour.
There may be transport when the insect sings,
And flutters on its gaily painted wings:

There may be raptures where the cyclones sweep
And make their devastation on the deep,
Or where the tides forever come and go
As life responds to constant ebb and flow,
And joy, when sea-birds on the ocean roam,
Scream round the ships and toss upon the foam,
Each fin which plies the wave and wing that flies
May be an out-come from some arteries
That throb in correspondence, and in strife
Play their own tunes upon the strings of life:
But when volcanic action vents its ire
In those eruptions of destroying fire,
Whose molten streams trace out their lines of woe
And desolation where they chance to flow,
When earthquakes leave no monuments to grace
The sacred altars of a perished race,
Sensation then is armed with fearful power,
And, like a sword that gleams above the tower,
Sends forth its terrors over land and sea
Menacing life wherever it may be,
When on the track of war there tolls a chime
Whose echoes wander down the stream of time,
When might alone becomes the tyrant's law

Which holds the trembling multitudes in awe,
And waves its banners o'er a ruined land,
Where exiled patriots made their final stand,
Or crime that blushes not in open day,
Makes feeble innocence a helpless prey,
That in its straits forlorn lifts up the plea
There is no help, O Lord, if not in Thee,—
Is prayer *then* lost upon a brazen sky
Without an answer to the hopes that die?
If none could suffer there would be no wrong,
No victim rescued and no praise in song:
Sentence would be disarmed for want of test
And law without a case on which to rest:
Probation be a failure in the end
And all the springs of moral life unbend.
Justice must surely have its ends and aims,
And law be able to assert its claims.
Or else we fail to see a ruling mind
And only trust in operations blind.
But say that mercy's angels are not few
And the avengers have not bidden adieu:
That such petition will not be in vain,
For justice yet will vindicate its reign.

Will there be compensation for the past
 When hope is on such gloomy waters cast?
 Can future times for present wrongs atone?
 Is justice like a miser on the throne?
 If all the past is in oblivion lost,
 It leaves the future into chaos tossed,
 And tooth and tusk may rule the world once more
 With brutal rage on every sea and shore,
 While vital force shall crimson every stream
 To leave man's hopes as baseless as a dream.
 But to a purpose let all things combine
 And act as motors in a hand Divine,
 If understood, then all *should* freely flow,
 And waves of joy transcend the swells of woe.
 Sensation is a frowning monitor
 To check invasion and aggressive war,
 And, though its nature is allied to earth,
 Its aspirations have a higher birth,
 Where truer sympathies are often born
 In states exalted, and in those forlorn.
 It calls attention to the wise bequest:
 "Bestow the blessing, to in turn be blest."
 Its real gospel, rightly understood,

Confers its blessings only on the good.
With every wheel in place, all will agree,
And action and reaction run on free,
With as much harmony as worlds revolve,
In spite of questions reason cannot solve.
The power which draws the planets to the sun,
Gives them momentum to around it run,
And though disturbing forces make them swerve,
A wise adjustment can the whole preserve.
Life surges on, an undulating wave
With sparkling crest, to sink into the grave:
Perhaps it has a balance wheel in man
To counteract derangements in a plan,
Which might be fatal in some other sphere
Should all things run without discordance here:
And, though the record on the book of time
Tells of disaster, sickness, war and crime,
Of freedom's struggles in the adverse hour
To break the shackles of enslaving power,
It has a lesson for our race to-day,
That without labor it is vain to pray,
That in life's conflicts every real gain
Must tell the story of a throbbing brain.

Wait for the end, though mists may intervene,
And vision fail to penetrate the screen;
Give justice time to recompense earth's woes,
Nor judge the plan until the scene shall close.



A TRANSIT OF LIFE.

A HELPLESS infant at his birth,
The embryo man, is placed on earth
With all that he can know to learn,
And all of real worth to earn;
The good to gain, the ill to shun
And be a conqu'or or undone.
A false enchantment meets his eyes
While foes surround him in disguise:
A siren song salutes his ears
To lead astray in all he hears;
His battle-field is but a span
To gain the vict'ries of a man.

He treads the winding paths of youth
Through error's maze in quest of truth,
Where follies smile and falsehoods frown
To lure aside or awe him down.
Pleasure, an *ignis fatuus* light,

Misleads his way and dims his sight,
While he must war without a stain
With vice that has its armies slain,
Mid passion's wild imperious roar,
And cross the breakers to the shore:
But if he fails, he never can
Achieve the conquests of a man.

Next, manhood's strength in all its prime
Comes swiftly on the wings of time.
Ambition, like a burning flame,
Incites to knowledge, wealth and fame.
He climbs Parnassus' lofty height
And maps a universe at sight,
To gaze upon a boundless shore
And onward press in search for more:
But he must either war or run,
For earth's best treasures must be won,
In front of storms must take the van
To gain the triumphs of a man.

But should the tempest cease to roll
And truth's full dawn shine on the soul,

Should genius see through cloudless skies
Beyond the realms where storms arise,
Earth born and bound by chains of time,
His mission here, to be sublime,
Must be fulfilled ere he can rest—
The road be trodden to the blest—
Here he must mingle with a train
Of willing slaves to error's reign,
And stem the tide of mortal ban,
If truth demands it of the man.

 The leaf is turned, and tottering age
Soon closes the historic page,
As full before his swimming eyes
The narrow vale to Jordan lies;
But as he hastens to the plain
To plunge within the swelling main,
He nerves his strength to gain a view
That shall his failing powers renew.
From Pisgah's top all halo crowned
Where scenes of glory rise around.
To close life in a way, which can
Make death a gate of bliss to man.

Life is an ever flowing stream
Whose waves soon vanish like a dream:
It issues from the mount of God,
And man is borne on in its flood,
A drop like those now gone before
To where it laves the unseen shore.
A voice, O mortal! comes to thee,
Which echoes back from that dark sea.
Its warning comes in every stage.
From early youth to closing age:
"If thou wouldst safely there arrive
Then thou must never cease to strive,
And lift a prayer for light which can
Illuminate the way for man."



DOUBT, FAITH, AND SCIENCE.

THE universe is all a miracle
And many secrets in its counsels dwell:
Truth shines so faintly on the misty past,
No light returns which on its depths is cast,
While Faith and Doubt in turn each thrusts a lance
On the arenas of the fields of chance;
Doubt uses forces, found in nature's laws,
To which it relegates effect and cause,
Seen by its eyes they have a common lot
And either *might* have been, the other, not.
What is, has been; it is enough to be
Without an antecedence or decree;
A wondrous fabric in its presence stands,
All found complete without an author's hands;
Its whole conception is a work all done
With wheels prepared alike to rest or run:
It has no outlook to a real shore,

And sees no Author which it can adore;
It deems Faith's visions baseless as a myth,
The merest fondlings to be dandled with,
Whose childish intuitions cannot teach
Of things unseen which sight can never reach.
It sees material worlds in glory rise,
But symbols have no being in its skies.
Faith in its turn comes and asserts its place,
And claims that Doubt knows neither law nor grace;
It has no force to make the planets run,
Nor fuel for the fires upon the sun;
It drifts on waters which are all unknown
Without a compass it can call its own;
It has no system, is without an aim
Or theory to tell from whence it came;
It trundles on without directing soul
In want of base or wisdom to control.
Faith mounts a height that Doubt can never scale,
And where its vain attempts must ever fail,
Takes in a field no eagle eye has seen
Forever robed in an unfading green.
Next Science comes and marching to the chime
Of music, measured by the notes of time,

Points to the vacant space so far away
There must be room for gladiatorial play.
It calls on Faith and Doubt to improvise
Worlds to their liking both in kind and size.
To find a bearing where the sectors fail.
To take an angle on creation's scale.
Till there is nothing left to be explored,
Or being less than one to be adored.
While Science slowly gropes along its way
As empires rise and crumble to decay.
Faith may enjoy the gift of higher sense,
While Doubt still claims that nothing was prepense.
And wisely talks of matter and of mind
With subtle skill and with its arts refined.
To baffle its opponent with its lore,
Who still is clinging to its richer store.
With full assurance it can safely rest
In sweet repose upon its author's breast.



WILL AND LAW.

THE human mind has such a wise conceit
As to assume its freedom as complete:
It seldom will admit that outward laws
Affect its action as a ruling cause;
Man learns that something often turns aside
The needle which is trusted as a guide;
He learns that pillars from the plumb-line lean
And firmly stand if nothing intervene;
He also learns, without controlling mind,
An engine runs as if with fury blind,
Fed by the fires which in the furnace hiss
Until it plunges down some deep abyss;
That birds by seeming impulse take to wing—
Perchance they hear some other warblers sing
And many things may each in turn combine
To change their courses from the starting line.
Some roving steed may in a wild affright

Flee over plain and vanish from the sight,
To raise a cloud of dust along for miles,
For some oasis green as fairy isles,
Yet if his neighing mate remains behind
He may retrace his way as swift as wind.
Thus nature's lines, as on the surface seen,
May follow law or to the chances lean.
Allow the will supremacy of power,
Then law's proud temple totters in an hour;
But law denies the freedom of its choice
And claims to rule it with a sterner voice,
That will is found not only impotent,
But all its garments are in tatters rent,
And its whole nature is one seam and flaw
In which temptation drives the wedge of law,
That while it claims to own the whole estate,
It is a mendicant as poor as fate,
That in law's presence it can never rise
Till it has donned a hypocrite's disguise,
That it is insolent and meek by turns,
And lives for earth as it for heaven years,
That in its worship it appears unmanned
And cries: "O law, I came forth from thy hand.

"I had no choice in what I was to be
 "In scale of being, lot or destiny;
 "If thou art good, thou surely art my friend,
 "If wise, wilt bear me to th' appointed end."
 Then will retorts, with most consummate grace.
 That law's grave charges are all out of place:
 It sends its thunders from its secret tower:
 "Thou must obey"—and then denies the power:—
 One moment threatens an impending blow,
 The next, implores the will in whispers low:
 "Come froward One, just listen to my voice
 "And I will own you have a sovereign's choice:
 "I am a monarch and can rule alone,
 "But for thy worship will yield up the throne."
 As will goes on law's charges to recount,
 It vents its anger like a smoking mount,
 And makes a claim to be itself a law
 Without a vestige of a seam or flaw;
 It claims the right of perfect self-control,
 That worship comes spontaneous from the soul:
 It must be free, or else incurs no blame,
 And law's assumptions are a futile claim.
 It says: "law fulminates its fi'ry blaze

“And yet leaves will to run in arrant ways.

“It shifts its tactics ever and anon

“To lure in turn and drive volition on,

“And, like a sword revolving in the sun,

“Flashes its many colors into one.”

Then bristling law looks down on will with scorn.

And brands it as a rebel native born,

Who ever aims to seeds of treason sow

And raise seditions for law's overthrow;

That while it has no soul to call its own,

It is the greatest braggart ever known.



TRUTH.

THOU art an angel of celestial birth!
O angel, come and make thy home on earth!
Bright visitant! let thy blest light appear,
And chase all moral darkness from our sphere.
Before thy beams, how error's minions fly,
And throneless Falsehood fails beneath the sky!
How mighty are the triumphs thou hast won!
But thy vast conquests are as yet begun.
Go forth thou victor! let thy sceptre fall
On each dark waste, and rule thou over all!

WHAT IS IT ?

IT is to change creation's sigh
Into a song of melody,
To pen a dream that's passing by,
To paint the landscape's fading dye.
'Tis only but to feel right well,
That life's a visionary spell—
A torrent wild that swiftly pours,
A battle which around us roars,
A transit, through a world of fate,
A threshold to another state,
A strife to shun the stern decree,
And put far off mortality.
It is to have a soul to prove
The strength of faith, the power of love,
Above the clouds that shade the skies,
To see a land where pleasure lies,
To catch a glimpse of glory here,

And bathe in crystal fountains clear,
Which ripple down the Emerald hills,
A sovereign balm for earthborn ills;
To see a throne of living light,
A hand that ruleth all things right,
To feel a calm tranquility
While sailing o'er life's stormy sea.
It is a victory to be won,
A mortal race that's swiftly run,
A view of Sinai's fearful hill,
A voice which speaketh be thou still,
While o'er that mountain's burning blaze.
The angel Mercy tells of grace.
A comet, dazzling as the sun,
A flashing meteor, and 'tis done;
The foot-prints of an unseen band,
Marching in silence through the land,
Dispensing with a fatal breath
Disease and sickness, war and death;
To see the floods of Jordan rise
And roll before our swimming eyes;
A song of joy, a knell of woe,
An end of all that is below;

A wondrous vision here to see,
Spirits ministering to thee.
When consternation turns all pale,
A Friend, a hope that will not fail,
Of richer treasure yet in store,
Of Life a blest inheritor.



LINES ON THE "SONG OF THE TOWER."

THOUGH towers may sing, there is a sweeter song,
And more divine, which comes from unseen spheres;
It sings of triumph for the right o'er wrong,
In lofty strains saluting human ears.

Earth is the place where error has its seat,
And costly temples oft support its throne,
Where truth is trampled with unhallowed feet,
And pride and pomp make worship all their own.

The lowly One who in a manger lay,
And faint and hungry the wild deserts trod,
In distance dim, is worshipped far away,
While incense rises up to Mammon's god.

When sentence comes, who can abide the time?—
"If done to these then it was done to me;"
Who in accord can sing the glorious chime,
A real Christ for lost humanity?

Self-righteous man oft sings a trivial song,
As empty as the cymbal's tinkling sound,—
A noise as senseless as the heathen's gong,
With soul as firmly to its idols bound.

Or, like the captives down by Babel's stream,
His song is plaintive over Zion's fall,
Whose wasted towers, like a departed dream,
Are ever looming up at Memory's call.

There is a song for those who hear its calls,
Sweet as the notes once heard o'er Bethlehem,
Which bells strike not when hung in mortar'd walls,
Though rung for such as wear the diadem.

Like ancient shepherds on Judæa's plains,
The soul attuned may hear an angel choir,—
Join in a chorus of sublimer strains
Than art of man can touch on golden lyre.

Above the scenes of pride, and strife, below,
There hangs a scroll, prepared in telephone,
That yields a music soft as river's flow
For those who hear, to other ears unknown.

Peace here on earth, peace and good will to man,
Was the key-note of the angelic throng,
Who came as heralds for the gospel plan,
And may it peal till all shall hear the song.

15



BREVITIES.

STARS.

STAMPS to light the vaults of night
In wasteless blaze forever bright.

CLOUDS.

Vapors resting in the sky
That on each wind are drifted by.

MOUNTAINS.

Endless aggregates of sand—
The mightiest monuments that stand.

RIVERS.

Water gliding to the sea
As man moves to eternity.

TREES.

Decay in resurrected forms;
Nature's tent from sun and storms.

FLOWERS.

Beauty dependent on the breath
Of sun and frost and lost in death.

WIND.

An angel whispering to me
The presence of a Deity.

TIME.

An arrow flying day and night
To vanish as on wings of light.

MAN.

A tyrant claiming right to sway
After his might has passed away.

WOMAN.

A sacred sweet that's spoiled by power
Like manna kept beyond the hour.

LOVE.

The sacred charm that fancies lend
To objects, round which graces blend.

MUSIC.

The finest note of nature's strings;
The rush of passing seraphs' wings.

BEAUTY.

A counterfeit of pigments made,
That without virtue soon must fade.

JUSTICE.

The balance which can never rest
Until all wrong shall be redressed.

MERCY.

Pure as the dew-drops of the morn
Around a pathway else forlorn.

TRUTH.

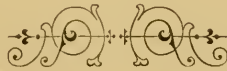
Eternal refuge of the blest,
The throne on which all heaven must rest.

SUNRISE.

The image of a coming day
When error's strength shall waste away.

SUNSET.

A modest tribute to the worth
Of the opacity of earth;
Day lingering on the upper air
While evening's curtains close for prayer,
Till night's bright torches all ablaze
Incite the soul to song and praise.



WAR.

WAR! war! O fierce relentless war!
What hast thou slain such thousands for?
Answer, ye glittering crowns of earth,
Act ye in madness or in mirth?
Two haughty monarchs decked with gold,
With hearts to human suffering cold,
Take an offence and fly to arms,—
War rages with its dire alarms.
Their minions now are called to go
To meet and slaughter down the foe,—
A stranger, nay, perhaps a friend,
Just whom the opposing power may send.
Not for himself the soldier goes,
He goes to slay another's foes—
Those who should join him with their might
For human liberty and right.
The kings stay in their palace walls

Beyond the whistle of the balls;
The more the number of the slain
The greater far will be their fame.
The conqueror, flushed with victory,
Espies a city o'er the sea,
His navy hoists the spreading sail
And is borne onwards by the gale.
Lo! now, they come within the bay,
What terror, panic, and dismay!
'Tis life or death, all see, and hence
The people make a brave defence,
Which but exasperates the foe,
Who knows no mercy for their woe.
Now bombs are poured into the town
To blow it up, or burn it down.
Hark! how the wretched victims fly,
The infant cries, the aged sigh;—
When bursting shells in cities fall,
Death neither spares the great nor small.

Behold far off on yonder land
Two great and glittering armies stand,
Where heroes meet with face to face

For lasting glory or disgrace;
Each plans the movements of the day
And charges on for victory.
What conflict dire! if lost or won
Thousands forever are undone,
The battle field is drenched with blood,
And cries for vengeance rise to God.
O! hear the widow's mournful wail,
The orphan's cry when bread shall fail:
Fathers, sons and husbands lie
In heaps with burning thirst to die.
Who shall extol the conqueror
Or paint the glory of the war?
All crimson stained the victor stands,
The blood of souls is on his hands;
Let history tell his fame no more,
His deeds are penn'd with human gore:
His only monument should be
Engraven,—lasting infamy.

POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

IN fiction's realms, the mind may safely sail
To frozen zones or to the burning vale,
As cold and hunger call for no expense
Until it enters the domain of sense.
But clothe the soul with cuticle so thin
That every pore takes pain or pleasure in,
And with a frame which must be daily fed
Or doomed to perish for the want of bread,
It may depend upon the ship's supplies
To fix the time for man to feast his eyes,
And on the coal stored in the vault below
In which life's currents in the veins can flow,
Man cannot sense the beauty of the spheres
When chilling frost benumbs the eyes and ears;
The bow which hangs upon those cheerless skies
Too faintly on the cold horizon lies;
The gleam of light above the mountain's rim

Flickers too faintly' on a sight so dim:
Flesh quails before the terrors of the rod
When austere nature bears the scourge of God,
And romance roams to where the serpent's beat.
In climes malarious glows with Tropic heat.
Unless the heated winds and waters bear
With stronger currents on the regions there,
Or else Polaris wanders in the sky
To hang above where milder lands now lie,
While the Ecliptic swerves to leave its line
With the Equator in a new incline,
'Tis best to shun the perils of a zone
Where frost may turn the flesh and blood to stone.



THAT MAN'S A MORAL COWARD.

SHOW me a man, informed in the right,
Who clings to a popular error still,
And closes his eyes with all his might,
He's a coward, let him be whom he will.

Show me a man who for gold or place
Will aid the oppressor in his cause,
And graciously put on the hypocrite's face,
And talk of the right of human laws;

Or show me a man who for honor's code
Will wantonly wield the duelist's sword,
And pour out his own, or his fellow's blood,
And I'll show you a graceless, moral coward.

Show me a man to flattery prone,
Whose heart is estranged as far as the pole,
If there *is* a coward, you'll find him one
With as little of the true and generous soul.

Show me a man, created with hands,
Who looks upon labor with scorn and dread,
While he lives upon that of another man's
He's a coward, ashamed to earn his bread.

Yea show me a man afraid of the truth,
Though it shines with the meteor's dazzling blaze,
He's the same in his age as he was in youth—
He's a moral coward in all his ways.



ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

THEY span was brief, but blest are they
Who pass a short and cloudless day,
Whose morning sun forsakes the skies;
Ere storms and howling tempests rise.
Fair flow'ret, like the tender rose,
Thy leaf has fallen, yet friendship knows
And will retain its every hue,
And memory 'll paint them oft anew.
That angel sweetness round thy brow,
Though chilled with icy coldness now,
Lingers behind thy parting breath,
And still is beautiful in death.
Thy life is like a bygone dream,
A bubble lost upon the stream,
A blossom on the tide of time,
An impress from the hand Divine,
That's uneffaced by Death's cold flood,

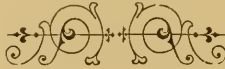
Thy being's seal, which was from God.
If angels come from off the sky,
As guides to waft the blest on high,—
Wast thou not borne by some bright band,
Up, from this dark and shadowy land?—
Far, far away, to some blest sphere,
Where Christ's soft hand shall wipe each tear?
Thy lifeless form has found a home,
A sweet repose within the tomb,
Where troubles from the wicked cease,
And where the weary rest in peace.
Thou mourner, wipe thy weeping eyes,
And for thyself reserve thy sighs;
She's left this wilderness of sin,
Which thou art still a captive in,
To dwell upon a happier shore
Where pleasures reign forevermore.



A NIGHT WONDER

THE Stars, what are they? a faint light
That shines throughout the vaults of night?
A company of glorious Spheres,
Rolling on through endless years?
Say, is each star a purest gem
In its Creator's diadem?
Or, are they all a glittering host,
In the sublimest glory lost,—
Shining out, like dew-drops bright,
Upon a sea of endless light?
I deem each star a radiant sun,
Which shall a lasting circuit run;
Where systems rise and planets roll,
And thought and being have a soul.
O Thou! who must their Maker be,
Can finite thought e'er reach to thee?
This spanless atom which would fly,

Up to thy great Divinity,
Whene'er it leaves this mundane shore,
Is lost in worlds unknown before;
Yet feeble man assays to trace
Thy nature which is fathomless.
Spirit of spirits! thou canst save
This creature, tossed on time's brief wave,
Like a frail skiff mid ocean's roar
Driven by winds towards a wild shore.



UNSEEN WORLDS.

BENEATH the dark unfathomed waves
Where oceans hold their solemn sleep.
Life builds her coral architraves
Within the caverns of the deep.

She has a world to call her own—
An empire on the land and sea,
Which pays allegiance to her throne
Till death despoils her majesty.

Life is itself a wondrous world
Of chastened hope and timid fear,
Though her estates are often hurled
Away to quickly disappear.

She has a world of joy and woe
So interwoven in her frame—
As thorns and roses often grow—
Their origin appears the same.

The warring forces, life and death,
Here fence in even handed fray,
Till vital loss and failing breath
Leaves life no longer strength to play.

There is an infinite profound
Through which the worlds material fly:
They move so silently, no sound
Is heard upon the vacant sky.

Is all that space so wanting worth
That it forever will remain
As cheerless as the sunless earth
Where winter frosts eternal reign?

And is it all so drear and dark
No beings live within its veil—
A gloomy waste for life so stark
That its existence there must fail?

Life looks out for a world to come,
Born of the present and the past,
Adapted as a future home
For being which is still to last.

Is there not one apart from this
Where death's dark shadows never fall
To spread their gloom, to mar our bliss,
And darken by their sable pall?

Where the affections never die,
And flowers bloom to never fade,
Where life on wings of joy will fly
In light unknown to sun and shade?

What is there now to cheer us here,
Or form a bow upon our skies,
Unless we have an outlook clear
To where a lasting treasure lies?

All doubt must be a present loss,
And faith has surely this much gain,
If when the soul is tempest tossed
It sees a lighthouse on the main.

Here every pulse which throbs with life
Is in its turn an ebb or flow
Of force, which seems with evil rife,
And like a wave of joy or woe.

All triumph comes through sacrifice,
As victims on the altars smoke,
And new born pleasure often dies
As sudden as the lightning's stroke.

Earth's riches often prove a loss—
A worthless drift upon the shore—
Assay results in only dross
Without a grain of shining ore.

Death is the great anointed priest
Before which all at last must bow;
It for the worm prepares the feast
And calls on nature for its vow.

All moral life before it stands
In penitence and timid fear,
To hear a voice: "Lift up thy hands,
Thou unclean soul, and worship here!"

To all that's mortal 'tis a wave
Of fearful force on nature's stream;
Yet Life may be all Heaven will save,
Though conflagration end the scheme.

THE GRACES.

FAITH is an angel which can fly
Out from this prison-house below
In search of other worlds on high,
That may be free from pain and woe.

Hope is a lamp to light the way
As it ascends ethereal skies,
Transforming darkness into day
Wherever their swift passage lies.

Love has its rich possessions here
And is serene in sun and shade;
Its presence can dispel each fear
Though moon and stars in vapor wade.

The three comprise a world of light,
And though not seen by outward eyes,
Their orbs shine out forever bright
In entity which never dies.

And neither long can live alone,
Or claim it has a right to reign,—
They blend their scepters on the throne.
And all complete the golden chain.

Faith can descry the emerald hills
Whose sides are curtained by the night,
Before the dawn reveals the rills
Or tips their summits with its light.

Hope dwells within enchanted bowers,
Nor waits the drapery of morn,
While love fills vases with its flowers,
And smiles in states the most forlorn.

Faith may have mists to intervene,
Hope, twilight in its morning sky,
Love has no interposing screen,
For in itself its treasures lie.

But when the three together live,
And in the sweetest concert dwell,
The expectations which they give
Can every doubt and fear dispel.

Their radiance lights up all the skies,
And darkness swiftly flies away
To open on their waiting eyes
A vision bright as cloudless day.

While Faith and Hope can each alone
Supply its themes for purest thought,
Yet Love has notes of sweeter tone,
And is with richer music fraught.

Without regard to future worth,
Of which the value is not given,
They have a mission on the earth
To cheer the souls with sorrow riven.

Their presence gives a tranquil frame,
Though waters rise or mountains fall,
Or fire with its destroying flame
Consume the treasure on this ball;

And there exists a central throne
Around which all their chords can play,
Where each can blend its sweetest tone
To swell the volume of the lay;

And they have all a common source,
Unfailing as eternal law,
That gives supply for all their course
From which they ever freely draw.

It is the power which holds the stars,
That rules alike on land and sea,—
Walled in by neither gates nor bars—
In all which is or is to be.

Without such base on which to rest,
As only phantoms of the soul,
They would be transient in their zest,
Or cold as icebergs from the pole;

To vanish like a passing dream
With outlines of no real form,—
Their channel like a failing stream
With no supply to raise or warm.

Their eyes must see some beacon stand
Which casts a light down to this shore,
In bright effulgence from a land
Where winds and waters never roar.

Their ears must hear the music's swell,
As anthems down the concave roll,
Out from a home where beings dwell,
All beatific to the soul.

With an assurance they will live,
Though worlds material pass away,
Where they can still new blessings give,
And triumph in a lasting sway.



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

I.

THOU living wonder in thy vestal robes!
High priest of nature, dwelling at the gates
Of unseen temples and the dread abodes!
Before thee here an awe-struck mortal waits

II.

To learn the notes which nature's harp has sung
Through all the changes of each passing stage;
To read the records of its classic tongue,
By its own hand inscribed on every page.

III.

Since last I saw thee twenty years have fled,
But now as then thou seemest here to-day,
Tuned to the march of time's majestic tread,—
Sublimely changeless in thy onward way.

IV.

The costly pictures which adorn the walls
Of wealth and fashion, captivate the eye;
Yet tenantless as the deserted halls
Their finest touches ever senseless lie.

V.

Fine art may paint the landscapes and the skies,
And from the granite, broken by some shock,
Remove the rubbish with the sculptor's dies,
From beauty's forms long hidden in the rock:

VI.

Genius, record in works of praise or song
The wonders wrought in each heroic age;
And eloquence may charm the listening throng
As she recounts the treasures on each page.

VII.

But as in flow'rets pressed between the leaves
Of pent-up volumes on the dusty shelf,
The sable veil which dying nature weaves
Oft masks the beauty seen in life itself.

VIII.

The artist's skill may pencil thee at rest,
To form thy sound the minstrel may aspire,
But when the brush would paint thy flowing crest,
Palsied the hand and charmless is the lyre.

IX.

From whence the stream that all unwasted comes
And pours its waters down this fearful gorge?
Where the recording monument which sums
The full momentum of thy mighty forge?

X.

And whither does thy rushing torrent go!
To quench a world of subterranean fires?
Hast thou insatiate reservoirs below,
With all the room thy raging flood requires?

XI.

Hast thou a language for poor short-lived man,
Who trembling stands a child before thy throne,
Striving in vain the mighty past to scan
Through the dim twilight of a vast unknown?

XII.

Speak from thy watch-tower of the centuries!

What is thy record of the lapse of time,
Spanning o'er all the interval that lies
Since first thy waters sang their wondrous chime?

XIII.

Art thou an emblem of life's flowing stream

Forever rushing down a shadowy vale,
An empire lasting as the ages seem
Fed by some fountain that will never fail?

XIV.

A revelation of an unseen power

That human strength would vainly strive to stay,
Making an answer through thy deaf'ning roar,
That all which is, must change or pass away?

XV.

Telling of time in the primeval morn,

When beast and man yet slumbered in the ground,
When sentient life lay in the dust unborn,
And only winds could echo back thy sound?

XVI.

When the dire chasm through which thy waters flow
Was all a solid mass from shore to shore,
And thou thyself hung o'er the lake below
And first began an everlasting roar?

XVII.

Of ancient epochs and of glaciers gone,
Of rocks abraded as the ages waned,
Of times when earth became a floral lawn,
And what was chiseled as new cycles gained?

XVIII.

Art thou a type of living man's return,
When once consigned back to his native dust,
Sending an echo o'er the mould'ring urn
To raise his hopes up to a firmer trust?

XIX.

That yet all cleansed from earth's polluting mires,
Redeemed from death and fit for earth or skies,
Like the tried gold from the refiner's fires,
He shall, at last, a quickened spirit rise

XX.

Up to a sphere by mortal eyes unseen,
Above the clouds in the bright starry zone,
From filth of earth there made forever clean,
Like souls supposed to live before the throne?

XXI.

Is there a voice comes down from distant spheres,
On winds or waters that is known to thee,
That thou canst sound again on mortal ears
As thou art rushing downward to the sea?

XXII.

But hark! an answer comes upon the flood:
"Erosion's the chronometer of time;
The former rocks where man once wondering stood
Are gone, no more to echo back my chime.

XXIII.

"Nature has language in her vestiges,
And time flies not where never trace is found,
While every annal of her works agrees
Through all the circuits of her varying round.

XXIV.

“And ever, where her lovely temples stand,
 Memorials live, engraven on her towers;
And when they fall at last, the crumbling sand
 Runs through the glass and notes the passing hours.

XXV.

“Her voices only speak to reas’ning man,
 Who has a mind to count and know her ways,
Retrace the past and measure out its span,
 And read its records with a searching gaze.

XXVI.

“Follow the stream down to the ocean’s shore,
 And view the channel which its waves have worn;
And from the past into the future soar,
 And from time’s summit scan the burden borne.

XXVII.

“’Tis only by tradition that I know
 Of those first fountains down from which I came;
Or if the deeps to which I’m bound below
 Are frost-bound waters, or are worlds of flame.

XXVIII.

“When first the morning stars together sang
As angel shouts were heard in worlds below,
And from the void both life and beauty sprang,
Down o’er the cliffs my waves began to flow.

XXIX.

“And ever since, earth’s waters in their time
Have paid their tribute to maintain my throne,
Have headlong plunged down through this gulf of mine,
Then spread o’er earth, to make my glories known.

XXX.

“No being lives but that my presence knows,
And has my substance in its ev’ry pore;
Nature would scorch by ev’ry wind that blows
If my swift currents should move on no more.

XXXI.

“Molten or frozen, desolate and drear,
Bereft of me, this planet would remain;
No song or sigh, no drop to form a tear,
No spring return to cheer its face again.

XXXII.

“Borne on the winds, I drift upon the cloud,
And high exalted in the sunbeams soar;
But in the storm when thunder peals aloud
I fall to earth as I had done before.”

XXXIII.

“There to be stained like sin-degraded man,
From age to age to find myself the same;
And while I fill my part in nature’s plan,
To be content to make no higher aim.”

XXXIV.

“But while earth keeps in its unvarying course,
And ruling nature still her ways retain,
My vital currents will move on in force,
Fed by the early and the latter rain.”

XXXV.

“Sure as the earth performs a daily round
And wades the skies to make an annual sweep,
Unfailing yet will my supply be found,
So long as I a constant course shall keep.”

XXXVI.

“I yet shall live to wear the rock away
Up to the basin of the lake above;
And while the changing races still decay,
Hold empire here, and ever onward move.

XXXVII.

“Man measures time by days and months and years,
Needs light for work and darkness for repose:
But on my dial no such count appears,—
I heed not summer’s heat nor winter’s snows.

XXXVIII.

“’Tis not the circuit of the wandering sun
Through the brief seasons of the rolling year,
But the worn rock, o’er which my waters run,
That rounds the periods of the ages here.

XXXIX.

“Time wastes stupendous continents away,
And builds up coral mountains in the sea;—
In coming time, a greater work than they
May yet appear to have been wrought by me.

XL.

“As mountain torrents leave their channels dry
And waste their waters in the desert sands,
Man’s earthly glory in the grave must lie,
And all his treasures pass to other hands.

XLI.

“Time like a shuttle wings him to the tomb,
While new-born day breaks on my waters bright,
And waves below make haste to give me room
To show my glories in the morning light.

XLII.

“Man rears up columns to record his name,
To be immortal in the works he’s wrought,
Upon its altar lights the fiery flame,
And deems no sacrifice too dearly bought.

XLIII.

“Fame, like a blazing meteor of the skies,
Blinds the beholder with its sudden glare,
To leave a track of darkness where it flies,
And when the sight returns, it is not there.

XLIV.

“But the lost bubbles tossing on my stream,
For a brief moment, to be seen no more,
In substance live beyond their transient gleam,
And still roll on down to the ocean’s shore.

XLV.

“In nature’s plan oft hostile forces blend
To stamp their impress on the works of time;
They lend their aid alike to build and rend,
From mountain height down to lowest mine.

XLVI.

“When moral life is in the market sold
And made to suffer friction in its course,
The fiery crucible brings out the gold,
And for the loss gives compensating force.

XLVII.

“The peasants, barred from entrance to the halls
Where princely splendors feed upon their toil,
Delight their senses gazing at the walls,
Whose outward grandeur ornaments the soil.

XLVIII.

“The sunset rays that in the darkness hide,
Chased by the shadows of invading night,
Around the earth shine on the mountain’s side,
With rising beams of morn’s effulgent light.

XLIX.

“And the waste odors, which exhale from flowers,
In forms too rare for sense of touch or sight,
Strengthen anew the spirit’s parting powers,
And nerve it for its everlasting flight.

L.

“But still my life hangs on contingency,
Which makes me tremble while I seem to boast,
And my best strength is deep humility
Before the powers by which I’m saved or lost.

LI.

“For should earth’s axis drawn by force malign
Veer like the needle from the present pole,
The uptorn hills, borne on the ocean’s brine,
Might then engulf me with a tidal roll.

LII.

“But in the bow, that rests upon the storms,
 Stamped by a law which seems forever sure,
And dyed with hues of nature’s brightest forms,
 I find a promise I shall yet endure;

LIII.

“And still have floods which, poured on Ætna’s mount,
 Would quench the flames of her volcanic fires,
And leave reserves in my unwasted fount
 To draw the lightnings from the electric wires.

LIV.

“And while time builds the fabric of the soul,
 (If it was not, and surely is to be,
And live immortal as the ages roll,)
 I still shall send my waters to the sea.

LV.

“The cloudy pillars still above my walls
 Will rise, and radiance all their summits crown;
The rainbows still will flit across these falls,
 And from my caverns come a magic sound.

LVI.

“Talk not of the far-famed *Tosemite*,
 Nor of the Colorado canyons grand,
 Whose walls divide from mountain to the sea,—
 A drain for waters from a desert land.

LVII.

“In me behold a type of the divine,
 Of constant motion, and a state of rest,
 Where might and beauty all in one combine,
 In robes of more than royal grandeur drest.

* * * * *

LVIII.

“When the earth reels with nature’s warring jars,
 Then man looks upward to a state serene,
 Where his offenses have lit up no stars
 With burning flames, nor made their seas careen.

LIX.

“And seeks some Urim that has power to tell,
 At call of prophet, as in times of old;—
 Trusts in some priest to act as oracle
 In a return for offerings of gold.

LX.

“When sinless man still dwelt in Eden’s bowers,
Amid thè fountains of its stainless streams,
Where thornless branches bore unfading flowers,
And light and heat shed only tempered beams,—

LXI.

“Here raging storms prevailed o’er deluged lands,
And rocky battlements were rent in twain;
The mighty torrents bore down wasting sands,
And the infernals seemed to hold their reign.

LXII.

“The storm-king rode on vapors swiftly driven,
As if to marshal floods on which to draw,
In bold defiance of the rule of heaven,
To quench the fires of a relentless law.

LXIII.

“But fairer skies brought less tumultuous waves,
And narrowed down my channel in its bed,
While Asia’s millions were engulfed in graves,
Swept from the earth and numbered with the dead. .

LXIV.

“Here roving red men long have runways made,
Through primal forests 'mid the winter's storms;
And sung and danced beneath the summer shade,
Within full view of my fantastic forms;

LXV.

“Or the fell war-whoop on the autumn winds,
When all the air was ominous of strife,
Told, blood alone must expiate for sins,
And only life could then atone for life.

LXVI.

“But never till the white man's grasp was laid
Upon these lands, to feed his greed for gold,
On my free range was raised a barricade,
Or right to worship at my altars sold.

LXVII.

“Till then no gates fenced out the native right
Of wand'ring pilgrims, coming to my shrine;
To all unbought, behold this glorious sight,
Made not with hands and moved by power divine!

LXVIII.

Henceforth, call not a people wise nor grand
Who thus have parted with this rich domain,
Till they shall rescue from the grasping hand
This shrine which lust for gold so dares profane.”

LXIX.

But now night's curtains fall upon the scene,
And fleeing twilight into darkness breaks,
Until the moon comes forth with light serene,
And o'er the stream a wild enchantment wakes.

LXX.

And voices coming on the solitude,
Where all is stillness save the sounds below,
Sing on the night a solemn interlude,
Between a world of bliss and one of woe.

LXXI.

Sing of the past in mournful murmurs low,
And of the present with its throbbing brain,
Of times to come when waves will move more slow,
And earth's convulsions will have ceased to reign.

LXXII.

That, till the waters shall no longer run,
Returning spring will crown the hills of earth,
And all the seasons join their works in one
To make the vales resound with joy and mirth.

LXXIII.

They sing of spreading plains and tow'ring hills,
That send back waters to the sea again;
While not one drop twice ripples down the rills,
Or ever falls the same in snow or rain.

LXXIV.

Of atoms which were never born to die,
While man's frail body wastes with every breath,
On every wind that fans the earth or sky,—
And every pulse expends itself in death;

LXXV.

Of lands which lie beyond a world of care,
Of toil, of sickness, sorrow and of pain,
Where the destroyer never enters there,
And the uncertain never racks the brain.

LXXVI.

Doubt, fear and hope are blended in the song,
While twinkling stars shed glory o'er the gloom,
And wind and wave join in a chorus strong,
Like that of souls returning from the tomb.

LXXVII.

From some far land beyond the realms of death,
Where this same being, conscious as before,
Faints not with thirst nor ever sighs for breath,
Nor pines with hunger there forevermore.

LXXVIII.

Now a low note, light as the spirit's tread,
And forms as baseless, seen and yet unseen,
Rise to a swell as if an army dread
Rush into conflict from behind a screen.

LXXIX.

And echoes come with sounds in mimicry
Of wild disorder and of quick retreat,
Like rolling thunders o'er some distant lea
When flying squadrons send back leaden sleet.

LXXX.

They sing of lands beyond the reach of storm,
Where placid waters rest in sweet repose,
Smooth as the mirror that reflects the form,
And peaceful as a tranquil evening's close.

LXXXI.

They sing one mournful dirge for dying man,
In tones as solemn as the endless years,—
Its burden is to find in nature's plan
His real state beyond this vale of tears.

LXXXII.

Though turned to dust, to on the whirlwinds ride,
If but assured his entity to keep,
He trusts in hope he may the storm abide,
When fire and flood shall make their final sweep.

LXXXIII.

O why was anxious being born to live,
If like the blossom it so soon must die?
If life is like the hues that sunsets give,
Which fade so soon and waste from off the sky?

LXXXIV.

Better to dwell amid the tempest's roar
And meet the storm-born elements in strife,
Than pass from sunshine to a sunless shore,
A hopeless stranger to a way of life.

LXXXV.

Although tired nature to its rest is gone,
Still sing the changes of a sad refrain,
Till day's swift steeds come prancing on the dawn,
And wave light's banners o'er the world again.

LXXXVI.

Sing on, thou stream! and lift thy notes to heaven,
Until thy waters shall return no more,
Till the last cloud with fiery bolts is riven,
And all earth's elemental storms are o'er.

LXXXVII.

And question not, long as returning morn
Comes in the east robed in its new-born might,
And all the stars, that night's blue vaults adorn,
Still veil themselves in its resplendent light;—

LXXXVIII.

Long as thy waves in vapor on the air,
That seems to vanish like a midnight dream,
With wasting currents make the mountains bare,
In haste to come and swell anew thy stream.

LXXXIX.

While earth shall make its circuit in the sky,
Amid the worlds with systems of their own,
That all in balance through their orbits fly,
The coming floods will still support thy throne.

XC.

Till thou hast finished all thy labors here,
And like a victor, who has triumphs won,
Shalt find a place in some far grander sphere,
Where all thy forces without loss shall run.



THE COMET OF 1882.

WAIF of the night, which comes upon the morn!
Wast thou an overplus when worlds were born,
Left for a balance in the vast immense
With course of flight forever in suspense?
An equipoise, to move amid the spheres,
Lest they should wander from their line of years?
Driven by inertia, by attraction drawn,
To vanish from the sight at day's full dawn?
Art thou a vision likened to the kind
That rode upon a cherub winged with wind?
A moving furnace heated to a glow?
Automolite to wander to and fro,
Like a wild spirit that is lost in space,
To ever rove and have no resting place,
Without a home on which it's safe to land
Free from the pressure of a grasping hand?
Art thou a puzzle, which no one can solve,

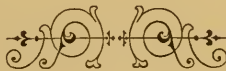
Devoid of center round which to revolve,
That like a fugitive must always run
In an erratic course from sun to sun,
To be pursued, as thou shalt onward fly,
By every sun and star upon the sky?
Art thou an essence from some orb inert
Whose spotless robes a purity assert,
To fill a place upon the scale between
The grosser forms and that which is unseen?
A shining vapor on the realms of night
In incandescence with its crown of light,
Whose only office is to skies adorn
Where vacant fields would else remain forlorn?
Would all the harmonies awake in vain
Amid the splendors of thy flowing train?
Hast thou no ear to hear a voice which sings
Nor hand to play on nature's finer strings?
No soul to tremble at such dire alarms
As would be felt should planets rush to arms?
Is thy bright train a stream of flaming dust,
Which, like a sword across the heavens is thrust,
Sheathed in the skies where solar rays impinge,
Whose double edge is armed with fiery tinge,

Whose molten hilt, in passing through the skies
Menaces worlds encountered where it flies,
And, like a fire-ship, only has to graze
An atmosphere to set it all ablaze?
Or art thou still a type of primal light
Which shines once more into the depths of night,
To lead the way of souls sent to explore
A rising universe from shore to shore?—
Do hosts attend thee as thou sailest forth
By worlds which bear resemblance to our earth
And ride in state on thy triumphal car
Without resistance or a sense of jar?
Does music lend her charms along the way
With softer notes than fingers ever play,
As sweetest anthems from thy presence roll
In songs of worship rising from each soul?
Hast thou yet heard a trumpet's fearful blast,
As near thy track some other comet passed?
Or seen the fragments of a ruined world
That, by a clash, was from its orbit hurled
And in terrellas thrown on unknown skies
To peril every orb that near them flies?
Strange visitant! thou marvel here on earth!

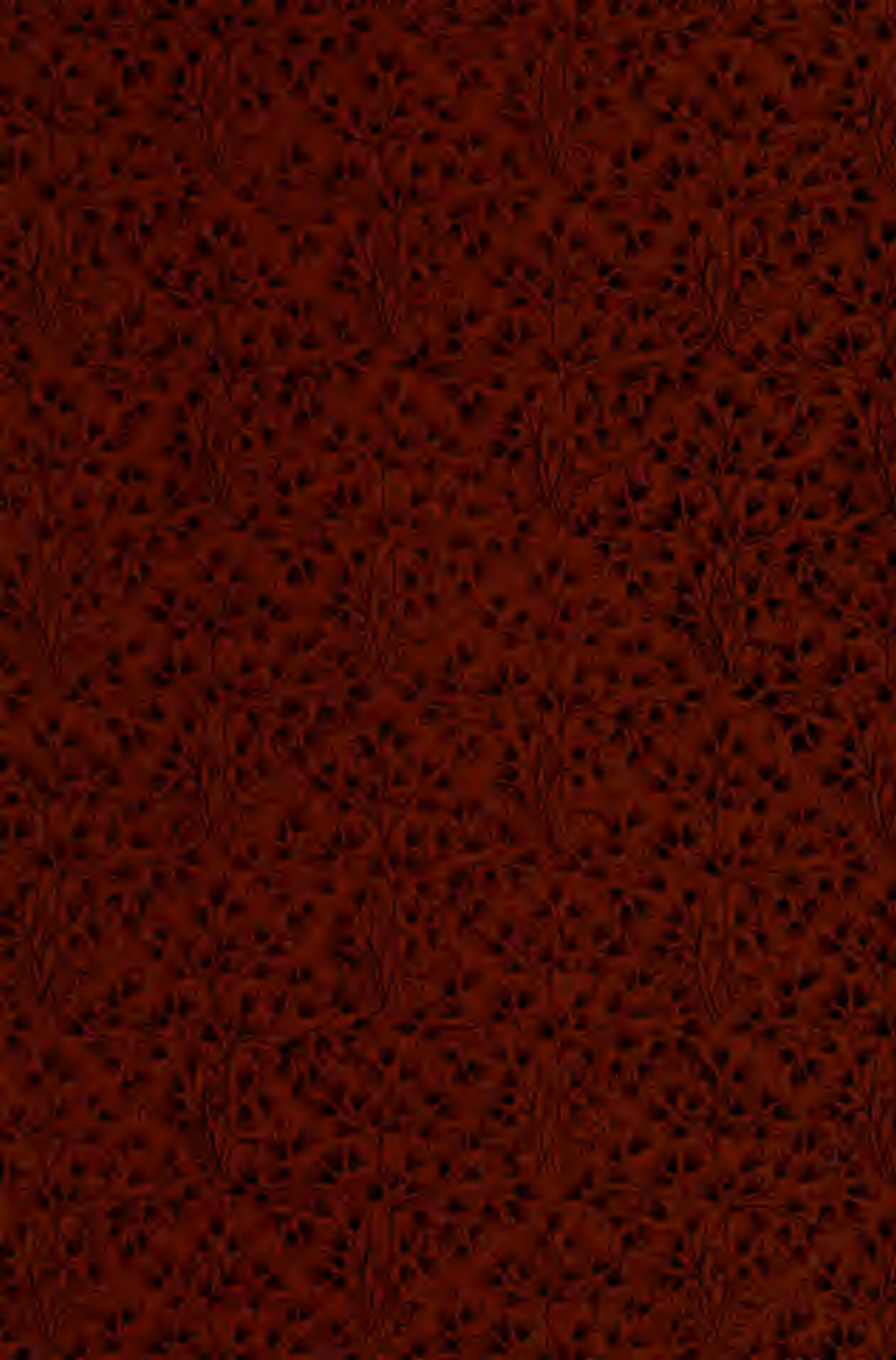
O wondrous phantom of mysterious birth!
Pursue thy course and press upon the race
Lest gravitation draw thee from thy place
Into some media where dire winds may rage
To mar the beauties of thy heritage.
Make haste! oblivious to passing time,
And move in grandeur on thy course sublime;
Display the wonders of thy many forms
Through peaceful changes and terrific storms;
Shine from thy seat among the twinkling stars
Until Aurora dawns with golden bars,
Cosmopolite, wherever thou shalt ride
Upon the swelling waves of time and tide.
Move on! though planets are of beauty shorn
As thy pure luster gilds the wings of morn,
And constellations shine with fainter glow
Upon the eyes which gaze up from below!
Haste! till the sun seen from thy place afar
Fades on the sight and dwindles to a star;
Till stellar worlds are lost upon the skies
Where milky ways as flaming suns shall rise,
And search out something science cannot learn,
Till thou in triumph shalt again return.

May thy appearance in its time reveal
Things that are now so hidden under seal
And veiled in darkness, that to reason's eyes,
The transient glimmers seen, are mysteries.
Teach man to know if thou hast surely seen
That an assay can make the heavens clean;
That outer worlds are but a grand display
By conflagrations doomed to pass away;
That when, at last the stars in ashes fall
A moral rule will triumph over all.
If in thy revolutions thou shalt find
The true relation matter bears to mind—
That the inheritance of sin and pain
Is a concomitant alone of brain;
That *matter* is the only source of lust
And all the serpent of the soul is dust;
Then bring some message which may yet unfold
Truths born to triumph over errors old.
Fly on! until the forces all combine
To fix thy course on an unerring line;
With new momentum speed upon thy way,
Beyond the confines of all outward sway,
To habitations where the secrets sleep

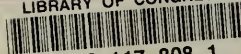
And nebulae have never made a sweep;
Nor let thy mission of its purpose fail
Though lost at last alike to time and pale—
So lost, that thought can follow thee no more
In vain conceptions of a bounding shore.
Thou marvel, fly! to where no eye can gaze
Upon thy form with wonder and amaze:
Till in one line all things at last shall tend
To drive thee on, where finite has an end,
Into a realm by nature never trod
The home of an Eternity, and God,
In dwellings where no shadow ever falls
Or sunbeam rests upon material walls;
And if thy presence such a state profanes,
Fly hence, an exile in attraction's chains!
For every orb to chase thy errant soul
Till time shall cease to glare upon the scroll.







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