



PROCTER'S  
POEMS



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THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY CHARLES DICKENS



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## AN INTRODUCTION.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN the spring of the year 1853, I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal, *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*, a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one *MISS MARY BERWICK*, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel, *Miss Berwick* was informed that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the journal and *Miss Berwick*, but *Miss Berwick* herself was never seen.

How we came gradually to establish, at the office of *House-*

*hold Words*, that we knew all about *Miss Berwick*, I have never discovered. But, we settled somehow, to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable: so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real person age to me, than *Miss Berwick* the governess became.

This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas number, entitled *The Seven Poor Travellers*, was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as *BARRY CORNWALL*, I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I

laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Berwick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick; and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, MISS ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

The anecdote I have here noted down, besides serving to explain why the parents of the late Miss Procter have looked to me for these poor words of remembrance of their lamented child, strikingly illustrates the honesty, independence, and quiet dignity of the lady's character. I had known her when she was very young; I had been honored with her father's friendship when I was myself a young aspirant; and she had said at home, "If I send him, in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers."

Perhaps it requires an editor's experience of the profoundly unreasonable grounds on

which he is often urged to accept unsuitable articles—such as having been to school with the writer's husband's brother-in-law, or having lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew, when that interesting stranger had broken his own—fully to appreciate the delicacy and the self-respect of this resolution.

Some verses by Miss Procter had been published in the *BOOK OF BEAUTY*, ten years before she became Miss Berwick. With the exception of two poems in the *CORNHILL MAGAZINE*, two in *GOOD WORDS*, and others in a little book called *A CHAPLET OF VERSES* (issued in 1862 for the benefit of a Night Refuge), her published writings first appeared in *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*, or *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*. The present edition contains the whole of her *Legends and Lyrics*, and originates in the great favor with which they have been received by the public.

Miss Procter was born in Bedford Square, London, on the 30th of October, 1825. Her love of poetry was conspicuous at so early an age, that I have before me a tiny album made of small note-paper, into which her favorite passages were copied for her by her mother's hand before she herself could write.

It looks as if she had carried it about as another little girl might have carried a doll. She soon displayed a remarkable memory, and great quickness of apprehension. When she was quite a young child, she learnt with facility several of the problems of Euclid. As she grew older, she acquired the French, Italian, and German languages, became a clever piano-forte player, and showed a true taste and sentiment in drawing. But, as soon as she had completely vanquished the difficulties of any one branch of study, it was her way to lose interest in it, and pass to another. While her mental resources were being trained, it was not at all suspected in her family that she had any gift of authorship, or any ambition to become a writer. Her father had no idea of her having ever attempted to turn a rhyme, until her first little poem saw the light in print.

When she attained to womanhood, she had read an extraordinary number of books, and throughout her life she was always largely adding to the number. In 1853 she went to Turin and its neighborhood, on a visit to her aunt, a Roman Catholic lady. As Miss Procter had herself professed the Roman Catholic faith two years before, she entered with the greater ardor

on the study of the Piedmontese dialect, and the observation of the habits and manners of the peasantry. In the former, she soon became a proficient. On the latter head, I extract from her familiar letters, written home to England at the time, two pleasant pieces of description.

#### A BETROTHAL.

“We have been to a ball, of which I must give you a description. Last Tuesday we had just done dinner at about seven, and stepped out into the balcony to look at the remains of the sunset behind the mountains, when we heard very distinctly a band of music, which rather excited my astonishment, as a solitary organ is the utmost that toils up here. I went out of the room for a few minutes, and, on my returning, Emily said, ‘Oh! that band is playing at the farmer’s near here. The daughter is *fiancée* to-day, and they have a ball.’ I said, ‘I wish I was going!’ ‘Well,’ replied she, ‘the farmer’s wife did call to invite us.’ ‘Then I shall certainly go,’ I exclaimed. I applied to Madame B., who said she would like it very much, and we had better go, children and all. Some of the servants were already gone. We rushed away to put on some shawls,



and put off any shred of black we might have about us (as the people would have been quite annoyed if we had appeared on such an occasion with any black), and we started. When we reached the farmer's, which is a stone's throw above our house, we were received with great enthusiasm; the only drawback being that no one spoke French, and we did not yet speak Piedmontese. We were placed on a bench against the wall, and the people went on dancing. The room was a large white-washed kitchen (I suppose), with several large pictures in black frames, and very smoky. I distinguished the Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian, and the others appeared equally lively and appropriate subjects. Whether they were Old Masters or not, and if so, by whom, I could not ascertain. The band were seated opposite us. Five men, with wind-instruments, part of the band of the National Guard, to which the farmer's sons belong. They played really admirably, and I began to be afraid that some idea of our dignity would prevent my getting a partner; so, by Madame B.'s advice, I went up to the bride, and offered to dance with her. Such a handsome young woman! Like one of Uwins's pictures. Very dark, with a quantity of black hair,

and on an immense scale. The children were already dancing, as well as the maids. After we came to an end of our dance, which was what they call a Polka-Mazourka, I saw the bride trying to screw up the courage of her *fiancé* to ask me to dance, which after a little hesitation he did. And admirably he danced, as indeed they all did, — in excellent time, and with a little more spirit than one sees in a ball-room. In fact, they were very like one's ordinary partners, except that they wore ear-rings and were in their shirt-sleeves, and truth compels me to state that they decidedly smelt of garlic. Some of them had been smoking, but threw away their cigars when we came in. The only thing that did not look cheerful was, that the room was only lighted by two or three oil-lamps, and that there seemed to be no preparation for refreshments. Madame B., seeing this, whispered to her maid, who disengaged herself from her partner, and ran off to the house; she and the kitchen-maid presently returning with a large tray covered with all kinds of cakes (of which we are great consumers and always have a stock), and a large hamper full of bottles of wine, with coffee and sugar. This seemed all very acceptable. The *fiancée* was



requested to distribute the eatables, and a bucket of water being produced to wash the glasses in, the wine disappeared very quickly, — as fast as they could open the bottles. But, elated I suppose by this, the floor was sprinkled with water, and the musicians played a Monferrino, which is a Piedmontese dance. Madame B. danced with the farmer's son, and Emily with another distinguished member of the company. It was very fatiguing, — something like a Scotch reel. My partner was a little man, like Perrot, and very proud of his dancing. He cut in the air and twisted about, until I was out of breath, though my attempts to imitate him were feeble in the extreme. At last, after seven or eight dances, I was obliged to sit down. We stayed till nine, and I was so dead beat with the heat that I could hardly crawl about the house, and in an agony with the cramp, it is so long since I have danced."

#### A MARRIAGE.

"The wedding of the farmer's daughter has taken place. We had hoped it would have been in the little chapel of our house, but it seems some special permission was necessary, and they applied for it too late. They all said, This is the Constitution.

There would have been no difficulty before!' the lower classes making the poor Constitution the scape-goat for everything they don't like. So, as it was impossible for us to climb up to the church where the wedding was to be, we contented ourselves with seeing the procession pass. It was not a very large one, for, it requiring some activity to go up, all the old people remained at home. It is not the etiquette for the bride's mother to go, and no unmarried woman can go to a wedding, — I suppose for fear of its making her discontented with her own position. The procession stopped at our door, for the bride to receive our congratulations. She was dressed in a shot silk, with a yellow handkerchief, and rows of a large gold chain. In the afternoon they sent to request us to go there. On our arrival we found them dancing out of doors, and a most melancholy affair it was. All the bride's sisters were not to be recognized, they had cried so. The mother sat in the house, and could not appear. And the bride was sobbing so she could hardly stand! The most melancholy spectacle of all to my mind was, that the bridegroom was decidedly tipsy. He seemed rather affronted at all the distress. We danced a Monferrino; I with the bridegroom,

and the bride crying the whole time. The company did their utmost to enliven her by firing pistols, but without success, and at last they began a series of yells which reminded me of a set of savages. But even this delicate method of consolation failed, and the wishing good-by began. It was altogether so melancholy an affair that Madame B. dropped a few tears, and I was very near it, particularly when the poor mother came out to see the last of her daughter, who was finally dragged off between her brother and uncle, with a last explosion of pistols. As she lives quite near, makes an excellent match, and is one of nine children, it really was a most desirable marriage, in spite of all the show of distress. Albert was so discomfited by it, that he forgot to kiss the bride as he had intended to do, and therefore went to call upon her yesterday, and found her very smiling in her new house, and supplied the omission. The cook came home from the wedding, declaring she was cured of any wish to marry; but I would not recommend any man to act upon that threat and make her an offer. In a couple of days we had some rolls of the bride's first baking, which they call Madonna's. The musicians, it seems, were in the same state

as the bridegroom, for, in escorting her home, they all fell down in the mud. My wrath against the bridegroom is somewhat calmed by finding that it is considered bad luck if he does not get tipsy at his wedding."

Those readers of Miss Procter's poems who should suppose from their tone that her mind was of a gloomy or despondent cast would be curiously mistaken. She was exceedingly humorous, and had a great delight in humor. Cheerfulness was habitual with her, she was very ready at a sally or a reply, and in her laugh (as I remember well) there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment, and sense of drollery. She was perfectly unconstrained and unaffected: as modestly silent about her productions as she was generous with their pecuniary results. She was a friend who inspired the strongest attachments; she was a finely sympathetic woman, with a great accordant heart and a sterling noble nature. No claim can be set up for her, thank God, to the possession of any of the conventional poetical qualities. She never by any means held the opinion that she was among the greatest of human beings; she never suspected the existence of a conspiracy on the part of mankind against her; she never rec-

ognized in her best friends her worst enemies ; she never cultivated the luxury of being misunderstood and unappreciated ; she would far rather have died without seeing a line of her composition in print, than that I should have maundered about her, here, as "the Poet," or "the Poetess."

With the recollection of Miss Procter as a mere child and as a woman fresh upon me, it is natural that I should linger on my way to the close of this brief record, avoiding its end. But, even as the close came upon her, so must it come here.

Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life must not be dreamed away, and that her indulgence in her favorite pursuits must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavors to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbor, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now, it was the visitation of the sick that had possession of her ; now, it was the sheltering of the houseless ; now, it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant ; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot ; now, it was the wider employ-

ment of her own sex in the general business of life ; now, it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden, and began to sink.

To have saved her life, then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed.

All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time, her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time, not an impatient or a quer-

ulous minute can be remembered.

At length, at midnight on the 2d of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she was reading, and shut it up.

The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the tiny album was soon around her neck, and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of one: "Do you think I am dying, mamma?"

"I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear."

"Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up!"

Her sister entering as they

raised her, she said: "It has come at last!" And with a bright and happy smile looked upward, and departed.

Well had she written:—

Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful  
angel, Death,  
Who waits thee at the portals of the  
skies,  
Ready to kiss away thy struggling  
breath,  
Ready with gentle hand to close thine  
eyes?

Oh, what were life, if life were all?  
Thine eyes  
Are blinded by their tears, or thou  
wouldst see  
Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off  
skies,  
And Death, thy friend, will give them  
all to thee.

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LEGENDS AND LYRICS.

A BOOK OF VERSES.



*FIRST SERIES.*



## Dedicated

TO

MATILDA M. HAYS.

“Our tokens of love are for the most part barbarous. Cold and lifeless, because they do not represent our life. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Therefore let the farmer give his corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; and the poet, his poem.”

—EMERSON'S *Essays*.

A. A. P.

May, 1858.



## LEGENDS AND LYRICS.

---

### THE ANGEL'S STORY.

THROUGH the blue and frosty  
heavens  
Christmas stars were shining  
bright ;  
Glistening lamps throughout the  
City  
Almost matched their gleam-  
ing light ;  
While the winter snow was ly-  
ing,  
And the winter winds were  
sighing,  
Long ago, one Christmas  
night.

While, from every tower and  
steeple,  
Pealing bells were sounding  
clear,  
(Never with such tones of glad-  
ness,  
Save when Christmas time is  
near,)  
Many a one that night was  
merry  
Who had toiled through all  
the year.

That night saw old wrongs for-  
given,  
Friends, long parted, recon-  
ciled ;  
Voices all unused to laughter,  
Mournful eyes that rarely  
smiled,  
Trembling hearts that feared the  
morrow,  
From their anxious thoughts  
beguiled.

Rich and poor felt love and  
blessing  
From the gracious season fall ;  
Joy and plenty in the cottage,  
Peace and feasting in the hall ;  
And the voices of the children  
Ringing clear above it all !

Yet one house was dim and dark-  
ened ;  
Gloom, and sickness, and de-  
spair,  
Dwelling in the gilded chambers,  
Creeping up the marble stair,  
Even stilled the voice of mourn-  
ing, —  
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,  
 Velvet carpets hushed the  
 tread,  
 Many costly toys were lying,  
 All unheeded, by his bed ;  
 And his tangled golden ringlets  
 Were on downy pillows spread.

The skill of that mighty City  
 To save one little life was  
 vain, —  
 One little thread from being  
 broken,  
 One fatal word from being spo-  
 ken ;  
 Nay, his very mother's pain,  
 And the mighty love within her,  
 Could not give him health  
 again.

So she knelt there still beside  
 him,  
 She alone with strength to  
 smile,  
 Promising that he should suffer  
 No more in a little while,  
 Murmuring tender song and  
 story  
 Weary hours to beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence  
 Checked those constant moan-  
 ing cries,  
 Stilled the little heart's quick  
 fluttering,  
 Raised those blue and won-  
 dering eyes,  
 Fixed on some mysterious vision,  
 With a startled sweet sur-  
 prise.

For a radiant angel hovered,  
 Smiling, o'er the little bed ;  
 White his raiment, from his  
 shoulders  
 Snowy dove-like pinions  
 spread,  
 And a starlike light was shining  
 In a Glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the an-  
 gel,  
 Leaning o'er the little nest,  
 In his arms the sick child fold-  
 ing,  
 Laid him gently on his breast,  
 Sobs and wailings told the moth-  
 er  
 That her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,  
 Spread his wings, and through  
 the air  
 Bore the child, and, while he  
 held him  
 To his heart with loving care,  
 Placed a branch of crimson  
 roses  
 Tenderly beside him there.

While the child, thus clinging,  
 floated  
 Towards the mansions of the  
 Blest,  
 Gazing from his shining guar-  
 dian  
 To the flowers upon his breast,  
 Thus the angel spake, still smil-  
 ing  
 On the little heavenly guest :



“ Know, dear little one, that  
Heaven

Does no earthly thing disdain,  
Man's poor joys find there an  
echo

Just as surely as his pain ;  
Love, on earth so feebly striv-  
ing,  
Lives divine in Heaven again !

“ Once in that great town below  
us,

In a poor and narrow street,  
Dwelt a little sickly orphan ;  
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,  
Never in life's rugged pathway  
Guided his poor tottering feet.

“ All the striving anxious fore-  
thought

That should only come with  
age  
Weighed upon his baby spirit,  
Showed him soon life's stern-  
est page ;  
Grim Want was his nurse, and  
Sorrow  
Was his only heritage.

“ All too weak for childish pas-  
times,

Drearily the hours sped ;  
On his hands so small and trem-  
bling  
Leaning his poor aching head,  
Or, through dark and painful  
hours,  
Lying sleepless on his bed.

“ Dreaming strange and longing  
fancies

Of cool forests far away ;  
And of rosy, happy children,  
Laughing merrily at play,  
Coming home through green  
lanes, bearing  
Trailing boughs of blooming  
May.

“ Scarce a glimpse of azure heav-  
en

Gleamed above that narrow  
street,  
And the sultry air of summer  
(That you call so warm and  
sweet)

Fevered the poor orphan, dwell-  
ing  
In the crowded alley's heat.

“ One bright day, with feeble  
footsteps

Slowly forth he tried to crawl,  
Through the crowded city's path-  
ways,  
Till he reached a garden-wall,  
Where 'mid princely halls and  
mansions  
Stood the lordliest of all.

“ There were trees with giant  
branches,

Velvet glades where shadows  
hide ;  
There were sparkling fountains  
glancing,  
Flowers, which in luxuriant  
pride

Even wafted breaths of perfume  
To the child who stood outside.

“He against the gate of iron  
Pressed his wan and wistful  
face,  
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure  
At the glories of the place;  
Never had his brightest day-dream  
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

“You were playing in that garden,  
Throwing blossoms in the air,  
Laughing when the petals floated  
Downwards on your golden hair;  
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,  
And the splendor spread before you,  
Told a House's Hope was there.

“When your servants, tired of seeing  
Such a face of want and woe,  
Turning to the ragged orphan,  
Gave him coin, and bade him go,  
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted  
Bitter tears began to flow.

“But that look of childish sorrow  
On your tender child-heart fell,  
And you plucked the reddest roses  
From the tree you loved so well  
Passed them through the stern cold grating,  
Gently bidding him ‘Farewell!’

“Dazzled by the fragrant treasure  
And the gentle voice he heard,  
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,  
Joy, the sleeping Seraph, stirred;  
In his hand he took the flowers,  
In his heart the loving word.

“So he crept to his poor garret;  
Poor no more, but rich and bright,  
For the holy dreams of childhood —  
Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light —  
Floated round the orphan's pillow  
Through the starry summer night.

“Day dawned, yet the visions lasted;  
All too weak to rise he lay;  
Did he dream that none spake harshly, —

All were strangely kind that  
day?  
Surely then his treasured roses  
Must have charmed all ills  
away.

“And he smiled, though they  
were fading;  
One by one their leaves were  
shed;  
‘Such bright things could never  
perish,  
They would bloom again,’ he  
said.  
When the next day’s sun had  
risen  
Child and flowers both were  
dead.

“Know, dear little one! our  
Father  
Will no gentle deed disdain:  
Love on the cold earth begin-  
ning  
Lives divine in Heaven again,  
While the angel hearts that beat  
there  
Still all tender thoughts re-  
tain.”

So the angel ceased, and gently  
O’er his little burden leant;  
While the child gazed from the  
shining,  
Loving eyes that o’er him  
bent,  
To the blooming roses by him,  
Wondering what that mystery  
meant.

Thus the radiant angel answered,  
And with tender meaning  
smiled:

“Ere your childlike, loving  
spirit,  
Sin and the hard world defiled,  
God has given me leave to seek  
you, —  
I was once that little child!”

\* \* \* \*

In the churchyard of that city  
Rose a tomb of marble rare,  
Decked, as soon as Spring awak-  
ened,  
With her buds and blossoms  
fair, —  
And a humble grave beside it, —  
No one knew who rested there.

---

### ECHOES.

STILL the angel stars are shining,  
Still the rippling waters flow,  
But the angel-voice is silent  
That I heard so long ago.  
Hark! the echoes murmur  
low,

Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely,  
Still the plashing fountains  
play,  
But the past and all its beauty,  
Whither has it fled away?  
Hark! the mournful echoes  
say,

Fled away!

Still the bird of night complain-  
eth,  
(Now, indeed, her song is  
pain,)

Visions of my happy hours,  
Do I call and call in vain?  
Hark! the echoes cry again,  
All in vain!

Cease, O echoes, mournful echoes!  
Once I loved your voices well;  
Now my heart is sick and weary —  
Days of old, a long farewell!  
Hark! the echoes sad and  
dreary  
Cry farewell, farewell!

---

### A FALSE GENIUS.

I SEE a Spirit by thy side,  
Purple-winged and eagle-eyed,  
Looking like a heavenly guide.

Though he seem so bright and  
fair,  
Ere thou trust his proffered care,  
Pause a little, and beware!

If he bid thee dwell apart,  
Tending some ideal smart  
In a sick and coward heart;

In self-worship wrapped alone,  
Dreaming thy poor griefs are  
grown  
More than other men have known;

Dwelling in some cloudy sphere,  
Though God's work is waiting  
here,  
And God deigneth to be near;

If his torch's crimson glare  
Show the evil everywhere,  
Tainting all the wholesome air;

While with strange distorted  
choice,  
Still disdaining to rejoice,  
Thou *wilt* hear a wailing voice;

If a simple, humble heart  
Seem to thee a meaner part  
Than thy noblest aim and art;

If he bid thee bow before  
Crownéd Mind and nothing more,  
The great idol men adore;

And with starry veil enfold  
Sin, the trailing serpent old,  
Till his scales shine out like gold;

Though his words seem true and  
wise,  
Soul, I say to thee, Arise,  
He is a Demon in disguise!

---

### MY PICTURE.

STAND this way — more near the  
window —

By my desk — you see the  
light  
Falling on my picture better —  
Thus I see it while I write!

Who the head may be I know  
 not,  
 But it has a student air ;  
 With a look half sad, half stately,  
 Grave sweet eyes and flowing  
 hair.

Little care I who the painter,  
 How obscure a name he bore ;  
 Nor, when some have named  
 Velasquez,  
 Did I value it the more.

As it is, I would not give it  
 For the rarest piece of art ;  
 It has dwelt with me, and lis-  
 tened  
 To the secrets of my heart.

Many a time, when to my garret,  
 Weary, I returned at night,  
 It has seemed to look a wel-  
 come  
 That has made my poor room  
 bright.

Many a time, when ill and sleep-  
 less,  
 I have watched the quivering  
 gleam  
 Of my lamp upon that picture,  
 Till it faded in my dream.

When dark days have come, and  
 friendship  
 Worthless seemed, and life in  
 vain,  
 That bright friendly smile has  
 sent me  
 Boldly to my task again.

Sometimes when hard need has  
 pressed me  
 To bow down where I depise,  
 I have read stern words of coun-  
 sel  
 In those sad, reproachful eyes.

Nothing that my brain imagined,  
 Or my weary hand has  
 wrought,  
 But it watched the dim Idea  
 Spring forth into arméd  
 Thought.

It has smiled on my successes,  
 Raised me when my hopes  
 were low,  
 And by turns has looked upon  
 me  
 With all the loving eyes I  
 know.

Do you wonder that my picture  
 Has become so like a friend ? —  
 It has seen my life's beginnings,  
 It shall stay and cheer the  
 end !

---

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not ; the workings of his  
 brain  
 And of his heart thou canst  
 not see ;  
 What looks to thy dim eyes a  
 stain,  
 In God's pure light may only  
 be

A scar, brought from some well-  
won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint  
and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy  
sight,

May be a token, that below  
The soul has closed in deadly  
fight

With some infernal fiery foe,  
Whose glance would scorch thy  
smiling grace,  
And cast thee shuddering on thy  
face !

The fall thou darest to despise —  
Maybe the angel's slackened  
hand

Has suffered it, that he may rise  
And take a firmer, surer stand ;  
Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
May henceforth learn to use his  
wings.

And judge none lost ; but wait  
and see,

With hopeful pity, not disdain ;  
The depth of the abyss may be  
The measure of the height of  
pain

And love and glory that may  
raise

This soul to God in after days !

---

#### FRIEND SORROW.

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell  
her,

“ Grief will pass away,

Hope for fairer times in future,  
And forget to-day.” —  
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow  
Need not come in vain ;  
Tell her that the lesson taught  
her  
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old com-  
fort,  
“ Soon she will forget,” —  
Bitter truth, alas ! but matter  
Rather for regret ;  
Bid her not “ Seek other pleas-  
ures,  
Turn to other things ” ; —  
Rather nurse her caged sorrow  
Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,  
And the stranger greet ;  
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,  
But as dear friends meet :  
Bid her with a strong clasp hold  
her,  
By her dusky wings,  
Listening for the murmured  
blessing  
Sorrow always brings.

---

#### ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flow-  
ing,  
One by one the moments fall ;  
Some are coming, some are go-  
ing ;  
Do not strive to grasp them  
all.



One by one thy duties wait  
thee,  
Let thy whole strength go to  
each,  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these  
can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from  
Heaven)  
Joys are sent thee here be-  
low ;  
Take them readily when given,  
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet  
thee,  
Do not fear an arméd band ;  
One will fade as others greet  
thee ;  
Shadows passing through the  
land.

Do not look at life's long sor-  
row ;  
See how small each moment's  
pain,  
God will help thee for to-mor-  
row,  
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear ;  
Luminous the crown, and holy,  
When each gem is set with  
care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
Or for passing hours despond ;

Nor, the daily toil forgetting,  
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's  
token,  
Reaching heaven ; but one by  
one  
Take them, lest the chain be  
broken  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

---

TRUE HONORS.

Is my darling tired already,  
Tired of her day of play ?  
Draw your little stool beside me,  
Smooth this tangled hair away.  
Can she put the logs together,  
Till they make a cheerful  
blaze ?  
Shall her blind old Uncle tell  
her  
Something of his youthful  
days ?

Hark ! The wind among the  
cedars  
Waves their white arms to and  
fro ;

I remember how I watched them  
Sixty Christmas Days ago :  
Then I dreamt a glorious vision  
Of great deeds to crown each  
year ;  
Sixty Christmas Days have found  
me  
Useless, helpless, blind — and  
here !

Yes, I feel my darling stealing  
 Warm soft fingers into mine :  
 Shall I tell her what I fancied  
 In that strange old dream of  
 mine ?

I was kneeling by the window,  
 Reading how a noble band,  
 With the red cross on their  
 breastplates,  
 Went to gain the Holy Land.

While with eager eyes of wonder  
 Over the dark page I bent,  
 Slowly twilight shadows gath-  
 ered

Till the letters came and went ;  
 Slowly, till the night was round  
 me ;

Then my heart beat loud and  
 fast,  
 For I felt before I saw it  
 That a spirit near me passed.

Then I raised my eyes, and,  
 shining

Where the moon's first ray  
 was bright,

Stood a wingéd Angel-warrior  
 Clothed and panoplied in  
 light :

So, with Heaven's love upon him,  
 Stern in calm and resolute will,  
 Looked St. Michael, — does the  
 picture

Hang in the old cloister still ?

Threefold were the dreams of  
 honor

That absorbed my heart and  
 brain ;

Threefold crowns the Angel  
 promised,

Each one to be bought by pain :  
 While he spoke, a threefold bless-  
 ing

Fell upon my soul like rain.  
 HELPER OF THE POOR AND SUF-  
 FERING ;

VICTOR IN A GLORIOUS  
 STRIFE ;

SINGER OF A NOBLE POEM :  
 Such the honors of my life.

Ah, that dream ! Long years  
 that gave me

Joy and grief as real things  
 Never touched the tender memory  
 Sweet and solemn that it  
 brings, —

Never quite effaced the feeling  
 Of those white and shadowing  
 wings.

Do those blue eyes open wider ?  
 Does my faith too foolish  
 seem ?

Yes, my darling, years have  
 taught me

It was nothing but a dream.  
 Soon, too soon, the bitter knowl-  
 edge

Of a fearful trial rose,  
 Rose to crush my heart, and  
 sternly

Bade my young ambition close.

More and more my eyes were  
 clouded,

Till at last God's glorious  
 light



Passed away from me forever,  
 And I lived and live in night.  
 Dear, I will not dim your pleasure,  
 Christmas should be only  
 gay : —

In my night the stars have risen,  
 And I wait the dawn of day.

Spite of all I could be happy ;  
 For my brothers' tender care  
 In their boyish pastimes ever  
 Made me take, or feel a share.  
 Philip, even then so thoughtful,  
 Max so noble, brave, and tall,  
 And your father, little Godfrey,  
 The most loving of them all.

Philip reasoned down my sorrow,  
 Max would laugh my gloom  
 away,

Godfrey's little arms put round  
 me

Helped me through my drea-  
 riest day ;

While the promise of my Angel,  
 Like a star, now bright, now  
 pale,

Hung in blackest night above me,  
 And I felt it could not fail.

Years passed on, my brothers  
 left me,

Each went out to take his  
 share

In the struggle of life ; my por-  
 tion

Was a humble one — to bear.  
 Here I dwelt, and learnt to wan-  
 der

Through the woods and fields  
 alone,

Every cottage in the village  
 Had a corner called my own

Old and young, all brought their  
 troubles,

Great or small, for me to  
 hear ;

I have often blessed my sorrow  
 That drew others' grief so  
 near.

Ah, the people needed helping —  
 Needed love — (for Love and  
 Heaven

Are the only gifts not bartered,  
 They alone are freely given) —

And I gave it. Philip's bounty  
 (We were orphans, dear) made  
 toil

Prosper, and want never fastened  
 On the tenants of the soil.

Philip's name (O, how I gloried,  
 He so young, to see it rise !)

Soon grew noted among states-  
 men

As a patriot true and wise.

And his people all felt honored  
 To be ruled by such a name ;

I was proud too that they loved  
 me ;

Through their pride in him it  
 came.

He had gained what I had longed  
 for,

I meanwhile grew glad and  
 gay,

'Mid his people, to be serving  
 Him and them, in some poor  
 way.

How his noble earnest speeches  
With untiring fervor came!

HELPER OF THE POOR AND  
SUFFERING;

Truly he deserved the name!  
Had my Angel's promise failed  
me?

Had that word of hope grown  
dim?

Why, my Philip had fulfilled  
it,

And I loved it best in him!

Max meanwhile — ah, you, my  
darling,

Can his loving words recall —  
'Mid the bravest and the no-  
blest,

Braver, nobler, than them  
all.

How I loved him! how my heart  
thrilled

When his sword clanked by  
his side,

When I touched his gold em-  
broidery,

Almost *saw* him in his pride!

So we parted; he all eager

To uphold the name he bore,  
Leaving in my charge — he  
loved me —

Some one whom he loved still  
more:

I must tend this gentle flower,  
I must speak to her of him,  
For he feared — Love still is  
fearful —

That his memory might grow  
dim.

I must guard her from all sor-  
row,

I must play a brother's part,

Shield all grief and trial from  
her,

If it need be, with my heart.  
Years passed, and his name  
grew famous;

We were proud, both she  
and I;

And we lived upon his let-  
ters,

While the slow days fled by.

Then at last — you know the  
story,

How a fearful rumor spread,  
Till all hope had slowly faded,

And we heard that he was  
dead.

Dead! O, those were bitter  
hours;

Yet within my soul there  
dwelt

A warning, and while others  
mourned him,

Something like a hope I felt.

His was no weak life as mine  
was,

But a life, so full and strong —  
No, I could not think he per-  
ished

Nameless, 'mid a conquered  
throng.

How she drooped! Years pass-  
ed; no tidings

Came, and yet that little flame  
Of strange hope within my  
spirit

Still burnt on, and lived the  
same.

Ah! my child, our hearts will  
fail us,

When to us they strongest  
seem:

I can look back on those hours  
 As a fearful, evil dream.  
 She had long despaired; what  
 wonder  
 That her heart had turned to  
 mine?  
 Earthly loves are deep and ten-  
 der,  
 Not eternal and divine!

Can I say how bright a future  
 Rose before my soul that day?  
 O, so strange, so sweet, so tender!  
 And I had to turn away.  
 Hard and terrible the struggle,  
 For the pain not mine alone;  
 I called back my Brother's spirit,  
 And I bade him claim his own.

Told her — now I dared to do  
 it —  
 That I felt the day would rise  
 When he would return to glad-  
 den  
 My weak heart and her bright  
 eyes.  
 And I pleaded — pleaded stern-  
 ly —  
 In his name, and for his sake:  
 Now, I can speak calmly of it,  
 Then, I thought my heart  
 would break.

Soon — ah, Love had not de-  
 ceived me,  
 (Love's true instincts never  
 err.)  
 Wounded, weak, escaped from  
 prison,  
 He returned to me, — to her.

I could thank God that bright  
 morning,  
 When I felt my Brother's  
 gaze,  
 That my heart was true and  
 loyal,  
 As in our old boyish days.

Bought by wounds and deeds of  
 daring,  
 Honors he had brought away;  
 Glory crowned his name — my  
 Brother's;  
 Mine too! — we were one that  
 day.  
 Since the crown on him had  
 fallen,  
 "VICTOR IN A NOBLE STRIFE,"  
 I could live and die contented  
 With my poor ignoble life.

Well, my darling, almost weary  
 Of my story? Wait awhile;  
 For the rest is only joyful;  
 I can tell it with a smile.  
 One bright promise still was left  
 me,  
 Wound so close about my soul,  
 That, as one by one had failed me,  
 This dream now absorbed the  
 whole.

"SINGER OF A NOBLE POEM," —  
 Ah, my darling, few and rare  
 Burn the glorious names of  
 Poets,  
 Like stars in the purple air.  
 That too, and I glory in it,  
 That great gift my Godfrey  
 won;

I have my dear share of honor,  
Gained by that beloved one.

One day shall my darling read  
it;

Now she cannot understand  
All the noble thoughts that  
lighten

Through the genius of the  
land.

I am proud to be his brother,  
Proud to think that hope was  
true;

Though I longed and strove so  
vainly,

What I failed in, he could do.

I was long before I knew it,  
Longer ere I felt it so;

Then I strung my rhymes to-  
gether

Only for the poor and low.

And, it pleases me to know it,  
(For I love them well indeed,)

They care for my humble verses,  
Fitted for their humble need.

And, it cheers my heart to hear  
it,

Where the far-off settlers roam,  
My poor words are sung and  
cherished,

Just because they speak of  
Home.

And the little children sing them,  
(That, I think, has pleased me  
best,)

Often, too, the dying love them,  
For they tell of Heaven and  
rest.

So my last vain dream has faded;  
(Such as I to think of fame!)

Yet I will not say it failed me,  
For it crowned my Godfrey's  
name.

No; my Angel did not cheat me,  
For my long life *has* been  
blest;

He did give me Love and Sor-  
row,

He will bring me Light and  
Rest.

---

### A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my Fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,

Before I let thy Future give  
Color and form to mine,

Before I peril all for thee, question  
thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor  
feel

A shadow of regret:

Is there one link within the Past  
That holds thy spirit yet?

Or is thy Faith as clear and free  
as that which I can pledge to  
thee?

Does there within thy dimmest  
dreams

A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could hence-  
forth breathe,

Untouched, unshared by mine?  
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell  
me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst  
 feel  
 Within my inmost soul,  
 That thou hast kept a portion  
 back,  
 While I have staked the  
 whole ;  
 Let no false pity spare the blow,  
 but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
 That mine cannot fulfil ?  
 One chord that any other hand  
 Could better wake or still ?  
 Speak now — lest at some fu-  
 ture day my whole life  
 wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature  
 hid  
 The demon-spirit Change,  
 Shedding a passing glory still  
 On all things new and  
 strange ? —  
 It may not be thy fault alone —  
 but shield my heart against  
 thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand  
 one day  
 And answer to my claim,  
 That Fate, and that to-day's mis-  
 take —  
 Not thou — had been to  
 blame ?  
 Some soothe their conscience  
 thus ; but thou wilt sure-  
 ly warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*, — I dare not  
 hear,  
 The words would come too  
 late ;  
 Yet I would spare thee all re-  
 morse,  
 So, comfort thee, my Fate —  
 Whatever on my heart may fall  
 — remember, I *would* risk  
 it all !

---

### THE THREE RULERS.

I SAW a Ruler take his stand,  
 And trample on a mighty land ;  
 The People crouched before his  
 beck,  
 His iron heel was on their neck,  
 His name shone bright through  
 blood and pain,  
 His sword flashed back their  
 praise again.

I saw another Ruler rise :  
 His words were noble, good, and  
 wise ;  
 With the calm sceptre of his pen  
 He ruled the minds and thoughts  
 of men :  
 Some scoffed, some praised, —  
 while many heard,  
 Only a few obeyed his word.

Another Ruler then I saw :  
 Love and sweet Pity were his  
 law ;  
 The greatest and the least had  
 part

(Yet most the unhappy) in his  
heart :

The People, in a mighty band,  
Rose up, and drove him from  
the land !

---

A DEAD PAST.

SPARE her at least : look, you  
have taken from me  
The Present, and I murmur not,  
nor moan ;

The Future too, with all her  
glorious promise ;  
But do not leave me utterly  
alone.

Spare me the Past : for, see, she  
cannot harm you,  
She lies so white and cold,  
wrapped in her shroud ;  
All, all my own ! and, trust me,  
I will hide her

Within my soul, nor speak to  
her aloud.

I folded her soft hands upon her  
bosom,  
And strewed my flowers upon  
her, — *they* still live :  
Sometimes I like to kiss her  
closed white eyelids,  
And think of all the joy she  
used to give.

Cruel indeed it were to take her  
from me ;

She sleeps, she will not wake —  
no fear — again :

And so I laid her, such a gentle  
burden,  
Quietly on my heart to still its  
pain.

I do not think that any smiling  
Present,  
Any vague Future, spite of all  
her charms,  
Could ever rival her. You know  
you laid her,  
Long years ago, then living, in  
my arms.

Leave her at least : while my  
tears fall upon her,  
I dream she smiles, just as she  
did of yore ;

As dear as ever to me, — nay, it  
may be,  
Even dearer still, — since I have  
nothing more.

---

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled ?  
Frozen and dead,  
Perchance upon some bleak and  
stormy shore.

O doubting heart !  
Far over purple seas,  
They wait, in sunny ease,  
The balmy southern breeze,  
To bring them to their northern  
homes once more.

Why must the flowers die ?  
Prisoned they lie



In the cold tomb, heedless of  
tears or rain.

O doubting heart!

They only sleep below

The soft white ermine snow,

While winter winds shall  
blow,

To breathe and smile upon you  
soon again.

The sun has hid its rays

These many days;

Will dreary hours never leave  
the earth?

O doubting heart!

The stormy clouds on high

Veil the same sunny sky,

That soon (for spring is  
nigh)

Shall wake the summer into  
golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light

Is quenched in night.

What sound can break the si-  
lence of despair?

O doubting heart!

Thy sky is overcast,

Yet stars shall rise at last,

Brighter for darkness past,

And angels' silver voices stir the  
air.

---

A STUDENT.

OVER an ancient scroll I bent,  
Steeping my soul in wise con-  
tent,

Nor paused a moment, save to  
chide

A low voice whispering at my  
side.

I wove beneath the stars' pale  
shine

A dream, half human, half divine;  
And shook off (not to break the  
charm)

A little hand laid on my arm.

I read; until my heart would  
glow

With the great deeds of long  
ago;

Nor heard, while with those  
mighty dead,

Pass to and fro a faltering tread.

On the old theme I pondered  
long, —

The struggle between right and  
wrong;

I could not check such visions  
high,

To soothe a little quivering sigh.

I tried to solve the problem —  
Life;

Dreaming of that mysterious  
strife,

How could I leave such reason-  
ings wise,

To answer two blue pleading  
eyes?

I strove how best to give, and  
when,

My blood to save my fellow-  
men, —

How could I turn aside, to look  
At snowdrops laid upon my  
book ?

Now Time has fled — the world  
is strange,  
Something there is of pain and  
change;  
My books lie closed upon the  
shelf;

I miss the old heart in myself.

I miss the sunbeams in my  
room, —  
It was not always wrapped in  
gloom :  
I miss my dreams, — they fade  
so fast,  
Or flit into some trivial past.

The great stream of the world  
goes by ;  
None care, or heed, or question,  
why  
I, the lone student, cannot raise  
My voice or hand as in old days.

No echo seems to wake again  
My heart to anything but pain,  
Save when a dream of twilight  
brings  
The fluttering of an angel's  
wings !

---

### A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

THOUGH he lived and died among  
us,  
Yet his name may be enrolled

With the knights whose deeds of  
daring  
Ancient chronicles have told.

Still a stripling, he encountered  
Poverty, and struggled long,  
Gathering force from every effort,  
Till he knew his arm was  
strong.

Then his heart and life he of-  
fered  
To his radiant mistress, —  
Truth ;  
Never thought, or dream, or fal-  
tering,  
Marred the promise of his  
youth.

So he rode forth to defend her,  
And her peerless worth pro-  
claim ;  
Challenging each recreant doubt-  
er  
Who aspersed her spotless  
name.

First upon his path stood Igno-  
rance,  
Hideous in his brutal might ;  
Hard the blows and long the  
battle  
Ere the monster took to flight.

Then, with light and fearless  
spirit,  
Prejudice he dared to brave ;  
Hunting back the lying craven  
To her black sulphureous  
cave.



Followed by his servile minions,  
 Custom, the old Giant, rose;  
 Yet he, too, at last was conquered  
 By the good Knight's weighty  
 blows.

Then he turned, and, flushed with  
 victory,  
 Struck upon the brazen shield  
 Of the world's great king, Opin-  
 ion,  
 And defied him to the field.

Once again he rose a conqueror,  
 And, though wounded in the  
 fight,  
 With a dying smile of triumph  
 Saw that Truth had gained  
 her right.

On his failing ear re-echoing  
 Came the shouting round her  
 throne;  
 Little cared he that no future  
 With her name would link his  
 own.

Spent with many a hard-fought  
 battle,  
 Slowly ebbed his life away,  
 And the crowd that flocked to  
 greet her  
 Trampled on him where he  
 lay.

Gathering all his strength, he  
 saw her  
 Crowned and reigning in her  
 pride;  
 Looked his last upon her beauty,  
 Raised his eyes to God, and  
 died.

## LINGER, O GENTLE TIME

LINGER, O gentle Time,  
 Linger, O radiant grace of bright  
 To-day!

Let not the hours' chime  
 Call thee away,  
 But linger near me still with  
 fond delay.

Linger, for thou art mine!  
 What dearer treasures can the  
 future hold?

What sweeter flowers than  
 thine  
 Can she unfold?  
 What secrets tell my heart thou  
 hast not told?

O, linger in thy flight!  
 For shadows gather round, and  
 should we part,  
 A dreary, starless night  
 May fill my heart, —  
 Then pause and linger yet ere  
 thou depart.

Linger, I ask no more, —  
 Thou art enough forever — thou  
 alone;

What future can restore,  
 When thou art flown,  
 All that I hold from thee and call  
 my own?

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

I HAVE seen a fiercer tempest,  
 Known a louder whirlwind  
 blow;

I was wrecked off red Algiers,  
Six-and-thirty years ago.

Young I was, and yet old sea-  
men

Were not strong or calm as I;  
While life held such treasures for  
me,

I felt sure I could not die.

Life I struggled for, — and saved  
it;

Life alone, — and nothing  
more;

Bruised, half dead, alone and  
helpless

I was cast upon the shore.

I feared the pitiless rocks of  
Ocean;

So the great sea rose, — and  
then

Cast me from her friendly bosom,  
On the pitiless hearts of men.

Gaunt and dreary ran the moun-  
tains,

With black gorges, up the  
land;

Up to where the lonely Desert  
Spreads her burning, dreary  
sand:

In the gorges of the mountains,  
On the plain beside the sea,  
Dwelt my stern and cruel mas-  
ters,

The black Moors of Barbary.

Ten long years I toiled among  
them,

Hopeless — as I used to say;

Now I know Hope burnt within  
me

Fiercer, stronger, day by day:  
Those dim years of toil and sor-  
row

Like one long, dark dream ap-  
pear;

One long day of weary wait-  
ing, —

Then each day was like a year.

How I cursed the land, — my pris-  
on;

How I cursed the serpent sea,  
And the Demon Fate that show-  
ered

All her curses upon me;

I was mad, I think — God pardon

Words so terrible and wild —

This voyage would have been my  
last one,

For I left a wife and child.

Never did one tender vision

Fade away before my sight,

Never once through all my slav-  
ery,

Burning day or dreary night;

In my soul it lived, and kept me,

Now I feel, from black despair,

And my heart was not quite  
broken,

While they lived and blest me  
there.

When at night my task was over,

I would hasten to the shore;

(All was strange and foreign in-  
land,

Nothing I had known before;)

Strange looked the bleak moun-  
 tain passes,  
 Strange the red glare and black  
 shade,  
 And the Oleanders, waving  
 To the sound the fountains  
 made.

Then I gazed at the great Ocean,  
 Till she grew a friend again ;  
 And because she knew old Eng-  
 land,  
 I forgave her all my pain :  
 So the blue still sky above me,  
 With its white clouds' fleecy  
 fold,  
 And the glimmering stars (though  
 brighter),  
 Looked like home and days of  
 old.

And a calm would fall upon me,  
 Worn perhaps with work and  
 pain,  
 The wild, hungry longing left  
 me,  
 And I was myself again :  
 Looking at the silver waters,  
 Looking up at the far sky,  
 Dreams of home and all I left  
 there  
 Floated sorrowfully by.

A fair face, but pale with sor-  
 row,  
 With blue eyes, brimful of  
 tears,  
 And the little red mouth, quiver-  
 ing  
 With a smile, to hide its fears ;

Holding out her baby towards me,  
 From the sky she looked on  
 me ;  
 So it was that last I saw her,  
 As the ship put out to sea.

Sometimes (and a pang would  
 seize me  
 That the years were floating  
 on)  
 I would strive to paint her, al-  
 tered,  
 And the little baby gone :  
 She no longer young and girlish,  
 The child standing by her  
 knee,  
 And her face more pale and  
 saddened  
 With the weariness for me.

Then I saw, as night grew darker,  
 How she taught my child to  
 pray,  
 Holding its small hands together,  
 For its father, far away ;  
 And I felt her sorrow, weighing  
 Heavier on me than my own,  
 Pitying her blighted spring-time,  
 And her joy so early flown.

Till upon my hands (now hard-  
 ened  
 With the rough, harsh toil of  
 years)  
 Bitter drops of anguish falling,  
 Woke me from my dream, to  
 tears ;  
 Woke me as a slave, an outcast,  
 Leagues from home, across th  
 deep ;

So — though you may call it  
childish —  
So I sobbed myself to sleep.

Well, the years sped on, — my  
Sorrow,  
Calmer, and yet stronger  
grown,  
Was my shield against all suffer-  
ing,  
Poorer, meaner than her own.  
Thus my cruel master's harsh-  
ness  
Fell upon me all in vain,  
Yet the tale of what we suffered  
Echoed back from main to  
main.

You have heard in a far country  
Of a self-devoted band,  
Vowed to rescue Christian cap-  
tives  
Pining in a foreign land.  
And these gentle-hearted stran-  
gers  
Year by year go forth from  
Rome,  
In their hands the hard-earned  
ransom,  
To restore some exiles home.

I was freed: they broke the  
tidings  
Gently to me: but indeed  
Hour by hour sped on, I knew  
not  
What the words meant — I  
was freed!  
Better so, perhaps; while sorrow  
(More akin to earthly things)

Only strains the sad heart's  
fibres,  
Joy, bright stranger, breaks  
the strings.

Yet at last it rushed upon me,  
And my heart beat full and  
fast;  
What were now my years of  
waiting,  
What was all the dreary past?  
Nothing — to the impatient  
throbbing  
I must bear across the sea:  
Nothing — to the eternal hours  
Still between my home and  
me!

How the voyage passed, I know  
not;  
Strange it was once more to  
stand  
With my countrymen around me,  
And to clasp an English hand.  
But, through all, my heart was  
dreaming  
Of the first words I should  
hear,  
In the gentle voice that echoed,  
Fresh as ever, on my ear.

Should I see her start of wonder,  
And the sudden truth arise,  
Flushing all her face and light-  
ening  
The dimmed splendor of her  
eyes?  
Oh! to watch the fear and  
doubting  
Stir the silent depths of pain,

And the rush of joy — then  
melting  
Into perfect peace again.

And the child! — but why re-  
member

Foolish fancies that I thought?  
Every tree and every hedge-row  
From the well-known past I  
brought;

I would picture my dear cottage,  
See the crackling wood-fire  
burn,

And the two beside it seated,  
Watching, waiting, my return.

So, at last we reached the harbor.  
I remember nothing more  
Till I stood, my sick heart throb-  
bing,

With my hand upon the door.  
There I paused — I heard her  
speaking;

Low, soft, murmuring words  
she said;

Then I first knew the dumb  
terror

I had had lest she were dead.

It was evening in late autumn,  
And the gusty wind blew chill;  
Autumn leaves were falling round  
me,

And the red sun lit the hill.  
Six-and-twenty years are van-  
ished

Since then, — I am old and  
gray, —

But I never told to mortal  
What I saw, until this day.

She was seated by the fire,  
In her arms she held a child,  
Whispering baby-words caress-  
ing,

And then, looking up, she  
smiled;

Smiled on him who stood beside  
her —

Oh! the bitter truth was told,  
In her look of trusting fondness —  
I had seen the look of old!

But she rose and turned towards  
me

(Cold and dumb I waited  
there)

With a shriek of fear and terror,  
And a white face of despair.

He had been an ancient com-  
rade, —

Not a single word we said,  
While we gazed upon each other,  
He the living: I the dead!

I drew nearer, nearer to her,  
And I took her trembling hand,  
Looking on her white face, look-  
ing

That her heart might under-  
stand

All the love and all the pity  
That my lips refused to say, —  
I thank God no thought save  
sorrow

Rose in our crushed hearts  
that day.

Bitter tears that desolate mo-  
ment,

Bitter, bitter tears we wept,

We three broken hearts together,  
 While the baby smiled and  
 slept.  
 Tears alone — no words were  
 spoken,  
 Till he — till her husband said  
 That my boy, (I had forgotten  
 The poor child,) that he was  
 dead.

Then at last I rose, and, turning,  
 Wrung his hand, but made no  
 sign ;  
 And I stooped and kissed her  
 forehead  
 Once more, as if she were mine.  
 Nothing of farewell I uttered,  
 Save in broken words to pray  
 That God would ever guard and  
 bless her, —  
 Then in silence passed away.

Over the great restless ocean  
 Six-and-twenty years I roam ;  
 All my comrades, old and weary,  
 Have gone back to die at home.  
 Home! yes, I shall reach a  
 haven,  
 I, too, shall reach home and  
 rest ;  
 I shall find her waiting for me  
 With our baby on her breast.

---

### LIFE AND DEATH.

“WHAT is Life, father ?”  
 “A Battle, my child,  
 Where the strongest lance may  
 fail,

Where the wariest eyes may be  
 beguiled,  
 And the stoutest heart may  
 quail.  
 Where the foes are gathered on  
 every hand,  
 And rest not day or night,  
 And the feeble little ones must  
 stand  
 In the thickest of the fight.”

“What is Death, father ?”  
 “The rest, my child,  
 When the strife and the toil are  
 o’er ;  
 The angel of God, who, calm  
 and mild,  
 Says we need fight no more ;  
 Who, driving away the demon  
 band,  
 Bids the din of the battl  
 cease ;  
 Takes banner and spear from  
 our failing hand,  
 And proclaims an eternal  
 peace.”

“Let me die, father! I tremble,  
 and fear  
 To yield in that terrible  
 strife!”

“The crown must be won for  
 Heaven, dear,  
 In the battle-field of life :  
 My child, though thy foes are  
 strong and tried,  
 He loveth the weak and small ;  
 The angels of heaven are on thy  
 side,  
 And God is over all!”



NOW.

RISE! for the day is passing,  
 And you lie dreaming on;  
 The others have buckled their  
 armor,  
 And forth to the fight are  
 gone:  
 A place in the ranks awaits  
 you,  
 Each man has some part to  
 play;  
 The Past and the Future are  
 nothing,  
 In the face of the stern To-  
 day.

Rise from your dreams of the  
 Future, —  
 Of gaining some hard-fought  
 field;  
 Of storming some airy fortress,  
 Or bidding some giant yield;  
 Your Future has deeds of glory,  
 Of honor (God grant it may!)  
 But your arm will never be  
 stronger,  
 Or the need so great as To-day.

Rise! if the Past detains you,  
 Her sunshine and storms  
 forget;  
 No chains so unworthy to hold  
 you  
 As those of a vain regret:  
 Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;  
 Cast her phantom arms away,  
 Nor look back, save to learn the  
 lesson  
 Of a nobler strife To-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;  
 The sound that you scarcely  
 hear  
 Is the enemy marching to bat-  
 tle: —  
 Arise! for the foe is here!  
 Stay not to sharpen your weap-  
 ons,  
 Or the hour will strike at last,  
 When, from dreams of a coming  
 battle,  
 You may wake to find it past!

---

CLEANSING FIRES.

LET thy gold be cast in the fur-  
 nace,  
 Thy red gold, precious and  
 bright;  
 Do not fear the hungry fire,  
 With its caverns of burning  
 light;  
 And thy gold shall return more  
 precious,  
 Free from every spot and  
 stain;  
 For gold must be tried by fire,  
 As a heart must be tried by  
 pain.

In the cruel fire of Sorrow  
 Cast thy heart, do not faint or  
 wail;  
 Let thy hand be firm and steady,  
 Do not let thy spirit quail:  
 But wait till the trial is over,  
 And take thy heart again;

For as gold is tried by fire,  
 So a heart must be tried by  
 pain!  
 I shall know by the gleam and  
 glitter  
 Of the golden chain you wear,  
 By your heart's calm strength  
 in loving,  
 Of the fire they have had to  
 bear.  
 Beat on, true heart, forever;  
 Shine bright, strong golden  
 chain;  
 And bless the cleansing fire,  
 And the furnace of living pain!

---

THE VOICE OF THE  
 WIND.

LET us throw more logs on the  
 fire!  
 We have need of a cheerful  
 light,  
 And close round the hearth to  
 gather,  
 For the wind has risen to-night.  
 With the mournful sound of its  
 wailing  
 It has checked the children's  
 glee,  
 And it calls with a louder clamor  
 Than the clamor of the sea.  
 Hark to the voice of  
 the wind!  
 Let us listen to what it is saying,  
 Let us hearken to where it has  
 been;

For it tells, in its terrible crying,  
 The fearful sights it has seen.  
 It clatters loud at the casements,  
 Round the house it hurries on,  
 And shrieks with redoubled fury  
 When we say, "The blast is  
 gone!"

Hark to the voice of  
 the wind!

It has been on the field of battle,  
 Where the dying and wounded  
 lie;  
 And it brings the last groan they  
 uttered,  
 And the ravenous vulture's  
 cry.

It has been where the icebergs  
 were meeting,  
 And closed with a fearful  
 crash:

On shores where no foot has  
 wandered  
 It has heard the waters dash.  
 Hark to the voice of  
 the wind!

It has been on the desolate ocean  
 When the lightning struck the  
 mast;

It has heard the cry of the  
 drowning,  
 Who sank as it hurried past;  
 The words of despair and an-  
 guish,

That were heard by no living  
 ear,

The gun that no signal answered,  
 It brings them all to us here.

Hark to the voice of  
 the wind!



It has been on the lonely moor-  
land,  
Where the treacherous snow-  
drift lies,  
Where the traveller, spent and  
weary,  
Gasped fainter and fainter  
cries ;  
It has heard the bay of the blood-  
hounds  
On the track of the hunted  
slave,  
The lash and the curse of the  
master,  
And the groan that the cap-  
tive gave.

Hark to the voice of  
the wind !

It has swept through the gloomy  
forest,  
Where the sledge was urged  
to its speed,  
Where the howling wolves were  
rushing  
On the track of the panting  
steed.  
Where the pool was black and  
lonely,  
It caught up a splash and a  
cry, —  
Only the bleak sky heard it,  
And the wind as it hurried by.  
Hark to the voice of  
the wind !

Then throw more logs on the  
fire,  
Since the air is bleak and  
cold,

And the children are drawing  
nigher,  
For the tales that the wind  
has told.  
So closer and closer gather  
Round the red and crackling  
light ;  
And rejoice (while the wind is  
blowing)  
We are safe and warm to-  
night.

Hark to the voice of  
the wind !

---

TREASURES.

LET me count my treasures,  
All my soul holds dear,  
Given me by dark spirits  
Whom I used to fear.

Through long days of anguish,  
And sad nights, did Pain  
Forge my shield, Endurance,  
Bright and free from stain !

Doubt, in misty caverns,  
'Mid dark horrors sought,  
Till my peerless jewel,  
Faith, to me she brought.

Sorrow, that I wearied  
Should remain so long,  
Wreathed my starry glory,  
The bright Crown of Song.

Strife, that racked my spirit  
Without hope or rest,

Left the blooming flower,  
Patience, on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,  
Ignorant of her charms,  
Laid the fair child, Pity,  
Smiling, in my arms.

So I count my treasures,  
Stored in days long past, —  
And I thank the givers,  
Whom I know at last!

---

### SHINING STARS.

SHINE, ye stars of heaven,  
On a world of pain!  
See old Time destroying  
All our hoarded gain;  
All our sweetest flowers,  
Every stately shrine,  
All our hard-earned glory,  
Every dream divine!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,  
On the rolling years!  
See how Time, consoling,  
Dries the saddest tears,  
Bids the darkest storm-clouds  
Pass in gentle rain,  
While upspring in glory  
Flowers and dreams again!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,  
On a world of fear!  
See how Time, avenging,  
Bringeth judgment here:  
Weaving ill-won honors  
To a fiery crown;

Bidding hard hearts perish;  
Casting proud hearts down.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,  
On the hours' slow flight!  
See how Time, rewarding,  
Gilds good deeds with light;  
Pays with kingly measure;  
Brings earth's dearest prize;  
Or, crowned with rays diviner,  
Bids the end arise!

---

### WAITING.

“WHEREFORE dwell so sad and  
lonely  
By the desolate sea-shore,  
With the melancholy surges  
Beating at your cottage door?”

“You shall dwell beside the  
castle  
Shadowed by our ancient  
trees;  
And your life shall pass on  
gently,  
Cared for, and in rest and  
ease.”

“Lady, one who loved me dearly  
Sailed for distant lands away;  
And I wait here his returning  
Hopefully from day to day.

“To my door I bring my spin-  
ning,  
Watching every ship I see;  
Waiting, hoping, till the sunset  
Fades into the western sea.

“ After sunset, at my casement,  
Still I place a signal light;  
He will see its well-known shining  
Should his ship return at  
night.

“ Lady, see your infant smiling,  
With its flaxen curling hair, —  
I remember when your mother  
Was a baby just as fair.

“ I was watching then, and hop-  
ing:  
Years have brought great  
change to all;  
To my neighbors in their cot-  
tage,  
To you nobles at the hall.

“ Not to me, — for I am waiting,  
And the years have fled so  
fast,  
I must look at you to tell me  
That a weary time has past!

“ When I hear a footstep coming  
On the shingle — years have  
fled —  
Yet amid a thousand others,  
I shall know his quick, light  
tread.

“ When I hear (to-night it may  
be)  
Some one pausing at my door,  
I shall know the gay, soft ac-  
cents,  
Heard and welcomed oft be-  
fore!

“ So each day I am more hopeful,  
He may come before the night;  
Every sunset I feel surer  
He must come ere morning  
light.

“ Then I thank you, noble lady,  
But I cannot do your will:  
Where he left me he must find  
me,  
Waiting, watching, hoping,  
still!”

---

THE CRADLE-SONG OF  
THE POOR.

HUSH! I cannot bear to see thee  
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;  
Dear, I have no bread to give  
thee,  
Nothing, child, to ease thy  
pain!  
When God sent thee first to bless  
me,  
Proud, and thankful too, was  
I;  
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,  
Almost long to see thee die.  
Sleep, my darling, thou  
art weary;  
God is good, but life is  
dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading,  
And thy strength sink day by  
day,  
Soon, I know, will Want and  
Fever  
Take thy little life away.

Famine makes thy father reckless,  
 Hope has left both him and  
 me;

We could suffer all, my baby,  
 Had we but a crust for thee.

Sleep, my darling, thou  
 art weary;

God is good, but life is  
 dreary.

Better thou shouldst perish early,  
 Starve so soon, my darling  
 one,

Than in helpless sin and sorrow  
 Vainly live, as I have done.

Better that thy angel spirit

With my joy, my peace, were  
 flown,

Than thy heart grew cold and  
 careless,

Reckless, hopeless, like my  
 own.

Sleep, my darling, thou  
 art weary;

God is good, but life is  
 dreary.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger,  
 And my brain is all opprest,

I have scarcely strength to press  
 thee,

Wan and feeble, to my breast.

Patience, baby, God will help us,

Death will come to thee and  
 me,

He will take us to his heaven,  
 Where no want or pain can be.

Sleep, my darling, thou  
 art weary;

God is good, but life is  
 dreary.

Such the plaint that, late and  
 early,

Did we listen, we might hear  
 Close beside us, — but the thun-  
 der

Of a city dulls our ear.

Every heart, as God's bright  
 Angel,

Can bid one such sorrow cease;  
 God has glory when his children  
 Bring his poor ones joy and  
 peace!

Listen, nearer while she  
 sings

Sounds the fluttering of  
 wings!

---

### BE STRONG.

BE strong to *hope*, O Heart!

Though day is bright,  
 The stars can only shine  
 In the dark night.

Be strong, O Heart of mine,  
 Look towards the light!

Be strong to *bear*, O Heart!

Nothing is vain:  
 Strive not, for life is care,  
 And God sends pain;  
 Heaven is above, and there  
 Rest will remain!

Be strong to *love*, O Heart!

Love knows not wrong;  
 Didst thou love — creatures  
 even,

Life were not long;  
 Didst thou love God in heaven,  
 Thou wouldst be strong!

## GOD'S GIFTS.

GOD gave a gift to Earth : a child,  
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,  
Opened its ignorant eyes and  
smiled.

It lay so helpless, so forlorn,  
Earth took it coldly and in scorn,  
Cursing the day when it was  
born.

She gave it first a tarnished  
name,  
For heritage, a tainted fame,  
Then cradled it in want and  
shame.

All influence of Good or Right,  
All ray of God's most holy light,  
She curtained closely from its  
sight.

Then turned her heart, her eyes  
away,  
Ready to look again, the day  
Its little feet began to stray.

In dens of guilt the baby played,  
Where sin, and sin alone, was  
made  
The law that all around obeyed.

With ready and obedient care,  
He learnt the tasks they taught  
him there ;  
Black sin for lesson, — oaths for  
prayer.

Then Earth arose, and, in her  
might,

To vindicate her injured right,  
Thrust him in deeper depths of  
night ;

Branding him with a deeper  
brand  
Of shame, he could not under-  
stand,  
The felon outcast of the land.

---

God gave a gift to Earth : a child,  
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,  
Opened its ignorant eyes and  
smiled.

And Earth received the gift, and  
cried  
Her joy and triumph far and  
wide,  
Till echo answered to her pride.

She blessed the hour when first  
he came  
To take the crown of pride and  
fame,  
Wreathed through long ages for  
his name.

Then bent her utmost art and  
skill  
To train the supple mind and  
will,  
And guard it from a breath of ill.

She strewed his morning path  
with flowers,  
And Love, in tender dropping  
showers,  
Nourished the blue and dawning  
hours.

She shed, in rainbow hues of  
light,  
A halo round the Good and  
Right,  
To tempt and charm the baby's  
sight.

And every step, of work or play,  
Was lit by some such dazzling ray,  
Till morning brightened into  
day.

And then the World arose, and  
said,  
Let added honors now be shed  
On such a noble heart and head !

O World, both gifts were pure  
and bright,  
Holy and sacred in God's sight :—  
God will judge them and thee  
aright !

---

### A TOMB IN GHENT.

A SMILING look she had, a figure  
slight,  
With cheerful air, and step both  
quick and light ;  
A strange and foreign look the  
maiden bore,  
That suited the quaint Belgian  
dress she wore ;  
Yet the blue, fearless eyes in her  
fair face,  
And her soft voice, told her of  
English race ;  
And ever, as she flitted to and  
fro,

She sang, (or murmured, rather,)  
soft and low,  
Snatches of song, as if she did  
not know  
That she was singing, but the  
happy load  
Of dream and thought thus from  
her heart o'erflowed :  
And while on household cares  
she passed along,  
The air would bear me fragments  
of her song ;  
Not such as village maidens sing,  
and few  
The framers of her changing  
music knew ;  
Chants such as heaven and earth  
first heard of when  
The master Palestrina held the  
pen.  
But I with awe had often turned  
the page,  
Yellow with time, and half de-  
faced by age,  
And listened, with an ear not  
quite unskilled,  
While heart and soul to the  
grand echo thrilled ;  
And much I marvelled, as her  
cadence fell  
From the Laudate, that I knew  
so well,  
Into Scarlatti's minor fugue,  
how she  
Had learned such deep and sol-  
emn harmony.  
But what she told I set in rhyme,  
as meet  
To chronicle the influence, dim  
and sweet,



'Neath which her young and innocent life had grown :  
Would that my words were simple as her own.

Many years since, an English workman went  
Over the seas, to seek a home in Ghent,  
Where English skill was prized ; nor toiled in vain ;  
Small, yet enough, his hard-earned daily gain.  
He dwelt alone, — in sorrow, or in pride.  
He mixed not with the workers by his side ;  
He seemed to care but for one present joy, —  
To tend, to watch, to teach his sickly boy.  
Severe to all beside, yet for the child  
He softened his rough speech to soothings mild ;  
For him he smiled, with him each day he walked  
Through the dark, gloomy streets ; to him he talked  
Of home, of England, and strange stories told  
Of English heroes in the days of old ;  
And (when the sunset gilded roof and spire)  
The marvellous tale which never seemed to tire :  
How the gilt dragon, glaring fiercely down

From the great belfry, watching all the town,  
Was brought, a trophy of the wars divine,  
By a Crusader from far Palestine,  
And given to Bruges ; and how Ghent arose,  
And how they struggled long as deadly foes,  
Till Ghent, one night, by a brave soldier's skill,  
Stole the great dragon ; and she keeps it still.  
One day the dragon — so 't is said — will rise,  
Spread his bright wings, and glitter in the skies,  
And over desert lands and azure seas  
Will seek his home 'mid palm and cedar trees.  
So, as he passed the belfry every day,  
The boy would look if it were flown away ;  
Each day surprised to find it watching there,  
Above him, as he crossed the ancient square,  
To seek the great cathedral, that had grown  
A home for him — mysterious and his own.

Dim with dark shadows of the ages past,  
St. Bavon stands, solemn and rich and vast ;  
The slender pillars, in long vistas spread,

Like forest arches meet and close  
 o'erhead ;  
 So high that, like a weak and  
 doubting prayer,  
 Ere it can float to the carved  
 angels there,  
 The silver clouded incense faints  
 in air :  
 Only the organ's voice, with peal  
 on peal,  
 Can mount to where those far-off  
 angels kneel.  
 Here the pale boy, beneath a low  
 side-arch,  
 Would listen to its solemn chant  
 or march ;  
 Folding his little hands, his simple  
 prayer  
 Melted in childish dreams, and  
 both in air :  
 While the great organ over all  
 would roll,  
 Speaking strange secrets to his  
 innocent soul,  
 Bearing on eagle-wings the great  
 desire  
 Of all the kneeling throng, and  
 piercing higher  
 Than aught but love and prayer  
 can reach, until  
 Only the silence seemed to listen  
 still ;  
 Or gathering like a sea still more  
 and more,  
 Break in melodious waves at  
 heaven's door,  
 And then fall, slow and soft, in  
 tender rain,  
 Upon the pleading, longing  
 hearts again.

Then he would watch the rosy  
 sunlight glow,  
 That crept along the marble floor  
 below,  
 Passing, as life does, with the  
 passing hours,  
 Now by a shrine all rich with  
 gems and flowers,  
 Now on the brazen letters of a  
 tomb,  
 Then, leaving it again to shade  
 and gloom,  
 And creeping on, to show, distinct  
 and quaint,  
 The kneeling figure of some  
 marble saint :  
 Or lighting up the carvings  
 strange and rare,  
 That told of patient toil, and  
 reverent care ;  
 Ivy that trembled on the spray,  
 and ears  
 Of heavy corn, and slender bul-  
 rush spears,  
 And all the thousand tangled  
 weeds that grow  
 In summer, where the silver riv-  
 ers flow ;  
 And demon - heads grotesque,  
 that seemed to glare  
 In impotent wrath on all the  
 beauty there :  
 Then the gold rays up pillared  
 shaft would climb,  
 And so be drawn to heaven, at  
 evening time.  
 And deeper silence, darker shad-  
 ows flowed  
 On all around, only the windows  
 glowed



With blazoned glory, like the  
 shields of light  
 Archangels bear, who, armed  
 with love and might,  
 Watch upon heaven's battle-  
 ments at night.  
 Then all was shade; the silver  
 lamps that gleamed,  
 Lost in the daylight, in the dark-  
 ness seemed  
 Like sparks of fire in the dim  
 aisles to shine,  
 Or trembling stars before each  
 separate shrine.  
 Grown half afraid, the child  
 would leave them there,  
 And come out, blinded by the  
 noisy glare  
 That burst upon him from the  
 busy square.

The church was thus his home  
 for rest or play;  
 And as he came and went again  
 each day,  
 The pictured faces that he knew  
 so well  
 Seemed to smile on him welcome  
 and farewell.  
 But holier, and dearer far than all,  
 One sacred spot his own he loved  
 to call;  
 Save at mid-day, half hidden by  
 the gloom;  
 The people call it The White  
 Maiden's Tomb:  
 For there she stands; her folded  
 hands are pressed  
 Together, and laid softly on her  
 breast,

As if she waited but a word to  
 rise  
 From the dull earth, and pass to  
 the blue skies;  
 Her lips expectant part, she holds  
 her breath,  
 As listening for the angel voice  
 of death.  
 None know how many years have  
 seen her so,  
 Or what the name of her who  
 sleeps below.  
 And here the child would come,  
 and strive to trace,  
 Through the dim twilight, the  
 pure, gentle face  
 He loved so well, and here he oft  
 would bring  
 Some violet-blossom of the early  
 spring,  
 And, climbing softly by the fret-  
 ted stand,  
 Not to disturb her, lay it in her  
 hand;  
 Or, whispering a soft, loving  
 message sweet,  
 Would stoop and kiss the little  
 marble feet.  
 So, when the organ's pealing  
 music rang,  
 He thought amid the gloom the  
 Maiden sang;  
 With reverent, simple faith by  
 her he knelt,  
 And fancied what she thought,  
 and what she felt;  
 "Glory to God," re-echoed from  
 her voice,  
 And then his little spirit would  
 rejoice;

Or when the Requiem sobbed  
upon the air,  
His baby tears dropped with her  
mournful prayer.

So years fled on, while childish  
fancies past,  
The childish love and simple faith  
could last.  
The artist-soul awoke in him, the  
flame  
Of genius, like the light of Heaven,  
came  
Upon his brain, and (as it will,  
if true)  
It touched his heart and lit his  
spirit, too.  
His father saw, and with a proud  
content  
Let him forsake the toil where  
he had spent  
His youth's first years, and on  
one happy day  
Of pride, before the old man  
passed away,  
He stood with quivering lips, and  
the big tears  
Upon his cheek, and heard the  
dream of years  
Living and speaking to his very  
heart, —  
The low, hushed murmur at the  
wondrous art  
Of him who with young, trem-  
bling fingers made  
The great church-organ answer  
as he played ;  
And, as the uncertain sound grew  
full and strong,

Rush with harmonious spirit-  
wings along,  
And thrill with master-power  
the breathless throng.

The old man died, and years  
passed on, and still  
The young musician bent his  
heart and will  
To his dear toil. St. Bavon now  
had grown  
More dear to him, and even more  
his own ;  
And as he left it every night he  
prayed  
A moment by the archway in the  
shade,  
Kneeling once more within the  
sacred gloom  
Where the White Maiden  
watched upon her tomb.  
His hopes of travel and a world-  
wide fame,  
Cold Time had sobered, and his  
fragile frame ;  
Content at last only in dreams  
to roam,  
Away from the tranquillity of  
home ;  
Content that the poor dwellers  
by his side  
Saw in him but the gentle friend  
and guide,  
The patient counsellor in the  
poor strife  
And petty details of their com-  
mon life,  
Who comforted where woe and  
grief might fall,

Nor slighted any pain or want as  
small,  
But whose great heart took in  
and felt for all.

Still he grew famous; — many  
came to be  
His pupils in the art of harmony.  
One day a voice floated so pure  
and free  
Above his music, that he turned  
to see  
What angel sang, and saw before  
his eyes,  
What made his heart leap with  
a strange surprise,  
His own White Maiden, calm,  
and pure, and mild,  
As in his childish dreams she  
sang and smiled;  
Her eyes raised up to Heaven,  
her lips apart,  
And music overflowing from her  
heart.  
But the faint blush that tinged  
her cheek betrayed  
No marble statue, but a living  
maid;  
Perplexed and startled at his  
wondering look,  
Her rustling score of Mozart's  
Sanctus shook;  
The uncertain notes, like birds  
within a snare,  
Fluttered and died upon the  
trembling air.

Days passed; each morning  
saw the maiden stand,  
Her eyes cast down, her lesson in  
her hand,

Eager to study, never weary,  
while  
Repaid by the approving word  
or smile  
Of her kind master; days and  
months fled on;  
One day the pupil from the choir  
was gone;  
Gone to take light, and joy, and  
youth once more  
Within the poor musician's hum-  
ble door;  
And to repay, with gentle, hap-  
py art,  
The debt so many owed his gen-  
erous heart.  
And now, indeed, was one who  
knew and felt  
That a great gift of God within  
him dwelt;  
One who could listen, who could  
understand,  
Whose idle work dropped from  
her slackened hand,  
While with wet eyes entranced  
she stood, nor knew  
How the melodious wingéd hours  
flew;  
Who loved his art as none had  
loved before,  
Yet prized the noble, tender spirit  
more.  
While the great organ brought  
from far and near  
Lovers of harmony to praise and  
hear,  
Unmarked by aught save what  
filled every day,  
Duty, and toil, and rest, years  
passed away:

And now by the low archway in  
 the shade  
 Beside her mother knelt a little  
 maid,  
 Who through the great cathedral  
 learned to roam,  
 Climb to the choir, and bring her  
 father home ;  
 And stand, demure and solemn  
 by his side,  
 Patient till the last echo softly  
 died ;  
 Then place her little hand in his,  
 and go  
 Down the dark winding stair to  
 where below  
 The mother knelt, within the  
 gathering gloom  
 Waiting and praying by the  
 Maiden's Tomb.

So their life went, until, one  
 winter's day,  
 Father and child came there  
 alone to pray, —  
 The mother, gentle soul, had fled  
 away !  
 Their life was altered now, and  
 yet the child  
 Forgot her passionate grief in  
 time, and smiled,  
 Half wondering why, when  
 spring's fresh breezes came,  
 To see her father was no more  
 the same.  
 Half guessing at the shadow of  
 his pain,  
 And then contented if he smiled  
 again,

A sad, cold smile, that passed in  
 tears away,  
 As reassured she ran once more  
 to play.  
 And now each year that added  
 grace to grace,  
 Fresh bloom and sunshine to the  
 young girl's face,  
 Brought a strange light in the  
 musician's eyes,  
 As if he saw some starry hope  
 arise,  
 Breaking upon the midnight of  
 sad skies.  
 It might be so: more feeble  
 year by year,  
 The wanderer to his resting-place  
 drew near.  
 One day the Gloria he could  
 play no more,  
 Echoed its grand rejoicing as of  
 yore ;  
 His hands were clasped, his weary  
 head was laid,  
 Upon the tomb where the White  
 Maiden prayed ;  
 Where the child's love first  
 dawned, his soul first spoke,  
 The old man's heart there  
 throbbed its last and broke.  
 The grave cathedral that had  
 nursed his youth,  
 Had helped his dreaming, and  
 had taught him truth,  
 Had seen his boyish grief and  
 baby tears,  
 And watched the sorrows and  
 the joys of years,  
 Had lit his fame and hope with  
 sacred rays,

And consecrated sad and happy  
 days,  
 Had blessed his happiness, and  
 soothed his pain,  
 Now took her faithful servant  
 home again.

He rests in peace : some trav-  
 ellers mention yet  
 An organist whose name they  
 all forget.  
 He has a holier and a nobler fame  
 By poor men's hearths, who love  
 and bless the name  
 Of a kind friend ; and in low  
 tones to-day  
 Speak tenderly of him who  
 passed away.  
 Too poor to help the daughter  
 of their friend,  
 They grieved to see the little pit-  
 tance end ;  
 To see her toil and strive with  
 cheerful heart,  
 To bear the lonely orphan's  
 struggling part ;  
 They grieved to see her go at  
 last alone  
 To English kinsmen she had  
 never known :  
 And here she came ; the foreign  
 girl soon found  
 Welcome, and love, and plenty  
 all around,  
 And here she pays it back with  
 earnest will,  
 By well-taught housewife watch-  
 fulness and skill ;  
 Deep in her heart she holds her  
 father's name,

And tenderly and proudly keeps  
 his fame ;  
 And while she works with thrifty  
 Belgian care,  
 Past dreams of childhood float  
 upon the air ;  
 Some strange old chant, or sol-  
 emn Latin hymn,  
 That echoed through the old  
 cathedral dim,  
 When as a little child each day  
 she went  
 To kneel and pray by an old  
 tomb in Ghent.

---

 THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

WHY shouldst thou fear the  
 beautiful angel, Death,  
 Who waits thee at the portals  
 of the skies,  
 Ready to kiss away thy strug-  
 gling breath,  
 Ready with gentle hand to  
 close thine eyes ?  
 How many a tranquil soul has  
 passed away,  
 Fled gladly from fierce pain  
 and pleasures dim,  
 To the eternal splendor of the  
 day ;  
 And many a troubled heart  
 still calls for him.  
 Spirits too tender for the battle  
 here  
 Have turned from life, its  
 hopes, its fears, its charms ;

And children, shuddering at a  
world so drear,  
Have smiling passed away  
into his arms.

He whom thou fearest will, to  
ease its pain,  
Lay his cold hand upon thy  
aching heart :  
Will soothe the terrors of thy  
troubled brain,  
And bid the shadow of earth's  
grief depart.

He will give back what neither  
time, nor might,  
Nor passionate prayer, nor  
longing hope restore,  
(Dear as to long-blind eyes re-  
covered sight,)  
He will give back those who  
are gone before.

O, what were life, if life were  
all? Thine eyes  
Are blinded by their tears, or  
thou wouldst see  
Thy treasures wait thee in the  
far-off skies,  
And Death, thy friend, will  
give them all to thee.

---

### A DREAM.

ALL yesterday I was spinning,  
Sitting alone in the sun ;  
And the dream that I spun was  
so lengthy,  
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow  
That fitted over the hill,  
Or the humming-bees, or the  
swallows,  
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads for my spin-  
ning,  
All of blue summer air,  
And a flickering ray of sunlight  
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and  
longer,  
The evening wind passed by,  
And the purple splendor of  
sunset  
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spin-  
ning,  
For so fair my dream had  
grown,  
I heeded not, hour by hour,  
How the silent day had flown.

At last the gray shadows fell  
round me,  
And the night came dark and  
chill,  
And I rose and ran down the  
valley,  
And left it all on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning  
To the place where my spin-  
ning lay, —  
There was nothing but glistening  
dew-drops  
Remained of my dream to-day.



## THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship

The old Past, whose life is fled ;

Hush your voice to tender reverence ;

Crowned he lies, but cold and dead :

For the Present reigns our monarch,

With an added weight of hours ;

Honor her, for she is mighty !

Honor her, for she is ours !

See the shadows of his heroes

Girt around her cloudy throne ;

Every day the ranks are strengthened

By great hearts to him unknown ;

Noble things the great Past promised,

Holy dreams, both strange and new ;

But the Present shall fulfil them,  
What he promised she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,

She is heir to all his fame,

And the light that lightens round her

Is the lustre of his name ;

She is wise with all his wisdom,

Living on his grave she stands,

On her brow she bears his laurels,

And his harvest in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer

If we thus her glory dim ?

Let us fight for her as nobly

As our fathers fought for him.

God, who crowns the dying ages,

Bids her rule, and us obey, —

Bids us cast our lives before her,

Bids us serve the great To-day.

## CHANGES.

MOURN, O rejoicing heart !

The hours are flying ;

Each one some treasure takes,

Each one some blossom breaks,

And leaves it dying ;

The chill dark night draws near,

Thy sun will soon depart,

And leave thee sighing ;

Then mourn, rejoicing heart,

The hours are flying !

Rejoice, O grieving heart !

The hours fly fast ;

With each some sorrow dies,

With each some shadow flies,

Until at last

The red dawn in the east

Bids weary night depart,

And pain is past.

Rejoice then, grieving heart,

The hours fly fast !

## STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE ; yet I do not promise

The prize you dream of to-day

Will not fade when you think  
 to grasp it,  
 And melt in your hand away ;  
 But another and holier treasure,  
 You would now perchance dis-  
 dain,  
 Will come when your toil is over,  
 And pay you for all your pain.

Wait ; yet I do not tell you  
 The hour you long for now  
 Will not come with its radiance  
 vanished,  
 And a shadow upon its brow ;  
 Yet far through the misty future,  
 With a crown of starry light,  
 An hour of joy you know not  
 Is winging her silent flight.

Pray ; though the gift you ask for  
 May never comfort your fears,  
 May never repay your pleading,  
 Yet pray, and with hopeful  
 tears ;  
 An answer, not that you long for,  
 But diviner, will come one  
 day ;  
 Your eyes are too dim to see it,  
 Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

---

A LAMENT FOR THE  
 SUMMER.

MOAN, O ye Autumn Winds !  
 Summer has fled,  
 The flowers have closed their  
 tender leaves and die ;

The lily's gracious head  
 All low must lie,  
 Because the gentle Summer  
 now is dead.

Grieve, O ye Autumn Winds !  
 Summer lies low ;  
 The rose's trembling leaves will  
 soon be shed,  
 For she that loved her so,  
 Alas ! is dead,  
 And one by one her loving  
 children go.

Wail, O ye Autumn Winds !  
 She lives no more,  
 The gentle Summer, with her  
 balmy breath,  
 Still sweeter than before  
 When nearer death,  
 And brighter every day the  
 smile she wore !

Mourn, mourn, O Autumn  
 Winds,  
 Lament and mourn ;  
 How many half-blown buds must  
 close and die ;  
 Hopes with the Summer born  
 All faded lie,  
 And leave us desolate and  
 Earth forlorn !

---

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

No name to bid us know  
 Who rests below,  
 No word of death or birth,



Only the grass's wave,  
Over a mound of earth,  
Over a nameless grave.

Did this poor wandering heart  
In pain depart ?  
Longing, but all too late,  
For the calm home again,  
Where patient watchers wait,  
And still will wait in vain.

Did mourners come in scorn,  
And thus forlorn  
Leave him, with grief and shame,  
To silence and decay,  
And hide the tarnished name  
Of the unconscious clay ?

It may be from his side  
His loved ones died,  
And, last of some bright band,  
(Together now once more,)  
He sought his home, the land  
Where they had gone before.

No matter, — limes have made  
As cool a shade,  
And lingering breezes pass  
As tenderly and slow,  
As if beneath the grass  
A monarch slept below.

No grief, though loud and deep,  
Could stir that sleep ;  
And earth and heaven tell  
Of rest that shall not cease,  
Where the cold world's farewell  
Fades into endless peace.

## GIVE ME THY HEART.

WITH echoing steps the wor-  
shippers  
Departed one by one ;  
The organ's pealing voice was  
stilled,  
The vesper hymn was done ;  
The shadows fell from roof and  
arch,  
Dim was the incensed air,  
One lamp alone, with trembling  
ray,  
Told of the Presence there !

In the dark church she knelt  
alone ;  
Her tears were falling fast ;  
" Help, Lord," she cried, " the  
shades of death  
Upon my soul are cast !  
Have I not shunned the path of  
sin,  
And chosen the better part ?" —  
What voice came through the  
sacred air ? —  
" *My child, give me thy Heart !*"

" Have I not laid before Thy  
shrine  
My wealth, O Lord ?" she  
cried ;  
" Have I kept aught of gems or  
gold,  
To minister to pride ?  
Have I not bade youth's joys retire,  
And vain delights depart ?" —  
But sad and tender was the  
voice, —  
" *My child, give me thy Heart !*"

“Have I not, Lord, gone day by day

Where Thy poor children dwell;  
And carried help, and gold, and food?

O Lord, Thou knowest it well!  
From many a house, from many a soul,

My hand bids care depart” : —  
More sad, more tender was the voice, —

“*My child, give me thy Heart!*”

“Have I not worn my strength away

With fast and penance sore?  
Have I not watched and wept?”  
she cried;

“Did Thy dear Saints do more?

Have I not gained Thy grace,  
O Lord,

And won in Heaven my part?” —

It echoed louder in her soul, —

“*My child, give me thy Heart!*”

“For I have loved thee with a love

No mortal heart can show;  
A love so deep, my Saints in heaven

Its depths can never know:  
When pierced and wounded on the Cross,

Man’s sin and doom were mine,

I loved thee with undying love,  
Immortal and divine!

“I loved thee ere the skies were spread;

My soul bears all thy pains;  
To gain thy love my sacred Heart

In earthly shrines remains:  
Vain are thy offerings, vain thy sighs,

Without one gift divine;  
Give it, my child, thy Heart to me,

And it shall rest in mine!”

In awe she listened, and the shade

Passed from her soul away;  
In low and trembling voice she cried, —

“Lord, help me to obey!  
Break Thou the chains of earth,  
O Lord,

That bind and hold my heart;  
Let it be Thine, and Thine alone,

Let none with Thee have part.

“Send down, O Lord, Thy sacred fire!

Consume and cleanse the sin  
That lingers still within its depths:

Let heavenly love begin.  
That sacred flame Thy Saints have known,

Kindle, O Lord, in me,  
Thou above all the rest forever,  
And all the rest in Thee.”

The blessing fell upon her soul;  
Her angel by her side

Knew that the hour of peace was  
come ;

Her soul was purified :

The shadows fell from roof and  
arch,

Dim was the incensed air, —

But Peace went with her as she  
left

The sacred Presence there !

---

### THE WAYSIDE INN.

A LITTLE past the village

The Inn stood, low and white ;

Green shady trees behind it,

And an orchard on the right ;

Where over the green paling

The red-cheeked apples hung,

As if to watch how wearily

The sign-board creaked and  
swung.

The heavy-laden branches,

Over the road hung low,

Reflected fruit or blossom

From the wayside well below ;

Where children, drawing water,

Looked up and paused to see,

Amid the apple-branches,

A purple Judas-Tree.

The road stretched winding on-  
ward

For many a weary mile, —

So dusty, foot-sore wanderers

Would pause and rest awhile ;

And panting horses halted,

And travellers loved to tell

The quiet of the wayside inn,  
The orchard, and the well.

Here Maurice dwelt ; and often  
The sunburnt boy would stand

Gazing upon the distance,

And shading with his hand

His eyes, while watching vainly

For travellers, who might need

His aid to loose the bridle,

And tend the weary steed.

And once (the boy remembered  
That morning many a day, —

The dew lay on the hawthorn,

The bird sang on the spray)

A train of horsemen, nobler

Than he had seen before,

Up from the distance galloped,

And halted at the door.

Upon a milk-white pony,

Fit for a faery queen,

Was the loveliest little damsel

His eyes had ever seen :

A serving-man was holding

The leading rein, to guide

The pony and its mistress,

Who cantered by his side.

Her sunny ringlets round her

A golden cloud had made,

While her large hat was keeping

Her calm blue eyes in shade ;

One hand held fast the silken

reins

To keep her steed in check,

The other pulled his tangled

mane,

Or stroked his glossy neck.

And as the boy brought water,  
 And loosed the rein, he heard  
 The sweetest voice that thanked  
 him

In one low gentle word ;  
 She turned her blue eyes from  
 him,

Looked up, and smiled to see  
 The hanging purple blossoms  
 Upon the Judas-Tree ;

And showed it with a gesture,  
 Half pleading, half command,  
 Till he broke the fairest blossom,  
 And laid it in her hand ;

And she tied it to her saddle  
 With a ribbon from her hair,  
 While her happy laugh rang  
 gayly,  
 Like silver on the air.

But the champing steeds were  
 rested, —

The horsemen now spurred on,  
 And down the dusty highway  
 They vanished and were gone.  
 Years passed, and many a trav-  
 eller

Paused at the old inn-door,  
 But the little milk-white pony  
 And the child returned no  
 more.

Years passed, the apple-branches  
 A deeper shadow shed ;  
 And many a time the Judas-Tree,  
 Blossom and leaf, lay dead ;  
 When on the loitering western  
 breeze  
 Came the bells' merry sound,

And flowery arches rose, and  
 flags  
 And banners waved around.

Maurice stood there expectant :  
 The bridal train would stay  
 Some moments at the inn-door,  
 The eager watchers say ;  
 They come, — the cloud of dust  
 draws near, —  
 'Mid all the state and pride,  
 He only sees the golden hair  
 And blue eyes of the bride.

The same, yet, ah, still fairer ;  
 He knew the face once more  
 That bent above the pony's neck  
 Years past at that inn-door :  
 Her shy and smiling eyes looked  
 round,

Unconscious of the place,  
 Unconscious of the eager gaze  
 He fixed upon her face.

He plucked a blossom from the  
 tree, —

The Judas-Tree, — and cast  
 Its purple fragrance towards the  
 Bride,

A message from the Past.  
 The signal came, the horses  
 plunged, —

Once more she smiled around :  
 The purple blossom in the dust  
 Lay trampled on the ground.

Again the slow years fled,  
 Their passage only known  
 By the height the Passion-flower  
 Around the porch had grown ;

And many a passing traveller  
 Paused at the old inn-door,  
 But the bride, so fair and bloom-  
 ing,

The bride returned no more.

One winter morning, Maurice,  
 Watching the branches bare,  
 Rustling and waving dimly  
 In the gray and misty air,  
 Saw blazoned on a carriage  
 Once more the well-known  
 shield,

The stars and azure fleurs-de-lis  
 Upon a silver field.

He looked — was that pale wo-  
 man,

So grave, so worn, so sad,  
 The child, once young and smiling,  
 The bride, once fair and glad ?  
 What grief had dimmed that  
 glory,

And brought that dark eclipse  
 Upon her blue eyes' radiance,  
 And paled those trembling lips ?

What memory of past sorrow,  
 What stab of present pain,  
 Brought that deep look of an-  
 guish,

That watched the dismal rain,  
 That watched (with the absent  
 spirit

That looks, yet does not see)  
 The dead and leafless branches  
 Upon the Judas-Tree ?

The slow dark months crept on-  
 ward

Upon their icy way,

Till April broke in showers,  
 And Spring smiled forth in  
 May ;

Upon the apple-blossoms  
 The sun shone bright again,  
 When slowly up the highway  
 Came a long funeral train.

The bells tolled slowly, sadly,  
 For a noble spirit fled ;  
 Slowly, in pomp and honor,  
 They bore the quiet dead.  
 Upon a black-plumed charger  
 One rode, who held a shield,  
 Where stars and azure fleurs-de-  
 lis  
 Shone on a silver field.

'Mid all that homage given  
 To a fluttering heart at rest,  
 Perhaps an honest sorrow  
 Dwelt only in one breast.  
 One by the inn-door standing  
 Watched with fast-dropping  
 tears  
 The long procession passing,  
 And thought of bygone years.

The boyish, silent homage  
 To child and bride unknown,  
 The pitying, tender sorrow  
 Kept in his heart alone,  
 Now laid upon the coffin  
 With a purple flower, might  
 be  
 Told to the cold, dead sleep-  
 er ; —

The rest could only see  
 A fragrant purple blossom.  
 Plucked from a Judas-Tree.

## VOICES OF THE PAST.

You wonder that my tears should  
flow

In listening to that simple  
strain ;

That those unskilful sounds  
should fill

My soul with joy and pain :  
How can you tell what thoughts  
it stirs

Within my heart again ?

You wonder why that common  
phrase,

So all unmeaning to your ear,  
Should stay me in my merriest  
mood,

And thrill my soul to hear :  
How can you tell what ancient  
charm

Has made me hold it dear ?

You marvel that I turn away  
From all those flowers so fair  
and bright,

And gaze at this poor herb, till  
tears

Arise and dim my sight :

You cannot tell how every leaf  
Breathes of a past delight.

You smile to see me turn and  
speak

With one whose converse you  
despise ;

You do not see the dreams of old  
That with his voice arise :

How can you tell what links have  
made

Him sacred in my eyes ?

O, these are Voices of the Past,  
Links of a broken chain,  
Wings that can bear me back to  
Times

Which cannot come again ;  
Yet God forbid that I should lose  
The echoes that remain !

## THE DARK SIDE.

THOU hast done well, perhaps,  
To lift the bright disguise,  
And lay the bitter truth  
Before our shrinking eyes ;  
When evil crawls below  
What seems so pure and fair,  
Thine eyes are keen and true  
To find the serpent there :  
And yet — I turn away ;  
Thy task is not divine, —  
The evil angels look  
On earth with eyes like thine.

Thou hast done well, perhaps,  
To show how closely wound  
Dark threads of sin and self  
With our best deeds are found,  
How great and noble hearts,  
Striving for lofty aims,  
Have still some earthly chord  
A meaner spirit claims ;  
And yet — although thy task  
Is well and fairly done —  
Methinks for such as thou  
There is a holier one.

Shadows there are, who dwell  
Among us, yet apart,



Deaf to the claim of God,  
 Or kindly human heart ;  
 Voices of earth and heaven  
 Call, but they turn away,  
 And Love, through such black  
 night

Can see no hope of day ;  
 And yet — our eyes are dim,  
 And thine are keener far :  
 Then gaze till thou canst see  
 The glimmer of some star.

The black stream flows along  
 Whose waters we despise, —  
 Show us reflected there  
 Some fragment of the skies ;  
 'Neath tangled thorns and briers,  
 (The task is fit for thee,)  
 Seek for the hidden flowers,  
 We are too blind to see ;  
 Then will I thy great gift  
 A crown and blessing call ;  
 Angels look thus on men,  
 And God sees good in all !

---

### A FIRST SORROW.

ARISE ! this day shall shine,  
 Forevermore,  
 To thee a star divine,  
 On Time's dark shore.

Till now thy soul has been  
 All glad and gay :  
 Bid it awake and look  
 At grief to-day !  
 No shade has come between  
 Thee and the sun ;

Like some long childish dream  
 Thy life has run :

But now the stream has reached  
 A dark, deep sea,  
 And Sorrow, dim and crowned,  
 Is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bears  
 A sword divine :  
 Stretch out thy trembling hands  
 To-day for thine !

To each anointed Priest  
 God's summons came :  
 O Soul, he speaks to-day,  
 And calls thy name.

Then, with slow reverent step,  
 And beating heart,  
 From out thy joyous days  
 Thou must depart.

And, leaving all behind,  
 Come forth alone,  
 To join the chosen band  
 Around the throne.

Raise up thine eyes — be strong,  
 Nor cast away  
 The crown that God has given  
 Thy soul to-day !

---

### MURMURS.

WHY wilt thou make bright  
 music  
 Give forth a sound of pain ?  
 Why wilt thou weave fair flowers  
 Into a weary chain ?



Why turn each cool gray shadow  
Into a world of fears ?

Why say the winds are wailing ?  
Why call the dew-drops tears ?

The voices of happy nature,  
And the Heaven's sunny  
gleam,  
Reprove thy sick heart's fancies,  
Upbraid thy foolish dream.

Listen, and I will tell thee  
The song Creation sings,  
From the humming of bees in  
the heather,  
To the flutter of angels' wings.

An echo rings forever,  
The sound can never cease ;  
It speaks to God of glory,  
It speaks to Earth of peace.

Not alone did angels sing it  
To the poor shepherds' ear ;  
But the spheréd Heavens chant it,  
While listening ages hear.

Above thy peevish wailing  
Rises that holy song ;  
Above Earth's foolish clamor,  
Above the voice of wrong.

No creature of God's too lowly  
To murmur peace and praise :  
When the starry nights grow  
silent,  
Then speak the sunny days.

So leave thy sick heart's fancies,  
And lend thy little voice  
To the silver song of glory  
That bids the world rejoice.

## GIVE.

SEE the rivers flowing  
Downwards to the sea,  
Pouring all their treasures  
Bountiful and free :  
Yet to help their giving  
Hidden springs arise ;  
Or, if need be, showers  
Feed them from the skies \

Watch the princely flowers  
Their rich fragrance spread,  
Load the air with perfumes,  
From their beauty shed :  
Yet their lavish spending  
Leaves them not in dearth,  
With fresh life replenished  
By their mother earth !

Give thy heart's best treasures, —  
From fair Nature learn ;  
Give thy love — and ask not,  
Wait not a return !  
And the more thou spendest  
From thy little store,  
With a double bounty,  
God will give thee more.

## MY JOURNAL.

It is a dreary evening ;  
The shadows rise and fall :  
With strange and ghostly  
changes,  
They flicker on the wall.

Make the charred logs burn  
brighter ;  
I will show you, by their blaze,

The half-forgotten record  
Of bygone things and days.

Bring here the ancient volume ;  
The clasp is old and worn,  
The gold is dim and tarnished,  
And the faded leaves are torn.

The dust has gathered on it, —  
There are so few who care  
To read what Time has written  
Of joy and sorrow there.

Look at the first fair pages ;  
Yes, I remember all :  
The joys now seem so trivial,  
The griefs so poor and small.

Let us read the dreams of glory  
That childish fancy made ;  
Turn to the next few pages,  
And see how soon they fade.

Here, where still waiting, dream-  
ing,  
For some ideal Life,  
The young heart all unconscious  
Had entered on the strife.

See how this page is blotted :  
What, could those tears be  
mine ?  
How coolly I can read you  
Each blurred and trembling  
line !

Now I can reason calmly,  
And, looking back again,  
Can see divinest meaning  
Threading each separate pain.

Here strong resolve — how bro-  
ken ;

Rash hope, and foolish fear,  
And prayers, which God in pity  
Refused to grant or hear.

Nay, I will turn the pages  
To where the tale is told  
Of how a dawn diviner  
Flushed the dark clouds with  
gold.

And see, that light has gilded  
The story, — nor shall set ;  
And, though in mist and shadow,  
You know I see it yet.

Here — well, it does not matter,  
I promised to read all ;  
I know not why I falter,  
Or why my tears should fall ;

You see each grief is noted ;  
Yet it was better so —  
I can rejoice to-day — the pain  
Was over, long ago.

I read — my voice is failing,  
But you can understand  
How the heart beat that guided  
This weak and trembling hand

Pass over that long struggle,  
Read where the comfort came,  
Where the first time is written  
Within the book your name.

Again it comes, and oftener,  
Linked, as it now must be,  
With all the joy or sorrow  
That Life may bring to me.

So all the rest — you know it :  
 Now shut the clasp again,  
 And put aside the record  
 Of bygone hours of pain.

The dust shall gather on it,  
 I will not read it more :  
 Give me your hand — what was  
 it  
 We were talking of before ?

I know not why — but tell me  
 Of something gay and bright.  
 It is strange — my heart is heavy,  
 And my eyes are dim to-night.

---

### A CHAIN.

THE bond that links our souls  
 together ;  
 Will it last — through stormy  
 weather ?  
 Will it moulder and decay  
 As the long hours pass away ?  
 Will it stretch if Fate divide us,  
 When dark and weary hours  
 have tried us ?  
 O, if it look too poor and slight,  
 Let us break the links to-night !

It was not forged by mortal  
 hands,  
 Or clasped with golden bars and  
 bands ;  
 Save thine and mine, no other  
 eyes  
 The slender link can recognize :  
 In the bright light it seems to  
 fade —

And it is hidden in the shade ;  
 While Heaven nor Earth have  
 never heard,  
 Or solemn vow, or plighted word.  
 Yet what no mortal hand could  
 make,  
 No mortal power can ever break ;  
 What words or vows could never  
 do,  
 No words or vows can make un-  
 true ;  
 And if to other hearts unknown  
 The dearer and the more our own,  
 Because too sacred and divine  
 For other eyes, save thine and  
 mine.

And see, though slender, it is  
 made  
 Of Love and Trust, and can they  
 fade ?  
 While, if too slight it seem, to  
 bear  
 The breathings of the summer  
 air,  
 We know that it could bear the  
 weight  
 Of a most heavy heart of late,  
 And as each day and hour flew  
 The stronger for its burden grew.

And, too, we know and feel again  
 It has been sanctified by pain,  
 For what God deigns to try with  
 sorrow  
 He means not to decay to-mor-  
 row ;  
 But through that fiery trial last  
 When earthly ties and bonds are  
 past ;

What slighter things dare not  
endure  
Will make our Love more safe  
and pure.

Love shall be purified by Pain,  
And Pain be soothed by Love  
again :

So let us now take heart and go  
Cheerfully on, through joy and  
woe ;

No change the summer sun can  
bring,

Or the inconstant skies of spring,  
Or the bleak winter's stormy  
weather,

For we shall meet them, Love,  
together!

---

### THE PILGRIMS.

THE way is long and dreary,  
The path is bleak and bare ;  
Our feet are worn and weary,  
But we will not despair.

More heavy was Thy burden,  
More desolate Thy way ; —

O Lamb of God who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
*Have mercy on us.*

The snows lie thick around us  
In the dark and gloomy night ;  
And the tempest wails above us,  
And the stars have hid their  
light ;

But blacker was the darkness  
Round Calvary's Cross that  
day ; —

O Lamb of God who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
*Have mercy on us.*

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,  
Heavy and hard to bear ;  
For we dread the bitter morrow,  
But we will not despair :

Thou knowest all our anguish,  
And Thou wilt bid it cease, —  
O Lamb of God who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
*Give us Thy Peace!*

---

### INCOMPLETENESS.

NOTHING resting in its own  
completeness

Can have worth or beauty : but  
alone

Because it leads and tends to  
further sweetness,

Fuller, higher, deeper than its  
own.

Spring's real glory dwells not  
in the meaning,

Gracious though it be, of her  
blue hours ;

But is hidden in her tender lean-  
ing

To the Summer's richer wealth  
of flowers.

Dawn is fair, because the mists  
fade slowly

Into Day, which floods the world  
with light ;

Twilight's mystery is so sweet  
and holy  
Just because it ends in starry  
Night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious  
graces borrow  
From Strife, that in a far-off fu-  
ture lies ;  
And angel glances (veiled now  
by Life's sorrow)  
Draw our hearts to some belovéd  
eyes.

Life is only bright when it pro-  
ceedeth  
Towards a truer, deeper Life  
above ;  
Human Love is sweetest when it  
leadeth  
To a more divine and perfect  
Love.

Learn the mystery of Progression  
duly :  
Do not call each glorious change,  
Decay ;  
But know we only hold our  
treasures truly,  
When it seems as if they passed  
away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts  
for incompleteness ;  
In that want their beauty lies :  
they roll  
Towards some infinite depth of  
love and sweetness,  
Bearing onward man's reluctant  
soul.

## A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged moun-  
tains

The fair Lake Constance lies ;  
In her blue heart reflected  
Shine back the starry skjes ;  
And, watching each white cloud-  
let

Float silently and slow,  
You think a piece of Heaven  
Lies on our earth below !

Midnight is there : and Silence,  
Enthroned in Heaven, looks  
down

Upon her own calm mirror,  
Upon a sleeping town :  
For Bregenz, that quaint city  
Upon the Tyrol shore,  
Has stood above Lake Constance  
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,  
From off their rocky steep,  
Have cast their trembling shadow  
For ages on the deep :  
Mountain, and lake, and valley,  
A sacred legend know,  
Of how the town was saved, one  
night,  
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,  
A Tyrol maid had fled,  
To serve in the Swiss valleys,  
And toil for daily bread ;  
And every year that fled  
So silently and fast,  
Seemed to bear farther from her  
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,  
 Nor asked for rest or change;  
 Her friends seemed no more new  
 ones,  
 Their speech seemed no more  
 strange;  
 And when she led her cattle  
 To pasture every day,  
 She ceased to look and wonder  
 On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,  
 With longing and with tears;  
 Her Tyrol home seemed faded  
 In a deep mist of years;  
 She heeded not the rumors  
 Of Austrian war and strife;  
 Each day she rose, contented,  
 To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children  
 Would clustering round her  
 stand,  
 She sang them ancient ballads  
 Of her own native land;  
 And when at morn and evening  
 She knelt before God's throne,  
 The accents of her childhood  
 Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley  
 More peaceful year by year;  
 When suddenly strange portents  
 Of some great deed seemed  
 near.

The golden corn was bending  
 Upon its fragile stock,  
 While farmers, heedless of their  
 fields,  
 Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and al-  
 tered,  
 With looks cast on the ground;  
 With anxious faces, one by one,  
 The women gathered round;  
 All talk of flax, or spinning,  
 Or work, was put away;  
 The very children seemed afraid  
 To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow  
 With strangers from the town,  
 Some secret plan discussing,  
 The men walked up and down.  
 Yet now and then seemed watch-  
 ing  
 A strange uncertain gleam,  
 That looked like lances 'mid the  
 trees,  
 That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,  
 Then care and doubt were fled;  
 With jovial laugh they feasted;  
 The board was nobly spread.  
 The elder of the village  
 Rose up, his glass in hand,  
 And cried, "We drink the down-  
 fall  
 Of an accursed land!"

"The night is growing darker,  
 Ere one more day is flown,  
 Bregenz, our foemen's strong-  
 hold,  
 Bregenz shall be our own!"  
 The women shrank in terror,  
 (Yet Pride, too, had her part,)  
 But one poor Tyrol maiden  
 Felt death within her heart.



Before her stood fair Bregenz ;  
 Once more her towers arose ;  
 What were the friends beside her ?  
 Only her country's foes !  
 The faces of her kinsfolk,  
 The days of childhood flown,  
 The echoes of her mountains,  
 Reclaimed her as their own !  
 Nothing she heard around her,  
 (Though shouts rang forth  
 again,)  
 Gone were the green Swiss val-  
 leys,  
 The pasture, and the plain ;  
 Before her eyes one vision,  
 And in her heart one cry,  
 That said, " Go forth, save Bre-  
 genz,  
 And then, if need be, die ! "

With trembling haste and breath-  
 less,  
 With noiseless step, she sped ;  
 Horses and weary cattle  
 Were standing in the shed ;  
 She loosed the strong, white  
 charger,  
 That fed from out her hand,  
 She mounted, and she turned  
 his head  
 Towards her native land.

Out — out into the darkness —  
 Faster, and still more fast ;  
 The smooth grass flies behind her,  
 The chestnut wood is past ;  
 She looks up ; clouds are heavy :  
 Why is her steed so slow ? —  
 Scarcely the wind beside them  
 Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O faster!"

Eleven the church-bells chime :  
 "O God," she cries, help Bre-  
 genz,  
 And bring me there in time !"  
 But louder than bells' ringing,  
 Or lowing of the kine,  
 Grows nearer in the midnight  
 The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters  
 Their headlong gallop check ?  
 The steed draws back in terror,  
 She leans upon his neck  
 To watch the flowing darkness ;  
 The bank is high and steep ;  
 One pause — he staggers for-  
 ward,  
 And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,  
 And looser throws the rein ;  
 Her steed must breast the waters  
 That dash above his mane.  
 How gallantly, how nobly,  
 He struggles through the foam,  
 And see — in the far distance  
 Shine out the lights of home !

Up the steep banks he bears her,  
 And now, they rush again  
 Towards the heights of Bregenz  
 That tower above the plain.  
 They reach the gate of Bregenz,  
 Just as the midnight rings,  
 And out comes serf and soldier  
 To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved ! Ere daylight  
 Her battlements are manned ;



Defiance greets the army  
That marches on the land.  
And if to deeds heroic  
Should endless fame be paid,  
Bregenz does well to honor  
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are van-  
ished,

And yet upon the hill  
An old stone gateway rises,  
To do her honor still.  
And there, when Bregenz women  
Sit spinning in the shade,  
They see in quaint old carving  
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,  
By gateway, street, and tower,  
The warder paces all night long  
And calls each passing hour ;  
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he  
cries aloud,

And then (O crown of Fame !)  
When midnight pauses in the  
skies,  
He calls the maiden's name !

---

### A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, O dream of mine !

I dare not stay ;  
The hour is come, and time  
Will not delay :  
Pleasant and dear to me  
Wilt thou remain ;  
No future hour  
Brings thee again.

She stands, the Future dim,  
And draws me on,  
And shows me dearer joys, —  
But thou art gone !  
Treasures and Hopes more fair  
Bears she for me,  
And yet I linger,  
O dream, with thee !

Other and brighter days  
Perhaps she brings ;  
Deeper and holier songs  
Perchance she sings ;  
But thou and I, fair time,  
We too must sever : —  
O dream of mine,  
Farewell forever !

---

### SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand ;  
Pause not for toil or pain ;  
Weary not through the heat of  
summer,  
Weary not through the cold  
spring rain ;  
But wait till the autumn comes  
For the sheaves of golden  
grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,  
A table will be spread ;  
What matter if you are too weary  
To eat your hard - earned  
bread !

Sow, while the earth is broken,  
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow ;— while the seeds are lying  
 In the warm earth's bosom  
 deep,  
 And your warm tears fall upon  
 it,—  
 They will stir in their quiet  
 sleep ;  
 And the green blades rise the  
 quicker,  
 Perchance, for the tears you  
 weep.

Then sow ;— for the hours are  
 fleeting,  
 And the seed must fall to-day ;  
 And care not what hands shall  
 reap it,  
 Or if you shall have passed  
 away  
 Before the waving cornfields  
 Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow ; and look onward, upward,  
 Where the starry light ap-  
 pears, —  
 Where, in spite of the coward's  
 doubting,  
 Or your own heart's trembling  
 fears,  
 You shall reap in joy the harvest  
 You have sown to-day in tears.

---

### THE STORM.

THE tempest rages wild and  
 high,  
 The waves lift up their voice and  
 cry

Fierce answers to the angry  
 sky, —

*Miserere Domine.*

Through the black night and  
 driving rain  
 A ship is struggling, all in  
 vain,

To live upon the stormy main ; —  
*Miserere Domine.*

The thunders roar, the light-  
 nings glare,  
 Vain is it now to strive or dare ;  
 A cry goes up of great despair, —  
*Miserere Domine.*

The stormy voices of the main,  
 The moaning wind and pelting  
 rain  
 Beat on the nursery window  
 pane : —  
*Miserere Domine.*

Warm curtained was the little  
 bed,  
 Soft pillowed was the little  
 head ;  
 "The storm will wake the child,"  
 they said : —  
*Miserere Domine.*

Cowering among his pillows  
 white  
 He prays, his blue eyes dim with  
 fright,  
 "Father, save those at sea to-  
 night!" —  
*Miserere Domine.*

The morning shone all clear and  
gay,

On a ship at anchor in the bay,  
And on a little child at play, —

*Gloria tibi Domine!*

---

WORDS.

WORDS are lighter than the  
cloud-foam

Of the restless ocean spray;  
Vainer than the trembling shadow

That the next hour steals  
away.

By the fall of summer rain-drops  
Is the air as deeply stirred;  
And the rose-leaf that we tread  
on

Will outlive a word.

Yet, on the dull silence breaking  
With a lightning flash, a Word,  
Bearing endless desolation

On its blighting wings, I  
heard:

Earth can forge no keener  
weapon,

Dealing surer death and pain,  
And the cruel echo answered  
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang  
starlike

O'er a dreary waste of years,  
And it only shone the brighter  
Looked at through a mist of  
tears;

While a weary wanderer gathered

Hope and heart on Life's dark  
way,

By its faithful promise, shining  
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit, calmer  
Than the calmest lake, and  
clear

As the heavens that gazed upon  
it,

With no wave of hope or fear;  
But a storm had swept across  
it,

And its deepest depths were  
stirred,

(Never, never more to slumber,)  
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle  
Than the breath of summer  
air;

In a listening heart it nestled,  
And it lived forever there.

Not the beating of its prison

Stirred it ever, night or day;

Only with the heart's last throbbing

Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are  
living:

Serpents with their venomous  
stings,

Or bright angels, crowding round  
us,

With heaven's light upon their  
wings:

Every word has its own spirit,

True or false, that never dies ;  
 Every word man's lips have uttered  
     Echoes in God's skies.

---

A LOVE TOKEN.

Do you grieve no costly offering  
     To the Lady you can make ?  
 One there is, and gifts less worthy  
     Queens have stooped to take.

Take a Heart of virgin silver,  
     Fashion it with heavy blows,  
 Cast it into Love's hot furnace  
     When it fiercest glows.

With Pain's sharpest point transfix it,  
     And then carve, in letters fair,  
 Tender dreams and quaint devices,  
     Fancies sweet and rare.

Set within it Hope's blue sapphire,  
     Many-changing opal fears,  
 Blood-red ruby-stones of daring,  
     Mixed with pearly tears.

And when you have wrought and labored  
     Till the gift is all complete,  
 You may humbly lay your offering  
     At the Lady's feet.

Should her mood perchance be gracious,  
     With disdainful, smiling pride,  
 She will place it with the trinkets  
     Glittering at her side.

---

A TRYST WITH DEATH.

I AM footsore and very weary,  
     But I travel to meet a Friend:  
 The way is long and dreary,  
     But I know that it soon must end.

He is travelling fast like the whirlwind,  
     And though I creep slowly on  
 We are drawing nearer, nearer,  
     And the journey is almost done

Through the heat of many summers,  
     Through many a springtime rain,  
 Through long autumns and weary winters,  
     I have hoped to meet him, in vain.

I know that he will not fail me,  
     So I count every hour chime,  
 Every throb of my own heart's beating,  
     That tells of the flight of Time,

On the day of my birth he plighted  
     His kingly word to me : —

I have seen him in dreams so often,  
That I know what his smile  
must be.

have toiled through the sunny  
woodland,  
Through fields that basked in  
the light;  
And through the lone paths in  
the forest  
I crept in the dead of night.

I will not fear at his coming,  
Although I must meet him  
alone;  
He will look in my eyes so gently,  
And take my hand in his own.

Like a dream all my toil will  
vanish,  
When I lay my head on his  
breast:  
But the journey is very weary,  
And he only can give me rest!

---

FIDELIS.

You have taken back the promise  
That you spoke so long ago;  
Taken back the heart you gave  
me, —  
I must even let it go.  
Where Love once has breathed,  
Pride dieth:  
So I struggled, but in vain,  
First to keep the links together,  
Then to piece the broken chain.

But it might not be — so freely  
All your friendship I restore,  
And the heart that I had taken  
As my own forevermore.  
No shade of reproach shall touch  
you,  
Dread no more a claim from  
me:  
But I will not have you fancy  
That I count myself as free.

I am bound by the old promise;  
What can break that golden  
chain?  
Not even the words that you have  
spoken,  
Or the sharpness of my pain:  
Do you think, because you fail  
me  
And draw back your hand to-  
day,  
That from out the heart I gave  
you  
My strong love can fade away?

It will live. No eyes may see it;  
In my soul it will lie deep,  
Hidden from all; but I shall feel  
it

Often stirring in its sleep.  
So remember, that the friendship,  
Which you now think poor  
and vain,  
Will endure in hope and patience,  
Till you ask for it again.

Perhaps in some long twilight  
hour,  
Like those we have known of  
old,

When past shadows gather round  
 you,  
 And your present friends grow  
 cold,  
 You may stretch your hands out  
 towards me, —  
 Ah! you will — I know not  
 when —  
 I shall nurse my love and keep it  
 Faithfully, for you, till then.

---

### A SHADOW.

WHAT lack the valleys and  
 mountains

That once were green and gay?  
 What lack the babbling foun-  
 tains?

Their voice is sad to-day.  
 Only the sound of a voice,  
 Tender and sweet and low,  
 That made the earth rejoice,  
 A year ago!

What lack the tender flowers?

A shadow is on the sun:

What lack the merry hours,  
 That I long that they were  
 done?

Only two smiling eyes,  
 That told of joy and mirth;  
 They are shining in the skies,  
 I mourn on earth!

What lacks my heart, that makes  
 it

So weary and full of pain,  
 That trembling Hope forsakes it,  
 Never to come again?

Only another heart,  
 Tender and all mine own,  
 In the still grave it lies;  
 I weep alone!

---

### THE SAILOR BOY.

MY Life you ask of? why, you  
 know

Full soon my little Life is told;  
 It has had no great joy or woe,  
 For I am only twelve years old.  
 Ere long I hope I shall have been  
 On my first voyage, and wonder  
 seen.

Some princess I may help to free  
 From pirates on a far-off sea;  
 Or, on some desert isle be left,  
 Offriends and shipmates all bereft

For the first time I venture  
 forth

From our blue mountains of the  
 north.

My kinsman kept the lodge that  
 stood

Guarding the entrance near the  
 wood,

By the stone gateway gray and  
 old,

With quaint devices carved about,  
 And broken shields; while drag-  
 ons bold

Glared on the common world  
 without:

And the long trembling ivy spray  
 Half hid the centuries' decay.  
 In solitude and silence grand



The castle towered above the  
land :

The castle of the Earl, whose  
name

(Wrapped in old bloody legends)  
came

Down through the times when  
Truth and Right

Bent down to arméd Pride and  
Might.

He owned the country far and  
near ;

And, for some weeks in every  
year,

(When the brown leaves were  
falling fast

And the long, lingering autumn  
past,)

He would come down to hunt  
the deer,

With hound and horse in splen-  
did pride.

The story lasts the live-long year,  
The peasant's winter evening  
fills,

When he is gone and they abide  
In the lone quiet of their hills.

I longed, too, for the happy  
night,

When, all with torches flaring  
bright,

The crowding villagers would  
stand,

A patient, eager, waiting band,  
Until the signal ran like flame,  
"They come!" and, slackening  
speed, they came.

Outriders first, in pomp and  
state,

Pranced on their horses through  
the gate ;

Then the four steeds as black as  
night,

All decked with trappings blue  
and white,

Drew through the crowd that  
opened wide,

The Earl and Countess side by  
side.

The stern grave Earl, with for-  
mal smile

And glistening eyes and stately  
pride,

Could ne'er my childish gaze be-  
guile

From the fair presence by his  
side.

The lady's soft sad glance, her  
eyes,

(Like stars that shone in sum-  
mer skies,)

Her pure white face so calmly bent,  
With gentle greetings round her  
sent ;

Her look, that always seemed to  
gaze

Where the blue past had closed  
again

Over some happy shipwrecked  
days,

With all their freight of love and  
pain :

She did not even seem to see

The little lord upon her knee.

And yet he was like angel fair,

With rosy cheeks and golden  
hair,

That fell on shoulders white as  
snow :



But the blue eyes that shone below  
His clustering rings of auburn  
curls  
Were not his mother's, but the  
Earl's.

I feared the Earl, so cold and  
grim,  
I never dared be seen by him.  
When through our gate he used  
to ride,  
My kinsman Walter bade me  
hide;  
He said he was so stern.  
So, when the hunt came past  
our way,  
I always hastened to obey,  
Until I heard the bugles play  
The notes of their return.  
But she, — my very heart-strings  
stir  
Whene'er I speak or think of  
her, —  
The whole wide world could  
never see  
A noble lady such as she,  
So full of angel charity.

Strange things of her our  
neighbors told  
In the long winter evenings cold,  
Around the fire. They would  
draw near  
And speak half-whispering, as in  
fear;  
As if they thought the Earl  
could hear  
Their treason 'gainst his name.  
They thought the story that his  
pride

Had stooped to wed a low-born  
bride,  
A stain upon his fame.  
Some said 't was false; there  
could not be  
Such blot on his nobility:  
But others vowed that they had  
heard  
The actual story word for word,  
From one who well my lady  
knew,  
And had declared the story true.

In a far village, little known  
She dwelt — so ran the tale —  
alone.  
A widowed bride, yet, oh! so  
bright,  
Shone through the mist of grief,  
her charms;  
They said it was the loveliest  
sight —  
She with her baby in her arms  
The Earl, one summer mornin',  
rode  
By the sea-shore where she  
abode;  
Again he came — that vision  
sweet  
Drew him reluctant to her feet.  
Fierce must the struggle in his  
heart  
Have been, between his love and  
pride,  
Until he chose that wondrous  
part,  
To ask her to become his bride.  
Yet, ere his noble name she bore,  
He made her vow that nevermore  
She would behold her child again,

But hide his name and hers from  
men.

The trembling promise duly  
spoken,

All links of the low past were  
broken ;

And she arose to take her stand  
Amid the nobles of the land.

'Then all would wonder — could  
it be

That one so lowly born as she,  
Raised to such height of bliss,  
should seem

Still living in some weary dream ?  
'Tis true she bore with calmest  
grace

The honors of her lofty place,  
Yet never smiled, in peace or joy,  
Not even to greet her princely  
boy.

She heard, with face of white de-  
spair,

The cannon thunder through the  
air,

That she had given the Earl an  
heir.

Nay, even more, (they whispered  
low,

As if they scarce durst fancy so,)  
That, through her lofty wedded  
life,

No word, no tone, betrayed the  
wife.

Her look seemed ever in the  
past ;

Never to him it grew more  
sweet ;

The self-same weary glance she  
cast

Upon the greyhound at her feet,

As upon him, who bade her  
claim

The crowning honor of his name.

This gossip, if old Walter  
heard,

He checked it with a scornful  
word :

I never durst such tales repeat ;  
He was too serious and discreet  
To speak of what his lord might  
do ;

Besides, he loved my lady too.  
And many a time, I recollect,  
They were together in the wood ;  
He, with an air of grave re-  
spect,

And earnest look, uncovered  
stood.

And though their speech I never  
heard,

(Save now and then a louder  
word,)

I saw he spake as none but one  
She loved and trusted durst have  
done ;

For oft I watched them in the  
shade

That the close forest branches  
made,

Till slanting golden sunbeams  
came

And smote the fir-trees into  
flame,

A radiant glory round her lit,  
Then down her white robes  
seemed to flit,

Gilding the brown leaves on the  
ground,

And all the waving ferns around.

While by some gloomy pine she  
leant

And he in earnest talk would  
stand,

I saw the tear-drops, as she bent,  
Fall on the flowers in her  
hand. —

Strange as it seemed and seems  
to be,

That one so sad, so cold as she,  
Could love a little child like me,  
Yet so it was. I never heard

Such tender words as she would  
say,

And murmurs, sweeter than a  
word,

Would breathe upon me as I lay.  
While I, in smiling joy, would  
rest,

For hours, my head upon her  
breast.

Our neighbors said that none  
could see

In me the common childish  
charms,

(So grave and still I used to be,  
And yet she held me in her arms,  
In a fond clasp, so close, so tight,  
I often dream of it at night.

She bade me tell her all, — no  
other

My childish thoughts e'er cared  
to know :

For I — I never knew my moth-  
er ;

I was an orphan long ago.

And I could all my fancies pour,  
That gentle, loving face before.

She liked to hear me tell her  
all ;

How that day I had climbed the  
tree,

To make the largest fir-cones  
fall ;

And how one day I hoped to be  
A sailor on the deep blue sea, —  
She loved to hear it all !

Then wondrous things she  
used to tell,

Of the strange dreams that she  
had known.

I used to love to hear them  
well,

If only for her sweet low tone,  
Sometimes so sad, although I  
knew

That such things never could be  
true.

One day she told me such a tale  
It made me grow all cold and pale,  
The fearful thing she told !

Of a poor woman mad and wild  
Who coined the life-blood of her  
child,

And, tempted by a fiend, had  
sold

The heart out of her breast for  
gold.

But when she saw me frightened  
seem,

She smiled, and said it was a  
dream.

When I look back and think of  
her,

My very heart-strings seem to  
stir ;

How kind, how fair she was, how  
good,

I cannot tell you. If I could,

You, too, would love her. The  
 mere thought  
 Of her great love for me has  
 brought  
 Tears in my eyes: though far  
 away,

It seems as it were yesterday.  
 And just as when I look on high,  
 Through the blue silence of the  
 sky,  
 Fresh stars shine out, and more  
 and more,  
 Where I could see so few before;  
 So, the more steadily I gaze  
 Upon those far-off misty days,  
 Fresh words, fresh tones, fresh  
 memories start

Before my eyes and in my heart.  
 I can remember how one day  
 (Talking in silly childish way)  
 I said how happy I should be  
 If I were like her son, — as fair,  
 With just such bright blue eyes  
 as he,  
 And such long locks of golden  
 hair.

A strange smile on her pale face  
 broke,  
 And in strange, solemn words  
 she spoke:

“My own, my darling one, —  
 no, no!

I love you, far, far better so.  
 I would not change the look you  
 bear,  
 Or one wave of your dark brown  
 hair.  
 The mere glance of your sunny  
 eyes,  
 Deep in my deepest soul I prize

Above that baby fair!  
 Not one of all the Earl's proud  
 line  
 In beauty ever matched with  
 thine;  
 And, 't is by thy dark locks thou  
 art  
 Bound even faster round my  
 heart,  
 And made more wholly mine!”  
 And then she paused, and weep-  
 ing said,  
 “You are like one who now is  
 dead, —  
 Who sleeps in a far-distant grave.  
 O, may God grant that you may  
 be

As noble and as good as he,  
 As gentle and as brave!”  
 Then in my childish way I cried,  
 “The one you tell me of who died,  
 Was he as noble as the Earl?”  
 I see her red lips scornful curl,  
 I feel her hold my hand again,  
 So tightly, that I shrink in  
 pain, —

I seem to hear her say,  
 “He whom I tell you of, who  
 died,

He was so noble and so gay,  
 So generous and so brave,  
 That the proud Earl by his dear  
 side

Would look a craven slave.”  
 She paused; then, with a quiv-  
 ering sigh,

She laid her hand upon my  
 brow:

“Live like him, darling, and so  
 die.

Remember that he tells you now,  
 True peace, real honor, and content,  
 In cheerful, pious toil abide ;  
 That gold and splendor are but sent  
 To curse our vanity and pride."

One day some childish fever  
 pain  
 Burnt in my veins and fired my  
 brain.  
 Moaning, I turned from side to  
 side ;  
 And, sobbing in my bed, I cried,  
 Till night in calm and darkness  
 crept  
 Around me, and at last I slept.  
 When suddenly I woke to see  
 The Lady bending over me.  
 The drops of cold November rain  
 Were falling from her long, damp  
 hair ;  
 Her anxious eyes were dim with  
 pain ;  
 Yet she looked wondrous fair.  
 Arrayed for some great feast she  
 came,  
 With stones that shone and burnt  
 like flame ;  
 Wound round her neck, like some  
 bright snake,  
 And set like stars within her hair,  
 They sparkled so, they seemed  
 to make  
 A glory everywhere.  
 I felt her tears upon my face,  
 Her kisses on my eyes ;  
 And a strange thought I could  
 not trace

I felt within my heart arise ;  
 And, half in feverish pain, I  
 said :

" O if my mother were not  
 dead ! "

And Walter bade me sleep ; but  
 she

Said, " Is it not the same to thee  
 That I watch by thy bed ? "

I answered her, " I love you,  
 too ;

But it can never be the same ;  
 She was no Countess like to you,  
 Nor wore such sparkling stones  
 of flame."

O the wild look of fear and  
 dread !

The cry she gave of bitter woe !

I often wonder what I said

To make her moan and shudder  
 so.

Through the long night she tend-  
 ed me

With such sweet care and charity.

But I should weary you to tell

All that I know and love so well :

Yet one night more stands out  
 alone

With a sad sweetness all its own.

The wind blew loud that dreary  
 night :

Its wailing voice I well remem-  
 ber ;

The stars shone out so large and  
 bright

Upon the frosty fir-boughs white,

That dreary night of cold Decem-  
 ber.

I saw old Walter silent stand,

Watching the soft, white flakes  
 of snow  
 With looks I could not under-  
 stand,  
 Of strange perplexity and woe.  
 At last he turned and took my  
 hand,  
 And said the Countess just had  
 sent  
 To bid us come ; for she would  
 fain  
 See me once more, before she  
 went  
 Away — never to come again.  
 We came in silence through the  
 wood  
 (Our footfall was the only sound)  
 To where the great white castle  
 stood,  
 With darkness shadowing it  
 around.  
 Breathless, we trod with cautious  
 care  
 Up the great echoing marble  
 stair ;  
 Trembling, by Walter's hand I  
 held,  
 Scared by the splendors I be-  
 held :  
 Now thinking, "Should the Earl  
 appear !"  
 Now looking up with giddy fear  
 To the dim, vaulted roof that  
 spread  
 Its gloomy arches overhead.  
 Long corridors we softly passed,  
 (My heart was beating loud and  
 fast,)  
 And reached the Lady's room at  
 last :

A strange, faint odor seemed to  
 weigh  
 Upon the dim and darkened air ;  
 One shaded lamp, with softened  
 ray,  
 Scarce showed the gloomy splen-  
 dor there.  
 The dull red brands were burn-  
 ing low,  
 And yet a fitful gleam of light  
 Would now and then, with sud-  
 den glow,  
 Start forth, then sink again in  
 night.  
 I gazed around, yet half in fear,  
 Till Walter told me to draw  
 near :  
 And in the strange and flicker-  
 ing light,  
 Towards the Lady's bed I crept ;  
 All folded round with snowy  
 white,  
 She lay ; (one would have said  
 she slept ;)  
 So still the look of that white face,  
 It seemed as it were carved in  
 stone,  
 I paused before I dared to place  
 Within her cold white hand my  
 own.  
 But, with a smile of sweet sur-  
 prise,  
 She turned to me her dreamy  
 eyes ;  
 And slowly, as if life were pain,  
 She drew me in her arms to lie:  
 She strove to speak, and strove  
 in vain ;  
 Each breath was like a long  
 drawn sigh.



The throbs that seemed to shake  
 her breast,  
 The trembling clasp, so loose  
 and weak,  
 At last grew calmer, and at rest ;  
 And then she strove once more  
 to speak :  
 " My God, I thank thee, that my  
 pain  
 Of day by day, and year by year,  
 Has not been suffered all in vain,  
 And I may die while he is near.  
 I will not fear but that Thy  
 grace  
 Has swept away my sin and woe,  
 And sent this little angel face,  
 In my last hour, to tell me so."  
 (And here her voice grew faint  
 and low,)  
 " My child, where'er thy life may  
 go,  
 To know that thou art brave and  
 true,  
 Will pierce the highest heavens  
 through,  
 And even there my soul shall be  
 More joyful for this thought of  
 thee."  
 She folded her white hands, and  
 stayed ;  
 All cold and silently she lay :  
 I knelt beside the bed, and  
 prayed  
 The prayer she used to make  
 me say.  
 I said it many times, and then  
 She did not move, but seemed  
 to be  
 In a deep sleep, nor stirred again.  
 No sound woke in the silent room,

Or broke the dim and solemn  
 gloom,  
 Save when the brands that burnt  
 so low,  
 With noisy, fitful gleam of light,  
 Would spread around a sudden  
 glow,  
 Then sink in silence and in  
 night.  
 How long I stood I do not know :  
 At last poor Walter came, and  
 said  
 (So sadly) that we now must  
 go,  
 And whispered, she we loved  
 was dead.  
 He bade me kiss her face once  
 more,  
 Then led me sobbing to the door.  
 I scarcely knew what dying  
 meant,  
 Yet a strange grief, before un-  
 known,  
 Weighed on my spirit as we  
 went  
 And left her lying all alone.

We went to the far North once  
 more,  
 To seek the well-remembered  
 home  
 Where my poor kinsman dwelt  
 before,  
 Whence now he was too old to  
 roam ;  
 And there six happy years we  
 past,  
 Happy and peaceful till the last ;  
 When poor old Walter died, and  
 he



Blessed me and said I now might  
 be  
 A sailor on the deep blue sea.  
 And so I go ; and yet in spite  
 Of all the joys I long to know,  
 Though I look onward with de-  
 light,  
 With something of regret I go ;  
 And young or old, on land or  
 sea,  
 One guiding memory I shall  
 take, —  
 Of what She prayed that I might  
 be,  
 And what I will be for her  
 sake !

---

### A CROWN OF SORROW.

A SORROW, wet with early tears  
 Yet bitter, had been long with  
 me ;  
 I wearied of this weight of years,  
 And would be free.

I tore my Sorrow from my heart,  
 I cast it far away in scorn ;  
 Right joyful that we two could  
 part,  
 Yet most forlorn.

I sought (to take my Sorrow's  
 place)  
 Over the world for flower or  
 gem ;  
 But she had had an ancient grace  
 Unknown to them.

I took once more with strange  
 delight  
 My slighted Sorrow ; proudly  
 now  
 I wear it, set with stars of light,  
 Upon my brow.

---

### THE LESSON OF THE WAR.

1855.

THE feast is spread through  
 England  
 For rich and poor to-day ;  
 Greetings and laughter may be  
 there,  
 But thoughts are far away ;  
 Over the stormy ocean,  
 Over the dreary track,  
 Where some are gone, whom  
 England  
 Will never welcome back.

Breathless she waits, and listens  
 For every eastern breeze  
 That bears upon its bloody wings  
 News from beyond the seas.  
 The leafless branches stirring  
 Make many a watcher start ;  
 The distant tramp of steed may  
 send  
 A throb from heart to heart.

The rulers of the nation,  
 The poor ones at their gate,  
 With the same eager wonder  
 The same great news await.  
 The poor man's stay and comfort,  
 The rich man's joy and pride,

Upon the bleak Crimean shore  
Are fighting side by side.

The bullet comes — and either  
A desolate hearth may see ;  
And God alone to-night knows  
where

The vacant place may be !  
The dread that stirs the peasant  
'Thrills nobles' hearts with  
fear ;

Yet above selfish sorrow  
Both hold their country dear.

The rich man who reposes  
In his ancestral shade,  
The peasant at his ploughshare,  
The worker at his trade,  
Each one his all has perilled,  
Each has the same great stake,  
Each soul can but have patience,  
Each heart can only break !

Hushed is all party clamor ;  
One thought in every heart,  
One dread in every household,  
Has bid such strife depart.  
England has called her children ;  
Long silent — the word came  
That lit the smouldering ashes  
Through all the land to flame.

O you who toil and suffer,  
You gladly heard the call ;  
But those you sometimes envy,  
Have they not given their all ?  
O you who rule the nation,  
Take now the toil-worn hand :  
Brothers you are in sorrow,  
In duty to your land.

Learn but this noble lesson  
Ere Peace returns again,  
And the life-blood of Old Eng-  
land  
Will not be shed in vain.

---

THE TWO SPIRITS.

1855.

LAST night, when weary silence  
fell on all,  
And starless skies arose so dim  
and vast,  
I heard the Spirit of the Present  
call  
Upon the sleeping Spirit of  
the Past.  
Far off and near, I saw their  
radiance shine,  
And listened while they spoke  
of deeds divine.

*The Spirit of the Past.*

My deeds are writ in iron ;  
My glory stands alone ;  
A veil of shadowy honor  
Upon my tombs is thrown ;  
The great names of my heroes  
Like gems in history lie ;  
To live they deemed ignoble,  
Had they the chance to die !

*The Spirit of the Present.*

My children, too, are honored ;  
Dear shall their memory be  
To the proud lands that own  
them ;  
Dearer than thine to thee ;

For, though they hold that sacred

Is God's great gift of life,  
At the first call of duty  
They rush into the strife!

*The Spirit of the Past!*

Then, with all valiant precepts  
Woman's soft heart was  
fraught;

"Death, not dishonor," echoed  
The war-cry she had taught.  
Fearless and glad, those mothers,  
At bloody deaths elate,  
Cried out they bore their children

Only for such a fate!

*The Spirit of the Present.*

Though such stern laws of honor  
Are faded now away,

Yet many a mourning mother,  
With nobler grief than they,  
Bows down in sad submission:

The heroes of the fight  
Learnt at her knee the lesson,  
"For God and for the Right!"

*The Spirit of the Past.*

No voice there spake of sorrow:

They saw the noblest fall  
With no repining murmur;  
Stern Fate was lord of all.

And when the loved ones perished,

One cry alone arose,  
Waking the startled echoes,  
"Vengeance upon our foes!"

*The Spirit of the Present.*

Grief dwells in France and England

For many a noble son;  
Yet louder than the sorrow,  
"Thy will, O God, be done!"  
From desolate homes is rising  
One prayer, — "Let carnage  
cease!"

On friends and foes have mercy,  
O Lord, and give us peace!"

*The Spirit of the Past.*

Then, every hearth was honored  
That sent its children forth,

To spread their country's glory,  
And gain her south or north.

Then, little recked they numbers,  
No band would ever fly,

But stern and resolute they stood  
To conquer or to die.

*The Spirit of the Present.*

And now from France and England

Their dearest and their best  
Go forth to succor freedom,

To help the much oppressed;  
Now, let the far-off Future

And Past bow down to-day,  
Before the few young hearts that  
hold

Whole armaments at bay.

*The Spirit of the Past.*

Then, each one strove for honor,  
Each for a deathless name;

Love, home, rest, joy, were  
 offered  
 As sacrifice to Fame.  
 They longed that in far ages  
 Their deeds might still be  
 told,  
 And distant times and nations  
 Their names in honor hold.

*The Spirit of the Present.*

Though nursed by such old  
 legends,  
 Our heroes of to-day  
 Go cheerfully to battle  
 As children go to play;  
 They gaze with awe and wonder  
 On your great names of pride,  
 Unconscious that their own will  
 shine  
 In glory side by side!

Day dawned; and as the Spirits  
 passed away,  
 Methought I saw, in the dim  
 morning gray,  
 The Past's bright diadem had  
 paled before  
 The starry crown the glorious  
 Present wore.

---

A LITTLE LONGER.

A LITTLE longer yet — a little  
 longer,  
 Shall violets bloom for thee, and  
 sweet birds sing;

And the lime-branches, where  
 soft winds are blowing,  
 Shall murmur the sweet promise  
 of the Spring!

A little longer yet — a little  
 longer,  
 Thou shalt behold the quiet of  
 the morn;  
 While tender grasses and awak-  
 ening flowers  
 Send up a golden mist to greet  
 the dawn!

A little longer yet — a little  
 longer,  
 The tenderness of twilight shall  
 be thine,  
 The rosy clouds that float o'er  
 dying daylight,  
 Nor fade till trembling stars be-  
 gin to shine.

A little longer yet — a little  
 longer,  
 Shall starry night be beautiful  
 for thee;  
 And the cold moon shall look  
 through the blue silence,  
 Flooding her silver path upon the  
 sea.

A little longer yet — a little  
 longer,  
 Life shall be thine; life with its  
 power to will;  
 Life with its strength to bear, to  
 love, to conquer,  
 Bringing its thousand joys thy  
 heart to fill.

A little longer yet — a little longer,  
 The voices thou hast loved shall charm thine ear ;  
 And thy true heart, that now beats quick to hear them,  
 A little longer yet shall hold them dear.

A little longer yet — joy while thou mayest ;  
 Love and rejoice ! for time has naught in store :  
 And soon the darkness of the grave shall bid thee  
 Love and rejoice and feel and know no more.

---

A little longer still — Patience, Belovéd :

A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll  
 The Glory, and the Brightness, and the Wonder,  
 Eternal, and divine, that waits thy Soul !

A little longer ere Life true, immortal,  
 (Not this our shadowy Life,) will be thine own ;  
 And thou shalt stand where winged Archangels worship,  
 And trembling bow before the Great White Throne.

A little longer still, and Heaven awaits thee,  
 And fills thy spirit with a great delight ;

Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,  
 Our Sun a darkness, and our Day a Night.

A little longer, and thy Heart, Belovéd,  
 Shall beat forever with a Love divine ;  
 And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,  
 No creature knows and lives, will then be thine.

A little longer yet — and angel voices  
 Shall ring in heavenly chant upon thine ear ;  
 Angels and Saints await thee, and God needs thee :  
 Belovéd, can we bid thee linger here !

---

### GRIEF.

AN ancient enemy have I,  
 And either he or I must die ;  
 For he never leaveth me,  
 Never gives my soul relief,  
 Never lets my sorrow cease,  
 Never gives my spirit peace, —  
 For mine enemy is Grief !  
 Pale he is, and sad and stern ;  
 And whene'er he cometh nigh,  
 Blue and dim the torches burn,  
 Pale and shrunk the roses turn ;  
 While my heart that he has pierced  
 Many a time with fiery lance,  
 Beats and trembles at his glance :

Clad in burning steel is he,  
 All my strength he can defy ;  
 For he never leaveth me —  
 And one of us must die !

I have said, " Let ancient sages  
 Charm me from my thoughts of  
 pain ! "

So I read their deepest pages,  
 And I strove to think — in vain !  
 Wisdom's cold, calm words I  
 tried,

But he was seated by my side ; —  
 Learning I have won in vain ;  
 She cannot rid me of my pain.

When at last soft sleep comes  
 o'er me,

A cold hand is on my heart ;  
 Stern sad eyes are there before  
 me ;

Not in dreams will he depart :  
 And when the same dreary vision  
 From my weary brain has fled,  
 Daylight brings the living phan-  
 tom,

He is seated by my bed,  
 Bending o'er me all the while,  
 With his cruel, bitter smile,  
 Ever with me, ever nigh ; —  
 And either he or I must die !

Then I said, long time ago,  
 " I will flee to other climes,  
 I will leave mine ancient foe ! "  
 Though I wandered far and  
 wide —

Still he followed at my side.

And I fled where the blue waters  
 Bathe the sunny isles of Greece ;

Where Thessalian mountains rise  
 Up against the purple skies ;  
 Where a haunting memory liv-  
 eth

In each wood and cave and rill ;  
 But no dream of gods could help  
 me, —

He went with me still !

I have been where Nile's broad  
 river

Flows upon the burning sand ;  
 Where the desert monster brood-  
 eth,

Where the Eastern palm-trees  
 stand ;

I have been where pathless forests  
 Spread a black eternal shade ;  
 Where the lurking panther hiding  
 Glares from every tangled glade ;  
 But in vain I wandered wide,  
 He was always by my side !

Then I fled where snows eternal  
 Cold and dreary ever lie ;  
 Where the rosy lightnings gleam,  
 Flashing through the northern  
 sky ;

Where the red sun turns again  
 Back upon his path of pain ; —  
 But a shadowy form was with  
 me, —

I had fled in vain !

I have thought, " If I can gaze  
 Sternly on him he will fade,  
 For I know that he is nothing  
 But a dim ideal shade. "

As I gazed at him the more,  
 He grew stronger than before !



Then I said, " Mine arm is strong,  
I will make him turn and flee ";  
I have struggled with him long —  
But that could never be !

Once I battled with him so  
That I thought I laid him low ;  
Then in trembling joy I fled,  
While again and still again  
Murmuring to myself I said,  
" Mine old enemy is dead !"  
And I stood beneath the stars,  
When a chill came on my frame,  
And a fear I could not name,  
And a sense of quick despair,  
And, lo ! — mine enemy was  
there !

Listen, for my soul is weary,  
Weary of its endless woe ;  
I have called on one to aid me  
Mightier even than my foe.  
Strength and hope fail day by  
day ;  
I shall cheat him of his prey ;  
Some day soon, I know not when,  
He will stab me through and  
through ;  
He has wounded me before,  
But my heart can bear no  
more ;  
Pray that hour may come to  
me,  
Only then shall I be free ;  
Death alone has strength to take  
me  
Where my foe can never be ;  
Death, and Death alone, has  
power  
To conquer mine old enemy !

## THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

THE tender, delicate Flow-  
ers,  
I saw them fanned by a warm  
western wind,  
Fed by soft summer show-  
ers,  
Shielded by care, and yet, (O  
Fate unkind !)  
Fade in a few short hours.

The gentle and the gay,  
Rich in a glorious Future of  
bright deeds,  
Rejoicing in the day,  
Are met by Death, who sternly,  
sadly leads  
Them far away.

And Hopes, perfumed and  
bright,  
So lately shining, wet with dew  
and tears,  
Trembling in morning light ;  
I saw them change to dark and  
anxious fears  
Before the night !

I wept that all must die  
" Yet Love," I cried, " doth live,  
and conquer death —"  
And time passed by,  
And breathed on Love, and  
killed it with his breath  
Ere Death was nigh.

More bitter far than all  
It was to know that Love could  
change and die ! —



Hush! for the ages call,  
 "The Love of God lives through  
 eternity,  
 And conquers all!"

---

A PARTING.

WITHOUT one bitter feeling let  
 us part, —  
 And for the years in which  
 your love has shed  
 A radiance like a glory round  
 my head,  
 I thank you, yes, I thank you  
 from my heart.

I thank you for the cherished  
 hope of years,  
 A starry future, dim and yet  
 divine,  
 Winging its way from Heaven  
 to be mine,  
 Laden with joy, and ignorant of  
 tears.

I thank you, yes, I thank you  
 even more  
 That my heart learnt not with-  
 out love to live,  
 But gave and gave, and still  
 had more to give,  
 From an abundant and exhaust-  
 less store.

I thank you, and no grief is in  
 these tears;  
 I thank you, not in bitterness  
 but truth,

For the fair vision that adorned  
 my youth  
 And glorified so many happy  
 years.

Yet how much more I thank you  
 that you tore  
 At length the veil your hand  
 had woven away,  
 Which hid my idol was a thing  
 of clay,  
 And false the altar I had knelt  
 before.

I thank you that you taught me  
 the stern truth,  
 (None other could have told  
 and I believed,)
   
 That vain had been my life,  
 and I deceived,  
 And wasted all the purpose of  
 my youth.

I thank you that your hand  
 dashed down the shrine,  
 Wherein my idol worship I  
 had paid;  
 Else had I never known a soul  
 was made  
 To serve and worship only the  
 Divine.

I thank you that the heart I cast  
 away  
 On such as you, though bro-  
 ken, bruised, and crushed,  
 Now that its fiery throbbing  
 all hushed,  
 Upon a worthier altar I can lay

I thank you for the lesson that  
 such love  
 Is a perverting of God's royal  
 right,  
 That it is made but for the  
 Infinite,  
 And all too great to live except  
 above.

I thank you for a terrible awak-  
 ing,  
 And if reproach seemed nidden  
 in my pain,

And sorrow seemed to cry on  
 your disdain,  
 Know that my blessing lay in  
 your forsaking.

Farewell forever now : in peace  
 we part ;  
 And should an idle vision of  
 my tears  
 Arise before your soul in after  
 years,  
 Remember that I thank you from  
 my heart !

---

### THE GOLDEN GATE.

DIM shadows gather thickly round, and up the misty stair they climb,  
 The cloudy stair that upward leads to where the closed portals shine,  
 Round which the kneeling spirits wait the opening of the Golden Gate.

And some with eager longing go, still pressing forward, hand in hand,  
 And some, with weary step and slow, look back where their Belovéd  
 stand :  
 Yet up the misty stair they climb, led onward by the Angel Time.

As unseen hands roll back the doors, the light that floods the very air  
 Is but the shadow from within, of the great glory hidden there :  
 And morn and eve, and soon and late, the shadows pass within the gate.

As one by one they enter in, and the stern portals close once more,  
 The halo seems to linger round those kneeling closest to the door :  
 The joy that lightened from that place shines still upon the watcher's  
 face.

The faint low echo that we hear of far-off music seems to fill  
 The silent air with love and fear, and the world's clamors all grow still,  
 Until the portals close again, and leave us toiling on in pain.

Complain not that the way is long : what road is weary that leads there ?  
 But let the Angel take thy hand, and lead thee up the misty stair,  
 And then with beating heart await the opening of the Golden Gate.

## PHANTOMS.

BACK, ye Phantoms of the Past;  
 In your dreary caves remain :  
 What have I to do with memories  
 Of a long-forgotten pain ?

For my Present is all peaceful,  
 And my Future nobly planned :  
 Long ago Time's mighty billows  
 Swept your footsteps from the  
 sand.

Back into your caves ; nor haunt  
 me  
 With your voices full of woe ;  
 I have buried grief and sorrow  
 In the depths of Long-ago.

See the glorious clouds of morn-  
 ing  
 Roll away, and clear and  
 bright  
 Shine the rays of cloudless day-  
 light : —  
 Wherefore will ye moan of  
 night ?

Never shall my heart be bur-  
 dened  
 With its ancient woe and  
 fears ;  
 I can drive them from my pres-  
 ence,  
 I can check these foolish  
 tears.

Back, ye Phantoms ; leave, O  
 leave me,  
 To a new and happy lot ;

Speak no more of things de-  
 parted ;  
 Leave me — for I know ye  
 not.

Can it be that 'mid my gladness  
 I must ever hear you wail,  
 Of the grief that wrung my  
 spirit,  
 And that made my cheek so  
 pale ?

Joy is mine ; but your sad  
 voices  
 Murmur ever in mine ear :  
 Vain is all the Future's promise,  
 While the dreary Past is here.

Vain, O worse than vain, the  
 Visions  
 That my heart, my life, would  
 fill,  
 If the Past's relentless phantoms  
 Call upon me still !

## THANKFULNESS.

MY God, I thank Thee who hast  
 made  
 The Earth so bright ;  
 So full of splendor and of joy,  
 Beauty and light ;  
 So many glorious things are here,  
 Noble and right !

I thank Thee, too, that Thou  
 hast made  
 Joy to abound ;

So many gentle thoughts and  
deeds

Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of Earth  
Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy  
Is touched with pain ;  
That shadows fall on brightest  
hours ;  
That thorns remain ;  
So that Earth's bliss may be our  
guide,  
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord,  
how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and  
true,  
Yet all with wings,  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things !

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou  
hast kept  
The best in store ;  
We have enough, yet not too  
much  
To long for more :  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here  
our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they  
seek,  
A perfect rest, —  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast !

## HOME-SICKNESS.

WHERE I am, the halls are  
gilded,  
Stored with pictures bright  
and rare ;  
Strains of deep melodious music  
Float upon the perfumed  
air : —  
Nothing stirs the dreary silence  
Save the melancholy sea,  
Near the poor and humble cot-  
tage,  
Where I fain would be !

Where I am, the sun is shining,  
And the purple windows glow,  
Till their rich armorial shadows  
Stain the marble floor be-  
low : —  
Faded autumn leaves are trem-  
bling  
On the withered jasmine-tree,  
Creeping round the little case-  
ment,  
Where I fain would be !

Where I am, the days are passing  
O'er a pathway strewn with  
flowers ;  
Song and joy and starry pleasures  
Crown the happy, smiling  
hours : —  
Slowly, heavily, and sadly,  
Time with weary wings must  
flee,  
Marked by pain, and toil, and  
sorrow,  
Where I fain would be !

Where I am, the great and noble  
 Tell me of renown and fame,  
 And the red wine sparkles highest,  
 To do honor to my name : —  
 Far away a place is vacant,  
 By a humble hearth, for me,  
 Dying embers dimly show it,  
 Where I fain would be !

Where I am are glorious dream-  
 ings,  
 Science, genius, art divine ;  
 And the great minds whom all  
 honor

Interchange their thoughts  
 with mine : —  
 A few simple hearts are waiting,  
 Longing, wearying, for me,  
 Far away where tears are falling,  
 Where I fain would be !

Where I am, all think me happy,  
 For so well I play my part,  
 None can guess, who smile  
 around me,  
 How far distant is my heart, —  
 Far away, in a poor cottage,  
 Listening to the dreary sea,  
 Where the treasures of my life  
 are,  
 Where I fain would be !

---

WISHES.

ALL the fluttering wishes  
 Caged within thy heart  
 Beat their wings against it,  
 Longing to depart,

Till they shake their prison  
 With their wounded cry ;  
 Open wide thy heart to-day,  
 And let the captives fly.

Let them first fly upward  
 Through the starry air,  
 Till you almost lose them,  
 For their home is there ;  
 Then, with outspread pinions,  
 Circling round and round,  
 Wing their way wherever  
 Want and woe are found.

Where the weary stitcher  
 Toils for daily bread ;  
 Where the lonely watcher  
 Watches by her dead ;  
 Where, with thin, weak fingers,  
 Toiling at the loom,  
 Stand the little children,  
 Blighted ere they bloom ; —

Where, by darkness blinded,  
 Groping for the light,  
 With distorted conscience,  
 Men do wrong for right ;  
 Where, in the cold shadow,  
 By smooth pleasure thrown,  
 Human hearts by hundreds  
 Harden into stone ; —

Where on dusty highways,  
 With faint heart and slow,  
 Cursing the glad sunlight,  
 Hungry outcasts go ;  
 Where all mirth is silenced,  
 And the hearth is chill,  
 For one place is empty,  
 And one voice is still.

Some hearts will be lighter  
 While your captives roam  
 For their tender singing,  
 Then recall them home ;  
 When the sunny hours  
 Into night depart,  
 Softly they will nestle  
 In a quiet heart.

---

THE PEACE OF GOD.

WE ask for Peace, O Lord !  
 Thy children ask Thy Peace ;  
 Not what the world calls rest,  
 That toil and care should cease,  
 That through bright sunny hours  
 Calm Life should fleet away,  
 And tranquil night should fade  
 In smiling day ; —  
 It is not for such Peace that we  
 would pray.

We ask for Peace, O Lord !  
 Yet not to stand secure,  
 Girt round with iron Pride,  
 Contented to endure :  
 Crushing the gentle strings  
 That human hearts should  
 know,  
 Untouched by others' joy  
 Or others' woe ; —  
 Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never  
 teach us so.

We ask Thy Peace, O Lord !  
 Through storm, and fear, and  
 strife,  
 To light and guide us on,  
 Through a long, struggling  
 life :

While no success or gain  
 Shall cheer the desperate fight,  
 Or nerve, what the world calls,  
 Our wasted might : —  
 Yet pressing through the dark-  
 ness to the light.

It is Thine own, O Lord,  
 Who toil while others sleep ;  
 Who sow with loving care  
 What other hands shall reap  
 They lean on Thee entranced,  
 In calm and perfect rest :  
 Give us that Peace, O Lord,  
 Divine and blest,  
 Thou keepest for those hearts  
 who love Thee best.

---

LIFE IN DEATH AND  
 DEATH IN LIFE.

I.

IF the dread day that calls thee  
 hence  
 Through a red mist of fear  
 should loom,  
 (Closing in deadliest night and  
 gloom  
 Long hours of aching, dumb sus-  
 pense,)  
 And leave me to my lonely  
 doom, —

I think, beloved, I could see  
 In thy dear eyes the loving  
 light  
 Glaze into vacancy and night,



And still say, "God is good to  
me,  
And all that He decrees is  
right."

That, watching thy slow strug-  
gling breath,  
And answering each imperfect  
sign,  
I still could pray thy prayer  
and mine,  
And tell thee, dear, though this  
was death,  
That God was love, and love  
divine.

Could hold thee in my arms,  
and lay  
Upon my heart thy weary  
head,  
And meet thy last smile ere it  
fled ;  
Then hear, as in a dream, one say,  
"Now all is over, — she is  
dead."

Could smooth thy garments with  
fond care,  
And cross thy hands upon thy  
breast,  
And kiss thine eyelids down  
to rest,  
And yet say no word of despair,  
But, through my sobbing, "It  
is best."

Could stifle down the gnawing  
pain,  
And say, "We still divide our  
life,

She has the rest, and I the  
strife,  
And mine the loss, and hers the  
gain :  
My ill with bliss for her is  
rife."

Then turn, and the old duties  
take —  
Alone now — yet with earnest  
will  
Gathering sweet, sacred traces  
still  
To help me on, and, for thy sake,  
My heart and life and soul to  
fill.

I think I could check vain, weak  
tears,  
And toil, — although the  
world's great space  
Held nothing but one vacant  
place,  
And see the dark and weary  
years  
Lit only by a vanished grace.

And sometimes, when the day  
was o'er,  
Call up the tender past  
again :  
Its painful joy, its happy pain,  
And live it over yet once more,  
And say, "But few more  
years remain."

And then, when I had striven  
my best,  
And all around would smiling  
say,

“See how Time makes all  
grief decay,”  
Would lie down thankfully to  
rest,  
And seek thee in eternal day.

## II.

But if the day should ever  
rise —  
It could not and it cannot  
be —  
Yet, if the sun should ever see,  
Looking upon us from his skies,  
A day that took thy heart from  
me ;

If loving thee still more and  
more,  
And still so willing to be blind,  
I should the bitter knowledge  
find,  
That Time had eaten out the core  
Of love, and left the empty  
rind ;

If the poor lifeless words, at last,  
(The soul gone, that was once  
so sweet,)  
Should cease my eager heart  
to cheat,  
And crumble back into the past,  
And show the whole a vain  
deceit ;

If I should see thee turn away,  
And know that prayer, and  
time, and pain,  
Could no more thy lost love  
regain,

Than bid the hours of dying day  
Gleam in their mid-day noon  
again ;

If I should loose thy hand, and  
know  
That henceforth we must  
dwell apart,  
Since I had seen thy love de-  
part,  
And only count the hours flow  
By the dull throbbing of my  
heart ;

If I should gaze and gaze in vain  
Into thine eyes so deep and  
clear,  
And read the truth of all my  
fear  
Half mixed with pity for my  
pain,  
And sorrow for the vanished  
year ;

If, not to grieve thee overmuch,  
I strove to counterfeit disdain,  
And weave me a new life again,  
Which thy life could not mar, or  
touch,  
And so smile down my bitter  
pain ; —

The ghost of my dead Past would  
rise  
And mock me, and I could  
not dare  
Look to a future of despair,  
Or even to the eternal skies,  
For I should still be lonely  
there.

All Truth, all Honor, then would  
 seem  
 Vain clouds, which the first  
 wind blew by ;  
 All Trust, a folly doomed to  
 die ;  
 All Life, a useless, empty dream ;  
 All Love — since thine had  
 failed — a lie.

But see, thy tender smile has cast  
 My fear away : this thought of  
 mine  
 Is treason to my Love and  
 thine ;  
 For Love is Life, and Death at  
 last  
 Crowns it eternal and divine !

---

RECOLLECTIONS.

As strangers, you and I are  
 here ;  
 We both as aliens stand  
 Where once, in years gone by, I  
 dwelt  
 No stranger in the land.  
 Then while you gaze on park  
 and stream,  
 Let me remain apart,  
 And listen to the awakened  
 sound  
 Of voices in my heart.

Here, where upon the velvet lawn  
 The cedar spreads its shade,  
 And by the flower-beds all around  
 Bright roses bloom and fade,

Shrill merry childish laughter  
 rings,  
 And baby voices sweet,  
 And by me, on the path, I hear  
 The tread of little feet.

Down the dark avenue of limes,  
 Whose perfume loads the air,  
 Whose boughs are rustling over-  
 head,  
 (For the west-wind is there,)  
 I hear the sound of earnest talk,  
 Warnings and counsels wise,  
 And the quick questioning that  
 brought  
 Such gentle, calm replies.

Still the light bridge hangs o'er  
 the lake,  
 Where broad-leaved lilies lie,  
 And the cool water shows again  
 The cloud that moves on  
 high ; —  
 And one voice speaks, in tones  
 I thought  
 The past forever kept ;  
 But now I know, deep in my  
 heart  
 Its echoes only slept.

I hear, within the shady porch,  
 Once more, the measured  
 sound  
 Of the old ballads that were read,  
 While we sat listening round ;  
 The starry passion-flower still  
 Up the green trellis climbs ;  
 The tendrils waving seem to  
 keep  
 The cadence of the rhymes.

I might have striven, and striven  
in vain,  
Such visions to recall,  
Well known and yet forgotten ;  
now

I see, I hear, them all !  
The Present pales before the Past,  
Who comes with angel wings ;  
As in a dream I stand, amidst  
Strange yet familiar things !

Enough ; so let us go, mine eyes  
Are blinded by their tears ;  
A voice speaks to my soul to-day  
Of long-forgotten years.  
And yet the vision in my heart,  
In a few hours more,  
Will fade into the silent past,  
Silently as before.

---

### ILLUSION.

WHERE the golden corn is bend-  
ing,  
And the singing reapers pass,  
Where the chestnut woods are  
sending

Leafy showers upon the grass,

The blue river onward flowing  
Mingles with its noisy strife,  
The murmur of the flowers  
growing,  
And the hum of insect life.

I from that rich plain was gazing  
Towards the snowy moun-  
tains high,

Who their gleaming peaks were  
raising  
Up against the purple sky.

And the glory of their shining,  
Bathed in clouds of rosy  
light,  
Set my weary spirit pining  
For a home so pure and  
bright !

So I left the plain, and weary,  
Fainting, yet with hope sus-  
tained,  
Toiled through pathways long  
and dreary  
Till the mountain-top was  
gained.

Lo ! the height that I had taken,  
As so shining from below,  
Was a desolate, forsaken  
Region of perpetual snow.

I am faint, my feet are bleeding,  
All my feeble strength is worn,  
In the plain no soul is heeding,  
I am here alone, forlorn.

Lights are shining, bells are toll-  
ing,  
In the busy vale below ;  
Near me night's black clouds  
are rolling,  
Gathering o'er a waste of  
snow.

So I watch the river winding  
Through the misty fading  
plain,

Bitter are the tear-drops blind-  
ing,  
Bitter, useless toil and pain,—  
Bitterest of all the finding  
That my dream was false and  
vain!

---

A VISION.

GLOOMY and black are the cy-  
press-trees,  
Drearly waileth the chill night  
breeze.

The long grass waveth, the tombs  
are white,  
And the black clouds flit o'er the  
chill moonlight.

Silent is all save the dropping  
rain,

When slowly there cometh a  
mourning train;

The lone churchyard is dark and  
dim,

And the mourners raise a funeral  
hymn.

“Open, dark grave, and take  
her;

Though we have loved her so,  
Yet we must now forsake her,  
Love will no more awake her:

(O bitter woe!)

Open thine arms and take her  
To rest below!

“Vain is our mournful weeping,

Her gentle life is o'er;

Only the worm is creeping,

Where she will soon be sleeping  
Forevermore:  
Nor joy nor love is keeping  
For her in store!”

Gloomy and black are the cy-  
press-trees,

And drearily wave in the chill  
night breeze.

The dark clouds part and the  
heavens are blue,

Where the trembling stars are  
shining through.

Slowly across the gleaming sky,  
A crowd of white angels are pass-  
ing by.

Like a fleet of swans they float  
along,

Or the silver notes of a dying  
song.

Like a cloud of incense their  
pinions rise,

Fading away up the purple skies.

But hush! for the silent glory is  
stirred

By a strain such as earth has  
never heard:

“Open, O Heaven! we bear  
her,

This gentle maiden mild,  
Earth's griefs we gladly spare  
her,

From earthly joys we tear her,  
Still undefiled;

And to thine arms we bear her,  
Thine own, thy child.

“ Open, O Heaven! no morrow  
 Will see this joy o’ercast,  
 No pain, no tears, no sorrow,  
 Her gentle heart will borrow ;  
 Sad life is past ;  
 Shielded and safe from sorrow,  
 At home at last.”

But the vision faded and all was  
 still,  
 On the purple valley and distant  
 hill.  
 No sound was there save the wail-  
 ing breeze,  
 The rain, and the rustling cy-  
 press-trees.

---

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

WHAT is it you ask me, darling ?  
 All my stories, child, you  
 know ;  
 I have no strange dreams to tell  
 you,  
 Pictures I have none to show.

Tell you glorious scenes of travel ?  
 Nay, my child, that cannot be,  
 I have seen no foreign countries,  
 Marvels none on land or sea.

Yet strange sights in truth I  
 witness,  
 And I gaze until I tire ;  
 Wondrous pictures, changing  
 ever,  
 As I look into the fire.

There, last night, I saw a cavern,  
 Black as pitch ; within it lay,  
 Coiled in many folds, a dragon,  
 Glaring as if turned at bay.

And a knight in dismal armor  
 On a wingéd eagle came,  
 To do battle with this dragon :  
 And his crest was all of flame.

As I gazed the dragon faded,  
 And, instead, sat Pluto  
 crowned  
 By a lake of burning fire ;  
 Spirits dark were crouching  
 round.

That was gone, and lo! before  
 me,  
 A cathedral vast and grim ;  
 I could almost hear the organ  
 Peal along the arches dim.

As I watched the wreathéd pil-  
 lars,  
 Groves of stately palms arose,  
 And a group of swarthy Indians  
 Stealing on some sleeping foes.

Stay : a cataract glancing bright-  
 ly  
 Dashed and sparkled ; and be  
 side  
 Lay a broken marble monster,  
 Mouth and eyes were staring  
 wide.

Then I saw a maiden wreathing  
 Starry flowers in garlands  
 sweet.



Did she see the fiery serpent  
That was wrapp'd about her  
feet ?

That fell crashing all and van-  
ished ;

And I saw two armies close, —  
I could almost hear the clarions,  
And the shouting of the foes.  
They were gone ; and lo ! bright  
angels,

On a barren mountain wild,  
Raised appealing arms to Heaven,  
Bearing up a little child.

And I gazed, and gazed, and  
slowly

Gathered in my eyes sad tears,  
And the fiery pictures bore me  
Back through distant dreams  
of years.

Once again I tasted sorrow,  
With past joy was once more  
gay,

Till the shade had gathered  
round me —  
And the fire had died away.

---

### THE SETTLERS.

Two stranger youths in the Far  
West,

Beneath the ancient forest  
trees,  
Pausing, amid their toil to rest,  
Spake of their home beyond  
the seas ;

Spake of the hearts that beat so  
warmly,

Of the hearts they loved so  
well,  
In their chilly Northern country.

“ Would,” they cried, “ some  
voice could tell  
Where they are, our own beloved  
ones ! ”

They looked up to the evening  
sky

Half hidden by the giant branch-  
es,

But heard no angel-voice re-  
ply.

All silent was the quiet evening ;  
Silent were the ancient trees ;  
They only heard the murmuring  
song

Of the summer breeze,  
That gently played among  
The acacia-trees.

And did no warning spirit an-  
swer,

Amid the silence all around :  
“ Before the lowly village altar  
She thou lovest may be found,  
Thou, who trustest still so blind-  
ly,

Know she stands a smiling  
bride !

Forgetting thee, she turneth  
kindly

To the stranger at her side.  
Yes, this day thou art forgotten,  
Forgotten, too, thy last fare-  
well,

All the vows that she has spoken,  
And thy heart has kept so well.

Dream no more of a starry fu-  
ture,  
In thy home beyond the seas!"  
But he only heard the gentle sigh  
Of the summer breeze,  
So softly passing by  
The acacia-trees.

And vainly, too, the other, looking  
Smiling up through hopeful  
tears,  
Asked in his heart of hearts,  
"Where is she,  
She I love these many years?"  
He heard no echo calling faintly:  
"Lo, she lieth cold and pale,  
And her smile so calm and saintly  
Heeds not grieving sob or  
wail, —  
Heeds not the lilies strewn upon  
her,  
Pure as she is, and as white,  
Or the solemn chanting voices,  
Or the taper's ghastly light."  
But silent still was the ancient  
forest,  
Silent were the gloomy trees;  
He only heard the wailing sound  
Of the summer breeze,  
That sadly played around  
The acacia-trees!

---

HUSH!

"I CAN scarcely hear," she mur-  
mured,  
"For my heart beats loud and  
fast,

But surely, in the far, far dis-  
tance,  
I can hear a sound at last."  
"It is only the reapers sing-  
ing,  
As they carry home their  
sheaves;  
And the evening breeze has  
risen,  
And rustles the dying  
leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talk-  
ing."  
Calmly still she strove to  
speak,  
Yet her voice grew faint and  
trembling,  
And the red flushed in her  
cheek.  
"It is only the children  
playing  
Below, now their work is  
done,  
And they laugh that their  
eyes are dazzled  
By the rays of the setting  
sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and  
weaker,  
As with anxious eyes she cried,  
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,  
I can hear a horseman ride."  
"It was only the deer that  
were feeding  
In a herd on the clover  
grass,

They were startled, and fled  
to the thicket,  
As they saw the reapers  
pass."

Now the night arose in silence,  
Birds lay in their leafy nest,  
And the deer couched in the  
forest,  
And the children were at rest :  
There was only a sound of  
weeping  
From watchers around a  
bed,  
But Rest to the weary spirit,  
Peace to the quiet Dead !

---

### HOURS.

WHEN the bright stars came out  
last night,  
And the dew lay on the flow-  
ers,  
I had a vision of delight, —  
A dream of bygone hours.

Those hours that came and fled  
so fast,  
Of pleasure or of pain,  
As phantoms rose from out the  
past  
Before my eyes again.

With beating heart did I behold  
A train of joyous hours,  
Lit with the radiant light of old,  
And, smiling, crowned with  
flowers.

And some were hours of childish  
sorrow,  
A mimicry of pain,  
That through their tears looked  
for a morrow  
They knew must smile again.

Those hours of hope that longed  
for life,  
And wished their part begun,  
And ere the summons to the  
strife  
Dreamed that the field was  
won.

I knew the echo of their voice,  
The starry crowns they wore ;  
The vision made my soul rejoice  
With the old thrill of yore.

I knew the perfume of their  
flowers ;  
The glorious shining rays  
Around these happy, smiling  
hours  
Were lit in bygone days.

O stay, I cried, — bright visions,  
stay,  
And leave me not forlorn !  
But, smiling still, they passed  
away,  
Like shadows of the morn.

One spirit still remained, and  
cried,  
"Thy soul shall ne'er for-  
get !"  
He standeth ever by my side, —  
The phantom called Regret !

But still the spirits rose, and  
there

Were weary hours of pain,  
And anxious hours of fear and  
care

Bound by an iron chain.

Dim shadows came of lonely  
hours,

That shunned the light of day,  
And in the opening smile of  
flowers

Saw only quick decay.

Calm hours that sought the  
starry skies

For heavenly lore were there;  
With folded hands and earnest  
eyes,

I knew the hours of prayer.

Stern hours that darkened the  
sun's light,

Heralds of coming woes,  
With trailing wings, before my  
sight

From the dim past arose.

As each dark vision passed and  
spoke,

I prayed it to depart :  
At each some buried sorrow woke  
And stirred within my heart.

Until these hours of pain and  
care

Lifted their tearful eyes,  
Spread their dark pinions in the  
air,

And passed into the skies.

## THE TWO INTERPRET- ERS.

THE clouds are fleeting by, fa-  
ther ;

Look, in the shining west,  
The great white clouds sail on-  
ward

Upon the sky's blue breast.  
Look at a snowy eagle,  
His wings are tinged with red,  
And a giant dolphin follows  
him,

With a crown upon his head ! ”

The father spake no word, but  
watched

The drifting clouds roll by ;  
He traced a misty vision too  
Upon the shining sky :

A shadowy form, with well-  
known grace

Of weary love and care,  
Above the smiling child she  
held,

Shook down her floating hair.

“ The clouds are changing now,  
father,

Mountains rise higher and  
higher !

And see where red and purple  
ships

Sail in a sea of fire ! ”

The father pressed the little hand  
More closely in his own,  
And watched a cloud-dream in  
the sky

That he could see alone :

Bright angels carrying far away  
 A white form, cold and dead,  
 Two held the feet, and two bore  
 up  
 The flower-crowned, drooping  
 head.

“See, father, see! a glory floods  
 The sky, and all is bright,  
 And clouds of every hue and  
 shade

Burn in the golden light.  
 And now, above an azure lake,  
 Rise battlements and towers,  
 Where knights and ladies climb  
 the heights,  
 All bearing purple flowers.”

The father looked, and, with a  
 pang

Of love and strange alarm,  
 Drew close the little eager child  
 Within his sheltering arm ;  
 From out the clouds the mother  
 looks

With wistful glance below,  
 She seems to seek the treasure  
 left

On earth so long ago ;  
 She holds her arms out to her  
 child,

His cradle-song she sings :  
 The last rays of the sunset gleam  
 Upon her outspread wings.

Calm twilight veils the summer  
 sky,

The shining clouds are gone ;  
 In vain the merry laughing child  
 Still gayly prattles on ;

In vain the bright stars, one by  
 one,  
 On the blue silence start,  
 A dreary shadow rests to-night  
 Upon the father's heart.

---

COMFORT.

HAST thou o'er the clear heaven  
 of thy soul  
 Seen tempests roll ?  
 Hast thou watched all the hopes  
 thou wouldst have won  
 Fade, one by one ?  
 Wait till the clouds are past,  
 then raise thine eyes  
 To bluer skies.

Hast thou gone sadly through a  
 dreary night,  
 And found no light,  
 No guide, no star, to cheer thee  
 through the plain,  
 No friend, save pain ?  
 Wait, and thy soul shall see,  
 when most forlorn,  
 Rise a new morn.

Hast thou beneath another's stern  
 control  
 Bent thy sad soul,  
 And wasted sacred hopes and  
 precious tears ?  
 Yet calm thy fears,  
 For thou canst gain, even from  
 the bitterest part,  
 A stronger heart.

Has Fate o'erwhelmed thee with  
some sudden blow ?

Let thy tears flow ;  
But know when storms are past,  
the heavens appear  
More pure, more clear ;  
And hope, when farthest from  
their shining rays,  
For brighter days.

Hast thou found life a cheat, and  
worn in vain

Its iron chain ?  
Has thy soul bent beneath earth's  
heavy bond ?

Look thou beyond ;  
If life is bitter—*there* forever  
shine  
Hopes more divine.

Art thou alone, and does thy  
soul complain

It lives in vain ?  
Not vainly does he live who can  
endure.

O be thou sure,  
That he who hopes and suffers  
here, can earn  
A sure return.

Hast thou found naught within  
thy troubled life

Save inward strife ?  
Hast thou found all she promised  
thee, Deceit,  
And Hope a cheat ?  
Endure, and there shall dawn  
within thy breast  
Eternal rest !

## HOME AT LAST.

CHILD, do not fear ;  
We shall reach our home to-  
night,  
For the sky is clear,  
And the waters bright ;  
And the breezes have scarcely  
strength  
To unfold that little cloud,  
That like a shroud  
Spreads out its fleecy length ;  
Then have no fear,  
As we cleave our silver way  
Through the waters clear.

Fear not, my child !  
Though the waves are white and  
high,  
And the storm blows wild  
Through the gloomy sky ;  
On the edge of the western sea,  
See that line of golden light,  
Is the haven bright  
Where home is awaiting thee ;  
Where, this peril past,  
We shall rest from our stormy  
voyage  
In peace at last.

Be not afraid ;  
But give me thy hand, and see  
How the waves have made  
A cradle for thee.  
Night is come, dear, and we shall  
rest ;  
So turn from the angry skies,  
And close thine eyes,  
And lay thy head on my breast :



Child, do not weep;  
In the calm, cold, purple depths  
There we shall sleep.

---

UNEXPRESSED.

DWELLS within the soul of every  
Artist  
More than all his effort can ex-  
press;  
And he knows the best remains  
unuttered;  
Sighing at what *we* call his suc-  
cess.

Vainly he may strive; he dare  
not tell us  
All the sacred mysteries of the  
skies;  
Vainly he may strive, the deep-  
est beauty  
Cannot be unveiled to mortal  
eyes.

And the more devoutly that he  
listens,  
And the holier message that is  
sent,  
Still the more his soul must  
struggle vainly,  
Bowed beneath a noble discon-  
tent.

No great Thinker ever lived and  
taught you  
All the wonder that his soul re-  
ceived;

No true Painter ever set on  
canvas  
All the glorious vision he con-  
ceived.

No Musician ever held your  
spirit  
Charmed and bound in his me-  
lodious chains,  
But be sure he heard, and strove  
to render,  
Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

No real Poet ever wove in num-  
bers  
All his dream; but the diviner  
part,  
Hidden from all the world, spake  
to him only  
In the voiceless silence of his  
heart.

So with Love: for Love and Art  
united  
Are twin mysteries; different, yet  
the same:  
Poor indeed would be the love  
of any  
Who could find its full and per-  
fect name.

Love may strive, but vain is the  
endeavor  
All its boundless riches to un-  
fold;  
Still its tenderest, truest secret  
lingers  
Ever in its deepest depths un-  
told.

Things of Time have voices :  
 speak and perish.  
 Art and Love speak ; but their  
 words must be  
 Like sighings of illimitable for-  
 ests,  
 And waves of an unfathomable  
 sea.

---

BECAUSE.

It is not because your heart is  
 mine — mine only —  
 Mine alone ;  
 It is not because you chose me,  
 weak and lonely,  
 For your own ;  
 Not because the earth is fairer,  
 and the skies  
 Spread above you  
 Are more radiant for the shining  
 of your eyes —  
 That I love you !

It is not because the world's per-  
 plexéd meaning  
 Grows more clear ;  
 And the Parapets of Heaven,  
 with angels leaning,  
 Seem more near ;  
 And Nature sings of praise with  
 all her voices  
 Since yours spoke,  
 Since within my silent heart,  
 that now rejoices,  
 Love awoke !

Nay, not even because your hand  
 holds heart and life ;  
 At your will

Soothing, hushing all its discord,  
 making strife  
 Calm and still ;  
 Teaching Trust to fold her wings,  
 nor ever roam  
 From her nest ;  
 Teaching Love that her securest,  
 safest home  
 Must be Rest.

But because this human Love,  
 though true and sweet —  
 Yours and mine —  
 Has been sent by Love more ten-  
 der, more complete,  
 More divine ;  
 That it leads our hearts to rest  
 at last in Heaven,  
 Far above you ;  
 Do I take you as a gift that God  
 has given —  
 — And I love you !

---

REST AT EVENING.

WHEN the weariness of Life is  
 ended,  
 And the task of our long day is  
 done,  
 And the props, on which our  
 hearts depended,  
 All have failed or broken, one  
 by one ;  
 Evening and our Sorrow's shad-  
 ow blended,  
 Telling us that peace is now be-  
 gun.

How far back will seem the sun's  
 first dawning,  
 And those early mists so cold and  
 gray!  
 Half forgotten even the toil of  
 morning,  
 And the heat and burden of the  
 day :  
 Flowers that we were tending,  
 and weeds scorning,  
 All alike withered and cast away.

Vain will seem the impatient  
 heart, which waited  
 Toils that gathered but too quick-  
 ly round ;  
 And the childish joy, so soon  
 elated  
 At the path we thought none else  
 had found ;  
 And the foolish ardor, soon  
 abated  
 By the storm which cast us to  
 the ground.

Vain those pauses on the road,  
 each seeming  
 As our final home and resting-  
 place ;  
 And the leaving them, while  
 tears were streaming  
 Of eternal sorrow down our  
 face ;  
 And the hands we held, fond  
 folly dreaming  
 That no future could their touch  
 efface.

All will then be faded : — night  
 will borrow  
 Stars of light to crown our per-  
 fect rest ;  
 And the dim vague memory of  
 faint sorrow  
 Just remain to show us all was  
 best,  
 Then melt into a divine to-mor-  
 row : —  
 O how poor a day to be so blest !

---

### A RETROSPECT.

FROM this fair point of present  
 bliss,  
 Where we together stand,  
 Let me look back once more,  
 and trace  
 That long and desert land,  
 Wherein till now was cast my lot,  
 and I could live, and thou  
 wert not.

Strange that my heart could beat,  
 and know  
 Alternate joy and pain,  
 That suns could roll from east  
 to west,  
 And clouds could pass in rain,  
 And the slow hours without thee  
 fleet, nor stay their noiseless  
 silver feet.

What had I then ? a Hope, that  
 grew  
 Each hour more bright and  
 dear,

The flush upon the eastern skies  
That showed the sun was  
near : —  
Now night has faded far away,  
my sun has risen, and it is  
day.

A dim Ideal of tender grace  
In my soul reigned supreme ;  
Too noble and too sweet I  
thought  
To live, save in a dream ; —  
Within thy heart to-day it lies,  
and looks on me from thy  
dear eyes.

Some gentle spirit — Love I  
thought —  
Built many a shrine of pain ;  
Though each false Idol fell to  
dust,  
The worship was not vain,  
But a faint, radiant shadow cast  
back from our Love upon  
the Past.

And Grief, too, held her vigil  
there ;  
With unrelenting sway  
Breaking my cloudy visions  
down,  
Throwing my flowers away : —  
I owe to her fond care alone  
that I may now be all thine  
own.

Fair Joy was there, — her flut-  
tering wings  
At times she strove to raise ;

Watching through long and pa-  
tient nights,  
Listening long eager days :  
I know now that her heart and  
mine were waiting, Love, to  
welcome thine.

Thus I can read thy name  
throughout,  
And, now her task is done,  
Can see that even that faded Past  
Was thine, belovéd one,  
And so rejoice my Life may be all  
consecrated, dear, to thee.

---

TRUE OR FALSE.

So you think you love me, do  
you ?

Well, it may be so ;  
But there are many ways of lov-  
ing

I have learnt to know.  
Many ways, and but one true  
way,

Which is very rare ;  
And the counterfeits look bright-  
est,  
Though they will not wear.

Yet they ring, almost, quite  
truly,

Last (with care) for long ;  
But in time must break, may  
shiver

At a touch of wrong :

Having seen what looked most  
real  
Crumble into dust ;  
Now I chose that test and trial  
Should precede my trust.

I have seen a love demanding  
Time and hope and tears,  
Chaining all the past, exacting  
Bonds from future years ;  
Mind and heart, and joy and  
sorrow,  
Claiming as its fee :  
That was Love of Self, and  
never,  
Never Love of me !

I have seen a love forgetting  
All above, beyond,  
Linking every dream and fancy  
In a sweeter bond ;  
Counting every hour worthless,  
Which was cold or free : —  
That, perhaps, was — Love of  
Pleasure,  
But not Love of me !

I have seen a love whose pa-  
tience  
Never turned aside,  
Full of tender, fond devices ;  
Constant, even when tried ;  
Smallest boons were held as vic-  
tories,  
Drops that swelled the sea :  
That I think was — Love of  
Power,  
But not Love of me !

I have seen a love disdain-  
ing  
Ease and pride and fame,  
Burning even its own white pin-  
ions  
Just to feed its flame ;  
Reigning thus, supreme, trium-  
phant,  
By the soul's decree ;  
That was — Love of Love, I  
fancy,  
But not Love of me !

I have heard — or dreamt, it  
may be —  
What Love is when true ;  
How to test and how to try it,  
Is the gift of few :  
These few say (or did I dream  
it ?)  
That true Love abides  
In these very things, but always  
Has a soul besides.

Lives among the false loves,  
knowing  
Just their peace and strife ;  
Bears the self-same look, but al-  
ways  
Has an inner life.  
Only a true heart can find it,  
True as it is true,  
Only eyes as clear and tender  
Look it through and through.

If it dies, it will not perish  
By Time's slow decay,  
True Love only grows (they tell  
me)  
Stronger, day by day :

Pain — has been its friend and  
comrade ;

Fate — it can defy ;  
Only by its own sword, sometimes  
Love can choose to die.

And its grave shall be more  
noble

And more sacred still,  
Than a throne, where one less  
worthy

Reigns and rules at will.  
Tell me then, do you dare offer  
This true Love to me ? . . .  
Neither you nor I can answer ;  
We will — wait and see !

---

### GOLDEN WORDS.

SOME words are played on  
golden strings,  
Which I so highly rate,  
I cannot bear for meaner things  
Their sound to desecrate.

For every day they are not meet,  
Or for a careless tone ;  
They are for rarest, and most  
sweet,  
And noblest use alone.

One word is POET : which is  
flung  
So carelessly away,  
When such as you and I have  
sung,  
We hear it, day by day.

Men pay it for a tender phrase  
Set in a cadenced rhyme :  
I keep it as a crown of praise  
To crown the kings of time.

And LOVE : the slightest feel-  
ings, stirred  
By trivial fancy, seek  
Expression in that golden word  
They tarnish while they speak.

Nay, let the heart's slow, rare  
decree,  
That word in reverence keep ;  
Silence herself should only be  
More sacred and more deep.

FOREVER : men have grown at  
length  
To use that word, to raise  
Some feeble protest into strength,  
Or turn some tender phrase.

It should be said in awe and fear  
By true heart and strong will,  
And burn more brightly year by  
year,  
A starry witness still.

HONOR : all trifling hearts are  
fond  
Of that divine appeal,  
And men, upon the slightest  
bond,  
Set it as slighter seal.

That word should meet a noble foe  
Upon a noble field,  
And echo — like a deadly blow  
Turned by a silver shield.



Trust me, the worth of words is  
such

They guard all noble things,  
And that this rash irreverent  
touch

Has jarred some golden  
strings.

For what the lips have lightly  
said

The heart will lightly hold,  
And things on which we daily  
tread

Are lightly bought and sold.

The sun of every day will bleach  
The costliest purple hue,

And so our common daily  
speech  
Discolors what was true.

But as you keep some thoughts  
apart

In sacred honored care,  
If in the silence of your heart,  
Their utterance too be rare ;

Then, while a thousand words  
repeat

Unmeaning clamors all,  
Melodious golden echoes sweet  
Shall answer when you call.

LEGENDS AND LYRICS.

A BOOK OF VERSES.



*SECOND SERIES.*



# LEGENDS AND LYRICS.

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## A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

THE lights extinguished, by the hearth I leant,  
Half weary with a listless discontent.  
The flickering giant-shadows, gathering near,  
Closed round me with a dim and silent fear.  
All dull, all dark ; save when the leaping flame,  
Glancing, lit up a Picture's ancient frame.  
Above the hearth it hung. Perhaps the night,  
My foolish tremors, or the gleaming light,  
Lent power to that Portrait dark and quaint, —  
A Portrait such as Rembrandt loved to paint, —  
The likeness of a Nun. I seemed to trace  
A world of sorrow in the patient face,  
In the thin hands folded across her breast : —  
Its own and the room's shadow hid the rest.  
I gazed and dreamed, and the dull embers stirred,  
Till an old legend that I once had heard  
Came back to me ; linked to the mystic gloom  
Of that dark Picture in the ghostly room

In the far south, where clustering vines are hung ;  
Where first the old chivalric lays were sung ;  
Where earliest smiled that gracious child of France  
Angel and knight and fairy, called Romance,  
I stood one day. The warm blue June was spread  
Upon the earth ; blue summer overhead,  
Without a cloud to fleck its radiant glare,  
Without a breath to stir its sultry air.  
All still, all silent, save the sobbing rush  
Of rippling waves, that lapsed in silver hush

Upon the beach ; where, glittering towards the strand,  
The purple Mediterranean kissed the land.

All still, all peaceful ; when a convent chime  
Broke on the mid-day silence for a time,  
Then trembling into quiet, seemed to cease,  
In deeper silence and more utter peace.  
So as I turned to gaze, where gleaming white,  
Half hid by shadowy trees from passers' sight,  
The Convent lay, one who had dwelt for long  
In that fair home of ancient tale and song,  
Who knew the story of each cave and hill,  
And every haunting fancy lingering still  
Within the land, spake thus to me, and told  
The Convent's treasured Legend, quaint and old : —

Long years ago, a dense and flowering wood,  
Still more concealed where the white convent stood,  
Borne on its perfumed wings the title came :  
“ Our Lady of the Hawthorns ” is its name.  
Then did that bell, which still rings out to-day,  
Bid all the country rise, or eat, or pray.  
Before that convent shrine, the haughty knight  
Passed the lone vigil of his perilous fight ;  
For humbler cottage strife or village brawl,  
The Abbess listened, prayed, and settled all.  
Young hearts that came, weighed down by love or wrong,  
Left her kind presence comforted and strong.  
Each passing pilgrim, and each beggar's right  
Was food, and rest, and shelter for the night.  
But, more than this, the Nuns could well impart  
The deepest mysteries of the healing art ;  
Their store of herbs and simples was renowned,  
And held in wondering faith for miles around.  
Thus strife, love, sorrow, good and evil fate,  
Found help and blessing at the convent gate.

Of all the nuns, no heart was half so light,  
No eyelids veiling glances half as bright,  
No step that glided with such noiseless feet,  
No face that looked so tender or so sweet,

No voice that rose in choir so pure, so clear,  
No heart to all the others half so dear,  
So surely touched by others' pain or woe,  
(Guessing the grief her young life could not know,)  
No soul in childlike faith so undefiled,  
As Sister Angela's, the "Convent Child."  
For thus they loved to call her. She had known  
No home, no love, no kindred, save their own.  
An orphan, to their tender nursing given,  
Child, plaything, pupil, now the Bride of Heaven.  
And she it was who trimmed the lamp's red light  
That swung before the altar, day and night;  
Her hands it was whose patient skill could trace  
The finest broidery, weave the costliest lace;  
But most of all, her first and dearest care,  
The office she would never miss or share,  
Was every day to weave fresh garlands sweet,  
To place before the shrine at Mary's feet.  
Nature is bounteous in that region fair,  
For even winter has her blossoms there.  
Thus Angela loved to count each feast the best,  
By telling with what flowers the shrine was dressed.  
In pomp supreme the countless Roses passed,  
Battalion on battalion thronging fast,  
Each with a different banner, flaming bright,  
Damask, or striped, or crimson, pink, or white,  
Until they bowed before a newborn queen,  
And the pure virgin Lily rose serene.  
Though Angela always thought the Mother blest  
Must love the time of her own hawthorn best,  
Each evening through the year, with equal care,  
She placed her flowers; then kneeling down in prayer,  
As their faint perfume rose before the shrine,  
So rose her thoughts, as pure and as divine.  
She knelt until the shades grew dim without,  
Till one by one the altar lights shone out,  
Till one by one the Nuns, like shadows dim,  
Gathered around to chant their vesper hymn;  
Her voice then led the music's wingéd flight,  
And "Ave, Maris Stella" filled the night.



But wherefore linger on those days of peace?  
When storms draw near, then quiet hours must cease.  
War, cruel war, defaced the land, and came  
So near the convent with its breath of flame,  
That, seeking shelter, frightened peasants fled,  
Sobbing out tales of coming fear and dread.  
Till after a fierce skirmish, down the road,  
One night came straggling soldiers, with their load  
Of wounded, dying comrades; and the band,  
Half pleading, yet as if they could command,  
Summoned the trembling Sisters, craved their care,  
Then rode away, and left the wounded there.  
But soon compassion bade all fear depart,  
And bidding every Sister do her part,  
Some prepare simples, healing salves, or bands,  
The Abbess chose the more experienced hands,  
To dress the wounds needing most skilful care;  
Yet even the youngest Novice took her share.  
To Angela, who had but ready will  
And tender pity, yet no special skill,  
Was given the charge of a young foreign knight,  
Whose wounds were painful, but whose danger slight.  
Day after day she watched beside his bed,  
And first in hushed repose the hours fled:  
His feverish moans alone the silence stirred,  
Or her soft voice, uttering some pious word.  
At last the fever left him; day by day  
The hours, no longer silent, passed away.  
What could she speak of? First, to still his plaints,  
She told him legends of the martyred Saints;  
Described the pangs, which, through God's plenteous grace,  
Had gained their souls so high and bright a place.  
This pious artifice soon found success—  
Or so she fancied—for he murmured less.  
So she described the glorious pomp sublime,  
In which the chapel shone at Easter time,  
The Banners, Vestments, gold, and colors bright,  
Counted how many tapers gave their light;  
Then in minute detail went on to say,  
How the High Altar looked on Christmas-day:

The kings and shepherds, all in green and red,  
And a bright star of jewels overhead.  
Then told the sign by which they all had seen  
How even nature loved to greet her Queen,  
For, when Our Lady's last procession went  
Down the long garden, every head was bent,  
And, rosary in hand, each Sister prayed ;  
As the long floating banners were displayed,  
They struck the hawthorn boughs, and showers and showers  
Of buds and blossoms strewed her way with flowers.  
The knight unwearied listened ; till at last,  
He too described the glories of his past ;  
Tourney, and joust, and pageant bright and fair,  
And all the lovely ladies who were there.  
But half incredulous she heard. Could this —  
This be the world ? this place of love and bliss !  
Where then was hid the strange and hideous charm,  
That never failed to bring the gazer harm ?  
She crossed herself, yet asked, and listened still,  
And still the knight described with all his skill  
The glorious world of joy, all joys above,  
Transfigured in the golden mist of love.  
Spread, spread your wings, ye angel guardians bright,  
And shield these dazzling phantoms from her sight !  
But no ; days passed, matins and vespers rang,  
And still the quiet Nuns toiled, prayed, and sang,  
And never guessed the fatal, coiling net  
Which every day drew near, and nearer yet,  
Around their darling ; for she went and came  
About her duties, outwardly the same.  
The same ? ah, no ! even when she knelt to pray,  
Some charmed dream kept all her heart away.  
So days went on, until the convent gate  
Opened one night. Who durst go forth so late ?  
Across the moonlit grass, with stealthy tread,  
Two silent, shrouded figures passed and fled.  
And all was silent, save the moaning seas,  
That sobbed and pleaded, and a wailing breeze  
That sighed among the perfumed hawthorn-trees.

What need to tell that dream so bright and brief,  
Of joy unchecked by a dread of grief?  
What need to tell how all such dreams must fade,  
Before the slow, foreboding, dreaded shade,  
That floated nearer, until pomp and pride,  
Pleasure and wealth, were summoned to her side,  
To bid, at least, the noisy hours forget,  
And clamor down the whispers of regret.  
Still Angela strove to dream, and strove in vain ;  
Awakened once, she could not sleep again.  
She saw, each day and hour, more worthless grown  
The heart for which she cast away her own ;  
And her soul learnt, through bitterest inward strife,  
The slight, frail love for which she wrecked her life,  
The phantom for which all her hope was given,  
The cold bleak earth for which she bartered heaven !  
But all in vain ; would even the tenderest heart  
Now stoop to take so poor an outcast's part ?

Years fled, and she grew reckless more and more,  
Until the humblest peasant closed his door,  
And where she passed, fair dames, in scorn and pride,  
Shuddered, and drew their rustling robes aside.  
At last a yearning seemed to fill her soul,  
A longing that was stronger than control :  
Once more, just once again, to see the place  
That knew her young and innocent ; to retrace  
The long and weary southern path ; to gaze  
Upon the haven of her childish days ;  
Once more beneath the convent roof to lie ;  
Once more to look upon her home — and die !  
Weary and worn — her comrades, chill remorse  
And black despair, yet a strange silent force  
Within her heart, that drew her more and more —  
Onward she crawled, and begged from door to door.  
Weighed down with weary days, her failing strength  
Grew less each hour, till one day's dawn at length,  
As first its rays flooded the world with light,  
Showed the broad waters, glittering blue and bright,

And where, amid the leafy hawthorn wood,  
Just as of old the quiet cloister stood.  
Would any know her? Nay, no fear. Her face  
Had lost all trace of youth, of joy, of grace,  
Of the pure, happy soul they used to know —  
The novice Angela — so long ago.  
She rang the convent bell. The well-known sound  
Smote on her heart, and bowed her to the ground.  
And she, who had not wept for long, dry years,  
Felt the strange rush of unaccustomed tears;  
Terror and anguish seemed to check her breath,  
And stop her heart. O God! could this be death?  
Crouching against the iron gate, she laid  
Her weary head against the bars, and prayed:  
But nearer footsteps drew, then seemed to wait;  
And then she heard the opening of the grate,  
And saw the withered face, on which awoke  
Pity and sorrow, as the portress spoke,  
And asked the stranger's bidding: "Take me in,"  
She faltered, "Sister Monica, from sin,  
And sorrow, and despair, that will not cease;  
O, take me in, and let me die in peace!"  
With soothing words the Sister bade her wait,  
Until she brought the key to unbar the gate.  
The beggar tried to thank her as she lay,  
And heard the echoing footsteps die away.  
But what soft voice was that which sounded near,  
And stirred strange trouble in her heart to hear?  
She raised her head; she saw — she seemed to know —  
A face that came from long, long years ago:  
Herself; yet not as when she fled away,  
The young and blooming novice, fair and gay,  
But a grave woman, gentle and serene:  
The outcast knew it, — *what she might have been.*  
But, as she gazed and gazed, a radiance bright  
Filled all the place with strange and sudden light;  
The Nun was there no longer, but instead,  
A figure with a circle round its head,  
A ring of glory; and a face, so meek,  
So soft, so tender. . . . Angela strove to speak,

And stretched her hands out, crying, "Mary mild,  
 Mother of mercy, help me! — help your child!"  
 And Mary answered, "From thy bitter past,  
 Welcome, my child! O, welcome home at last!  
 I filled thy place. Thy flight is known to none,  
 For all thy daily duties I have done;  
 Gathered thy flowers, and prayed, and sung, and slept;  
 Didst thou not know, poor child, *thy place was kept?*  
 Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one  
 Have limits to its mercy: God has none.  
 And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,  
 But yet he stoops to give it. More complete  
 Is Love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,  
 And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven  
 Means *crowned*, not *vanquished*, when it says, 'Forgiven!'"  
 Back hurried Sister Monica; but where  
 Was the poor beggar she left lying there?  
 Gone; and she searched in vain, and sought the place  
 For that wan woman, with the piteous face:  
 But only Angela at the gateway stood,  
 Laden with hawthorn blossoms from the wood.  
 And never did a day pass by again,  
 But the old portress, with a sigh of pain,  
 Would sorrow for her loitering: with a prayer  
 That the poor beggar, in her wild despair,  
 Might not have come to any ill; and when  
 She ended, "God forgive her!" humbly then  
 Did Angela bow her head, and say, "Amen!"  
 How pitiful her heart was! all could trace  
 Something that dimmed the brightness of her face  
 After that day, which none had seen before;  
 Not trouble — but a shadow — nothing more.

Years passed away. Then, one dark day of dread  
 Saw all the Sisters kneeling round a bed,  
 Where Angela lay dying; every breath  
 Struggling beneath the heavy hand of death.  
 But suddenly a flush lit up her cheek,  
 She raised her wan right hand, and strove to speak

In sorrowing love they listened ; not a sound  
Or sigh disturbed the utter silence round.  
The very tapers' flames were scarcely stirred,  
In such hushed awe the Sisters knelt and heard.  
And through that silence Angela told her life :  
Her sin, her flight ; the sorrow and the strife,  
And the return ; and then clear, low, and calm,  
" Praise God for me, my sisters " ; and the psalm  
Rang up to heaven, far and clear and wide,  
Again, and yet again, then sank and died ;  
While her white face had such a smile of peace,  
They saw she never heard the music cease ;  
And weeping Sisters laid her in her tomb,  
Crowned with a wreath of perfumed hawthorn bloom.

And thus the Legend ended. It may be  
Something is hidden in the mystery,  
Besides the lesson of God's pardon shown,  
Never enough believed, or asked, or known.  
Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,  
Some pure ideal of a noble life  
That once seemed possible ? Did we not hear  
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,  
And just within our reach ? It was. And yet  
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,  
And now live idle in a vague regret.  
But still *our place is kept*, and it will wait,  
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late :  
No star is ever lost we once have seen,  
We always may be what we might have been.  
Since Good, though only thought, has life and breath,  
God's life — can always be redeemed from death ;  
And evil, in its nature, is decay,  
And any hour can blot it all away ;  
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,  
May be the truer life, and this the dream.



## ENVY.

HE was the first always: Fortune  
 Shone bright in his face.  
 I fought for years; with no effort  
 He conquered the place:  
 We ran; my feet were all bleeding,  
 But he won the race.

Spite of his many successes,  
 Men loved him the same;  
 My one pale ray of good fortune  
 Met scoffing and blame.  
 When we erred, they gave him pity,  
 But me — only shame.

My home was still in the shadow,  
 His lay in the sun:  
 I longed in vain: what he asked for  
 It straightway was done.  
 Once I staked all my heart's treasure,  
 We played — and he won.

Yes; and just now I have seen him,  
 Cold, smiling, and blest,  
 Laid in his coffin. God help me!  
 While he is at rest,  
 I am cursed still to live: — even  
 Death loved him the best.

## OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

LIKE dreary prison walls  
 The stern, gray mountains rise,  
 Until their topmost crags  
 Touch the far gloomy skies:  
 One steep and narrow path  
 Winds up the mountain's crest,  
 And from our valley leads  
 Out to the golden West.

I dwell here in content,  
 Thankful for tranquil days;  
 And yet my eyes grow dim,  
 As still I gaze and gaze  
 Upon that mountain pass,  
 That leads — or so it seems —  
 To some far happy land,  
 Known in a world of dreams.

And as I watch that path  
 Over the distant hill,  
 A foolish longing comes  
 My heart and soul to fill,  
 A painful, strange desire  
 To break some weary bond;  
 A vague unuttered wish  
 For what might lie beyond!

In that far world unknown,  
 Over that distant hill,  
 May dwell the loved and lost,  
 Lost — yet beloved still;  
 I have a yearning hope,  
 Half longing, and half pain,  
 That by that mountain pass  
 They may return again.

Space may keep friends apart,  
 Death has a mighty thrall ;  
 There is another gulf  
 Harder to cross than all ;  
 Yet watching that far road,  
 My heart beats full and fast :  
 If they should come once more,  
 If they should come at last !

See, down the mountain-side  
 The silver vapors creep ;  
 They hide the rocky cliffs,  
 They hide the craggy steep,  
 They hide the narrow path  
 That comes across the hill : —  
 O foolish longing, cease,  
 O beating Heart, be still !

---

 BEYOND.

WE must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that love for life is only given,  
 And that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold in  
 heaven : —  
 O, Love were poor and vain indeed, based on so harsh and stern a  
 creed.

True that this earth must pass away, with all the starry worlds of  
 light,  
 With all the glory of the day, and calmer tenderness of night ;  
 For in that radiant home can shine alone the immortal and divine.

Earth's lower things — her pride, her fame, her science, learning,  
 wealth, and power —  
 Slow growths that through long ages came, or fruits of some con-  
 vulsive hour,  
 Whose very memory must decay — Heaven is too pure for such as they.

They are complete : their work is done. So let them sleep in end-  
 less rest.

Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be, fully blest ;  
 It has no room to spread its wings, amid this crowd of meaner things.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here below,  
 The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism of woe,  
 Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that it shall rise  
 again.

So if its flame burn pure and bright, here, where our air is dark and  
dense,  
And nothing in this world of night lives with a living so intense ;  
When it shall reach its home at length — how bright its light ! how  
strong its strength !

And while the vain weak loves of earth (for such base counterfeits  
abound)  
Shall perish with what gave them birth — their graves are green and  
fresh around,  
No funeral song shall need to rise for the true Love that never dies.

If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we should not know  
What was our Life of Life when here, — the hearts we loved so much  
below, —  
I would arise this very day, and cast so poor a thing away.

But Love is no such soulless clod : living, perfected it shall rise  
Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies :  
And that which makes this life so sweet shall render Heaven's joy  
complete.

## A WARNING.

PLACE your hands in mine, dear,  
With their rose-leaf touch :  
If you heed my warning,  
It will spare you much.

Ah ! with just such smiling  
Unbelieving eyes,  
Years ago I heard it : —  
You shall be more wise.

You have one great treasure,  
Joy for all your life ;  
Do not let it perish  
In one reckless strife.

Do not venture all, child,  
In one frail, weak heart ;  
So, through any shipwreck,  
You may save a part

Where your soul is tempted  
Most to trust your fate,  
There, with double caution,  
Linger, fear, and wait.

Measure all you give, still  
Counting what you take :  
Love for love, so placing  
Each an equal stake.

Treasure love ; though ready  
 Still to live without.  
 In your fondest trust, keep  
 Just one thread of doubt.

Build on no to-morrow ;  
 Love has but to-day :  
 If the links seem slackening,  
 Cut the bond away.

Trust no prayer nor promise ;  
 Words are grains of sand :  
 To keep your heart unbroken,  
 Hold it in your hand.

That your love may finish  
 Calm as it begun,  
 Learn this lesson better,  
 Dear, than I have done.

Years hence, perhaps, this warn-  
 ing  
 You shall give again,  
 In just the self-same words, dear,  
 And — just as much — in vain.

---

MAXIMUS.

MANY, if God should make  
 them kings,  
 Might not disgrace the throne  
 He gave ;  
 How few who could as well fulfil  
 The holier office of a slave !

I hold him great who, for Love's  
 sake,  
 Can give, with generous, ear-  
 nest will, —

Yet he who takes for Love's  
 sweet sake,  
 I think I hold more generous  
 still.

I prize the instinct that can  
 turn  
 From vain pretence with proud  
 disdain ;  
 Yet more I prize a simple heart  
 Paying credulity with pain.

I bow before the noble mind  
 That freely some great wrong  
 forgives ;  
 Yet nobler is the one forgiven,  
 Who bears that burden well,  
 and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still  
 To keep a lowly steadfast  
 heart ;  
 Yet he who loses has to fill  
 A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown  
 Of a deserved and pure suc-  
 cess ; —  
 He who knows how to fail has  
 won  
 A Crown whose lustre is not  
 less.

Great may he be who can com-  
 mand  
 And rule with just and tender  
 sway ;  
 Yet is diviner wisdom taught  
 Better by him who can obey.

Blesséd are those who die for  
 God,  
 And earn the Martyr's crown  
 of light ;  
 Yet he who lives for God may be  
 A greater Conqueror in His  
 sight.

---

OPTIMUS.

THERE is a deep and subtle snare  
 Whose sure temptation hardly  
 fails,  
 Which, just because it looks so  
 fair,  
 Only a noble heart assails.

So all the more we need be strong  
 Against this false and seeming  
 Right ;  
 Which none the less is deadly  
 wrong,  
 Because it glitters clothed in  
 light.

When duties unfulfilled remain,  
 Or noble works are left un-  
 planned,  
 Or when great deeds cry out in  
 vain  
 On coward heart and trembling  
 hand, —

Then will a seeming Angel  
 speak : —  
 “ The hours are fleeting — great  
 the need —

If thou art strong and others weak,  
 Thine be the effort and the deed.

“ Deaf are their ears who ought  
 to hear ;  
 Idle their hands, and dull their  
 soul ;  
 While sloth, or ignorance, or fear,  
 Fetters them with a blind control.

“ Sort thou the tangled web  
 aright ;  
 Take thou the toil, take thou the  
 pain :  
 For fear the hour begin its flight,  
 While Right and Duty plead in  
 vain.”

And now it is I bid thee pause,  
 Nor let this Tempter bend thy will ;  
 There are diviner, truer laws  
 That teach a nobler lesson still.

Learn that each duty makes its  
 claim  
 Upon one soul : not each on all.  
 How, if God speaks thy Brother's  
 name,  
 Dare thou make answer to the  
 call ?

The greater peril in the strife,  
 The less this evil should be done ;  
 For as in battle, so in life,  
 Danger and honor still are one.

Arouse him then : — this is thy  
 part :  
 Show him the claim ; point out  
 the need ;

And nerve his arm, and cheer  
his heart ;  
Then stand aside, and say, " God  
speed ! "

Smooth thou his path ere it is  
trod ;  
Burnish the arms that he must  
wield ;  
And pray, with all thy strength,  
that God  
May crown him Victor of the  
field.

And then, I think, thy soul shall  
feel  
A nobler thrill of true content,  
Than if presumptuous, eager zeal  
Had seized a crown for others  
meant.

And even that very deed shall  
shine  
In mystic sense, divine and true,  
More wholly and more purely  
thine —  
Because it is another's too.

---

### A LOST CHORD.

SEATED one day at the Organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then ;

But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great  
Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an Angel's  
Psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife ;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexéd meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the  
Organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright  
angel  
Will speak in that chord again,  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

---

### TOO LATE.

HUSH ! speak low ; tread softly ;  
Draw the sheet aside ; —  
Yes, she does look peaceful ;  
With that smile she died.



Yet stern want and sorrow  
 Even now you trace  
 On the wan, worn features  
 Of the still white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,  
 Was her bitter part ; —  
 Now — how still the Violets  
 Lie upon her Heart !

She who toiled and labored  
 For her daily bread ;  
 See the velvet hangings  
 Of this stately bed.

Yes, they did forgive her ;  
 Brought her home at last ;  
 Strove to cover over  
 Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given  
 Wealth, and home, and pride,  
 To see her just look happy  
 Once before she died !

They strove hard to please her,  
 But, when death is near,  
 All you know is deadened,  
 Hope, and joy, and fear.

And besides, one sorrow  
 Deeper still — one pain  
 Was beyond them : healing  
 Came to-day — in vain !

If she had but lingered  
 Just a few hours more ;  
 Or had this letter reached her  
 Just one day before !

I can almost pity  
 Even him to-day ;  
 Though he let this anguish  
 Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him ; —  
 One day you shall know  
 How this sorrow happened ;  
 It was long ago.

I have read the letter ;  
 Many a weary year,  
 For one word she hungered, —  
 There are thousands here.

If she could but hear it,  
 Could but understand ;  
 See, — I put the letter  
 In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,  
 Do not stir her rest ;  
 Well, I should not murmur,  
 For God judges best.

She needs no more pity, —  
 But I mourn his fate,  
 When he hears his letter  
 Came a day too late.

---

### THE REQUITAL.

LOUD roared the Tempest,  
 Fast fell the sleet ;  
 A little Child Angel  
 Passed down the street,  
 With trailing pinions,  
 And weary feet.

The moon was hidden ;  
 No stars were bright ;  
 So she could not shelter  
 In heaven that night,  
 For the Angels' ladders  
 Are rays of light.

She beat her wings  
 At each window-pane,  
 And pleaded for shelter,  
 But all in vain ;—  
 "Listen," they said,  
 "To the pelting rain !"

She sobbed, as the laughter  
 And mirth grew higher,  
 "Give me rest and shelter  
 Beside your fire,  
 And I will give you  
 Your heart's desire."

The dreamer sat watching  
 His embers gleam,  
 While his heart was floating  
 Down hope's bright stream ;  
 . . . So he wove her wailing  
 Into his dream.

The worker toiled on,  
 For his time was brief ;  
 The mourner was nursing  
 Her own pale grief ;  
 They heard not the promise  
 That brought relief.

But fiercer the Tempest  
 Rose than before,  
 When the Angel paused  
 At a humble door,

And asked for shelter  
 And help once more

A weary woman,  
 Pale, worn, and thin,  
 With the brand upon her  
 Of want and sin,  
 Heard the Child Angel  
 And took her in.

Took her in gently,  
 And did her best  
 To dry her pinions ;  
 And made her rest  
 With tender pity  
 Upon her breast.

When the eastern morning  
 Grew bright and red,  
 Up the first sunbeam  
 The Angel fled ;  
 Having kissed the woman  
 And left her — dead.

---

 RETURNED — "MISSING."

(FIVE YEARS AFTER.)

YES, I was sad and anxious,  
 But now, dear, I am gay ;  
 I know that it is wisest  
 To put all hope away : —  
 Thank God that I have done  
 so,  
 And can be calm to-day !

For hope deferred — you know  
it —

Once made my heart so sick :  
Now, I expect no longer ;  
It is but the old trick  
Of hope, that makes me tremble,  
And makes my heart beat  
quick.

All day I sit here calmly ;  
Not as I did before,  
Watching for one whose footstep  
Comes never, never more. . . .  
Hush ! was that some one pass-  
ing,  
Who paused beside the door ?

For years I hung on chances,  
Longing for just one word ;  
At last I feel it : — silence  
Will never more be stirred. . . .  
Tell me once more that rumor  
You fancied you had heard.

Life has more things to dwell on  
Than just one useless pain,  
Useless and past forever ;  
But noble things remain,  
And wait us all : . . . you too,  
dear,  
Do you think hope quite vain ?

All others have forgotten,  
'T is right I should forget,  
Nor live on a keen longing  
Which shadows forth re-  
gret : . . .  
Are not the letters coming ?  
The sun is almost set.

Now that my restless legion  
Of hopes and fears is fled,  
Reading is joy and comfort . . .  
. . . This very day I read,  
O, such a strange returning  
Of one whom all thought  
dead !

Not that *I* dream or fancy,  
You know all that is past ;  
Earth has no hope to give me,  
And yet — Time flies so fast  
That all but the impossible  
Might be brought back at last.

---

IN THE WOOD.

In the wood where shadows are  
deepest  
From the branches overhead,  
Where the wild wood-strawber-  
ries cluster,  
And the softest moss is spread,  
I met to-day with a fairy,  
And I followed her where she  
led.

Some magical words she uttered,  
I alone could understand,  
For the sky grew bluer and  
brighter ;  
While there rose on either  
hand  
The cloudy walls of a palace  
That was built in Fairy-land.

And I stood in a strange en-  
chantment ;

I had known it all before :  
In my heart of hearts was the  
magic

Of days that will come no  
more,  
The magic of joy departed,  
That Time can never restore.

That never, ah, never, never,  
Never again can be : —  
Shall I tell you what powerful  
fairy  
Built up this palace for me ?  
It was only a little white Violet  
I found at the root of a tree.

---

## TWO WORLDS.

God's world is bathed in beauty,  
God's world is steeped in light ;  
It is the self-same glory  
That makes the day so bright,  
Which thrills the earth with  
music,  
Or hangs the stars in night.

hid in earth's mines of silver,  
Floating on clouds above, —  
Ringing in Autumn's tempest,  
Murmured by every dove, —  
One thought fills God's creation,  
His own great name of Love!

In God's world Strength is  
lovely,  
And so is Beauty strong,

And Light — God's glorious  
shadow —  
To both great gifts belong ;  
And they all melt into sweetness,  
And fill the earth with Song.

Above God's world bends  
Heaven,  
With day's kiss pure and  
bright,  
Or folds her still more fondly  
In the tender shade of night ;  
And she casts back Heaven's  
sweetness,  
In fragrant love and light.

God's world has one great echo ;  
Whether calm blue mists are  
curled,  
Or lingering dew-drops quiver,  
Or red storms are unfurled ;  
The same deep love is throbbing  
Through the great heart of  
God's world.

Man's world is black and bligh'  
ed,  
Steeped through with self and  
sin ;  
And should his feeble purpose  
Some feeble good begin,  
The work is marred and tainted  
By Leprosy within.

Man's world is bleak and bitter ;  
Wherever he has trod  
He spoils the tender beauty  
That blossoms on the sod,

And blasts the loving Heaven  
Of the great, good world of  
God.

There Strength on coward weak-  
ness

In cruel might will roll ;  
Beauty and Joy are cankers  
That eat away the soul ;  
And Love — O God, avenge it —  
The plague-spot of the whole.

Man's world is Pain and Terror ;  
He found it pure and fair,  
And wove in nets of sorrow  
The golden summer air.  
Black, hideous, cold, and dreary,  
Man's curse, not God's, is there.

And yet God's world is speaking :  
Man will not hear it call ;  
But listens where the echoes  
Of his own discords fall,  
Then clamors back to Heaven  
That God has done it all.

O God, man's heart is darkened,  
He will not understand !  
Show him Thy cloud and fire ;  
And, with Thine own right  
hand,  
Then lead him through his desert,  
Back to Thy Holy Land !

---

### A NEW MOTHER.

I WAS with my lady when she  
died :  
I it was who guided her weak hand

For a blessing on each little  
head,

Laid her baby by her on the  
bed,

Heard the words they could not  
understand.

And I drew them round my  
knee that night,  
Hushed their childish glee, and  
made them say

They would keep her words  
with loving tears,

They would not forget her  
dying fears

Lest the thought of her should  
fade away.

I, who guessed what her last  
dread had been,

Made a promise to that still,  
cold face,

That her children's hearts, at  
any cost,

Should be with the mother  
they had lost,

When a stranger came to take  
her place.

And I knew so much ! for I had  
lived

With my lady since her child-  
hood : known

What her young and happy  
days had been,

And the grief no other eyes  
had seen

I had watched and sorrowed for  
alone.

Ah! she once had such a happy smile!

I had known how sorely she was tried :

Six short years before, her eyes were bright

As her little blue-eyed May's that night,

When she stood by her dead mother's side.

No, I will not say he was unkind ;

But she had been used to love and praise.

He was somewhat grave, — perhaps, in truth,

Could not weave her joyous, smiling youth

Into all his stern and serious ways.

She, who should have reigned a blooming flower,

First in pride and honor, as in grace, —

She, whose will had once ruled all around,

Queen and darling of us all, — she found

Change indeed in that cold, stately place.

Yet she would not blame him, even to me,

Though she often sat and wept alone ;

But she could not hide it near her death,

When she said with her last struggling breath,

“ Let my babies still remain my own ! ”

I it was who drew the sheet aside, When he saw his dead wife's face. That test

Seemed to strike right to his heart. He said,

In a strange, low whisper, to the dead,

“ God knows, love, I did it for the best ! ”

And he wept — O yes, I will be just —

When I brought the children to him there,

Wondering sorrow in their baby eyes ;

And he soothed them with his fond replies,

Bidding me give double love and care.

Ah, I loved them well for her dear sake :

Little Arthur, with his serious air ;

May, with all her mother's pretty ways,

Blushing, and at any word of praise

Shaking out her sunny golden hair.

And the little one of all — poor child !

She had cost that dear and precious life.



Once Sir Arthur spoke my  
lady's name,  
When the baby's gloomy chris-  
tening came,  
And he called her "Olga — like  
my wife!"

Save that time, he never spoke  
of her:  
He grew graver, sterner, every  
day;  
And the children felt it, for  
they dropped  
Low their voices, and their  
laughter stopped,  
While he stood and watched them  
at their play.

No, he never named their moth-  
er's name.  
But I told them of her: told  
them all  
She had been; so gentle, good,  
and bright;  
And I always took them every  
night  
Where her picture hung in the  
great hall.

There she stood: white daisies  
in her hand,  
And her red lips parted as to  
speak  
With a smile; the blue and  
sunny air  
Seemed to stir her floating  
golden hair,  
And to bring a faint blush on  
her cheek.

Well, so time passed on; a year  
was gone,  
And Sir Arthur had been much  
away.

Then the news came! I shed  
many tears  
When I saw the truth of all  
my fears  
Rise before me on that bitter  
day.

Any one but her I could have  
borne!  
But my lady loved her as her  
friend.

Through their childhood and  
their early youth,  
How she used to count upon  
the truth  
Of this friendship that would  
never end!

Older, graver than my lady was,  
Whose young, gentle heart on  
her relied,

She would give advice, and  
praise, and blame,  
And my lady leant on Mar-  
garet's name,  
As her dearest comfort, help, and  
guide.

I had never liked her, and I  
think  
That my lady grew to doubt her  
too,  
Since her marriage; for she  
named her less,

Never saw her, and I used to  
guess  
At some secret wrong I never  
knew.

That might be or not. But now,  
to hear  
She would come and reign here  
in her stead,  
With the pomp and splendor  
of a bride :  
Would no thought reproach  
her in her pride  
With the silent memory of the  
dead ?

So, the day came, and the bells  
rang out,  
And I laid the children's black  
aside ;  
And I held each little trem-  
bling hand,  
As I strove to make them un-  
derstand  
They must greet their father's  
new-made bride.

Ah, Sir Arthur might look grave  
and stern,  
And his lady's eyes might well  
grow dim,  
When the children shrank in  
fear away, —  
Little Arthur hid his face, and  
May  
Would not raise her eyes, or  
speak to him.

When Sir Arthur bade them  
greet their "mother,"  
I was forced to chide, yet proud  
to hear  
How my little loving May re-  
plied,  
With her mother's pretty air  
of pride, —  
"Our dear mother has been dead  
a year!"

Ah, the lady's tears might well  
fall fast,  
As she kissed them, and then  
turned away.  
She might strive to smile or  
to forget,  
But I think some shadow of  
regret  
Must have risen to blight her  
wedding-day.

She had some strange touch of  
self-reproach ;  
For she used to linger day by  
day,  
By the nursery door, or garden-  
gate,  
With a sad, calm, wistful look,  
and wait  
Watching the three children at  
their play.

But they always shrank away  
from her  
When she strove to comfort their  
alarms,

And their grave, cold silence  
to beguile :  
Even little Olga's baby-smile  
Quivered into tears when in her  
arms.

I could never chide them : for I  
saw  
How their mother's memory grew  
more deep  
In their hearts. Each night I  
had to tell  
Stories of her whom I loved  
so well  
When a child, to send them off  
to sleep.

But Sir Arthur — O, this was  
too hard ! —  
He, who had been always stern  
and sad  
In my lady's time, seemed to  
rejoice  
Each day more ; and I could  
hear his voice  
Even, sounding younger and  
more glad.

He might perhaps have blamed  
them, but his wife  
Never failed to take the children's  
part :  
She would stay him with her  
pleading tone,  
Saying she would strive, and  
strive alone,  
Till she gained each little way-  
ward heart.

And she strove indeed, and  
seemed to be  
Always waiting for their love,  
in vain ;  
Yet, when May had most her  
mother's look,  
Then the lady's calm, cold ac-  
cents shook  
With some memory of reproach-  
ful pain.

Little May would never call her  
mother :  
So, one day, the lady, bending  
low,  
Kissed her golden curls, and  
softly said,  
“ Sweet one, call me Marga-  
ret, instead, —  
Your dear mother used to call  
me so.”

She was gentle, kind, and pa-  
tient too,  
Yet in vain : the children held  
apart.  
Ah, their mother's gentle  
memory dwelt  
Near them, and her little or-  
phans felt  
She had the first claim upon  
their heart.

So three years passed ; then the  
war broke out ;  
And a rumor seemed to spread  
and rise ;

First we guessed what sorrow  
 must befall,  
 Then all doubt fled, for we  
 read it all  
 In the depths of her despairing  
 eyes.

Yes ; Sir Arthur had been called  
 away  
 To that scene of slaughter, fear,  
 and strife, —  
 Now he seemed to know with  
 double pain  
 The cold, bitter gulf that must  
 remain  
 To divide his children from his  
 wife.

Nearer came the day he was to  
 sail,  
 Deeper grew the coming woe  
 and fear,  
 When, one night, the children  
 at my knee  
 Knelt to say their evening  
 prayer to me,  
 I looked up and saw Sir Arthur  
 near.

There they knelt with folded  
 hands, and said  
 Low, soft words in stammering  
 accents sweet ;  
 In the firelight shone their  
 golden hair  
 And white robes : my darlings  
 looked so fair,  
 With their little bare and rosy  
 feet !

There he waited till their low  
 “ Amen ! ”  
 Stopped the rosy lips raised for  
 “ Good night ! ” —  
 Drew them with a fond clasp,  
 close and near,  
 As he bade them stay with  
 him, and hear  
 Something that would make his  
 heart more light.

Little Olga crept into his arms ;  
 Arthur leant upon his shoulder ;  
 May  
 Knelt beside him, with her  
 earnest eyes  
 Lifted up in patient, calm sur-  
 prise, —  
 I can almost hear his words to-  
 day.

“ Years ago, my children, years  
 ago,  
 When your mother was a child,  
 she came  
 From her Northern home,  
 and here she met  
 Love for love, and comfort for  
 regret,  
 In one early friend, — you know  
 her name.

“ And this friend — a few years  
 older — gave  
 Such fond care, such love, that  
 day by day  
 The new home grew happy,  
 joy complete,

Studies easier, and play more  
sweet,  
While all childish sorrows passed  
away.

“And your mother — fragile,  
like my May —  
Leant on this deep love, — nor  
leant in vain.

For this friend (strong, gener-  
ous, noble heart!)  
Gave the sweet, and took the  
bitter part, —  
Brought her all the joy, and kept  
the pain.

“Years passed on, and then I  
saw them first:  
It was hard to say which was  
most fair,  
Your sweet mother’s bright  
and blushing face,  
Or the graver Margaret’s state-  
ly grace;  
Golden locks, or braided raven  
hair.

“Then it happened, by a  
strange, sad fate,  
One thought entered into each  
young soul:  
Joy for one — if for the other  
pain;  
Loss for one — if for the other  
gain:  
One must lose, and one possess  
the whole.

“And so this — this — what they  
cared for — came  
And belonged to Margaret: was  
her own.

But she laid the gift aside, to  
take  
Pain and sorrow for your  
mother’s sake,  
And none knew it but herself  
alone.

“Then she travelled far away,  
and none  
The strange mystery of her ab-  
sence knew.

Margaret’s secret thought was  
never told:  
Even your mother thought  
her changed and cold,  
And for many years I thought  
so too.

“She was gone; and then your  
mother took  
That poor gift which Margaret  
laid aside:

Flower, or toy, or trinket,  
matters not:  
What it was had better be  
forgot . . .  
It was just then she became my  
bride.

“Now, I think May knows the  
hope I have.  
Arthur, darling, can you guess  
the rest?

Even my little Olga understands  
Great gifts can be given by  
little hands,  
Since of all gifts Love is still the  
best.

“Margaret is my dear and honored wife,  
And I hold her so. But she  
can claim  
From your hearts, dear ones,  
a loving debt  
I can neither pay, nor yet forget :  
You can give it in your mother’s  
name.

“Earth spoils even Love, and  
here a shade  
On the purest, noblest heart may  
fall :  
Now your mother dwells in  
perfect light,  
She will bless us, I believe,  
to-night, —  
She is happy now, and she knows  
all.”

Next day was farewell, — a day  
of tears ;  
Yet Sir Arthur, as he rode away,  
And turned back to see his  
lady stand  
With the children clinging to  
her hand,  
Looked, as if it were a happy  
day.

Ah, they loved her soon ! The  
little one  
Crept into her arms as to a nest ;  
Arthur always with her now ;  
and May  
Growing nearer to her every  
day : —  
— Well, I loved my own dear  
lady best.

---

GIVE PLACE.

STARRY Crowns of Heaven  
Set in azure night !  
Linger yet a little  
Ere you hide your light : —  
— Nay ; let Starlight fade  
away,  
Heralding the day !

Snow-flakes pure and spotless,  
Still, O, still remain,  
Binding dreary winter,  
In your silver chain : —  
— Nay ; but melt at once  
and bring  
Radiant sunny Spring !

Blossoms, gentle blossoms,  
Do not wither yet ;  
Still for you the sun shines,  
Still the dews are wet : —  
— Nay ; but fade and wither  
fast,  
Fruit must come at last !



Joy, so true and tender,  
 Dare you not abide?  
 Will you spread your pinions,  
 Must you leave our side?  
 — Nay; an Angel's shin-  
 ing grace  
 Waits to fill your place!

---

MY WILL.

SINCE I have no lands or houses,  
 And no hoarded golden store,  
 What can I leave those who love  
 me  
 When they see my face no  
 more?  
 Do not smile; I am not jesting,  
 Though my words sound gay  
 and light,  
 Listen to me, dearest Alice,  
 I will make my Will to-night.

First for Mabel, — who will  
 never  
 Let the dust of future years  
 Dim the thought of me, but keep  
 it  
 Brighter still: perhaps with  
 tears.  
 In whose eyes, whate'er I glance  
 at,  
 Touch, or praise, will always  
 shine,  
 Through a strange and sacred  
 radiance,  
 By Love's Charter, wholly  
 mine;

She will never lend to others  
 Slenderest link of thought I  
 claim,  
 I will, therefore, to her keeping  
 Leave my memory and my  
 name.

Bertha will do truer service  
 To her kind than I have  
 done,  
 So I leave to her young spirit  
 The long Work I have begun.  
 Well! the threads are tangled,  
 broken,  
 And the colors do not blend,  
 She will bend her earnest striving  
 Both to finish and amend:  
 And, when it is all completed,  
 Strong with care and rich with  
 skill,  
 Just because my hands began  
 it,  
 She will love it better still.

Ruth shall have my dearest  
 token,  
 The one link I dread to break,  
 The one duty that I live for,  
 She, when I am gone, will  
 take.  
 Sacred is the trust I leave her,  
 Needing patience, prayer, and  
 tears;  
 I have striven to fulfil it,  
 As she knows, these many  
 years.  
 Sometimes hopeless, faint, and  
 weary,  
 Yet a blessing shall remain.

With the task, and Ruth will  
prize it,  
For my many hours of pain.

What must I leave you, my  
Alice?

Nothing, Love, to do or bear,  
Nothing that can dim your blue  
eyes

With the slightest cloud of  
care.

I will leave my heart to love you,  
With the tender faith of old;  
Still to comfort, warm, and light  
you,

Should your life grow dark or  
cold.

No one else, my child, can claim  
it;

Though you find old scars of  
pain,

They were only wounds, my dar-  
ling,

There is not, I trust, one  
stain.

Are my gifts indeed so worthless  
Now the slender sum is told?

Well, I know not: years may  
bless them

With a nobler price than gold.

Am I poor? ah no, most  
wealthy,

Not in these poor gifts you  
take,

But in the true hearts that tell  
me

You will keep them for my  
sake.

## KING AND SLAVE.

IF in my soul, dear,  
An omen should dwell,

Bidding me pause, ere  
I love thee too well;

If the whole circle  
Of noble and wise,  
With stern forebodings,  
Between us should rise; —

I will tell *them*, dear,  
That Love reigns — a King,  
Where storms cannot reach him,  
And words cannot sting;

He counts it dishonor  
His faith to recall;

He trusts; — and forever  
He gives — and gives all!

I will tell *thee*, dear,  
That Love is — a Slave,  
Who dreads thought of freedom,  
As life dreads the grave;  
And if doubt or peril  
Of change there may be,  
Such fear would but drive him  
Still nearer to thee!

## A CHANT.

“ *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Do-  
mini.* ”

I.

WHO is the Angel that cometh?  
Life!

Let us not question what he  
brings,  
Peace or Strife;

Under the shade of his mighty  
wings,  
One by one,  
Are his secrets told ;  
One by one,  
Lit by the rays of each morning  
sun,  
Shall a new flower its petals  
unfold,  
With the mystery hid in its  
heart of gold.  
We will arise and go forth to  
greet him,  
Singly, gladly, with one ac-  
cord ; —  
“Blessed is he that cometh  
In the name of the Lord !”

## II.

Who is the Angel that cometh ?  
Joy !  
Look at his glittering rainbow  
wings, —  
No alloy  
Lies in the radiant gifts he  
brings ;  
Tender and sweet,  
He is come to-day,  
Tender and sweet :  
While chains of love on his  
silver feet  
Will hold him in lingering fond  
delay.  
But greet him quickly, he will  
not stay,  
Soon he will leave us ; but  
though for others  
All his brightest treasures are  
stored, —

“Blessed is he that cometh  
In the name of the Lord !”

## III.

Who is the Angel that cometh ?  
Pain !  
Let us arise and go forth to greet  
him ;  
Not in vain  
Is the summons come for us to  
meet him ;  
He will stay,  
And darken our sun ;  
He will stay  
A desolate night, a weary day.  
Since in that shadow our  
work is done,  
And in that shadow our  
crowns are won,  
Let us say still, while his bitter  
chalice  
Slowly into our hearts is  
poured, —  
“Blessed is he that cometh  
In the name of the Lord !”

## IV.

Who is the Angel that cometh ?  
Death !  
But do not shudder and do not  
fear ;  
Hold your breath,  
For a kingly presence is drawing  
near,  
Cold and bright  
Is his flashing steel,  
Cold and bright

The smile that comes like a  
 starry light  
 To calm the terror and grief  
 we feel ;  
 He comes to help and to save  
 and heal :  
 Then let us, baring our hearts  
 and kneeling,  
 Sing, while we wait this An-  
 gel's sword, —  
 " Blessed is he that cometh  
 In the name of the Lord ! "

---

DREAM-LIFE.

LISTEN, friend, and I will tell  
 you  
 Why I sometimes seem so  
 glad,  
 Then, without a reason, chang-  
 ing,  
 Soon become so grave and  
 sad.

Half my life I live a beggar,  
 Ragged, helpless, and alone ;  
 But the other half a monarch,  
 With my courtiers round my  
 throne.

Half my life is full of sorrow,  
 Half of joy, still fresh and  
 new ;  
 One of these lives is a fancy,  
 But the other one is true.

While I live and feast on glad-  
 ness,  
 Still I feel the thought remain,  
 This must soon end, — nearer,  
 nearer,  
 Comes the life of grief and  
 pain.

While I live a wretched beggar,  
 One bright hope my lot can  
 cheer ;  
 Soon, soon thou shalt have thy  
 kingdom,  
 Brighter hours are drawing  
 near.

So you see my life is twofold,  
 Half a pleasure, half a grief ;  
 Thus all joy is somewhat tem-  
 pered,  
 And all sorrow finds relief.

Which, you ask me, is the real life,  
 Which the dream, — the joy,  
 or woe ?  
 Hush, friend ! it is little matter,  
 And, indeed — I never know.

---

REST.

SPREAD, spread thy silver wings,  
 O Dove !  
 And seek for rest by land and  
 sea,  
 And bring the tidings back to me  
 For thee and me and those I  
 love.

Look how my Dove soars  
 far away ;  
 Go with her, heart of mine,  
 I pray ;  
 Go where her fluttering silver  
 pinions  
 Follow the track of the crim-  
 son day.

Is rest where cloudlets slowly  
 creep,  
 And sobbing winds forget to  
 grieve,  
 And quiet waters gently heave,  
 As if they rocked the ship to  
 sleep ?

Ah no ! that southern vapor  
 white  
 Will bring a tempest ere the  
 night,  
 And thunder through the  
 quiet heaven,  
 Lashing the sea in its angry  
 might.

The battle-field lies still and cold,  
 While stars that watch in silent  
 light  
 Gleam here and there on weap-  
 ons bright,  
 In weary sleepers' slackened  
 hold ;  
 Nay, though they dream of no  
 alarm,  
 One bugle sound will stir that  
 calm,  
 And all the strength of two  
 great nations,  
 Eager for battle, will rise and  
 arm.

Pause where the Pilgrims' day is  
 done,  
 Where scrip and staff aside are  
 laid,  
 And, resting in the silent shade,  
 They watch the slowly sinking  
 sun.

Ah no ! that worn and weary  
 band  
 Must journey long before they  
 stand,  
 With bleeding feet, and hearts  
 rejoicing,  
 Kissing the dust of the Holy  
 Land.

Then find a soul who meets at  
 last  
 A noble prize but hard to gain,  
 Or joy long pleaded for in vain,  
 Now sweeter for a bitter past.  
 Ah no ! for Time can rob her  
 yet,  
 And even should cruel Time  
 forget,  
 Then Death will come, and,  
 unrelenting,  
 Brand her with sorrowful long  
 regret.

Seek farther, farther yet, O Dove !  
 Beyond the Land, beyond the  
 Sea,  
 There shall be rest for thee and  
 me,  
 For thee and me and those I  
 love.  
 I heard a promise gently fall,  
 I heard a far-off Shepherd call

The weary and the broken-  
hearted,  
Promising rest unto each and  
all-

It is not marred by outward  
strife,  
It is not lost in calm repose,  
It heedeth neither joys nor woes,  
Is not disturbed by death or life;  
Through, and beyond them,  
lies our Rest:  
Then cease, O Heart, thy  
longing quest!  
And thou, my Dove, with sil-  
ver pinions  
Flutter again to thy quiet  
nest!

---

### THE TYRANT AND THE CAPTIVE.

It was midnight when I listened,  
And I heard two Voices  
speak;  
One was harsh, and stern, and  
cruel,  
And the other soft and weak:  
Yet I saw no Vision enter,  
And I heard no steps depart,  
Of this Tyrant and his Cap-  
tive, . . .  
*Fate* it might be and a *Heart*.

Thus the stern Voice spake in  
triumph:—

“I have shut your life away

From the radiant world of na-  
ture,  
And the perfumed light of day.  
You, who loved to steep your  
spirit  
In the charm of Earth’s de-  
light,  
See no glory of the daytime,  
And no sweetness of the  
night.”

But the soft Voice answered  
calmly:—

“Nay, for when the March  
winds bring  
Just a whisper to my window,  
I can dream the rest of Spring;  
And to-day I saw a swallow  
Flitting past my prison bars,  
And my cell has just one corner  
Whence at night I see the  
stars.”

But its bitter taunt repeating,  
Cried the harsh Voice:—

“Where are they,  
All the friends of former hours,  
Who forget your name to-day?  
All the links of love are shattered,  
Which you thought so strong  
before;  
And your very heart is lonely,  
And alone since loved no  
more.”

But the low Voice spoke still  
lower:—

“Nay, I know the golden chain  
Of my love is purer, stronger,  
For the cruel fire of pain:



They remember me no longer,  
 But I, grieving here alone,  
 Bind their souls to me forever  
 By the love within my own."

But the Voice cried: — "Once  
 remember

You devoted soul and mind  
 To the welfare of your brethren,  
 And the service of your kind.  
 Now, what sorrow can you com-  
 fort ?

You, who lie in helpless pain,  
 With an impotent compassion  
 Fretting out your life in vain."

"Nay"; and then the gentle  
 answer

Rose more loud, and full, and  
 clear :

"For the sake of all my brethren  
 I thank God that I am here!  
 Poor had been my Life's best  
 efforts,

Now I waste no thought or  
 breath, —

For the prayer of those who suf-  
 fer

Has the strength of Love and  
 Death."

---

### THE CARVER'S LESSON.

TRUST me, no mere skill of sub-  
 tle tracery,

No mere practice of a dexter-  
 ous hand,

Will suffice, without a hidden  
 spirit,

That we may, or may not,  
 understand.

And those quaint old fragments  
 that are left us

Have their power in this, —  
 the Carver brought

Earnest care, and reverent pa-  
 tience, only

Worthily to clothe some noble  
 thought.

Shut then in the petals of the  
 flowers,

Round the stems of all the  
 lilies twine,

Hide beneath each bird's or  
 angel's pinion,

Some wise meaning or some  
 thought divine.

Place in stony hands that pray  
 forever

Tender words of peace, and  
 strive to wind

Round the leafy scrolls and  
 fretted niches

Some true, loving message to  
 your kind.

Some will praise, some blame,  
 and, soon forgetting,

Come and go, nor even pause  
 to gaze ;

Only now and then a passing  
 stranger

Just may loiter with a word  
 of praise.

But I think, when years have  
 floated onward,  
 And the stone is gray, and  
 dim, and old,  
 And the hand forgotten that  
 has carved it,  
 And the heart that dreamt it  
 still and cold ;

There may come some weary  
 soul, o'erladen  
 With perplexéd struggle in  
 his brain,  
 Or, it may be, fretted with life's  
 turmoil,  
 Or made sore with some per-  
 petual pain.

Then, I think those stony hands  
 will open,  
 And the gentle lilies overflow,  
 With the blessing and the lov-  
 ing token  
 That you hid there many  
 years ago.

And the tendrils will unroll,  
 and teach him  
 How to solve the problem of  
 his pain ;  
 And the birds' and angels'  
 wings shake downward  
 On his heart a sweet and  
 tender rain.

While he marvels at his fancy,  
 reading  
 Meaning in that quaint and  
 ancient scroll,

Little guessing that the loving  
 Carver  
 Left a message for his weary  
 soul.

---

 THREE ROSES.

Just when the red June Roses  
 blow  
 She gave me one, — a year ago.  
 A Rose whose crimson breath  
 revealed  
 The secret that its heart con-  
 cealed,  
 And whose half-shy, half-tender  
 grace  
 Blushed back upon the giver's  
 face.  
 A year ago — a year ago —  
 To hope was not to know.

Just when the red June Roses  
 blow  
 I plucked her one, — a month  
 ago :  
 Its half-blown crimson to eclipse,  
 I laid it on her smiling lips ;  
 The balmy fragrance of the south  
 Drew sweetness from her sweet-  
 er mouth.  
 Swiftly do golden hours  
 creep, —  
 To hold is not to keep.

The red June Roses now are  
 past,  
 This very day I broke the last, —

And now its perfumed breath is  
hid,  
With her, beneath a coffin-lid ;  
There will its petals fall apart,  
And wither on her icy heart :—  
At three red Roses' cost  
My world was gained and lost.

---

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

## I.

You write and think of me, my  
friend, with pity ;  
While you are basking in the  
light of Rome,  
Shut up within the heart of this  
great city,  
Too busy and too poor to leave  
my home.

## II.

You think my life debarred all  
rest or pleasure,  
Chained all day to my ledger  
and my pen ;  
Too sickly even to use my little  
leisure  
To bear me from the strife and  
din of men.

## III.

Well, it is true ; yet, now the  
days are longer,  
At sunset I can lay my writing  
down,

And slowly crawl (summer has  
made me stronger)  
Just to the nearest outskirts of the  
town.

## IV.

There a wide Common, black-  
ened though and dreary  
With factory smoke, spreads  
outward to the West ;  
I lie down on the parched-up  
grass, if weary,  
Or lean against a broken wall  
to rest.

## V.

So might a King, turning to  
Art's rich treasure,  
At evening, when the cares of  
state were done,  
Enter his royal gallery, drinking  
pleasure  
Slowly from each great picture,  
one by one.

## VI.

Towards the West I turn my  
weary spirit,  
And watch my pictures : one  
each night is mine.  
Earth and my soul, sick of day's  
toil, inherit  
A portion of that luminous  
peace divine.

## VII.

There I have seen a sunset's  
crimson glory,  
Burn as if earth were one great  
Altar's blaze ;

Or, like the closing of a piteous  
story,  
Light up the misty world with  
dying rays.

## VIII.

There I have seen the clouds,  
in pomp and splendor,  
Their gold and purple banners  
all unfurl;  
There I have watched colors,  
more faint and tender  
Than pure and delicate tints  
upon a pearl.

## IX.

Skies strewn with roses fading,  
fading slowly,  
While one star trembling watched  
the daylight die;  
Or deep in gloom a sunset, hid-  
den wholly,  
Save through gold rents torn in  
a violet sky.

## X.

Or parted clouds, as if asunder  
riven  
By some great angel, and be-  
yond a space  
Of far-off tranquil light; the gates  
of Heaven  
Will lead as grandly to as calm  
a place.

## XI.

Or stern dark walls of cloudy  
mountain ranges  
Hid all the wonders that we knew  
must be;

While, far on high, some little  
white clouds' changes  
Revealed the glory they alone  
could see.

## XII.

Or in wild wrath the affrighted  
clouds lay shattered,  
Like treasures of the lost Hes-  
perides,  
All in a wealth of ruined splen-  
dor scattered,  
Save one strange light on distant  
silver seas.

## XIII.

What land or time can claim the  
Master Painter,  
Whose art could teach him half  
such gorgeous dyes?  
Or skill so rare, but purer hues  
and fainter  
Melt every evening in my western  
skies.

## XIV.

So there I wait, until the shade  
has lengthened,  
And night's blue misty curtain  
floated down;  
Then, with my heart calmed, and  
my spirit strengthened,  
I crawl once more back to the  
sultry town.

## XV.

What Monarch, then, has nobler  
recreations  
Than mine? Or where the great  
and classic Land

Whose wealth of Art delights the  
gathered nations  
That owns a Picture Gallery half  
as grand ?

---

SENT TO HEAVEN.

I HAD a Message to send her,  
To her whom my soul loved  
best;  
But I had my task to finish,  
And she was gone home to  
rest.

To rest in the far bright heaven:  
O, so far away from here,  
It was vain to speak to my dar-  
ling,  
For I knew she could not  
hear !

I had a message to send her,  
So tender, and true, and  
sweet,  
I longed for an Angel to bear it,  
And lay it down at her feet.

I placed it, one summer evening,  
On a Cloudlet's fleecy breast;  
But it faded in golden splendor,  
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the Lark, next morning,  
And I watched it soar and  
soar ;

But its pinions grew faint and  
weary,  
And it fluttered to earth once  
more.

To the heart of a Rose I told it ;  
And the perfume, sweet and  
rare,  
Growing faint on the blue bright  
ether,  
Was lost in the balmy air.

I laid it upon a Censer,  
And I saw the incense rise ;  
But its clouds of rolling silver  
Could not reach the far blue  
skies.

I cried, in my passionate long  
ing : —  
“ Has the earth no Angel-  
friend  
Who will carry my love the mes-  
sage  
That my heart desires to  
send ? ”

Then I heard a strain of music,  
So mighty, so pure, so clear,  
That my very sorrow was silent,  
And my heart stood still to  
hear.

And I felt, in my soul's deep  
yearning,  
At last the sure answer stir : —  
“ The music will go up to  
Heaven,  
And carry my thought to her.”

It rose in harmonious rushing  
Of mingled voices and strings,  
And I tenderly laid my message  
On the Music's outspread  
wings.

I heard it float farther and farther,  
In sound more perfect than  
speech;  
Farther than sight can follow,  
Farther than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my  
message  
Has passed through the golden  
gate:  
So my heart is no longer rest-  
less,  
And I am content to wait.

---

NEVER AGAIN.

“NEVER again!” vow hearts  
when reunited,  
“Never again shall Love be  
cast aside;  
Forever now the shadow has de-  
parted;  
Nor bitter sorrow, veiled in  
scornful pride,  
Shall feign indifference, or affect  
disdain, —  
Never, O Love, again, never  
again!”

“Never again!” so sobs, in bro-  
ken accents,  
A soul laid prostrate at a holy  
shrine, —  
“Once more, once more forgive,  
O Lord, and pardon,  
My wayward life shall bend to  
love divine;  
And nevermore shall sin its  
whiteness stain, —  
Never, O God, again, never  
again!”

“Never again!” so speaketh  
one forsaken,  
In the blank desolate passion  
of despair, —  
“Never again shall the bright  
dream I cherished  
Delude my heart, for bitter  
truth is there, —  
The angel, Hope, shall still thy  
cruel pain  
Never again, my heart, never  
again!”

“Never again!” so speaks the  
sudden silence,  
When round the hearth gathers  
each well-known face,  
But one is missing, and no future  
presence,  
However dear, can fill that  
vacant place;  
Forever shall the burning  
thought remain, —  
“Never, beloved, again! never  
again!”



“Never again!” so — but beyond  
 our hearing —  
 Ring out far voices fading up  
 the sky ;  
 Never again shall earthly care  
 and sorrow  
 Weigh down the wings that  
 bear those souls on high ;  
 “Listen, O earth, and hear that  
 glorious strain, —  
 Never, never again! never  
 again !”

---

LISTENING ANGELS.

BLUE against the bluer heavens  
 Stood the mountain, calm and  
 still,  
 Two white Angels, bending  
 earthward,  
 Leant upon the hill.

Listening leant those silent An-  
 gels,  
 And I also longed to hear  
 What sweet strain of earthly  
 music  
 Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trum-  
 pets  
 In a warlike march draw  
 nigh ;  
 Solemnly a mighty army  
 Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased ; the  
 echoes  
 Soon had faded from the hill ;  
 While the Angels, calm and ear-  
 nest,  
 Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamor,  
 Forge and wheel were clashing  
 near,  
 And the Reapers in the meadow  
 Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory,  
 And the toil of day was o'er,  
 Still the Angels leant in silence,  
 Listening as before.

Then, as daylight slowly van-  
 ished,  
 And the evening mists grew  
 dim,  
 Solemnly from distant voices  
 Rose a vesper hymn.

When the chant was done, and  
 lingering  
 Died upon the evening air,  
 From the hill the radiant Angels  
 Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering dark-  
 ness,  
 Bringing with it sleep and  
 rest ;  
 Save a little bird was singing  
 Near her leafy nest.

Through the sounds of war and  
labor  
She had warbled all day long,  
While the Angels leant and lis-  
tened  
Only to her song.

But the starry night was com-  
ing ;  
When she ceased her little lay,  
From the mountain-top the An-  
gels  
Slowly passed away.

---

GOLDEN DAYS.

GOLDEN days—where are they ?  
Pilgrims east and west  
Cry ; if we could find them  
We would pause and rest :  
We would pause and rest a little  
From our long and weary  
ways : —  
Where are they, then, where are  
they —  
Golden days ?

Golden days — where are they ?  
Ask of childhood's years,  
Still untouched by sorrow,  
Still undimmed by tears :  
Ah, they seek a phantom Future,  
Crowned with brighter, starry  
rays ; —  
Where are they, then, where are  
they —  
Golden days ?

Golden days — where are they ?  
Has Love learnt the spell  
That will charm them hither,  
Near our hearth to dwell ?  
Insecure are all her treasures,  
Restless is her anxious  
gaze : —  
Where are they, then, where are  
they —  
Golden Days ?

Golden days — where are they ?  
Farther up the hill  
I can hear the echo  
Faintly calling still :  
Faintly calling, faintly dying,  
In a far-off misty haze : —  
Where are they, then, where are  
they —  
Golden days ?

## PHILIP AND MILDRED.

LINGERING fade the rays of daylight, and the listening air is chilly ;  
Voice of bird and forest murmur, insect hum and quivering spray,  
Stir not in that quiet hour : through the valley, calm and stilly,  
All in hushed and loving silence watch the slow departing Day.

Till the last faint western cloudlet, faint and rosy, ceases blushing,  
And the blue grows deep and deeper where one trembling planet  
shines,  
And the day has gone forever— then, like some great ocean rushing,  
The sad night wind wails lamenting, sobbing through the moan-  
ing pines.

Such, of all day's changing hours, is the fittest and the meetest  
For a farewell hour — and parting looks less bitter and more blest ;  
Earth seems like a shrine for sorrow, Nature's mother voice is  
sweetest,  
And her hand seems laid in chiding on the unquiet throbbing  
breast.

Words are lower, for the twilight seems rebuking sad repining,  
And wild murmur and rebellion, as all childish and in vain ;  
Breaking through dark future hours clustering starry hopes seem  
shining,  
Then the calm and tender midnight folds her shadow round the  
pain.

So they paced the shady lime-walk in that twilight dim and holy,  
Still the last farewell deferring, she could hear or he should say ;  
Every word, weighed down by sorrow, fell more tenderly and  
slowly —  
This, which now beheld their parting, should have been their  
wedding-day.

Should have been : her dreams of childhood, never straying, never  
faltering,

Still had needed Philip's image to make future life complete ;  
Philip's young hopes of ambition, ever changing, ever altering,  
Needed Mildred's gentle presence even to make successes sweet.

This day should have seen their marriage ; the calm crowning and  
assurance

Of two hearts, fulfilling rather, and not changing, either life :  
Now they must be rent asunder, and her heart must learn endurance  
For he leaves their home, and enters on a world of work and strife

But her gentle spirit long had learnt, unquestioning, submitting,  
To revere his youthful longings, and to marvel at the fate  
That gave such a humble office, all unworthy and unfitting,  
To the genius of the village, who was born for something great.

When the learned Traveller came there who had gained renown at  
college,

Whose abstruse research had won him even European fame,  
Questioned Philip, praised his genius, marvelled at his self-taught  
knowledge,

Could she murmur if he called him up to London and to fame ?

Could she waver when he bade her take the burden of decision,  
Since his troth to her was plighted, and his life was now her own ?  
Could she doom him to inaction ? could she, when a new-born vision  
Rose in glory for his future, check it for her sake alone ?

So her little trembling fingers, that had toiled with such fond pleasure,  
Paused, and laid aside, and folded the unfinished wedding gown ;  
Faltering earnestly assurance, that she too could, in her measure,  
Prize for him the present honor, and the future's sure renown.

Now they pace the shady lime-walk, now the last words must be  
spoken,

Words of trust, for neither dreaded more than waiting and delay ;

Was not love still called eternal, — could a plighted vow be broken? —

See the crimson light of sunset fades in purple mist away.

“Yes, my Mildred,” Philip told her, “one calm thought of joy and blessing,

Like a guardian spirit by me, through the world’s tumultuous stir,  
Still will spread its wings above me, and now urging, now repressing,  
With my Mildred’s voice will murmur thoughts of home, and love,  
and her.

“It will charm my peaceful leisure, sanctify my daily toiling,

With a right none else possesses, touching my heart’s inmost string;  
And to keep its pure wings spotless I shall fly the world’s touch,  
soiling

Even in thought this Angel Guardian of my Mildred’s Wedding  
Ring.

“Take it, dear; this little circlet is the first link, strong and holy,

Of a life-long chain, and holds me from all other love apart;  
Till the day when you may wear it as my wife — my own — mine  
wholly —

Let me know it rests forever near the beating of your heart.”

Dawn of day saw Philip speeding on his road to the Great City,

Thinking how the stars gazed downward just with Mildred’s patient  
eyes;

Dreams of work, and fame, and honor struggling with a tender pity,  
Till the loving Past receding saw the conquering Future rise.

Daybreak still found Mildred watching, with the wonder of first  
sorrow,

How the outward world unaltered shone the same this very day;  
How un pitying and relentless busy life met this new morrow,  
Earth, and sky, and man unheeding that her joy had passed away.

Then the round of weary duties, cold and formal, came to meet her,

With the life within departed that had given them each a soul;  
And her sick heart even slighted gentle words that came to greet her;  
For Grief spread its shadowy pinions, like a blight upon the whole.

Jar one chord, the harp is silent ; move one stone, the arch is shattered ;  
 One small clarion-cry of sorrow bids an arméd host awake ;  
 One dark cloud can hide the sunlight ; loose one string, the pearls  
 are scattered ;  
 Think one thought, a soul may perish ; say one word, a heart  
 may break !

Life went on, he two lives running side by side ; the outward seeming,  
 And the truer and diviner hidden in the heart and brain ;  
 Dreams grow holy, put in action ; work grows fair through starry  
 dreaming ;  
 But where each flows on unmingling, both are fruitless and in vain.

Such was Mildred's life ; her dreaming lay in some far-distant region,  
 All the fairer, all the brighter, that its glories were but guessed ;  
 And the daily round of duties seemed an unreal, airy legion, —  
 Nothing true save Philip's letters and the ring upon her breast.

Letters telling how he struggled, for some plan or vision aiming,  
 And at last how he just grasped it as a fresh one spread its wings ;  
 How the honor or the learning, once the climax, now were claiming,  
 Only more and more, becoming merely steps to higher things.

Telling her of foreign countries : little store had she of learning,  
 So her earnest, simple spirit answered as he touched the string ;  
 Day by day, to these bright fancies all her silent thoughts were turning,  
 Seeing every radiant picture framed within her golden Ring.

O poor heart ! love, if thou willest ; but, thine own soul still possessing,  
 Live thy life : not a reflection or a shadow of his own :  
 Lean as fondly, as completely, as thou willest, — but confessing  
 That thy strength is God's, and therefore can, if need be, stand  
 alone.

Little means were there around her to make farther, wider ranges,  
 Where her loving gentle spirit could try any stronger flight ;  
 And she turned aside, half fearing that fresh thoughts were fickle  
 changes, —  
 That she *must* stay as he left her on that farewell summer night.



Love should still be guide and leader, like a herald should have risen,  
Lighting up the long dark vistas, conquering all opposing fates ;  
But new claims, new thoughts, new duties found her heart a silent  
prison,  
And found Love, with folded pinions, like a jailer by the gates.

Yet why blame her ? it had needed greater strength than she was given  
To have gone against the current that so calmly flowed along ;  
Nothing fresh came near the village save the rain and dew of heaven,  
And her nature was too passive, and her love perhaps too strong.

The great world of thought, that rushes down the years, and on-  
ward sweeping  
Bears upon its mighty billows in its progress each and all,  
Flowed so far away, its murmur did not rouse them from their  
sleeping ;  
Life and Time and Truth were speaking, but they did not hear  
their call.

Years flowed on ; and every morning heard her prayer grow lower,  
deeper,  
As she called all blessings on him, and bade every ill depart,  
And each night when the cold moonlight shone upon that quiet sleeper,  
It would show her ring that glittered with each throbbing of her  
heart.

Years passed on. Fame came for Philip in a full, o'erflowing  
measure ;  
He was spoken of and honored through the breadth of many lands,  
And he wrote it all to Mildred, as if praise were only pleasure,  
As if fame were only honor, when he laid them in her hands.

Mildred heard it without wonder, as a sure result expected,  
For how could it fail, since merit and renown go side by side ?  
And the neighbors, who first fancied genius ought to be suspected,  
Might at last give up their caution, and could own him now with  
pride.

Years flowed on. These empty honors led to others they called better,  
He had saved some slender fortune, and might claim his bride at last:

Mildred, grown so used to waiting, felt half startled by the letter  
That now made her future certain, and would consecrate her past.

And he came : grown sterner, older — changed indeed : a grave  
reliance

Had replaced his eager manner, and the quick short speech of old :  
He had gone forth with a spirit half of hope and half defiance ;  
He returned with proud assurance half disdainful and half cold.

Yet his old self seemed returning while he stood sometimes, and lis-  
tened

To her calm, soft voice, relating all the thoughts of these long years ;  
And if Mildred's heart was heavy, and at times her blue eyes glistened,  
Still in thought she would not whisper aught of sorrow or of fears.

Autumn with its golden cornfields, autumn with its storms and showers,  
Had been there to greet his coming with its forests gold and brown ;  
And the last leaves still were falling, fading still the year's last flowers,  
When he left the quiet village, and took back his bride to town.

Home, — the home that she had pictured many a time in twilight,  
dwelling

On that tender, gentle fancy, folded round with loving care ;  
Here was home, — the end, the haven ; and what spirit voice  
seemed telling,

That she only held the casket, with the gem no longer there ?

Sad it may be to be longing, with a patience faint and weary,  
For a hope deferred, — and sadder still to see it fade and fall ;  
Yet to grasp the thing we long for, and, with sorrow sick and dreary,  
*Then* to find how it can fail us, is the saddest pain of all.

What was wanting ? He was gentle, kind, and generous still,  
deferring

To her wishes always ; nothing seemed to mar their tranquil life :  
There are skies so calm and leaden that we long for storm-winds  
stirring,

There is peace so cold and bitter, that we almost welcome strife.

Darker grew the clouds above her, and the slow conviction clearer,  
That he gave her home and pity, but that heart and soul and mind

Were beyond her now ; he loved her, and in youth he had been near her,  
 But he now had gone far onward, and had left her there behind.

Yes, beyond her : yes, quick-hearted, her Love helped her in revealing  
 It was worthless, while so mighty ; was too weak, although so strong ;  
 There were courts she could not enter, depths she could not sound ;  
     yet feeling  
 It was vain to strive or struggle, vainer still to mourn or long.

He would give her words of kindness, he would talk of home, but  
     seeming  
 With an absent look, forgetting if he held or dropped her hand ;  
 And then turn with eager pleasure to his writing, reading, dreaming,  
 Or to speak of things with others that she could not understand.

He had paid, and paid most nobly, all he owed ; no need of blaming ;  
 It had cost him something, maybe, that no future could restore :  
 In her heart of hearts she knew it ; Love and Sorrow, not complaining,  
 Only suffered all the deeper, only loved him all the more.

Sometimes then a stronger anguish, and more cruel, weighed upon  
     her,  
 That, through all those years of waiting, he had slowly learnt the  
     truth ;  
 He had known himself mistaken, but that, bound to her in honor,  
 He renounced his life, to pay her for the patience of her youth.

But a star was slowly rising from that mist of grief, and brighter  
 Grew her eyes, for each slow hour surer comfort seemed to bring ;  
 And she watched with strange sad smiling how her trembling hands  
     grew slighter,  
 And how thin her slender finger, and how large her wedding-ring.

And the tears dropped slowly on it, as she kissed that golden token  
 With a deeper love, it may be, than was in the far-off past ;  
 And remembering Philip's fancy, that so long ago was spoken,  
 Thought her Ring's bright angel guardian had stayed near her to  
     the last.

Grieving sorely, grieving truly, with a tender care and sorrow,  
 Philip watched the slow, sure fading of his gentle, patient wife ;  
 Could he guess with what a yearning she was longing for the morrow,  
 Could he guess the bitter knowledge that had wearied her of life ?

Now with violets strewn upon her, Mildred lies in peaceful sleeping ;  
 All unbound her long, bright tresses, and her throbbing heart at rest,  
 And the cold, blue rays of moonlight, through the open casement  
 creeping,  
 Show the ring upon her finger, and her hands crossed on her breast

Peace at last. Of peace eternal is her calm, sweet smile a token.  
 Has some angel lingering near her let a radiant promise fall ?  
 Has he told her Heaven unites again the links that Earth has broken ?  
 For on Earth so much is needed, but in Heaven Love is all !

## BORROWED THOUGHTS.

## I. FROM "LAVATER."

TRUST him little who doth raise  
 To one height both great and  
 small,  
 And sets the sacred crown of  
 praise,  
 Smiling, on the head of all.

Trust him less who looks  
 around  
 To censure all with scornful  
 eyes,  
 And in everything has found  
 Something that he dare de-  
 spise.

But for one who stands apart,  
 Stirred by naught that can  
 befall,

With a cold, indifferent heart, —  
 Trust him least and last of  
 all.

## II. FROM "PHANTASTES."

I HAVE a bitter Thought, a  
 Snake  
 That used to sting my life to  
 pain.  
 I strove to cast it far away,  
 But every night and every day  
 It crawled back to my heart  
 again !

It was in vain to live or strive,  
 To think or sleep, to work or  
 pray ;  
 At last I bade this thing accursed

Gnaw at my heart, and do its  
 worst,  
 And so I let it have its way.

Thus said I, "I shall never fall  
 Into a false and dreaming  
 peace,  
 And then awake, with sudden  
 start,  
 To feel it biting at my heart,  
 For now the pain can never  
 cease."

But I gained more; for I have  
 found  
 That such a snake's enven-  
 omed charm  
 Must always, always find a part,  
 Deep in the centre of my heart,  
 Which it can never wound or  
 harm.

It is coiled round my heart to-  
 day.  
 It sleeps at times, this cruel  
 snake,  
 And while it sleeps it never  
 stings:—  
 Hush! let us talk of other things,  
 Lest it should hear me and  
 awake.

---

### III. FROM "LOST ALICE."

YES, dear, our Love is slain;  
 In the cold grave forevermore it  
 lies,  
 Never to wake again,

Or light our sorrow with its  
 starry eyes:  
 And so—regret is vain.

One hour of pain and dread,  
 We killed our Love, we took its  
 life away  
 With the false words we  
 said;  
 And so we watch it, since that  
 cruel day,  
 Silent, and cold, and dead.

We should have seen it  
 shine  
 Long years beside us. Time and  
 Death might try  
 To touch that life divine,  
 Whose strength could every other  
 stroke defy  
 Save only thine and mine

No longing can restore  
 Our dead again. Vain are the  
 tears we weep,  
 And vainly we deplore  
 Our buried Love: its grave lies  
 dark and deep  
 Between us evermore.

---

### IV. FROM \* \* \*

WITHIN the kingdom of my  
 Soul  
 I bid you enter, Love, to-day;  
 Submit my life to your control,  
 And give my Heart up to your  
 sway.

My Past, whose light and life is  
 flown,  
 Shall live through memory for  
 you still ;  
 Take all my Present for your  
 own,  
 And mould my Future to your  
 will.

One only thought remains apart,  
 And will forever so remain ;  
 There is one Chamber in my  
 heart  
 Where even you might knock in  
 vain.

A haunted Chamber : — long ago  
 I closed it, and I cast the key  
 Where deep and bitter waters  
 flow,  
 Into a vast and silent sea.

Dear, it is haunted. All the  
 rest  
 Is yours ; but I have shut that  
 door  
 Forever now. 'T is even best  
 That I should enter it no more.

No more. It is not well to stay  
 With ghosts ; their very look  
 would scare  
 Your joyous, loving smile  
 away ; —  
 So never try to enter there.

Check, if you love me, all regret  
 That this one thought remains  
 apart : —

Now let us smile, dear, and forget  
 The haunted Chamber in my  
 Heart.

---

 LIGHT AND SHADE.

THOU hast done well to kneel  
 and say,  
 " Since He who gave can take  
 away,  
 And bid me suffer, I obey."

And also well to tell thy heart,  
 That good lies in the bitterest  
 part,  
 And thou wilt profit by her smart.

But bitter hours come to all :  
 When even truths like these will  
 pall,  
 Sick hearts for humbler comfort  
 call.

Then I would have thee strive to  
 see  
 That good and evil come to thee,  
 As one of a great family.

And as material life is planned,  
 That even the loneliest one must  
 stand  
 Dependent on his brother's  
 hand ;

So links more subtle and more fine  
 Bind every other soul to thine  
 In one great brotherhood divine.



Nor with thy share of work be  
vexed ;  
Though incomplete, and even  
perplexed,  
It fits exactly to the next.

What seems so dark to thy dim  
sight  
May be a shadow, seen aright,  
Making some brightness doubly  
bright.

The flash that struck thy tree —  
no more  
To shelter thee — lets Heaven's  
blue floor  
Shine where it never shone be-  
fore.

Thy life that has been dropped  
aside  
Into Time's stream, may stir the  
tide  
In rippled circles spreading wide.

The cry wrung from thy spirit's  
pain  
May echo on some far-off plain,  
And guide a wanderer home  
again.

Fail — yet rejoice ; because no  
less  
The failure that makes thy dis-  
tress  
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great  
need  
Thy life's poor fragments are  
decreed  
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart should throb in vast  
content,  
Thus knowing that it was but  
meant  
As chord in one great instru-  
ment ;

That even the discord in thy  
soul  
May make completer music roll  
From out the great harmonious  
whole.

It may be, that when all is light,  
Deep set within that deep de-  
light  
Will be to know *why* all was  
right ;

To hear life's perfect music rise,  
And, while it floods the happy  
skies,  
Thy feeble voice to recognize.

Then strive more gladly to fulfil  
Thy little part. This darkness  
still  
Is light to every loving will.

And trust, as if already plain  
How just thy share of loss and  
pain  
Is for another fuller gain.

I dare not limit time or place  
Touched by thy life: nor dare I  
trace  
Its far vibrations into space.

One only knows. Yet if the fret  
Of thy weak heart, in weak re-  
gret  
Needs a more tender comfort yet:

Then thou mayst take thy lone-  
liest fears,  
The bitterest drops of all thy  
tears,  
The dreariest hours of all thy  
years;

And through thy anguish there  
outspread,  
May ask that God's great love  
would shed  
Blessings on one belovéd head.

And thus thy soul shall learn to  
draw  
Sweetness from out that loving  
law

That sees no failure and no flaw,  
Where all is good. And life is  
good,  
Were the one lesson understood  
Of its most sacred brotherhood.

---

A CHANGELING.

A LITTLE changeling spirit  
Crept to my arms one day:

I had no heart or courage  
To drive the child away.

So all day long I soothed her,  
And hushed her on my breast;  
And all night long her wailing  
Would never let me rest.

I dug a grave to hold her,  
A grave both dark and deep;  
I covered her with violets,  
And laid her there to sleep.

I used to go and watch there,  
Both night and morning  
too: —

It was my tears, I fancy,  
That kept the violets blue.

I took her up: and once more  
I felt the clinging hold,  
And heard the ceaseless wailing  
That wearied me of old.

I wandered, and I wandered,  
With my burden on my breast,  
Till I saw a church-door open,  
And entered in to rest.

In the dim, dying daylight,  
Set in a flowery shrine,  
I saw the Virgin Mother  
Holding her Child divine.

I knelt down there in silence,  
And on the altar-stone  
I laid my wailing burden,  
And came away — alone.

And now that little spirit,  
That sobbed so all day long,  
Is grown a shining Angel,  
With wings both wide and  
strong.

She watches me from Heaven  
With loving, tender care,  
And one day she has promised  
That I shall find her there.

---

DISCOURAGED.

WHERE the little babbling  
streamlet  
First brings forth to light,  
Trickling through soft velvet  
mosses,  
Almost hid from sight;  
Vowed I with delight, —  
“River, I will follow thee,  
Through thy wanderings to the  
Sea!”

Gleaming 'mid the purple heather,  
Downward then it sped,  
Glancing through the mountain  
gorges,  
Like a silver thread,  
As it quicker fled,  
Louder music in its flow,  
Dashing to the vale below.

Then its voice grew lower, gen-  
tler,  
And its pace less fleet,

Just as though it loved to linger  
Round the rushes' feet,  
As they stooped to meet  
Their clear images below,  
Broken by the ripples' flow.

Purple Willow-herb bent over  
To her shadow fair;  
Meadow-sweet, in feathery clus-  
ters,  
Perfumed all the air;  
Silver-weed was there,  
And in one calm, grassy spot,  
Starry, blue Forget-me-not.

Tangled weeds, below the waters,  
Still seemed drawn away;  
Yet the current, floating onward,  
Was less strong than they; —  
Sunbeams watched their play,  
With a flickering light and shade,  
Through the screen the Alders  
made.

Broader grew the flowing River;  
To its grassy brink  
Slowly, in the slanting sun-rays,  
Cattle trooped to drink;  
The blue sky, I think,  
Was no bluer than that stream,  
Slipping onward, like a dream.

Quicker, deeper then it hurried,  
Rushing fierce and free;  
But I said, “It should grow  
calmer  
Ere it meets the Sea,  
The wide purple Sea,

Which I weary for in vain,  
Wasting all my toil and pain."

But it rushed still quicker, fiercer,  
In its rocky bed,  
Hard and stony was the pathway  
To my tired tread ;  
" I despair," I said,  
" Of that wide and glorious Sea  
That was promised unto me."

So I turned aside, and wandered  
Through green meadows near,  
Far away, among the daisies,  
Far away, for fear  
Lest I still should hear  
The loud murmur of its song,  
As the River flowed along.

Now I hear it not : — I loiter  
Gayly as before ;  
Yet I sometimes think, — and  
thinking  
Makes my heart so sore, —  
Just a few steps more,  
And there might have shone for  
me,  
Blue and infinite, the Sea.

---

#### IF THOU COULDST KNOW.

I THINK if thou couldst know,  
O soul that will complain,  
What lies concealed below  
Our burden and our pain ;

How just our anguish brings  
Nearer those longed-for things  
We seek for now in vain, —  
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and  
not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,  
With thy dim mortal sight,  
How meanings, dark to thee,  
Are shadows hiding light ;  
Truth's efforts crossed and  
vexed,  
Life's purpose all perplexed, —  
If thou couldst see them right,  
I think that they would seem all  
clear, and wise, and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,  
And yet thou canst not see ;  
Wisdom and sight are slow  
In poor humanity.  
If thou couldst *trust*, poor soul,  
In Him who rules the whole,  
Thou wouldst find peace and  
rest :  
Wisdom and sight are well, but  
Trust is best.

---

#### THE WARRIOR TO HIS DEAD BRIDE.

If in the fight my arm was strong,  
And forced my foes to yield, —  
If conquering and unhurt I came  
Back from the battle-field, —  
It is because thy prayers have  
been  
My safeguard and my shield.

My comrades smile to see my arm  
 Spare or protect a foe,  
 They think thy gentle pleading  
 voice  
 Was silenced long ago ;  
 But pity and compassion, love,  
 Were taught me first by woe.

Thy heart, my own, still beats  
 in Heaven

With the same love divine  
 That made thee stoop to such a  
 soul,  
 So hard, so stern as mine, —  
 My eyes have learnt to weep, be-  
 loved,  
 Since last they looked on thine

I hear thee murmur words of  
 peace

Through the dim midnight air,  
 And a calm falls from the angel  
 stars

And soothes my great de-  
 spair, —  
 The heavens themselves look  
 brighter, love,  
 Since thy sweet soul is there.

And if my heart is once more  
 calm,

My step is once more free,  
 It is because each hour I feel  
 Thou prayest still for me ;  
 Because no fate or change can  
 come

Between my soul and thee.

It is because my heart is stilled,  
 Not broken by despair,

Because I see the grave is bright,  
 And death itself is fair : —  
 I dread no more the wrath of  
 Heaven, —  
 I have an angel there !

---

A LETTER.

DEAR, I tried to write you such  
 a letter  
 As would tell you all my heart  
 to-day.  
 Written Love is poor ; one word  
 were better ;  
 Easier, too, a thousand times, to  
 say.

I can tell you all : fears, doubts  
 unheeding,  
 While I can be near you, hold  
 your hand,  
 Looking right into your eyes,  
 and reading  
 Reassurance that you understand.

Yet I wrote it through, then  
 lingered, thinking  
 Of its reaching you, — what hour,  
 what day ;  
 Till I felt my heart and courage  
 sinking  
 With a strange, new, wondering  
 dismay.

“ Will my letter fall,” I wondered  
 sadly,  
 “ On her mood like some dis-  
 cordant tone,

Or be welcomed tenderly and  
gladly?

Will she be with others, or alone?

“ It may find her too absorbed to  
read it,

Save with hurried glance and  
careless air :

Sad and weary, she may scarcely  
heed it ;

Gay and happy, she may hardly  
care.

“ Shall I — dare I — risk the  
chances ? ” slowly

Something — was it shyness,  
love, or pride ? —

Chilled my heart, and checked  
my courage wholly ;

So I laid it wistfully aside.

Then I leant against the case-  
ment, turning

Tearful eyes towards the far-off  
west,

Where the golden evening light  
was burning,

Till my heart throbbed back  
again to rest.

And I thought : “ Love’s soul is  
not in fetters,

Neither space nor time keeps  
souls apart ;

Since I cannot — dare not —  
send my letters,

Through the silence I will send  
my heart.

“ If, perhaps now, while my  
tears are falling,

She is dreaming quietly alone,  
She will hear my Love’s far echo

calling,  
Feel my spirit drawing near her

own.

“ She will hear, while twilight  
shades enfold her,

All the gathered Love she knows  
so well, —

Deepest Love my words have  
ever told her,

Deeper still — all I could never  
tell.

“ Wondering at the strange,  
mysterious power

That has touched her heart, then  
she will say :

‘ Some one whom I love, this  
very hour,

Thinks of me, and loves me, far  
away.’

“ If, as well may be, to-night  
has found her

Full of other thoughts, with  
others by,

Through the words and claims  
that gather round her

She will hear just one half-  
smothered sigh ;

“ Or will marvel why, without  
her seeking,

Suddenly the thought of me re-  
curs ;



Or, while listening to another  
speaking,  
Fancy that my hand is holding  
hers."

So I dreamed, and watched the  
stars' far splendor  
Glimmering on the azure dark-  
ness, start, —  
While the star of trust rose bright  
and tender,  
Through the twilight shadows of  
my heart.

---

A COMFORTER.

## I.

"WILL she come to me, little  
Effie,  
Will she come in my arms to  
rest,  
And nestle her head on my  
shoulder,  
While the sun goes down in  
the west?"

## II.

"I and Effie will sit together,  
All alone, in this great arm-  
chair : —  
Is it silly to mind it, darling,  
When Life is so hard to bear ?

## III.

"No one comforts me like my  
Effie,  
Just I think that she does not  
try, —

Only looks with a wistful won-  
der  
Why grown people should  
ever cry ;

## IV.

"While her little soft arms close  
tighter  
Round my neck in their cling-  
ing hold : —  
Well, I must not cry on your  
hair, dear,  
For my tears might tarnish  
the gold.

## V.

"I am tired of trying to read,  
dear ;  
It is worse to talk and seem  
gay :  
There are some kinds of sorrow,  
Effie,  
It is useless to thrust away.

## VI.

"Ah, advice may be wise, my  
darling,  
But one always knows it be-  
fore ;  
And the reasoning down one's  
sorrow  
Seems to make one suffer the  
more.

## VII.

"But my Effie won't reason,  
will she ?  
Or endeavor to understand ;

Only holds up her mouth to kiss  
me,  
As she strokes my face with  
her hand.

## VIII.

“If you break your plaything  
yourself, dear,  
Don't you cry for it all the  
same?  
I don't think it is such a com-  
fort,  
One has only one's self to  
blame.

## IX.

“People say things cannot be  
helped, dear,  
But then that is the reason  
why;  
For if things could be helped or  
altered,  
One would never sit down to  
cry :

## X.

“They say, too, that tears are  
quite useless  
To undo, amend, or restore, —  
When I think *how* useless, my  
Effie,  
Then my tears only fall the  
more.

## XI.

“All to-day I struggled against  
it;  
But that does not make sor-  
row cease;

And now, dear, it is such a  
comfort  
To be able to cry in peace.

## XII.

“Though wise people would call  
that folly,  
And remonstrate with grave sur-  
prise;  
We won't mind what they say,  
my Effie; —  
We never professed to be wise.

## XIII.

“But my comforter knows a  
lesson  
Wiser, truer than all the  
rest: —  
That to help and to heal a sor-  
row,  
Love and silence are always  
best.

## XIV.

“Well, who is my comforter, —  
tell me?  
Effie smiles, but she will not  
speak:  
Or look up through the long  
curled lashes  
That are shading her rosy  
cheek.

## XV.

“Is she thinking of talking fishes,  
The bluebird, or magical tree?

Perhaps I am thinking, my darling,  
Of something that never can be.

## XVI.

“ You long — don’t you, dear ?  
— for the Genii,  
Who were slaves of lamps and  
of rings ;  
And, I — I am sometimes afraid,  
dear,  
I want as impossible things.

## XVII.

“ But hark ! there is Nurse calling  
Effie !  
It is bedtime, so run away ;  
And I must go back, or the  
others  
Will be wondering why I stay.

## XVIII.

“ So good night to my darling  
Effie ;  
Keep happy, sweetheart, and  
grow wise : —  
There’s one kiss for her golden  
tresses,  
And two for her sleepy eyes.”

## UNSEEN.

THERE are more things in  
Heaven and Earth than we  
Can dream of, or than nature  
understands ;

We learn not through our poor  
philosophy  
What hidden chords are touched  
by unseen hands.

The present hour repeats upon  
its strings  
Echoes of some vague dream we  
have forgot ;  
Dim voices whisper half-remembered things,  
And when we pause to listen —  
answer not.

Forebodings come : we know not  
how, or whence,  
Shadowing a nameless fear upon  
the soul,  
And stir within our hearts a  
subtler sense  
Than light may read, or wisdom  
may control.

And who can tell what secret  
links of thought  
Bind heart to heart ? Unspoken  
things are heard,  
As if within our deepest selves  
was brought  
The soul, perhaps, of some un-  
uttered word.

But, though a veil of shadow  
hangs between  
That hidden life and what we see  
and hear,  
Let us revere the power of the  
Unseen,  
And know a world of mystery is  
near.

A REMEMBRANCE OF  
AUTUMN.

NOTHING stirs the sunny si-  
lence, —  
Save the drowsy humming of  
the bees  
Round the rich ripe peaches  
on the wall,  
And the south-wind sighing  
in the trees,  
And the dead leaves rustling  
as they fall :  
While the swallows, one by  
one, are gathering,  
All impatient to be on the  
wing,  
And to wander from us, seek-  
ing  
Their beloved Spring !

Cloudless rise the azure heavens !  
Only vaporous wreaths of  
snowy white  
Nestle in the gray hill's  
rugged side ;  
And the golden woods are  
bathed in light,  
Dying, if they must, with  
kingly pride :  
While the swallows, in the  
blue air wheeling,  
Circle now an eager, flutter-  
ing band,  
Ready to depart and leave us  
For a brighter land !

But a voice is sounding sadly,  
Telling of a glory that has  
been ;

Of a day that faded all too  
fast : —  
See afar through the blue air  
serene,  
Where the swallows wing  
their way at last,  
And our hearts perchance as  
sadly wandering,  
Vainly seeking for a long-  
lost day,  
While we watch the far-off  
swallows,  
Flee with them away !

THREE EVENINGS IN A  
LIFE.

## I.

YES, it looked dark and dreary,  
That long and narrow street :  
Only the sound of the rain,  
And the tramp of passing feet,  
The duller glow of the fire,  
And gathering mists of night,  
To mark how slow and weary  
The long day's cheerless  
flight !

## II.

Watching the sullen fire,  
Hearing the dismal rain,  
Drop after drop, run down  
On the darkening window  
pane :  
Chill was the heart of Alice,  
Chill as that winter day, —

For the star of her life had risen  
Only to fade away.

## III.

The voice that had been so  
strong  
To bid the snare depart,  
The true and earnest will,  
The calm and steadfast heart,  
Were now weighed down by sorrow,  
Were quivering now with  
pain;  
The clear path now seemed  
clouded,  
And all her grief in vain.

## IV.

Duty, Right, Truth, who promised  
To help and save their own,  
Seemed spreading wide their pinions  
To leave her there alone.  
So, turning from the Present  
To well-known days of yore,  
She called on them to strengthen  
And guard her soul once  
more.

## V.

She thought how in her girlhood  
Her life was given away,  
The solemn promise spoken  
She kept so well to-day;  
How to her brother Herbert  
She had been help and guide,  
And how his artist nature  
On her calm strength relied.

## VI.

How through life's fret and turmoil  
The passion and fire of art  
In him was soothed and quickened  
By her true sister heart;  
How future hopes had always  
Been for his sake alone;  
And now — what strange new  
feeling  
Possessed her as its own?

## VII.

Her home — each flower that  
breathed there,  
The wind's sigh, soft and low,  
Each trembling spray of ivy,  
The river's murmuring flow,  
The shadow of the forest,  
Sunset, or twilight dim, —  
Dear as they were, were dearer  
By leaving them for him.

## VIII.

And each year as it found her  
In the dull, feverish town,  
Saw self still more forgotten,  
And selfish care kept down  
By the calm joy of evening  
That brought him to her side,  
To warn him with wise counsel,  
Or praise with tender pride.

## IX.

Her heart, her life, her future,  
Her genius, only meant  
Another thing to give him,  
And be therewith content.

To-day, what words had stirred  
 her,  
 Her soul could not forget?  
 What dream had filled her spirit  
 With strange and wild regret?

## x.

To leave him for another, —  
 Could it indeed be so?  
 Could it have cost such anguish  
 To bid this vision go?  
 Was this her faith? Was Her-  
 bert

The second in her heart?  
 Did it need all this struggle  
 To bid a dream depart?

## xi.

And yet, within her spirit  
 A far-off land was seen,  
 A home, which might have held  
 her,  
 A love, which might have  
 been.  
 And Life — not the mere being  
 Of daily ebb and flow,  
 But Life itself — had claimed her,  
 And she had let it go!

## xii.

Within her heart there echoed  
 Again the well-known tone  
 That promised this bright future,  
 And asked her for her own:  
 Then words of sorrow, broken  
 By half-reproachful pain:  
 And then a farewell, spoken  
 In words of cold disdain.

## xiii.

Where now was the stern pur-  
 pose  
 That nerved her soul so long?  
 Whence came the words she  
 uttered,  
 So hard, so cold, so strong?  
 What right had she to banish  
 A hope that God had given?  
 Why must she choose earth's  
 portion,  
 And turn aside from Heaven?

## xiv.

To-day! Was it this morning?  
 If this long, fearful strife  
 Was but the work of hours,  
 What would be years of life?  
 Why did a cruel Heaven  
 For such great suffering call?  
 And why — O still more cruel! —  
 Must her own words do all?

## xv.

Did she repent? O Sorrow!  
 Why do we linger still  
 To take thy loving message,  
 And do thy gentle will?  
 See, her tears fall more slowly,  
 The passionate murmurs cease,  
 And back upon her spirit  
 Flow strength, and love, and  
 peace.

## xvi.

The fire burns more brightly,  
 The rain has passed away,  
 Herbert will see no shadow  
 Upon his home to-day:



Only that Alice greets him  
 With doubly tender care,  
 Kissing a fonder blessing  
 Down on his golden hair.

---

II.

I.

THE Studio is deserted,  
 Palette and brush laid by,  
 The sketch rests on the easel,  
 The paint is scarcely dry ;  
 And Silence — who seems always  
 Within her depths to bear  
 The next sound that will utter —  
 Now holds a dumb despair.

II.

So Alice feels it : listening  
 With breathless, stony fear,  
 Waiting the dreadful summons  
 Each minute brings more  
 near :  
 When the young life, now ebb-  
 ing,  
 Shall fail, and pass away  
 Into that mighty shadow  
 Who shrouds the house to-day.

III.

But why — when the sick-cham-  
 ber  
 Is on the upper floor —  
 Why dares not Alice enter  
 Within the close-shut door ?  
 If he — her all — her Brother,  
 Lies dying in that gloom,

What strange mysterious power  
 Has sent her from the room ?

IV.

It is not one week's anguish  
 That can have changed her so ;  
 Joy has not died here lately,  
 Struck down by one quick  
 blow ;  
 But cruel months have needed  
 Their long relentless chain,  
 To teach that shrinking manner  
 Of helpless, hopeless pain.

v.

The struggle was scarce over  
 Last Christmas eve had  
 brought ;  
 The fibres still were quivering  
 Of the one wounded thought,  
 When Herbert — who, uncon-  
 scious,  
 Had guessed no inward strife—  
 Bade her, in pride and pleasure,  
 Welcome his fair young wife.

VI.

Bade her rejoice, and smiling,  
 Although his eyes were dim,  
 Thanked God he thus could pay  
 her  
 The care she gave to him.  
 This fresh bright life would bring  
 her  
 A new and joyous fate —  
 O Alice, check the murmur  
 That cries, " Too late ! too  
 late ! "

## VII.

Too late! Could she have  
known it

A few short weeks before,  
That his life was completed,  
And needing hers no more,  
She might — O sad repining!

What "might have been" for-  
get;

"It was not" should suffice us  
To stifle vain regret.

## VIII.

He needed her no longer,  
Each day it grew more plain;

First with a startled wonder,  
Then with a wondering pain.

Love: why, his wife best gave it;

Comfort: durst Alice speak

Or counsel, when resentment  
Flushed on the young wife's  
cheek?

## IX.

No more long talks by firelight

Of childish times long past,  
And dreams of future greatness

Which he must reach at last;  
Dreams, where her purer instinct

With truth unerring told,  
Where was the worthless gilding,  
And where refined gold.

## X.

Slowly, but surely ever,

Dora's poor jealous pride,  
Which she called love for Her-  
bert,

Drove Alice from his side;

And, spite of nervous effort  
To share their altered life,  
She felt a check to Herbert,  
A burden to his wife.

## XI.

This was the least; for Alice  
Feared, dreaded, *knew* at length  
How much his nature owed her  
Of truth, and power, and  
strength;

And watched the daily failing  
Of all his nobler part:  
Low aims, weak purpose, telling  
In lower, weaker art.

## XII.

And now, when he is dying,  
The last words she could hear  
Must not be hers, but given  
The bride of one short year.

The last care is another's;  
The last prayer must not be  
The one they learnt together  
Beside their mother's knee.

## XIII.

Summoned at last: she kisses  
The clay-cold stiffening hand.  
And, reading pleading efforts  
To make her understand,  
Answers, with solemn promise,  
In clear but trembling tone,  
To Dora's life henceforward  
She will devote her own.

## XIV.

Now all is over. Alice  
Dares not remain to weep,

But soothes the frightened Dora  
Into a sobbing sleep.

The poor weak child will need  
her: . . .

O, who can dare complain,  
When God sends a new Duty  
To comfort each new Pain!

---

III.

I.

THE House is all deserted  
In the dim evening gloom,  
Only one figure passes  
Slowly from room to room;  
And, pausing at each doorway,  
Seems gathering up again  
Within her heart the relics  
Of bygone joy and pain.

II.

There is an earnest longing  
In those who onward gaze,  
Looking with weary patience  
Towards the coming days.  
There is a deeper longing,  
More sad, more strong, more  
keen:  
Those know it who look back-  
ward,  
And yearn for what has been.

III.

At every hearth she pauses,  
Touches each well-known  
chair;  
Gazes from every window,  
Lingers on every stair.

What have these months brought  
Alice

Now one more year is past?  
This Christmas eve shall tell us,  
The third one and the last.

IV.

The wilful, wayward Dora,  
In those first weeks of grief,  
Could seek and find in Alice  
Strength, soothing, and relief.  
And Alice — last sad comfort  
True woman-heart can take —  
Had something still to suffer  
And bear for Her bert's sake.

V.

Spring, with her western breezes,  
From Indian islands bore  
To Alice news that Leonard  
Would seek his home once  
more.

What was it, — joy, or sorrow?  
What were they, — hopes, or  
fears?

That flushed her cheeks with  
crimson,  
And filled her eyes with tears?

VI.

He came. And who so kindly  
Could ask and hear her tell  
Herbert's last hours; for Leon-  
ard  
Had known and loved him  
well.

Daily he came; and Alice,  
Poor weary heart, at length,

Weighed down by others' weak-  
ness,  
Could lean upon his strength.

## VII.

Yet not the voice of Leonard  
Could her true care beguile,  
That turned to watch, rejoicing,  
Dora's reviving smile.  
So, from that little household  
The worst gloom passed away,  
The one bright hour of evening  
Lit up the livelong day.

## VIII.

Days passed. The golden sum-  
mer  
In sudden heat bore down  
Its blue, bright, glowing sweet-  
ness  
Upon the scorching town.  
And sights and sounds of country  
Came in the warm soft tune  
Sung by the honeyed breezes  
Borne on the wings of June.

## IX.

One twilight hour, but earlier  
Than usual, Alice thought  
She knew the fresh sweet fra-  
grance  
Of flowers that Leonard  
brought;  
Through opened doors and win-  
dows  
It stole up through the gloom,  
And with appealing sweetness  
Drew Alice from her room.

## X.

Yes, he was there; and, pausing  
Just near the opened door,  
To check her heart's quick beat-  
ing,  
She heard — and paused still  
more —  
His low voice — Dora's an-  
swers —  
His pleading — Yes, she knew  
The tone — the words — the ac-  
cents;  
She once had heard them too.

## XI.

“Would Alice blame her?”  
Leonard's  
Low, tender answer came:  
“Alice was far too noble  
To think or dream of blame.”  
“And was he sure he loved  
her?”  
“Yes, with the one love given  
Once in a lifetime only,  
With one soul and one heav-  
en!”

## XII.

Then came a plaintive mur-  
mur, —  
“Dora had once been told  
That he and Alice —” “Dear-  
est,  
Alice is far too cold  
To love; and I, my Dora,  
If once I fancied so,  
It was a brief delusion,  
And over — long ago.”

## XIII.

Between the Past and Present,  
On that bleak moment's height,  
She stood. As some lost traveller,

By a quick flash of light  
Seeing a gulf before him,  
With dizzy, sick despair,  
Reels backward, but to find it  
A deeper chasm there.

## XIV.

The twilight grew still darker,  
The fragrant flowers more  
sweet,

The stars shone out in heaven,  
The lamps gleamed down the  
street ;

And hours passed in dreaming  
Over their new-found fate,  
Ere they could think of wonder-  
ing

Why Alice was so late.

## XV.

She came, and calmly listened ;  
In vain they strove to trace  
If Herbert's memory shadowed  
In grief upon her face.  
No blame, no wonder showed  
there,

No feeling could be told ;  
Her voice was not less steady,  
Her manner not more cold.

## XVI.

They could not hear the anguish  
That broke in words of pain

Through the calm summer mid-  
night, —

“ My Herbert — mine again ! ”  
Yes, they have once been parted,  
But this day shall restore  
The long-lost one: she claims  
him ;

“ My Herbert — mine once  
more ! ”

## XVII.

Now Christmas eve returning  
Saw Alice stand beside  
The altar, greeting Dora,  
Again a smiling bride ;  
And now the gloomy evening  
Sees Alice pale and worn,  
Leaving the house forever,  
To wander out forlorn.

## XVIII.

Forlorn — nay, not so. Anguish  
Shall do its work at length ;  
Her soul, passed through the fire,  
Shall gain still purer strength.  
Somewhere there waits for Alice  
An earnest, noble part ;  
And meanwhile God is with  
her, —  
God, and her own true heart !

## THE WIND.

THE wind went forth o'er land  
and sea,  
Loud and free ;

Foaming waves leapt up to  
 meet it,  
 Stately pines bowed down to  
 greet it ;  
 While the wailing sea  
 And the forest's murmured sigh  
 Joined the cry  
 Of the wind that swept o'er land  
 and sea.

The wind that blew upon the sea  
 Fierce and free,  
 Cast the bark upon the shore,  
 Whence it sailed the night be-  
 fore  
 Full of hope and glee ;  
 And the cry of pain and death  
 Was but a breath,  
 Through the wind that roared  
 upon the sea.

The wind was whispering on the  
 lea  
 Tenderly ;  
 But the white rose felt it pass,  
 And the fragile stalks of grass  
 Shook with fear to see  
 All her trembling petals shed,  
 As it fled  
 So gently by, — the wind upon  
 the lea.

Blow, thou wind, upon the sea  
 Fierce and free,  
 And a gentler message send,  
 Where frail flowers and grasses  
 bend,  
 On the sunny lea ;

For thy bidding still is one,  
 Be it done  
 In tenderness or wrath, on land  
 or sea !

---

EXPECTATION.

THE King's three daughters  
 stood on the terrace,  
 The hanging terrace, so broad  
 and green,  
 Which keeps the sea from the  
 marble Palace :  
 There was Princess May, and  
 Princess Alice,  
 And the youngest Princess,  
 Gwendoline.

Sighed Princess May, " Will it  
 last much longer,  
 Time throbs so slow and my  
 Heart so quick ;  
 And O, how long is the day in  
 dying !  
 Weary am I of waiting and  
 sighing,  
 For Hope deferred makes the  
 spirit sick."

But Princess Gwendoline smiled  
 and kissed her : —  
 " Am I not sadder than you, my  
 Sister ?  
 Expecting joy is a happy pain.  
 The Future's fathomless mine of  
 treasures,



All countless hordes of possible pleasures,  
Might bring their store to my feet in vain."

Sighed Princess Alice as night grew nearer : —

"So soon, so soon, is the daylight fled!

And O, how fast comes the dark to-morrow,

Who hides, perhaps, in her veil of sorrow

The terrible hour I wait and dread!"

But Princess Gwendoline kissed her, sighing : —

"It is only Life that can fear dying ;

Possible loss means possible gain. Those who still dread are not quite forsaken ;

But not to fear, because all is taken,

Is the loneliest depth of human pain."

---

### AN IDEAL.

WHILE the gray mists of early dawn

Were lingering round the hill,  
And the dew was still upon the flowers,

And the earth lay calm and still,

A wingéd Spirit came to me,  
Noble, and radiant, and free.

Folding his blue and shining wings,

He laid his hand on mine.

I know not if I felt, or heard

The mystic word divine,

Which woke the trembling air to sighs,

And shone from out his starry eyes.

The word he spoke within my heart

Stirred life unknown before,

And cast a spell upon my soul

To chain it evermore ;

Making the cold, dull earth look bright,

And skies flame out in sapphire light.

When noon ruled from the heavens, and man

Through busy day toiled on,

My Spirit drooped his shining wings ;

His radiant smile was gone ;

His voice had ceased, his grace had flown,

His hand grew cold within my own.

Bitter, O bitter tears I wept,

Yet still I held his hand,

Hoping with vague unreasoning hope :

I would not understand

That this pale Spirit nevermore  
Could be what he had been before.

Could it be so ? My heart stood  
still.

Yet he was by my side.  
I strove ; but my despair was  
vain ;

Vain too was love and pride.  
Could he have changed to me  
so soon ?

My day was only at its noon.

Now stars are rising one by one,  
Through the dim evening air ;  
Near me a household Spirit waits,  
With tender loving care ;  
He speaks and smiles, but never  
sings,  
Long since he lost his shining  
wings.

With thankful, true content, I  
know  
This is the better way ;  
Is not a faithful spirit mine —  
Mine still — at close of  
day ? . . .  
Yet will my foolish heart repine  
For that bright morning dream  
of mine.

---

OUR DEAD.

NOTHING is our own : we hold  
our pleasures  
Just a little while, ere they are  
fled :

One by one life robs us of our  
treasures ;  
Nothing is our own except our  
Dead.

They are ours, and hold in faith-  
ful keeping,  
Safe forever, all they took away.  
Cruel life can never stir that  
sleeping,  
Cruel time can never seize that  
prey.

Justice pales ; truth fades ; stars  
fall from heaven ;  
Human are the great whom we  
revere :  
No true crown of honor can be  
given,  
Till we place it on a funeral bier.

How the Children leave us : and  
no traces  
Linger of that smiling angel  
band ;  
Gone, forever gone ; and in their  
their places  
Weary men and anxious women  
stand.

Yet we have some little ones,  
still ours ;  
They have kept the baby smile  
we know,  
Which we kissed one day, and  
hid with flowers,  
On their dead white faces, long  
ago.

When our Joy is lost — and life  
 will take it —  
 Then no memory of the past  
 remains ;  
 Save with some strange, cruel  
 sting, to make it  
 Bitterness beyond all present  
 pains.

Death, more tender - hearted,  
 leaves to sorrow  
 Still the radiant shadow, fond  
 regret :  
 We shall find, in some far, bright  
 to-morrow,  
 Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is Love ours, and do we dream  
 we know it,  
 Bound with all our heart-strings,  
 all our own ?  
 Any cold and cruel dawn may  
 show it,  
 Shattered, desecrated, over-  
 thrown.

Only the dead Hearts forsake us  
 never ;  
 Death's last kiss has been the  
 mystic sign  
 Consecrating Love our own for-  
 ever,  
 Crowning it eternal and divine.

So when Fate would fain besiege  
 our city,  
 Dim our gold, or make our  
 flowers fall,

Death, the Angel, comes in love  
 and pity,  
 And, to save our treasures, claims  
 them all.

---

### A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I WILL not let you say a Wo-  
 man's part  
 Must be to give exclusive love  
 alone ;  
 Dearest, although I love you so,  
 my heart  
 Answers a thousand claims  
 besides your own.

I love — what do I not love ?  
 earth and air  
 Find space within my heart,  
 and myriad things  
 You would not deign to heed are  
 cherished there,  
 And vibrate on its very in-  
 most strings.

I love the Summer with her ebb  
 and flow  
 Of light, and warmth, and  
 music, that have nurst  
 Her tender buds to blossoms . . .  
 and you know  
 It was in summer that I saw  
 you first.

I love the Winter dearly, too, . . .  
but then

I owe it so much ; on a winter's day,

Bleak, cold, and stormy, you returned again,

When you had been those weary months away.

I love the Stars like friends ; so many nights

I gazed at them, when you were far from me,

Till I grew blind with tears . . . those far-off lights

Could watch you, whom I longed in vain to see.

I love the Flowers ; happy hours lie

Shut up within their petals close and fast :

You have forgotten, dear ; but they and I

Keep every fragment of the golden Past.

I love, too, to be loved ; all loving praise

Seems like a crown upon my Life, — to make

It better worth the giving, and to raise

Still nearer to your own the heart you take.

I love all good and noble souls ; — I heard

One speak of you but lately, and for days,

Only to think of it, my soul was stirred

In tender memory of such generous praise.

I love all those who love you ; all who owe

Comfort to you : and I can find regret

Even for those poorer hearts who once could know

And once could love you, and can now forget.

Well, is my heart so narrow, — I, who spare

Love for all these ? Do I not even hold

My favorite books in special tender care,

And prize them as a miser does his gold ?

The Poets that you used to read to me

While summer twilights faded in the sky ;

But most of all I think Aurora Leigh,

Because — because — do you remember why ?

Will you be jealous ? Did you guess before

I loved so many things ? — Still you the best : —

Dearest, remember that I love you more,

O, more a thousand times, than all the rest !

THE STORY OF THE  
FAITHFUL SOUL.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD FRENCH  
LEGEND.

THE fettered Spirits linger  
In purgatorial pain,  
With penal fires effacing  
Their last faint earthly stain,  
Which Life's imperfect sorrow  
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet, on each feast of Mary  
Their sorrow finds release,  
For the Great Archangel Mi-  
chael  
Comes down and bids it cease;  
And the name of these brief  
respite  
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once — so runs the Legend —  
When the Archangel came,  
And all these holy spirits  
Rejoiced at Mary's name,  
One voice alone was wailing,  
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum  
The happy echoes woke,  
This one discordant wailing  
Through the sweet voices  
broke :

So when St. Michael questioned,  
Thus the poor spirit spoke : —

"I am not cold or thankless,  
Although I still complain;  
I prize our Lady's blessing,  
Although it comes in vain

To still my bitter anguish,  
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me  
Still lives and mourns me  
there,  
And the shadow of his anguish  
Is more than I can bear;  
All the torment that I suffer  
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal  
Death took my Life away;  
Not all Love's passionate plead-  
ing  
Could gain an hour's delay.  
And he I left has suffered  
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him, —  
If I could only go  
And speak one word of comfort  
And solace, — then I know  
He would endure with patience,  
And strive against his woe."

Thus the Archangel answered : —  
"Your time of pain is brief,  
And soon the peace of Heaven  
Will give you full relief;  
Yet if his earthly comfort  
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then through a special mercy  
I offer you this grace, —  
You may seek him who mourns  
you,  
And look upon his face,  
And speak to him of comfort  
For one short minute's space

“But when that time is ended,  
Return here, and remain  
A thousand years in torment,  
A thousand years in pain :  
Thus dearly must you purchase  
The comfort he will gain.”

\* \* \* \*

The Lime-trees' shade at evening  
Is spreading broad and wide ;  
Beneath their fragrant arches,  
Pace slowly, side by side,  
In low and tender converse,  
A Bridegroom and his Bride.

The night is calm and stilly,  
No other sound is there  
Except their happy voices :  
What is that cold bleak air  
That passes through the Lime-  
trees,  
And stirs the Bridegroom's  
hair ?

While one low cry of anguish,  
Like the last dying wail  
Of some dumb, hunted creature,  
Is borne upon the gale : —  
Why does the Bridegroom shud-  
der  
And turn so deathly pale ?

\* \* \* \*

Near Purgatory's entrance  
The radiant Angels wait ;  
It was the great St. Michael  
Who closed that gloomy gate,  
When the poor wandering spirit  
Came back to meet her fate.

“Pass on,” thus spoke the An-  
gel :  
“Heaven's joy is deep and  
vast ;  
Pass on, pass on, poor Spirit,  
For Heaven is yours at last ;  
In that one minute's anguish  
Your thousand years have  
passed.”

---

A CONTRAST.

CAN you open that ebony Cas-  
ket ?

Look, this is the key : but stay,  
Those are only a few old letters  
Which I keep, — to burn some  
day.

Yes, that Locket is quaint and  
ancient ;

But leave it, dear, with the ring,  
And give me the little Portrait  
Which hangs by a crimson  
string.

I have never opened that Casket,  
Since, many long years ago,  
It was sent me back in anger  
By one whom I used to know.

But I want you to see the Por-  
trait :

I wonder if you can trace  
A look of that smiling creature  
Left now in my faded face.



It was like me once; but re-  
member  
The weary, relentless years,  
And Life, with its fierce brief  
tempests,  
And its long, long rain of  
tears.

Is it strange to call it my Por-  
trait?  
Nay, smile, dear, for well you  
may,  
To think of that radiant Vision  
And of what I am to-day.

With restless, yet confident long-  
ing,  
How those blue eyes seem to  
gaze  
Into deep and exhaustless treas-  
ures,  
All hid in the coming days.

With that trust which leans on  
the Future,  
And counts on her promised  
store,  
Until she has taught us to  
tremble  
And hope, — but to trust no  
more.

How that young, light heart  
would have pitied  
Me now — if her dreams had  
shown  
A quiet and weary woman  
With all her illusions flown.

Yet I — who shall soon be rest-  
ing,  
And have passed the hardest  
part —  
Can look back with a deeper  
pity  
On that young, unconscious  
heart.

It is strange; but Life's currents  
drift us  
So surely and swiftly on,  
That we scarcely notice the  
changes,  
And how many things are  
gone:

And forget, while to-day absorbs  
us,  
How old mysteries are un-  
sealed;  
How the old, old ties are loosened,  
And the old, old wounds are  
healed.

And we say that our Life is fleet-  
ing  
Like a story that Time has  
told;  
But we fancy that we — we  
only —  
Are just what we were of old.

So now and then it is wisdom  
To gaze, as I do to-day,  
At a half-forgotten relic  
Of a Time that is passed away.

The very look of that Portrait,  
The perfume that seems to  
cling

To those fragile and faded let-  
ters,

And the Locket, and the Ring,

If they only stirred in my spirit  
Forgotten pleasure and pain,—

Why, memory is often bitter,  
And almost always in vain ;

But the contrast of bygone hours  
Comes to rend a veil away,—

And I marvel to see the stranger  
Who is living in me to-day.

---

### THE BRIDE'S DREAM.

THE stars are gleaming ;

The maiden sleeps, —

What is she dreaming ?

For see — she weeps.

By her side is an Angel

With folded wings ;

While the Maiden slumbers,

The Angel sings :

He sings of a Bridal,

Of Love, of Pain,

Of a heart to be given, —

And all in vain ;

(See, her cheek is flushing,

As if with pain ;)

He telleth of sorrow,

Regrets and fears,

And the few vain pleasures

We buy with tears ;

And the bitter lesson  
We learn from years.

The stars are gleaming

Upon her brow ·

What is she dreaming

So calmly now ?

By her side is the Angel

With folded wings ;

She smiles in her slumber

The while he sings.

He sings of a Bridal,

Of Love divine ;

Of a heart to be laid

On a sacred shrine ;

Of a crown of glory,

Where seraphs shine ;

Of the deep, long rapture

The chosen know

Who forsake for Heaven

Vain joys below,

Who desire no pleasure,

And fear no woe.

The Bells are ringing,

The sun shines clear,

The Choir is singing,

The guests are here.

Before the High Altar

Behold the Bride ;

And a mournful Angel

Is by her side.

She smiles, all content

With her chosen lot, —

(Is her last night's dreaming

So soon forgot ?)

And oh, may the Angel

Forsake her not !

For on her small hand

There glitters plain

The first sad link  
Of a life-long chain ; —  
And she needs his guiding  
Through paths of pain.

---

### THE ANGEL'S BIDDING.

NOT a sound is heard in the  
Convent ;

The Vesper Chant is sung,  
The sick have all been tended,  
The poor nun's toils are ended  
Till the Matin bell has rung.  
All is still, save the Clock, that  
is ticking

So loud in the frosty air,  
And the soft snow, falling as  
gently

As an answer to a prayer.

But an Angel whispers,

“ O Sister,

You must rise from your  
bed to pray ;

In the silent, deserted chapel,  
You must kneel till the  
dawn of day ;

For, far on the desolate  
moorland,

So dreary, and bleak, and  
white,

There is one, all alone and  
helpless,

In peril of death to-night.

“ No sound on the moorland to  
guide him,

No star in the murky air ;

And he thinks of his home and  
his loved ones

With the tenderness of de-  
spair ;

He has wandered for hours in  
the snow-drift,

And he strives to stand in  
vain,

And so lies down to dream of  
his children,

And never to rise again.

Then kneel in the silent  
chapel

Till the dawn of to-mor-  
row's sun,

And ask of the Lord you  
worship

For the life of that desolate  
one ;

And the smiling eyes of his  
children

Will gladden his heart  
again,

And the grateful tears of  
God's poor ones

Will fall on your soul like  
rain !

“ Yet, leave him alone to perish,  
And the grace of your God  
implore,

With all the strength of your  
spirit,

For one who needs it more.

Far away, in the gleaming city,  
Amid perfume, and song, and  
light,

A soul that Jesus has ransomed  
Is in peril of sin to-night.

“The Tempter is close beside him,  
And his danger is all forgot,  
And the far-off voices of child-  
hood

Call aloud, but he hears them  
not ;

He sayeth no prayer, and his  
mother —

He thinks not of her to-day,  
And he will not look up to  
heaven,

And his Angel is turning  
away.

“Then pray for a soul in peril,  
A soul for which Jesus died ;  
Ask, by the cross that bore Him,  
And by her who stood beside ;  
And the Angels of God will  
thank you,

And bend from their thrones  
of light,

To tell you that Heaven rejoices  
At the deed you have done to-  
night.”

---

SPRING.

HARK ! the hours are softly call-  
ing,

Bidding Spring arise,

To listen to the rain-drops falling  
From the cloudy skies,

To listen to Earth's weary  
voices,

Louder every day,

Bidding her no longer linger  
On her charmed way ;

But hasten to her task of beauty  
Scarcely yet begun ;

By the first bright day of Summer  
It should all be done.

She has yet to loose the fountain  
From its iron chain ;

And to make the barren moun-  
tain

Green and bright again ;

She must clear the snow that  
lingers

Round the stalks away,

And let the snow-drop's trem-  
bling whiteness

See the light of day.

She must watch, and warm, and  
cherish

Every blade of green,

Till the tender grass appearing  
From the earth is seen ;

She must bring the golden crocus  
From her hidden store ;

She must spread broad showers  
of daisies

Each day more and more.

In each hedge-row she must  
hasten

Cowslips sweet to set ;

Primroses in rich profusion,

With bright dew-drops wet,

And under every leaf, in shadow  
Hide a violet !

Every tree within the forest

Must be decked anew ;

And the tender buds of promise  
Should be peeping through,

Folded deep, and almost hidden,  
Leaf by leaf beside,

What will make the Summer's  
 glory,  
 And the Autumn's pride.  
 She must weave the loveliest car-  
 pets,  
 Checkered sun and shade,  
 Every wood must have such path-  
 ways,  
 Laid in every glade ;  
 She must hang laburnum  
 branches  
 On each archéd bough ; —  
 And the white and purple lilac  
 Should be waving now ;  
 She must breathe, and cold winds  
 vanish  
 At her breath away ;  
 And then load the air around her  
 With the scent of May !  
 Listen then, O Spring ! nor  
 linger  
 On thy charméd way ;  
 Have pity on thy prisoned flowers  
 Wearing for the day.  
 Listen to the rain-drops falling  
 From the cloudy skies ;  
 Listen to the hours calling,  
 Bidding thee arise.

---

EVENING HYMN.

THE shadows of the evening  
 hours  
 Fall from the darkening sky ;  
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers  
 The dews of evening lie ;

Before thy throne, O Lord of  
 heaven,  
 We kneel at close of day ;  
 Look on thy children from on  
 high,  
 And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants,  
 Lord,  
 O do not thou despise ;  
 But let the incense of our prayers  
 Before thy mercy rise ;  
 The brightness of the coming  
 night  
 Upon the darkness rolls :  
 With hopes of future glory chase  
 The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;  
 So fade within our heart  
 The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
 That one by one depart :  
 Slowly the bright stars, one by  
 one,  
 Within the heavens shine ; —  
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in  
 Heaven,  
 And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O  
 God,  
 Upon our souls descend ;  
 From midnight fears and perils,  
 thou  
 Our trembling hearts defend ;  
 Give us a respite from our toil,  
 Calm and subdue our woes ;  
 Through the long day we suffer,  
 Lord,  
 O give us now repose !

## THE INNER CHAMBER.

In the outer Court I was singing,  
Was singing the whole day  
long ;

From the inner chamber were  
ringing  
Echoes repeating my song.

And I sang till it grew immortal ;  
For that very song of mine,  
When re-echoed behind the Por-  
tal,  
Was filled with a life divine.

Was the Chamber a silver round  
Of arches, whose magical art  
Drew in coils of musical sound,  
And cast them back on my  
heart ?

Was there hidden within a lyre  
Which, as air breathed over  
its strings,  
Filled my song with a soul of  
fire,  
And sent back my words with  
wings ?

Was some seraph imprisoned  
there,  
Whose Voice made my song  
complete,  
And whose lingering, soft de-  
spair  
Made the echo so faint and sweet ?

Long I trembled and paused, —  
then parted  
The curtains with heavy fringe ;

And, half fearing, yet eager-  
hearted,  
Turned the door on its golden  
hinge.

Now I sing in the court once  
more,  
I sing and I weep all day,  
As I kneel by the close-shut  
door,  
For I know what the echoes say.

Yet I sing not the song of old,  
Ere I knew whence the echo  
came,  
Ere I opened the door of gold ;  
But the music sounds just the  
same.

Then take warning, and turn  
away ;  
Do not ask of that hidden  
thing,  
Do not guess what the echoes say,  
Or the meaning of what I sing.

## HEARTS.

## I.

A TRINKET made like a Heart,  
dear,  
Of red gold, bright and fine,  
Was given to me for a keepsake,  
Given to me for mine.



And another heart, warm and  
tender,

As true as a heart could be ;  
And every throb that stirred it  
Was always and all for me.

Sailing over the waters,  
Watching the far blue land,  
I dropped my golden heart, dear,  
Dropped it out of my hand !

It lies in the cold, blue waters,  
Fathoms and fathoms deep,  
The golden heart which I prom-  
ised,  
Promised to prize and keep.

Gazing at Life's bright visions,  
So false, and fair, and new,  
I forgot the other heart, dear,  
Forgot it and lost it too !

I might seek that heart forever,  
I might seek and seek in  
vain ;—  
And for one short, careless hour,  
I pay with a life of pain.

---

## II.

THE Heart ? — Yes, I wore it  
As sign and as token  
Of a love that once gave it,  
A vow that was spoken ;

But a love, and a vow, and a  
heart  
Can be broken.

The Love ? — Life and Death  
Are crushed into a day,  
So ' what wonder that Love  
Should as soon pass away, —  
What wonder I saw it  
Fade, fail, and decay ?

The Vow ? — why what was it ?  
It snapped like a thread ;  
Who cares for the corpse  
When the spirit is fled ?  
Then I said, " Let the Dead rise  
And bury its dead,

" While the true, living future  
Grows pure, wise, and strong."'  
So I cast the gold heart  
I had worn for so long  
In the Lake, and bound on it  
A Stone — and a Wrong !

---

## III.

LOOK, this little golden Heart  
Was a true-love shrine  
For a tress of hair ; I held them,  
Heart and tress, as mine,  
Like the Love which gave the  
token : —  
See, to-day the Heart is broken !

Broken is the golden heart,  
 Lost the tress of hair ;  
 Ah, the shrine is empty, vacant,  
 Desolate and bare !  
 So the token should depart,  
 When Love dies within the heart.

Fast and deep the river floweth,  
 Floweth to the west ;  
 I will cast the golden trinket  
 In its cold dark breast : —  
 Flow, O river, deep and fast,  
 Over all the buried past !

---

### TWO LOVES.

DEEP within my heart of hearts,  
 dear,  
 Bound with all its strings,  
 Two Loves are together reigning,  
 Both are crowned like Kings ;  
 While my life, still uncomplaining,  
 Rests beneath their wings.

So they both will rule my heart,  
 dear,  
 Till it cease to beat ;  
 No sway can be deeper, stronger,  
 Truer, more complete ;  
 Growing, as it lasts the longer,  
 Sweeter, and more sweet.

One all life and time transfigures ;  
 Piercing through and through

Meaner things with magic splendor,  
 Old, yet ever new :  
 This — so strong and yet so tender —  
 Is . . . my Love for you.

Should it fail, — forgive my doubting  
 In this world of pain, —  
 Yet my other Love would ever  
 Steadfastly remain ;  
 And I know that I could never  
 Turn to that in vain.

Though its radiance may be fainter,  
 Yet its task is wide ;  
 For it lives to comfort sorrows,  
 Strengthen, calm, and guide,  
 And from Trust and Honor borrow  
 All its peace and pride.

Will you blame my dreaming,  
 even  
 If the first were flown ?  
 Ah, I would not live without it,  
 It is all your own :  
 And the other — can you doubt  
 it ? —  
 Yours, and yours alone.

---

### A WOMAN'S LAST WORD.

WELL — the links are broken,  
 All is past ;

This farewell, when spoken,  
 Is the last.  
 I have tried and striven  
 All in vain ;  
 Such bonds must be riven,  
 Spite of pain,  
 And never, never, never  
 Knit again.

So I tell you plainly,  
 It must be :  
 I shall try, not vainly,  
 To be free ;  
 Truer, happier chances  
 Wait me yet,  
 While you, through fresh fancies,  
 Can forget ; —  
 And life has nobler uses  
 Than Regret.

All past words retracing,  
 One by one,  
 Does not help effacing  
 What is done.  
 Let it be. O, stronger  
 Links can break !  
 Had we dreamed still longer  
 We could wake, —  
 Yet let us part in kindness  
 For Love's sake.

Bitterness and sorrow  
 Will at last,  
 In some bright to-morrow,  
 Heal their past ;  
 But future hearts will never  
 Be as true

As mine was — is ever,  
 Dear, for you . . . .  
 . . Then must we part, when  
 loving  
 As we do ?

---

PAST AND PRESENT.

“LINGER,” I cried, “O radiant  
 Time ! thy power  
 Has nothing more to give ; life  
 is complete :  
 Let but the perfect Present, hour  
 by hour,  
 Itself remember and itself repeat.

“And Love, — the future can  
 but mar its splendor,  
 Change can but dim the glory of  
 its youth ;  
 Time has no star more faithful  
 or more tender  
 To crown its constancy or light  
 its truth.”

But Time passed on in spite of  
 prayer or pleading,  
 Through storm and peril ; but  
 that life might gain  
 A Peace through strife all other  
 peace exceeding,  
 Fresh joy from sorrow, and new  
 hope from pain.

And since Love lived when all  
 save Love was dying,  
 And, passed through fire, grew  
 stronger than before : —  
 Dear, you know why, in double  
 faith relying,  
 I prize the Past much, but the  
 Present more.

---

FOR THE FUTURE.

I WONDER did you ever count  
 The value of one human fate ;  
 Or sum the infinite amount  
 Of one heart's treasures, and  
 the weight  
 Of Life's one venture, and the  
 whole concentrate purpose  
 of a soul.

And if you ever paused to  
 think  
 That all this in your hands I  
 laid  
 Without a fear : — did you  
 not shrink  
 From such a burden ? half  
 afraid,  
 Half wishing that you could di-  
 vide the risk, or cast it all  
 aside.

While Love has daily perils,  
 such  
 As none foresee and none con-  
 trol ;

And hearts are strung so that  
 one touch,  
 Careless or rough, may jar the  
 whole,  
 You well might feel afraid to  
 reign with absolute power  
 of joy and pain.

You well might fear — if  
 Love's sole claim  
 Were to be happy : but true Love  
 Takes joy as solace, not as aim,  
 And looks beyond, and looks  
 above ;  
 And sometimes through the bit-  
 terest strife first learns to  
 live her highest life.

Earth forges joy into a chain  
 Till fettered Love forgets its  
 strength,  
 Its purpose, and its end ; —  
 but Pain  
 Restores its heritage at length,  
 And bids Love rise again and be  
 eternal, mighty, pure, and  
 free.

If then your future life should  
 need  
 A strength my Love can only  
 gain  
 Through suffering, or my heart  
 be freed  
 Only by sorrow from some  
 stain,  
 Then you shall give, and I will  
 take, this Crown of fire for  
 Love's dear sake.

September 8, 1860.



A CHAPLET OF VERSES.





PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF  
THE PROVIDENCE ROW NIGHT REFUGE  
FOR  
HOMELESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THERE is scarcely any charitable institution which should excite such universal, such unhesitating sympathy, as a Night Refuge for the Homeless Poor.

A shelter through the bleak winter nights, leave to rest in some poor shed instead of wandering through the pitiless streets, is a boon we could hardly deny to a starving dog. And yet we have all known that in this country, in this town, many of our miserable fellow-creatures were pacing the streets through the long weary nights, without a roof to shelter them, without food to eat, with their poor rags soaked in rain, and only the bitter winds of Heaven for companions; women and children utterly forlorn and helpless, either wandering about all night, or crouching under a miserable archway, or, worst of all, seeking in death or sin the refuge denied them elsewhere. It is a marvel that we could sleep in peace in our warm, comfortable

homes with this horror at our very door.

But at last some efforts were made to efface this stain upon our country, public sympathy was appealed to, and a few "Refuges" were opened, to shelter our homeless poor through the winter nights.

In the autumn of 1860 there was no Catholic Refuge in the kingdom; and excellent as were the Protestant Refuges, their resources were quite inadequate to meet the claims upon them.

In this country, as we all know, the very poorest and most destitute are in many cases Catholics; and doubtless our Priests, to whom no form of sin or sorrow is strange, must see in a special manner, and in innumerable results, the sufferings, dangers, and temptations of the homeless. The Rev. Dr. Gilbert therefore resolved to open a Catholic Night Refuge in his parish, and to his zealous charity and unwearied efforts are due

the foundation and success of the PROVIDENCE ROW NIGHT REFUGE FOR HOMELESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN; the first Catholic Refuge in England or Ireland, and still the only one in England.

The Sisters of Mercy had long been aiding their pastors in the schools of the parish, and when this new opening for their charity was suggested to them, they unhesitatingly accepted a task, worthy indeed of the holy name they bear. They were seeking for some house more suitable for a Convent than the one they had hitherto occupied in Broad Street; and when Dr. Gilbert saw the large stable at the back of 14 Finsbury Square, he felt that here was a suitable place for his long-cherished plan of a Night Refuge. It was separated from the house by a yard, and opened on a narrow street at the back, already called, with a happy appropriateness, Providence Row. To Finsbury Square therefore the community removed, and it was not long before the stable was fitted up with wooden beds and benches, the few preparations were completed, and on the 7th of October, 1860, the Refuge was opened. At first there were but fourteen beds, but contributions flowed in from Protestants as well as Catholics, and in February, 1861, thirty-

one more beds were added, making in all forty-five. But as many of the poor women have children with them, rarely less than sixty persons are each night admitted. Up to the present time, fourteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-five nights' lodgings have been given, with the same number of suppers and breakfasts.

From six to eight are the hours of admission; but this is indeed a needless rule, for a crowd of ragged women, with pale, weary children clinging to them, are waiting patiently long before the doors are opened, and the place is filled at once.

Means for washing are given them, they rest themselves in warmth, light, and peace, and at eight o'clock each person receives half a pound of bread and a large basin of excellent gruel. Night prayers are said by one of the Sisters, and then the poor wanderers lie down in their rude but clean and comfortable beds. They have the same meal in the morning.

Those who come on Saturday evening remain till Monday, receiving on Sunday, besides the usual breakfast and supper, an extra half-pound of bread, and a good supply of meat soup. There is no distinction of creed; Protestants and Catholics are alike admitted. There are t

two conditions of admittance, — that the applicants be homeless and of good character. This is the only Refuge which makes character a condition; and it is found that, in spite of all precautions, much harm arises in the other Refuges to the young and innocent, from the bad language and evil example of the degraded class with whom they are brought in contact.

Each evening (and on Sundays more fully) simple instructions on the Catechism are given by one of the Sisters; but this the Protestants do not attend; they frequently ask leave to be present, but it is not permitted, (without the special permission of one of the clergy,) as the instructions on the practice of our faith would be to them comparatively useless and unmeaning.

The temporary shelter and food which is given in Providence Row is not the only, perhaps often not the greatest, benefit bestowed upon the poor forlorn inmates. They find advice, sympathy, and help from the kind Sisters; and the very telling their troubles to one who is there to serve and tend them, not for any earthly reward, but from Christian love and pity, must be a rest to their weary hearts, a comfort in their sore want and distress. It is touching to see their eager desire to

be allowed to help the Sister in the cleaning, cooking, etc., and the half-ashamed thankfulness with which they watch her busied in their service.

One of the Nuns sleeps every night in the Refuge, and no unruly sound, no whisper of murmur or disrespect, ever rises against her gentle sway. Nay, even more, when she has the sad task of selecting among the waiting crowd the number who may enter, choosing generally those with children and those who have not applied before, the rest submit without a murmur. Though the little ones are hardly counted, but creep in by their mothers' sides, there are still many — sometimes thirty or forty nightly — turned away for want of space. They have had a glimpse of warmth and light, and then it is the cruel office of the kind Nun to bar the door against them; but no angry word, no remonstrance, meets her sorrowful refusal; they turn once more to their weary wanderings in the dark, bleak streets. And so will many have to do, night after night, until the Refuge is enlarged. The present space will hold no more beds, but to build an additional dormitory is the earnest desire and intention of Dr. Gilbert.

*No salaries are received by any who have charge of the Refuge.*



Among the many causes for gratitude we have to our good Religious, surely it is not one of the least, that what we can spare in the cause of charity goes solely and directly to its object; the more difficult and more perfect share of the good work being taken by them out of love to God and his poor.

The Refuge is open from the month of October to April.

It is placed under the special patronage of Our Blessed Lady, and Blessed Benedict Labré.

May the Mother who wandered homeless through inhospitable Bethlehem, and the Saint who was a beggar and an outcast upon the face of the earth, watch over this Refuge for the poor and desolate, and obtain from the charity of the faithful the aid which it so sorely needs.

I may add, that donations for the Refuge will be thankfully received by the Rev. Dr. Gilbert, 22 Finsbury Circus, or by the Rev. Mother, at the Convent, 14 Finsbury Square, E. C.

We all meditate long and often on the many kinds of sufferings borne for us by our Blessed Redeemer; but perhaps, if we consider a moment, we shall most of us confess, that the one we think of least often, the one we compassionate least of all, is the only one of which he deigned to tell us himself, and for which he himself appealed to our pity in the Divine complaint, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man *has not where to lay his head.*"

A. A. P.

May, 1862.

# A CHAPLET OF VERSES.

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## THE ARMY OF THE LORD.

### I.

To fight the battle of the Cross, Christ's chosen ones are sent, —  
Good soldiers and great victors, — a noble armament.  
They use no earthly weapon, they know not spear or sword,  
Yet right and true and valiant is the army of the Lord.

### II.

Fear them, ye mighty ones of earth ; fear them, ye demon foes ;  
Slay them and think to conquer, but the ranks will always close :  
In vain do Earth and Hell unite their power and skill to try,  
They fight better for their wounds, and they conquer when they die.

### III.

The soul of every sinner is the victory they would gain ;  
They would bind each rebel heart in their Master's golden chain :  
Faith is the shield they carry, and the two-edged sword they bear  
Is God's strongest, mightiest weapon, and they call it Love and  
Prayer.

### IV.

Where the savage hordes are dwelling by the Ganges' sacred tide,  
Through the trackless Indian forests, St. Francis is their guide ;  
Where crime and sin are raging, to conquer they are gone ; —  
They do conquer as they go, for St. Philip leads them on.

## V.

They are come where all are kneeling at the shrines of wealth and  
 pride,  
 And an old and martyred Bishop is their comrade and their guide:  
 To tell the toil-worn negro of freedom and repose,  
 O'er the vast Atlantic's bosom they are called by sweet St. Rose.

## VI.

They are gone where Love is frozen, and Faith grown calm and cold,  
 Where the world is all triumphant, and the sheep have left the fold,  
 Where His children scorn His blessings, and His sacred Shrines,  
 despise, —  
 And the beacon of the warriors is the light in Mary's eyes.

## VII.

The bugle for their battle is the matin bell for prayer;  
 And for their noble standard Christ's holy Cross they bear;  
 His sacred name their war-cry, 't is in vain what ye can do,  
 They *must* conquer, for your Angels are leaguings with them too.

## VIII.

Would you know, O World, these warriors? Go where the poor,  
 the old,  
 Ask for pardon and for heaven, and you offer food and gold;  
 With healing and with comfort, with words of peace and prayer,  
 Bearing His greatest gift to man, — Christ's chosen priests are there.

## IX.

Where sin and crime are dwelling, hid from the light of day,  
 And life and hope are fading at Death's cold touch away,  
 Where dying eyes in horror see the long-forgotten past,  
 Christ's servants claim the sinner, and gain his soul at last.

## X.

Where the rich and proud and mighty God's message would defy,  
 In warning and reproof His anointed ones stand by:  
 Bright are the crowns of glory God keepeth for His own,  
 Their life one sigh for heaven, and their aim His will alone.

## XI.

And see sweet Mercy's sister, where the poor and wretched dwell,  
 In gentle accents telling of Him she loves so well ;  
 Training young hearts to serve their Lord, and place their hope in  
     Heaven,  
 Bidding her erring sisters love much and be forgiven.

## XII.

And where in cloistered silence dim the Brides of Jesus dwell,  
 Where purest incense rises up from every lowly cell,  
 They plead not vainly, — they have chosen and gained the better part,  
 And given their gentle life away to Him who has their heart.

## XIII.

And some there are among us — the path which they have trod  
 Of sin and pain and anguish has led at last to God :  
 They plead, and Christ will hear them, that the poor slaves who pine  
 In the bleak dungeon they have left, may see His truth divine.

## XIV.

O, who can tell how many hearts are altars to His praise,  
 From which the silent prayer ascends through patient nights and  
     days :  
 The sacrifice is offered still in secret and alone,  
 O World, ye do not know them, but He can help His own.

## XV.

They are with us, His true soldiers, they come in power and might ;  
 Glorious the crown which they shall gain after the heavenly fight ;  
 And you, perchance, who scoff, may yet their rest and glory share,  
 As the rich spoil of their battle and the captives of their prayer.

## XVI.

O, who shall tell the wonder of that great day of rest,  
 When even in this place of strife His soldiers are so blest :  
 O World, O Earth, why strive ye ? join the low chant they sing, —  
 "O Grave, where is thy victory ! O Death, where is thy sting !"

## THE STAR OF THE SEA.

How many a mighty ship  
 The stormy waves o'erwhelm ;  
 Yet our frail bark floats on,  
 Our Angel holds the helm :  
 Dark storms are gathering round,  
 And dangerous winds arise,  
 Yet see ! one trembling star  
 Is shining in the skies ; —  
 And we are safe who trust in  
 thee,  
 Star of the Sea !

A long and weary voyage  
 Have we to reach our home,  
 And dark and sunken rocks  
 Are hid in silver foam ;  
 Each moment we may sink,  
 But steadily we sail,  
 Our wingéd Pilot smiles,  
 And says we shall not fail : —  
 And so we kneel and call on  
 thee,  
 Star of the Sea !

Yes, for those shining rays  
 Shall beam upon the main,  
 Shall guide us safely on,  
 Through fear and doubt and  
 pain :  
 And see — the stormy wind  
 Our little sail has caught,  
 The tempest others fear  
 Shall drive us into port : —  
 Through Life's dark voyage we  
 trust in thee,  
 Star of the Sea !

The shore now looms in sight,  
 The far-off golden strand,  
 Yet many a freight is wrecked  
 And lost in sight of land ;  
 Then guide us safely home,  
 Through that last hour of  
 strife,  
 And welcome us to land,  
 From the long voyage of  
 life : —  
 In death and life we call on thee,  
 Star of the Sea !

## THE SACRED HEART.

WHAT wouldst thou have, O  
 soul,  
 Thou weary soul ?  
 Lo ! I have sought for rest  
 On the Earth's heaving breast,  
 From pole to pole.  
 Sleep — I have been with her,  
 But she gave dreams ;  
 Death — nay, the rest he gives  
 Rest only seems.  
 Fair nature knows it not —  
 The grass is growing ;  
 The blue air knows it not —  
 The winds are blowing :  
 Not in the changing sky,  
 The stormy sea,  
 Yet somewhere in God's wide  
 world  
 Rest there must be.  
 Within thy Saviour's Heart  
 Place all thy care,

And learn, O weary soul,  
Thy Rest is there.

What wouldst thou, trembling  
soul ?

Strength for the strife, —  
Strength for this fiery war  
That we call Life.

Fears gather thickly round ;  
Shadowy foes,

Like unto arméd men,  
Around me close.

What am I, frail and poor,  
When griefs arise ?

No help from the weak earth,  
Or the cold skies.

Lo ! I can find no guards,  
No weapons borrow ;

Shrinking, alone I stand,  
With mighty sorrow.

Courage, thou trembling soul,  
Grief thou must bear,

Yet thou canst find a strength  
Will match despair ;

Within thy Saviour's Heart —  
Seek for it there.

What wouldst thou have, sad  
soul,

Oppressed with grief ? —  
Comfort : I seek in vain,  
Nor find relief.

Nature, all pitiless,  
Smiles on my pain ;

I ask my fellow-men,  
They give disdain.

I asked the babbling streams,  
But they flowed on ;

I asked the wise and good,  
But they gave none.

Though I have asked the stars,  
Coldly they shine.

They are too bright to know  
Grief such as mine.

I asked for comfort still,  
And I found tears,

And I have sought in vain  
Long, weary years.

Listen, thou mournful soul,  
Thy pain shall cease ;

Deep in His sacred Heart  
Dwells joy and peace.

Yes, in that Heart divine  
The Angels bright

Find, through eternal years,  
Still new delight.

From thence his constancy  
The martyr drew,

And there the virgin band  
Their refuge knew.

There, racked by pain without,  
And dread within,

How many souls have found  
Heaven's bliss begin.

Then leave thy vain attempts  
To seek for peace ;

The world can never give  
One soul release :

But in thy Saviour's Heart  
Securely dwell,

No pain can harm thee, hid  
In that sweet cell.

Then fly, O coward soul,  
Delay no more :

What words can speak the joy  
For thee in store ?



What smiles of earth can tell  
Of peace like thine?  
Silence and tears are best  
For things divine.

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THE NAMES OF OUR  
LADY.

THROUGH the wide world thy  
children raise  
Their prayers, and still we see  
Calm are the nights and bright  
the days  
Of those who trust in thee.

Around thy starry crown are  
wreathed  
So many names divine:  
Which is the dearest to my heart,  
And the most worthy thine?

*Star of the Sea*: we kneel and  
pray  
When tempests raise their  
voice;  
Star of the Sea! the haven  
reached,  
We call thee and rejoice.

*Help of the Christian*: in our need  
Thy mighty aid we claim;  
If we are faint and weary, then  
We trust in that dear name.

*Our Lady of the Rosary*:  
What name can be so sweet

As what we call thee when we  
place  
Our chaplets at thy feet.

*Bright Queen of Heaven*: when  
we are sad,  
Best solace of our pains;—  
It tells us, though on earth we  
toil,  
Our Mother lives and reigns.

*Our Lady of Mount Carmel*: thus  
Sometimes thy name is known;  
It tells us of the badge we wear,  
To live or die thine own.

*Our Lady dear of Victories*:  
We see our faith oppressed,  
And, praying for our erring land,  
We love that name the best.

*Refuge of Sinners*: many a soul,  
By guilt cast down, and sin,  
Has learned through this dear  
name of thine  
Pardon and peace to win.

*Health of the Sick*: when anxious  
hearts  
Watch by the sufferer's bed,  
On this sweet name of thine they  
lean,  
Consoled and comforted.

*Mother of Sorrows*: many a heart  
Half broken by despair  
Has laid its burden by the cross,  
And found a mother there.

*Queen of all Saints*: the Church  
appeals

For her loved dead to thee ;  
She knows they wait in patient  
pain  
A bright eternity.

*Fair Queen of Virgins*: thy pure  
band,

The lilies round thy throne,  
Love the dear title which they  
bear  
Most that it is thine own.

*True Queen of Martyrs*: if we  
shrink

From want, or pain, or woe,  
We think of the sharp sword  
that pierced  
Thy heart, and call thee so.

*Mary*: the dearest name of all,  
The holiest and the best ;  
The first low word that Jesus  
lisp'd  
Laid on His mother's breast.

*Mary*, the name that Gabriel  
spoke,

The name that conquers hell :  
*Mary*, the name that through  
high heaven  
The angels love so well.

*Mary*, — our comfort and our  
hope, —

O may that word be given  
To be the last we sigh on earth, —  
The first we breathe in heaven.

## A CHAPLET OF FLOW- ERS.

DEAR, set the casement open,  
The evening breezes blow  
Sweet perfumes from the flowers  
I cannot see below.

I can but catch the waving  
Of chestnut boughs that pass,  
Their shadow must have covered  
The sun-dial on the grass.

So go and bring the flowers  
I love best to my room,  
My failing strength no longer  
Can bear me where they bloom.

You know I used to love them,  
But ah ! they come too late, —  
For see, my hands are trembling  
Beneath their dewy weight.

So I will watch you weaving  
A chaplet for me, dear,  
Of all my favorite flowers,  
As I could do last year.

First, take those crimson roses, —  
How red their petals glow !  
Red as the blood of Jesus,  
Which heals our sin and woe.

See in each heart of crimson  
A deeper crimson shine :  
So in the foldings of our hearts  
Should glow a love divine.

Next place those tender violets,  
 Look how they still regret  
 The cell where they were hid-  
 den, —  
 The tears are on them yet.

How many souls — His loved  
 ones —  
 Dwell lonely and apart,  
 Hiding from all but One above  
 The fragrance of their heart.

Then take that virgin lily,  
 How holily she stands!  
 You know the gentle angels  
 Bear lilies in their hands.

Yet crowned with purer radiance  
 A deeper love they claim,  
 Because their queen-like white-  
 ness  
 Is linked with Mary's name.

And now this spray of ivy:  
 You know its gradual clasp  
 Uproots strong trees, and towers  
 Fall crumbling in its grasp.

So God's dear grace around us  
 With secret patience clings,  
 And slow, sure power, that  
 loosens  
 Strong holds on human things.

Then heliotrope, that turneth  
 Towards her lord the sun, —  
 Would that our thoughts as  
 fondly  
 Sought our beloved One.

Nay, if that branch be fading,  
 Cast not one blossom by,  
 Its little task is ended  
 And it does well to die.

And let some field flowers even  
 Be wreathed among the rest,  
 I think the infant Jesus  
 Would love such ones the best.

These flowers are all too bril-  
 liant,  
 So place calm heart's-ease  
 there,  
 God's last and sacred treasure  
 For all who wait and bear.

Then lemon-leaves, whose sweet-  
 ness  
 Grows sweeter than before  
 When bruised, and crushed, and  
 broken,  
 — Hearts need that lesson  
 more.

Yet stay, — one crowning glory,  
 All His, and yet all ours;  
 The dearest, tenderest thought of  
 all,  
 Is still the Passion-flower's.

So take it now, — nay, heed not  
 My tears that on it fall;  
 I thank Him for the flowers,  
 As I can do for all.

And place it on the altar,  
 Where oft, in days long flown,  
 I knelt by His dear Mother,  
 And knew she was my own.

The bells ring out her praises,  
 The evening shades grow  
 dim;  
 Go there and say a prayer for me,  
 And sing Our Lady's hymn.

While I lie here, and ask her  
 help  
 In that last, longed-for day —  
 When the Belovéd of my heart  
 Will call my soul away.

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KYRIE ELEISON.

IN joy, in pain, in sorrow,  
 Father, Thy hand we see;  
 But some among Thy children  
 Deny this faith and Thee.  
 They will not ask Thy mercy,  
 But we kneel for them in  
 prayer;  
 Are they not still Thy children?  
 Pity, O God! and spare.  
 Thy peace, O Lord, has never  
 On their desolate pathway  
 shone,  
 Darkness is all around them:  
 Kyrie Eleison!

For them the starry heavens  
 No hymn of worship raise;  
 For them, earth's innocent flow-  
 ers  
 Breathe not Thy silent praise;  
 In heaven they know no Saviour,  
 No Father, and no Friend,

And life is all they hope for,  
 And Death they call the end;  
 Their eyes, O Lord! are blinded  
 To the glories of the sun,  
 To the shining of the sea-star —  
 Kyrie Eleison!

By the love Thy saints have  
 shown Thee,  
 And the sorrows they have  
 borne,  
 Leave not these erring creatures  
 To wander thus forlorn.  
 By Thy tender name of Sa-  
 viour, —  
 The name they have denied;  
 By Thy bitter death and passion,  
 And the Cross which they de-  
 ride;  
 By the anguish Thou hast suf-  
 fered,  
 And the glory Thou hast won;  
 By Thy love and by Thy pity —  
 Christe Eleison!

Pray for them, glorious seraphs,  
 And ye, bright angel band,  
 Who chant His praises ever,  
 And in His presence stand;  
 And thou, O gentle Mother,  
 Queen of the starry sky;  
 Ye Saints whose toils are over,  
 Join your voices to our cry, —  
 In Thy terror or Thy mercy,  
 Call them ere life is done,  
 For His sake who died to save  
 them,  
 Kyrie Eleison!

## THE ANNUNCIATION.

How pure, and frail, and white,  
The snowdrops shine!  
Gather a garland bright  
For Mary's shrine.

For, born of winter snows,  
These fragile flowers  
Are gifts to our fair Queen  
From Spring's first hours.

For on this blessed day  
She knelt at prayer;  
When, lo! before her shone  
An Angel fair.

"Hail, Mary!" thus he cried,  
With reverent fear:  
She, with sweet wondering eyes,  
Marvelled to hear.

Be still, ye clouds of Heaven!  
Be silent, Earth!  
And hear an Angel tell  
Of Jesus' birth,

While she, whom Gabriel hails  
As full of grace,  
Listens with humble faith  
In her sweet face.

Be still, Pride, War, and Pomp,  
Vain Hopes, vain Fears,  
For now an Angel speaks,  
And Mary hears.

"Hail, Mary!" lo, it rings  
Through ages on;  
"Hail, Mary!" it shall sound,  
Till Time is done.

"Hail, Mary!" infant lips  
Lisp it to-day;  
"Hail, Mary!" with faint smile  
The dying say.

"Hail, Mary!" many a heart  
Broken with grief,  
In that angelic prayer  
Has found relief.

And many a half-lost soul,  
When turnep at bay,  
With those triumphant words  
Has won the day.

"Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven!"  
Let us repeat,  
And place our snowdrop wreath  
Here at her feet.

## AN APPEAL.

"THE IRISH CHURCH MISSION  
FOR CONVERTING THE CATH-  
OLICS."

SPARE her, O cruel England!  
Thy Sister lieth low;  
Chained and oppressed she lieth,  
Spare her that cruel blow.

We ask not for the freedom  
 Heaven has vouchsafed to thee,  
 Nor bid thee share with Ireland  
 The empire of the sea ;  
 Her children ask no shelter, —  
 Leave them the stormy sky ;  
 They ask not for thy harvests,  
 For they know how to die :  
 Deny them, if it please thee,  
 A grave beneath the sod : —  
 But we do cry, O England,  
 Leave them their faith in God !

Take, if thou wilt, the earnings  
 Of the poor peasant's toil,  
 Take all the scanty produce  
 That grows on Irish soil,  
 To pay the alien preachers  
 Whom Ireland will not hear,  
 To pay the scoffers at a Creed  
 Which Irish hearts hold dear :  
 But leave them, cruel England,  
 The gift their God has given,  
 Leave them their ancient worship,  
 Leave them their faith in  
 Heaven.

You come and offer Learning, —  
 A mighty gift, 't is true ;  
 Perchance the greatest blessing  
 That now is known to you.  
 But not to see the wonders  
 Sages of old beheld  
 Can they peril a priceless treasure,  
 The Faith their Fathers held ;  
 For in learning and in science  
 They may forget to pray, —  
 God will not ask for knowledge  
 On the great judgment day.

When, in their wretched cabins,  
 Racked by the fever pain,  
 And the weak cries of their children  
 Who ask for food in vain ;  
 When starving, naked, helpless,  
 From the shed that keeps them  
 warm  
 Man has driven them forth to  
 perish,  
 In a less cruel storm ; —  
 Then, then, we plead for mercy,  
 Then, Sister, hear our cry !  
 For all we ask, O England,  
 Is — leave them there to die !  
 Cursed is the food and raiment  
 For which a soul is sold ;  
 Tempt not another Judas  
 To barter God for gold.  
 You offer food and shelter  
 If they their faith deny : —  
 What do you gain, O England,  
 By such a shallow lie ? . . . .  
 We will not judge the tempted, —  
 May God blot out their  
 shame, —  
 He sees the misery round them,  
 He knows man's feeble frame ;  
 His pity still may save them,  
 In His strength they must trust  
 Who calls us all His children,  
 Yet knows we are but dust.

Then leave them the kind tend-  
 ing  
 Which helped their childish  
 years ;  
 Leave them the gracious comfort  
 Which dries the mourner's  
 tears ;



Leave them to that great mother  
In whose bosom they were  
born ;

Leave them the holy mysteries  
That comfort the forlorn :  
And, amid all their trials,  
Let the Great Gift abide,  
Which you, O prosperous Eng-  
land,

Have dared to cast aside.  
Leave them the pitying Angels  
And Mary's gentle aid,  
For which earth's dearest treas-  
ures

Were not too dearly paid.  
Take back your bribes, then,  
England,

Your gold is black and dim,  
And if God sends plague and  
famine,  
They can die and go to Him.

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### THE JUBILEE OF 1850.

[The titles of the "Island of Saints"  
and the "Dower of our Lady," though  
more frequently applied to Ireland,  
were often given to England in former  
times.]

BLESS God, ye happy Lands,  
For your more favored lot :  
Our England dwells apart,  
Yet O forget her not.  
While, with united joy,  
This day you all adore,

Remember what she was,  
Though her voice is heard no  
more.

Pray for our desolate land,  
Left in her pride and pow-  
er : —

She was the Isle of Saints,  
She was Our Lady's Dower.

Look on her ruined Altars ;  
He dwelleth there no more :  
Think what her empty churches  
Have been in times of yore ;  
She knows the names no longer  
Of her own sainted dead,  
Denies the faith they held,  
And the cause for which they  
bled.

Then pray for our desolate  
land,  
Left in her pride and pow-  
er : —

She was the Isle of Saints,  
She was Our Lady's Dower !

Pray that her vast Cathedrals,  
Deserted, empty, bare,  
May once more echo accents  
Of Love, and Faith, and  
Prayer ;

That the holy sign may bless us,  
On wood, and field, and plain,  
And Jesus, Mary, Joseph,  
May dwell with us again.

Pray, ye more faithful na-  
tions,

In this most happy hour : —  
She was the Isle of Saints,  
She was Our Lady's Dower

Beg of our Lord to give her  
 The gift she cast aside,  
 And in His mercy pardon  
 Her faithlessness and pride :  
 Pray to her Saints, who worship  
 Before God's mercy Throne ;  
 Look where our Queen is dwell-  
 ing,

Ask her to claim her own,  
 To give her the proud titles  
 Lost in an evil hour : —  
 She was the Isle of Saints,  
 She was Our Lady's Dower.

---

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

THE Earth is so bleak and de-  
 serted,  
 So cold the winds blow,  
 That no bud or no blossom will  
 venture  
 To peep from below ;  
 But, longing for springtime,  
 they nestle  
 Deep under the snow.

O, in May how we honored Our  
 Lady,  
 Her own month of flowers !  
 How happy we were with our  
 garlands  
 Through all the spring hours !  
 All her shrines, in the church or  
 the wayside,  
 Were made into bowers.

And in August — her glorious  
 Assumption ;  
 What feast was so bright !  
 What clusters of virginal lilies,  
 So pure and so white !  
 Why, the incense could scarce  
 overpower  
 Their perfume that night.

And through her dear feasts of  
 October  
 The roses bloomed still ;  
 Our baskets were laden with  
 flowers,  
 Her vases to fill :  
 Oleanders, geraniums, and myr-  
 tles,  
 We chose at our will.

And we know when the Purifi-  
 cation,  
 Her first feast, comes round,  
 The early spring flowers, to greet  
 it,  
 Just opening are found ;  
 And pure, white, and spotless,  
 the snowdrop  
 Will pierce the dark ground.

And now, in this dreary Decem-  
 ber,  
 Our glad hearts are fain  
 To see if Earth comes not to help  
 us ;  
 We seek all in vain :  
 Not the tiniest blossom is coming  
 Till Spring breathes again.

And the bright feast of Christmas  
 is dawning,  
 And Mary is blest ;  
 For now she will give us her  
 Jesus,  
 Our dearest, our best,  
 And see where she stands, the  
 Maid-Mother,  
 Her Babe on her breast !

And not one poor garland to give  
 her,  
 And yet now, behold,  
 How the Kings bring their gifts,  
 — myrrh, and incense,  
 And bars of pure gold :  
 And the Shepherds have brought  
 for the Baby  
 Some lambs from their folds.

He stretches His tiny hands to-  
 wards us,  
 He brings us all grace ;  
 And look at His Mother who  
 holds Him, —  
 The smile on her face  
 Says they welcome the humblest  
 gifts  
 In the manger we place.

Where love takes, let love give ;  
 and so doubt not :  
 Love counts but the will,  
 And the heart has its flowers of  
 devotion  
 No Winter can chill ;  
 They who cared for "good-will"  
 that first Christmas  
 Will care for it still.

In the Chaplet on Jesus and  
 Mary,  
 From our hearts let us call,  
 At each Ave Maria we whisper  
 A rosebud shall fall,  
 And at each Gloria Patri a lily,  
 The crown of them all !

---

### A DESIRE.

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem  
 When the star of the Lord  
 shone bright !  
 To have sheltered the holy wan-  
 derers  
 On that blessed Christmas  
 night ;  
 To have kissed the tender way-  
 worn feet  
 Of the Mother undefiled,  
 And, with reverent wonder and  
 deep delight,  
 To have tended the Holy  
 Child !

Hush ! such a glory was not for  
 thee ;  
 But that care may still be  
 thine ;  
 For are there not little ones still  
 to aid  
 For the sake of the Child di-  
 vine ?  
 Are there no wandering Pilgrims  
 now,  
 To thy heart and thy home to  
 take ?

And are there no mothers whose  
weary hearts  
You can comfort for Mary's  
sake?

O to have knelt at Jesus' feet,  
And to have learnt His heav-  
enly lore!

To have listened the gentle les-  
sons He taught  
On mountain, and sea, and  
shore!

While the rich and the mighty  
knew Him not,  
To have meekly done His  
will:—

Hush! for the worldly reject Him  
yet,  
You can serve and love Him  
still.

Time cannot silence His mighty  
words,  
And though ages have fled  
away,

His gentle accents of love divine  
Speak to your soul to-day.

O to have solaced that weeping  
one  
Whom the righteous dared  
despise!

To have tenderly bound up her  
scattered hair,  
And have dried her tearful  
eyes!

Hush! there are broken hearts  
to soothe,  
And penitent tears to dry,

While Magdalen prays for you  
and them,  
From her home in the starry  
sky.

O to have followed the mournful  
way

Of those faithful few forlorn!  
And grace, beyond even an an-  
gel's hope,  
The Cross for our Lord have  
borne!

To have shared in His tender  
mother's grief,  
To have wept at Mary's side,  
To have lived as a child in her  
home, and then  
In her loving care have died!

Hush! and with reverent sorrow  
still,

Mary's great anguish share;  
And learn, for the sake of her  
Son divine,  
Thy cross, like His, to bear.

The sorrows that weigh on thy  
soul unite

With those which thy Lord  
has borne,  
And Mary will comfort thy dy-  
ing hour,  
Nor leave thy soul forlorn.

O to have seen what we now  
adore,

And, though veiled to faithless  
sight,

To have known, in the form that  
Jesus wore,  
The Lord of Life and Light!

Hush! for He dwells among us  
still,  
And a grace can yet be thine,  
Which the scoffer and doubter  
can never know, —  
The Presence of the Divine.  
Jesus is with His children yet,  
For His word can never de-  
ceive ;  
Go where His lowly Altars rise,  
And worship, and believe.

---

### OUR DAILY BREAD.

GIVE us our daily Bread,  
O God, the bread of strength !  
For we have learnt to know  
How weak we are at length.  
As children we are weak,  
As children must be fed ; —  
Give us Thy Grace, O Lord,  
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread, —  
The bitter bread of grief.  
We sought earth's poisoned feasts  
For pleasure and relief ;  
We sought her deadly fruits,  
But now, O God, instead,  
We ask Thy healing grief  
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread  
To cheer our fainting soul ;  
The feast of comfort, Lord,  
And peace, to make us whole :

For we are sick of tears,  
The useless tears we shed ; —  
Now give us comfort, Lord,  
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,  
The Bread of Angels, Lord,  
By us, so many times,  
Broken, betrayed, adored :  
His Body and His Blood ; —  
The feast that Jesus spread :  
Give Him — our life, our all —  
To be our daily Bread !

---

### THREEFOLD.

MOTHER of grace and mercy,  
Behold how burdens three  
Weigh down my weary spirit,  
And drive me here — to Thee.  
Three gifts I place forever  
Before thy shrine :  
The threefold offering of my love,  
Mary, to thine !

The Past : with all its memories,  
Of pain — that stings me yet ;  
Of sin — that brought repent-  
ance ;  
Of joy — that brought regret.  
That which has been : — forever  
So bitter-sweet —  
I lay in humblest offering  
Before thy feet.

The Present : that dark shadow  
 Through which we toil to-day ;  
 The slow drops of the chalice  
 That must not pass away.  
 Mother ! I dare not struggle,  
 Still less despair :  
 I place my Present in thy hands,  
 And leave it there.

The Future : holding all things  
 Which I can hope or fear,  
 Brings sin and pain, it may be,  
 Nearer and yet more near.  
 Mother ! this doubt and shrink-  
 ing  
 Will not depart,  
 Unless I trust my Future  
 To thy dear Heart.

Making the Past my lesson,  
 Guiding the Present right,  
 Ruling the misty Future, —  
 Bless them and me to-night.  
 What may be, and what must be,  
 And what has been,  
 In thy dear care forever  
 I leave, my Queen !

---

CONFIDO ET CONQUI-  
 ESCO.

“ *Scit ; potest ; vult : quid est quod  
 timeamus ?* ” — S. IGNATIUS.

FRET not, poor soul : while doubt  
 and fear  
 Disturb thy breast,

The pitying angels, who can see  
 How vain thy wild regret must be,  
 Say, Trust and Rest.

Plan not, nor scheme, — but  
 calmly wait ;  
 His choice is best.  
 While blind and erring is thy  
 sight,  
 His wisdom sees and judges right,  
 So Trust and Rest.

Strive not, nor struggle : thy  
 poor might  
 Can never wrest  
 The meanest thing to serve thy  
 will ;  
 All power is His alone : Be still,  
 And Trust and Rest.

Desire not : self-love is strong  
 Within thy breast ;  
 And yet He loves thee better still,  
 So let Him do His loving will,  
 And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear ? His wis-  
 dom reigns  
 Supreme confessed ;  
 His power is infinite ; his love  
 Thy deepest, fondest dreams  
 above ; —  
 So Trust and Rest.

---

ORA PRO ME.

AVE MARIA ! bright and pure,  
 Hear, O hear me when I pray !



Pains and pleasures try the pilgrim  
grim

On his long and weary way ;  
Fears and perils are around  
me, —  
Ora pro me.

Mary, see my heart is burdened,  
Take, O take the weight away,  
Or help me, that I may not mur-  
mur

If it is a cross you lay  
On my weak and trembling heart,  
— but  
Ora pro me.

Mary, Mary, Queen of Heaven !  
Teach, O teach me to obey :  
Lead me on, though fierce temp-  
tations

Stand and meet me in the way ;  
When I fail and faint, my mother,  
Ora pro me.

Then shall I — if thou, O Mary,  
Art my strong support and  
stay —

Fear nor feel the threefold danger  
Standing forth in dread array ;  
Now and ever shield and guard me,  
Ora pro me.

When my eyes are slowly closing,  
And I fade from earth away,  
And when Death, the stern de-  
stroyer,

Claims my body as his prey, —  
Claim my soul, and then, sweet  
Mary,  
Ora pro me.

## THE CHURCH IN 1849.

O MIGHTY Mother, hearken ! for  
thy foes

Gather around thee, and ex-  
ulting cry

That thine old strength is gone  
and thou must die,

Pointing with fierce rejoicing to  
thy woes.

And is it so ? The raging whirl-  
wind blows

No stronger now than it has  
done of yore :

Rebellion, strife, and sin have  
been before ;

The same companions whom thy  
Master chose.

We too rejoice : we know thy  
might is more

When to the world thy glory  
seemeth dim ;

Nor can Hell's gates prevail to  
conquer Thee,

Who hearest over all the voice  
of Him

Who chose thy first and great-  
est Prince should be

A fisher on the Lake of Galilee.

---

## FISHERS OF MEN.

THE boats are out, and the storm  
is high ;

We kneel on the shore and  
pray :

The Star of the Sea shines still in  
the sky,  
And God is our help and stay.

The fishers are weak, and the  
tide is strong,  
And their boat seems slight  
and frail ;  
But St. Peter has steered it for  
them so long,  
It would weather a rougher  
gale.

St. John the Belovéd sails with  
them too,  
And his loving words they  
hear ;  
So with tender trust the boat's  
brave crew  
Neither doubt, or pause, or fear.

He who sent them fishing is with  
them still,  
And He bids them cast their  
net ;  
And He has the power their boat  
to fill,  
So we know He will do it yet.

They have cast their nets again  
and again,  
And now call to us on shore ;  
If our feeble prayers seem only  
in vain,  
We will pray and pray the  
more.

Though the storm is loud, and  
our voice is drowned  
By the roar of the wind and  
sea,

We know that more terrible  
tempests found  
Their Ruler, O Lord, in Thee!

See, they do not pause, they are  
toiling on,  
Yet they cast a loving glance  
On the star above, and ever anon  
Look up through the blue ex-  
panse.

O Mary, listen ! for danger is  
nigh,  
And we know thou art near  
us then ;  
For thy Son's dear servants to  
thee we cry,  
Sent out as fishers of men.

O, watch, — as of old thou didst  
watch the boat  
On the Galilean lake, —  
And grant that the fishers may  
keep afloat  
Till the nets, o'ercharged, shall  
break.

---

### THE OLD YEAR'S BLESS- ING.

I AM fading from you,  
But one draweth near,  
Called the Angel-guardian  
Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces  
Coldly you forget,  
Let the New-Year's Angel  
Bless and crown them yet.

For we work together ;  
He and I are one :  
Let him end and perfect  
All I leave undone.

I brought Good Desires,  
Though as yet but seeds ;  
Let the New-Year make them  
Blossom into Deeds.

I brought Joy to brighten  
Many happy days ;  
Let the New-Year's Angel  
Turn it into Praise.

If I gave you Sickness,  
If I brought you Care,  
Let him make one Patience,  
And the other Prayer.

Where I brought you Sorrow,  
Through his care, at length,  
It may rise triumphant  
Into future Strength.

If I brought you Plenty,  
All wealth's bounteous charms,  
Shall not the New Angel  
Turn them into Alms ?

I gave Health and Leisure,  
Skill to dream and plan ;

Let him make them nobler ; —  
Work for God and Man.

If I broke your Idols,  
Showed you they were dust\*,  
Let him turn the Knowledge  
Into heavenly Trust.

If I brought Temptation,  
Let sin die away  
Into boundless Pity  
For all hearts that stray.

If your list of Errors  
Dark and long appears,  
Let this new-born Monarch  
Melt them into Tears.

May you hold this Angel  
Dearer than the last, —  
So I bless his Future,  
While he crowns my Past.

---

### EVENING CHANT.

STREW before our Lady's Picture  
Roses, — flushing like the sky  
Where the lingering western  
cloudlets  
Watch the daylight die.

Violets steeped in dreamy odors,  
Humble as the Mother mild,  
Blue as were her eyes when  
watching  
O'er her sleeping Child.

Strew white Lilies, pure and spot-  
less,  
Bending on their stalks of  
green,  
Bending down with tender pity,—  
Like our Holy Queen.

Let the flowers spend their fra-  
grance  
On our Lady's own dear  
shrine,  
While we claim her gracious  
helping  
Near her Son divine.

Strew before our Lady's picture  
Gentle flowers, fair and sweet ;  
Hope, and Fear, and Joy, and  
Sorrow,  
Place, too, at her feet.

Hark ! the Angelus is ringing, —  
Ringing through the fading  
light,  
In the heart of every Blossom  
Leave a prayer to-night.

All night long will Mary listen,  
While our pleadings fond and  
deep  
On their scented breath are rising  
For us — while we sleep.

Scarcely through the starry si-  
lence  
Shall one trembling petal stir,  
While they breathe their own  
sweet fragrance  
And our prayers — to Her.

Peace to every heart that loves  
her !  
All her children shall be blest :  
While She prays and watches for  
us,  
We will trust and rest.

---

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE moon that now is shining  
In skies so blue and bright,  
Shone ages since on Shepherds  
Who watched their flocks by  
night.  
There was no sound upon the  
earth,  
The azure air was still,  
The sheep in quiet clusters lay  
Upon the grassy hill.

When lo ! a white-winged Angel  
The watchers stood before,  
And told how Christ was born  
on earth,  
For mortals to adore ;  
He bade the trembling Shepherds  
Listen, nor be afraid,  
And told how in a manger  
The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the Heavens  
Appeared an Angel band,  
(The while in reverent wonder  
The Syrian Shepherds stand.)

And all the bright host chanted  
 Words that shall never cease, —  
 Glory to God in the highest,  
 On earth good-will and peace !

The vision in the heavens  
 Faded, and all was still,  
 And the wondering shepherds  
 left their flocks,  
 To feed upon the hill :  
 Towards the blessed city  
 Quickly their course they held,  
 And in a lowly stable  
 Virgin and Child beheld.

Beside a humble manger  
 Was the Maiden Mother mild.  
 And in her arms her Son divine,  
 A new-born Infant, smiled.  
 No shade of future sorrow  
 From Calvary then was cast ;  
 Only the glory was revealed,  
 The suffering was not passed.

The Eastern kings before him  
 knelt,  
 And rarest offerings brought ;  
 The shepherds worshipped and  
 adored  
 The wonders God had  
 wrought :  
 They saw the crown for Israel's  
 King,  
 The future's glorious part : —  
 But all these things the Mother  
 kept  
 And pondered in her heart.

Now we that Maiden Mother  
 The Queen of Heaven call ;

And the Child we call our Jesus,  
 Saviour and Judge of all.  
 But the star that shone in Beth-  
 lehem  
 Shines still, and shall not  
 cease,  
 And we listen still to the tidings,  
 Of Glory and of Peace.

---

### OUR TITLES.

ARE we not Nobles ? we who  
 trace  
 Our pedigree so high  
 That God for us and for our race  
 Created Earth and Sky,  
 And Light and Air and Time  
 and Space,  
 To serve us and then die.

Are we not Princes ? we who  
 stand  
 As heirs beside the Throne ;  
 We who can call the promised  
 Land  
 Our Heritage, our own ;  
 And answer to no less command  
 Than God's and His alone.

Are we not Kings ? both night  
 and day,  
 From early until late,  
 About our bed, about our way,  
 A guard of Angels wait ;  
 And so we watch and work and  
 pray  
 In more than royal state.

Are we not holy ? Do not start :  
 It is God's sacred will  
 To call us Temples set apart  
 His Holy Ghost may fill :  
 Our very food . . . . O hush, my  
 Heart,  
 Adore IT and be still !

Are we not more ? our Life shall  
 be  
 Immortal and divine.  
 The nature Mary gave to Thee,  
 Dear Jesus, still is Thine ;  
 Adoring in Thy Heart, I see  
 Such blood as beats in mine.

O God, that we can dare to fail,  
 And dare to say we must !  
 O God, that we can ever trail  
 Such banners in the dust,  
 Can let such starry honors pale,  
 And such a Blazon rust !

Shall we upon such Titles bring  
 The taint of sin and shame ?  
 Shall we, the children of the  
 King  
 Who hold so grand a claim,  
 Tarnish by any meaner thing  
 The glory of our name ?

---

MINISTERING ANGELS.

ANGELS of light, spread your  
 bright wings and keep  
 Near me at morn :

Nor in the starry eve, nor mid-  
 night deep,  
 Leave me forlorn.

From all dark spirits of unholy  
 power  
 Guard my weak heart,  
 Circle around me in each peril-  
 ous hour,  
 And take my part.

From all foreboding thoughts  
 and dangerous fears,  
 Keep me secure ;  
 Teach me to hope, and through  
 the bitterest tears  
 Still to endure.

If lonely in the road so fair and  
 wide  
 My feet should stray,  
 Then through a rougher, safer  
 pathway guide  
 Me day by day.

Should my heart faint at its un-  
 equal strife,  
 O still be near !  
 Shadow the perilous sweetness  
 of this life  
 With holy fear.

Then leave me not alone in this  
 bleak world,  
 Where'er I roam,  
 And at the end, with your bright  
 wings unfurled,  
 O take me home !



## THE SHRINES OF MARY.

THERE are many shrines of Our  
Lady,  
In different lands and climes,  
Where I can remember kneeling  
In old and belovéd times.

They arise now like stars before  
me,  
Through the long, long night  
of years ;  
Some are bright with a heavenly  
radiance,  
And others shine out through  
tears.

They arise too like mystical flow-  
ers,  
All different, and all the  
same, —

As they lie in my heart like a gar-  
land  
That is wreathed round Mary's  
name.

Thus each shrine has two conse-  
crations ;  
One all the faithful can trace,  
But one is for me and me only,  
Holding my soul with its grace.

## I.

A shrine in a quaint old Chapel  
Defaced and broken with years,  
Where the pavement is worn  
with kneeling,  
And the step with kisses and  
tears.

She is there in the dawn of morn-  
ing,  
When the day is blue and  
bright,  
In the shadowy evening twighiti  
And the silent, starry night.

Through the dim old painted win-  
dow  
The Hours look down, and  
shed  
A different glory upon her,  
Violet, purple, and red.

And there — in that quaint old  
Chapel  
As I stood one day alone —  
Came a royal message from Mary.  
That claimed my life as her  
own.

## II.

I remember a vast Cathedral  
Which holds the struggle and  
strife  
Of a grand and powerful city,  
As the heart holds the throb of  
a life.

Where the ebb and the flow of  
passion,  
And sin in its rushing tide,  
Have dashed on that worn stone  
chapel,  
Dashed, and broken, and died.

And above the voices of sorrow  
And the tempter's clamorous  
din,

The voice of Mary has spoken  
And conquered the pain and  
the sin:

For long ages and generations  
Have come there to strive and  
to pray ;  
She watched and guided them  
living,  
And does not forget them to-  
day.

And once, in that strange, vast  
City  
I stood in its great stone square,  
Alone in the crowd and the turmoil  
Of the pitiless Southern glare ;

And a grief was upon my spirit,  
Which I could not cast away,  
It weighed on my heart all the  
night-time,  
And it fretted my life all day.

So then to that calm, cool refuge  
I turned from the noisy street,  
And I carried my burden of sor-  
row —  
And left it at Mary's feet.

### III.

I remember a lonely chapel  
With a tender claim upon me ;  
It was built for the sailors only,  
And they call it the Star of the  
Sea.

And the murmuring chant of the  
Vespers  
Seems caught up by the wail-  
ing breeze,  
And the throb of the organ is  
echoed  
By the rush of the silver seas.

And the votive hearts and the  
anchors  
Tell of danger and peril past ;  
Of the hope deferred and the wait-  
ing,  
And the comfort that came at  
last.

I too had a perilous venture  
On a stormy and treacherous  
main,  
And I too was pleading to Mary  
From the depths of a heart in  
pain.

It was not a life in peril, —  
O God, it was far, far more !  
And the whirlpool of Hell's  
temptations  
Lay between the wreck and the  
shore.

Thick mists hid the light of the  
beacon,  
And the voices of warning  
were dumb ;  
So I knelt by the Altar of Mary,  
And told her Her hour was  
come.

For she waits till Earth's aid forsakes us,  
 Till we know our own efforts are vain ;  
 And we wait, in our faithless blindness,  
 Till no chance but her prayers remain.

And now in that seaside chapel  
 By that humble village shrine  
 Hangs a heart of silver, that tells her  
 Of the love and the gladness of mine.

## IV.

There is one far shrine I remember  
 In the years that are fled away,  
 Where the grand old mountains are guarding  
 The glories of night and day.

Where the earth in her rich, glad beauty  
 Seems made for our Lady's throne,  
 And the stars in their radiant clusters  
 Seem fit for her crown alone.

Where the balmy breezes of summer  
 On their odorous pinions bear

The fragrance of orange-blossoms,  
 And the chimes of the Convent prayer.

There I used to ask for Her blessing  
 As each summer twilight was gray ;  
 There I used to kneel at her Altar  
 At each blue, calm dawn of day.

There in silence was Victory granted,  
 And the terrible strife begun,  
 That only with Her protection  
 Could be dared, or suffered, or won.

If I love the name of that Altar,  
 And the thought of those days gone by,  
 It is only the Heart of Mary  
 And my own that remember why.

## V.

Where long ages of toil and of sorrow,  
 And Poverty's weary doom,  
 Have clustered together so closely  
 That life seems shadowed with gloom,

Where crime that lurks in the darkness  
 And vice that glares at the day

Make the spirit of hope grow  
weary,  
And the spirit of love decay,

Where the feet of the wretched  
and sinful  
Have closest and oftenest trod,  
Is a house, as humble as any,  
Yet we call it the House of  
God.

It is one of our Lady's Chapels ;  
And though poorer than all  
the rest,  
Just because of the sin and the  
sorrow,  
I think she loves it the best.

There are no rich gifts on the  
Altar,  
The shrine is humble and bare,  
Yet the poor and the sick and the  
tempted  
Think their home and their  
heaven is there.

And before that humble Altar  
Where Our Lady of Sorrow  
stands,  
I knelt with a weary longing,  
And I laid a vow in her hands.

And I know, when I enter softly  
And pause at that shrine to  
pray,  
That the fret and the strife and  
the burden  
Will be softened and laid away.

And the Prayer and the Vow that  
sealed it  
Have bound my soul to that  
shrine,  
For the Mother of Sorrows re-  
members  
Her promise, and waits for  
mine.

---

It is one long chaplet of memo-  
ries  
Tender and true and sweet,  
That gleam in the Past and the  
Distance  
Like lamps that burn at her  
feet.

Like stars that will shine forever,  
For time cannot touch or stir  
The graces that Mary has given,  
Or the trust that we give to  
her.

Past griefs are perished and over,  
Past joys have vanished and  
died,  
Past loves are fled and forgotten,  
Past hopes have been laid aside.

Past fears have faded in daylight,  
Past sins have melted in  
tears ;—  
One Love and Remembrance  
only  
Seems alive in those dead old  
old years.

So wherever I look in the distance,  
 And whenever I turn to the Past,  
 There is always a shrine of Mary  
 Each brighter still than the last.

I will ask for one grace, O Mother!  
 And will leave the rest to thy will:  
 From one shrine of thine to another,  
 Let my Life be a Pilgrimage still!

At each one, O Mother of Mercy!  
 Let still more of thy love be given,  
 Till I kneel at the last and brightest, —  
 The Throne of the Queen of Heaven.

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### THE HOMELESS POOR.

CALM the city lay in midnight silence,  
 Deep on streets and roofs the snow lay white;  
 Then I saw an Angel spread his pinions  
 Rising up to Heaven to meet the night.

In his hands he bore two crowns of lilies,  
 Sweet with sweetness not of earthly flowers,  
 But a coronal of prayers for Heaven  
 He had gathered through the evening hours; —

He had gathered in that mighty city  
 Through whose streets and pathways he had trod,  
 Till he wove into a winter garland  
 Prayers that faithful hearts had sent to God.

Through the azure midnight he was rising;  
 As I watched, I saw his upward flight  
 Checked by a mighty Angel, whose stern challenge,  
 Like a silver blast, rang through the night.

Then strange words upon the silence broke,  
 And I listened as the Angels spoke.

### THE ANGEL OF PRAYERS.

“I have come from wandering through the city,  
 I have been to seek a garland meet

To be placed before His throne  
in Heaven,  
To be laid at His dear Mother's feet.

"I have been to one of England's  
Havens, —  
To a HOME for peace and  
honor planned,

Where the kindly lights of joy  
and duty  
Meet and make the glory of  
the land.

"There I heard the ring of  
children's laughter  
Hushed to eager silence; I  
could see

How the father stroked their  
golden tresses  
As they clustered closer round  
his knee.

"And I heard him tell, with lov-  
ing honor,  
How the wanderers to Bethle-  
hem came,  
And I saw each head in rever-  
ence bowing

When he named the Holy  
Child's dear name.

"Then he told how houseless,  
homeless, friendless,  
They had wandered wearily  
and long, —  
Of the manger where our Lord  
was cradled,  
Of the Shepherds listening to  
our song.

"As he spoke, I heard his accents  
falter,  
And I saw each childish heart  
was stirred

With a loving throb of tender  
pity  
At the sorrowful, sweet tale  
they heard.

"As the children sang their  
Christmas carol

I could see the mother's eyes  
grow dim,  
And she held her baby closer, —  
feeling  
Most for Mary through her  
love for him.

"So I gathered from that home,  
as flowers,  
All the tender, loving words I  
heard

Given this night to Jesus and to  
Mary, —  
Look at them, and say if I  
have erred."

## THE ANGEL OF DEEDS.

"In that very street, at that same  
hour,  
In the bitter air and drifting  
sleet,  
Crouching in a doorway was a  
mother,  
With her children shuddering  
at her feet.



“ She was silent ; — who would  
hear her pleading ?  
Men and beasts were housed ;  
but she must stay  
Houseless in the great and piti-  
less city,  
Till the dawning of the winter  
day.

“ Homeless — while her fellow-  
men are resting  
Calm and blest : their very  
dogs are fed,  
Warm and sheltered, and their  
sleeping children  
Safely nestled in each little bed.

“ She can only draw her poor  
rags closer  
Round her wailing baby, —  
closer hold  
One, the least and sickliest, —  
while the others  
Creep together, tired, hungry,  
cold.

“ What are these poor flowers  
thou hast gathered ?  
Cast such fragile, worthless  
tokens by :  
Will He prize mere words of love  
and honor  
While His Homeless Poor are  
left to die ?

“ He has said — His truths are all  
eternal —  
What He said both has been  
and shall be, —

*What ye have not done to these my  
poor ones,  
Lo ! ye have not done it unto  
Me.”*

Then I saw the Angel with the  
flowers  
Bow his head and answer, “ It  
is well,”  
As he cast a wreath of lilies  
earthward,  
And I saw them wither as they  
fell.

Once again the Angel raised his  
head,  
Smiled and showed the other  
wreath and said : —

#### THE ANGEL OF PRAYERS.

“ I have been where, kneeling at  
the Altar,  
Hushed in reverent awe, a  
faithful throng  
Have this night adored the Holy  
Presence,  
Worshipping with incense,  
prayer, and song.

“ Every head was bowed in lov-  
ing honor,  
Every heart with loving awe  
was thrilled ;  
Earth and things of earth seemed  
all forgotten ;  
He was there — and meaner  
thoughts were stilled.

“ There on many souls in strait  
and peril  
Did that gracious Benediction  
fall,

With the strength or peace or  
joy or warning  
He could give, who loved and  
knew them all.

“ There was silence, but all  
hearts were speaking :  
When the deepest hush of  
silence fell,

On the fragrant air and breath-  
less longing  
Came the echo of one silver bell.

“ On each spirit such a flood of  
sweetness

Broke — as we who dwell in  
Heaven feel,

Then the *Adoremus in eternum*,  
Jubilant and strong, rolled  
peal on peal.

“ They had given holy adoration,  
Tender words of love and  
praise ; all bright

With the dew of contrite tears —  
such blossoms

I am bearing to His throne to-  
night.”

THE ANGEL OF DEEDS.

“ Pause again : these flowers are  
fair and lovely,  
Radiant in their perfume and  
their bloom ;

But not far from where you  
plucked this garland  
Is a squalid place in ghastly  
gloom.

“ There black waters in their  
luring silence  
Under loathsome arches crawl  
and creep,

There the rats and vermin herd  
together . . . .

*There God's poor ones sometimes  
come to sleep.*

“ There the weary come, who  
through the daylight

Pace the town, and crave for  
work in vain ;

There they crouch in cold and  
rain and hunger,

Waiting for another day of  
pain.

“ In slow darkness creeps the  
dismal river ;

From its depths looks up a  
sinful rest ;

Many a weary, baffled, hopeless  
wanderer

Has it drawn into its treacher-  
ous breast.

“ There is near *another River* flow-  
ing,

Black with guilt, and deep as  
hell and sin ;

On its brink even sinners stand  
and shudder, —

Cold and hunger goad the  
homeless in.

“ Yet these poor ones to His  
heart are dearer  
For their grief and peril : dear  
indeed

Would have been the love that  
sought and fed them,  
Gave them warmth and shelter  
in their need.

“ For His sake those tears and  
prayers are offered  
Which you bear as flowers to  
His throne ;

Better still would be the food and  
shelter,  
Given for Him and given to  
His own.

“ Praise with loving deeds is dear  
and holy,  
Words of praise will never  
serve instead :

Lo ! you offer music, hymn, and  
incense —  
When *He has not where to lay  
His head.*”

Then once more the Angel with  
the Flowers  
Bowed his head, and answered,  
“ It is well,”

As he cast a wreath of lilies  
earthwards,  
And I saw them wither as they  
fell.

So the Vision faded, and the  
Angels  
Melted far into the starry sky ;

By the light upon the eastern  
Heaven  
I could see another day was  
nigh.

Was it quite a dream ? O God !  
we love Him ;  
All our love, though weak, is  
given to Him ; —

Why is it our hearts have been  
so hardened ?  
Why is it our eyes have been  
so dim ?

Still as for Himself the Infant  
Jesus  
In His little ones asks food  
and rest, —

Still as for His Mother He is  
pleading  
Just as when He lay upon her  
breast.

Jesus, then, and Mary still are  
with us, —  
Night will find the Child and  
Mother near,

Waiting for the shelter we deny  
them,  
While we tell them that we  
hold them dear.

Help us, Lord ! not these Thy  
poor ones only,  
They are with us always, and  
shall be : —

Help the blindness of our hearts,  
and teach us  
In Thy homeless ones to suc-  
cor Thee.

## MILLY'S EXPIATION.

## THE PRIEST'S STORY.

## I.

THERE are times when all these  
terrors

Seem to fade, and fade away,  
Like a nightmare's ghastly pres-  
ence

In the truthful dawn of day.  
There are times, too, when be-  
fore me

They arise, and seem to hold  
In their grasp my very being  
With the deadly strength of  
old,

Till my spirit quails within me,  
And my very heart grows cold.

## II.

For I watched when Cold and  
Hunger,

Like wild beasts that sought  
for prey,

With a savage glare crept on-  
ward

Until men were turned at  
bay.

You have never seen those hunt-  
ers,

Who have never known that  
fear,

When life costs a crust, and  
costing

Even that is still too dear :

But, you know, I lived in Ire-  
land

In the fatal famine year.

## III.

Yes, those days are now forgot-  
ten ;

God be thanked ! men can  
forget ;

Time's great gift can heal the  
fevers

Called Remembrance and Re-  
gret.

Man despises such forgetting ;

But I think the Angels know,  
Since each hour brings new bur-  
dens,

We must let the old ones  
go, —

Very weak or very noble

Are the few who cling to woe.

## IV.

As a child, I lived in Connaught,

And from dawn till set of sun

Played with all the peasant-  
children,

So I knew them every one.

There was not a cabin near us,

But I had my welcome there ;

Though of money-help in those  
days

We had none ourselves to  
spare,

Yet the neighbors had no trouble

That I did not know and  
share.

## V.

O that great estate ! the Land-  
lord

Was abroad, a good man too ;

And the agent was not cruel,  
 But he had hard things to do.  
 As a child I saw great suffering  
 Which I could not understand,  
 So I went back as a man there  
 With redress and helping  
 planned ;  
 But I found, on reaching Con-  
 naught,  
 There was famine in the land.

## VI.

Well, I worked, I toiled, I la-  
 bored ;  
 So, thank God, did many  
 more ;  
 But I had a special pity  
 For the place I knew before.  
 It was changed ; the old were  
 vanished ;  
 Those who had been workers  
 there  
 Were grown old now ; and the  
 children,  
 With their sunny eyes and  
 hair,  
 Were a ragged army, fighting  
 Hand to hand with black de-  
 spair.

## VII.

There were some I sought out,  
 longing  
 For the old familiar face,  
 For the hearty Irish welcome  
 To the well-known corner  
 place ;

So I saw them, and I found it.  
 But of all whom I had known,  
 I cared most to see the Connors .  
 Their poor cabin stood alone  
 In the deep heart of the valley,  
 By the old gray fairy stone.

## VIII.

They were decent people, hold-  
 ing,  
 Though no richer than the  
 rest,  
 Still a place beyond their neigh-  
 bors,  
 With a tacit, unconfessed  
 Pride — it may have been —  
 that held them  
 From complaint when things  
 went ill :  
 I might guess when work was  
 slacker,  
 But no shadow seemed to chill  
 The warm welcome which they  
 offered ;  
 It was warm and cheerful still.

## IX.

Yet their home was changed : the  
 father  
 And the mother were no more ;  
 And the brothers, Phil and Pat-  
 rick,  
 Kept starvation from the door.  
 There were many little faces  
 Gathered round the old hearth-  
 stone ;

But the children I had played  
with  
Were the men and women  
grown ;  
Phil and Patrick, Kate and Milly,  
Were the ones whom I had  
known.

## x.

Kate was grown, but little al-  
tered,  
Just the sunburnt, rosy face,  
With its merry smile, whose shin-  
ing  
Seemed to light the darkest  
place.  
But all, young and old, held  
Milly  
As their dearest and their best,  
From the baby orphan-sisters  
Whom she hushed upon her  
breast, —  
She it was who bore the burdens,  
Love and sorrow, for the rest.

## xi.

Yes, I knew the tall slight figure,  
And the face so pale and fair,  
Crowned with long, long plaited  
tresses  
Of her shining yellow hair ;  
She was very calm and tender,  
Warm and brave, yet just and  
wise,  
Meeting grief with tender pity,  
Sin with sorrowful surprise :  
I have fancied Angels watch us  
With such sad and loving eyes.

## xii.

Well, I questioned past and fut-  
ure,  
Heard of plans and hopes and  
fears ;  
How all prospects grew still  
darker  
With the shade of coming  
years.  
Milly still deferred her marriage ;  
But the brothers urged of late  
She would leave them and old  
Ireland,  
And at least secure her fate ;  
Michael pleaded too, — but vain-  
ly ;  
Milly chose to wait and wait.

## xiii.

Though all liked her cousin Mi-  
chael, —  
He was steady, a good son, —  
Yet we wondered at the treasure  
Which his careless heart had  
won.  
Ah, he was not worth her ! Milly  
Must have guessed our thought  
in part,  
For she feigned such special def-  
erence  
For his judgment and his  
heart :  
The defiance and the answer  
Of instinctive woman's art.

## xiv.

But my duties would not let me  
Stay in one place ; I must go



Where the want and need were  
greatest ;  
So I travelled to and fro.  
And I could not give the bounty  
Which was meant for all to  
share,  
Save in scanty portions, counting  
What each hamlet had to  
bear ;  
So my old home and old com-  
rades  
Had to struggle with despair.

## xv.

I could note at every visit  
How all suffered more and  
more ;  
How the rich were growing  
poorer,  
The poor, poorer than before.  
And each time that I returned  
there,  
I could see the famine spread ;  
Till I heard of each fresh horror,  
Each new tale of fear and dread,  
With more pity for the living,  
More rejoicing for the dead.

## xvi.

Yet through all the bitter trials  
Of that long and fearful time,  
Still the suffering came untended  
By its hideous sister, Crime.  
Earthly things seemed grown less  
potent,  
Fellow-sufferers grown more  
dear,  
Murmurs even hushed in silence,  
Just as if, in listening fear,

While God spoke so loud in scr-  
row,  
They all felt He must be near.

## xvii.

But one day — I well remember  
How the warm soft autumn  
breeze,  
And the gladness of the sunshine,  
And the calmness of the seas,  
Seemed in strange unnatural con-  
trast  
To the tale of woe and dread  
Which I heard with painful won-  
der, —  
That the agent — I have said  
That he was not harsh or cruel —  
Had been shot at, and was  
dead.

## xviii.

For I felt in that small hamlet  
More or less I knew them all,  
And on some I cared for, surely,  
Must this bitter vengeance fall ;  
But I little dreamed how bitter,  
And the grief how great and  
wide,  
Till I heard that Michael Connor  
Was accused, and would be  
tried  
For this base and bloody murder ;  
Then I cried out that they lied !

## xix.

He, who might be weak and reck-  
less,  
Yet was gentle and humane ;

He who scarcely had the courage  
 To inflict a needful pain, —  
 Why, it could not be! And  
 Milly,  
 With her honest, noble pride,  
 And her faith and love, God help  
 her!

It were better she had died.  
 So I thought, and thought, and  
 pondered,  
 Till I knew they must have  
 lied.

## XX.

There was want and death and  
 hunger  
 Near me then; but this great  
 crime  
 Seemed to haunt me with its ter-  
 ror,  
 And grow worse and worse  
 with time,  
 Till I could not bear it longer,  
 And I turned my steps once  
 more  
 To the hamlet; did not slacken  
 Till I reached the cabin-door:  
 Then I paused; I never dreaded  
 The kind welcome there be-  
 fore.

## XXI.

So I entered. Kate was sitting  
 By the empty hearth; around  
 Were the children, ragged, hun-  
 gry,  
 Crouching silent on the  
 ground.

But a wail of grief and sorrow  
 Rose, and Katie hid her face,  
 Sobbing out she had no welcome,  
 For a curse was on the place,  
 And their honest name was cov-  
 ered  
 With another's black disgrace.

## XXII.

Then I soothed her; asked for  
 Milly;  
 And was told she was away;  
 Gone as witness to the trial,  
 And the trial was that day.  
 But all knew, so Katie told me,  
 Hope or comfort there was  
 none;  
 They were sure to find him guilty,  
 And before to-morrow's sun  
 He must die. I dared not loiter,  
 For the trial had begun.

## XXIII.

Yet I asked how Milly bore it;  
 And Kate told me some strang<sup>e</sup>  
 gleam  
 Of wild hope seemed living in  
 her,  
 But all knew it was a dream.  
 Then I mounted; rode on faster,  
 Faster still; the way was  
 long;  
 Hope and anger, fear and pity,  
 Each by turns were loud and  
 strong,  
 And above all, infinite pity  
 For the sorrow and the wrong.

## XXIV.

So I rode and rode, and entered  
 On the crowded market-place.  
 There was wonder, too, and pity  
 Upon many a hungry face ;  
 But I pushed on quicker, quicker,  
 Every moment held a fate.  
 As the great town-clock struck  
 mid-day,  
 I alighted at the gate :  
 No, the trial was not over ;  
 I was not, thank God, too late,

## XXV.

For I hoped — the chance was  
 meagre —  
 That my true and earnest  
 word  
 Might avail him, if the question  
 Of his former life was stirred ;  
 So the crowd believed : they  
 parted,  
 Let me take a foremost place,  
 Till I saw a shaking figure  
 And a terror-stricken face :  
 Was it guilt, or only terror ?  
 Fear of death, or of disgrace ?

## XXVI.

But a sudden breathless silence  
 Hushed the lowest whisper  
 there,  
 And I saw a slight young fig-  
 ure  
 Crowned with yellow plaited  
 hair,

Rise, and answer as they called  
 her ;

Rise before them all, and stand  
 With no quiver in her accent,  
 And no trembling in her hand,  
 Just a flush upon her forehead  
 Like a burning crimson brand.

## XXVII.

Slowly, steadily, and calmly,  
 Then the awful words were  
 said,  
 Calling God in Heaven to wit-  
 ness  
 To the truth of what she said.  
 As the oath in solemn order  
 On the reverent silence broke,  
 Some strange terror and misgiv-  
 ing  
 With a sudden start awoke :  
 What fear was it seized upon  
 me  
 As I heard the words she  
 spoke ?

## XXVIII.

As she stood there, looking on-  
 ward,  
 Onward, neither left nor right,  
 Did she see some deadly purpose  
 Buried, hidden out of sight ?  
 Did she see a blighting shadow  
 From the cloudy future cast ?  
 Or reluctant fading from her  
 Right and honor, — fading  
 fast

All her youth's remembered lessons,  
All the honest, noble past ?

## XXIX.

But her accents never faltered,  
As she swore the day and time,  
At the hour of the murder,  
At the moment of the crime,  
She had spoken with the prisoner . . . .  
Then a gasping joyful sigh  
Ran through all the court; they  
knew it, —  
Now the prisoner would not  
die . . . .  
And I knew that God in Heaven  
Had been witness to a lie !

## XXX.

Then I turned and looked at  
Michael ;  
Saw a rush of wonder stir  
Through his soul ; perplexed, bewildered,  
He looked strangely up at her.  
Would he speak ? could he have  
courage ?  
Where she fell, could he be  
strong ?  
Where she sinned, and sinned to  
save him,  
Could he thrust away the  
wrong ?  
That one moment's strange re-  
vulsion  
Seemed to me an hour long.

## XXXI.

And I saw the sudden shrinking  
In her brothers ; wondering  
scorn  
In the glance they cast upon her  
Showed they knew she was  
forsworn.  
They were stern, by want made  
sterner ;  
But the spot where Milly  
came  
In their hearts was soft and ten-  
der  
For her dear and honored  
name :  
Now the very love was hardened,  
And the honor turned to  
shame.

## XXXII.

So I left the place, nor lingered  
To see Michael, or to feign  
Joy where joy was mixed so  
strangely  
Both with pity and with pain.  
Many weeks I toiled and labored  
Far from there, but night and  
day  
One sad memory dwelt beside me,  
On my heart one shadow  
lay ; —  
Light was faded, glory tarnished,  
And a soul was cast away.

\* \* \* \*

## XXXIII.

It was evening ; and the sunset  
Glowed and glittered on the  
seas,

When a great ship heaved its anchor,  
 Loosed its sails to meet the breeze,  
 Sailing, sailing to the westward.  
 Eyes were wet and hearts were sore;  
 Many a heart that left its country,  
 Many a heart upon the shore,  
 Knew that parting was forever,  
 Said farewell forevermore.

## XXXIV.

In that sad and silent evening,  
 On the sunny, quiet beach,  
 Lingered little groups of watchers,  
 But with hearts too full for speech.  
 As I passed, I knew so many,  
 That my heart ached too that night,  
 For the yearning love, that, gazing,  
 Strained to see the last faint sight  
 Of the great ship, sailing westward,  
 Down the track of evening light.

## XXXV.

None were lonely though, — one sorrow  
 Drew that evening heart to heart;  
 Only far from all the others  
 One lone woman stood apart.

There was something in the figure,  
 Tall and slender, standing there,  
 That I knew — yet no, I doubted —  
 That forlorn and helpless air;  
 When a gleam of sunset glory  
 Showed her yellow braided hair.

## XXXVI.

It was Milly : ere I sought her,  
 One who knew her, standing by,  
 Said, "Her people sailed from Ireland,  
 And she stayed, but none knew why.  
 They were strong ; in that far country  
 Work such men were sure to find ;  
 They had offered to take Milly,  
 Pressed her often, and been kind ;  
 They had taken the young children,  
 Only she was left behind.

## XXXVII.

"Michael, too, was with them :  
 doubly  
 Had his fame been cleared by time ;  
 For the murderer, lately dying,  
 Had confessed and owned the crime :

And yet Milly, none knew where-  
 fore,  
 Broke her plighted troth to  
 him ;  
 Parted, too, with all her loved  
 ones  
 For some strange and selfish  
 whim." . . .  
 O, my heart was sore for Milly,  
 And I felt my eyes grow dim:

## XXXVIII.

She is still in Ireland ; dwelling  
 Near the old place, and alone ;  
 Just the same kind, loving spirit,  
 But the old light heart is flown.  
 When the humble toil is over  
 For her scanty daily bread,  
 Then she turns to nurse the  
 suffering,  
 Or to pray beside the dead :  
 Many, many thankful blessings  
 Fall each day upon her head.

## XXXIX.

There is no distress or sorrow  
 Milly does not try to cheer ;  
 There is never fever raging  
 But you always find her near ;  
 And she knows — at least I think  
 so —  
 That I guess her secret pain,  
 Why her Love and why her Sor-  
 row  
 Need be purified from stain,  
 Need in special consecration  
 Be restored to God again.

## A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I BUILT myself a castle,  
 So noble, grand, and fair ;  
 I built myself a castle,  
 A castle — in the air.

The fancies of my twilights  
 That fade in sober truth,  
 The longing of my sorrow,  
 And the vision of my youth ;

The plans of joyful futures ;  
 So dear they used to seem ;  
 The prayer that rose unbidden,  
 Half prayer — and half a  
 dream ;

The hopes that died unuttered  
 Within this heart of mine ; —  
 For all these tender treasures  
 My castle was the shrine.

I looked at all the castles  
 That rise to grace the land,  
 But I never saw another  
 So stately or so grand.

And now you see it shattered,  
 My castle in the air ;  
 It lies, a dreary ruin,  
 All desolate and bare.

I cannot build another,  
 I saw that one decay ;  
 And strength and heart and  
 courage  
 Died out the self-same day.



Yet still, beside that ruin,  
 With hopes as deep and fond,  
 I waited with an infinite longing,  
 Only — I look beyond.

---

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life  
 may be  
 A pleasant road ;  
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst  
 take from me  
 Aught of its load ;

I do not ask that flowers should  
 always spring  
 Beneath my feet ;  
 I know too well the poison and  
 the sting  
 Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear  
 Lord, I plead,  
 Lead me aright —  
 Though strength should falter,  
 and though heart should  
 bleed —  
 Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou  
 shouldst shed  
 Full radiance here ;  
 Give but a ray of peace, that I  
 may tread  
 Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to under-  
 stand,  
 My way to see ;  
 Better in darkness just to feel  
 Thy hand  
 And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace  
 divine  
 Like quiet night :  
 Lead me, O Lord, — till perfect  
 Day shall shine,  
 Through Peace to Light.

---

A LEGEND.

I.

THE Monk was preaching :  
 strong his earnest word,  
 From the abundance of his  
 heart he spoke,  
 And the flame spread, — in every  
 soul that heard  
 Sorrow and love and good re-  
 solve awoke : —  
 The poor lay Brother, ignorant  
 and old,  
 Thanked God that he had heard  
 such words of gold.

II.

“ Still let the glory, Lord, be  
 thine alone,” —  
 So prayed the Monk, his heart  
 absorbed in praise :

“Thine be the glory : if my  
 hands have sown  
 The harvest ripened in Thy  
 mercy’s rays,  
 It was Thy blessing, Lord, that  
 made my word  
 Bring light and love to every soul  
 that heard.

## III.

“O Lord, I thank Thee that my  
 feeble strength  
 Has been so blest ; that sinful  
 hearts and cold  
 Were melted at my pleading, —  
 knew at length  
 How sweet Thy service and  
 how safe Thy fold :  
 While souls that loved Thee saw  
 before them rise  
 Still holier heights of loving  
 sacrifice.”

## IV.

So prayed the Monk : when sud-  
 denly he heard  
 An angel speaking thus :  
 “ Know, O my Son,  
 Thy words had all been vain,  
 but hearts were stirred,  
 And saints were edified, and  
 sinners won,  
 By his, the poor lay Brother’s  
 humble aid  
 Who sat upon the pulpit stair  
 and prayed.”

## BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

## FOR A CHILD.

WHY do you look sad, my Min-  
 nie ?

Tell me, darling, — for to-day  
 Is the birthday of Our Lady,  
 And Her children should be  
 gay.

What ? — You say that all the  
 others,  
 Alice, Cyril, Effie, Paul,  
 All had got a gift to give Her,  
 Only you had none at all.

Well, dear, that does seem a pity :  
 Tell me how it came about  
 That the others bring a present,  
 And my Minnie comes with-  
 out.

Alice has a lovely Banner,  
 All embroidered blue and  
 gold : —  
 Then you know that sister Alice  
 Is so clever and so old.

Cyril has his two camellias ;  
 One deep red, and one pure  
 white :  
 They will stand at Benediction  
 On the Altar steps to-night.

Effie, steady little Effie,  
 Stitching many an hour away,  
 She has clothed a little orphan  
 All in honor of to-day.

With the skill the good Nuns  
taught her  
Angela herself has made  
Two tall stems of such real lilies,  
They do all but smell — and  
fade.

Then with look of grave im-  
portance  
Comes our quiet little Paul,  
With the myrtle from his gar-  
den : —  
He himself is not as tall.

Even Baby Agnes, kneeling  
With half-shy, half-solemn air,  
Held up one sweet rose to Mary,  
Lisping out her tiny prayer.

Well, my Minnie, say, how was  
it ?  
Shall I guess ? I think I  
know  
All the griefs. Well, I will  
count them : —  
First, your rose-tree would not  
blow :

Then the fines have been so many  
All the pennies melt away ;  
Then for work — I know my  
Minnie  
Cares so very much for play,

That these little clumsy fingers  
Scarcely yet have learnt to sew,  
Still less all the skilful fancies  
Angela and Alice know.

Yet my Minnie can't be treated  
Quite as Baby was to-day,  
When Mamma or Alice gave her  
Something just to give away.

Well, my darling, there are many  
Who have neither time nor  
skill,  
Gold nor silver, yet they offer  
Gifts to Mary if they will.

There are ways — Our Lady  
knows them,  
And Her children all should  
know  
How to find a flower for Mary  
Underneath the deepest snow ;

How to make a lovely garland,  
Winter though it be and cold ;  
How to buy the rarest offering,  
Costing — something — but  
not gold ;

How to buy, and buy it dearly,  
Gifts that She will love to take ;  
Nor to grudge the cost, but give it  
Cheerfully for Mary's sake.

Does that seem so strange, my  
darling ?  
Nay, dear, it is nothing new ;  
All can give Her noble pres-  
ents, —  
Shall I tell you of a few ?

What were those the Magi offered,  
Frankincense and gold and  
myrrh : —

Minnie thinks that Saints and  
Monarchs  
Are quite different from her !

. . . Sometimes it is hard to listen  
To a word unkind or cold  
And to smile a loving answer ;  
Do it — and you give Her  
Gold.

Thoughts of Her in work or  
playtime,  
Those small grains of incense  
rare,  
Cast upon a burning censer,  
Rise in perfumed clouds of  
prayer.

There are sometimes bitter fan-  
cies,  
Little murmurs that will stir  
Even a loving heart ; — but crush  
them  
And you give Our Lady myrrh.

Give your little crosses to her,  
Which each day, each hour  
befall ;  
They remind Her of Her Jesus,  
So she loves them best of all.

Some seem very poor and worth-  
less,  
Yet however small and slight,  
Given to her by one who loves  
her,  
They are precious in her sight.

One may be so hard to carry  
That your hands will bleed  
and smart : —  
Go and take it to Her Altar,  
Go and place it in her heart ;

Check your tears and try to love  
it,  
Love it as His sacred will :  
So you set the cross with jewels,  
Make your gift more precious  
still.

There are souls — alas ! too  
many —  
Who forget that Jesus died,  
Who forget that sin forever  
Is the lance to pierce His side.

Hearts that turn away from Je-  
sus ;  
Sins that scourge Him and be-  
tray ;  
Cold and cruel souls that even  
Crucify Him day by day.

Ah ! poor sinners ! Mary loves  
them,  
And she knows no royal gem  
Half so noble or so precious  
As the prayer you say for  
them ;

Or resign some little pleasure  
Give it her instead, to win  
Help for some poor soul in peril  
Grace for some poor heart in  
sin,

Mercy for poor sinners, — plead-  
ing  
For their souls as for your  
own ; —  
So you make a crown of jewels  
Fit to lay before Her throne.

Flowers, — why I should never  
finish  
If I tried to count them too, —  
If I told you how to know them,  
In what garden-plot they grew.

Yet I think my darling guesses  
They are emblems, and we  
trace  
In the rarest and the loveliest  
Acts of love and gifts of grace.

Modest violets, meek snow-drops,  
Holy lilies white and pure,  
Faithful tendrils — herbs for heal-  
ing —  
If they only would endure !

And they will, — such flowers  
fade not ;  
They are not of mortal birth ;  
And such garlands given to Mary  
Die not like the gifts of Earth.

Well, my Minnie, can you tell  
me  
You have still no gift to lay  
At the feet of your dear Mother,  
Any hour, any day ?

Give Her now — to-day — for-  
ever,  
One great gift, — the first, the  
best, —  
Give your heart to Her, and ask  
her  
How to give her all the rest.

---

A BEGGAR.

I BEG of you, I beg of you, my  
brothers,  
For my need is very sore ;  
Not for gold and not for silver  
do I ask you,  
But for something even more :  
From the depths of your hearts  
pity let it be —  
Pray for me.

I beg of you whose robes of ra-  
diant whiteness  
Have been kept without a  
stain ;  
Of you who, stung to death by  
serpent Pleasure,  
Found the healing Angel  
Pain :  
Whether holy or forgiven you  
may be —  
Pray for me.

I beg of you calm souls whose  
wondering pity  
Looks at paths you never trod :

I beg of you who suffer — for all  
sorrow

Must be very near to God —  
And the need is even greater  
than you see —  
Pray for me.

I beg of you, O children, for He  
loves you,  
And He loves your prayers the  
best :

Fold your little hands together,  
and ask Jesus  
That the weary may have rest,  
That a bird caught in a net may  
be set free —  
Pray for me.

I beg of you who stand before  
the Altar,  
Whose anointed hands up-  
raise

All the sin and all the sorrow of  
the Ages,  
All the love and all the praise,  
And the glory which was always  
and shall be —  
Pray for me.

I beg of you — of you who  
through Life's battle

Our dear Lord has set apart,  
That while we who love the peril  
are made captives,  
Still the Church may have its  
Heart

Which is fettered that our souls  
may be set free —  
Pray for me.

I beg of you, I beg of you, my  
brothers,

For an alms this very day ;  
I am standing on your doorstep  
as a Beggar  
Who will not be turned away,  
And the Charity you give my  
soul shall be —  
Pray for me !

---

LINKS WITH HEAVEN.

OUR God in Heaven, from that  
holy place,  
To each of us an Angel guide  
has given ;  
But Mothers of dead children  
have more grace, —  
For they give Angels to their  
God and Heaven.

How can a Mother's heart feel  
cold or weary  
Knowing her dearer self safe,  
happy, warm ?  
How can she feel her road too  
dark or dreary,  
Who knows her treasure shel-  
tered from the storm ?

How can she sin ? Our hearts  
may be unheeding,  
Our God forgot, our holy  
Saints defied ;



But can a mother hear her dead  
child pleading,  
And thrust those little angel  
hands aside ?

Those little hands stretched down  
to draw her ever  
Nearer to God by mother  
love : — we all  
Are blind and weak, yet surely  
she can never,  
With such a stake in Heaven,  
fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty  
Angels raise  
Chorus in Heaven, one little  
silver tone  
Is hers forever, that one little  
praise,  
One little happy voice, is all  
her own.

We may not see her sacred crown  
of honor,  
But all the Angels fitting to  
and fro  
Pause smiling as they pass, —  
they look upon her  
As mother of an angel whom  
they know,

One whom they left nestled at  
Mary's feet, —  
The children's place in Heav-  
en, — who softly sings

A little chant to please them, slow  
and sweet,  
Or smiling strokes their little  
folded wings ;

Or gives them Her white lilies  
or Her beads  
To play with : — yet, in spite  
of flower or song,  
They often lift a wistful look that  
pleads  
And asks Her why their moth-  
er stays so long.

Then our dear Queen makes an-  
swer she will call  
Her very soon : meanwhile they  
are beguiled  
To wait and listen while She tells  
them all  
A story of Her Jesus as a child.

Ah, Saints in Heaven may pray  
with earnest will  
And pity for their weak and  
erring brothers :  
Yet there is prayer in Heaven  
more tender still, —  
The little Children pleading  
for their Mothers.

---

HOMELESS.

It is cold, dark midnight, yet lis-  
ten  
To that patter of tiny feet !

Is it one of your dogs, fair lady,  
Who whines in the bleak cold  
street ?

Is it one of your silken spaniels  
Shut out in the snow and the  
sleet ?

My dogs sleep warm in their bas-  
kets,

Safe from the darkness and  
snow ;

All the beasts in our Christian  
England,

Find pity wherever they go —  
(Those are only the homeless  
children

Who are wandering to and fro).

Look out in the gusty darkness,—

I have seen it again and again,  
That shadow, that flits so slowly  
Up and down past the window-  
pane : —

It is surely some criminal lurk-  
ing

Out there in the frozen rain ?

Nay, our criminals all are shel-  
tered,

They are pitied and taught  
and fed :

That is only a sister-woman  
Who has got neither food nor  
bed, —

And the Night cries, “ Sin to be  
living,”

And the River cries, “ Sin to  
be dead.”

Look out at that farthest corner  
Where the wall stands blank  
and bare : —

Can that be a pack which a Ped-  
ler

Has left and forgotten there ?

His goods lying out unsheltered  
Will be spoilt by the damp  
night-air.

Nay ; — goods in our thrifty  
England

Are not left to lie and grow  
rotten,

For each man knows the market  
value

Of silk or woollen or cotton. . .

But in counting the riches of Eng-  
land

I think our Poor are forgotten.

Our Beasts and our Thieves and  
our Chattels

Have weight for good or for ill ;

But the Poor are only His image,

His presence, His word, His  
will ; —

And so Lazarus lies at our door-  
step

And Dives neglects him still.















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