



CHRISTMAS  
CARILLONS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Clay <sup>PS2164</sup> Copyright No. ....

Shelf <sup>K6C4</sup>  
1888

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





CHRISTMAS CARILLONS









From Harper's Magazine.

Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers.

"YE LADS AND LASSES, GO, FETCH IVY, HOLLY, MISTLETOE."

Page 5.



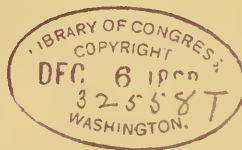
# CHRISTMAS CARILLONS

*AND OTHER POEMS*

BY ✓

ANNIE CHAMBERS-KETCHUM

“ . . . Tibi lilia plenis  
Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis ; tibi candida Nais  
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens  
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.”



NEW YORK  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY  
1888

PS 2164

.K6 C4

1888

COPYRIGHT, 1877, 1888,

By D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

## C O N T E N T S.

---

	PAGE
ABSENT . . . . .	128
A CHRISTMAS CAROL . . . . .	188
ADRIAN . . . . .	177
ADVENT . . . . .	185
AGATHOS . . . . .	83
AMABARE ME . . . . .	170
A MOTHER'S PRAYER . . . . .	109
AN INVOCATION . . . . .	153
A REQUIEM . . . . .	146
A SEA-SHELL . . . . .	137
AT PARTING . . . . .	204
A TREATY OF ELD . . . . .	59
AUBADE . . . . .	45
BENNY: A CHRISTMAS BALLAD . . . . .	105
BIRTHDAY-GIFTS . . . . .	174
BROTHER ANTONIO . . . . .	47
CELESTINE . . . . .	148
CHRISTMAS CARILLONS . . . . .	1
CHRISTUS RESURREXIT . . . . .	189

	PAGE
COR UNUM, VIA UNA . . . . .	176
DOES HE LOVE ME? . . . . .	122
DOES HE REMEMBER? . . . . .	156
DOLORES . . . . .	11
DREAMS . . . . .	172
DRIED MOSSES . . . . .	141
ELISHA KENT KANE . . . . .	166
HESPERUS . . . . .	124
HINES . . . . .	162
IN SUMMER . . . . .	117
LA BELLE JUSTINE . . . . .	91
LA NOTTÉ . . . . .	31
LAZARUS . . . . .	73
L'ENVOI . . . . .	vii
LEONIDAS . . . . .	131
MEMORIA IN ÆTERNA . . . . .	199
MISERERE MEI . . . . .	194
MY QUEEN . . . . .	151
OCTODECIMA . . . . .	133
ON THE BRIDGE . . . . .	127
PALLAS-ATHENA . . . . .	41
SEA-WEEDS . . . . .	138
SEMPER FIDELIS . . . . .	19
SHADY-SIDE . . . . .	112
THE SAINTED . . . . .	180
THE TOUCHING OF JESUS . . . . .	191
TWENTY-ONE . . . . .	158
VIA CRUCIS VIA LUCIS . . . . .	197
WAITING . . . . .	130

## L'ENVOI.

MEN give their best to them they love the best ;  
The sceptre to the queen, the laurel-wreath  
To the rapt minstrel, and the jeweled sheath  
To him whose sword has stood the battle's test.  
What guerdon, then, for thee ? what garland blest,  
What mightiest wand and blade and tempered shield ?  
I bring thee arms by fiercest proof annealed ;  
I bring thee flowers nor blight nor storm may wrest.  
When on thy heart, triumphant from the hells  
Of childbirth-pain, Love's first flower thou didst bear,  
The miracle of this dower thy soul didst prove.  
O deathless joy, which motherhood foretells !  
Take, then, my child, as Life's divinest share.  
Thy sceptre, crown, and shield, a mother's love.









From Harper's Magazine.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers.

Page 1.

## CHRISTMAS CARILLONS.

TWELVE CHIMES—CHRISTMAS TO TWELFTH-NIGHT.

### I. THE ANNUNCIATION.

“ALL-HAIL!”

The angel greets the Virgin mild:  
“Hail, Mary, full of grace! thy Child  
The Son of God shall be.”  
Ring out o'er land and sea  
Glad bells, All-hail!  
Immanuel comes to you and me.  
O Babe new-born  
This happy morn,  
O Flower from thorn,  
“All-hail”  
We sing, with radiant Gabriel,  
Hail, Mother of Immanuel!

## II. THE SALUTATION.

“ All-hail ! ”

The Virgin bids Elizabeth ;  
 And at the magic of her breath  
 The unborn Baptist leaps to greet  
 The unborn Christ he comes to meet.

“ My soul

Doth magnify the Lord ! ”  
 Repeat the gracious word  
     From pole to pole ;  
*Magnificat* with Mary sing,  
 Hail, Key of David, hail, our King !  
     Ring, happy bell,  
 Thrice hail to our Immanuel !

## III. THE NATIVITY : HOMAGE OF THE BEASTS.

Noël !

“ My soul and life, stand up and see  
 Who lies in yonder crib of tree.”

Bal-loo-la-lo !

Ye happy bells, ring low,



And with the kneeling cattle say  
The holy *Benedicite*.

Noël! Noël!

*God with us*, our Immanuel!

IV. THE HOMAGE OF THE SHEPHERDS.

Noël!

The shepherds see the angel bright  
Who sings to them at dead of night;

They leave the sleeping flock,

And follow on, with joyful feet,

To see the Child, the Mother sweet,

The manger in the rock.

Noël! Noël!

*Adeste* with the shepherds sing,

*Venite adoremus* ring.

Noël! Noël!

All-hail to our Immanuel!

V. THE HOMAGE OF THE THREE KINGS.

Noël!

The skies the wondrous story tell;

The Orient kings afar

Obey the herald star ;  
 They bring their gifts to Jesu's shrine :  
     Melchior, the gold to crown Him king ;  
 Jasper, the priestly incense fine ;  
     Balthasar, myrrh for suffering.  
 King, Priest, Redeemer ! Ring, each holy bell,  
 Sing with the kings of Orient and the star,  
     Noël ! Noël !  
 All-hail to our Immanuel !

## VI. THE HOMAGE OF THE ANGELIC CHOIRS.

    \* Noël !  
 The captains of the cohorts nine  
 Come down to lead the song divine ;  
 "Glory to God in highest heaven,  
 And peace on earth to men be given !"  
     Ring out, and never cease,  
     O happy bell,  
 And with the angels sing the Song of Peace.  
     The *Gloria in excelsis* ring,  
 · Hosanna to the new-born King !  
     Noël ! Noël !  
 He brings us peace, Immanuel !



From Harper's Magazine.

Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers.

"THE SHEPHERDS SEE THE ANGEL BRIGHT."

*Page 3.*



VII. THE WARDER'S CRY OF GOOD-WILL.

Noël!

Good-will toward men! Ye warders four,  
Go, call, with brazen horn,  
Thief, robber, magdalen, outcast poor,  
This happy morn;  
“A-yule! a-yule!” send forth the girth  
To all the corners of the earth;  
“The city gates wide open be;  
Come in! Immanuel sets you free!”  
Ring, holy bell,  
A-yule! Noël!  
He brings good-will, Immanuel!

VIII. HOUSE-DECKING.

Noël!

Bar out the master from the school;  
Mirth comes with peace. Bring in the yule.  
Ye lads and lasses, go,  
Fetch ivy, holly, mistletoe,  
For hall and mews;  
If Jock refuse,



*CHRISTMAS CARILLONS.*

Then steal his Sunday breeches, Kate,  
And nail them to the gate.

Noël! Noël!

Sing, lads and lasses, sing Noël!  
He brings us mirth, Immanuel!

## IX. THE WASSAIL-BOWL.

Was-haile!

Sire Christmas brings the wreathèd cup  
With apples, ale, and spice filled up.

Was-haile!

Each ancient grief and grudge we drown;  
The Lamb's-wool smooths the roughest frown;

Drink-haile!

Peal, merry bells, peal out apace,  
We pledge Immanuel's day of grace—

Was-haile! Noël!

He brings us joy, Immanuel!

## X. THE BOAR'S HEAD.

Was-haile!

Bring in, upon his silver tray,  
With minstrelsie,

The boar's head, armed with garlands gay  
And rosemarie ;

The lemon in his tuskèd mo',  
He laughs amain, " Noël ! " I trow.

Was-haile !

Be gay, ye lordlings, more or less,  
The boar's head leads the Christmas mess.

Was-haile ! Noël !

Give thanks to our Immanuel !

XI. THE CHRISTMAS-PIE.

Was-haile !

Bring next the meats with mickle pride ;  
The plover and the partridge pied,

Woodcock and heron fine,  
Good drink thereto, the Gascon wine ;

Was-haile !

And then, whiles pipe and tabor ply,  
The best of all, the shredded pie.

Drink-haile !

Without the door let Sorrow lie !

And gif she die,

We'll shroud her in the Christmas-pie.

Was-haile! Noël!  
 He brings good cheer, Immanuel!

XII. TWELFTH-NIGHT: CHOOSING KING AND QUEEN.

Was-haile!  
 Your places, lads and lasses, take,  
 To find your fortune in the cake.  
 Was-haile!  
 Jock gets the bean,  
 And chooses Kate for queen.  
 Drink-haile!  
 Now foot it in the reel,  
 Each frolic heel;  
 Ye maskers, that a-mumming go,  
 Stay yet, and point the toe;  
 "Bounce, buckram, velvets dear,  
 For Christmas comes but once a year!"  
 Was-haile! Drink-haile! Noël!  
 Good-night! Sleep well!  
 God keep us all, Immanuel!

DOLORES.





## DOLORES.

In beauty fairer far  
Than the divinest dream of him who drew  
The stately Eos guiding up the blue  
Apollo's golden car—

From the dusk realm of Night  
Comes forth the radiant Morning, brushing back  
The clouds, like blossoms, from her rosy track  
With diamond dews bedight.

The priestly mocking-bird  
Wakens the grosbeak with his early hymn ;  
And down the slopes and through the woodlands dim  
Sweet, holy sounds are heard.

Her gold-enamelled bells  
The tall campanula rings. Midst daisies white

The lithe, slim phalaris<sup>1</sup> flaunts his pennons bright  
O'er all the grassy swells.

Benzoin's breath divine  
Spices the air; the jasmine censers swing;  
Among the ferns beside the darkling spring  
The mailed nasturtions shine.

The brown bees come and go;  
His cheerful tune the lonely cricket sings;  
While the quick dragon-fly, on lightning wings,  
Darts flashing to and fro.

Pomegranates golden-brown  
Drop delicate nectar through each rifted rind,  
And ghostly witch's-feather<sup>2</sup> on the wind  
Comes slowly riding down.

The gray cicada sings  
Drowsily midst th' acacia's feathery leaves;  
Around her web the caterpillar weaves  
The last white silken rings.

<sup>1</sup> The ribbon-grasses (*Phalaris Americana*) along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico are remarkable for their splendid colours.

<sup>2</sup> The down of a species of thistle.

September silently  
His pleasant work fulfils with busy hands ;  
While, cheering him, floats o'er the shining sands  
The murmur of the sea.

Deep in the shady dell  
The cowherd, whistling at his own rude will,  
Lists, with bared head, as from the distant hill  
Rings out Saint Michael's bell—

Calling, with warning lips,  
Matron and maid, albeit the south-winds blow,  
To climb the height and pray for them that go  
Down to the sea in ships.

The fishers in the boats,  
Mending their nets with murmurous song and noise,  
Stop sudden, as Dolores' silver voice  
From the gray chapel floats :

They think how, o'er the bay,  
The sailor bridegroom, from her white arms torn,  
Sailed in the haze and gold of Michaelmas morn  
One year ago to-day ;

Then, rocking with the tide,  
They reckon up the news of yesterday,  
And count what time to-day, within the bay,  
The home-bound ship may ride.

Dreaming, the long night hours,  
Of white sails coming o'er the tossing deep,  
At dawn Dolores from her strange, glad sleep,  
Arose to gather flowers :

Cups honeyed to the brim,  
And fruits, and brilliant grasses, and the stems  
Of myrtles, with their waxen diadems  
To offer unto him.

Beside the chapel porch,  
The Gloria ended, lingering now she turns  
To look, as on the brightening spire-cross burns  
The morning's golden torch ;

Then sees, with sober glee,  
The swift, prophetic sea-gulls flying south,  
Far out beyond the landlocked harbour's mouth,  
Into the open sea.



From Harper's Magazine.

Copyright, 1871, by Harper & Brothers.

“‘STEADY, THOU FRESHENING BREEZE,’  
HER DARK EYES SAY.”

Page 15.



“Steady, thou freshening breeze,”  
Her dark eyes say, as o’er the sparkling main  
She gazes—“steady, till thou bring again  
The ship from distant seas ;

“So, ere his golden wine  
The setting sun adown the valley pour,  
Dear eyes may watch with me, beside the door,  
The autumn day decline.”

O breeze, O sea-birds white !  
Ye may not bring her, from that rocky coast,  
The stranded ship, nor wrest the tempest-tost  
From the black billow’s might !

But when she wearily  
Shall pray for comfort, of that country tell  
Where all the lost are crowned with asphodel,  
And there is no more sea.





SEMPER FIDELIS.



SEMPER FIDELIS.

SHE stands alone, on the rose-wreathed porch,  
Gazing, with star-like eyes,  
On the white moon lighting a silver torch  
In the glowing western skies ;  
While her cheeks and her tresses kindle and scorch  
In the sunset's fiery dyes.

Her broad straw hat with its loosened bands  
Falls from her shoulders down ;  
Idly she frees her slender hands  
From their garden-gauntlets brown,  
And smiles, as she smooths her hair's bright strands,  
And looks toward the distant town.

High overhead, 'round the tower's bright vane,  
The circling swallows swoop ;  
Tinkling along the bowery lane  
The loitering cattle troop

To drink with the snow-white yonquapéné <sup>1</sup>  
Where Babylon willows droop.

Black as jet, in the sunset's gold,  
Loom spire and buttressed wall ;  
Soft as a veil, o'er the tangled wold,  
The twilight shadows fall,  
While the white mists rise from the valley cold  
And climb to the mountains tall.

Now bounding out to the rustic stile,  
Now crouching at her feet,  
Her setter's bright eyes wait the while  
Till hers shall bid him fleet  
Down the dim forest's scented aisle  
With wild-wood odours sweet.

Of what is she thinking while her hand  
Caresses the fond old hound  
Fidelio, whelped in Switzerland  
And trained on Tuscan ground,  
His throat still wearing a golden band  
By kingly fingers bound ?

<sup>1</sup> The familiar name—derived by the Spaniards from the Indians—for the beautiful lotos-flowers so common to the lakes and lagoons in all tropical regions of the Western world.

*Semper fidelis* : on the clasp  
 The glittering legend shines,  
 As when the giver linked the hasp  
 'Neath Conca d'Oro's vines,  
 Then, silent, sailed where torrents rasp  
 The pine-girt Apennines.

She hears again Saint Rosalie's bell  
 From Pelegrino's height ;  
*Ave* the fishers' voices swell  
 Across the waters bright ;  
 While incense-like from the Golden Shell  
 Rose-odours bless the night.

From Posilippo's poet-shrine,  
 Haunted by flower and bee,  
 She sees the peaks of Capri shine  
 On the rim of the sparkling sea ;  
 She sings 'neath Ischia's fig and vine,  
 She dreams in Pompeii.

Where soft Venezia's mellow bells  
 Float o'er the silver tide ;  
 Where bright Callirhœe's diamond wells  
 Deck dry Ilissus' side,

Or where down the sandy Syrian dells  
The wild, scarfed Bedouins ride ;

Bright as in those long-parted days  
Fair classic scene and song  
In all their magical, phantom grace  
Back to her memory throng ;  
Yet framing ever one thoughtful face  
Their arabesque among.

Swallow and tower and tree forgot,  
She spans the chasm of years ;  
She talks with him, by shrine and grot,  
Of human hopes and fears ;  
Of lives spent nobly, without a blot,  
Of blots washed clean by tears.

Brilliant and proud that dazzling train  
In the classic lands so fair ;  
Pilgrims gay from the sparkling Seine  
And the cliffs of Finisterre ;  
The Austrian pale, and the fair-haired Dane,  
And the Kentish lady rare :

.

Yet he turned away with sober grace  
From each haughty, titled hand,  
And sought the light of a charming face  
From the distant sunlit strand  
Where a tamarind-shaded river lays  
Its floors of golden sand.

Title nor diadem was hers ;  
Yet—true to truth, O fame!—  
No record in history's graven years  
E'er roused a readier claim  
To the good man's love, or the coward's fears,  
Than her simple Saxon name.

So, dowered with her own pure womanhood,  
Regal in soul as in air,  
Where coronets flashed with their ruby flood  
And crowns with their diamonds rare,  
Ever a queen among queens she stood  
Crowned in her braided hair.

Yet ever, albeit with trembling lips,  
One answer, o'er and o'er,  
While her bright eyes suffered a strange eclipse,

She gave to the vows he bore :  
Troth plighted afar, where the wild surf drips  
Down the cliffs of a Southern shore.

What though she felt, with a keen despair,  
She had grown from that childish vow ;  
That the plodder who won it, though earnest, bare  
No trace of her likeness now ;  
That the wreath soon to gleam on her chestnut hair  
Would circle an aching brow ?

What though he urged that the demon Pride  
And the tyrants Chance and Youth  
Forge chains that forever should be defied  
For the deathless spirit's ruth ;  
That a false creed's logic should be denied  
For the majesty of truth ?

Silent, she showed him the quaint old ring  
On her twisted chatelaine—  
A soldier's gift from a grateful king—  
With its legend's lesson plain,  
To be worn, whatever the soul might wring,  
Bravely, without a stain.



Shine on her softly, white moon, to-night!

Thou, only thou, dost know

How she kept—true child of the belted knight

Who won it long ago—

That ring's stern *Semper fidelis* bright

And clean as the Jura snow.

Softly! Thou heardst the deep sea break

At the foot of the terrace sward,

When she said—while the words of their doom she  
spake—

*No fate need be reckoned hard,*

*Since duty, well done for duty's sake,*

*Is ever its own reward.*

Softly! Next morn thy wraith in the skies

Looked down on a wraith as pale,

Transfixed and deaf to Fidelio's cries

As he ramped on the terrace rail

And bayed the sea, where his mistress' eyes

Followed a fading sail.

Kingdoms have risen and fallen since then;

Prelate and prince have found

Both altar and throne the scoff of men,  
And glory's dazzling round  
Summed up, to one thoughtful spirit's ken,  
In the life of a silken hound :

One spirit on field and council-floor  
Of first and best repute ;  
Spotless amidst the strife and roar  
Of mad Ambition's suit,  
Still finding the worm at the bitter core  
Of kingcraft's golden fruit ;

And pausing midst victory's din, perchance,  
Or the hazard game of power,  
To dream of a sea where the sunbeams dance  
And the white clouds sail or lower ;  
To call up a woman's tender glance,  
And a bitter parting hour.

While she who turned from a throne away  
In steadfast, royal truth—  
Stemming the tide she might not stay,  
For duty as for ruth—  
Hath wrought in a miracle, day by day,  
The promise of her youth ;

Till the one for whom she gave up the ways  
Of a life with high hopes fraught,  
And chose a place with the commonplace,  
The spell of her spirit caught,  
And the lustrous gold of a noble grace  
With his coarser fibre wrought.

Bright with all eloquent, potent things  
This home of quiet peace ;  
Ebon and palm from the desert's springs,  
With the marble gods of Greece ;  
Conch and coral and painted wings  
Of birds from Indian seas ;

Helmet and shield in the frescoed hall,  
Bronzes beside the door,  
Clefts where the cool, clear waters fall,  
Waves on the lonely shore,  
Blossom and cloud and mountain, all  
Teaching their sacred lore.

Sweet from the gnarled black ebony wood  
Flowers the fragrant snow ;  
Pure from their rocky solitude  
The singing fountains flow ;

Fair 'neath the chisel sharp and rude  
The living marbles grow :

So blessings begot of the wakening morn  
And the peace of midnight skies,  
Feature and form and voice adorn  
And shine in her amber eyes,  
Aglow with the deathless beauty born  
Of stern self-sacrifice.

Shine on her softly, as she stands  
To catch the signal light  
From a father who waits beside the sands  
To see, o'er the waters bright,  
A ship sail in from the classic lands  
With a gallant child to-night.

A sudden gleam through the alleys green ;  
Fidelio flies apace ;  
Glad voices float on the air serene,  
And then, the fond embrace  
Of a boy with his father's quiet mien  
And his mother's radiant face.

They sit 'neath the crystal chandelier  
And list, with smiling eyes,

As he talks of the Alpine yodel clear,  
Of the pifferari's cries,  
Of the lazy song of the gondolier,  
Of Hellas' golden skies ;

Then, sad, of the carnage in fair Moselle ;  
Of his school-fellows scattered wide,  
When the convent was shattered by shot and shell,  
Its portals wrenched aside,  
Where Saxon and Frank who fought and fell  
Were gathered side by side.

Then one and another strange romance  
Of the battle's ruthless test ;  
And last, the tale of a princely lance  
With the death-wound on his breast,  
Clasping close, with a star-like glance,  
A portrait beneath his vest.

“No one its history could trace ;  
None knew it, except the dead.  
One of our priests—who had served his race—  
The night before we fled  
Gave me the picture, because the face  
Was so like mine,” he said.

A gold-framed portrait with vermeil dyes :  
A woman, standing pale,  
In the glow of soft Sicilian skies ;  
And a hound on a terrace rail  
Baying the sea, where his mistress' eyes  
Follow a fading sail.

---

They have sung with the boy a welcome back ;  
They have chanted the evening psalm ;  
The swallows sleep in the turret black,  
The winds in the desert palm ;  
Silence broods o'er the bay's bright track,  
And the mountains cold and calm.

The spicy breath of the deepening night  
Floats through the oriel fair,  
As the moon looks in with her parting light  
And rests with her silver rare  
Beneath the bust of a mail-clad knight  
On a woman bowed in prayer.

## LA NOTTÉ.

OUT of the many contradictory stories concerning Antonio Allegri da Correggio, historical critics have sifted the facts that he lived, unknown and comparatively poor, during the tumultuous opening of the sixteenth century, when the midland cities of the Romagna suffered most from the strifes of the Bianchi and Neri begun centuries before; that his wife, Girolama Merlini, was the model for his finest pictures and the lode-star of his life; and that just as he was about to set off for Rome, through the influence of Giulio Romano, he died suddenly of fever at the age of five-and-thirty.

GOLDEN the light on Parma's stately fanes;  
And spicy-sweet the spring-time's early breath  
Borne northward from the terraced Apennines,  
O'er blossoming vines and snowy orchard flowers,  
And broidered meadows sloping to the Po.

Golden the light; yet brighter still the eyes  
Of a pale dreamer with uplifted face,  
Lingering a moment on the strada broad—  
Where stands the mighty angel's statue tall—

Then passing, silent, through Saint Michael's gate,  
While yet the angelus vibrates to the noon.

What though his cheek with fever's subtle flush  
Is hectic, and the way before him long ?  
His heart is stouter than his beechen staff ;  
Cheered by a friendlier wine than that distilled  
From fair Romagna's grapes-of-paradise.<sup>1</sup>

He sees the silvery river's twisted streams  
Netted with flowery islands. On yon slope  
Young children play with kids ; and, whistling low,  
The lithe-limbed, sinewy mulitieri drive  
Their laden beasts along th' Emilian Way.

The triple crown, the liliated oriflamme,  
The haughty standard of imperial Charles,  
Flaunting its prond *Plus Ultra* to the sun,  
The trumpet's boisterous blare, the flashing lance,  
The glittering casque, are past, as in a dream.

War's turbulent clangour silences no more  
The wild birds in their coverts. Peaceful stand  
The sentinel poplars in their gold-green plumes

<sup>1</sup> *Uva paradisa*, the fine yellow grapes of the Romagna.



Beside the Enzo bridge where late the hoofs  
Of flying squadrons scoured th' affrighted land.

The soft cloud-shadows chase each other now  
O'er violet gardens ; barefoot, laughing boys  
Plash in the brook ; beneath her cottage porch  
A white-coifed woman stands with levelled hand  
Shading her dark eyes from the westering sun.

All greet him as he passes. By the stile  
The grandsire gray looks up and blesses him ;  
The low-voiced mother lifts her prattling babe  
And prompts its sweet *buon giorno* ; in the fields  
The vintners doff their tall caps from afar.

Then to each other, one by one, they talk  
Of that grand Easter morning, when, midst wreaths  
Of incense, while the organ's thunders rolled,  
They knelt in Parma's Duomo, every eye  
Fixed on the pictured dome then first unveiled.

A miracle ! No painted roof is there,  
But this blue sky of Italy, these clouds  
Curled by the south-wind, where with cherub wings  
The little ones they dandle on their knees  
Bear the white Virgin through the quickening air.

The saints wear household features. There they see  
 The grandsire in Saint Peter glorified ;  
 While he, the grandsire gray, he kneels apart,  
 And sees, through tears, despite her new-made grave,  
 His daughter, in Our Lady's radiant form.

The day declines. On yonder sunny bank  
 Beyond the Crostolo for a while he rests,  
 The patient, worn Allegri, all his face  
 Kindling with benediction as he looks  
 Toward far-off Mantua's faint horizon line.

Not all in vain, throughout the battling strife  
 Of Guelph and Ghibelline has he broke the bread  
 Of sorrow, trusting the prophetic voice  
 Within him—*keeping*, earnest year by year,  
*Faith with himself*, prime duty, seldom wrought !

To him, th' unsought, th' unseeking, there have come  
 No fine court favours. He has never seen  
 Lorenzo's gardens nor the Vatican ;  
 Parma, Bologna, Modena, Mantua, these  
 Inscribe the limits of his narrow world.

Narrow yet boundless. Morning unto him  
 Unlocks her gates of pearl. The wizard Noon

Tells him deep secrets. Sunset, purple-robed,  
Leads him through halls of chrysolite and gold,  
And Midnight spins her silver in his dreams.

The shadows lengthen, yet, entranced, he sees  
Only the visioned future as he rests ;  
Mindful no longer of the broken faith,  
The grudging spite, the cruel scoff and taunt  
Of recreant churchmen,<sup>1</sup> scornful of his worth.

“ Not all in vain,” he muses—“ not in vain.  
But yesterday Romano came and went,  
The brave, frank Giulio, with his noble words  
Calling the freshness of my boyhood back.  
Good angels guard thee, Mantua, for his sake !

Giulio, by prince and cardinal sent, and bearing  
A message from the mighty Florentine.  
Girolama mia ! We will go to Rome,  
And the great Angelo shall see from whence  
La Notté's and Saint Catherine's grace are caught.

<sup>1</sup> The ecclesiastics of Parma refused for a long time to pay Correggio for his work in the cathedral, calling its splendidly foreshortened figures *un guazzetto di rane*—a hash of frogs.

Chaste mother of my boys ! Whose wisdom rare,  
Eclipsing even thy beauty, through these years  
Of toil and trust my guiding star has been,  
Well might Romano say I owe to thee  
The brighter fortune dawning on us now."

And she—all day within her quiet home,  
In fair Correggio, she has thought of him ;  
Counting the busy hours till his return ;  
Pondering the wondrous message Giulio brought,  
And singing at her work sweet, thankful hymns.

'Tis late. She goes to meet him at the spring,  
Pomponio laughing gaily by her side,  
Her baby at her breast. The brook is crossed,  
The hill-path climbed. She sees him lying still  
Under the fig-trees, in the reddening light.

She kneels beside him, hushing reverently  
Her children's prattle as she brushes back  
The tangled meshes of his nut-brown hair :  
"So tired, so tired ! O patient, steady heart,  
Sleep yet a little, while we watch thy rest."

Slowly his dark eyes open at her touch.  
The sunset for a moment gilds her hair,

Her children shine transfigured. Still he lies,  
Smiling with fixed, calm gaze, while darker grow  
The shadows as he feasts upon her face.

O sky, whose lazuli ceiling roofs the world,  
Brood with your tenderest grace of mist and star;  
O Earth, whose motherly bosom holds us all,  
Pour your most precious balsams as she bends  
To catch his last low whisper—"Not in vain!"

---

It hangs there on the wall, Correggio's *Night*  
Copied by thee, thou of the glorious soul  
And dauntless spirit! All my lonely nights  
Are brighter for its presence—may my life  
Be better for the lesson it has taught!



PALLAS-ATHENA.





## PALLAS-ATHENA.

C. C.

THE sages tell us genius is the fruit  
Of centuries. One child alone came forth  
From Scio's golden cycles. With blind eyes  
Turned from without, he tracked the world of thought,  
Counted its fabulous shapes, and gave to men  
That beautiful religion which has made  
Classic and consecrate each Tuscan flower,  
Each Greek and Roman stream.

One prince alone,  
Prophet and seer, sprang from the lusty womb  
Of Europe's last millennium. With bright eyes  
Gleaming like opals, from each bog and fen  
Goblin and witch he summoned ; from the air  
Fantastic sprites ; and from the human heart  
Its hidden skeletons, its demons fierce,  
Or, with a seraph's high authority,

Its godlike virtues and its graces fair.  
 Swift as the lightning, over land and sea  
 His subtle witchery sped. The little child  
 Looking for buttercups, the grandam gray  
 Mending her winter fire, the cow-boy blithe  
 Babbled his wit, not knowing whence it came ;  
 And they whose polished, sensitive ear had caught  
 The magic of his verse, sought far and wide  
 In eager hope that from the lifeless page  
 Some spirit weird as his might call to life  
 The wondrous shapes he pictured.

Hope had died

Or dwindled to the meagre stunted thought  
 That the grand visions of the English seer  
 Were but ideal children, when at length  
 From Avon's Jupiter, armed *cap-a-pie*,  
 Thou, goddess-queen, didst spring.

We see thee tread

Macbeth's still midnight chamber, and the shapes  
 That haunt our own deep hearts start up, and point  
 Malignant fingers at us. 'Tis not thou  
 We gaze at till our spirits shake with fear,  
 But dark Alecto, born anew of blood.

Scene after scene beneath thy magic wand  
The Stratford wizard's peopled world unfolds.  
We laugh with Rosalind; we descant with Jacques;  
Bright Portia's wit and wisdom play at will  
Before our senses; gallant Henry woos  
Fair Katharine and most fair; Ophelia comes  
Bedight with rue and pansies; white-haired Lear  
Distracted sobs, *Cordelia, stay a little!*  
And Juliet sings *Ten thousand times good-night.*

We look again, as o'er the enchanted stage  
Thy proud cothurnus treads. We see the calm  
And stately child of Ferdinand, whose firm  
Castilian courage awes our ready tears  
Back to congealment. Breathlessly we note  
The queenly, sad appeal; the haughty tone;  
The lofty bearing, the majestic woe;  
Till, at the last, we start to find us here,  
Dwellers in modern time, and from the leash  
Our fettered pulses freeing, while the blood  
Leaps through each trembling artery, we feel  
That life's Erinnys dire in thee become  
Eumenides indeed.

Others have trod  
The Shakespeare world before thee. Some have wept

Like Juliet and Ophelia; some have died  
Like Katharine, some have plotted like Macbeth,  
Or jested like gay Rosalind in the wood;  
But thou alone hast conjured, with thy spell,  
All the enchanter's fancies into shape  
And made them speak at will, from grave to gay  
From lively to severe.

We are most proud  
To say thou art American, but this  
Is meagre claim for thee. Unto no land  
Nor line dost thou belong; thou shin'st eterne  
In the fair parthenon of mimetic lore,  
Pallas-Athena, helmeted and throned.



From Harper's Magazine.

Copyright, 1871, by Harper & Brothers.

"THE FISHERS IN THE BOATS,  
MENDING THEIR NETS WITH MURMUROUS SONG AND NOISE."

Page 13.



## AUBADE.

AWAKE, m'amie !

The dawn is up, and like a red flower blows ;

The gray-beard sea

Smooths all his wrinkles out, and laughs and glows.

Bloom, then, for these and me,

Sweet rose ;

Awake, m'amie !

Arise, m'amie !

The field-flowers smile on all their butterflies ;

The humble-bee

A wandering minstrel sings, the cricket cries ;

Smile, then, on these and me,

Dear eyes ;

Arise, m'amie !

Make haste, m'amie !

The rude day comes full gallop. Let us taste

With flower and bee  
The joy of youth and morning ; O make haste !  
No time have these or we  
To waste ;  
Make haste, m'amie !



## BROTHER ANTONIO.

THE wood-yard fires flare over the deck,  
As the steamer is moored to a sunken wreck.

They glare on the smoke-stacks, tall and black ;  
They flush on the quick steam's flying rack ;

But shimmer soft on the curly hair  
Of children crouched by the gangway and stair,

And rest like hands on the furrowed brow  
Of an old man bent o'er his shrouded frau.

Dark sweeps the restless river's tide,  
While the pall of night comes down to hide

From the careless gaze of strangers near,  
The pale thin form on the pine-plank bier.

They had come from the legend-haunted Rhine  
To the grand New World where the free stars shine,

Seeking the fortune they might not find  
In the Fatherland they had left behind ;

And while the proud fleet ship would toss  
The spray from her wings like an albatross,

Their shouting children sung with glee  
Wild, stirring songs of the brave and free.

They saw the Indian isles of palm ;  
The Mexique shores with their spice and balm ;

And the Mississippi, an inland main,  
With its orange-groves and its fields of cane.

Sweet, round the tawny river's mouth,  
Blew the rare odours of the South,

And bright in the reeds, as the steamer sped,  
The white crane gleamed, and the ibis red.

But the mother's blinding tears would fall  
As she thought of her own loved Rosenthal ;

Of the bubbling spring by the minster gray,  
Of the vesper-hymn at the close of day ;

Of the yew-tree's shadows, soft and dun,  
On the grave of Benno, her first-born son ;

And while the fever, sure though slow,  
Quickened her life-blood's ebb and flow,

She saw, in the sunset, the hills on fire ;  
She heard, in her dreams, the bells of Speyer ;

She talked of the chapel-master's child,  
Brown-eyed Greta, so gentle and mild,

Who played with Benno beside the door  
And sang with him in the minster *Chor*,

And loved him best till the stranger came  
And lured her away with his eyes of flame.

So, ere they reached the far-off goal  
Where boundless prairie gardens roll

From river to mount in their flowery braid  
Like play-grounds by the Titans made ;

While all her little ones 'round her crept  
And looked in her dying face and wept—

She closed her sunken, faded eyes  
Forever on alien woods and skies.

They were far from consecrated ground,  
And the unshorn forest before them frowned;

But a vagrant footfall would not press  
The lone grave in the wilderness;

So, turning away from his cherished dead,  
With a quivering lip old Hermann said,

As he looked toward the peaceful, virgin sod,  
“I'll bury her there, in the name of God.”

They dug her grave in the forest lone,  
While the night-wind murmured a sobbing moan,

And the wood-yard fires, now red, now dim,  
Peopled the dark with spectres grim.

Then laying her in her lonesome bed,  
Though no funereal rites were read,

He buried her where the wild deer trod,  
With a broken prayer in the name of God.

Captain and crew to the boat go back  
With the motherless, wailing children—alack !

The rousters <sup>1</sup> work, but they do not sing  
As the light pine-wood on board they bring.

The old man kneels in the sacred place ;  
On the cold damp clay he lays his face ;

When out from the gloom of a moss-hung tree,  
A low voice murmurs, “ Pray for me.”

He sees in the thicket a dark-browed man  
Where the green palmetto spreads its fan ;

His tall form hid in the darkening night,  
His face aglow in the flambeau's light.

A moment more, and a palm-branch fair  
Is laid on the fresh-heaped hillock there ;

<sup>1</sup> Rousters, or roustabouts, the negro deck-hands on the Lower Mississippi steamers. Their wild songs, as they work, are well known to all Southern *voyageurs*.

The stranger kneels by the silent dead—  
“I, too, have buried my life,” he said.

“*Kyrie eleison!*” Low and faint  
Old Hermann utters the Church’s plaint.

“*Christe eleison!*” The stranger’s moan  
Thrills the air with its rich, deep tone.

The boat-bell rings ere the prayers are o’er:  
The stranger looks toward the wave-washed shore,

Then passes away from the flaring light,  
Saying, “You’ve saved a soul to-night!”

The old man sits, while his children sleep  
On their steerage pallets, his watch to keep.

Over his head, in the cabin gay,  
The glasses ring and the gamesters play.

They talk of Baden and Monaco bright;  
They sing, they jest, through the livelong night;

Then, yawning, they ask, as they plan and plot,  
Why the chief of their *partie* joins them not.

And he—they reckon not he is afar,  
Watched alone by the morning star.

Still he stands in that lonely place,  
Seeing only the pallid face

Of one who has haunted him East and West,  
Dead, with a dead babe on her breast—

Outcast, for his sake, from all below,  
Yet chaste, he knows, as the mountain-snow.

---

Fair in the morning's rosy fire  
Saint Lazarus lifts its silver spire.

The river circles the garden 'round,  
And the still, bird-haunted burying-ground.

Children about the cloisters play,  
And tell, as a tale of yesterday,

How the corner-stone by the bishop was laid,  
And Brother Antonio a deacon made—

Brother Antonio, 'round whose head  
The brown bees hum when the hives are fed ;

Who pulls the weeds from the garden-walks  
And shields from the sun the tender stalks ;

In whose boat the fisher's children ride  
And sing as he rows to the farther side ;

About whose feet each helpless thing  
May buzz and blossom and crawl and sing—

Brother Antonio, who gave his gold  
To build this home for the sick and old ;

Who teaches the lads in the village class ;  
Who helps old Hermann mow the grass,

Or sits at his door in the twilight dim,  
And sings with his sons their mother's hymn.

The ships come in with their emigrant poor  
Crowded like sheep on the steerage-floor ;

But smiles on the lips of the feeblest play  
As Brother Antonio leads the way,



Guiding their babes with a tender care  
Down the noisy deck and the gangway-stair

To the hospital grounds so fresh and cool  
Where the gold-fish glance in the sparkling pool,

And the gentle Sisters day and night  
Watch by the sick on their couches white.

Many a nook in the graveyard fair  
Is bright with lilies and roses rare ;

But one wild spot by the river-side  
Is fairest at midnight's solemn tide ;

And there, where the green palmetto's fan  
Shadows a headstone gray and wan,

Where the long moss swings and the eddies moan,  
Brother Antonio prays, alone.



A TREATY OF ELD.



## A TREATY OF ELD.

No zephyr played among the terebinths  
That shaded Bethel's side. The silvery boughs  
Of the gray olive-trees that climbed the height,  
The feathery cassia's lithe and pliant stems,  
Even the aspen-leaves, hung motionless  
In the red sunset. The voluptuous breath  
Of orange-odours freighted the still air ;  
The faithful benzoin, clinging to the rocks,  
From leaf and flower distilled its incense fine ;  
The camphire's spicy clusters gave their sweets ;  
But no light-wingèd convoy came to waft  
The benison of fragrance down the slopes  
To the fair camp of Abraham, where, beneath  
A snow-white tent wrought cunningly with gold  
Shone Sarah's wondrous beauty, rivalling quite  
The single mellow star that smiled upon her  
From the clear eastern sky whose crystal roof  
Arched the tall palms of Hâi.

## Falling dews

Baptized the lowly hyssop ; and the goats  
Homeward returning brushed its last late flowers  
And on their silken fleeces bore the faint  
And precious odour past the patriarch's door.  
From out her low black tent, barbaric tricked  
In cloth of crimson woollen, dark-browed Hagar—  
The gift of haughty Pharaoh unto Sarah—  
Came, dusky as the night that fell around her,  
Bearing a jasper vase of spikenard, sealed  
With Egypt's royal signet. Pacing slow,  
Her yellow mantle falling prone apart  
From her smooth shoulders, idly now she watched  
The distant camp of Lot ; now, curious heard  
The mellow twitter of the twilight birds ;  
Till, pausing underneath the clustering vine  
Draping the branches of an oak that sheltered  
Her mistress' broidered covert, she unloosed  
The sandals from her brown and slender feet,  
'And, passing on unshod, stood silently  
Where the pomegranate with its scarlet flowers  
O'erarched the purple curtain of the tent ;  
Then, lifting from the vase its silver lid,  
She scattered to the air its priceless breath.  
Reverent came Eliezer of Damascus,

And kneeling with averted face before  
The curtained opening where Sarah's robe  
Of finest needle-work fell delicate  
Over her jewelled sandals and athwart  
The silken couch that held her comely limbs,  
Swung from a golden censer grateful fumes  
Of cinnamon and calamus and myrrh.  
But naught could tempt the stagnant air to yield  
Even unto her, so fair to look upon,  
The courted balm of freshness, sweeter far  
Than costliest gums.

Westward, across a glen  
Where smiling waters late had sung between  
The patriarch's camp and Lot's, dark sullen groups  
Stood midst their weary herds just driven in  
From thankless pastures. No benignant cloud  
Since the new moon at Abib had bestowed  
Its blessing, and the raging Lion<sup>1</sup> now  
Leading the sun, brought fiery Thammuz in.

<sup>1</sup> The critical reader will remember that, following the familiar law governing the precession of the equinoxes, the sun, in the time of Abraham, entered the constellation *Leo* at the beginning of summer—the Jewish Thammuz answering to a part of June and July.

Broad meadows, smiling in the early rains,  
Now parched beneath thè sevenfold glowing heat  
Gave store no longer even to the ass.  
The mandrakes failed. No pleasant hum of bees  
Prophetic sung of honey in the rocks.  
The purple figs were gathered long ago ;  
Not until Elul, the pomegranate's globes  
Would yield their amber nectar, nor the grapes ;  
And these were meagre food for hungry men.  
The corn from Egypt dwindled in the sacks,  
And the bare olive-trees no promise gave  
Of goodly oil to buy renewed supplies  
From Pharaoh's granaries even should plenty reign  
Until Marchesvan. Morning after morn  
The ruthless Canaanite had dogged their flocks ;  
Day after day the crafty Perizzite  
Hid in some thicket, stealthily had sent  
His barbèd arrow to the timid throat  
Of kid or lambkin ; while the swarthy men  
Who tended Abraham's cattle tauntingly  
Boasted of Egypt.

Gloomily the thoughts  
Of the proud Syrian herdsmen backward went  
To Padan-Aram with its friendly tribes



Of pastoral people ; with its corn and wine ;  
Its goodly rivers and its mellow fruits ;  
And bitterly, as down the rocky bed  
Of the dried streamlet the onagra shy  
Essayed to find some pool to slake her thirst,  
They eyed the herds of Abraham gathered fair  
Upon the eastern slope. There quiet stood  
The camels, patient both of thirst and heat,  
Cropping the juicy locusts from the boughs  
No humbler beast might reach. There Pharaoh's kine,  
A princely gift, contented chewed the cud  
Of barley, by the cunning cow-herd stolen  
From the fast-failing stores. There, fiery-eyed,  
Tossing his silken mane and whinnying low  
Beneath the almond-trees, the desert horse  
Ate the sweet lentils from his keeper's hand ;  
While the Egyptian, with triumphant glance  
Scoffing the Syrian, stroked each shining flank  
And laughed derision back.

The shadows dun  
Gathered on peak and palm ; and one by one,  
The hosts of heaven in silent majesty  
Came forth and lent their glory to the night.  
At Bethel's shadowy foot, erect and firm,

Grasping his almond staff, the patriarch old  
Stood with his face toward Salem. In the west  
The young moon, fast declining, reverently  
Silvered his white hair with her parting beams ;  
Astarte,<sup>1</sup> holding out her golden sheaf,  
Named unto him, as with an audible voice,  
The gods his fathers served beyond the flood ;  
While red Arcturus, wheeling on his course,  
Mocked him with treachery to the stately faith  
That reared the walls of Nineveh, and decked  
With marvellous symbols the embattled towers  
And palaces of Babylon. He had turned  
His back on proud Assyria with her grand  
And opulent cities, at the word of God ;  
With Lot, his well-beloved, leading forth  
Women and men and cattle, he had left  
The flowery plains of Haran and the grave  
Of Terah ; he had passed the brazen gates  
Of fair Damascus ; never looking back,  
He had come out into this wilderness  
Not knowing whither, only seeing still  
By faith's clear eye the city with foundations,  
Whose builder and whose maker is the Lord.  
Wandering from Sichem and the plain of Moréh

<sup>1</sup> The constellation *Virgo* was worshipped as Astarte by the Phœnicians.

In search of greener pastures, Famine sore,  
Tracking their footsteps like the evening wolf,  
Drave them to Egypt. There, abundant grain  
Gave for a season to their murmuring men  
The rod and staff of hope ; but once again  
Gaunt Famine glared aloof from hill and plain,  
And cheerful hearts, erst following lightly on  
Wherever he had led, now sullen sunk,  
Weary with hope deferred.

Night came apace.

Behind him in the tents the lights went out,  
Leaving the camps in darkness to essay  
The fitful sleep of discontent ; yet still  
Stood Abraham, looking toward the holy hill  
Where dwelt Melchisedek, the King of Peace.  
One after one the chambers of the south  
Hung out their golden lamps o'er Salem's towers ;  
And drinking in the knowledge of the night  
Till Dagon,<sup>1</sup> sinking low toward Sidon's sea,  
Foretold the morning watch, he scarce had heard  
The heavy tread of Lot who, sleepless, came,  
Preventing the cock-crowing, to rehearse

<sup>1</sup> We are told that the beautiful star Fomalhaut, in *Piscis Australis*, was adored as Dagon by the Phœnicians.

With dark, tempestuous brow, the angry strife  
Begun already in the wakening tents.

Abraham remembered Ur—Ur of the Chaldees.  
There, midst their fathers' honoured sepulchres,  
His brother Haran lay. Lot, Haran's child,  
Fatherless from a babe, had grown beside him  
Unto the dignity of man's estate.  
Together they had learned the wondrous lore  
Of Mazzaroth from the Chaldean seers ;  
Together from the towers of Nineveh  
Had watched Orion's glittering bands, and talked  
With burning hearts of him whose sign they were,  
Nimrod the mighty hunter. They had stood  
By Terah's tomb in Haran's pleasant land ;  
And firmly side by side with girded loins  
Together they had left their heritage  
Obedient to God's mandate. Had they come  
Into this desert only to be filled  
With bitterness ?

They stood beside the stone  
Where Abraham built an altar to the Lord,  
When first they came from Sichem. Silently  
They watched the enkindling lustre of the night,

Till the sweet influence of the Pleiades  
Softly the golden day-spring ushered in.  
Then, with mild accent :

“Let there be no strife,  
I pray thee, between thee and me, nor between  
Thy herdmen and my herdmen,” Abraham said,  
“For we be brethren. Is not the whole land  
Before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee,  
From me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then  
I will go to the right ; or if thou depart  
To the right hand, then I will go to the left.”

Lot lifted up his eyes. The morning light  
Crowned with its topaz fire the stately line  
Of river-palms that eastward stretched away  
Toward Zoar. There lay Jordan's fruitful shores  
Well watered everywhere, even as it were  
The garden of the Lord ; there cities proud,  
Vying with Babylon, lifted to the clouds  
Their haughty turrets. Then Lot chose him all  
The plain of Jordan ; and while yet the dew  
Decked with its diamonds the blue hyssop-flowers

That grew beside the altar ; while the dove  
Hid in her lonely cleft on Bethel's side  
Still sung her morning psalm, in heavenly love  
They parted, each to his allotted way,  
Separate, yet knit in holy brotherhood.

A story for all time. No Mine and Thine  
Drew the sharp sword of fratricide ; no taunt,  
Keener than steel, drove with its venom'd point,  
That deadlier shaft which rankles in the soul  
Beyond the cure of drugs. Though history write  
The same dark chronicle from Cain to Christ,  
From Salamis to Sedan, 'tis sooth to list  
Sometimes to legends friendlier : to dream  
Of Mispheh's pillar, built on Gilead's slope ;  
Of Penuel's daybreak, when, the blessing won,  
While yet the shadowy morning-dusk required  
No sunrise save the golden light that shone  
'Round the departing angel, Esau came  
And standing where the rippling Jabbok sung  
Its silver tune beneath the olives, gave  
The kiss of peace to Jacob : sooth to know  
That there have been, and so shall always be,  
Virtue and Truth to silence Vice and Shame ;

And spirits ready even midst battle's din  
To catch the deathless hymn—

“How beautiful  
Upon the mountains are the feet of them  
That bring glad tidings and that publish peace.”





LAZARUS.



## LAZARUS.

THE morning shone upon Judea's range  
Of rifted marble as a pilgrim pale,  
Journeying from Bethabara, the rough  
And gloomy gorges traversed with a band  
Of earnest followers. Behind them frowned  
The baffled wilderness where vultures preyed  
And hungry tigers crouched. The angered peaks  
Pointed malignant shadows after him  
Like the defiant fingers of a foe ;  
But on before him, bordering the plain  
Of Jericho, serene and flowery slopes  
Knelt down to do him homage. The light wind  
That dallied with the fragrant terebinth  
Or sung to the green fig-tree and the plane  
A careless roundelay, in reverence now  
Hushed its gay melody, and, whispering low  
Among the listening almond-trees, brought down

An offering of white blossoms to his feet.  
The brooks that wandered from the northern hills  
Seeking the hallowed Jordan, silently  
Floated past barley-fields, or in the shade  
Of ancient olives murmured as in prayer ;  
While, on their fringed borders, hyacinths  
Offered sweet incense from their azure urns,  
And 'neath the plamy palm-trees galbanum  
Sent up its spicy, consecrated breath ;  
For he who passed was Christ.

With steady tread

He walked toward Bethany, while earnestly  
Unto each other His disciples talked  
Of the poor widow and her son, of Nain ;  
And hushed their tones to whispers, as they spake  
Of the great blessing He was soon to give  
The stricken sisters. On His brow divine  
Gathered the beaded sweat of weariness,  
Yet He pressed firmly on, nor paused for rest  
Within the valley skirting Bethany  
Until the triune height of Olivet  
Cast a rebuking shadow toward the fierce  
And frowning Wilderness, as if to say,  
“Get thee behind me, Satan !”

From the gates  
Came forth a frantic mourner. Her long hair,  
Blacker than Egypt's night-plague, heavy hung  
About her shoulders, and a flood of tears,  
Bitter and salt as Dead Sea water, scathed  
Her olive cheek, whose dark tint darker grew  
Beneath the evening shadows and the cloud  
Of her o'erwhelming grief. The outstretched hand  
Of the Anointed clasping, in a tone  
Wild as the wail of Galilee when winds  
Dash the black waves on rocky Gadara  
And the gray tombs give echo—

“Lord,” she said,  
“Hadst thou been here, my brother had not died.”  
Turning away then bitterly, her frame  
Shook like a tall young cedar lashed by storms.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life.”  
Clear as the seraph-tones that spake from heaven  
To Hagar in the wilderness, those words  
Like a deep organ's modulations fell  
Upon the silent air, while the bared heads  
Of the disciples bent in reverence low.  
Gently and long He spake; and as the dew

Descends on Hermon's blossoms, on her heart  
He poured the blessed balm of tenderness,  
Till the grieved maiden's lithe and rocking form  
Straightened in holy strength. Then looking up  
Calm as the lofty Lebanon when storms  
Have passed away, and the unclouded sky  
Kisses its lifted forehead, she replied,  
"Yea, Lord, I do believe;" and with a step  
Firm as the patient camel's, bearing on  
Its burthen great and wearisome, she turned  
To go for Mary.

When the cock crew shrill  
In the dim, waning night-watch, and the moon,  
Leading the morning, with her silver sword  
Parted the clouds and robed the Olive Mount  
With light as with a garment, Martha came  
With Mary and their kindred. O'er the eyes  
Of her meek sister, that had ever worn  
The upturned look which makes us think of heaven,  
The white lids drooped, as in the dewy night  
The pale convolvulus closes. The deep folds  
Of her blue mantle o'er her slender feet  
Trailed heavily, and her slight fingers pressed  
The veil of linen on her marble brow

With a pained, weary movement, as she went  
To meet her Lord. She knelt and kissed His feet,  
Those sinless feet she erst had bathed with tears ;  
And casting back her veil, while the bright waves  
Rippling and golden of her loosened hair  
Swept o'er His dusty sandals, from her lips  
Came the low murmur—

“Lord, hadst thou been here  
My brother had not died.”

Then silent there,  
She waited for His blessing.

Jesus wept—  
Wept, though He knew their grief would soon be  
changed  
Into rejoicing at His gracious word ;  
Wept, though He knew His heavenly hands, ere long,  
Within their darkened homestead would again  
Establish and relight the inverted torch.  
O ye who see along life's sterile paths  
The wretched and bereft, ye may not bring  
Back to the parched fields of their barren life  
Hope's radiant spring-time, nor the holy dews  
Of love and trust ; but can ye not extend  
The one, last solace, kindly sympathy ?

“ Where have ye laid him ? ”

“ Master, come and see.”

They neared the sepulchre. It was a cave,  
And a stone lay upon it. “ Take away  
The stone,” He said, and lifting high His hands  
He prayed aloud. With grave, inquiring looks  
In earnest reverence now the faithful ones  
Who journeyed with Him gazed into His face.  
Like the aurora and the dusky night  
Waiting the resurrection of the morn  
The sisters watched the open, silent tomb ;  
And when the sun above the grizzly peaks  
Of the dread Wilderness a victor rose,  
And, crowning the calm slopes of Olivet,  
Made a bright shimmer on the raven hair  
Of Martha, and among the golden curls  
Of Mary like a trembling halo lay,  
Jesus cried :

“ Lazarus, come forth ! ”

His voice

Like the quick influence of the opening spring  
Unlocked the life-streams death had frozen quite ;



And as the sunrise looked into the grave,  
He that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot.

“Loose him and let him go,” the Master said.

From hands and feet they draw the linen bands,  
The white sudarium from the brow and chin.

“What hast thou seen, O Lazarus?” we ask  
In this mad age the child of prying Doubt,  
The mother of Despair—“what hast thou seen?”

Not so those gentle Sisters in their joy;  
Not so the chosen Twelve; they question not:  
They are content to see the dead alive.

And he, the newly risen, in silence stands,  
His forehead pallid from the awful shade,  
His eyes aglow from the eternal light—  
Content to wait till Christ, who oped the tomb,  
Shall ope the sealèd lips, and bid the tongue  
Rehearse the strange, unutterable song.

Yet still we clamor: “Tell! What hast thou seen?”

Lord God forgive us, beggars that we are ;  
Flaunting the smart scholastic cap and gown,  
Unconscious that we wear a leper's rags ;  
Refusing to accept but what we know,  
When we know nothing ; gathering up the chaff  
And casting to the winds the precious grain  
Garnered from age to age to feed the soul.  
Give us if but the smallest crumb that falls  
From Thy full table, rather than these husks.  
Teach us anew the alphabet of Faith !

AGATHOS.



A G A T H O S :

A VISION.

IN HOLY MEMORY OF JOHN KEBLE.

FRIEND of the gentle heart,  
I watch the fluttering skylark soar and sing  
From Fairford's grassy meads, till song and wing  
Are of the heavens a part.

Beneath these chestnut-trees  
Along the Coln, I see the swallows skim  
And catch the distant sheepfold's tinkling hymn  
Borne on the October breeze.

The tranquil sky is bright  
With snowy clouds, as if Saint Michael's guard  
In holy bivouac kept their watch and ward  
Till All-Saints' perfect light.

Beside this rustic gate  
I linger lovingly, and, silent, dream  
Of a fair boy, to whom each tree and stream  
Was friend and guide and mate ;

To whom the mountain pine,  
The hoary crag, the darkling woodland spring,  
The ant, the bee, the simplest sylvan thing  
Spake with a voice divine ;

Whose clear subjective eye  
Read *Benedicite* in the stars of heaven ;  
Traced the gold legend on the clouds of even,  
And from the dappled sky

Caught the rare power to string  
His harp to those high themes that link his name  
With Ambrose and Augustine in a fame  
The Church shall always sing.

Through green Saint Aldwyn's lanes  
I reach the gray church-porch. With reverent feet  
I enter, my Confession to repeat  
Before these chancel-panes.

Softly the prismic rays  
 Flood the pure altar linen and outpour  
 Their rich libation over arch and floor,  
 While choir and organ raise

The blessed Virgin's hymn ;  
 And as the tide of swelling harmonies  
 Surges through nave and transept, my rapt eyes  
 With happy tears are dim.

Now—joy of all most sweet—  
 I see a pilgrim in his surplice stand  
 Beside Saint Aldwyn's priest, with lifted hand  
 One *Credo* to repeat ;

And when in solemn awe  
 America with England chants the prayer  
*Lighten our darkness*, comes before me there  
 The ladder Jacob saw.

Lighten our darkness, Lord !  
 Night comes apace—grant us Thy way to know  
 Undoubting! *Nunc dimittis*. Calm I go,  
 According to Thy word.

O'er Hampshire's billowy down  
Rise the dark roofs of Winchester. How fleet  
My thoughts, as I approach, with gladsome feet,  
The grand historic town!

In the cathedral old,  
I drink the beauty of the lights and glooms,  
The chantries rare, the quaint and storied tombs,  
The stains of green and gold.

Yon clustered towers beguile  
My wandering gaze. I pass the gates, and walk  
Where Herbert, Donne, and Walton, used to talk  
In cloister, stall, and aisle.

The morning, rosy-red,  
Flushes this wall. I read the name of Ken  
Scrawled in a schoolboy's autograph, and then  
With lifted heart and head

I sing, *Awake my soul!*  
My spirit mounting on exultant wing  
To those white cloisters where the sainted sing  
Safe in their sheltered goal.



But here I may not stay.  
There is one shrine, beloved o'er all the rest,  
Where, ere the swift ship bear me to the West,  
I long to kneel and pray.

How soft this noontide light  
On Hursley's quiet vicarage; how clear  
These English skies that saw "The Christian Year"  
Complete its chaplet bright!

Fair is this room, and grave  
With sober beauty, roof and tree; yet keep  
My eager feet no more, but let me weep  
Where yonder grasses wave.

I do not kneel—I cling  
Close to this lowly grave. These All-Saints skies  
Tell me this sod is precious in the eyes  
Of Christ our risen King.

Then, Jesu, may not we  
Love this dear dust which Thou hast said shall be  
Made glorious in that day when land and sea  
Give back Thine own to Thee?

O genius clear and fine,  
Sounding with subtle skill the cosmic deeps  
Of mathematic lore, where Wisdom keeps  
Her secrets most divine ;

O spirit unbeguiled,  
Neighbour-familiar with the seers of old,  
Bard, singer, artifex, and prophet bold,  
Yet lowly as a child ;

O honey-laden lips,  
O patient faithful heart, O thoughtful brow,  
O starry eyes, hid from our fondness now,  
In death's supreme eclipse !

I lay my tear-stained face  
On this green turf—I break, with reverent touch,  
This sprig of sage—how little, yet how much !—  
I turn to leave the place—

And lo ! the silver sound  
Of sweet St. Mary's bell has called me back  
From hallowed contemplation's storied track ;  
I tread no English ground,

I breathe no English air ;  
But sit alone beneath these tropic skies,  
Holding upon my palm, with misty eyes,  
A lock of Keble's hair.

And thou—what shall I say  
To thee for this thy gift ? My soul's deep springs  
Are strangely stirred, as 'midst my precious things  
These silver strands I lay.

Rare jewels for the gay,  
Garter and rose for victors ; but to me  
How dearer far, from friends across the sea  
This faded tress of gray !

*Sun of my soul !* The East  
Drapes her red vestments with the spotless snow  
Of morning's fair cloud-altar. Let us go  
To our communion-feast ;

And kneeling here alone  
Where Christ's dear saints have knelt with us of yore,  
Where still they kneel, though gliding feet no more  
We hear, nor gentle tone—

Pray that to us be given  
Grace so to follow in their path of light,  
That with them we may sing, in robes of white,  
*Sun of my soul*, in heaven.

## LA BELLE JUSTINE.

ON field and wood and sea the noontide sun  
Unpitying pours his batteries of fire.  
Along the low horizon, dusky clouds  
Fade swift, a phantom army, while afar  
Looms a red haze, like smoke from pillaged homes  
Burnt and beleaguered. From the bay-trees tall  
The long, weird moss, in shadowy, gray festoons  
Droops prone, as in a picture. Motionless  
The feathery weesatch<sup>1</sup> spreads its tent of lace;  
Like an enchantress, o'er the chaparral dense  
The love-vine<sup>2</sup> weaves her net, and climbing far  
From branch to branch her amber necklace flings.  
Past the dark forest's thick and tangled fringe

<sup>1</sup> A lovely tree of the acacia family.

<sup>2</sup> A parasite of the Southern woods, the stems and flowers—there are no leaves—of a pale amber color. Its seeds take root in the ground, but the creeper soon fastens on some tree or shrub, and, coiling itself there, the root dies and the plant flourishes more vigorously than ever, in the air.

Of shrub and clambering brier, the dusty road  
Writhes like a serpent in the glaring heat,  
And all is silent, save, in some lagoon,  
The gray crane's hollow trumpet.

In her arms

Clasping a sleeping child, a wanderer treads  
The hot and dusty highway. Hour by hour  
Her slender feet have trudged since yesterday ;  
Those tender feet, so lately resting soft  
On velvet cushions ; careless now of toil  
Or heat or fear or danger, so they fly  
From that dread city where carousing mirth  
Mocks at disease and death ; where gasping groans  
Gurgle through parching throats that vainly beg  
For water, in the festering dens of want ;  
While reckless revellers in saloon and hall  
Scatter life's priceless jewel-hours away  
Like children tossing pearls into the sea  
Unmindful of their worth.

She has come forth,  
But not in fear of pestilence, though the Plague  
Stalks with his noiseless shoon from door to door.  
Her hand was readiest the hot brow to bathe,

The feverish lip to cool ; her voice to breathe  
Kind solace in the failing ear, beneath  
Death's hammer deadening. But there is a blight  
More fearful than the fever of the South ;  
A wilder sorrow than the helpless cries  
Of motherless children sobbing in the night ;  
A look more terrible than the spirit's gaze  
Striving to pierce the death-film : The gray mould  
That settles on the wrung heart's tattered robes ;  
The moan of faith slow perishing amidst  
The trampled flowers of promise ; and the look  
Stony and cold, which, like a jagged flint,  
Is struck into the soul from eyes that once  
Sent forth the silver shafts of love alone ;  
From these she flies, with trembling, pallid lips  
Stammering a prayer for peace. Oh for one voice,  
One faithful voice of breeze or bird or stream,  
To breathe its benediction !

Dim, afar,  
On the horizon's dusky line, arise  
The roofs and chimneys of her native town.  
She sees Saint Saviour's dark asylum towers  
Midst gardens belted by a crystal stream,  
Where witless, woeful creatures restless flit

Or aimless stand beneath the embowering trees.  
O changing years ! whose flowers have bloomed but  
twice,  
But twice, since from yon belfry on the height  
Pealed the glad marriage-bell ; since, bright with hope,  
A joyous escort led a joyous bride  
Along the hill-side path, while, crowding close  
Behind Saint Saviour's hedge, the wretched ones  
Smiled on her, tendering thus their broken thanks  
For many a gentle kindness at her hands.  
The sunlight glancing from the chapel spire  
Pierces her like a sword ; she hurries on ;  
When, near the asylum grounds, a haggard face  
Rivets her flying feet. Beside the gate,  
A jabbering figure in a faded gown,  
Wearing upon her head a threadbare scarf  
Fantastic wound, sits rocking to and fro,  
And muttering in the sun, while through her long  
And bony fingers busily she sifts  
The ashen dust, repeating now and then,  
With low and senseless laughter, the refrain  
*La Belle Justine.*

Her own, her household name,  
Woven into rhymes of compliment and set



To the soft measure of a Tuscan tune ;  
*La Belle Justine*, a lay of love and faith  
And twilight peace and calm, babbled and mouthed  
By this poor drivelling thing! She knows it now,  
The story rumour whispered long ago  
Of a young girl who dwelt in peace beside  
The pebble-paved Amite, the one sole ray  
Brightening a widowed mother's humble cot,  
Till a light summer traveller who had come  
From the gay capital to drink the strength  
Of the great pine-woods and the simple health  
Of sylvan people, set her innocent pulse  
Aflame with songs of passion ; and with gifts—  
Quaint ear-rings wrought of beaten Mexican gold,  
Chains for her throat and amber for her hair—  
Used all a robber's wiles to steal from her  
The priceless pearl of honour. She had wept  
Over this story of a bad man's craft,  
Nor dreamed 'twas he who sung, in after-years,  
*La Belle Justine* beside her own low porch,  
And won her from her home, a lawful bride,  
Only to find in his, though princely fair,  
A Tophet of despair.

Transfixed she stands  
Beside the lone dementate ; but again

With quickened pace she hurries on her way.  
Why should she linger? Balm nor aconite  
Can soothe that fatal sickness, nor kind words  
Awaken in that soul's discordant strings  
One vibrant echo. So, while tremors chill  
Like serpents creep along her tottering limbs,  
She turns aside into a lonely path  
And with a shudder lifts her startled face  
In thankfulness to heaven that she has still  
The light of reason left.

The breathless night

Broods like an incantation as she sits  
Beside the deep, dark river. Sobbing low  
Beneath the sombre arches of the bridge,  
The waters moan, as if they felt the shame  
That stays her feet from crossing; bitter shame,  
The bitterer for her innocence! Yonder lies  
The home which, in her dreary wanderings,  
Drew, like a magnet, her wild feet at first,  
Then changed into a terror, as she neared  
Its peaceful quiet; so we writhe and shrink  
When Memory on the tablets of the soul  
Electrotypes her contrasts.

## To the sky

Again she turns bewildered. In the south  
The advancing Archer draws his burnished bow,  
Crafty and silent; glittering Scorpio coils  
Beside the crouching Wolf; while, fold on fold,  
Through the star-meadows blossoming with light  
Trails the huge Serpent. Must the very heavens  
Scoff at her wretchedness with symbols dire,  
And mock her with suggestions?

## Closer still

She clasps her babe, and shuddering sees the night  
Come darkening down; when lo! the child awakes  
Transfigured, and with smile and prattle looks  
Up to the brightening sky. Her tearless eyes  
Instinctive follow his. High overhead  
Vibrates the golden Lyre; on soaring wings  
The Eagle bears Antinöus; through the boughs  
Of the dark orange-trees the rising moon  
Shows her bright shield, while o'er the waters dark  
Shine the soft evening lamps, and flute-like floats  
A woman's silvery treble, singing sweet,  
"Keep us, O King of kings!"

---

The compline bell  
Rings from Saint Saviour's tower. Her baby sleeps  
Safe nestled in the old familiar room ;  
And resting on her mother's heart, Justine  
Hears the brown oriole twittering to the moon  
Beneath the green veranda's bamboo shade ;  
She sees the white mists stealing from the sea,  
While round the dagger-trees the fire-flies gleam  
And o'er the dewy terrace, incense-like,  
Sweet garden scents arise.

O King of kings!  
Inscrutable ! whose hand alike doth guide  
Beetle and bird, alike doth trim the lamps  
Of Lyra and the glow-worm, bid the night  
Teach her its blessed lesson : That each leaf  
And shrub and flower that trembles in the air,  
Each cloud and star and insect silver-winged,  
Unto the sorrowing and blighted breathes  
Its silent *pax vobiscum* ; and although  
The crawling reptile treachery has left  
Its slime upon the blossoms of her life,  
And the sharp javelins of a destiny  
Cruel and unrelenting have been thrust  
Into her spirit, Thou hast power to give

Strength like the eagle's to her broken wing,  
Till, taught in Nature's temple, she shall reach  
The shining heights where mildews blight no more  
And sorrow's wailing minor key is changed  
To the full anthem of the seraphim.



SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.







From Harper's Magazine.

Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers.

BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD.

Page 7.



B E N N Y :  
A SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

---

TO  
BENNY, IN PARADISE,  
THIS SIMPLE RHYME,  
INSPIRED BY A LOVELINESS OF TEMPER WHICH RIPENED INTO  
A CHARACTER TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR THIS WORLD,  
IS INSCRIBED BY  
HIS MOTHER.



## BENNY.

I HAD told him Christmas morning,  
As he sat upon my knee  
Holding fast his little stockings  
Stuffed as full as full could be,  
And attentive listening to me  
With a face demure and mild,  
That good Santa Claus, who filled them,  
Does not love a naughty child.

“ But we’ll be good, won’t we, Moder ? ”  
And from off my lap he slid,  
Digging deep among the goodies  
In his crimson stockings hid,  
While I turned me to my table  
Where a tempting goblet stood  
Brimming high with dainty egg-nog  
Sent me by a neighbour good.

But the kitten, there before me,  
With his white paw, nothing loth,  
Sat, by way of entertainment,  
Slapping off the shining froth ;  
And in not the gentlest humour  
At the loss of such a treat,  
I confess I rather rudely  
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled !  
Gathering up the precious store  
He had busily been pouring  
In his tiny pinafore,  
With a generous look that shamed me  
Sprang he from the carpet bright,  
Showing, by his mien indignant,  
All a baby's sense of right.

“Come back, Harney !” called he loudly  
As he held his apron white,  
“You sall have my candy wabbit !”  
But the door was fastened tight ;  
So he stood abashed and silent  
In the centre of the floor,



“SANTA CAUS! COME DOWN DE CHIMNEY,  
MAKE MY MODER 'HAVE HERSELF!”





With defeated look alternate  
Bent on me and on the door.

Then as by some sudden impulse  
Quickly ran he to the fire,  
And while eagerly his bright eyes  
Watched the flames go high and higher,  
In a brave, clear key he shouted  
Like some lordly little elf,  
"Santa Caus! Come down de chimney  
Make my Moder 'have herself!"

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"  
Said I, feeling the reproof;  
And straightway recalled poor Harney  
Mewing on the gallery-roof.  
Soon the anger was forgotten,  
Laughter chased away the frown,  
And they played beneath the live-oaks  
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim fire-lighted chamber  
Harney purred beneath my chair,  
And my play-worn boy beside me  
Knelled to say his evening prayer:

“God bess Fader—God bess Moder—  
God bess Sister—” then a pause,  
And the sweet young lips devoutly  
Murmured—“God bess Santa Caus!”

He is sleeping—brown and silken  
Lie the lashes long and meek  
Like caressing, clinging shadows  
On his plump and peachy cheek;  
And I bend above him, weeping  
Thankful tears, O Undefiled!  
For a woman’s crown of glory,  
For the blessing of a child.

## A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

THEY sleep. Athwart my white  
Moon-marbled casement, with her solemn mien  
Silently watching o'er their rest serene,  
Gazes the star-eyed Night.

My girl, elate or mild  
By turns—as playful as a summer breeze  
Or grave as night on starlit southern seas,  
Sedate, strange woman-child.

My boy, my trembling star!  
The whitest lamb in April's tenderest fold,  
The bluest flower-bell in the shadiest wold  
His gentle emblems are.

They are but two, and all  
My lonely heart's arithmetic is done  
When these are counted. High and holy One,  
O hear me while I call!

I ask not wealth nor fame  
For these my jewels. Diadem and wreath  
Soothe not the aching brow that throbs beneath  
Nor cool its fever-flame.

I ask not length of life  
Nor earthly honours. Weary are the ways  
The gifted tread, unsafe the world's best praise,  
And keen its strife.

I ask not that to me  
Thou spare them, though they dearer, dearer be  
Than rain to deserts, spring-flowers to the bee,  
Or sunshine to the sea.

But kneeling at their feet,  
While smiles, like summer light on shaded streams,  
Are gleaming from their glad and sinless dreams,  
I would my prayer repeat.

In that alluring land  
The future, where, amidst green stately bowers  
Ornate with proud and crimson-flushing flowers,  
Pleasure with smooth white hand

Beckons the young away  
From glen and hill-side to her banquet fair,  
Sin, the grim she-wolf, coucheth in her lair,  
Ready to seize her prey.

The bright and purpling bloom  
Of night-shade and acanthus cannot hide  
The charred and bleaching bones that are denied  
Taper and chrism and tomb.

Lord, in this midnight hour,  
I bring my lambs to Thee. Oh, by Thy ruth,  
Thy mercy, save them from the envenomed tooth  
And tempting poison-flower!

Thou crucified and crowned,  
Keep us! We have no shield, no guide, but Thee!  
Let sorrows come, let hope's last blossom be  
By grief's dark deluge drowned;

But lead us by the hand,  
Thou gentlest Guardian, till we rest beside  
The still clear waters in the pastures wide  
Of Thine unclouded Land!

## SHADY-SIDE.<sup>1</sup>

### SHADY-SIDE!

Where the liriiodendrons stand  
Every leaf an outstretched hand,  
Every flower a golden chalice  
Held aloft in Nature's palace  
With bright nectar overrun  
From the wine-vats of the sun ;  
    More than all the world beside  
    Do I love thee, Shady-Side!

### Shady-Side,

Where, through vistas green and wide,  
Arrows from the sun's red quiver  
Pierce the deep and silent river ;  
Where the wan white lilies lean  
Ghost-like 'neath the willows green,

<sup>1</sup> Written, and published in the *Memphis Enquirer*, May, 1857.

Hiding from the garish light,  
 Waiting till the lonely Night  
 Shall, with spectral fingers, trim  
 Star-lamps in the ether dim—  
     More than all the world beside  
     Do I love thee, Shady-Side !

Shady-Side,  
 Where the maple-branches swing,  
 While the robins ride and sing ;  
 Where beside a cottage-hearth  
 Crickets make their social mirth ;  
 Where the cattle in the dell  
 Rest beside the cool deep well  
     'Neath the hickory-trees ;  
     But 'tis not for these,  
 Bird and tree and lily-blossom  
 Leaning o'er the river's bosom,  
     More than all the world beside  
     That I love thee, Shady-Side !

Shady-Side,  
 Where the bluest, clearest eyes  
 Looked their last upon the skies ;  
 Where the rosiest, sweetest lips

Purpled in death's dark eclipse ;  
Where the softest dimpled hands  
Stiffened in white muslin bands—

Where my José died.

Summer flowers sprang up to meet him,  
Summer birds sang loud to greet him ;  
Violets at his violet eyes  
Looked in timid, glad surprise ;  
And the grosbeak, crimson-crested,  
Eagle-eyed and golden-vested,

Kingly troubadour

Bringing from far tropic seas  
Strange, entrancing melodies,

Perched beside the door ;

Perched where bright mimosa-blooms  
Crowded with their rosy plumes ;

And, while José played,  
Poured between the rippling falls  
Of his baby shouts and calls,

Sweetest serenade.

But, one morn, his blue eyes, lifted  
Skyward, saw the flowers that drifted

Snow-white down heaven's esplanade ;  
Outstretched, beckoning baby-hands  
Wooded him to those Summer-Lands,



While a sweeter strain he heard  
Than the song of any bird ;  
So, with mild angelic features  
Turned away from earthly creatures,  
That clear summons following on  
Through the valley dark and lone  
    Went he to the sky,  
As of old a holy child,  
Hearing heavenly accents mild,  
    Answered, *Here am I.*

Shady-Side!

I have wandered far and wide ;  
Where the trailing arbutus blows  
Close beside the northern snows ;  
Where the bright pomegranate-tree  
Blushes by a southern sea ;  
Where Canopus through the dark  
Skims the waves, a phantom bark ;<sup>1</sup>  
    But I come again  
Where the lilies lean beside  
Mississippi's solemn tide,

<sup>1</sup> Looking southward from Galveston Island, the star Canopus is distinctly seen, for a short time in winter, a few degrees above the surface of the Gulf waters. It is frequently mistaken for the light of a distant ship.

Mourning, by the river's shore,  
Little feet that come no more ;  
And my silent tears are falling,  
As I hear the robins calling

All day long in vain.

Every blossom, every tree,  
Whispers of the lost to me ;  
So, to one who loves me best

I would earnest say—

When to my pale lips be prest  
Death's cold cup of blessing, pray,  
Dear one, lay my weary head  
Down to rest beside my dead,

Where, the livelong day,  
Sight and sound from Shady-Side  
Tell how José lived and died.

## IN SUMMER.

I sit in my still room,  
And gentle noises, music-fraught, steal through  
My spacious window. The soft morning wind  
Rustles the oak-leaves, and the gay birds sing  
Among the hickory-boughs. The kine go forth  
Contented lowing to the shady wood.  
The generous wild-flowers ope their fragrant cups  
Brimming with dew, and busy insects sip,  
Humming, the delicate nectar. All the earth  
Rejoices in awakening, but I bow  
My weary head, and blistering tear-drops blind  
My sight from the fair picture.

I was wont  
To hear, with humming bees and singing birds,  
A voice whose tones were sweeter far to me  
Than all earth's melodies. First in early morn

The patter of his little dimpled feet  
Along the gallery-floor, and his glad shout  
Of merry glee as he his sister chased  
With tiny whip upraised, or frolicked wild  
Beside his baby-brother, filled my heart  
With a deep, holy thankfulness and joy  
That none but mothers know.

All gentle things

Were teachers and playfellows unto him.  
In the glad spring-time he would sit for hours  
Beneath the tulip-trees and watch the wren  
Building her tiny nest, or try his skill  
To mimic the quaint mocking-bird, whose song  
Held his young spirit spellbound. In the cart  
Homely and rude, it was his highest pride  
To ride far down into the hollows green  
And gather berries to bring home to me ;  
And then, with earnest look, inquire if God  
Had berries and a waggon in the sky ?  
Oh, well do I remember how he came  
But a few days before that fever wild  
Fell on him, and with sober sweetness asked,  
“ Mamma, when will God come ? ” I little dreamed,  
As gently, with my heart hushed low in prayer,

I told him that we must be pure and good  
If we would go to play on golden harps  
With God's good angels—music filled his heart  
With pathos deep and strange—I little dreamed  
The radiant convoy would descend so soon  
From their bright dwelling-place to bear him back.

Heart-broken, and with wild and aching brain,  
I watched his rounded limbs attenuate grow  
Through those long days of anguish. I beheld  
The strange, bright wandering of his large blue eyes,  
And heard his sweet voice murmuring low, as though  
To unseen spirits. Up to God in prayer  
My spirit went for strength—for strength to bear  
This riving of the first bright golden link  
From out my chain of gems; this sudden snap  
Of one sweet string from my life's chiming harp,  
Erst in such perfect tune.

Those starry eyes  
Beaming with health a few brief days before,  
Grew dimmer as the death-dew gathered thick  
About his lips, and in low, tremulous tones  
He sang, "O Lamb of God!" our evening hymn,  
Its simple tune the first his baby-voice

Had learned to sing—and with a long, deep sigh,  
He died.

Three years ago, I pressed him close  
To my proud, throbbing bosom, and my heart  
Brimming with untold joy sent up its thanks  
To the kind Giver, for my first-born son.  
With my own hands I wrought his garments fair ;  
Day after day I watched the brightening grace  
Of his young intellect, the beauteous growth  
Of his symmetric limbs ; and in the years  
Of the glad future's clear and shining track  
I saw him in his perfect manhood stand  
My crown of crowns, my life's best blessing. Now  
With my own trembling hands I wrought his shroud  
And dressed his lifeless body for the grave—  
So different from his cushioned, cradled sleep  
Upon a bed of down. What wonder, then,  
When the glad morning's many voices float  
O'er the awakened earth, and singing winds  
Chant through the casement, that I sit and weep  
For the soft key-note hushed ?

I see the wren  
He watched in spring-time as she built her nest

Teaching her young ones now to try their wings  
In the clear waves of air, and to my heart  
It teaches a sweet lesson : that my child  
On tireless pinions cleaves the cloudless air  
Of an eternal heaven, untossed by storms,  
Undarkened e'er by tempests, and secure  
From the dread fowler's arrows.

## Bleating herds

He used to follow to the wood's deep shade,  
I see returning to the river's banks  
To browse along its margin, and I think  
Of my fair boy by the good Shepherd led  
Beside still waters, or reclining safe  
On His protecting bosom in the green  
And everlasting pastures. Full of peace  
The song they sing to me, these innocent things.  
The Hand that guides them all, will lead me too,  
Though rough the road, and stormy be the skies,  
To the calm shelter of my child at last.

DOES HE LOVE ME ?

PRETTY robin at my window,  
    Welcoming the day  
With thy loud and liquid piping,  
    Read my riddle, pray.  
I have conned it waking, sleeping,  
    Vexed the more for aye.  
Thou'rt a wizard, pretty robin—  
    Does he love me—say ?

Lady violet, blooming meekly  
    By the brooklet free,  
Bending low thy gentle forehead  
    All its grace to see,  
Turn thee from the wooing water,  
    Whisper soft, I pray,  
For the winds might hear my secret—  
    Does he love me—say ?



Star that through the silent night-tide  
    Watchest over him,  
Write it with thy golden pencil  
    On my casement dim.  
Thou art skilled in Love's sweet magic,  
    Tell me then, I pray,  
Now, so none but I may read it—  
    Does he love me—say?

## HESPERUS.

I CANNOT tell the spell that binds thine image  
Forever in my heart,  
Nor why thy presence seems to my existence  
Its very, vital part.

But yesterday a weary-hearted stranger  
Chance-hindered in thy way,  
To-day with thee through thought's wide realm a ranger,  
All sorrow chased away.

As the clear sunlight drives away the tempest,  
So from thy gentle face  
The light of heavenly truth illumines my spirit  
With its celestial grace ;

Calming my billowy soul to holy quiet,  
Till from all else afar

I turn to thee, and grieve, when thou art absent,  
Like night without a star.

I read thy favourite books, and trembling linger  
Over each pencilled line,  
Weeping glad tears to find at last one spirit  
With faith and dreams like mine ;

Faith in humanity's divine perfection  
And dreams of that fair time  
When God shall see in us His own reflection,  
Cleansed from all stain and grime.

I hear thy voice from this my lonely chamber  
Amidst the festive throng,  
And my heart leaps, as fountains cavern-hidden  
Leap to the wood-bird's song.

Thy quick, light foot-fall breaks the twilight stillness,  
My pain is all beguiled ;  
I meet thy gaze, electrical and tender,  
And am again a child.

Strangely my soul is hourly drawing toward thee,  
Patient of toil or care,

If, daily duty done, thou sit beside me  
In the calm evening air ;

In the calm evening, when from earthly fetters  
My spirit finds release,  
And rests beneath the wings of that fair angel  
Whose gentle name is Peace.

I cannot tell the spell that binds thine image  
Forever in my heart ;  
I only know thou art to my existence  
Its very, vital part.

## ON THE BRIDGE.

(FROM CHATEAUBRIAND.)

'Tis midnight, and you sleep ;  
You sleep, and I—I am about to die !  
What do I say ? Perhaps you watch and weep—  
For whom ? Hell's friendlier tortures I will try.

To-morrow, when upon your lover's arm  
Sate with joy in search of change you go,  
Lean for a moment from the bridge, and see  
How calm these waters flow.

ABSENT.

WHY do I sing no more? The leaping fountains  
That laugh in glee when Summer paints the flowers,  
Perish and die when with her glorious beauty  
She wanders southward to serener bowers.

Why do I sing no more? The wild-bird warbling  
Beneath the splendid midnight skies of June,  
Hushes her love-song, when their starry glory  
Is blinded by the work-day glare of noon.

Why do I sing no more? The evening zephyr  
That plays with unseen fingers on the air,  
Filling the forest with his witching story  
Of passion for the wild-rose listening there—

Sinks into silence when the grim November  
Blasts the fair blossom on her royal stem;

Or wailing wild among the leafless branches,  
Sings only Sorrow's broken requiem.

And I—the glad, low tones thy presence wakened,  
How can I tune them, now thou art away ?  
As well invoke the spirit of the fountain  
When Winter rules where Spring was wont to play.

Through the still midnight, sitting at my window  
With face uplifted to the starry skies,  
I gaze and gaze, until their silver glances  
Seem the calm splendour of thy radiant eyes ;

And listening still, the while my tears are falling,  
To the soft cadence of the murmuring breeze,  
I hear again thy low and tender whispers  
Floating beneath the dim and shadowy trees.

Give me again the blessing of thy presence—  
Give me the summer brightness of thine eyes,  
And like the breeze, the bird, the leaping fountain,  
My soul in song will make its glad replies.

## WAITING.

WAITING for health and strength ;  
Counting each flickering pulse, each passing hour,  
And sighing when my weary frame at length  
Sinks like a drooping flower.

Waiting for rest and peace ;  
Rest from unravelling life's perplexing woof ;  
Peace from the doubts that crouch like hidden foes  
And glare at me aloof.

Waiting for absent eyes,  
Bright as the sunrise to the lonesome sea ;  
Lovely as life to youth's expectant gaze,  
And dear, next heaven, to me.

Thou who didst watch and pray,  
Quicken the pulse, bid doubt and weeping flee ;  
Or if these must abide, still let me cry,  
Bring back the loved to me !



## LEONIDAS.

THOU art not dead. Still, as I wait and listen,  
Comes the weird influence of thy radiant eyes,  
And like a lone flower trembling to the night-wind  
My full heart thrills to hear thy low replies.

Thou art not dead. Still, in the sober twilight  
I sit with folded hands the while there comes  
Thine image through the dim and flickering fire-light  
With saintly lustre lightening all the glooms.

Thou'rt with me always. When the watchful Mid-  
night  
Stands by my lonely window, crowned with stars,  
Thy fingers, O adored and strange magician,  
Ope the dark dungeon that my spirit bars ;

And taking in thine own my hands confiding,  
Beneath clear skies, beside clear shining streams

Where deathless voices soft and low are singing,  
The long night through we walk the world of dreams.

Day with its thousand cares around me presses ;  
Night with its thousand memories shuts me in ;  
Life with its dangers and its dark distresses  
Threatens with sorrow or invites to sin ;

But girding on anew my daily burthen,  
With patient spirit whence no doubts arise,  
Remembering all thy tender, holy counsel  
I tread the way that leads me to the skies.

There where no frowning fortresses are builded,  
There, where no pilgrim feet are tired and torn,  
We side by side will roam the heavens together  
Shod with the sandals by the immortal worn.

O C T O D E C I M A .

NORA, BORN IN JUNE.

CLEAR as her cloudless eyes  
O'er cliff and glen and mountain's distant line  
Undimmed by haze or mist, serenely shine  
The deep-blue summer skies.

Fair as her sunny hopes,  
The red rose bursts, the lilies white unfold,  
The lotos lifts her chalice lined with gold,  
The star-flowers gem the slopes ;

And leaping waters play,  
And gay winds pipe, and lark and linnet sing  
As if each innocent and happy thing  
Would greet her natal day.

We bring her gentle gifts :  
Bright blossoms with their loving type and token ;  
Lichens and mosses ; curious crystals broken  
From hoary cavern-rifts ;

Music of bard and seer ;  
Legend and classic song, and ancient rhymes  
Echoed from far phantasmal century chimes  
To her enraptured ear ;

And I—I steal apart,  
As scanning each with loving eyes she stands,  
Her happy talk, like ripples over sands,  
Cheering my thirsty heart.

O Saviour meek and mild !  
Cradled, Thyself, upon a mother's knee,  
I kiss Thy precious feet—I beg of Thee  
All blessings for my child !

Thou Shadow of a Rock  
Within a weary land ! Protect her life  
From misery's desert heat, from sin's mad strife,  
From sorrow's lightning-shock.

Love's fairest fruit and flower  
 Give unto her, and friendship's holiest ties ;  
 That her existence, like these shining skies,  
     May brighten every hour ;

Till, calm from morn to night,  
 Her day of earth a golden day may end  
 Fairest at setting, and forever blend  
     With heaven's unfading light.

Yet nay. Too much I ask,  
 And am too fearful. Only they attain  
 The evening welcome who, with patient pain,  
     Fulfil the noonday task.

Give to her spirit, then,  
 Thy rod and staff to walk the ways of life,  
 Thy shield and buckler to ward off the strife—  
     Th' unholy strife of men.

Each precious lesson point  
 That earth's meek creatures teach. On sea and land  
 Show how each high or lowly thing Thy hand  
     With wisdom doth anoint.

Whether her lines be cast  
In the choked city's panting thoroughfare,  
Or 'midst the blessed woodland's treasures rare,  
Or by the ocean vast—

Oh, tune her subtle ear,  
Pained by the discord of earth's warring notes,  
To know the heavenly prophecy that floats  
From brook and bird-song clear;

Show to her serious eyes  
The golden legend writ as in a book  
Upon the steadfast mountain-tops that look  
Forever toward the skies;

And bid the ocean's roar  
Tell her of harpers harping with their harps  
Where shines the light of God, where sorrow warps  
The burthened soul no more.

So may her heart, replete  
With holy courage, seek the victor's crown,  
Till, all her journey done, she shall sit down  
With Mary at Thy feet.

A SEA-SHELL.

It tells, in its lonely sighs,  
In its *miserere* wild,  
Its love for a far-off ocean-home,  
This exiled ocean-child.

I send it unto thee,  
Type of my own full heart,  
That sings and sighs for its native land,  
Though doomed to dwell apart.

And when in thy listening ear  
Its plaintive music rings,  
Let it tell of the love for thee and thine,  
That flows from my heart's deep springs.

## SEA-WEEDS.

FRIEND of the thoughtful mind and gentle heart,  
    Beneath the citron-tree—  
Deep calling to my soul's profounder deep—  
    I hear the Mexique Sea.

White through the night the spectral surf rides in,  
    Along the spectral sands,  
And all the air vibrates, as if from harps  
    Touched by phantasmal hands.

Bright in the moon the red pomegranate-flowers  
    Lean to the yucca's bells,  
While with her chism of dew sad Midnight fills  
    The milk-white asphodels.

Watching all night—as I have done before—  
    I count the stars that set,  
Each writing on my soul some memory deep  
    Of pleasure or regret ;



Till, wild with heart-break, toward the east I turn,  
    Waiting for dawn of day ;  
And chanting sea, and asphodel, and star,  
    Are faded, all, away.

Only within my trembling hands I hold  
    These bright weeds from the sea—  
Flounce, feather, ribbon, crimson, green, and gold—  
    Brought unto me by thee.

Fair bloom the flowers beneath these northern skies,  
    Pure shine the stars by night,  
And grandly sing the grand Atlantic waves  
    In thunder-throated might :

Yet, as the sea-shell in her chambers keeps  
    The murmur of the sea,  
So the deep echoing memories of my home  
    Will not depart from me.

Prone on the page they lie, these gentle things,  
    As I have seen them cast  
Like a drowned woman's hair along the sands  
    When storms were overpast ;

Prone, like the heart's affections, cast ashore  
    In Sorrow's storm and blight.  
Would they could die, like sea-weed! Bear with me,  
    But I must weep to-night.

Tell me, again, of summer fairer made  
    By spring's precursing plough;  
Of joyful reapers gathering tear-sown sheaves;  
    Talk to me—will you?—now.

## DRIED MOSSES.

CHILD of the sylvan hills,  
I hear afar, down the rocky glen,  
The song of the robin and the wren,  
The tinkle of glancing rills.

The oak-leaves overhead  
Murmur like fond familiar lips,  
While, stealing athwart their green eclipse,  
The sun, to my mossy bed

Comes like an alchemist,  
Setting a gem in the daisy's hair  
And crowning the timid violet fair  
With gold and amethyst.

The playful woodland air  
Sings in mine ear like a happy child ;  
Reddens my cheeks with his kisses wild,  
And tangles my loosened hair.

I see the squirrel leap  
From the maple tall to the hickory-tree ;  
The spotted toad, renowned as he,  
Dives into the river deep ;

While, on the reedy shore,  
The oriole pipes, and the grosbeak proud  
Eyes him askant ; I laugh aloud,  
I am a child once more.

The peacock blows his horn  
In the glen where the tall stone chimneys rise ;  
The black crow caws from the amber skies  
To the scarecrow in the corn.

I hear my mother sing  
Her hymn by the open cottage-pane ;  
My brother whistles along the lane,  
To the partridge by the spring.

Two faces, heavenly fair,  
In childish innocence look out  
From the elder-thicket ; my sisters shout ;  
I bound to meet them there—

And bird and flowery land  
Vanish away. I sit in tears  
Holding these silent souvenirs,  
Dried mosses in my hand.

Along these sunny skies,  
Cloudless and golden though they be,  
I see no home-bird wander free,  
No cottage-chimney rise;

And with a yearning pain  
I think of the bright Kentucky rill  
That sings by the graves on the lonely hill,  
And the broken cottage-pane.

Though lovingly for me  
Fresh fountains flow in stranger lands,  
Fresh flowers are culled by stranger hands,  
Fresh fruits from friendship's tree—

That streamlet always sings  
Of the sunken roof and the silent dead,  
Of brambles that choke the violet's bed,  
Of childhood's perished springs.

Child of the sylvan height,  
Whose gentle fingers culled for me  
These fairy creatures of rock and tree,  
My thankful heart to-night

Goes to the pleasant South,  
To that fair homestead where thy head  
Nestles in peace on its downy bed ;  
I kiss thy sweet young mouth ;

And kneeling by thy side,  
Soft, lest I break thy happy sleep,  
Earnest, as flows yon river deep,  
I pray to Him who died :

Keep her, O Undeiled,  
White as the lilies of the field ;  
From sorrow's blast her pure heart shield,  
From sin's sirocco wild.

Yet nay—each human way  
Hath its dark passes. Be her lamp ;  
Bid Thine archangel, Lord, encamp  
Around her, night and day :

So may she reach that land  
Whither the loved are beckoning now,  
The morning star upon her brow,  
The palm-branch in her hand.

## A REQUIEM.

LEAVES of the autumn-time,  
Crimson and golden, opalesque and brown,  
To this new grave-heap slowly rustling down,  
Come with your low, low chime,  
And sing of her who, spring and summer past,  
In her calm autumn sought that shore at last,  
Where there is no more rime.

Flowers of the autumn days,  
Bright lingering roses, asters white as snow,  
And purple violets on the winds that go  
Sighing their sad, sad lays,  
Tell, with your sweet breath, how her spirit fair  
Through life's declining, kept its fragrance rare  
Fresher amidst decays.



Birds of the autumn eves  
Warbling your last song ere ye plume your wing  
For milder climates, stay awhile and sing  
Where the lone willow grieves ;  
Tell of a nest, secure from storm and blast,  
Where her white wing, the shadowy valley past,  
Rests under heavenly eaves.

Stars of the autumn night,  
Crowned warders on the ramparts of the skies,  
With your bright lances, holy mysteries  
Upon her gravestone write :  
Tell of the new name given to the free  
In that fair land beyond the silent sea,  
Where Christ is Lord and Light.

God of the wind and rain,  
Seed-time and harvest, summer-time and sleet,  
Stricken and woful, at Thy kingly feet  
We bow amidst our pain.  
Help us to find her, where no falling leaf,  
No parting bird, doth tell of death and grief,  
Where Thou alone dost reign !

## CELESTINE.

CELLIE, little Cellie !

Underneath the skies  
There is not a bluebell  
Bluer than her eyes ;  
Not a lakelet margined  
By a daintier fringe  
Than her long soft lashes  
With their chestnut tinge.

Cellie, little Cellie !

Through the golden air  
Not a sunbeam dances  
Sunnier than her hair ;  
Curling o'er her forehead,  
Or, in roguish grace,  
Pulled by baby-fingers  
All across her face.

Cellie, little Cellie!

Through the flowery South  
Not a rose is blowing  
Rosier than her mouth ;  
Pouting proud, the Princess !  
Laughing next, to show,  
With her Grace's kindness,  
Four teeth in a row.

Cellie, little Cellie!

Through the meadows sweet  
Not a lambkin gambols  
Whiter than her feet ;  
Dainty feet ! but palsied  
By a baleful spell  
Since that fiery sickness  
Fiercely on her fell.

Cellie, little Cellie !

How we watched and wept  
While the fever-vulture  
To her vitals crept ;  
Day by day beseeching  
That the risen King

Might vouchsafe to spare us  
So beloved a thing !

Cellie !—Holy Saviour,  
Who from death's dark sea  
Safely back hast brought her  
With us yet to be ;  
By her baby patience  
Teach us lessons wise,  
So Thou mayst receive us  
With her to the skies.

## MY QUEEN.

J. E. K.

TALL is my queen ;  
Lithe as the lily's graceful stem  
And fair as her snow-white diadem,  
My Josephine.

RARE is my queen ;  
My lotos, in her beauty's dower  
Rivalling the rare Victoria flower,  
My Josephine.

BBRIGHT is my queen ;  
The first bright star in the violet skies  
Borrows its light from her violet eyes—  
My Josephine.

GAY is my queen ;  
Birds that all day in the woods rejoice  
Their gamut have caught from her warbling voice—  
My Josephine.

Kind is my queen ;  
 Kind as the breeze at the noontide hour,  
 Kind as the dew to the fainting flower—  
 My Josephine.

True is my queen ;  
 Glad with the glad—Christ's word to keep—  
 And ready to weep with them that weep,  
 My Josephine.

O silvery sheen  
 Of sky ! O birds, O lilies white,  
 Bless with your breath, your song, your light,  
 My Josephine !

And ye, I ween  
 Dearest of all the Angelic Nine <sup>1</sup>  
 Seraphim, guard with your sleepless eyne  
 My Josephine ;

Till, pearl-serene,  
 She stand, heaven's light in her ransomed eyes,  
 At the jasper door of Paradise—  
 My Josephine !

<sup>1</sup> "Les séraphins, ô Dieu, les esprits d'amour, qui sont les plus sublimes de tous les célestes escadrons, ceux que vous mettez le plus près de vous."  
 —BOSSUET.

## AN INVOCATION.

BENEATH the tulip-tree,  
O spirit I adore,  
Come while the evening shadows hide  
The clouds on yonder shore.  
Above the waters dim,  
Night like a dark bird broods,  
And, like a mourner, the low wind  
Sobs in the lonely woods.

From human love, my soul  
In silent sorrow turns;  
And while Arcturus through the trees  
Like a red watch-fire burns,  
With lifted face I cry  
Beneath the tulip-tree,  
O spirit of the beautiful,  
Vouchsafe to dwell with me!

Love's flowers are very sweet,  
But blossom to decay ;  
Love's singing birds are gay and bright,  
Yet mocking-birds are they.  
Twine with thy spirit-hands  
White amaranths for my head,  
And sing thy deathless spirit-songs  
Around my midnight bed.

Bend low thy blessed eyes !  
They have no human ray  
To mock me with the treacherous light  
That kindles to betray.  
Oh, fold thy pinions white  
Around my weary heart,  
And say, though human love forsake,  
Yet thou wilt ne'er depart.

Teach me the sacred lore  
That whispers in the trees ;  
That writes within the lily's cup  
Its strange, deep mysteries ;  
Lift to my thirsting lips  
The cup of Thought divine !



Its pure cool draught is sweeter far  
Than Love's red, flaming wine.

O rare and radiant guest,  
O spirit I adore,  
While sombre evening shadows hide  
The clouds on yonder shore,  
With lifted face I cry  
Beneath the tulip-tree,  
Thou spirit of the beautiful,  
Forever dwell with me!

## DOES HE REMEMBER ?

Does he remember ? 'Twas a golden summer,  
Summer among the proud, pine-crested hills,  
Where the gay south wind, idle, playful hummer,  
Laughed, like a truant, with the garrulous rills.

Young vetches, clambering up the broad-leaved guelder,  
Peeped roguish, like the blue eyes of a child,  
And 'neath the white tent of the blooming elder,  
Stood the wakerobin like an Arab wild.

Does he remember ? Nature, holy teacher !  
Told through each living thing her lofty lore ;  
But one voice only answered the beseecher  
That still had begged a benefaction more.

Kind words he spake—kind words, though never lov-  
ing—  
Which, o'er the billowy After, drear and blind,

Came softly back, like sea-gulls to the roving,  
Telling of all the green land left behind.

On her young forehead, sorrow-sore and throbbing,  
She wears the prickly Calvary-crown of fame ;  
And praises follow all her steps, but sobbing  
Through the blank night, she breathes one hoarded  
name,

Thinking how gladly she would yield her title  
To fame's ambrosial food and brilliant bays,  
If she might feast her soul on one requital,  
The simple therf-bread of his earnest praise.

TWENTY-ONE.

BRIGHT summer sun, to-day  
Mount with thy glancing spears, a cohort proud,  
O'er cliff and peak, and chase each threatening cloud,  
Each gathering mist, away.

Fair, fragrant summer flowers,  
Lily and heliotrope and spicy fern,  
Exhale your sweets from leaf and petalled urn  
Throughout the golden hours.

Thou deep-voiced western wind,  
The stately arches of the forest fill  
Till oak and elm to thine *andante* thrill  
As mind replies to mind.

Take up the song, and sing,  
O summer birds, until the joyous strains  
Ring through the hills, chant in the blooming plains,  
Gurgle in brook and spring.

And thou, O river deep,  
Send from the shore thy message calm and plain,  
As, bearing ship and shallop to the main,  
Thy mighty currents sweep.

Sing, while the golden gate  
Swings open, and reveals the thronging hopes  
Wingèd and crowned, that crowd the flowery slopes  
Of manhood's first estate.

Yet soft and low! The door  
Is closing, as ye sing, on childhood's meads;  
The garrulous trump of youth's heroic deeds  
Is hushed forevermore;

And shining shapes that blaze  
Like lodestars, with occasion wait, to lure  
The dazzled soul o'er crag and fell and moor  
From wisdom's peaceful ways.

Tell him, O sunshine bright,  
How clouds of lust and mists of evil thought  
By chastity's white beams are brought to nought  
Through virtue's silent might.

Tell him, ye blossoms sweet,  
How Charity divine her perfume rare  
Exhales alike in pure or noxious air,  
With holy love replete.

O brook and bird and spring,  
Babble your simple sermon; say, Behold  
Contentment better far than gems or gold  
Or crown of sceptred king.

Tell him, thou deep-voiced wind,  
How a brave, earnest spirit may awake  
Responsive thought till distant cycles take  
Their orbits from his mind;

And thou, O river wide,  
Tell how a steady purpose gathers strength  
From singleness of aim until at length  
On its resistless tide

It bears both great and small  
With equal, silent, comprehensive love  
To that great sea whose calm no storm can move,  
God's grace o'erarching all.

So may his spirit clear,  
Untroubled by the scoff, the sneer, the sting  
Of different creeds, find heaven a real thing,  
And walk with seraphs here.

Thou great Triune! Thy sign  
Is on his forehead; may he, manful, fight  
Under Thy banner till upon his sight  
Fair Paradise shall shine;

Till, crown and palm-branch won,  
He shall before Thee stand without a fear,  
Wearing the bright and morning star, and hear  
The Master say, *Well done!*

## HINES.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS.

HE sat on the humble door-step ;  
His hand, which held a cup,  
Looked like a crazy jackknife  
With long blades half closed up.  
His thin limbs, all distorted,  
Were tangled in a gown,  
And from his knotted shoulders  
A pinafore hung down.

Light-hearted, laughing children  
Were playing in the street,  
And mock-birds in the live-oaks  
Made music wild and sweet.  
He tried to join their chorus,  
But from his palsied tongue  
Came only wordless discord,  
As if by witches sung.



The boys played ball and hop-scotch ;  
    They flew the paper kite,  
And hallooed as its white wings  
    Grew dark upon their sight.  
All, all but poor Hines, shouted ;  
    Their fun was not for him,  
For strange and ruthless fetters  
    Enchained him mind and limb.

Through all his childish summers  
    Beneath the cottage-eaves  
Each morn his mother placed him,  
    Where, shimmering through the leaves,  
The sunshine like an angel  
    Came down and kissed his head,  
And vestal orange-blossoms  
    Their incense round him shed.

He laughed to see the sunshine,  
    He nodded to the trees ;  
But most of all, young children  
    His idiot heart could please.  
His thin blood, as he watched them,  
    Would strangely flush his cheek,

And strangely would his sealed lips  
Essay their joy to speak.

Now whining he pursued them,  
With sad and witless stare,  
As down the green lane flying  
Their laughter filled the air ;  
When, suddenly, they halted—  
“ Poor Hines ! ” they said, and then  
Back to the vine-clad cottage  
They quickly came again.

One bade the boy good-morrow ;  
Another smoothed his hair ;  
Another filled with water  
The cup he offered there ;  
While one bright, blue-eyed urchin  
Stepped through the open door  
And brought him out a toy-whip  
He could not reach before.

Then to their sports returning,  
They frolicked glad and free,  
And poor Hines cracked his toy-whip  
And chattered in his glee ;

While through the bowery lattice  
The morning sea-breeze sung,  
And golden flecks of sunlight  
Lay all the leaves among.

O sweet, unconscious teachers!  
Ye prove that all of heaven  
From our strange, sinful natures  
Has not been darkly riven ;  
And that while little children  
Are left below the skies,  
We may be safely guided  
To our lost Paradise.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

A BALLAD FOR MY CHILDREN.

LITTLE ones at my knee,  
The New-Year chimes ring sweet,  
Silver-clear on the frosty air  
The blithe New-Year to greet.  
But while the shouting world  
Its *vivat* sends to heaven,  
List as I tell you a stirring tale  
Of buried Fifty-seven.

Once, when on glittering skates  
Blithe Januarius came,  
Fleet as a reindeer leaving far  
His polar halls aflame,  
Over the wintry hills,  
Beside the frozen streams,

One story strange he told by day,  
One tale by night in dreams.

Wherever an icicle hung,  
Wherever the snow lay white,  
Wherever the gleaming boreal fires  
Lit up the winter night ;  
On every icy rift,  
On every frosted pane,  
With the busy skill of a weird fakir  
He wrote the name of Kane.

Kings on their jewelled thrones,  
Grave councillors of state  
Trying, in diplomatic scales,  
The nations as by weight,  
Each politic scheme forgot,  
Listened, with eyes grown bright,  
As Winter whistled the epic grand  
Of that savage arctic fight.

He fought with sickness gaunt,  
He grappled with hunger fierce ;  
He stifled, with firm, courageous words,  
Dark Mutiny's muttered curse ;

Seeking, 'midst crunching bergs  
Where the white bear growled alone,  
Some token for her whose grief had roused  
The nations with its moan.

He fought with the drifting floes,  
He fought with the hummocks wild,  
Looking to God, 'midst the trackless snows,  
With the heart of a little child ;  
And bursting the silent gate  
To the land of dark and dole,  
A trophied conqueror he returned  
With the secret of the pole.

A victor he came ; but the spears  
Of the monster he defied  
Had pierced to the core of his brave young heart,  
And chilled its crimson tide ;  
So, while the welcome home  
Still rang from mount and lea,  
He voyaged out to that Unknown Land  
Where there is no more sea.

The Genoese, who first  
Made strange, adventurous way

Over the seas, had golden dreams  
Of beautiful, far Cathay ;  
And, fired with the magical show  
Of blossoming grove and plain,  
With an eager heart and a flashing eye  
Sailed over the pathless main.

But he, our martyr brave,  
There lay before his eye  
Only a sullen, desolate waste  
Where bones of dead men lie :  
Wastes where no sound is heard  
But the crash of the drifting ice,  
No language writ, save, quaint and grim,  
The frost-work's wild device.

Victors from battle-fields  
Have come with banners gay,  
But none with a braver heart than he  
Whose story I tell you to-day.  
Little ones at my knee,  
Remember its lesson plain,  
And keep in your hearts, as a precious thing,  
The memory of Kane.

AMABARE ME.

WHEN the white snow left the mountains,  
When the spring unsealed the fountains,  
When her eye the violet lifted  
Where the autumn leaves had drifted  
    'Neath the budding maple-tree,  
        *Amabare me.*

Now the summer flowers are dying,  
Now the summer streams are drying!  
Yet I cry, though lone I linger  
Where the autumn's wizard finger  
    Burns along the maple-tree,  
        *Amabare me !*

As the wild-bird, faint and dying,  
Follows summer faithless flying,



So my heart, doubt's blank air beating  
Broken-winged, is still repeating  
    While it follows, follows thee,  
        *Amabare me.*

Soon will Winter, gaunt and haggard,  
Shroud a new grave, sodless, beggared;  
Still, though not a flower be planted,  
Not a requiem be chanted,  
Not an eye with tears be laven,  
On a gray stone will be graven  
    'Neath the leafless maple-tree,  
        *Amabare me.*

## DREAMS.

DREAMS of a summer land  
Where rose and lotos open to the sun,  
Where green *savane* and misty mountain stand  
By lordly valour won.

Dreams of the earnest-browed  
And eagle-eyed, who late, with banners bright,  
Rode forth in knightly errantry, to do  
*Devoir* for God and Right.

Shoulder to shoulder, see  
The crowding columns file through pass and glen!  
Hear the shrill bugle! list the turbalant drum  
Mustering the gallant men!

Resolute, year by year,  
They keep at bay the cohorts of the world;  
Hemmed in, yet trusting to the Lord of Hosts  
The Cross is still unfurled.

Patient, heroic, true—  
Counting but tens where hundreds stood at first,  
Dauntless for right, they dare the sabre's edge,  
The bomb-shell's deadly burst ;

While we, with hearts made brave  
By their proud manhood, work and watch and pray  
Till, conquering Fate, we'll greet with smiles and tears  
The conquering ranks of gray !

O God of dreams and sleep !  
Dreamless they sleep—'tis we, the sleepless, dream !  
Defend us, while our vigil dark we keep,  
Which knows no morning beam !

Bloom, gentle spring-tide flowers,  
Sing, gentle winds, above each holy grave,  
While we, the women of a desolate land,  
Weep for the true and brave !

BIRTHDAY-GIFTS.

FOR NORA.

PEARLS for my pearl ;  
White as the snow of her gentle breast,  
Pure as the thoughts in her heart at rest—  
Pearls for my pearl.

Flowers for my flower ;  
Lilies, fresh culled where the water flows ;  
Roses, to crown my one sole rose—  
Flowers for my flower.

Birds for my bird ;  
To twitter and list, with eye askant,  
Her rivalling voice in song or chant—  
Birds for my bird.

God of the lone !  
Left in my life's fair morning-tide  
With but this child, I crouch beside  
    Thy mercy's throne ;

    And folding close  
Her curly head on my broken heart,  
Checking my sobs lest I make her start  
    With my bitter woes,

    To Thee I cry !  
Long is the way, and black and wide  
Gathers the tempest. Be our Guide,  
    Thou Lord Most High—

    Till from the swirl  
Of earth, secure in heaven's repose,  
Angels bring roses for my rose,  
    Pearls for my pearl !

COR UNUM, VIA UNA.

SAY this, beloved, of me,  
When from my dead heart Southern roses spring  
The whole year round where bee and mock-bird sing  
Their low sweet jubilee—

Say this : Through life's strange day  
Of joy and sorrow, studying to be true,  
With bleeding feet stern duty to pursue,  
She kept *one heart, one way.*

## ADRIAN.

CHEERY as summer sunshine,  
Pure as the fresh-fall'n snow,  
Fair as the early morning,  
Fleet as the forest roe;  
Bright as the wild red roses  
Along the cliff's gray side,  
Gay as the mountain streamlet,  
Was the lovely boy that died.

Summer on shining summer  
Lighting the pleasant skies,  
Deepened the blue, calm beauty  
Of his frank and earnest eyes;  
Spring after spring-time gathered  
With buds and blossoms wild,  
Fresh wreaths of thought and feeling  
For the forehead of the child.

Adrian—just as noble  
In soul as name was he ;  
Regal in form and feature,  
And brave as truth can be ;  
Leader among his fellows  
At ball or hoop, or swing,  
Tenderest with the weakest,  
And generous as a king.

Mother who sittest lonely  
Beside the vacant door,  
Conning with tears in silence  
Each garment that he wore,  
With troops of sainted playmates  
He breathes heaven's holy air,  
Robed in the spotless raiment  
That Christ's dear children wear.

Father who listenest vainly  
For light and bounding feet  
Gladdest in prompt obedience  
Thy simplest wish to meet,  
With lifted face he waiteth  
On Christ the Master now,



Learning the lore of angels  
With earnest seraph-brow.

Warders along the ramparts  
That guard the flowery shore  
Where wander all the little feet  
Earth's darkened homes deplore,  
Blow with your silver trumpets  
And tell, in tones elate,  
Another good and noble child  
Has passed the Heavenly Gate.

Thou who wast born of Mary,  
Child at a mother's knee,  
Thou who didst not forget her  
On dreadful Calvary,  
Bind up the broken-hearted,  
Their Perfect Comfort be,  
And gently lead them to the lost,  
Beyond Death's icy sea.

## THE SAINTED.

SHE has heard the solemn summons,  
She has listened to the swell  
Of the lofty anthems ringing  
Where the white-robed spirits dwell ;  
And with sweet and willing courage  
She has girded her, and gone  
Through the mystery and shadow  
Of the silent vale, alone.

Cordial greetings met her presence  
At the proudest mansion-door ;  
Blessings followed her light foot-fall  
From the humblest cottage-floor ;  
She was busy as the sunshine,  
She was gracious as the rain,  
But the Master called her heavenward,  
And she might no more remain.

We shall miss her when a stranger  
Strikes the organ's stately keys ;  
When we bow, in deep adoring,  
At The Supper's mysteries ;  
But our grieved hearts will remember  
That with seraphs now she sings,  
And that Christ has led her footsteps  
To imperishable springs.

Holy Father ! who dost send us  
Angels sometimes from on high,  
By their gentle lives to teach us  
How to live and how to die,  
Give us grace her bright example  
So to follow, that at last  
We may dwell with her forever  
When this life is overpast.



CHRISTIAN HYMNS.



## ADVENT.

CLEAR as the silver call  
Of Israel's trumpets on her holy days,  
Beckoning her children from all walks and ways,  
The Church's accents fall.

With sweet and solemn sound,  
Where winter's ice imprisons lake and stream,  
Where tropic woods with fadeless summer gleam,  
They make their joyful round ;

Joyful, and yet how grave !  
Bidding us kneel with faces to the east,  
And watch for Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,  
Who cometh strong to save.

As at a mother's feet  
The children of one household sit to learn  
Some sweet domestic lesson, each in turn  
His portion to repeat ;

So, at this holy tide,  
Calling us round her for exalted talk,  
From each loved haunt, from each familiar walk  
She bids us turn aside—

And list, while she relates  
The blessed story, old yet ever new,  
Of Him, the Sun of Righteousness, the true,  
Whose dawn she celebrates.

Now the rapt prophets sing  
Their anthems in each bowed and listening ear ;  
Now the bold Baptist's clarion-voice we hear  
Down the glad centuries ring ;

Till, fired with joy, as they  
Who spread their garments 'neath His precious feet,  
With rapture we go forth our Lord to meet,  
Our glad hosannas pay.

Yet list! Another note  
Blends with the holy song our Mother sings,  
And high above the harp's exultant strings,  
Clear, trumpet-like, doth float :



He comes to judge the world ;  
To garner up His wheat, to purge His floor,  
While into flames of fire forevermore  
The worthless chaff is hurled.

Lord, we would put aside  
The gauds and baubles of this mortal life,  
Weak self-conceit, the foolish tools of strife,  
The tawdry garb of pride ;

And pray, in Christ's dear name,  
Thy grace to deck us in the robes of light,  
That at His coming we may stand aright,  
And fear no sudden shame.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FOR BABY.

RING, ring, cheerily ring,  
Church-bells, loud and long ;  
Ring as the happy children sing  
The holy Christmas-song.  
    Church-bells ring,  
    Children sing,  
Cheerily, merrily, ring and sing,  
Hail, All-Hail, to Christ the King!

Sing, sing, merrily sing,  
Little ones, one and all,  
Sing to-day, of a Sinless King  
Born in a stable-stall.  
    Church-bells ring,  
    Children sing,  
Cheerily, merrily, ring and sing,  
Hail, All-Hail, to Christ the King!

## CHRISTUS RESURREXIT.

AN EASTER CAROL.

BIRD and beast and creeping thing,  
Trees and flowers and fountains,  
Tell the plains of Christ the King,  
Thunder back, ye mountains!  
This is Nature's jubilee,  
Let no discord vex it ;  
Sing, O winds and waters free,  
*Christus resurrexit !*  
*Resurrexit non est hic,*  
*Christus resurrexit !*

Wrestling in the wilderness,  
On the mountains praying,  
Now He walks the wave to bless,  
Terror's tempest staying.

Soul, this is thy day of light,  
 Let no doubt perplex it ;  
 Lift thine eyes with rapture bright,  
*Christus resurrexit !*

Past, the garden's bloody sweat ;  
 Past, the bitter trial ;  
 Jewish scoff and Gentile threat,  
 Peter's dark denial ;  
 Calvary's cross and spear are done,  
 Death and hell perplexèd ;  
 Angels rolled away the stone,  
*Christus resurrexit !*

Magdalen the tale hath proved,  
 Magdalen, the winner ;  
 Seven ways sinning, sevenfold loved  
 Coming as a sinner.  
 Hear her voice Rabboni say—  
 Now no sorrow checks it ;  
 Sinner, sing with her to-day,  
*Christus resurrexit !*  
*Resurrexit non est hic,*  
*Christus resurrexit !*

## THE TOUCHING OF JESUS.

TRAVEL-WORN, among the brambles  
Grove I, sick and lone,  
Vainly searching for the pathway  
All with thorns o'ergrown.  
Holy angels! to the Healer  
Guide my trembling soul!  
*If I may but touch His garment,*  
*I shall be whole.*

Pleasure's red and purple blossoms  
Wooded my foolish feet;  
Busily the buds I gathered  
Filled with nectar sweet.  
Far and farther on I wandered,  
Drinking deadly wine  
From each deep and gaudy flower-cup  
As a draught divine.

Then—the noonday sun o’ertook me  
In a desert dread,  
Where, ’midst faded wreaths of purple,  
Lay the unshriven dead ;  
Wild Remorse the only watcher  
By their graveless bed—  
Stricken Rachel, still refusing  
To be comforted.

I have fled away affrighted,  
But each leprous vein  
Carries up the hated venom  
To my reeling brain.  
Still I see, though dim and distant,  
Christ the Nazarene ;  
Holy angels ! lead me to Him !  
He can make me clean.

Through the clouds that throng about Him,  
Lowliest of all  
Come I, with my spotted raiment  
At His feet to fall.  
Holy angels, nearer, nearer  
Guide my starving soul !

*If I may but touch His garment,  
I shall be whole.*

Master, from the bitter apples  
Gilding pleasure's tree,  
I am come, repentant, begging  
Bread and wine of Thee.  
In the dust I crouch before Thee,  
Waiting my release—  
Waiting till Thy tender mercy  
Bid me *Go in peace.*

MISERERE MEL.

HERE by the sounding sea,  
My knee, O God, I bend ;  
And while the chanting waves to Thee  
Their solemn worship send,  
In humble penitence I pray  
That I be heard as well as they.

They, that Thy holy hand  
Placed in the ocean palaces to dwell,  
Dare never to transcend Thy right decree,  
But ever do Thine awful bidding well ;  
Thundering amidst Thy storms, or, still and dumb,  
Heeding the mandate, *Hither shall ye come.*

And the glad voice they send  
Up to Thy throne beyond the vaulted skies,  
Passes unchallenged through the jasper gates  
To blend with heaven's triumphant harmonies,





From Harper's Magazine.

Copyright, 1871, by Harper & Brothers.

"YE MAY NOT BRING HER FROM THAT ROCKY COAST,  
THE STRANDED SHIP."

Page 15.



And certify that Nature's awful mirth  
Proves Thou hast still a witness on the earth.

But I—I, who have strayed  
Far from the peaceful paths that lead to Thee,  
Gathering the Sodom-fruit of earthly joy,  
Forgetful that it grew by Sin's Dead Sea,  
How will mine accents, trembling, low and grieved,  
'Midst Nature's joyful anthems be received ?

I, whom Thy holy hand  
Fashioned in Thine own image, and endowed  
With Thine immortal spirit, unto gods  
My feebleness erected, low have bowed ;  
Laying on earthly altars fruits and flowers  
Thou hadst demanded for Thy heavenly bowers.

O Father, all are gone .  
Low in the dust my cherished idols lie ;  
Lily and asphodel I should have kept  
For Thee, amidst the bright wrecks droop and die.  
Send rain and sunshine ! Bid my blossoms spring,  
Peace-offerings which to Thee I yet may bring !

Teach me to heed each tone  
Spoken by bird, and flower, and wind, and sea ;  
Teach my torn heart each wish and hope and joy  
That stirs its depths, to consecrate to Thee ;  
So, when the sea and earth give up their dead,  
Thy blessing, Lord, may rest upon my head.

## VIA CRUCIS VIA LUCIS.

DARK Calvary's Cross! Thy holy, mystic sign,  
Traced with the sacred wave, our foreheads wear,  
In solemn token that by grace divine  
With faithful courage we thy load must bear.

DARK Calvary's Crown! Thy thorns are sharp indeed,  
And weary temples throb beneath thy weight;  
Yet we have vowed, albeit we faint and bleed,  
To hold thee better than our best estate.

BBRIGHT Calvary's Cross! Though abject be thy shame,  
Thy slender tree to Faith's uplifted eye  
Transfigured stands, like Jacob's stair, aflame  
With shining shapes that lead us to the sky.

BBRIGHT Calvary's Crown, thou queen of diadems!  
Thy thorns are golden rays that blaze afar;  
And lo! where blood-gouts were thine only gems,  
Shines, in their stead, the bright and morning star.

Fair Catholic Church, on land and sea unfold  
Thy standard blazoned with the Cross and Crown,  
While we, the children of thy fostering fold,  
Exultant sing a Saviour's high renown.

Thou gentlest Jesu, Crucified and Crowned,  
Keep us, when pleasures smile, when sorrows frown ;  
So, bearing Calvary's cross, we may be found  
Worthy at last to wear bright Calvary's crown !

## MEMORIA IN ÆTERNA.

UNTO thy golden sands,  
Bright tropic country of my love, once more  
I come with exiled feet—how travel-sore!—  
From cold and distant lands.

Brightly the sun still shines ;  
'Midst living green, white blow the magnol-flowers ;  
The mocking-bird, throughout the circling hours,  
Sings in the clustering vines ;

Fair as Damascus gleam  
The city gardens in their opulence  
Of rose and myrtle, flooding sight and sense ;  
And hill and glen and stream

Glint in meridian light,  
Or smile beneath the full and silvery moon,  
As if no black eclipse could blot the noon,  
No tempest blight the night.

O gentlest friend ! We sit  
Beneath these drooping elms ; the wind blows sweet  
Among our Pæstum roses ; bright and fleet  
The finches sing and flit ;

Yet wearily we turn  
From their soft wooings to these hallowed grounds  
Along whose silent, consecrated mounds  
The fires of sunset burn.

What shall I say to thee  
Of him, the patriot just ? how, stammering, tell  
The virtues of that heart now resting well  
Beneath the myrtle-tree ?

From blue Atlantic's bound  
To the deep Bravo's mango-bordered shore,  
His trumpet 'midst the battle's shifting roar  
Gave no uncertain sound ;

But, firm and true and clear,  
Cautioned the rash, inspirited the weak,  
Rebuked the venal, nor forgot to speak  
Rare, noble words of cheer



To brave men fainting white  
In hospital wards, to children in their tears,  
To women strong in faith and strange to fears,  
    Toiling by day and night ;

And when disaster dire  
Furled the red cross whose light had dazed the world,  
His voice was first to blunt the arrows hurled  
    By a flushed conqueror's ire.

And these—what shall I say  
Of these, in battle-order side by side  
Drawn up, to wait that time which shall decide  
    Where Right and Honour lay ?

Dark day of overthrow,  
*Vulnus immedicabile!* for thee,  
If in the future's Gilead there be  
    A balsam yet to grow,

Its healing shoot will spring  
From holy lives laid down for freedom's sake,  
From bold emprise whose clashing song shall make  
    The echoing ages ring ;

Its blessing will distil  
From haunts made classic by heroic deeds,  
From Shiloh's plain, from Chickamauga's reeds,  
From Malvern's bloody hill.

How proud these memories vast!  
Giving us each a dignity and strength  
Not born of earth. They make us one, at length,  
With the dim, fabulous past.

Gathered from each red plain,  
Brave, silent phalanx! kneeling by your graves  
I hear the rush of those eternal waves  
Whose hymn has one refrain.

Ay—vanquished though we be—  
O heart! beat rhythmic with my sorrow!—*ye*  
Are of the Heraclidæ—mount and sea  
Attest your high degree.

Another classic age  
Dawns from Potomac to the Mexique strand;  
With Hector and Leonidas ye stand  
On history's blazoned page;

And from the sulphurous rim  
Of black defeat, ye join the deathless shapes  
Whose giant forms, like cloud-girt mountain-capes,  
Loom through the centuries dim.

Let bloated, vain Success  
Be worshipped by the millions of To-day ;  
Righteous Defeat, uncrowned, hath silent sway  
To-morrow will confess.

Strike deep, though silently,  
O Southern oaks, your roots in Southern ground,  
And lift, O palm and laurel, victor-crowned,  
Your branches to the sky ;

The river's heaving floods,  
The mountain-tops, the steadfast stars shall say  
Unto the cycling ages, *In that day,*  
*Lo! there were demi-gods !*

## AT PARTING.

FAREWELL—shall it be farewell?

Farewell, said lightly when the careless part;  
Farewell, said coldly by the estranged in heart,  
    And serving but to tell  
The empty dearth of cold Convention's shell—  
    Nay, not farewell.

Good-bye—shall it be good-bye?

Good-bye, low whispered amidst blinding tears;  
Good-bye, presaging sad, long-parted years,  
    Telling, with sob and sigh,  
Of change or thwarted plan or broken tie—  
    Nay, not good-bye!

Good-night—shall it be good-night?

Good-night, which means to-morrow we may meet;  
Good-night! I fain my foolish heart must cheat,  
    Though morning's golden light

Shine on a lone ship leagues beyond thy sight,  
Yet still good-night.

Yea, best beloved, good-night !  
Good Night, best Night, with all thy fairest dreams,  
Good Night, best Night, with all thy starriest beams,  
Watch by her pillow white,  
And tell her all my love, thou gentlest Night !  
Good-night, good-night !

THE END.











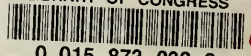








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 873 033 9