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WOMEN IN SONG



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THE MOUNTAINS OF THE ANDES
A View of the Cordillera de la Real, near
Lima, Peru. The mountains are covered
with snow and the climate is very
brisk.



A GALLERY
OF
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WOMEN
FAMOUS IN SONG

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

HENRY COPPÉE, LL.D.

PRESIDENT OF LEHIGH UNIVERSITY



PROFUSELY AND RICHLY ILLUSTRATED

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INTRODUCTION.

TO bring together in one illustrious company the most gifted and brilliant women who in two great countries, speaking the same unrivalled language, have tuned their harps to the pure spirit and the vigorous and melodious words which are the heritage alike of America and England; and to adorn the written verse with fitting illustrations of pictorial art,—these constitute the design of the editor and the publisher in presenting this magnificent volume to an appreciative public.

It is but a short time since that a work similar in character and composition, containing almost entirely poets of the sterner sex, was issued in serial numbers, and it has met with signal favor in all parts of the country. By a new application of the dictum that “it is not good for *man* to be alone” we have thought it pleasant and proper to give to our “Gallery of Famous Poets” a fitting companion in this “Gallery of Women Famous in Song,” and it has been a cheering thought that, apart from the real and great merit which will be found in these pages, they will appeal to that chivalry existing in every gentle heart which delights to honor Woman for herself as well as for her cause.

No critical analysis of the contents of this volume is intended; in the few pages of an Introduction it would be impossible. The poems must speak for themselves, and every gentle reader must be his own gentle critic.

The selections have been made with great care from such a

wealth of English and American poetry that the editor has constantly felt the full force of the French phrase, *L'embarras de richesses*. What to omit has been a far more difficult question than what to insert. Many a name, and many a poem worthy to appear and destined to immortality, is of painful necessity excluded from a work of so small a compass.

If, then, devoted admirers of some poetesses seek in vain for their favorites, let us declare that this is but one Gallery—a small but brilliant one—of women imbued with the spirit of song and the power of impassioned utterance.

For the best of reasons, which will be noticed hereafter, the writers chosen are of the modern period; as in our other Gallery, we are traversing the same classic ground in gentler company. This volume is thus rather the complement of the former than a supplement to it. The possession of the two gives, distinct as they seem to be, the components of a literary whole. Each is necessary to the completion of the other.

Of the beauties of art which shine from these pages little need be said to those who, running rapidly over this Introduction, will pass at once to the solution of the æsthetic problem—the art interpretation of beautiful poetry. If, as has been justly said by the Latin poet, the eye is a readier receiver than the ear of the beauties of Nature and Art, we have here an appeal to both in intensifying the same scenes.

Placed on the same page with the letter-press, poet and artist unite in the same work; thought responds to thought, and the profusion of pictures by the pencil renders the whole work more charming by the variety thus created.

In all ages it may be declared without paradox that the artist has been a poet, and the poet an artist. The science of taste as a study is of modern origin, but it goes back for its materials to all periods in the history of literature, and the

intimate communion of poetry and art, always desired, but not before subjected to law, has now been declared as a canon of practice. The great painter goes to the poet for the idea of his immortal works, and the poet presents such visions as are most clearly depicted to the mind by the pencil. Take as an illustration the most splendid efforts of Doré's wonderful genius, and you find them portraying the celestial visions of the blind Milton or the glories of Tennyson's *Arthur* to many minds incapable otherwise of rising to the "height of the great argument."

In considering the poetesses whose works are here so beautifully illustrated, it seems proper to dwell for a brief space upon a question which has long interested and, it is not too much to say, agitated society. It is a consideration of the rights and the duties of woman in the domain of literature and art, and especially of poetry.

And, first of all, we observe that this question seems to lie in a larger debatable ground; it is part and parcel of that generic and important question, "The rights of woman," so much discussed in this latest age—the age of greatest enlightenment. There are certain rights demanded by some to which our subject makes it unnecessary to refer. Others are more germane to our purpose, and these we hasten to concede abundantly. To smooth the pillow of sickness; to "sing of heaven beside the dying;" to wipe away the tears of sorrow and the clammy dews of death; to nurture the children of her travail, training them upward and onward in the paths of truth, honor and holiness; to soften rude natures and restrain fiery spirits; to nerve the patriot's arm and mourn his loss; in a word, to grace this earth and allure to heaven,—such are rights greater than man can appreciate or man bestow, for which he can only pay fervent love and humble gratitude. Can there be greater rights than these?

But to these let us add the unquestioned right to enter the large domains of science, art and literature; let us point with honor to the names of Mitchell and Somerville in physical science; of Hosmer and Rosa Bonheur in sculpture and painting, of Hemans, Browning, Ingelow, Maria Brooks, Sigourney, Howe, and a shining throng beyond our space for enumeration, in the fields of poetry; and especially in poetry does woman shine and please.

In shady groves, on fragrant meads, by glowing firesides, in the dim religious light of churches, wherever the Muses haunt, behold her instinct with grace and beauty. Force her not, then, into the highways of civic bustle or the forum of party strifes, where there is dust to soil and filth to defile.

Nor is there wisdom in instituting a comparison between the intellect of man and woman. It is not a question of greater or less weight, of larger or smaller proportions. It is a question of kind; they are unlike, and yet each perfect and powerful after its kind. Her finer feelings, her nobler motives are the growth of the heart and home, not of the intellect and the forum. Woman is the divinity of the home—man the ruler in the place of public concourse.

One of our own poets has said:

"What we most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is *finite*, but the affections
Are *infinite*, and cannot be exhausted."

There is indeed something sublime in the contemplation of a great mind rising above its fellows, swaying multitudes, leading armies to victory, ruling nations; and yet how glad is the statesman, the warrior, the monarch, to bring that massive intellect, which is his greatest boast, heated and panting from the

struggles of the arena and the burning sunlight of his high station, to nestle beneath the cool and quiet shade of woman's palm-like affections, and from that retirement and repose to gather new vigor for future triumphs.

The biography of the great is full of pomp and glitter; this unwritten counterpart is full of interest and instruction.

Among many gifted women who have mistaken the first postulates of the question, Mrs. Browning has been thought by some to have arrayed herself definitely on the side of "woman's rights." In her greatest work, *Aurora Leigh*, she has depicted the character of a gifted and aspiring woman in such a manner as seems at first glance to warrant the charge. We do not read it so; we find in it a dignified rebuke of imperious man, rather than an undue assertion of woman's claims.

In one passage she attacks in a very relentless manner the ordinary occupation of ladies as frivolous in itself indeed, but chiefly as not receiving, perhaps because it does not deserve, a proper return of gratitude and respect from the lords of creation:

"The works of women are symbolical;
 We sew, sew: prick our fingers, dull our sight:
 Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
 To put on when you're weary: or a stool
 To tumble over and vex you. . . . "Curse that stool"
 Or else at best a cushion where you lean,
 And sleep and dream of something we are not,
 But would be for your sake. Alas! alas!
 This hurts most, this . . . that, after all, we are paid
 The worth of our work, perhaps."

Feeling within herself a poetic power equal to any poet of the age, male or female, she, more than any other, had the right to reflect bitterly upon the common estimate of woman's literary efforts as set forth in the courteous criticism of the time:

"Expressing the comparative respect,
 Which means the absolute scorn. 'Oh, excellent!
 What grace! what facile terms! what fluent sweeps!
 What delicate discernment, . . . almost thought!
 The book does honor to the sex, we hold.
 Among our female authors we make room
 For this fair writer, and congratulate
 The country that produces in these times
 Such women, competent to . . . spell."

But how noble her concession, if any concession were needed, at the end! She had striven long against the noble but imperious Romney; she would not share his heart even with his philanthropic schemes; but when he comes to her blind and suffering, needing affection and guidance, how does her heart pour itself out upon him! How does she rise to the loftiest sentiment of woman and the noblest expression of poetry in the long explanation, concluding with that sunrise at Rome which they witness hand in hand, heart linked with heart, and which is typical of the brighter dawn of heaven—heaven's sunrise to earth's blindness! There is no more beautiful description in the range of English poetry. She portrays it to the blind man, who could only feel it, so that it was visible to the eye of his soul:

"My Romney! Lifting up my hand in his,
 As wheeled by seeing spirits toward the East,
 He turned instinctively, where faint and fair,
 Along the tingling desert of the sky,
 Beyond the circle of the conscious hills
 Were laid, in jasper-stone as clear as glass,
 The first foundations of that new near day
 Which should be builded out of heaven to God.
 He stood a moment with erected brows,
 In silence as a creature might who gazed:
 Stood calm, and fed his blind, majestic eyes

Upon the thought of perfect noon. And when
 I saw his soul saw—'Jasper first,' I said,
 'And second sapphire; third chalcedony;
 The rest in order; . . . last an amethyst.'"

Mrs. Browning has done more than any one else to indicate the avenues for woman's efforts in poetry, and to dignify and magnify the noble office which she has assumed.

Poetry is intimately associated with whatever is best and most attractive in woman's nature. How often and in how many ways are we charmed by the voice of woman! How varied its tones and their effects, from the prima donna assoluta, who is the perfection of art, to the mother's plaintive lullaby, which is nothing but nature! There is no music like that of woman's voice. In the social evening there is no charm like her impassioned utterances. In the service of song in the Lord's house no one can render so well as she the wail of the *Miserere* or the glad notes of the *Te Deum*.

We may recur to the early time in the classic ages when to sing meant to improvise words and music; to open one's heart in one's own song; to warble joyous notes when the heart was happy, or to send forth the soul's real absorbing sorrow in a wailing minor so sad that it could shake the heartstrings of the hearer as the wind-harp is tortured into sound by the sorrowing breezes of the night. Thought and word and melody came together in mysterious and simultaneous connection.

What was a reality remains as an illustration of woman's poetry. Our hearts, as we listen, supply a music unheard by other ears, and we read in the thought a spirit which is in harmony with nature and with God:

"For wheresoever in His rich creation
 Sweet music breathes, in wave or bird or *soul*,
 'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
 Of that great tune to which the planets roll."

It is in a special manner true of woman's poetry that it is the exponent of her character, the story of her heart and of her life. In each case it presents to us the individual writer—her own faithful love or delicate fancy or unaccountable caprice—sometimes, but rarely, darker pictures of a saddened history, but always betraying to us unconsciously her own identity; and when the writings of the many are collected they may be considered as displaying general character, so that if we look in the works of the great psychologists for the philosophy of man as a race, that of woman may be further studied with profit in the great volume in which her literary efforts are collected. Illustrations of this view will suggest themselves readily to our readers; and of such this volume is full.

And one reason at least is evident. With man, from the earliest ages, literature has been a profession. Prophets and bards and scalds had public duty and professional occupation. In later days laurelled poets have given nobility to their office, and stand in history greater than the monarchs who patronized them. Such were the Gran Padre Alighier, Ariosto, Tasso, Chaucer, Milton, Wordsworth; such are Tennyson, Longfellow and Whittier. They were and are poets by name and *profession*. They stand before the world each with an innumerable audience, expectant and admiring. They have conspired to create technical standards, and have been obliged to conform to those standards even when trammelled by them. If their greatest works are in a sense inspired, stamped with genius, it is not too much to say that in their voluminous writings there is of necessity much that is mechanical. Thus their strength is allied to weakness.

The very fact that poetry has not been an acknowledged calling until a very modern period for woman has given spontaneity to her efforts and freed them from mechanical shackles.

From secluded homes, from the midst of household duties—woman's truest profession—the sisterhood of song have sent forth melodies like those of nature—tones which can no more be restrained than the glad notes of the "busy lark" or the plaintive sounds of the nightingale. Such can hardly receive the cold measure of technical standards. Often unacquainted with the canons of criticism and unskilled in rhythmic rules, the soul of the poetess bursts forth intuitively with the inspiration of genius, like the incantations of the hidden oracle, to delight and astonish an unexpectant world; the stream flows, incapable of repression, from the smitten rock; "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Thus it is that there is no phase of woman's life which is not presented in her poetry. There are enshrined her truest beauties.

There are no descriptions of physical beauty like hers, and surely that is to be curiously considered which has so often influenced the fate of nations and plays so prominent a part in social life.

Bacon has pithily told us in one of his striking essays, "Virtue is like a rich stone *well set*, and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely." But when I speak of the true beauty of woman, I refer to that which borrows its charms from mind and heart, and which often so informs the features that beauty glows where symmetry is wanting.

Let us refer to some of the elements of this moral beauty. Woman's love is beautiful. She stands beside the altar with the man to whom she has given herself, soul and body, "until death do them part," and the glance of trust and hope and implicit faith gives a heavenly light to her eye. Brides are proverbially beautiful.

Her first-born nestles to her bosom, and looks with calm wonder into her overflowing eye. She strains him in her arms

and bursts forth into a song—"Philip, my king." Is not every young mother beautiful? The love which flows in continual stream from the heart of a daughter or a sister imparts beauty to her face, her speech, her life. These tender relations, these mysterious joys, these newborn emotions, glow as nowhere else in the poetry of woman. She is the true minnesinger of the modern world; passion shrinks away abashed at her purity, and love, unstained by earth, seeks to reclaim and rule in her happy realm.

Woman's gratitude is a striking element of her moral beauty; and where is that portrayed as it is in her verse?

Man, self-reliant and impatient of assistance, would compass his own ends and achieve his own victories, and when the irreparable comes upon him is often ready to sink into the lethargy of despair. Woman has less self-reliance, but greater fortitude. When storms assail and spend their fury upon our lives, when sickness invades the family circle and death threatens, her patient endurance shames his boasted courage; she is then the assuager and the comforter. And when the mercy of God stays the hand of the destroyer and rolls back the portentous storm-cloud, no bow of promise made of sunshine and water-drops was ever more beautiful in the sky than are her eloquent tears and smiles of joy—the sunshine and water-drops of the heart, which mark the abating deluge; no earthly song is sweeter than her low yet heartfelt chant of gratitude for the happy deliverance; it is potent, too, to call down another blessing.

“When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted phrase
For benefits received, propitious Heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.”

And so, had we time, we might continue to show the reflection in her poetry of her choicest virtues, which are her truest beauties—her prudence, her discretion, her pity, her constancy.

What charity in the range of humanity is comparable with hers? It is portrayed by the poet in a vision of her sex and in her robes :

“ Divinely wise,
The meek eyed daughter of the skies!
From the pure fountain of eternal light,
Where, fair, immutable and bright,
The beatific vision shines.”

So, too, her faith is alike true and powerful in gladness, in sorrow, in festival and fast. It has presented to sacred art its truest types, and has thus commended the old masters to the hearts of men in all ages of Christianity. When, with chastened heart and in humble posture, she kneels before the mercy-seat, imagination beholds a dazzling ray swiftly speeding from the throne of God, through the dark clouds of earth's stormy weather, resting crown-like upon her head, and making her beauty heavenly and divine; and with the streaming light is heard the voice of Him who spake as never man spake: “Woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.” No wonder that she rises to sing for herself and all holy souls,—

“ Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!”

In each and in all these characteristics of woman her poetry is the emphatic exponent of her heart and life, as a thousand extracts might be quoted to show. But these would be out of place here, since this volume is intended to give the best and most varied illustrations, and might with entire propriety have been called an epitome of woman's virtues.

Nor will it be expected that we should present critical comments of the poems here collected; most of them have already passed successfully through such an ordeal. A few of the more noted names may, however, be mentioned without disparagement to the rest, as marking the progress of female poetry during the comparatively brief period from the days of its clear recognition to our own time.

No work could open with a more honorable and appropriate name than that of HANNAH MORE. An elegant lady amid her brilliant social surroundings, an humble Christian in all her teachings and in her own life, a gifted poetess, her precepts, her devotions and her songs have instructed, improved and delighted both hemispheres. No one of her poems claims so good a right to precedence as that which we have placed as an "Inscription" at the entrance-door of our Gallery. It points with graceful index to the varied charms within, and in gentle tones of invitation it bids only proper guests to enter and enjoy its beauties:

"Mortals formed of grosser clay,
From our haunts keep far away;
Or, if you should dare appear,
See that you from vice are clear.
* * * *
Come, ye happy, virtuous few,
Open is my bower for you:
You these mossy banks may press;
You each guardian fay shall bless."

Of the same spirit are such writers as Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Aikin and Mrs. Opie, whose names are familiar as household words. The excellent portrait of Mrs. Joanna Baillic impresses us half with awe and half with love, with her solemn look from beneath the coif and cap, and indicates the character of

one who undertook the most difficult literary tasks in a censorious age with the most successful results.

Mrs. Howitt never forgets the children, and therefore she is lovingly appreciated by every mother in England and America. Now she expresses her pity for "Pauper Orphans," now 'tis a chant to "Old Christmas"—and what is Christmas without children?—and anon it is a "Swinging Song," which fairly takes our breath away as we read it:

"Down with the hoop upon the green,
Down with the ringing tambourine;
Little heed we for this or for that—
Off with the bonnet, off with the hat;
Away we go like birds on the wing!
Higher yet! higher yet! 'Now for the king!
This is the way we swing, we swing!"

Mrs. Norton is an impassioned writer whose burning words are uttered in the perfection of rhythm. The flow of her verse dwells in the memory by the power of its numbers. She rings the chimes of love and hope; she sings the *Ranz des Vaches* to the accompaniment of tinkling bells, and the home-sickness of the expatriated Switzer is clearly understood.

The checquered life and mournful death of L. E. L. are imaged in her poems, and every cherished relic of her genius causes an unavailing regret that she could not stay to produce grander and completer things, of which the promise was so abundant.

Eliza Cook has her own high rank among her sister poets, but she is especially commended to Americans by her true appreciation of our own immortal Washington:

"Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on History's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star!"

And how generous her recognition of our national pride and glory!—

“There's a star in the West that shall never go down
Till the records of valor decay ;
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
For Liberty burst in its ray.”

How true and how catholic the picture she draws of *Nature's Nobleman*, whose title exists not in earthly lineage or by the seal of an earthly monarch, but by letters-patent of Nature, stamped with the signet of Nature's God!—

“His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—
An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine robe.
* * * * *
He holds the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace ;
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place.”

To Mrs. Browning incidental reference has already been made. A casual mention like this is unjust to a fame which equals that of any poet in the prolific Victorian age. She holds her pen with the nervous grasp and wields it with the solid scholarship of a man, and yet she is so very a woman that there is no masculine trait to be found in her writings. She stands alone among her sisters in the vigor of her thought, in the splendor of her imagery, in the boldness with which she has selected her themes. She is the greatest female poet, and one of the greatest poets, without regard to sex, which England has ever produced.

The attention of our readers may also well be called to the excellent translations of sacred poems by Catherine Winkworth, extracted from the *Lyra Germanica*. This pleasing work is a collection of German lyrical devotion for several centuries

past, and contains, among other fine poems, several of Luther's noblest hymns.

GEORGE ELIOT, after having delighted the world with her original novels, in which she has steadily risen in excellence to the latest and best—*Middlemarch*—has appeared as a poet with equal success, as the charming extracts in this volume will show.

Of the American poets here collected less need be said; they are more familiar to our readers, and where there is no space for extended criticism it is unnecessary and useless to repeat the list of their honored names.

Southey, a great poet and critic, has proclaimed the poetic genius of Mrs. Brooks ("Maria del Occidente") to be of the first order. She is among the most impassioned of our poetesses, and there is nothing more melodious than her lines of love and longing:

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

Miss Gould is sparkling and original, and gilds home scenes with a beautiful light. Mrs. Sigourney's life is written in her poetry, which fills a large space in the literary period of which she was so long an ornament.

Mrs. Osgood displays a sensitive woman's heart in her beautiful verses, and is one of our chief favorites, because her soul seemed to vibrate the finest and most universal sentiments. There was no phase of humanity which did not share her sympathy, from its loftiest condition to the little children who find so warm a place in her affections and her poetry. And be-

yond the joys of children in happy households she could point them to a happier lot :

"A fairer home than childhood's home,
A fonder love than ours,
Await you at your journey's end
In heaven's own balmy bowers."

The Davidson Sisters are never mentioned without praise of what they wrote, and a regret that such promise was nipped in the bud. Like the twin cherubs of Paulding's "Old Man's Carousal,"

"They came but to see the first act of the play—
Grew tired of the scene, and then both flew away,"

but they left a song for tender memory, and an example for gifted girls in their devoted lives.

Mrs. Hale deserves honorable mention, not only from the excellence of her poems, but because, devoted to literature by taste and culture, it was also her life-work from necessity. By it and by her honorable efforts she maintained her dignity and her independence when she was rudely thrown upon the world by adverse fortune.

And here we may stay our mention of the female poets. Of the many others, all are worthy of special consideration; the greater number are living and writing, and we may expect new and beautiful works from their pens. Of those who have fallen asleep, and tune sweeter harps to the worthiest song, let us say they are still ours in what they have left—ours to admire, to love and to bless :

"Death like a thin mist comes, yet leaves
No shadow on each name;
But as yon starry gems, that gleam
In evening's crystal sky,
So have they won in memory's depths
An immortality."

A few words may be properly said in conclusion as to the inducements offered to female genius at the present day, in contrast with the difficulties which have surrounded it in the past.

It has been said that the age in which we live offers to gifted women the first untrammelled opportunity for the manifestations of their genius. Warton tells us, in his *History of English Poetry*, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth "the importance of the female character was not yet acknowledged, nor were women admitted into the general commerce of society." It was for a long time after considered by many beneath them, and by some beyond them, to write, and so the talent lay buried in a napkin. The period with which this volume opens is really that, with a few rare exceptions, in which the gentler sex began to write. And even from that period until within a few years past there have been great obstacles in the way of woman's clear literary recognition. In the days of Pope women were either the queens and toys of an artificial society, or, as in all ages, household drudges. Those who wrote verses or ventured into the domain of satire and wit were in France *les précieuses ridicules*, so cleverly portrayed by Molière, and in England they were blue-stockings. The woman of genius was thus surrounded by an atmosphere of brilliant opprobrium. The poetess was an eccentric character, who in grasping the laurel lost the charms of womanhood in many eyes.

It is no longer so; that day has gone by for ever. The woman who now possesses "the vision and the faculty divine" is crowned with laurel and robed in purple amid the plaudits of all. She adorns her womanhood with acknowledged charms; she bedecks her beauty with immortal amaranth; she stands among her companions the noblest and best beloved of them all.

And how large is the scope for woman's powers! How numerous the incitements to work the golden vein, so rich, so long unwrought! It is for her, in an especial manner and with peculiar power, to vindicate her sex, to exalt womanhood, to instruct the young, to restrain with gentleness, to picture bright examples. If the common politics of the day would sully her trailing garments, whenever great crises or questions arise which concern our common humanity, it is not too much to say that man's view is incomplete without the expression of woman's intuition.

Suffering Italy owes much of the world's sympathy to such strains as burst from the lips of Elizabeth Barrett Browning as she saw pageant and sorrow streaming past the Casa Guidi windows. In a great war no battle-lyrics are sweeter or more stirring than those struck from a woman's lyre; no notes of compassion more touching.

There are many themes in which man's logic needs woman's instinctive taste. Of man's power she is often the motive and the gentle guide.

The rounded image, the symmetry of proportion, which alone present to us the perfection of the *chefs d'œuvre* of world-renowned sculpture, are secured by the double view of the stereoscope, portraying not only a complete picture, but a wonderful relief.

This is eminently true of poetry as well as sculptured art. Or, to vary the image, in architecture the massive walls, the stately column, the ponderous dome may be hewn and chiselled, and fitted stone to stone and part to part; they may be placed in position by muscular force, until the whole astonishes by its strength and awes by its majesty. Such is man's poetry at its best. The exquisite ornaments, the twining wreaths, the delicate cornice, the exuberant friezes represent woman's work, and give beauty and delicacy to the poetry of the age.

If these things be so, if such are the inducements offered to female efforts, what may we not have the right to expect in the future from our fair countrywomen in the domain of poetry?

They have the freedom of Parnassus—unquestioned right to consult the Delphian oracle at its precipitous base. Instead of satirical sneers or faint praise, they are now received with welcome plaudits, and the scope of their Muse is as wide as the world in its marvellous progress. History, legend, romantic tradition are open to them as before, but a more inviting field spreads around them in the colossal growth and vast resources of our country. Nature and art, morals and manners, offer a thousand new themes. New avenues of charity broaden into the largest philanthropy. Religion demands their aid in the dens of misery and crime, and in the plains of our rapidly-growing West. There are evils to be uprooted, sorrows to be assuaged, starving men to be fed with the golden grain of the furrow and with the Bread of Life. It is for woman to raise her voice, sweet, clear and harmonious, with the Christmas bells, to

“ Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times. . . .

“ Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

“ Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand years of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

“ Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be!”

And when that millennial Christmas of the poet's vision shall indeed appear, the holy singing-women of all the ages shall be found, a shining band, responding to the angelic choir, that God's glory is complete on earth as in heaven, that peace encompasses the world, and that good-will reigns among men from the rising to the setting sun.

H. C.

UNIVERSITY PLACE, SOUTH BETHLEHEM.



H More

HANNAH MORE.

INSCRIPTION.

AIRY spirits, you who love
Cooling bower or shady grove:
Streams that murmur as they flow,
Zephyrs bland that softly blow:

Babbling echo, or the tale
Of the love-lorn nightingale;
Hither, airy spirits, come,
This is your peculiar home.

If you love a verdant glade,
If you love a noontide shade,
Hither, sylphs and fairies, fly,
Unobserved of earthly eye.

Come and wander every night
By the moonbeam's glimmering light;
And again at early day
Brush the silver dew away.

Mark where first the daisies blow,
Where the bluest violets grow;
Where the sweetest linnet sings,
Where the earliest cowslip springs;

Where the largest acorn lies,
Precious in a fairy's eyes;
Sylphs, though unconfined to place,
Love to fill an acorn's space.

Come, and mark within what bush
Builds the blackbird or the thrush;
Great his joy who first espies,
Greater his who spares the prize.

Come, and watch the hallowed bower,
Chase the insect from the flower;
Little offices like these
Gentle souls and fairies please.

Mortals formed of grosser clay,
From our haunts keep far away—
Or, if you should dare appear,
See that you from vice are clear.

Folly's minion, fashion's fool,
Mad ambition's restless tool;
Slave of passion, slave of power,
Fly, ah, fly, this tranquil bower.

Son of avarice, soul of frost,
Wretch! of Heaven abhorred the most,
Learn to pity others' wants,
Or avoid these hallowed haunts.

Eye unconscious of a tear
When affliction's train appear;
Heart that never heaved a sigh
For another, come not nigh.

But, ye darling sons of Heaven,
Giving freely what was given,
You whose liberal hands dispense
The blessings of benevolence;

You, who wipe the tearful eye,
You, who stop the rising sigh;
You, whose souls have understood
The luxury of doing good;

Come, ye happy virtuous few,
Open is my bower to you;
You these mossy banks may press;
You each guardian fay shall bless.



ODE TO CHARITY.

O CHARITY, divinely wise,
Thou meek-eyed Daughter of the skies!
From the pure fountain of eternal light,
Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,
The beatific vision shines,
Where angel with archangel joins,
In choral songs to sing His praise,
Parent of Life, Ancient of Days,
Who was ere Time existed, and shall be
Through the wide round of vast eternity,
Oh come, thy warm celestial beams impart,
Enlarge my feelings and expand my heart!

Descend from radiant realms above,
Thou effluence of that boundless love
Whence joy and peace in streams unsullied flow,
Oh deign to make thy loved abode below!
Though sweeter strains adorned my tongue
Than saint conceived or seraph sung,
And though my glowing fancy caught
Whatever Art or Nature taught,
Yet if this hard, unfeeling heart of mine
Ne'er felt thy force, O Charity divine!
An empty shadow Science would be found;
My knowledge, ignorance, my wit a sound.

Though my prophetic spirit knew
To bring futurity to view,
Without thine aid e'en this would naught avail,
For tongues shall cease, and prophecies shall fail.
Come, then, thou sweet immortal guest,
Shed thy soft influence o'er my breast,
Bring with thee Faith, divinely bright,
And Hope, fair harbinger of light,
To clear each mist with their pervading ray,
To fit my soul for heaven, and point the way;
There perfect Happiness her sway maintains;
For there the God of Peace for ever reigns.



HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

SONG.

AH, Evan, by thy winding stream
How once I loved to stray.
And view the morning's reddening beam,
Or charm of closing day!

To you dear grot by Evan's side,
How oft my steps were led,
Where far beneath the waters glide,
And thick the woods are spread!

But I no more a charm can see
In Evan's lovely glades;
And drear and desolate to me
Are those enchanting shades.

While far—how far,—from Evan's bowers
My wandering lover flies,
Where dark the angry tempest lowers,
And high the billows rise.

And oh, where'er the wanderer goes,
Is that poor mourner dear
Who gives, while soft the Evan flows,
Each passing wave a tear!

And does he now that grotto view?
On those steep banks still gaze?
In fancy does he still pursue
The Evan's lovely maze?

Oh come! repass the stormy wave,
Oh toil for gold no more:
Our love a dearer pleasure gave
On Evan's peaceful shore.

Leave not my breaking heart to mourn
The joys so long denied;
Ah, soon to those green banks return,
Where Evan meets the Clyde!

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed:
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed:
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee!

M



ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

ODE TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned:

From the green islands of eternal youth,
Crowned with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade,
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madd'ning winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thine own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await,
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns.



With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favored youth,
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And heed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds which through the whispering boughs
 With warm and pleasant breath
 Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
 And watch with patient eye
 Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph! approach, while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
 Throws his young maiden beams,
 And with chaste kisses woos

The earth's fair bosom: while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade,
 Protects thy modest blooms
 From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
 Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,
 Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee, then, farewell:
For oh! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
 Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
 Can aught for thee atone.

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.



HYMN TO CONTENT

O thou! the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:

Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth, unaltered brow.

Oh come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste, subdued delight.

No more by various passions beat,
Oh gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear, undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through the vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild, unvarying cheek
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
 With settled smiles to meet:
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submitted head,
 And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O nymph, retired and coy,
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
 To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet, blossom round,
 And lily of the vale.

Oh say, what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
 And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thine own modest tints diffuse,
 And shed thy milder day?—

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
 And every storm is laid?
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
 Low whispering in the shade.

ON THE DEITY.

I READ God's awful name emblazoned high
With golden letters on the illumined sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With Thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With Thee in busy, crowded cities talk;
In every creature own Thy forming power,
In each event Thy providence adore.

Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me and Thy fear control;
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of Thine arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in Thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state—
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to Thee, in Thee to die.



Baillie

JOANNA BAILLIE.

TO A CHILD.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate and merry eye,
And arm and shoulder round and sleek,
And soft and fair?—thou urchin sly!

What boots it who with sweet caresses,
First called thee his—or squire or hind?
Since thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness swiftly from me running,
Is infantine coquetry all.

But far afield thou hast not flown;
With mocks and threats, half-lisp'd, half-spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown.
Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging;
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wildling rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
Thy weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well, let it be! Through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show
And thou a thing of hope and change.



THE GRAVE OF COLUMBUS.

SILENCE, solemn, awful, deep,
Doth in that hall of death her empire keep,
Save when at times the hollow pavement, smote
By solitary wanderer's foot, amain
From lofty dome and arch and isle remote,
A circling loud response receives again.
The stranger starts to hear the growing sound,
And sees the blazoned trophies waving near:
"Ha! tread my feet so near that sacred ground?"
He stops and bows his head: "Columbus resteth here!"
Some ardent youth, perhaps, ere from his home
He launch his venturous bark, will hither come;
Read fondly o'er and o'er his graven name,
With feelings keenly touched, with heart of flame,
Till, wrapped in Fancy's wild delusive dream,
Times past and long forgotten present seem;
To his charmed ear the east wind rising shrill,
Seems through the hero's shroud to whistle still.
The clock's deep pendulum, swinging, through the blast
Sounds like the rocking of the lofty mast,
While fitful gusts rave like his clamorous band,
Mixed with the accents of his high command.
Slowly the stripling quits the pensive scene,
And burns and sighs and weeps to be what he has been.

Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,

As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When but for those our mighty dead
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,
A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen,
The lofty marks of what hath been.

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

A twinkling speck, but fixed and bright,
To guide us through the dreary night,
Each hero shines, and lures the soul
To gain the distant happy goal.
For is there one who, musing o'er the grave
Where lies interred the good, the wise, the brave,
Can poorly think beneath the mouldering heap
That noble being shall for ever sleep?
"No!" saith the generous heart, and proudly swells,
"Though his cored corpse lies here, with God his spirit
dwells."



A MOTHER TO HER WAKING INFANT.

Now in thy dazzled, half-oped eye,
 Thy curlèd nose and lip awry,
 Uphoisted arms and noddling head,
 And little chin with crystal spread,
 Poor helpless thing! what do I see
 That I should sing of thee?

From thy poor tongue no accents come,
 Which can but rub thy toothless güm:
 Small understanding boasts thy face;
 Thy shapeless limbs nor step nor grace;

A few short words thy feats may tell;
And yet I love thee well.

When wakes the sudden bitter shriek,
And redder swells thy little cheek;
When rattled keys thy woes beguile,
And through thy eyelids gleams the smile;
Still for thy weakly self is spent
Thy little silly plaint.

But when thy friends are in distress,
Thou'lt laugh and chuckle ne'ertheless;
Nor with kind sympathy be smitten,
Though all are sad but thee and kitten.
Yet, puny varlet that thou art,
Thou twitchest at the heart.

Thy smooth round cheek so soft and warm;
Thy pinky hand and dimpled arm;
Thy silken locks that scanty peep,
With gold-tipped ends, where circles deep
Around thy neck in harmless grace
So soft and sleekly hold their place,
Might harder hearts with kindness fill,
And gain our right good will.

Each passing clown bestows his blessing,
Thy mouth is worn with old wives' kissing;
E'en lighter looks the gloomy eye
Of surly sense when thou art by;
And yet I think, who'er they be,
They love thee not like me.

Perhaps when time shall add a few
Short months to thee, thou'lt love me too;
And after that, through life's long way,
Become my sure and cheering stay;
Wilt care for me and be my hold
When I am weak and old.

Thou'lt listen to my lengthened tale,
And pity me when I am frail;
But see! the sweepy, swimming fly
Upon the window takes thine eye.
Go to thy little senseless play;
Thou dost not heed my lay.



M. R. Mitford

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

THERE is a voice of magic power
To charm the old, delight the young;
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue:

Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poet's lays,
There lives not one who has not hung
Enraptured on the voice of praise.

The timid child at that soft voice
Lifts for a moment's space the eye;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
And stays the step prepared to fly.
'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh,
And flushes o'er that rosy face;
Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
At that sweet voice still deeper glows;
Her quivering lips in vain would seek
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;
The charm her sweet confusion shows
Oft springs from some low broken word.
O Praise! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent from the loved one heard!

The hero, when a people's voice
Proclaims their darling victor near—
Feels he not then his soul rejoice
The shouts of love, of praise, to hear?
Yes: fame to generous minds is dear,
It pierces to their inmost core;
He weeps who never shed a tear;
He trembles who ne'er shook before.

The poet, too—ah! well I deem
Small is the need the tale to tell;
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,
On thee at noon, at midnight, dwell?
Who knows not that thy magic spell
Can charm his every care away?
In memory cheer his gloomy cell;
In hope can lend a deathless lay?

'Tis sweet to watch Affection's eye;
To mark the tear with love replete;
To feel the softly-breathing sigh,
When Friendship's lips the tones repeat.
But oh! a thousand times more sweet
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound
By dwelling on his fair one's name;
The mother listens for the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame.
Thy voice can soothe the mourning dame,
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallowed flame.
Parted on earth, to meet in heaven!

That voice can quiet passion's mood,
Can humble merit raise on high;
And from the wise, and from the good,
It breathes of immortality.

There is a lip, there is an eye,
Where most I love to see it shine,
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh:
My mother! need I say 'tis thine?

ON A PICTURE OF JERUSALEM AT THE
TIME OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

JERUSALEM! and at the fatal hour!
No need of dull and frivolous question here.
No need of human agents to make clear
The most tremendous act of human power.
The distant cross; the rent and fallen tower;
The opening graves, from which the dead uprear
Their buried forms; the elemental fear,
When horrid light and horrid darkness lower;
All tell the holy tale: the mystery
And solace of our souls. Awestruck we gaze
On this so mute yet eloquent history.
Awestruck and sad, at length our eyes we raise
To go; yet oft return that scene to see,
Too full of the great theme to think of praise.



ANTIGONE.

'Twas noon; beneath the ardent ray
Proud Thebes in all her glory lay;
On pillared porch, on marble wall,
On temple, portico and hall,
The summer sunbeams gayly fall;

Bathing, as in a flood of light,
 Each sculptured frieze and column bright.
 Dirce's pure stream meanders there,
 A silver mirror clear and fair;
 Now giving back the deep blue sky,
 And now the city proud and high,
 And now the sacred grove;
 And sometimes on its wave a shade,
 Making the light more lovely, played,
 When some close-brooding dove
 Flew from her nest on rapid wing,
 For needful food across the spring,
 Or sought her home of love.
 The very air in that calm hour
 Seemed trembling with the conscious power
 Of its own balminess;
 The herbage, if by light foot pressed,
 Sent up sweet odors from its breast.
 Sure, if coy Happiness
 E'er dwelt on earth, 'twas in that clime
 Of beauty, in that noonday prime
 Of thrilling pleasantness!

But who are they before the gate
 Of Thebes convened in silent state?
 Sad, gray-haired men, with looks bowed down,
 Slaves to a tyrant's haughty frown;
 And he the wicked king, and she
 The royal maid Antigone,
 Passing to death. A while she laid
 Her clasped hands on her heart, and stayed

Her firmer step, as if to look
On the fair world which she forsook,
And then the sunbeams on her face
Fell, as on sculptured Nymph or Grace,
Lighting her features with a glow
That seemed to mock their patient woe.

She stayed her onward step, and stood
A moment's space; oh, what a flood
Of recollected anguish stole
In that brief moment o'er her soul!
The concentrated grief of years,
The mystery, horror, guilt and tears,
The story of her life passed by,
E'en in the heaving of a sigh.

She thought upon the blissful hour
Of infancy, when, as a flower
Set in the sun, she grew,
Without a fear, without a care,
Enjoying, innocent and fair,
As buoyant as the mountain air,
As pure as morning dew:
Till burst at once like lightning's flame,
The tale we tremble but to name,
Of them from whom her being came,
Poor *Œdipus*, and one,
The wretched yet unconscious dame,
Who wedded with her son!
Then horror fast on horror rose;
She maddening died beneath her woes.

Whilst, crownless, sightless, hopeless, *he*
 Dared to outlive that agony.
 Through many a trackless path and wild,
 The blind man and his duteous child
 Wandered, till pitying Theseus gave
 The shelter brief, the mystic grave.
 One weary heart finds rest at last.
 But when to Thebes the maiden passed,
 The god's stern wrath was there :
 Her brothers each by other slain.
 And one upon the bloody plain
 Left festering in the sun and rain,
 Tainting the very air.
 For none, the haughty Creon said,
 On pain of death should yield the dead
 Burial, or tear or sigh :
 And, for alone she feebly strove
 To pay the decent rites of love,
 The pious maid must die.

She paused, and in that moment rose
 As in a mirror all her woes :
 She spake ; the flush across her cheek
 Told of the woe she would not speak,
 As a brief thought of Hæmon stole
 With bitter love across her soul :
 " I die ; and what is death to me
 But freedom from long misery ?
 Joyful to fall before my time.
 I die ; and, tyrant, hear my crime :
 I did but strive his limbs to shield
 From the gaunt prowlers of the field ;

I did but weave as Nature weaves,
A shroud of grass and moss and leaves;
I did but scatter dust to dust,
As desert wind on marble bust;
I did but as the patient wren
And the kind redbreast do for men.
I die: and what is death to me?
But tremble in thy tyranny.
Tyrant! and ye, base slaves of power,
Tremble at freedom's coming hour!
I die, and death is bliss to me."
Then, with a step erect and free,
With brow upraised and even breath,
The royal virgin passed to death.

THE CHARM.

FROM THE RIVAL SISTERS.)

It was not beauty; for, in very truth,
No symmetry of features decked the maid;
Was it the vivid blush of early youth?
The Hebe lip whose changeful dimples played;
The flaxen locks, whose crispèd ringlets strayed
Over blue dove-like eyes serene and mild;
The rose-tipped fingers that her toil betrayed;
The rounded form luxuriantly mild,
Of summer graces full, the face so like a child?

Or was it the expression, calm and even,
Which tells of blest inhabitants within;
A look as tranquil as the summer heaven;
A smile that cannot light a face of sin;
A sweetness so composed that passion's din
Its fair unruffled brow has never moved;
Beauty, not of the features, nor the skin,
But of the soul; a loveliness best proved
By one unerring test—no sooner seen than loved?



LUCY AIKIN.

ARABIA.

O'ER Arabia's desert sands
The patient camel walks ;
Mid lonely caves and rocky lands
The fell hyena stalks.
On the cool and shady hills
Coffee shrubs and tamarinds grow ;
Headlong fall the welcome rills
Down the fruitful dells below.

The fragrant myrrh and healing balm
Perfume the passing gale;
Thick hung with dates, the spreading palm
Towers o'er the peopled vale.
Locusts oft, a living cloud,
Hover in the darkened air;
Like a torrent dashing loud,
Bringing famine and despair.

And often o'er the level waste
The stifling hot winds fly;
Down falls the swain with trembling haste.
The gasping cattle die.
Shepherd people on the plain
Pitch their tents and wander free;
Wealthy cities they disdain:
Poor, yet blessed with liberty.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one winter night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat.

When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard to implore:

“Cold blows the blast across the moor,
The sleet drives lissing in the wind,
Yon toilsome mountain lies before;
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

“My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement sky.

“So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have passed!”

With hasty step the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiffening hands in theirs,
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul:
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

AMELIA OPIE.

HYMN.

THERE'S not a leaf within the bower;
There's not a bird upon the tree;
There's not a dewdrop on the flower,
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird its thrilling tone;
Thy power the dewdrop's tints combined,
Till like a diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes: dewdrops, leaves, and birds and all,
The smallest like the greatest things;
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim Thee King of kings.

But man alone to bounteous Heaven
Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise:
To favored man alone 'tis given
To join the angelic choir in praise.



SONG.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glade
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer—
Forget me not, forget me not.

Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me,
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not!

REMEMBRANCE.

WHERE'ER I stray, thou dear departed one,
I see thy form, thy voice I seem to hear!
And though thou art to brighter regions gone,
Thy smile still charms my eye, thy tones my ear.

Whene'er adown thy favorite walk I go,
Still, still I feel the pressure of thine arm;
And oh! so strong the sweet illusions grow,
I shun, I loathe whatever breaks the charm.

In vain I'm urged to join the social scene—
This silent shade alone has charms for me;
I love to be where I with thee have been,
And home, though desolate, is full of thee.



A LAMENT.

THERE was an eye whose partial glance
Could ne'er my numerous failings see ;
THERE was an ear that heard untired
When others spoke in praise of me.

There was a heart true only taught
With warmer love for me to burn;
A heart whene'er from home I roved,
Which fondly pined for my return.

There was a lip which always breathed
E'en short farewells in tones of sadness;
There was a voice whose eager sound
My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness.

There was a mind whose vigorous power
On mine its own effulgence threw,
And called my humble talents forth,
While thence its dearest joys it drew.

There was a love which for my weal
With anxious fears would overflow;
Which wept, which prayed for me, and sought
From future ills to guard. But now!—

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip and voice are mute for ever;
And cold that heart of anxious love,
Which death alone from mine could sever;

And lost to me that ardent mind
Which loved my various tasks to see;
And oh! of all the praise I gained,
His was the dearest far to me.

Now I, unloved, uncheered, *alone*,
Life's dreary wilderness must tread,

Till He who heals the broken heart
In mercy bids me join the dead. .

O Thou who from thy throne on high
Canst heed the mourner's deep distress!
O Thou who hear'st the widow's cry,
Thou, Father of the fatherless!—

Though now I am a faded leaf,
That's severed from its parent tree,
And thrown upon a stormy tide,
Life's awful tide that leads to Thee!—

Still, gracious Lord, the voice of praise
Shall spring spontaneous from my breast;
Since, though I tread a weary way,
I trust that he I mourn is blest.



ANN RADCLIFFE.

TO THE WINDS.

VIEWLESS, through heaven's vast vault your course ye
steer,

Unknown from whence ye come, or whither go!

Mysterious powers! I hear you murmur low.

Till swells your loud gust on my startled ear.

And, awful, seems to say, "Some god is near!"

I love to list your midnight voices float
In the dread storm that o'er the ocean rolls,
And while their charm the angry wave controls
Mix with its sullen roar and sink remote.

Then, rising in the pause a sweeter note,
The dirge of spirits, who your deeds bewail,
A sweeter note oft swells while sweeps the gale.

But soon, ye sightless powers! your rest is o'er,
Solemn and slow ye rise upon the air,
Speak in the shrouds, and bid the sea-boy fear,
And the faint-warbled dirge is heard no more!

Oh, then I deprecate your awful reign!

The loud lament yet bear not on your breath;
Bear not the crash of bark far on the main,
Bear not the cry of men who cry in vain,

The crew's dread chorus sinking into death,
Oh give not these, ye powers! I ask alone,

As rapt I climb these dark, romantic steeps,
The elemental war, the billow's moan;

I ask the still, sweet tear that listening Fancy weeps.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

In the sightless air I dwell,
On the sloping sunbeams play
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did daylight stray.

I dive beneath the green sea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim every shore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Of I mount with rapid force,
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone;
Follow the day-star's flaming course,
Through realms of space to thought unknown:

And listen to celestial sounds
That swell in air, unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody steep and silent glen.

Under the shade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At pensive eye I sit at ease,
While dying music murmurs near.

And oft on point of airy cliff
That hangs upon the western main,
I watch the gay tints passing swift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has sunk away,
And Ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me the sea-nymphs softly play
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet shells!—I hear them now;
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls, now warbles low,
Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,
And trembles through the leafy shade,
And tints the scene with softer hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade;

Or hie me to some ruined tower,
Faintly shown by moonlight gleam,
When the lone wanderer owns my power,
In shadows dire that substance seem;

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
And pausing silence make more dread;
In music breathing from below
Sad, solemn strains that wake the dead.

Unseen I move, unknown am feared;
Fancy's wildest dreams I weave;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.



MARY HOWITT.

PAUPER ORPHANS.

THEY never knew what 'twas to play,
Without control the long, long day,
In wood and field at will;

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They knew no tree, no bird, no bud,
They got no strawberries from the wood,
No wild thyme from the hill.

They played not on a mother's floor :
They toiled amidst the hum and roar
Of bobbins and of wheels ;
The air they drew was not the mild
Bounty of Nature, but defiled ;
And scanty were their meals

Their lives can know no passing joy ;
Dwindled and dwarfed are girl and boy,
And even in childhood old ;
With hollow eye and anxious air,
As if a heavy grasping care
Their spirits did in fold.

Their limbs are swollen, their bodies bent,
And worse, no noble sentiment
Their darkened minds pervade :
Feeble and blemished by disease,
Nothing their marble hearts can please,
But doings that degrade.

Oh, hapless heirs of want and woe !
What hope of comfort can they know ?
Them man and law condemn ;

They have no guide to lead them right,
 Darkness they have not known from light;
 Heaven be a friend to them!



OLD CHRISTMAS.

Now he who knows old Christmas,
 He knows a carle of worth;
 For he is as good a fellow
 As any upon the earth.

He comes warm cloaked and coated,
And buttoned up to the chin,
And soon as he comes a-nigh the door
We open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
So we sweep the hearth up clean;
We set him in the old armed chair,
And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy
We make the house look gay,
Just out of an old regard to him,
For it was his ancient way.

We broach the strong ale-barrel,
And bring out wine and meat;
And thus have all things ready
Our dear old friend to greet.

And soon the time wears round,
The good old carle we see,
Coming a-near; for a creditor
Less punctual is than he.

He comes with a cordial voice
That does one good to hear;
He shakes one heartily by the hand,
As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children
He asks in a cheerful tone—
Jack, Kate, and little Annie,
He remembers them every one.

What a fine old fellow he is!
With his faculties all as clear,
And his heart as warm and light,
As a man in his fortieth year!

What a fine old fellow, in troth!
Not one of your griping elves,
Who, with plenty of money to spare,
Think only about themselves.

Not he! for he loveth the children,
And holiday begs for all;
And comes with his pockets full of gifts
For the great ones and the small.

With a present for every servant—
For in giving he doth not tire—
From the red-faced, jovial butler
To the girl by the kitchen fire.

And tells us witty old stories,
And singeth with might and main;
And we talk of the old man's visit
Till the day that he comes again.

Oh, he is a kind old fellow!
For though that beef be dear,
He giveth the parish paupers
A good dinner once a year.

And all the workhouse children,
He sets them down in a row,
And giveth them rare plum-pudding,
And two-pence apiece also.

Oh, could you have seen those paupers,
Have heard those children young,
You would wish with them that Christmas
Came oft and tarried long!

He must be a rich old fellow:
What money he gives away!
There is not a lord in England
Could equal him any day.

Good luck unto old Christmas,
And long life, let us sing,
For he doth more good unto the poor
Than many a crownèd king.

A SWINGING SONG.

MERRY it is on a summer's day
All through the meadows to wend away;
To watch the brooks glide fast or slow,
And the little fish twinkle down below;
To hear the lark in the blue sky sing;
Oh, sure enough 'tis a merry thing,
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing!

Merry it is on a winter's night,
To listen to tales of elf and sprite;
Of caves and castles so dim and old,
The dimmest tales that ever were told;
And then to laugh, and then to sing,
You may take my word, is a merry thing;
But 'tis merrier far to swing—to swing!

Down with the hoop upon the green!
Down with the ringing tambourine!
Little heed we for this or for that;
Off with the bonnet, off with the hat!
Away we go like birds on the wing!
Higher yet! higher yet! "Now for the king!"
This is the way we swing—we swing!

Scarcely the bough bends, Claude is so light;
Mount up behind him; there! that is right.

Down bends the branch now: swing him away,
Higher yet! higher yet! higher, I say!
Oh, what a joy it is! Now let us sing,
"A pear for the queen, an apple for the king!"
And shake the old tree as we swing—we swing.

ENGLISH CHURCHES.

How beautiful they stand,
Those ancient pillars of our native land!
Amid the pasture-fields and dark green woods,
Amid the mountain's cloudy solitudes;
By rivers broad that rush into the sea;
By little brooks that with a lapsing sound,
Like playful children, run by copse and lea:
Each in its little plot of holy ground.
How beautiful they stand,
Those old gray churches of our native land!

Our lives are all turmoil:
Our souls are in a weary strife and toil,
Grasping and straining, tasking nerve and brain,
Both day and night for gain.
We have grown worldly: have made gold our god;
Have turned our hearts away from lowly things;
We seek not now the wild flower on the sod;
We see not snowy-folded angels' wings
Amid the summer skies;
For visions come not to polluted eyes.

Yet, blessed quiet fanes!
Still piety, still poetry remains,
And shall remain, whilst ever on the air
One chapel-bell calls high and low to prayer;
Whilst ever-green and sunny churchyards keep
The dust of one beloved, and tears are shed
From founts which in the human heart lie deep,
Something in these aspiring days we need
To keep our spirits lowly,
To set within our hearts sweet thoughts and holy.

And 'tis for this they stand,
The old gray churches of our native land!
And even in the gold corrupted mart,
In the great city's heart,
They stand; and chanting dim and organ sound,
And stated services of prayer and praise,
Like to the righteous ten who were not found
For the polluted city, shall upraise,
Meek faith and love sincere;
Better in time of need than shield and spear!



MRS. SOUTHEY.

THE RIVER.

RIVER! river! little river!

Bright you sparkle on your way:
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! river! swelling river!

On you rush o'er rough and smooth,
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!

Broad and deep, and *still* as Time—
Seeming *still*, yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! river! rapid river!

Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! river! headlong river!

Down you dash into the sea—
Sea that line hath never sounded,
Sea that voyage hath never rounded,
Like Eternity.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily, the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop without decrepitude or pain into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures! "They neither toil nor
spin,"

Yet, lo! what goodly raiment they are all apparelled in!
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of Eastern queen endiadem'd with light.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never pall,
Nor lose in sweet contentment because so free to all;
The dew, the shower, the sunshine, the balmy blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely
share.

The happy careless creatures! of Time they take no heed,
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 'tis gone cry dolefully, "Would God that it
were day!"

And when their lives are over they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast.
No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay;
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!



Felicia Hemans

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stem and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!



Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.

COME from the woods with the citron flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned,
The bride of the morn, with her train around,
Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,
Like starry dews 'midst the roses there:
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heaved by her heart through its golden zone;
But a brow as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Though clear as a flower which the light looks through;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam,
She looked on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold stone;
She turned, and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
Oh hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years!

Holy and pure are the drops that fall
 When the young bride goes from her father's hall.
 She goes unto love yet untried and new,
 She parts from love which hath still been true.
 Mute be the song and the choral strain,
 Till her heart's deep well-spring is near again!
 She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
 Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
 She wept, yet laid her hand a while
 In his that waited her dawning smile,
 Her soul's affianced, nor cherished less
 For the gush of nature's tenderness.
 She lifted her graceful head at last,
 The choking swell of her heart was passed:
 And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
 In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

 THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set; but all—
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
 Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
 Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
 But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth and song and wine :
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears, but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set ; but all---
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?
They have one season : all are ours to die !

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

WHY do I weep to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend?
The myrtle—yet, oh call it mine!—
The flowers I loved to tend,
A thousand thoughts of all things dear
Like shadows o'er me sweep;
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! We have played
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower,
Yes, thou and I by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more;
Kind sister, let me weep.

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered grapes and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou, in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee! Let me weep.



Mother, I leave thee! On thy breast,
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless; yet I go.
Lips that have lulled me with your strain!
Eyes that have watched my sleep!
Will earth give love like yours again?
Sweet mother, let me weep!



THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England!

How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,

O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their green sward bound

Through shade and sunny gleam,

And the swan glides past them with the sound

Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!

Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love

Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn yet sweet the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the birds beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!



THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
 Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells?
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain?
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more—the depths have more : what wealth untold,
 Far down and shining through their stillness lies!
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
 Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more—the depths have more: thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by;
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more—the billows and the depths have more:
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast;
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long.
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke midst festal song.
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice: Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee;
Restore the dead, thou sea!



LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

THE OAK.

It is the last survivor of a race
Strong in their forest pride when I was young.
I can remember when, for miles around,

In place of those smooth meadows and corn fields.

There stood ten thousand proud and stately trees,
Such as had braved the winds of March, the bolt
Sent by the summer lightning, and the snow
Heaping for weeks their bouzias. Even in the depth
Of hot July the glades were cool: the grass,
Yellow and parched elsewhere, grew long and fresh,
Shading wild strawberries and violets,
Or the lark's nest: and overhead the dove
Had her lone dwelling, paying for her home
With melancholy songs: and scarce a beech
Was there without a honeysuckle linked
Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers:
Or girdled by a brier-rose whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey-bee:
There dwelt the last red deer, those antlered kings.
But this is all a dream; the plough has passed
Where the stag bounded, and the day has looked
On the green twilight of the forest trees.
This oak has no companion!

DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

“Not yet; the flowers are in my path.
The sun is in the sky;
Not yet; my heart is full of hope
I cannot bear to die.

“Not yet; I never knew till now
How precious life could be;
My heart is full of love, O Death!
I cannot come with thee.”



But Love and Hope, enchanted twain,
Passed in their falsehood by;
Death came again, and then he said,
“I'm ready now to die.”

THE EMERALD RING.

It is a gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their vow or no ;
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring ;
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.
Take back again your emerald gem ;
 There is no color in the stone ;
It might have graced a diadem,
 But now its hue and light are gone.
Take back your gift, and give me mine—
 The kiss that sealed our last love-vow ;
Ah, other lips have been on thine !
 My kiss is lost and sullied now.
The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
 And, more than either, you are changed ;
But *my* true love has altered not ;
 My heart is broken, not estranged.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

SHE put him on a snow-white shroud,
 A chaplet on his head,
And gathered early primroses
 To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave ;
'Twas hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth its flowers,
And everything was fair.

She had lost many children ; now
The last of them was gone ;
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo ! her child
Stood by her weeping too.

His shroud was damp, his face was white ;
He said, " I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet ;
Oh, mother, do not weep ! "

Oh, love is strong ! The mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears ;
Oh, love is strong ! and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand,
Her infant in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

“Lo! mother, see, my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more!”
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave
He laid his weary head;
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways;
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TONNA.

TO A HORSE.

I KNOW by the ardor thou canst not restrain,
By the curve of thy neck and the toss of thy mane,
By the foam of thy snorting which spangles my brow,
The fire of the Arab is hot in thee now.
'Twere harsh to control thee, my frolicsome steed;
I give thee the rein, so away at thy speed!
Thy rider will dare to be wilful as thee,
Laugh the future to scorn, and partake in thy glee.
Away to the mountain! What need we to fear?
Pursuit cannot press on my Fairy's career;
Full light were the heel and well balanced the head
That ventured to follow the track of thy tread,
Where roars the loud torrent and starts the rude plank,
And thunders the rock-severed mass down the bank,
While mirrored in crystal the far-shooting glow
With dazzling effulgence is sparkling below.
One start and I die; yet in peace I recline,
My bosom can rest on the fealty of thine;
Thou lov'st me, my sweet one, and wouldst not be free
From a yoke that has never borne rudely on thee,
Ah, pleasant the empire of those to confess
Whose wrath is a whisper, their rule a caress!

Behold how thy playmate is stretching beside,
As loath to be vanquished in love or in pride,

While upward he glances his eyeball of jet,
Half dreading thy fleetness may distance him yet.
Ah, Marco! poor Marco! our pastime to-day
Were reft of one pleasure if he were away.

How precious these moments! Fair Freedom expands
Her pinions of light o'er the desolate lands;
The waters are flashing as bright as thine eye,
Unchained as thy motion the breezes sweep by;
Delicious they come o'er the flower-scented earth,
Like whispers of love from the isle of my birth;
While the white-blossomed Cistus her perfume exhales,
And sighs out a spicy farewell to the gales.
Unfeared and unfeared we'll traverse the wood,
Where pours the rude torrent the turbulent flood;
The forest's red children will smile as we scour
By the log-fashioned hut and the pine-woven bower;
The feathery footsteps scarce bending the grass,
Or denting the dew-spangled moss where we pass.

What startles thee? 'Twas but the sentinel gun
Flashed a vesper salute to thy rival the sun;
He has closed his swift progress before thee, and sweeps
With fetlock of gold the last verge of the steeps.
The fire-fly anon from his covert shall glide,
And dark fall the shadows of eve on the tide.
Tread softly; my spirit is joyous no more;
A northern aurora, it shone and is o'er;
The tears will fall fast as I gather the rein,
And a long look reverts to yon shadowy plain.



THE MILLENNIUM.

WHEN from scattered lands afar
Speeds the voice of rumbled war,
Nations in conflicting pride,
Heaved like Ocean's stormy tide;
When the solar splendors fail,
And the crescent waxes pale,
And the powers that starlike reign
Sink dishonored to the plain.—
World, do thou the signal dread!
We exalt the drooping head.

We uplift the expectant eye,
 Our redemption draweth nigh,
 When the fig-tree shoots appear,
 Men proclaim their summer near;
 When the hearts of rebels fail,
 We the coming Saviour hail;
 Bridegroom of the weeping spouse,
 Listen to her longing vows,
 Listen to her widowed moan,
 Listen to creation's groan!
 Bid, oh bid the trumpet sound!
 Gather thine elect around;
 Gird with saints thy flaming car,
 Gather them from climes afar;
 Call them from life's cheerless gloom;
 Call them from the marble tomb,
 From the grass-grown village grave,
 From the deep dissolving wave;
 From the whirlwind and the flame,
 Mighty Head! thy members claim.

Where are those whose fierce disdain
 Scorned Messiah's gentle reign?
 Lo! in seas of sulphurous fire,
 Now they taste his tardy ire;
 Prisoned till the appointed day
 When this world shall pass away.

Quelled are all thy foes, O Lord!
 Sheathe again the victor sword.
 Where thy cross of anguish stood,
 Where thy life distilled in blood,

Where they mocked thy dying groan,
 King of nations, plant thy throne!
 Send the law from Zion forth,
 Over all the willing earth—
 Earth, whose Sabbath beauties rise,
 Crowned with more than Paradise.

Sacred be the opposing veil!
 Mortal sense and sight must fail.
 Yet the day, the hour, is nigh,
 We shall see thee eye to eye.
 Be our souls in peace possessed
 While we seek the promised rest;
 And from every heart and home
 Breathe the prayer, "Lord Jesus, come!
 Hasten to set thy people free;
 Come! creation groans for thee!"

A NIGHT STORM AT SEA.

'Tis eve: ascending high, the ocean storm
 Spreads in dark volume his portentous form;
 His hollow breezes, bursting from the clouds,
 Distend the sail and whistle through the shrouds.
 Roused by the note of elemental strife,
 The swelling waters tremble into life;
 Lo! through the tumult of the dashing spray
 The storm-beat vessel labors on her way.

With bending mast, rent sail and straining sides,
High on the foaming precipice she rides;
Then reeling onward with descending prow,
In giddy sweep glides to the gulf below,
Her fragile form conflicting billows rock,
Her timbers echo to the frequent shock;
Whilst, bursting o'er the deck, each roaring wave
Bears some new victim to a hideous grave.
The voice of thunder rides upon the blast,
And the blue death-fire plays around the mast.
Beneath the pennon of a riven sail
That vessel drives, abandoned to the gale.
Above, more darkly frowns the brow of night:
Beneath, the waters glow more fiercely bright.
Ploughing a track of mingled foam and fire,
Fast flies the ship before the tempest's ire;
While, reeling to and fro, the hapless crew
Gaze on the wild abyss, and shudder at the view.

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.



DEDICATION OF THE DREAM.

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

ONCE more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A soothing dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars like a wild bird from a cypress bough
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below.
And unto thee, the beautiful and pure,
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dulness dwells secure
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled.

To thee, whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth,—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard

In days when poverty was twin with song,
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,
Cheered by some castle's chief and harbored long,
Not Scott's Last Minstrel in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise.

For easy are the alms the rich man spares

To sons of Genius by misfortune bent,
But thou gavest *me* what woman seldom dares,
Belief, in spite of many a cold dissent,
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrang, not
crushed, my heart.

Then, then, when cowards lied away my name,

And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide,
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some who *might* have battled for my sake
Stood off in doubt to see what turn "the world" would
take,—

Thou gavest me that the poor do give the poor—

Kind words and holy wishes and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin, could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime are they who feel

Their *own* hearts weak to unresisted sin;

Mem'ry, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have *themselves* deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing,
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide.

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint, false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink, of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy
drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet *hopes* that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay,
And I would fain one gentle deed record
Among the many such with which thy life is stored.

So, when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,
A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face
Shall pause to conjure up a vision of its grace.

TO MY BOOKS.

SILENT companions of the lonely hour,
Friends who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect perforce must calmly take,
Let me return to you, this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought,
Till, haply meeting there from time to time
Fancies the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these my unripe musings told so well.

LE RANZ DES VACHES.

QUAND reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour ?
Nos clairs ruisseaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos côteaux,
Nos montagnes,
Et l'ornement de nos montagnes,
La si gentille Isabeau ?

Dans l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau?

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour?

Mon père,
Ma mère,
Mon frère,
Ma sœur,
Mes agneaux,
Mes troupeaux,
Ma bergère?

TRANSLATION.

WHEN will that day of sunshine dawn for me
When I the objects of my love shall see?

Our purling rills,

Our homes of ease,

Our towering hills,

Our leafy trees;

And *her*, the pride of hill or dell,

My gentle, blue-eyed Isabel?

Beneath the elm that shades the flowery plain,

When shall I dance to shepherd's reed again?

When will that day of sunshine dawn for me

When I the objects of my love shall see?

My father dear,

And gentle mother,

My sister fair,

And thee, my brother?

My playful lambs, that know my voice,

And at the well-known sound rejoice :

My goats that round me in wild gambols played,

And thee, my life, my bride, my village maid?

THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

INNOCENT and pious heart!
By that act revealing
What had been thy last good thought,
And thy dying feeling,
When the numbing death and cold
Through thy veins was creeping,
And the sense of danger woke
Sense of holy keeping.

God, the Father! *He* could guard,
Though no mortal hearkened;
God, the Father! *He* could see,
Though the storm-cloud darkened;
God, the Father! *He* could guide
Children doomed to wander;
On his mercy and his love
Did those young hearts ponder,

When the wild blast, charged with snow,
Heavily swept by them,
And in all the bleak, blank world
Not a friend stood nigh them,
Till within a child's weak heart,
In the midst of peril,
Rose the practical true faith—
Not profession sterile.

And the real undoubting prayer
To His throne ascended
Who for ever bends to hear
Those by men unfriended.

Yea, He heard thee, though thy doom
Wake the tears of woman,
Judging with a human heart
Of a sorrow human.

Happier wert thou to depart,
In thy meek prayers dying,
Than to live a life of woe,
Poverty and sighing.
Happier, from a world more cold
Than the snow-drift, taken,
In a world of glorious light
And sunshine to awaken.

Year by year, from distant climes,
To seek uncertain Fortune,
Thy little comrades travel here,
Our pity to importune,
With music of a foreign land,
And half-tamed, prisoned creatures,
Begging with imploring smiles
On their sunburnt features.

Often beaten, often made
Slaves of cruel masters:
Hungry, exiled, helpless, faint,
Full of sad disasters,
Often in their troubled sleep
Of the far land dreaming
Where kind faces, friendly eyes
And native suns are beaming.

Yet each mother for thy death
Weepeth while she readeth,
Thinking of the tender care
Which her own child needeth;
Looking on the soft glad eyes
With unclouded glances,
And the light quick fairy step
Which around her dances;

While *thy* home-friends, perished child,
Picture happy meetings:
Knowing not thy fate, they dwell
On imagined greetings;
Praying often, it may be,
For those little strangers
Long since taken, by God's will,
Out of this world's dangers.



THE VISIONARY PORTRAIT.

As by his lonely hearth he sate,
The shadow of a welcome dream
Passed o'er his heart : disconsolate
His home did seem ;
Comfort in vain was spread around,
For something still was wanting found.



Therefore he thought of one who might
For ever in his presence stay,
Whose dream should be of him by night,
Whose smile should be for him by day ;
And the sweet vision, vague and far,
Rose on his fancy like a star.

- “ Let her be young, yet not a child
Whose light and inexperienced mirth
Is all too winged and too wild
For sober earth :
Too rainbow-like such mirth appears,
And fades away in misty tears.
- “ Let youth’s fresh rose still gently bloom
Upon her smooth and downy cheek,
Yet let a shadow, not of gloom,
But soft and meek,
Tell that *some* sorrow she hath known,
Though not a sorrow of her own.
- “ And let her eyes be of the gray,
The soft gray, of the brooding dove,
Full of the sweet and tender ray
Of modest love :
For fonder shows that dreamy hue
Than lustrous black or heavenly blue.
- “ Let her be full of quiet grace,
No sparkling wit with sudden glow
Brightening her purely chiselled face
And placid brow :
Not radiant to the *stranger’s* eye,
A creature easily passed by ;
- “ But who, once seen, with untold power
For ever haunts the yearning heart,
Raised from the crowd that self-same hour,
To dwell apart.

All sainted and enshrined, to be
The idol of our memory.

“ And oh, let Mary be her name!
It hath a sweet and gentle sound,
At which no glories dear to fame
Come crowding round,
But which the dreaming heart beguiles
With holy thoughts and household smiles;

“ With peaceful meetings, welcomes kind,
And love the same in joy and tears,
And gushing intercourse of mind
Through faithful years.
O dream of something half divine!
Be real—be mortal—and be mine!”



SARAH ELLIS.

THE PILGRIM'S REST.

PILGRIM, why thy course prolong?
Here are birds of ceaseless song,
Here are flowers of fadeless bloom,
Here are woods of deepest gloom,
Cooling waters for thy feet;
Pilgrim, rest; repose is sweet.

Tempt me not with thoughts of rest;
Woods in richest verdure dressed,
Scented flowers and murmuring streams,
Lull the soul to fruitless dreams,
I would seek some holy fane,
Pure and free from earthly stain;

Based upon the eternal rock,
Braving time and tempest's shock.
Seest thou not yon temple gray?
There thy weary steps may stay,
There thy lowly knees may bend,
There thy fervent tears descend.

Has that temple stood the storm?
Could no touch of time deform?
Was the altar there so pure,
That its worship must endure?
Whence those noble ruins, then?
Why the wondering gaze of men?

No. The sibyl's power is gone,
Hushed is each mysterious tone;
Closed the eye whose upward gaze
Read the length of human days;
Blindly darkened to her own,
Shrine and goddess both are gone.

Onward, then, my feet must roam:
Not for me the marble dome,
Not the sculptured column high,
Pointing to yon azure sky.
Let the heathen worship there:
Not for me that place of prayer.

Pilgrim, enter. Awe profound
Waits thee on this hallowed ground.
Here no mouldering columns fall,
Here no ruin marks the wall;
Marble pure and gilding gay
Woo thy sight and win thy stay.

Here the priest in sacred stole
Welcomes every weary soul.
Here what suppliant knees are bending!
Here what holy incense lending
Perfume to the ambient air!
Ecstasy to praise and prayer!

Pilgrim, pause, and view this pile;
Leave not yet the vaulted aisle.
See what sculptured forms are here!
See what gorgeous groups appear!
Tints that glow, and shapes that live,
All that art or power can give.

Hark! the solemn organ sounds;
How each echoing note rebounds!
Now along the arches high,
Far away it seems to die.
Now it thunders deep and low;
Surely thou mayst worship now.

Tempt me not. The scene is fair,
Music floats upon the air.
Clouds of perfume round me roll,
Thoughts of rapture fill my soul.
Tempt me not, I must away;
Here I may not—dare not stay.

Here amazed, entranced, I stand;
Human power on every hand
Charms my senses, meets my gaze,
Wraps me in a 'wilder maze.
But the place of prayer for me
Purer still than this must be.

From the light of southern skies,
Where the stately columns rise,
Wanderer from the valleys green,
Wherefore seek this wintry scene?
Here no stranger steps may stay:
Turn thee, pilgrim, haste away.

Here what horrors meet thy sight!
Mountain wastes of trackless height,
Where the eternal snows are sleeping,
Where the wolf his watch is keeping,
While, in sunless depths below,
See the abodes of want and woe!

Here what comfort for thy soul!
Storm and tempest o'er thee roll;
Spectral forms around thee rise,
In thy pathway famine lies;
All is darkness, doubt and fear,
Man is scarce thy brother here.

Tempter, cease! Thy words are vain,
'Tis no dream of worldly gain,
'Tis no hope in luxury dressed,
'Tis no thought of earthly rest,
Earthly comfort or repose,
Lures me to these Alpine snows.

I would seek amid this wild
Fervent Faith's devoted child,
Holy light is on his brow,
From his lips are words that glow;
In his bosom depths of love,
Filled from heaven's pure fount above.

I would follow where his feet
Mountain rocks and dangers meet.
I would join his simple band,
Linked together, heart and hand:
There I fain would bend my knee;
'Tis the place of prayer for me.



LOVE'S EARLY DREAM.

Love's early dream has music
In the tale it loves to tell;
Love's early dream has roses
Where it delights to dwell;

It has beauty in its landscape,
And verdure in its trees;
Unshadowed by a passing cloud,
Unruffled by a breeze.

Love's early dream has moonlight
Upon its crystal lake,
Where stormy tempest never blows,
Nor angry billows break:
It has splendor in its sunshine,
And freshness in its dew;
And all its scenes of happiness
Are beautiful and—*true!*

Love's early dream has kindness
In every look and tone;
Love's early dream has tenderness
For one, and one alone.
It has melody of language
And harmony of thought,
And knows no sound of dissonance
By ruder science taught.

O early dream of happiness,
Where is thy waking bliss?
What brings thy golden promises
To such a world as this?
Perchance thou art some shadow
Of that which is to come—
The fluttering of an angel's wings,
To lead the wanderer home.

MRS. ABDY.

THE CHILD IN A GARDEN.

CHILD of the flaxen locks and laughing eye,
Culling with hasty glee the flowerets gay,
Or chasing with light foot the butterfly,
I love to mark thee at thy frolic play.

Near thee I see thy tender father stand;
His anxious eye pursues thy roving track,
And oft with warning voice and beckoning hand,
He checks thy speed, and gently draws thee back.

Why dost thou meekly yield to his decree?
Fair boy, his fond regard to thee is known;
He does not check thy joys from tyranny;
Thou art his loved, his cherished, and his own.

When worldly lures, in manhood's coming hours,
Tempt thee to wander from discretion's way,
Oh! grasp not eagerly the offered flowers;
Pause if thy *heavenly* Father bid thee stay—



Pause, and in him revere a Friend and Guide,
Who does not willingly thy faults reprove;
But ever, when thou rovest from his side,
Watches to win thee back with pitying love.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS.
HEMANS.

YES, she has left us. She, whose gifted lays
So nobly earned a nation's love and praise;
Entranced the high and lofty ones of earth,
And shed a radiance o'er the peasant's hearth;

She from the world is taken, Her sweet lute
 Hangs on the willow desolate and mute;
 And while we half unconsciously repeat
 Strains we have learned as household words to greet,
 How mournful is the thought that she can pour
 Songs of such touching melody no more!

Oh what a range of mind was hers! how bright
 Her pages seemed with Inspiration's light!
 And yet, though skilled to dazzle and o'erwhelm,
 Queen of Imagination's fairy realm,
 Her highest excellence appeared to be
 In the calm region of reality.
 In Nature's wondrous workings lay her art;
 From that exhaustless mine, the human heart,
 She brought her gems, 'Twas hers, with gentle skill,
 The slumbering feelings to arouse and thrill;
 With colors not more beautiful than true
 The modest virtues of her sex she drew.
 "Records of Woman." At that name arise
 Fair shapes of truth and goodness to our eyes;
 Not the gay phantoms seen in Fancy's trance,
 Not the bright paragons of old romance;
 Nor yet the wonders of a later age,
 The heroines of Reason's formal page,
 Full of cold, calculating, worldly sense,
 And self-elate in moral excellence.
 No; at Religion's pure and sacred flame
 Her torch she kindled; 'twas her wish and aim
 That in her female portraits we should see
 The blest effects of humble piety,

Proving that in this world of sin and strife
None could fulfil the charities of life,
Or bear its trials, save the path they trod
Were hallowed by the guiding grace of God.

And well her spirit in her life was shown :
No character more lovely than her own
Fell from her gifted pen ; though numbers breathed
Her name, though laurel bands her brow enwreathed,
She sought not in the world's vain scenes to roam ;
Her duties were her joys, her sphere her home.
And Memory still a pensive pleasure blends
With the affliction of her weeping friends
When they recall the meek, calm lowliness
With which she bore the blaze of her success.
But trials soon as well as triumphs came ;
Sickness subdued her weak and languid frame ;
Then was she patient, tranquil and resigned ;
Religion soothed and fortified her mind.
She knew that for the blessed Saviour's sake,
In whom she trusted, she should sleep to wake
In glory, and she yielded up her breath,
Feeling she won eternity by death.
Oh may her holy principles impress
The soul of each surviving poetess !
No trivial charge is to her care consigned
Who gives to public view her stores of mind ;
Even though her sum of treasures may be small,
Good can be worked, if Heaven permit, by all.
She who a single talent holds in store,
By patient zeal may make that little more ;

And though but few, alas! can boast the powers
Of her now lost, the gift may still be ours
Humbly to imitate her better part,
And strive to elevate each reader's heart
To themes of purer and of holier birth
Than the low pleasures and vain pomps of earth.
Never may Woman's lays their service lend
Vice to encourage, soften, or defend;
Nor may we in our own conceit be wise,
Weaving frail webs of mere moralities.
No! May we ever on His grace reflect
To whom we owe our cherished intellect;
Deem that such powers in trust to us were given
To serve and glorify our Lord in heaven,
And place, amid the highest joys of fame,
Our best distinction in a Christian's name.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

THE mystic science is not mine
That Eastern records teach;
I cannot to each bud assign
A sentiment and speech;
Yet, when in yonder blossomed dell
I pass my lonely hours,
Methinks my heart interprets well
The eloquence of flowers.

Of life's first thoughtless years they tell,
 When half my joy and grief
Dwelt in a lily's opening bell,
 A rosebud's drooping leaf.
I watched for them the sun's bright rays,
 And feared the driving showers;
Types of my girlhood's radiant days
 Were ye, sweet transient flowers.

And sadder scenes ye bring to mind;
 The moments ye renew
When first the woodbine's wreaths I twined,
 A loved one's grave to strew.
On the cold turf I weeping spread
 My offering from the bowers;
Ye seemed meet tribute to the dead,
 Pale, perishable flowers.

Yet speak ye not alone, fair band,
 Of changefulness and gloom;
Ye tell me of God's gracious hand,
 That clothes you thus in bloom,
And sends, to soften and to calm
 A sinful world like ours,
Gifts of such purity and balm
 As ye, fresh, dewy flowers.

And while your smiling ranks I view,
 In vivid colors dressed,
My heart, with faith confirmed and true,
 Learns on the Lord to rest.

If He the lilies of the field
With lavish glory dowers,
Will He not greater bounties yield
To me than to the flowers?

Still, still they speak; around my track
Some faded blossoms lie;
Another spring shall bring them back,
Yet bring them but to die.
But we forsake this world of strife
To rise to nobler powers,
And share those gifts of endless life
Withheld from earth's frail flowers.

Oh may I bear your lessons hence,
Fair children of the sod!
Yours is the calm, mute eloquence
That leads the thoughts to God;
And oft amid the great and wise
My heart shall seek these bowers,
And turn from man's proud colloquies
To commune with the flowers.

SARA COLERIDGE.

FALSE LOVE.

FALSE Love, too long thou hast delayed,
Too late I make my choice ;
Yet win for me that precious maid,
And bid my heart rejoice
Then shall mine eyes shoot youthful fire,
My cheek with triumph glow,
And other maids that glance desire
Which I on one bestow.

Make her with smile divinely bland
Beam sunshine o'er my face,
And Time shall touch with gentlest hand
What she hath deigned to grace.
O'er scanty locks full wreaths I'll wear,
No wrinkled brow to shade ;
Her joy will smooth the furrows there
Which earlier griefs have made.

Though sports of youth be tedious toil,
When youth has passed away
I'll cast aside the martial spoil,
With her light locks to play :

Yea, turn, sweet maid, from tented fields,
 To rove where dewdrops shine,
 Nor care what hand the sceptre wields,
 So thou wilt grant me thine.

SONG.

MANY a fountain cool and shady
 May the traveller's eye invite :
 One among them all, sweet lady,
 Seems to flow for his delight.
 In many a tree the wilding bee
 Might safely hide her honeyed store ;
 One hive alone the bee will own—
 She may not trust her sweets to more.

Say'st thou, " Can that maid be fairer?
 Shows her lip a livelier dye?
 Hath she treasures richer, rarer?
 Can she better love than I?"
 What formed the spell I ne'er could tell,
 But subtle must its working be,
 Since from the hour I felt its power
 No fairer face I wish to see.
 Light-winged Zephyr, ere he settles
 On the loveliest flower that blows,
 Never stays to count thy petals,
 Dear, delicious, fragrant rose!

Her features bright elude my sight,
I know not how her tresses lie;
In Fancy's maze my spirit plays,
When she with all her charms is nigh.





FRANCES BROWN.

THE MAID OF THE RHONE.

'Twas in that lovely land that lies
Where Alpine shadows fall
On scenes that to the pilgrim's eyes
Might Eden's bloom recall,
As when, undimmed by curse or crime,
It rose amid the dawn of time—

That early spring whose blossoms grew
While yet the heavens and earth were new—
There stood beside the rapid Rhone,
 That, now from Lemane free,
By wood and city wall swept on
 To meet the classic sea,
An ancient and a stately hall,
With donjon-keep and moated wall,
And battlements whose bannered pride
Had many a hostile host defied.

And she, the lady of the tower,
 Though last of all her line,
Was mightiest in the matchless power
 Of beauty—at whose shrine
The flower of chivalry adored,
And proved their vows by song and sword.
But knightly vow and minstrel strain
Beneath her lattice flowed in vain,
For in the maiden's bower there hung
 A warrior's portrait, pale,
But wondrous beautiful and young,
 And clad in burnished mail.
Oh! many an eye had marked it well,
But none that warrior's tale could tell,
Save that he bore the Red Cross shield,
And fought in some far Syrian field.

But there the maiden's earliest glance
 And latest gaze would turn,
From thrilling harp and gleaming lance,
 With love that seemed to spurn

All other vows, and serve alone
That nameless idol of its own ;
For oft such glorious shadows rise,
And early hide from youthful eyes
The substance of this world, and claim
The heart's first-fruits, that taste
Of Paradise, though naught but Fame
Hath on the altar traced
The name no wave can wash away ;
As old remembered legends say
The Eastern maiden loved so long
The youth she only knew in song,

So loved the lady of the tower ;
And summers glided on
Till, one by one, from hall and bower,
Her kindred maids were gone :
Some had put on the bridal wreath,
Some wore the chaplet twined for death,
But still no mortal charms could wean
Her fancy from that pictured mien,
At length there came a noble knight,
Though past his manhood's prime ;
His sword had been in many a fight,
His steps in many a cline ;
But, ah ! what thoughts that wooer's name
Awakened ! for it was the same
That the old painter's magic art
Had graven on the maiden's heart.

The idol of her youth was now
 Before her, but she gazed
Upon the veteran's furrowed brow,
 And then, in wonder, raised
Her eyes to that bright pictured face,
Whose changeless beauty bore no trace
Of wasting time or withering war,
Like his, in furrow or in scar,
Oh! many a loved and lovely face
 Had grown less fond and fair
Since first that picture met her gaze,
 But still no change was *there!*
That age could dim or sorrow bow
The sunny cheek or stately brow—
She had not thought of things like these
In all her lonely reveries.

Like him who saw through Alpine woods
 The glacier's gem-like glow,
And climbed the rocks and crossed the floods,
 To find it only snow,
So felt the maiden as she said,
"My star is set—my rainbow fled!
Why hast thou come at last to break
My pleasant dream? How sad to wake!
What thoughts of thee o'er heart and mind
 Have sped their visioned gleam!
I meet thee now, but not to find
 The shadow of my dream.
This heart hath only bowed before
The glory that the canvas wore:

That spell hath passed; my soul is free,
And turns no more to love or thee.

“Go! find some fairer, happier bride
Who hath not loved in vain:
The light that in thy presence died
May never shine again;
The passion that survived in truth
The roses and the smiles of youth,
Hath perished like the pilgrim knight
Who died with Salem in his sight.”

* * * * *

There is a cross on Sidon's shore
That marks a Templar's rest,
And cloister arches darken o'er
A fairer, gentler guest;
So sleep the loving hearts whom Fate
Forbade to meet till all too late,
And the same storied lands and waves
That parted them divide their graves.

STREAMS.

I.

YE early minstrels of the earth,
Whose mighty voices woke
The echoes of its infant woods
Ere yet the Tempter spoke,
How is it that ye waken still
The young heart's happy dreams,
And shed your light on darkened days,
O bright and blessed streams?

II.

Woe for the world! she hath grown old
And gray in toil and tears.
But ye have kept the harmonies
Of her unfallen years;
For ever in our weary path
Your ceaseless music seems
The spirit of her perished youth,
Ye glad and glorious streams!

III.

Your murmurs bring the pleasant breath
Of many a sylvan scene:

They tell of sweet and sunny vales,
And woodlands mildly green,
Ye cheer the lonely heart of age,
Ye fill the exile's dreams
With hope and home and memory,
Ye unforgotten streams!

IV.

Too soon the blessed springs of love
To bitter fountains turn,
And deserts drink the stream that flows
From Hope's exhaustless urn;
And faint upon the waves of life
May fall the summer beams,
But they linger long and bright with you,
Ye sweet, unchanging streams!

V.

The bards, the ancient bards, who sang
When thought and song were new,
O mighty waters! did they learn
Their minstrelsy from you?
For still, methinks, your voices blend
With all their glorious themes,
That flow for ever fresh and free
As the eternal streams.

VI.

Well might the sainted seer of old
Who trod the tearless shore,

Like many waters deem the Voice
The angel hosts adore ;
For still, where deep the rivers roll
Or far the torrent gleams,
Our spirits hear the voice of God
Amid the rush of streams.



ELIZA COOK.

WASHINGTON.

LAND of the West! though passing brief the record of
thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide
page.
Let all the blasts of Fame ring out—thine shall be
loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet
star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er
depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain and warms the
coldest heart;

A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West, it stands alone: it is thy Wash-
ington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on
his wreath;

He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's
death.

France had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they
might soar,

Were spread in false ambition's flight and dipped in
murder's gore.

Those hero-gods whose mighty sway would fain have
chained the waves,

Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal to make a
world of slaves—

Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely
waded on—

Oh where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Wash-
ington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but
to defend;

And ere he turned a people's foe he sought to be a
friend.

He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle
word,

And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—
sword to sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and
sage:

He showed no deep, avenging hate, no burst of despot
rage.

He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No ear of triumph bore him through a city filled with
grief:

No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him
victor chief;

He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high
disdain,

And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed
the chain.

He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings
down

To change them for the regal vest and don a kingly
crown.

Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such a
son,

To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine, my loved, my native
earth!

The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that
mother birth!

Oh keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from
thy shore,

And faltering my breath that sighed, "Farewell for ever-
more!"

But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to
dwell

Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's
song to tell.

“Away, thou gallant ship!” I’d cry, and bear me
 swiftly on;
But bear me from thy own fair land to that of Wash-
 ington!



THE QUIET EYE.

THE orb I like is not the one
 That dazzles with its lightning gleam,
That dares to look upon the sun
 As though it challenged brighter beam.
That orb may sparkle, flash and roll;
 Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly;
But not for me; I prize the soul
 That slumbers in a quiet eye.

There's something in its placid shade
That tells of calm unworldly thought;
Hope may be crowned or joy delayed,
No dimness steals, no ray is caught.
Its pensive language seems to say,
"I know that I must close and die;"
And death itself, come when it may,
Can hardly change the quiet eye.

There's meaning in its steady glance,
Of gentle blame or praising love,
That makes me tremble to advance
A word that meaning might reprove.
The haughty threat, the fiery look,
My spirit proudly can defy;
But never yet could meet and brook
The upbraiding of a quiet eye.

There's firmness in its even light
That augurs of a breast sincere;
And oh! take watch how ye excite
That firmness till it yield a tear.
Some bosoms give an easy sigh;
Some drops of grief will freely start;
But that which sears the quiet eye
Hath its deep fountain in the heart.

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

WHOM do we dub as gentlemen? The knave, the fool,
the brute,

If they but own full tittle of gold, and wear a costly suit,
The parchment scroll of titled line, the ribbon at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree.

But Nature with a matchless hand sends forth *her* nobly
born,

And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to
scorn ;

She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half
divine.

And cries exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like
mine?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward
part,

But showers beauty, grace and light upon the brain
and heart.

She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to
illumine :

The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from
mist and gloom.

Should Fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold
abound,

He shares it with a bounteous hand and scatters bless-
ings round.

The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end
designed,

When held by Nature's gentleman, the good, the just,
the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home where sorrow's
 offsprings dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut, the culprit in his
 cell.
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourn-
 ing love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith
 above.
The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless or the
 poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown or leave his bolted
 door.
His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the
 globe;
An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine
 robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm con-
 trol;
His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the
 soul.
He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of
 life,
But will not love the revel scene or head the brawling
 strife.
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no
 honeyed tongue;
He's social with the gray-haired one and merry with
 the young;
He gravely shares the council speech or joins the rustic
 game,
And shines as Nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone
his word,

No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard ;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn
or teach,

With joyous freedom in his mirth and candor in his
speech.

He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him
in each deed :

He would not blame another's faith nor have one martyr
bleed.

Justice and mercy form his code ; he puts his trust in
Heaven ;

His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else
be forgiven!"

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare
gems there are,

Each shining in his hallowed sphere as virtue's polar
star.

Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt
and dark,

Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Pro-
methean spark.

There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or
pride,

Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by ad-
verse tide ;

They hold the rank no king can give, no station can
disgrace ;

Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must
give place.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

THERE'S a star in the West that shall never go down
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
For Liberty burst in its ray,
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem star of the West?

“War, war to the knife! be enthralled or ye die!”
Was the echo that woke in his land;
But it was not *his* voice that prompted the cry,
Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand,
He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
While a leaf of the olive remained;
Till, goaded with insult, his spirit arose,
Like a long-baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
But sighed o'er the carnage that spread;
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
But wept for the thousands that bled,
Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife
Till man's charter was fairly restored,
Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh his laurels were pure! and his patriot name
 In the page of the future shall dwell,
 And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
 By the side of a Hofer and Tell.
 Revile not my song, for the wise and the good
 Among Britons have nobly confessed
 That his was the glory and ours was the blood
 Of the deeply-stained field of the West.



OLD STORY-BOOKS.

OLD story-books! old story-books! we owe ye much,
 old friends,
 Bright-colored threads in Memory's warp, of which Death
 holds the ends.
 Who can forget ye? who can spurn the ministers of
 joy
 That waited on the lisping girl and petticoated boy?
 I know that ye could *win* my heart when every bribe
 or threat
 Failed to allay my stamping rage or break my sullen
 pet;

A "promised story" was enough: I turned with eager
smile
To learn about the naughty "pig that would not mount
the stile."

There was a spot in days of yore whereon I used to
stand,
With mighty question in my head and penny in my
hand;
Where motley sweets and crinkled cakes made up a
goodly show,
And "story-books" upon a string appeared in brilliant
row.
What should I have? The peppermint was incense in
my nose,
But I had heard of "Hero Jack" who slew his giant
foes;
My lonely coin was balanced long before the tempting
stall,
'Twixt book and bull's eye, but, forsooth! "Jack" got
it after all.

Talk of your "vellum, gold embossed," "morocco,"
"roan," and "calf"!
The blue and yellow wraps of old were prettier by
half;
And as to pictures! well, we know that never one was
made
Like that where "Bluebeard" swings aloft his wife destroy-
ing blade.

“Hume’s England”—pshaw! what history of battles,
states and men
Can vie with memoirs “all about sweet little Jenny
Wren”?
And what are all the wonders that e’er struck a nation
dumb
To those recorded as performed by “Master Thomas
Thumb”?

“Miss Riding-Hood,” poor luckless child! My heart
grew big with dread,
When the grim “wolf” in grandmamma’s best bonnet
showed his head:
I shuddered when in innocence she meekly peeped be-
neath,
And made remarks about “great eyes,” and wondered
at “great teeth.”
And then the “House that Jack built,” and the “Bean-
stalk Jack cut down,”
And “Jack’s eleven brothers” on their travels of re-
nown:
And “Jack” whose cracked and plastered head ensured
him lyric fame—
These, these, methinks, make “vulgar Jack” a rather
classic name.

Fair “Valentine,” I loved him well, but better still the
bear
That hugged his brother in her arms with tenderness and
care:

I lingered spell-bound o'er the page, though eventide
 wore late,
 And left my supper all untouched to fathom "Orson's"
 fate.
 Then "Robin with his merry men," a noble band were
 they;
 We'll never see the like again, go hunting where we may,
 In Lincoln garb, with bow and barb, rapt Fancy bore
 me on,
 Through Sherwood's dewy forest-paths, close after "Little
 John."

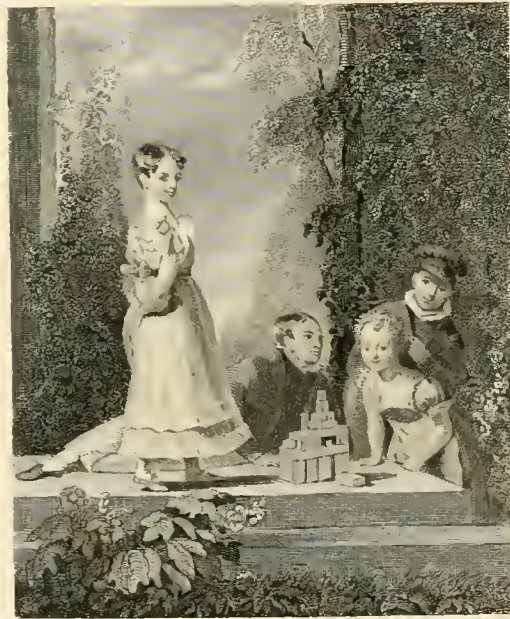
"Miss Cinderella" and her "shoe" kept long their
 reigning powers,
 Till harder words and longer themes beguiled my flying
 hours;
 And "Sinbad," wondrous sailor he, allured me on his track,
 And set me shouting when he flung the old man from
 his back,
 And oh! that tale, the matchless tale, that made me
 dream at night
 Of "Crusoe's" shaggy robe of fur, and "Friday's"
 death-spurred flight;
 Nay, still I read it, and again in sleeping visions see
 The savage dancers on the sand, the raft upon the sea.

Old story-books! old story-books! I doubt if "Reason's
 Feast"
 Provides a dish that pleases more than "Beauty and
 the Beast."

I doubt if all the ledger leaves that bear a sterling sum
Yield happiness like those that told of "Master Hor-
ner's plum."

Old story-books! old story-books! I never pass ye by
Without a sort of furtive glance, right loving though
'tis sly;

And fair suspicion may arise that yet my spirit grieves
For dear "Old Mother Hubbard's Dog," and "Ali Baba's
Thieves."





FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

A VISION OF THE VATICAN.

IN the great palace halls where dwell the gods
I heard a voice filling the vaulted roof;
The heart that uttered it seemed sorrow-proof,
And, clarion-like, it might have made the clods
Of the dead valley start to sudden life,
With such a vigor and a joy 'twas rife.
And, coming towards me, lo! a woman passed;
Her face was shining as the morning bright,
And her feet fell in steps so strong and light
I scarce could tell if she trode slow or fast.
She seemed instinct with beauty and with power,
And what she sang dwells with me to this hour.

“Transfigured from the gods’ abode I come;
I have been tarrying in their awful home.
Stand from my path and give me passage free,
For yet I breathe of their divinity.
Zeus have I knelt to, solemn and serene.
And stately Herè, heaven’s transcendent queen;
Phœbus’ light is on my brow, and fleet
As silver-sandalled Artemis’ my feet.
Graciously smiling, heavenly Aphrodite
Hath filled my senses with a vague delight;
And Pallas, steadfastly beholding me,
Hath sent me forth in wisdom to be free.”

When at the portal, smiling she did turn,
And looking back through the vast halls profound,
Re-echoing with her song’s triumphant sound,
She bowed her head and said, “I shall return;”
Then raised her face, all radiant with delight,
And vanished like a vision from my sight.

NOONDAY BY THE SEASIDE.

THE sea has left the strand;
In their deep sapphire cup
The waves lie gathered up,
Off the hard-ribbed sand.

From each dark rocky brim,
The full, wine-tinted billows, ebbd away,
Leave on the golden rim
Of their huge bowl not one thin line of spray.

Above the short-grassed downs, all broidered over
With scarlet pimpernel and silver clover,
Like spicy incense quivers the warm air;
With piercing fervid heat,
The noonday sunbeams beat
On the red granite sea-slabs broad and bare.

And prone along the shore,
Basking in the fierce glare,
Lie sun-bronzed Titans, covered o'er
With shaggy sea-weed hair

Come in under this vault of brownest shade,
By sea-worn arches made,
Where all the air with a rich topaz light
Is darkly bright.
'Neath these rock-folded canopies,
Shadowy and cool,
The crystal water lies
In many a glassy pool,
Whose green-veined sides, as they receive the light,
Gleam like pale wells of precious malachite.

In the warm shallow water dip thy feet,
Gleaming like rose-hued pearls below the wave;
And, lying in this hollow, sea-smoothed seat,
Gaze on the far-off white-sailed fisher fleet,
Framed in the twilight portal of our cave.
While I lie here and gaze on thee,
Fairer art thou to me
Than Aphrodite, when the breathless deep
Wafted her, smiling in her rosy sleep,
Towards the green-myrtled shore, that in delight
With starry fragrance suddenly grew white;
Or than the shuddering girl
Whose wide-distended eyes,
Glassy with dread surprise,
Saw the huge billow curl,
Foaming and bristling with its grisly freight,
While twinkling from afar,
With iris-feathered heels and falchion bright,
From the blue cope of heaven's dazzling height
Her lover swooped, a flashing noontide star.

A mid-day dream hath lighted on thy brow,
And gently bends it down; thy fair eyes swim
In liquid languor, lustreless and dim;
And slowly dropping now,
From the light loosened clasp of thy warm hand,
Making a ruddy shadow on the sand,
Falls a wine-perfumed rose with crimson glow.

Sleep, my beloved! while the sultry spell
Of silent noon o'er sea and earth doth dwell;
Stoop thy fair graceful head upon my breast,
With its thick rolls of golden hair opprest,
My lily! and my breathing shall not sob
With one tumultuous sigh, nor my heart throb
With one irregular bound, that I may keep
With tenderest watch the treasure of thy sleep.
Droop gently down in slumb'rous, slow eclipse,
Fair fringed lids, beneath my sealing lips.

TO SHAKSPEARE.

OFT when my lips I open to rehearse
Thy wondrous spells of wisdom and of power,
And that my voice and thy immortal verse
On listening ears and hearts I mingled pour,
I shrink dismayed, and awful doth appear
The vain presumption of my own weak deed.
Thy glorious spirit seems to mine so near,
That suddenly I tremble as I read;
Thee an invisible auditor I fear.
Oh, if it might be so, my master dear!
With what beseeching would I pray to thee
To make me equal to my noble task;
Succor from thee how humbly would I ask,
Thy worthiest works to utter worthily!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

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 silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine;
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine;
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?

If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh tell me before all is lost!

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

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

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

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
 And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake—
 Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*; I dare not hear,
 The words would come too late;

Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate,
Whatever on my heart may fall,
Remember, I *would* risk it all!





ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

O MAIDEN, heir of kings!
A king has left his place;
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face.
And thou upon thy mother's breast
No longer lean adown,
But take the Glory for the Rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best.
She heard and wept;
She wept to wear a crown!

They decked her courtly halls;
They reined her hundred steeds;
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds!"
Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,
Her praise has filled the town;
And mourners God had stricken deep
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.
Alone she wept,
Who wept to wear a crown!

She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries.
And while her heralds played their part,
Those million shouts to drown,
"God save the Queen!" from hill to mart
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept;
She wept to wear a crown!

God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved;
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those pure tears have moved.
The nature in thine eyes we see
That tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties,
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept,
Yea! wept to wear its crown!

God bless thee, weeping Queen!
With blessing more divine!
And fill with happier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine;
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierc'd Hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see.
Thou wilt *not* weep
To wear that heavenly crown!

HEAVEN'S SUNRISE TO EARTH'S BLINDNESS.

It is the hour for souls,
 That bodies, leavened by the will and love,
 Be lightened to redemption. The world's old;
 But the old world waits the hour to be renewed;
 Toward which, new hearts in individual growth
 Must quicken, and increase to multitude
 In new dynasties of the race of men;
 Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously
 New churches, new economies, new laws
 Admitting freedom, new societies
 Excluding falsehood. He shall make all new.

My Romney! Lifting up my hand in his,
 As wheeled by seeing spirits toward the east,
 He turned instinctively, where faint and fair,
 Along the tingling desert of the sky,
 Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
 Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
 The first foundations of that new, near Day
 Which should be builded out of heaven to God.
 He stood a moment with erected brows,
 In silence, as a creature might who gazed;
 Stood calm and fed his blind, majestic eyes
 Upon the thought of perfect noon. And when
 I saw his soul saw, "Jasper first," I said.
 "And second, sapphire; third, chalcedony;
 The rest in order; last, an amethyst."

A WOMAN'S SHORTCOMINGS.

SHE has laughed as softly as if she sighed;
She has counted six and over,
Of a purse well filled and a heart well tried;
Oh, each a worthy lover!
They "give her time;" for her soul must slip
Where the world has set the grooving;
She will lie to none with her fair red lip;
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond recalling;
With a glance for *one*, and a glance for *some*,
From her eyelids rising and falling,
Speaks common words with a blushful air;
Hears bold words unreprieving;
But her silence says what she never will swear,
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady, lean to the night-guitar,
And drop a smile to the bringer;
Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,
At the voice of an indoor singer,
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
Glance lightly on their removing;
And join new vows to old perjuries,
But dare not call it loving!

Unless you can think when the song is done
 No other is soft in the rhythm;
 Unless you can feel, when left by One,
 That all men else go with him;
 Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
 That your beauty itself wants proving;
 Unless you can swear, "For life, for death!"
 Oh fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
 On the absent face that fixed you;
 Unless you can love as the angels may,
 With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
 Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
 Through believing and unbelieving;
 Unless you can *die* when the dream is past,
 Oh never call it loving!

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

LOVE me, sweet, with all thou art,
 Feeling, thinking, seeing;
 Love me in the lightest part,
 Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth
 In its frank surrender:
 With the vowing of thy mouth,
 With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
 Made for earnest granting;
Taking color from the skies,
 Can heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall
 Snow-like at first meeting;
Love me with thine heart, that all
 The neighbors then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out,
 Freely, open-minded;
Love me with thy loitering foot,
 Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns
 Sudden, faint above me;
Love me with thy blush that burns
 When I murmur "Love me!"

Love me with thy thinking soul:
 Break it to love-sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
 On through living, dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
 When the world has crowned thee;
Love me kneeling at thy prayers,
 With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,
 Up the woodlands shady;
Love me gayly, fast and true,
 As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
Further off or nigher,
Love me for the house and grave,
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's love no fable,
I will love *thee*—half a year—
As a man is able.

HECTOR IN THE GARDEN.

NINE years old! The first of any
Seem the happiest years that come;
Yet when *I* was nine I said
No such word: I thought instead
That the Greeks had used as many
In besieging Ilium.

Nine green years had scarcely brought me
To my childhood's haunted spring:
I had life like flowers and bees,
In betwixt the country trees;
And the sun the pleasure taught me
Which he teacheth everything.

If the rain fell, there was sorrow;
Little head leant on the pane.

Little finger drawing down it
The long trailing drops upon it,
And the "Rain, rain, come to-morrow,"
Said for charm against the rain.

Such a charm was right Canidian,
Though you meet it with a jeer;
If I said it long enough,
Then the rain hummed dimly off,
And the thrush with his pure Lydian
Was left only to the ear;

And the sun and I together
Went a-rushing out of doors;
We our tender spirits drew
Over hill and dale in view,
Glimmering hither, glimmering thither,
In the footsteps of the showers.

Underneath the chestnuts dripping,
Through the grasses wet and fair,
Straight I sought my garden-ground,
With the laurel on the mound,
And the pear tree oversweeping
A side-shadow of green air.

In the garden lay supinely
A huge giant wrought of spade;
Arms and legs were stretched at length
In a passive giant strength;
And the meadow turf cut finely,
Round them laid and interlaid.

Call him Hector, son of Priam,
Such his title and degree.
With my rake I smoothed his brow;
Both his cheeks I weeded through;
But a rhymersuch as I am
Scarce can sing his dignity.

Eyes of gentianellas' azure,
Staring, winking at the skies;
Nose of gillyflowers and box;
Scented grasses put for locks,
Which a little breeze at pleasure
Set a-waving round his eyes.

Brazen helm of daffodillies,
With a glitter toward the light;
Purple violets for the mouth,
Breathing perfumes west and south;
And a sword of flashing lilies,
Holden ready for the fight.

And a breastplate made of daisies,
Closely fitting, leaf by leaf;
Periwinkles interlaced,
Drawn for belt about the waist:
While the brown bees, humming praises,
Shot their arrows round the chief.

And who knows, I sometimes wondered,
If the disembodied soul

Of old Hector, once of Troy,
 Might not take a dreary joy
 Here to enter if it thundered,
 Rolling up the thunder roll?

Rolling this way from Troy-ruin,
 In this body rude and rife,
 He might enter and take rest
 Neath the daisies of the breast;
 They with tender roots renewing
 His heroic heart to life.

Who could know? I sometimes started
 At a motion or a sound;
 Did his mouth speak, naming Troy
 With an *οτοτοτοτοι*?

Did the pulse of the Strong-hearted
 Make the daisies tremble round?

It was hard to answer, often;
 But the birds sang in the tree,
 But the little birds sang bold
 In the pear tree green and old;
 And my terror seemed to soften
 Through the courage of their glee.

Oh, the birds, the tree, the ruddy
 And white blossoms, sleek with rain!
 Oh, my garden, rich with pansies!
 Oh, my childhood's bright romances!
 All revive like Hector's body,
 And I see them stir again.

And despite life's changes—chances,
And despite the deathbell's toll,
They press on me in full seeming,
Help, some angel! stay this dreaming!
As the birds sang in the branches,
Sing God's patience through my soul.

That no dreamer, no neglecter
Of the present's work unsped,
I may wake up and be doing,
Life's heroic ends pursuing,
Though my past is dead as Hector,
And though Hector is twice dead.



CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

PALM SUNDAY.

HOSANNA to the Son of David! Raise
Triumphal arches to his praise;
For him prepare a throne
Who comes at last to Zion—to his own!
Strew palms around, make plain and straight the way
For Him who his triumphal entry holds to day!

Hosanna! Welcome above all thou art!
Make ready each to lay his heart
Low down before his feet!
Come, let us hasten forth our Lord to meet,
And bid him enter in at Zion's gates,
Where thousand-voiced welcome on his coming waits.

Hosanna! Prince of peace and Lord of might!
We hail thee conqueror in the fight.
All thou with toil hast won
Shall be our booty when the battle's done.
Thy right hand ever hath the rule and sway,
Thy kingdom standeth fast when all things else decay.

Hosanna! best-beloved and noble Guest!
Who made us by thy high behest
Heirs of thy realm with thee,
Oh let us therefore never weary be
To stand and serve before thy righteous throne
We know no king but thee—rule thou o'er us alone!

Hosanna! Come, the time draws on apace;
We long thy mercy to embrace;
This servant's form can ne'er
Conceal the majesty thy acts declare,
Too well art thou here in thy Zion known,
Who art the Son of God, and yet art David's son.

Hosanna! Lord, be thou our help and friend;
Thy aid to us in mercy send,
That each may bring his soul
An offering unto thee, unstained and whole.

Thou wilt have none for thy disciples, Lord,
But who obey in truth, not only hear thy word.

Hosanna! Let us in thy footsteps tread,
Nor that sad Mount of Olives dread
Where we must weep and watch,
Until the far-off song of joy we catch
From heaven, our Bethphagè, where we shall sing
Hosanna in the highest to our God and King!

Hosanna! Let us sound it far and wide!
Enter thou in and here abide,
Thou Blessed of the Lord!
Why standest thou without, why roam'st abroad?
Hosanna! Make thy home with us for ever!
Thou comest, Lord! and naught us from thy love shall
sever.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

COMETH sunshine after rain,
 After mourning joy again;
 After heavy, bitter grief
 Dawneth surely sweet relief;
 And my soul, who from her height
 Sank to realms of woe and night,
 Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

He whom this world dares not face
 Hath refreshed me with his grace,
 And his mighty hand unbound
 Chains of hell about me wound;
 Quicker, stronger, leaps my blood,
 Since his mercy, like a flood,
 Poured o'er all my heart for good.

Bitter anguish have I borne,
 Keen regret my heart hath torn;
 Sorrow dimmed my weeping eyes,
 Satan blinded me with lies;
 Yet at last am I set free,
 Help, protection, love, to me
 Once more true companions be.

Ne'er was left a helpless prey,
 Ne'er with shame was turned away,
 He who gave himself to God,
 And on him had cast his load.

Who in God his hope hath placed
Shall not life in pain outwaste ;
Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still ;
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.
As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
And whate'er we asked is ours.



When my heart was vexed with care,
Filled with fears, wellnigh despair;
When, with watching many a night,
On me fell pale sickness' blight;
 When my courage failed me fast,
 Camest thou, my God, at last,
 And my woes were quickly past.

Now, as long as here I roam,
On this earth have house and home,
Shall this wondrous gleam from thee
Shine through all my memory.
 To my God I yet will cling,
 All my life the praises sing
 That from thankful hearts outspring.

Every sorrow, every smart,
That the Eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store,
 As my life flows on I'll take
 Calmly, gladly for his sake;
 No more faithless murmurs make.

I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave,
 Whom the Strongest doth defend,
 Whom the Highest counts his friend,
 Cannot perish in the end.

EASTER EVEN.

REST of the weary! Thou
 Thyself art resting now
 Where lowly in thy sepulchre thou liest:
 From out her deathly sleep
 My soul doth start to weep,
 So sad a wonder, that thou, Saviour, diest!

Thy bitter anguish o'er,
 To this dark tomb they bore
 Thee, Life of life, thee, Lord of all creation!
 The hollow rocky cave
 Must serve thee for a grave,
 Who wast thyself the Rock of our salvation!

O Prince of life! I know
 That when I too lie low,
 Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken:
 Wherefore I will not shrink
 From the grave's awful brink:
 The heart that trusts in thee shall ne'er be shaken.

To me the darksome tomb
 Is but a narrow room,
 Where I may rest in peace from sorrow free,
 Thy death shall give me power
 To cry in that dark hour,
 "O Death! O Grave! where is your victory?"

The grave can naught destroy ;
Only the flesh can die,
And e'en the body triumphs o'er decay.
Clothed by thy wondrous might
In robes of dazzling light,
This flesh shall burst the grave at that last day.

My Jesus, day by day,
Help me to watch and pray
Beside the tomb where in my heart thou'rt laid.
Thy bitter death shall be
My constant memory,
My guide at last into Death's awful shade.





DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

PHILIP, MY KING,

“Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty.”

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!

For round thee the purple shadow lies
 Of babyhood's royal dignities.
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
 With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
 I am thine Esther to command
 Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden.
 Philip, my king!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
 Philip, my king!

When those beautiful lips 'gin sing,
 And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
 Thou dost enter love-crowned, and there
 Sittest love-glorified! Rule kindly,
 Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
 For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
 Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
 Philip, my king!

The spirit that there lies sleeping now
 May rise like a giant and make men bow
 As to one heaven-chosen amongst his peers.
 My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer.
 Let me behold thee in future years!
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer.
 Philip, my king!—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
 Philip, my king!

Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
 Thorny and cruel, and cold and gray;
 Rebels within thee and foes without

Will snatch at thy crown. But march on, glorious,
 Martyr, yet monarch; till angels shout,
 As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
 "Philip, the king!"

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."

RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"Two hands upon the breast,
 And labor's done;
 Two pale feet crossed in rest,
 The race is won;
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
 And all tears cease;
 Two lips where grief is mute,
 Anger at peace:"
 So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
 God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address,
 Aye for his praise;
 Two feet that never rest,
 Walking his ways;
 Two eyes that look above
 Through all their tears;
 Two lips still breathing love,
 Not wrath, nor fears:"
 So pray we afterwards, low on our knees,
 Pardon those erring prayers. Father, hear these!

HER LIKENESS.

A GIRL, who has so many wilful ways,
She would have caused Job's patience to forsake him,
Yet is so rich in all that's girlhood's praise,
Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze,
A little better she would surely make him.

Yet is this girl I sing in naught uncommon,
And very far from angel yet, I trow.
Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human;
Yet she's more lovable as simple woman
Than any one diviner that I know.

Therefore I wish that she may safely keep
This womanhede, and change not, only grow;
From maid to matron, youth to age may creep,
And in perennial blessedness still reap
On every hand of that which she doth sow.



LADY NAIRN.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state;

He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' woomin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Lish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered and as gude as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue:
He put on a ring, a sword and cocked hat,
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare and rade cannily,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na:"
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumbfounded he was; na sigh did he gie:
He mounted his mare, he rade cannily;
And aften he thought as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said:
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten:
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green.
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
 But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearing awa', Jean;
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearing awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's neither cauld nor care, Jean;
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
 Your task's ended noo, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean;
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean;
 Oh, we grudged her right sair
 To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean;
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean;
 This world's care is vain, Jean;
 We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met, and we parted for ever!
The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence; our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling.
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires for ever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang o'er its waters for ever.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

THE MILKING-MAID.

THE year stood at its equinox,
And bluff the North was blowing;
A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,
Green hardy things were growing;
I met a maid with shining locks
Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck.
Her bare arm showed its dimple;
Her apron spread without a speck;
Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,
And sang a country ditty,
An innocent fond lovers' tale,
That was not wise nor witty,
Pathetically rustical,
Too pointless for the city.

She kept in time without a beat,
As true as church-bell ringers,
Unless she tapped time with her feet,
Or squeezed it with her fingers:
Her clear, unstudied notes were sweet
As many a practiced singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight,
 Stood silent for a minute,
To eye the pail, and creamy white
 The frothing milk within it;

To eye the comely milking-maid,
 Herself so fresh and creamy.
"Good-day to you!" at last I said,
 She turned her head to see me;
"Good-day!" she said with lifted head;
 Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked
 The grave cow heavy laden;
I've seen grand ladies plumed and silked,
 But not a sweeter maiden;

But not a sweeter, fresher maid
 Than this in homely cotton,
Whose pleasant face and silky braid
 I have not yet forgotten.

Seven springs have passed since then, as I
 Count with a sober sorrow;
Seven springs have come and passed me by,
 And spring sets in to-morrow.

I've half a mind to shake myself
 Free, just for once, from London;
To set my work upon the shelf,
 And leave it done or undone;

To run down by the early train,
Whirl down with shriek and whistle,
And feel the bluff North blow again,
And mark the sprouting thistle
Set up on waste patch of the lane
Its green and tender bristle;

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,
Crisp primrose leaves and others;
And watch the lambs leap at their pranks,
And butt their patient mothers.

Alas! one point in all my plan
My serious thoughts demur to:
Seven years have passed for maid and man—
Seven years have passed for her too.

Perhaps my rose is over-blown,
Not rosy or too rosy;
Perhaps in farm-house of her own
Some husband keeps her cosy,
Where I should show a face unknown;
Good-bye, my wayside posy!

CATHERINE FANSHAWE.

ENIGMA.

THE LETTER "H."

'Twas whispered in heaven, and muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed.
'Twas seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;
'Twill be found in the spheres when riven asunder;
'Twas given to man with his earliest breath,
Assists at his birth, and attends him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth.

It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
And, though unassuming, with monarchs is crowned.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
It softens the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower;
Oh breathe on it softly; it dies in an hour.



LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

I WANDERED through the wood,
And I wandered by the wave;
I bent me o'er the flood
Where angry waters rave.

The night was gathering dark,
And the air was gathering damp;
There gleamed no glow-worm's spark,
No fire-fly's fluttering lamp.

Fondly I sought to dream,
But mine eyelids would not close ;
Grated the night-owl's scream,
Roared the pine's crashing brows.

No nightingale was singing,
Those solemn glooms to cheer,
But the hollow winds were ringing
Their death-dirge in mine ear.

No lovely star was shining
Through those midnight heavens of dread ;
No bowery foliage twining
Rich umbrage over my head.

No sweet night-blowing flowers,
With their mist of incense-steam ;
No golden-fruited bowers,
Stained by the noontide beam.

No verdure fresh and fair,
Carpet for fairies' feet :
Spring's glories reigned not there.
Nor summer's breathings sweet.

Solemn the night and dreary,
A weight on eye and ear :
The very heart felt weary.
And o'ertaken by dim fear.

Haunted by things long lost,
Pale, shadowy memories,

The undistinguishable host
Of acry phantasies,

I strove to see the land;
I strove to see the sky;
But Darkness waved his wand,
Night was Immensity!

But Slumber then descended;
Soft visions soothed my sight:
And when that brief sleep ended,
The universe was Light.

Oh, my bounding heart was borne
On the wings of strong delight,
When thy approach, sweet morn,
Stilled the resounding night!

Thus shines the splendid morrow,
When the heavy night is past;
And thus from holy sorrow
Spring Heaven's own smiles at last.

Lovelier even light may be,
From darkness burning forth;
O Suffering, 'tis from thee
We learn Hope's costliest worth!



JEAN INGELOW.

A MOTHER SHOWING THE PORTRAIT OF
HER CHILD.

(F. M. L.)

LIVING child or pictured cherub
Ne'er o'ernatched its baby grace;
And the mother, moving nearer,
Looked it calmly in the face.
Then with slight and quiet gesture,
And with lips that scarcely smiled,
Said, "A portrait of my daughter
When she was a child."

Easy thought was hers to fathom,
Nothing hard her glance to read,
For it seemed to say, "No praises
For this little child I need.
If you see, I see far better,
And I will not feign to care
For a stranger's prompt assurance
That the face is fair."

Softly clasped and half extended,
She her dimpled hands doth lay;
So they doubtless placed them, saying,
"Little one, you must not play."
And while yet his work was growing,
This the painter's hand hath shown,
That the little heart was making
Pictures of its own.

Is it warm in that green valley,
Vale of childhood, where you dwell?
Is it calm in that green valley,
Round whose bournes such great hills swell?
Are there giants in the valley,
Giants leaving footprints yet?
Are there angels in the valley?
Tell me—I forget.

Answer, answer, for the lilies,
Little one, o'ertop you much,
And the mealy gold within them
You can scarcely reach to touch.

Oh how far their aspect differs,
Looking up and looking down!
You look up in that green valley—
Valley of renown.

Are there voices in the valley,
Lying near the heavenly gate?
When it opens do the harp-strings,
Touched within, reverberate?
When like shooting-stars the angels
To your couch at nightfall go,
Are their swift wings heard to rustle?
Tell me, for you know.

Yes, you know, and you are silent.
Not a word shall asking win;
Little mouth more sweet than rosebud
Fast it locks the secret in.
Not a glimpse upon your present
You unfold to glad my view;
Ah, what secrets of your future
I could tell to you!

Sunny present, thus I read it,
By remembrance of my past;
Its to-day and its to-morrow
Are as lifetimes vague and vast.
And each face in that green valley
Takes for you an aspect mild,
And each voice grows soft in saying,
"Kiss me, little child!"

As a boon the kiss is granted:
Baby mouth, your touch is sweet;
Takes the love without the trouble
From those lips that with it meet.
Gives the love, oh pure! oh tender!
Of the valley where it grows;
But the baby heart receiveth
MORE THAN IT BESTOWS.

Comes the future to the present;
"Ah!" she saith, "too blithe of mood;
Why that smile which seems to whisper,
'I am happy, God is good?'
God is good; that truth eternal
Sown for you in happier years,
I must tend it in my shadow,
Water it with tears.

"Ah, sweet present! I must lead thee
By a daylight more subdued;
There must teach thee low to whisper,
'I am mournful, God is good.'"
Peace, thou future! Clouds are coming,
Stooping from the mountain crest;
But that sunshine floods the valley,
Let her—let her rest.

Comes the future to the present:
"Child," she saith, "and wilt thou rest?
How long, child, before thy footsteps
Fret to reach yon cloudy crest?"

Ah, the valley! angels guard it,
 But the heights are brave to see,
 Looking down were long contentment:
 Come up, child, to me."

So she speaks, but do not heed her,
 Little maid with wondrous eyes,
 Not afraid, but clear and tender,
 Blue, and filled with prophecies.
 Thou for whom life's veil unlifted
 Hangs, whom warmest valleys fold,
 Lift the veil, the charm dissolveth;
 Climb, but heights are cold.

There are buds that fold within them,
 Closed and covered from our sight,
 Many a richly-tinted petal
 Never looked on by the light.
 Fain to see their shrouded faces,
 Sun and dew are long at strife,
 Till at length the sweet buds open;
 Such a bud is life.

When the rose of thine own being
 Shall reveal its central fold,
 Thou shalt look within and marvel,
 Fearing what thine eyes behold.
 What it shows and what it teaches
 Are not things wherewith to part;
 Thorny rose! that always costeth
 Beatings at the heart.

Look in fear, for there is dimness,
 Ills unshapen float anigh,
Look in awe; for this same nature
 Once the Godhead deigned to die,
Look in love, for He doth love it,
 And its tale is best of lore;
Still, humanity grows dearer,
 Being learned the more.

Learn, but not the less bethink thee
 How that all can mingle tears;
But His joy can none discover,
 Save to them that are His peers,
And that they whose lips do utter
 Language such as bards have sung,
Lo! their speech shall be to many
 As an unknown tongue.

Learn that if to thee the meaning
 Of all other eyes be shown,
Fewer eyes can ever front thee,
 That are skilled to read thine own;
And that if thy love's deep current
 Many another's far outflows,
Then thy heart must take for ever
 LESS THAN IT BESTOWS.



A SEA SONG.

OLD ALBION sat on a crag of late,
And sung out, "Ahoj! ahoj!"
Long life to the captain, good luck to the mate,
And this to my sailor boy!
Come over, come home,
Through the salt sea foam,
My sailor, my sailor boy!

“Here’s a crown to be given away, I ween,
A crown for my sailor’s head,
And all for the worth of a widowed queen,
And the love of the noble dead;
And the fear and fame
Of the island’s name
Where my boy was born and bred.

“Content thee, content thee, let it alone,
Thou marked for a choice so rare;
Though treaties be treaties, never a throne
Was proffered for cause as fair.
Yet come to me home,
Through the salt sea foam,
For the Greek must ask elsewhere.

“’Tis pity, my sailor, but who can tell?
Many lands they look to me.
One of these might be wanting a prince as well
But that’s as hereafter may be.”
She raised her white head
And laughed; and she said,
“That’s as hereafter may be.”

GEORGE ELIOT.

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring :
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time !
O love's blest prime !

Two wedded from the portal step :
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride !
O tender pride !

Two faces o'er a cradle bent :
Two hands above the head were locked ;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour !
O hidden power !

Two parents by the evening fire;
 The red light fell about their knees
 On heads that rose by slow degrees,
 Like buds upon the lily spire.

O patient life!
 O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
 The red light shone about their knees;
 But all the heads by slow degrees
 Had gone and left that lonely pair.

O voyage fast!
 O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor
 And made the space between them wide;
 They drew their chairs up side by side,
 Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"

O memories!
 O past that is!

A R I O N.

(HEROD. I. 24)

ARION, whose melodic soul
 Taught the dithyramb to roll
 Like forest fires, and sing
 Olympian suffering.

Had carried his diviner lore
From Corinth to the sister shore
 Where Greece could largelier be,
 Branching o'er Italy.

Then weighted with his glorious name
And bags of gold, aboard he came
 'Mid harsh seafaring men,
 To Corinth bound again.

The sailors eyed the bags and thought,
"The gold is good, the man is naught;
 And who shall track the wave
 That opens for his grave?"

With brawny arms and cruel eyes
They press around him where he lies
 In sleep beside his lyre,
 Hearing the Muses' choir.

He waked and saw this wolf-faced Death
Breaking the dream that filled his breath
 With inspiration strong
 Of yet unchanted song.

"Take, take my gold and let me live!"
He prayed, as kings do when they give
 Their all with royal will,
 Holding born kingship still.

To rob the living they refuse:
One death or other he must choose—

Either the watery pall,
Or wounds and burial.

“My solemn robe then let me don,
Give me high space to stand upon,
That dying I may pour
A song unsung before.”

It pleased them well to grant this prayer,
To hear for naught how it might fare
With men who paid their gold
For what a poet sold.

In flowing stole, his eyes aglow
With inward fire, he neared the prow
And took his godlike stand,
The cithara in hand.

The wolfish men all shrank aloof,
And feared this singer might be proof
Against their murderous power
After his lyric hour.

But he, in liberty of song,
Fearless of death or other wrong,
With full spondaic toll
Poured forth his mighty soul —

Poured forth the strain his dream had taught.
A nome with lofty passion fraught,
Such as makes battles won
On fields of Marathon.

The last long vowels trembled then,
As awe within those wolfish men,
 They said with mutual stare,
 Some god was present there.

But lo! Arion leaped on high,
Ready, his descant done, to die;
 Not asking, "Is it well?"
 Like a pierced eagle fell.



L. H. Sigourney

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

RETURN OF NAPOLEON FROM ST. HELENA

Ho! city of the gay!
Paris, what festal rite
Doth call thy thronging millions forth,
All eager for the sight?
Thy soldiers line the streets
In fixed and stern array,
With buckled helm and bayonet,
As on the battle-day.

By square and fountain-side
Heads in dense masses rise,
And tower and tree and battlement
Are studded thick with eyes.
Comes there some conqueror home
In triumph from the fight,
With spoil and captives in his train,
The trophies of his might?

The "Arc de Triomphe" glows:
A martial host is nigh;
France pours in long succession forth
Her pomp of chivalry:
No clarion marks their way,
No victor-trump is blown:
Why march they on so silently,
Told by their tread alone?

Behold, in gorgeous show,
A gorgeous car of state!
The white-plumed steeds in cloth of gold
Bow down beneath its weight:
And the noble war-horse, led
Caparisoned along,
Seems fiercely for his lord to ask
As his red eye scans the throng.

Who rideth on yon car?
The incense flameth high;
Comes there some demigod of old?
No answer! no reply!

Who rideth on your car?
No shouts his minions raise,
But by a lofty chapel dome
The muffled hero stays.

A king is waiting there,
And with uncovered head
Receives him, in the name of France;
Receiveth whom? *The dead!*
Was he not buried deep
In island-cavern drear,
Girt by the sounding ocean-surge?
How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him
Beneath a peaceful pall,
That thus he brake his rocky tomb
Ere the strong angel's call?
Hark! hark! the requiem swells,
A deep, soul-thrilling strain—
A requiem never to be heard
By mortal ear again—

A requiem for the chief
Whose fiat millions slew;
The soaring Eagle of the Alps,
The crushed at Waterloo;
The banished who returned,
The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud
To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there in state,
 That warrior strong and bold,
 The imperial crown with jewels bright
 Upon his ashes cold,
 While round those columns proud
 The blazoned banners wave
 That on a hundred fields he won
 With the heart's blood of the brave.

And sternly there kept guard
 His veterans scarred and old,
 Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge
 And purple Leipsic told.
 Yes, there with arms reversed,
 Slow-pacing night and day,
 Close watch beside that coffin kept
 Those warriors grim and gray.

A cloud is on their brow :
 Is it sorrow for the dead?
 Or memory of the fearful strife
 Where their country's legions bled?
 Of Borodino's blood?
 Of Beresina's wail?
 The horrors of that dire retreat
 Which turned old History pale?

A cloud is on their brow ;
 Is it sorrow for the dead?
 Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
 By Russian tempests sped,

When countless mounds of snow
 Marked the sad conscript's grave,
 And, pierced by frost and famine, sank
 The bravest of the brave?

A thousand trembling lamps
 The gathered darkness mock,
 And velvet drapes *his* hearse who died
 On bare Helena's rock:
 And from the altar near
 A never-dying hymn
 Is lifted by the chanting priests
 Beside the tapers dim.

Mysterious one! and proud!
 In the land where shadows reign,
 Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
 Who at thy nod were slain?
 Oh! when the cry of that spectral host
 Like a rushing blast shall be,
 What will thine answer be to them?
 And what thy God's to thee?

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

It stood among the chestnuts, its white spire
And slender turrets pointing where man's heart
Should oftener turn. Up went the wooded cliffs,
Abruptly beautiful above its head,
Shutting with verdant screen the waters out,
That just beyond, in deep sequestered vale,
Wrought out their rocky passage. Clustering roofs
And varying sounds of village industry
Swelled from its margin.

But all around
The solitary dell where meekly rose
That consecrated church there was no voice,
Save what still Nature in her worship breathes,
And that unspoken lore with which the dead
Do commune with the living. And methought
How sweet it were so near the sacred house
Where we had heard of Christ, and taken His yoke,
And Sabbath after Sabbath gathered strength
To do His will, thus to lie down and rest
Close 'neath the shadow of its peaceful walls;
And when the hand doth moulder, to lift up
Our simple tombstone, witness to that faith
Which cannot die.

Heaven bless thee, lonely tower!
And daily may'st thou warn a pilgrim band
From toil, from cumberance, and from strife to flee,
And drink the waters of eternal life,
Still in sweet fellowship with trees and skies,
Friend of both earth and heaven, devoutly stand
To guide the living and to guard the dead.

FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE.

How beautiful it stands,
Behind its elm tree's screen,
With simple attic cornice crowned,
All graceful and serene!
Most sweet yet sad it is
Upon yon scene to gaze,
And list its inborn melody,
The voice of other days

For there, as many a year
Its varied chart unrolled,
I hid me in those quiet shades,
And called the joys of old,
I called them, and they came
When vernal buds appeared,
Or where the vine clad summer bower
Its temple roof upreared;

Or where the o'erarching grove
 Spread forth its copses green,
 While eyebright and asclepias reared
 Their untrained stalks between;
 And the squirrel from the boughs
 His broken nuts let fall,
 And the merry, merry little birds
 Sing at his festival.

Yon old forsaken nests
 Returning spring shall cheer,
 And thence the unfledged robin breathe
 His greeting wild and clear;
 And from yon clustering vine
 That wreathes the casement round,
 The humming-bird's unresting wing
 Send forth a whirring sound.

And where alternate springs
 The lilac's purple spire,
 Fast by its snowy sister's side;
 Or where, with wing of fire,
 The kingly oriole glancing went
 Amid the foliage rare,
 Shall many a group of children tread;
 But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms
 The mastery here shall keep—
 What mother in yon nursery fair
 Rock her young babes to sleep.

Yet blessings on the hallowed spot,
 Though here no more I stray!
And blessings on the stranger babes
 Who in those halls shall play!

Heaven bless you too, my plants,
 And every parent bird
That here among the woven boughs
 Above its young hath stirred!
I kiss your trunks, ye ancient trees,
 That often o'er my head
The blossoms of your flowery spring
 In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou too of changeful mood,
 I thank thee, sounding stream,
That blent thine echo with my thought,
 Or woke my musing dream!
I kneel upon the verdant turf,
 For sure my thanks are due
To moss cup and to clover leaf,
 That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,
 Old tenants of the spot,
The broad-leaved lily of the vale,
 And the meek forget-me-not—
To every daisy's dappled brow,
 To every violet blue,
Thanks! thanks! May each returning year
 Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father God,
High praise in solemn lay,
Alike for what His hand hath given,
And what it takes away ;
And to some other loving heart
May all this beauty be
The dear retreat, the Eden home,
That it hath been to me!





MARIA BROOKS.

THE MOON OF FLOWERS.

O MOON of flowers! sweet moon of flowers!
Why dost thou mind me of the hours
Which flew so softly on that night
When last I saw and felt thy light?

O moon of flowers! thou moon of flowers!
Would thou couldst give me back those hours,
Since which a dull, cold year has fled,
Or show me those with whom they sped!

O moon of flowers! O moon of flowers!
In scenes afar were passed those hours,
Which still with fond regret I see,
And wish that I could change like thee.

TO NIAGARA.

SPIRIT of Homer! thou whose song has rung
From thine own Greece to this supreme abode
Of Nature, this great fane of Nature's God,
Breathe on my strain, oh touch the fervid tongue
Of a fond votaress kneeling on the sod!

Sublime and beautiful your chapels here!
Here 'neath the azure dome of heaven ye're wed,
Here on this rock which trembles as I tread,
Your blended sorcery claims both pulse and tear.
Controls life's source and reigns o'er heart and head.

Terrific, but O beautiful abyss!
If I should trust my fascinated eye,
Or hearken to your maddening melody,
Sense—form—would spring to meet your white foam's kiss.
Be lapped in your soft rainbows once and die.

Color, depth, height, extension—all made
To chain the spirit by a look intense,
The dolphin in his clearest seas, or thence
Ta'en for some queen to deck of ivory white,
Dies not in changeful tints more delicately bright.

Look! look! There comes o'er yon pale green expanse,
Beyond the curtain of this altar vast,
A glad young swan. The smiling beams that cast
Light from her plumes have lured her soft advance;
She nears the fatal brink—her graceful life is past.

Look up, nor her fond, foolish fate disdain;
An eagle rests upon the wind's sweet breath;
Feels he the charm? woos he the scene beneath?
He eyes the sun, moves his dark wing again,
Remembers clouds and storms, yet flies the lovely death.

“Niagara! wonder of this Western world,
And half the world beside! hail, beauteous queen
Of cataracts!” An angel who had been
O'er earth and heaven spoke thus, his bright wings furled,
And knelt to Nature first on this wild cliff unseen.

SONG.

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

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

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure:
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling,
 Gifts and gold are naught to me:
 I would only look on thee—

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

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

FAREWELL TO CUBA.

ADIEU, fair isle! I love thy bowers,
 I love thy dark-eyed daughters there;
The cool pomegranate's scarlet flowers
 Look brighter in their jetty hair.
They praised my forehead's stainless white,
 And when I thirsted gave a draught
From the full clustering cocoa's height,
 And smiling, blessed me as I quaffed.
Well pleased, the kind return I gave,
 And clasped in their embraces' twine,
Felt the soft breeze like Lethe's wave,
 Becalm this beating heart of mine.
Why will my heart so wildly beat?
 Say, seraphs, is my lot too blessed,
That thus a fitful, feverish heat
 Must rife me of health and rest?
Alas! I fear my native snows,
 A clime too cold, a heart too warm,
Alternate chills, alternate glows,
 Too fiercely threat my flower-like form.

The orange tree has fruit and flowers;
The grenadilla in its bloom,
Hangs o'er its high, luxuriant bowers
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.

When the white coffee-blossoms swell,
The fair moon full, the evening long,
I love to hear the warbling bell,
And sunburnt peasant's wayward song.

Drive gently on, dark muleteer,
And the light seguidilla frame;
Fain would I listen still to hear
At every close thy mistress' name.

Adieu, fair isle! The waving palm
Is pencilled on thy fairest sky;
Warm sleeps the bay, the air is balm,
And, soothed to languor, scarce a sigh

Escapes for those I love so well,
For those I've loved and left so long;
On me their fondest musings dwell,
To them alone my sighs belong.

On, on, my bark! Blow, southern breeze,
No longer would I lingering stay;
'Twere better far to die with these
Than live in pleasure far away.



E. Oakes Smith

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE DROWNED MARINER.

A MARINER sat in the shrouds one night,
The wind was piping free;
Now bright, now dimmed was the moonlight pale,
And the phosphor gleamed in the wake of the whale,
As it floundered in the sea
The scud was flying athwart the sky,
The gathering winds went whistling by,
And the wave as it towered, then fell in spray,
Looked an emerald wall in the moonlight ray.

The mariner sway'd and rocked on the mast,
 But the tumult pleased him well,
Down the yawning wave his eye he cast,
And the monsters watched as they hurried past,
 Or lightly rose and fell:
For their broad, damp fins were under the tide,
And they lashed as they passed the vessel's side,
And their filmy eyes, all huge and grim,
Glared fiercely up, and they glared at him.

Now freshens the gale, and the brave ship goes
 Like an uncurbed steed along;
A sheet of flame is the spray she throws,
As her gallant prow the water ploughs;
 But the ship is fleet and strong,
The topsail is reefed and the sails are furled,
And onward she sweeps o'er the watery world,
And dippeth her spars in the surging flood;
But there cometh no chill to the mariner's blood.

Wildly she rocks, but he swingeth at ease,
 And holdeth by the shroud;
And as she careens to the crowding breeze,
The gaping deep the mariner sees,
 And the surging heareth loud.
Was that a face looking up at him,
With its pallid cheek and its cold eyes dim?
Did it beckon him down? Did it call his name?
Now rolleth the ship the way whence it came.

The mariner looked, and he saw with dread
 A face he knew too well;

And the cold eyes glared—the eyes of the dead—
And its long hair out on the wave was spread:

Was there a tale to tell?

The stout ship rocked with a reeling speed,
And the mariner groaned, as well he need;
For ever down as she plunged on her side,
The dead face gleamed from the briny tide.

Bethink thee, mariner, well of the past,

A voice calls loud for thee;

There's a stifled prayer, the first, the last,
The plunging ship on her beams is cast:

Oh where shall thy burial be?

Bethink thee of oaths that were lightly spoken,
Bethink thee of vows that were lightly broken;
Bethink thee of all that is dear to thee,
For thou art alone on the raging sea—

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,

To buffet the storm alone;

To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,
To struggle, and feel there is none to save;

God shield thee, helpless one!

The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past,
The trembling hands on the deep are cast;
The white brow gleams a moment more,
Then slowly sinks; the struggle is o'er.

Down, down where the storm is hushed to sleep,

Where the sea its dirge shall swell,

Where the amber drops for thee shall weep,

And the rose-lipped shell its music keep,

There thou shalt slumber well.

The gem and the pearl lie heaped at thy side ;
They fell from the neck of the beautiful bride,
From the strong man's hand, from the maiden's brow,
As they slowly sunk to the wave below.

A peopled home is the ocean bed ;
 The mother and child are there ;
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid with her floating locks outspread,
 The babe with its silken hair.
As the water moveth they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play ;
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay and away from the storm.



DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

OUR life is onward, and our very dust
Is longing for its change, that it may take
New combinations; that the seed may break
From its dark thralldom, where it lies in trust
Of its great resurrection. Not the rust
Of cold inertness shall defeat the life
Of e'en the poorest weed which after strife
Shall spring from our dead ashes, and which must
Bless some else barren waste with its meek grace,
And germs of beautiful, vast thought concealed.

Lie deep within the soul, which evermore
Onward and upward strive. The last in place
Enfolds the higher yet to be revealed,
And each the sepulchre of that which went before.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

WE pass along with careless tread
Where vine and buds are springing;
We smile, for all above our head
Are light and gladness ringing,
Unconscious that beneath our feet
The lava flood is leaping,
That in the pleasant summer heat
The lightning flash is sleeping.

And human eyes each other meet,
With meanings sealed for ever,
And loving lips each other greet;
Their tale reveal, ah never!
And smiles, cold beaming smiles, go round,
The breaking heart concealing,
And temples are with garlands crowned,
Nor they their throbs revealing.

I too—for seeming must be mine—
With careless words shall greet thee,

Although the slightest tone of thine
Like music will entreat me,
And I shall coldly meet thine hand—
'Tis thus the world is going;
Like mocking effigies we stand,
No one his neighbor knowing.

Ah! better thus than each should know
His brother's heartfelt grieving,
For who could bide the sight of woe
Which bears of no relieving?
And who could list the mournful tone
From every heart upswelling,
Where hopes are dying one by one,
And hear their death-dirge knelling?

Oh should a sickness of the heart,
A weariness, come o'er thee,
Would that these lines might peace impart,
Might unto joy restore thee!
And thou, with dreamy, half-closed eyes,
Wouldst o'er the missive ponder,
While floating faintly should arise
A form of light and wonder.

Oh then bethink that there is one,
Though none the secret readeth,
Whose soul for ever and alone
For thee in secret pleadeth:

Who trembles when thy name is heard,
Yet meekly would be dreaming
That had we dared to breathe one word,
Thy coldness had been seeming.





SARAH HALL.

SKETCH OF A LANDSCAPE.

WHAT joyous notes are those, so soft, so sweet,
That unexpected strike my charmèd ear?
They are the robin's song. This genial morn
Deceives the feathered tribe; for yet the sun
In Pisces holds his course; nor yet has Spring
Advanced one legal claim; but, though oblique,
So mild, so warm, descend his cheering rays,

Imprisoning Winter seems subdued. No dread
Of change retards their wing; but oft they soar,
Triumphing in the fancied dawn of Spring.

Adventurous birds and rash! ye little think,
Though lilacs bud and early willows burst,
How soon the blasts of March, the snowy sleet,
May turn your hasty flight to seek again
Your wonted warm abodes. Thus prone is youth,
Thus easily a lured to put his trust
In fair appearance; and with hope elate,
And naught suspecting, thus he sallies forth,
To earn experience in the storms of life.

But why thus chide? Why not with gratitude
Receive and cherish every gleam of joy?
For many an hour can witness that not oft
My solitude is cheered by feeling such,
So blithe, so pleasurable as thy song,
Sweet robin, gives. Yet on thy graceful banks,
Majestic Susquehanna, joy might dwell;
For whether bounteous Summer sport her stores,
Or niggard Winter bind them, still the forms
Most grand, most elegant, that Nature wears
Beneath Columbia's skies are here combined.

The wide extended landscape glows with more
Than common beauty. Hills rise on hills,
An amphitheatre whose lofty top
The spreading oak or stately poplar crowns:
Whose ever-varying sides present such scenes,
Smooth or precipitous, harmonious still,
Mild or sublime, as wake the poet's lay;
Nor aught is wanting to delight the sense:
The gifts of Ceres or Diana's shades.

The eye enraptured roves o'er woods and dells,
Or dwells complacent on the numerous signs
Of cultivated life. The laborer's decent cot
Marks the clear spring or speaks the bubbling rill.
The lowlier hut hard by the river's edge,
The boat, the seine suspended, tell the place
Where in the season hardy fishers toil.
More elevated on the grassy slope,
The farmer's mansion rises 'mid his trees;
Thence o'er his fields the master's watchful eye
Surveys the whole. He sees his flocks, his herds,
Excluded from the grain-built cone—all else,
While rigid winter reigns, their free domain—
Range through the pastures, crop the tender root,
Or, climbing heights abrupt, search careful out
The welcome herb, now prematurely sprung
Through half-thawed earth. Beside him spreading elms,
His friendly barrier from the invading north,
Contrast their shields defensive with the willow,
Whose flexile drapery sweeps his rustic lawn
Before him lie his vegetable stores,
His garden, orchards, meadows—all his hopes—
Now bound in icy chains; but ripening suns
Shall bring their treasures to his plenteous board.
Soon, too, the hum of busy man shall wake
The adjacent shores. The baited hook, the net
Drawn skilful round the watery cove, shall bring
Their prize delicious to the rural feast.

Here blooms the laurel on the rugged brakes,
Umbrageous, verdant, through the circling year,
His bushy mantle scorning winds or snows;
While there two ample streams' confluence grace

Complete the picture, animate the whole.
Broad o'er the plain the Susquehanna rolls,
His rapid waves far sounding as he comes;
Through many a distant clime and verdant vale
A thousand springy caverns yield their rills.
Augmenting still his force. The torrent grows,
Spreads deep and wide; till, braving all restraint,
Even mountain-ridges feel the imperious press;
Forced from their ancient, rock-bound base, they leave
Their monumental sides erect to guard
The pass, and tell to future days and years
The wondrous tale.

Meanwhile the conqueror-flood holds on his course,
Resistless ever, sinuous or direct.

Unconscious tribes beneath his surface play,
Nor heed the laden barques his surface bears,
Now gliding swiftly by the threatening rocks,
Now swimming smoothly to the distant bay.
To meet and bring his liberal tribute too,
The modest Octorara winds his way;
Not ostentatious like a boasting world,
Their little charities proclaiming loud,
But silent through the glade retired and wild,
Between the shaded banks on either hand;
Till circling yonder mead he yields his name.
Nor proudly, Susquehanna, boast thy gain;
For thence not far thou too like him shalt give
Thy congregated waters, title—all—
To swell the nobler name of Chesapeake.

And is not such a scene as this the spell
That lulls the restless passions into peace?
Yes. Cold must be the sordid heart unmoved

By Nature's bounties; but they cannot fill
That ardent craving in the mind of man
For *social intercourse*, the healthful play,
The moral gem, the light of intellect,
And the communion sweet with those we love.



HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, " Now I shall be out of sight ;
So through the valley and over the height

In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The Wind and the Snow, the Hail and the Rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain ;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest ;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads ; and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept ;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the moon were seen

Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees;
There were beehives of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
 All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

 " Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
" This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

THE YOUNG SETTING MOON.

THE fair young moon in a silver bow
Looks back from the bending west,
Like a weary soul that is glad to go
 To the long sought place of rest,

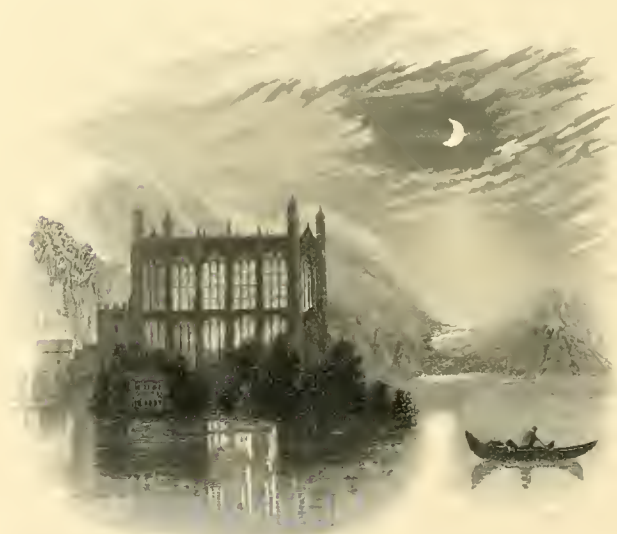
Her crescent lies in a beaming crown,
 On the distant hill's dark head,
Serene as the righteous looking down
 On the world from his dying bed.

Her rays to our view grow few and faint,
 Her light is at length withdrawn,
And she, like a calmly departing saint,
 To her far-off home is gone.

Oh what could have made the moon so bright
Till her work for the earth was done?
'Twas the glory drawn from a greater light,
'Twas the face of the radiant sun.

For she on her absent king would look,
Which the world saw not the while;
Her face from him all its beauty took,
And conveyed to the world his smile.

By him through night has the moon been led
'Mid the clouds that crossed the sky,
While she drew her beams o'er the earth to shed
From the god where she fixed her eye



And thus does Faith 'mid her trials view,
 In the God to whom she clings,
 A *Sau*, whose glories, for ever new,
 Unfold in his healing wings.

'Tis this that will guide our course aright,
 Though grief overcloud the heart:
 And it is but faith being lost in sight
 That is meant when the good depart.

THE NUN.

FAIR penitent with rosary
 And cross and veil in gloomy cell,
 What guilty deed was done by thee,
 To cause thee here immured to dwell?

Come forward and present thy cause,
 That we may clearly judge, and know
 If thou hast broken human laws,
 To prison and afflict thee so.

Or is it some black shade of sin
 That haunts thy contrite soul with fears,
 And so sequesters thee within
 The place of fasting, gloom and tears?

Art thou the guiltiest of thy race?
 Why, thou art human, it is true!
 Which is alone enough for grace
 To have renewing work to do.

But can devotion warm and deep
Thy duty's bound so snugly set,
That faith can plough and sow and reap
By trials shunned instead of met?

What ray of truth revealed could thus
Make of a tender, opening soul
A close, dark, blue convolvulus,
And give its bloom this inward roll?

Dost thou the never-fading crown
Of life and joy intend to win,
By so supinely sitting down
Where others but the race begin?

And dost thou think to gain the palm
By hiding from thy Saviour's foes?
Or hope in Gilead's sacred balm
For self-inflicted wounds and woes?

I never saw a nun before,
And therefore claim indulgence now
If I presume to question more
Than courtesy might else allow.

As one, then, who in darkness pleads
For light, I ask to be informed
How, by a string of pegs and beads,
A soul is raised or fed or warmed?

Tell me thou sober cabalist,
What is the potent hidden charm
Hung on that string, or on its twist
Contorted, for repelling harm?

And is thy spirit kept so faint
It cannot mount to God above,
But here must substitute a saint
In image for the heavenly love?

Has He who lived and died for us,
Whose gifts are light and liberty,
Left in His word the mittimus
That here confines and fetters thee?

Does He assign a living tomb
For souls endowed with vital grace?
Or need surrounding convent gloom
To show the radiance of His face?

And, pensive nun, now what's the chart
That He has drawn and left below,
That by it every pious heart
May follow on the Lord to know?

Far from temptation, in retreat,
Did He consume His earthly days?
With houseless head and weary feet,
What were His works and where His ways?

Oh get thy spirit's wings unfurled!
Hide not thy candle if 'tis lit;
Be *in*, but be not *of* the world,
If thou wouldst shine to lighten it.

Come out and show that face demure,
And see, if smit on either cheek.
Thy righteous soul would then endure
To turn the other and be meek.

For let me tell thee, coy recluse,
If we are gold, we must be tried;
If stones, we must be hewn for use,
Or by the builder cast aside.

If we are salt to salt the earth,
Ah! then our savor, to be known,
Must be diffused; for what's the worth
Of salt *en masse*, boxed up alone?

The touchstone where we must inquire
If we have safely hid our life
Is found in pitfall, flood and fire.
Allurements sweet and bitter strife.

Come out! Behold the billowy seas.
The flowery earth and shining skies;
Say wherefore God created these.
And then, fair nun, thy beauteous eyes.

Was it for thee to turn and slough
The glorious things He spread to view?
To give earth, ocean, air and light,
And freedom for a dismal mew?

Oh, if beneath some lawless vow
To man in self-delusion made,
An heir of heaven is brought to bow,
That vow were better broke than paid!

What binds thee here? or who shall set
His name endorsed a pledge for thee,
When Christ has died to pay thy debt,
And burst the grave to make thee free?

The world's the great arena where
The fight of faith must well be fought,
And each good warrior seen to wear
The armor for the victory wrought.

How dost thou know but it may be
Thy foe, thy tempter, who has found
This cunning way to corner thee,
To keep thee from the battle-ground?

Come forth, thou hampered, coward one!
And doff that outward, odd disguise
That cumbers thee, if thou wouldst run,
Or fight the fight to win the prize!

Come! from the bushel take thy light,
And give its radiance room to play,
Bind on thy shoes and armor tight,
And up and to the field away.



JANE L. GRAY.

MORN.

MORN is the time to wake,
The eyelids to unclose,
Spring from the arms of Sleep, and break
The fetters of repose,
Walk at the dewy dawn abroad,
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Morn is the time to pray;
How lovely and how meet
To send our earliest thoughts away
Up to the mercy-seat,
Embassadors for us to claim
A blessing in our Master's name!

Morn is the time to sing:
How charming 'tis to hear
The mingling notes of Nature ring
In the delighted ear,
And with that swelling anthem raise
The soul's fresh matin-song of praise!

Morn is the time to sow
The seeds of heavenly truth,
While balmy breezes softly blow
Upon the soil of youth,
And look to thee, nor look in vain,
Our God, for sunshine and for rain.

Morn is the time to love;
As tendrils of the vine,
The young affections fondly rove,
And seek them where to twine.
Around thyself, in thine embrace,
Lord, let them find their resting-place.

Morn is the time to shine,
When skies are clear and blue,
Reflect the rays of light divine,
As morning dewdrops do;
Like early stars be early bright,
And melt away like them in light.

Morn is the time to weep
O'er morning hours misspent;
Alas! how oft from peaceful sleep,
On folly madly bent,
We've left the straight and narrow road,
And wandered from our guardian, God!

Morn is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life just balanced on the brink
Of dark eternity,

And ask our souls if they are meet
To stand before the judgment-seat.

Morn is the time to die,
Just at the dawn of day,
When stars are fading in the sky,
To fade like them away,
But lost in light more brilliant far
Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise,
The resurrection morn,
Upspringing to the glorious skies,
On new-found pinions borne,
To meet a Saviour's smile divine;
Be such ecstatic rising mine!

LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

MY MUSE.

BORN of the sunlight and the dew
That met amongst the flowers,
That on the river margin grew,
Beneath the willow bowers,
Her earliest pillow was a wreath
Of violets newly blown,
And the meek incense of their breath
At once became her own.

Her cradle-hymn the river sung
In that same liquid tone
With which it gave, when earth was young,
Praise to the Living One.
The breeze that lay upon its breast
Responded with a sigh,
And there the ring-dove built her nest
And sung her lullaby.

The only nurse she ever knew
Was Nature free and wild ;
Such was her birth, and so she grew,
A moody, wayward child,

Who loved to climb the rocky steep,
To ford the mountain-stream,
To lie beside the sounding deep,
And weave the magic dream.

She loved the path with shadows dim,
Beneath the dark-leaved trees,
Where Nature's feather'd poets sing
Their sweetest melodies—
To dance among the pensile stems,
Where blossoms bright and sweet
Threw diamonds from their diadems
Upon her fairy feet.

She loved to watch the day-star float
Upon the aerial sea,
Till morning sunk his pearly boat
In floods of radiancy;
To see the angel of the storm
Upon his wind-winged car,
With dark clouds wrapped around his form,
Come shouting from afar;

And pouring treasures rich and free,
The pure refreshing rain,
Till every weed and forest tree
Could boast its diamond chain;
Then rising, with the hymn of praise,
That swelled from hill and dale,
Display the rainbow sign of peace
Upon its misty veil.

She loved the waves' deep utterings,
And gazed with frenzied eye
When night shook lightning from his wings,
And winds went sobbing by.
Full oft I chid the wayward child,
Her wanderings to restrain,
And sought her airy limbs to bind
With prudence' worldly chain.

I bade her stay within my cot,
And ply the housewife's art;
She heard me, but she heeded not;
Oh who can bind the heart?
I told her she had none to guide
Her inexperienced feet
To where through Tempe's valley glide
Castalia's waters sweet;

No son of faerie to take her hand
And lead her blushing forth,
Proclaiming to the laurelled band
A youthful sister's worth:
That there were none to help her climb
The steep and toilsome way,
To where, above the mists of time,
Shines Genius' living ray—

Where, wreathed with never-fading flowers,
The harp immortal lies,
Filling the souls that reach those bowers
With heavenly melodies.

I warned her of the cruel tocs
That throng that rugged path,
Where many a thorn of misery grows,
And tempests wreak their wrath.

I told her of the serpents dread,
With malice-pointed fangs,
Of yellow-blossomed weeds that shed
Derision's maddening pangs,
And of the broken, mouldering lyres
Thrown carelessly aside,
Telling the winds with shivering wires
How noble spirits died.

I said her sandals were not meet
Such journey to essay:
There should be gold beneath the feet
That tempt Fame's toilsome way,
But while I spoke her burning eye
Was flashing in the light
That shone upon that mountain high,
Insufferably bright;

While streaming from the Eternal Lyre,
Like distant echoes came
A strain that wrapped her soul in fire,
And thrilled her trembling frame.
She sprang away, that wayward child,
"The harp! the harp!" she cried:
And still she climbs and warbles wild
Along the mountain-side.

THE WILDWOOD HOME.

Oh show me a place like the wildwood home,
Where the air is fragrant and free,
And the first pure breathings of morning come
In a gush of melody.
She lifts the soft fringe from her dark blue eye
With a radiant smile of love,
And the diamonds that o'er her bosom lie
Are bright as the gems above;—

Where noon lies down in the breezy shade
Of the glorious forest bowers,
And the beautiful birds from the sunny glades
Sit nodding amongst the flowers;
While the holy child of the mountain spring
Steals past with a murmured song,
And the honey-bees sleep in the bells that swing
In garlanded banks along;—

Where day steals away with a young bride's blush,
To the soft green couch of night,
And the moon throws o'er with a holy hush
Her curtain of gossamer light.
And the seraph that sings in the hemlock dell—
Oh sweetest of birds is she!—
Fills the dewy breeze with a trancing swell
Of melody rich and free.

There are sumptuous mansions with marble walls,
 Surrounded by glittering towers,
Where fountains play in the perfumed halls,
 Amongst exotic flowers:
There are suitable homes for the haughty in mind,
 Yet a wildwood home for me,
Where the pure bright streams, and the mountain wind,
 And the bounding heart are free.

TO THE WOOD ROBIN.

BIRD of the twilight hour,
 My soul goes forth to mingle with thy hymn,
Which floats like slumber round each closing flower,
 And weaves sweet visions through the forest dim.

Where day's sweet warblers rest,
 Each gently rocking on the waving spray,
Or hovering the dear fledglings in the nest,
 Without one care-pang for the coming day.

Oh holy bird, and sweet
 Angel of this dark forest, whose rich notes
Gush like a fountain in the still retreat,
 O'er which a world of mirrored beauty floats!

My spirit drinks the stream,
 Till human cares and passions fade away,
And all my soul is wrapped in one sweet dream
 Of blended love and peace and melody.

Sweet bird, that wakest alone
The moonlight echoes of the flowery dells,
When every other wingèd lute is flown,
And insects sleeping all in nodding bells,—

I bow my aching head,
And wait the unction of thy voice of love;
I feel it o'er my weary spirit shed,
Like dew from balmy flowers that bloom above.

Oh when the loves of earth
Are silent birds at close of life's long day,
May some pure seraphim of heavenly birth
Bear on its holy hymn my soul away!



Frances Sargent Osgood

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

CAPRICE.

REPROVE me not that still I change
With every changing hour,
For glorious Nature gives me leave
In wave and cloud and flower.

And you and all the world would do,
If all but dared, the same ;
True to myself, if false to you,
Why should I reckon your blame ?

Then cease your carping, cousin mine,
Your vain reproaches cease;
I revel in my right divine,
I glory in caprice.

Yon soft, light cloud at morning hour
Looked dark and full of tears;
At noon it seemed a rosy flower,
Now gorgeous gold appears.

So yield I to the deepening light
That dawns around my way;
Because you linger with the night,
Shall I my noon delay?

No! Cease your carping, cousin mine,
Your cold reproaches cease:
The chariot of the cloud be mine,
Take thou the reins, Caprice!

'Tis true you played on Feeling's lyre
A pleasant tune or two,
And oft beneath your minstrel fire
The hours in music flew:

But when a hand more skilled to sweep
The harp its soul allures,
Shall it in sullen silence sleep
Because not touched by yours?

Oh, their are rapturous tones in mine
That mutely pray release
They wait the master-hand divine,
So tune the chords, Caprice.

Go, strive the sea-wave to control;
Or, wouldst thou keep me thine,
Be thou all being to my soul,
And fill each want divine;

Play every string in Love's sweet lyre,
Set all its music flowing;
Be air and dew and light and fire,
To keep the soul-flower growing.

Be less, thou art no love of mine;
So leave my love in peace;
'Tis helpless woman's right divine—
Her only right—caprice.

And I will mount her opal car,
And draw the rainbow reins,
And gayly go from star to star,
Till not a ray remains.

And we will find all fairy flowers
That are to mortals given,
And wreath the radiant, changing hours
With those "sweet hints" of heaven.

Her humming-birds are harnessed there:
 Oh leave their wings in peace!
 Like "flying gems" they glance in air:
 We'll chase the light Caprice.

MUSIC.

THE Father spake. In grand reverberations
 Through space rolled on the mighty music-tide,
 While to its low, majestic modulations
 The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

The Father spake. A dream that had been lying
 Hushed from eternity in silence there,
 Heard the pure melody, and low replying,
 Grew to that music in the wondering air;

Grew to that music, slowly, grandly waking,
 Till bathed in beauty it became a world;
 Led by His voice its spheric pathway taking,
 While glorious clouds their wings around it furled.

Nor yet has ceased that sound His love revealing,
 Though in response a universe moves by;
 Throughout eternity its echo pealing,
 World after world awakes in glad reply.

And wheresoever in His rich creation
 Sweet music breathes, in wave or bird or soul,
 'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
 Of that great tune to which the planets roll.

HEAVEN IS OVER ALL.

IN weary paths, my precious boy,
Your faltering feet must fall,
But bear in mind, where'er you go,
That heaven is over all.

You're tripping thro' a garden now
Where childhood loves to play,
And kind hands pull the flowers for you,
And throw the thorns away.

And softly falls the tender light,
The breeze—'tis joy to breathe it;
And if perchance a shower descends,
New blossoms wake beneath it.

But by and by you'll leave your bower,
And "go your ways" alone,
With but a chance companion, love,
Across your pathway thrown:

And sometimes in the desert bare
Grief's bitter tears must fall,
But bear in mind, my boy, e'en there,
That heaven is over all.

And sometimes over flinty rocks
Your tender feet must stray,
And sometimes in a tangled wood
You'll almost lose your way;

And oft you'll sigh for childhood's home,
When gloomy scenes appal;
Oh bear in mind, where'er you roam,
That heaven is over all!

Be sure a sunbeam thro' that wood
Will light you on your way;
Be sure within that solitude
Some living fount will play.

And tho' the flinty rock should fret
Full long your weary feet,
There's moss upon its bosom yet
Will make a pillow sweet.

And now and then a balmy air
Will float with soft perfume,
And lovely blossoms here and there
Will bless you with their bloom.

But if the clouds should hide the sky,
And blinding rain should fall,
Remember God is always nigh,
And heaven is over all.

Now, now, while yet in childhood's bower,
With that wild way in view,
Oh *put your little hand in His*,
And He will lead you through!

For if with pure and patient heart,
With firm resolve and high,
You tread the path appointed, love,
And pass temptation by,

A fairer home than childhood's home
A fonder love than ours,
Await you at your journey's end
In heaven's own balmy bowers,

Where'er you go, in weal or woe,
Whatever fate befall,
In sunny glade, in forest shade,
A heaven is over all.



LITTLE CHILDREN.

AND yet we check and chide
The airy angels as they float about us,
With rules of so-called wisdom, till they grow
The same tame slaves to custom and the world;
And day by day the fresh, frank soul that looked
Out of those wistful eyes, and smiling played
With the wild roses of that changing cheek,
And modulated all those earnest tones,
And danced in those light footfalls to a tune
Heart-heard by them, inaudible to us,

Folds closer its pure wings, whereon the hues
They caught in heaven already pale and pine,
And shrinks amazed and scared back from our gaze,
And so the evil grows. The graceful flower
May have its own sweet way in bud and bloom,
May drink and dare with upturned gaze the light,
Or nestle 'neath the guardian leaf, or wave
Its fragrant bells to every roving breeze,
Or wreath with blushing grace the fragile spray
In bashful loveliness; the wildwood bird
May plume at will his wings and soar or sing;
The mountain-brook may wind where'er it would,
Dash in wild music down the deep ravine,
Or, rippling drowsily in forest haunts,
Dream of the floating cloud, the waving flower,
And murmur to itself sweet lulling words,
In broken tones so like the faltering speech
Of early childhood: but our human flowers,
Our soul-birds caged and pining, they must sing
And grow, not as their own but our caprice
Suggests; and so the blossom and the lay
Are but half bloom and music at the best,
And if by chance some brave and buoyant soul,
More bold or less forgetful of the lessons
God taught her first, disdain the rule, the bar,
And, wildly beautiful, rebellious rise,
How the hard world, half startled from itself,
Frowns the bright wanderer down, or turns away,
And leaves her lonely in her upward path!
Thank God, to such His smile is not denied!

CALL ME PET NAMES.

CALL me pet names, dearest; call me a bird,
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word,
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight,
That tenderly sings there in loving delight,
Oh, my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word;
Call me pet names, dearest, call me thy bird.

Call me sweet names, darling; call me a flower,
That lives in the light of thy smile each hour,
That droops when its heaven thy heart grows cold,
That shrinks from the wicked, the false and bold,
That blooms for thee only through sunlight and shower;
Call me pet names, darling, call me thy flower.

Call me fond names, dearest: call me a star,
Whose smile's beaming welcome thou feel'st from afar;
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee,
When the "night-time of sorrow" steals over life's sea,
Oh trust thy rich bark where its warm rays are!
Call me pet names, darling, call me thy star.

Call me pet names, darling; call me thine own,
Speak to me always in love's low tone;
Let not thy look nor thy voice grow cold,
Let my fond worship thy being enfold;
Love me for ever, and love me alone;
Call me pet names, darling, call me thine own.

TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT.

WHEN are you coming? The flowers have come,
Bees in the balmy air happily hum;
In the dim woods, where the cool mosses are,
Gleans the anemone's little light star;
Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell,
Sighs the sweet violet, droops the harebell;
Soft in the wavy grass lightens the dew;
Spring keeps her promises: why do not you?

Up in the blue air the clouds are at play,
You are more graceful and lovely than they;
Birds in the branches sing all the day long,
When are you coming to join in their song?
Fairer than flowers and fresher than dew,
Other sweet things are here: why are not you?

Why don't you come? We have welcomed the rose;
Every light zephyr, as gayly it goes,
Whispers of other flowers met on its way;
Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?
Why does it tell us of music and dew?
Rose of the south, we are waiting for you.

Do not delay, darling; 'mid the dark trees,
Like a lute, murmurs the musical breeze;
Sometimes the brook, as it trips by the flowers,
Hushes its warble to listen for yours,
Pure as the rivulet, lovely and true,
Spring should have waited till she could bring you.

LUCY HOOPER.

GIVE ME ARMOR OF PROOF.

GIVE me armor of proof, I must ride to the plain;
Give me armor of proof ere the trump sound again:
To the halls of my childhood no more am I known.
And the nettle must rise where the myrtle hath blown.
Till the conflict is over, the battle is past.
Give me armor of proof, I am true to the last.

Give me armor of proof, bring me helmet and spear;
Away! shall the warrior's cheek own a tear?
Bring the steel of Milan, 'tis the firmest and best,
And bind o'er my bosom its closely-linked vest,
Where the head of a loved one in fondness hath lain,
Whose tears fell at parting like warm summer rain.

Give me armor of proof; I have torn from my heart
Each soft tie and true that forbade me to part.
Bring the sword of Damascus, its blade cold and bright,
That bends not in conflict, but gleams in the fight;
And stay—let me fasten yon scarf on my breast,
Love's light pledge and true: I will answer the rest.

Give me armor of proof. Shall the cry be in vain
When to life's sternest conflicts we rush forth amain?
The knight clad in armor the battle may bide,
But woe to the heedless when bendeth the tried;
And woe to youth's morn when we rode forth alone
To the conflict unguarded; its gladness hath flown.

Give us armor of proof; our hopes were all high,
But they passed like the meteor lights from the sky.
Our hearts' trust was firm, but Life's waves swept away
One by one the frail ties which were shelter and stay;
And true was our love, but its bonds broke in twain;
Give me armor of proof ere we ride forth again.

Give me armor of proof. We would turn from the view
Of a world that is fading to one that is true.
We would lift up each thought from this earth-shaded
 light,
To the regions above where there stealeth no blight;
And with Faith's chosen shield by no dark tempests
 riven,
We would gaze from earth's storms on the brightness
 of heaven.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

MOTHER, I bring thy gift;
 Take from my hand the dreaded boon, I pray,
 Take it. The still, pale sorrow of the face
 Hath left upon my soul its living trace,
 Never to pass away.
 Since from these lips one word of idle breath
 Blanched that calm face. Oh, mother, this is death!

What is that I see
 From all the pure and settled features gleaming?
 Reproach! reproach! My dreams are strange and wild.
 Mother, hadst thou no pity on thy child?
 Lo! a celestial smile seems softly beaming
 On the hushed lips. My mother, canst thou brook
 Longer upon thy victim's face to look?

Alas! at yester morn
 My heart was light, and to the viol's sound
 I gayly danced, while crowned with summer flowers,
 And swiftly by me sped the flying hours;
 And all was joy around,
 Not death. Oh, mother, could I say thee nay?
 Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon away.

Take it: my heart is sad,
And the pure forehead hath an icy chill.
I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given,
And the pale face appals me, cold and still,
With the closed lips. Oh tell me, could I know
That the pale features of the dead were so?

I may not turn away
From the charmed brow; and I have heard his name
Even as a prophet by his people spoken;
And that high brow in death bears seal and token
Of one whose words were flame.
Oh, holy teacher, couldst thou rise and live,
Would not these hushed lips whisper, "I forgive"?

Away with lute and harp,
With the glad heart for ever, and the dance!
Never again shall tabret sound for me.
Oh, fearful mother, I have brought to thee
The silent dead with his rebuking glance,
And the crushed heart of one to whom are given
Wild dreams of judgment and offended Heaven.



FRANCES H. GREEN.

A SONG OF WINTER.

His gathering mantle of fleecy snow
The winter-king wrapped around him
And flashing with ice-wrought gems below
Was the regal zone that bound him.
He went abroad in his kingly state,
By the poor man's door, by the palace-gate.

Then his minstrel winds, on either hand
The music of frost-days humming,
Flew fast before him through all the land,
Crying, "Winter—winter is coming!"
And they sang a song in their deep, loud voice
That made the heart of their king rejoice:

For it spake of strength and it told of power,
And the mighty will that moved him—
Of all the joys of the fireside hour,
And the gentle hearts that loved him—
Of affections sweetly interwrought
With the play of wit and the flow of thought.

He has left his home in the starry North
On a mission high and holy,
And now in his pride he is going forth
To strengthen the weak and lowly,
While his vigorous breath is on the breeze,
And he lifts up Health from wan Disease.

We bow to his sceptre's supreme behest;
He is rough, but never unfeeling,
And a voice comes up from his icy breast,
To our kindness ever appealing;
By the comfortless hut, on the desolate moor,
He is pleading earnestly for the poor.

While deep in his bosom the heart lies warm,
And there the future life he cherisheth:

Nor clinging root nor seedling form,
Its genial depths embracing, perisheth;
But safely and tenderly he will keep
The delicate flower-gems while they sleep.

The mountain heard the sounding blast
Of the winds from their wild horn blowing,
And his rough cheek paled as on they passed,
And the river checked his flowing;
Then, with ringing laugh and echoing shout,
The merry schoolboys all came out.

And see them now as away they go,
With the long, bright plane before them,
In its sparkling girdle of silvery snow,
And the blue arch bending o'er them,
While every bright cheek brighter grows,
Blooming with health, our winter rose.

The shrub looked up and the tree looked down,
For with ice-gems each was crested,
And flashing diamonds lit the crown
That on the old oak rested:
And the forest shone in gorgeous array,
For the spirits of winter kept holiday.

So on the joyous skaters fly,
With no thought of the coming sorrow.

For never a brightly-beaming eye
Has dreamed of the tears of to-morrow.
Be free and be happy, then, while ye may,
And rejoice in the blessing of to-day.

SONG OF THE EAST WIND.

FROM the border of the Ganges
Where the gentle Hindoo laves,
And the sacred cow is grazing
By the holy Indian waves,
We have hastened to enrol us
In thy royal train, Æolus!

We have stirred the soul of Brahma,
Bathed the brow of Juggernaut,
Filled the self-devoted widow
With a high and holy thought,
And sweet words of comfort spoken
Ere the earth-wrought tie was broken.

We have nursed a thousand blossoms
In that land of light and flowers,
Till we fainted with the perfume
That oppressed the slumbering Hours,
Dallied with the vestal tresses
Which no mortal hand caresses.

We have traced the wall of China
To the farthest orient sea;
Blessed the grave of old Confucius
With our sweetest minstrelsy;
Swelled the bosom of the Lama
To enact his priestly drama.

We have hurried off the monsoons
To far islands of the deep,
Where, oppressed with richest spices,
All the native breezes sleep;
And in Ophir's desert olden
Stirred the sands all bright and golden.

On the brow of Clumularee,
Loftiest summit of the world,
We have set a crown of vapor,
And the radiant snow-wreath furled;
Bid the gem-lit waters flow
From the mines of Borneo.

Sighing through the groves of banyan,
We have blessed the holy shade
Where the sunbeams of the zenith
To a moonlike lustre fade;
There the fearful anaconda
And the dark chimpanzee wander.

We have roused the sleeping jackal
From his stealthy noontide rest.

Swelled the volume of deep thunder
In the lion's tawny breast,
Till all meaner beasts fled quaking
At the desert-monarch's waking.

O'er the sacred land of Yemen,
Where the first apostles trod,
And the patriarch and prophet
Stood before the face of God,
Vital with the deepest thought,
Holy memories we have brought.

We have bowed the stately cedar
On the brow of Lebanon,
And on Sinai's hoary forehead
Turned the gray moss to the sun;
Paused where Horeb's shade reposes,
Rifled Sharon's crown of roses.

We have blessed the chosen city
From the brow of Olivet,
Where the meek and holy Jesus
With his tears the cold earth wet,
Conquering all the hosts infernal
With those blessed drops fraternal.

We have gathered sacred legions
From the tide of Galilee,
Lingered where the waves of Jordan
Meet the dark, unconscious sea;
Murmured round the Hæmian mountains,
Stirred Bethulia's placid fountains.

On thy sod, Gethsemane,
We have nursed the passion flower,
Stained with all the fearful conflict
Of the Saviour's darkest hour;
Stirred the shadows dense and deep
Over Calvary's awful steep.

We have breathed upon Parnassus,
Till his softening lip of snow
Bent to kiss the fair Castalia
That lay murmuring below,
Then 'mid flowers went sighing on
Through the groves of Helicon.

We have touched the lone acacia
With the utterance of a sigh,
Tossed the dark, umbrageous palm-crown
Up against the cloudless sky,
And along the sunny slope
Chased the bright-eyed antelope.

We have kissed the cheek of beauty
In the harem's guarded bowers,
Where, amid their splendor sighing,
Droop the loveliest human flowers,
And, the victim of brute passion,
Languishes the fair Circassian.

We have summoned from the desert
Giant messengers of Death,
Treading with a solemn cadence
To the purple simoom's breath,

Wearing in their awful ire
Crown of gold and robe of fire.

We have traversed mighty ruins,
Where the splendors of the past
In their solitary grandeur
Shadows o'er the present cast,
Voiceful with the sculptured story
Of Egypta's ancient glory.

We have struck the harp of Memnon
With melodious unrest,
When the tuneful sunbeams, glancing,
Warmed the statue's marble breast,
And Aurora bent with blessing,
Her own sacred son caressing.

Through the stately halls of Carnac,
Where the mouldering fragments chime
On the thrilling chords of ruin,
To the silent march of Time,
We have swept the dust away
From the features of Decay.

We have sighed a mournful requiem
Through the cities of the dead,
Where in all the Theban mountains
Couches of the tomb are spread;
Fanned the Nile, and roused the tiger
From his lair beyond the Niger.

We have strayed from ancient Memphis,
Where the Sphinx with gentle brow
Seems to bind the past and future
Into one eternal now;
But we hear a deep voice calling,
And the Pyramids are falling.

Even the wondrous pile of Ghizeh
Cannot keep its royal dead,
For the sleep of ages yieldeth
To the busy plunderer's tread;
Atom after atom—all—
At the feet of Time must fall.

Prostrate thus we bend before thee,
Mighty sovereign of the air,
While from all the teeming Orient
Stories of the past we bear;
Thou, great sire, wilt ever cherish
Memories which cannot perish.



E. F. Ellet

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

SONNET.

SHEPHERD, with meek brow wreathed with blossoms sweet,
Who guard'st Thy timid flock with tenderest care,

Who guid'st in sunny paths their wandering feet,
And the young lambs dost in Thy bosom bear;
Who leadst Thy happy flock to pastures fair,
And by still waters at the noon of day,
Charming with lute divine the silent air
What time they linger on the verdant way.—
Good Shepherd, might one gentle, distant strain
Of that immortal melody sink deep
Into my heart and pierce its careless sleep,
And melt by powerful love its sevenfold chain,
Oh then my soul Thy voice should know, and flee
To mingle with Thy flock and ever follow Thee!

VENICE.

FROM AFAR

The surge-like tone of multitudes, the hum
Of glad, familiar voices, and the wild,
Faint music of the happy gondolier,
Float up in blended murmurs. Queen of cities!
Goddess of ocean! with the beauty crowned
Of Aphrodite from her parent deep.



If thine Ausonian heaven denies the strength
That nerves a mountain-race of sterner mould,
It gives thee charms whose very softness wins
All hearts to worship.

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

OUR western land can boast no lovelier spot.
The hills which in their ancient grandeur stand
Piled to the frowning clouds, the bulwarks seem
Of this wild scene, resolved that none but heaven
Shall look upon its beauty. Round their breast
A curtained fringe depends of golden mist,
Touched by the slanting sunbeams; while below
The silent river with majestic sweep
Pursues his shadowed way, his glassy face
Unbroken, save when stoops the lone wild swan
To float in pride or dip his ruffled wing.
Talk ye of solitude? It is not here,
Nor silence; low, deep murmurs are abroad.
Those towering hills hold converse with the sky
That smiles upon their summits; and the wind
Which stirs their wooded sides whispers of life,
And bears the burden sweet from leaf to leaf.
Bidding the stately forest-boughs look bright,
And nod to greet his coming. And the brook,

That with his silvery gleam comes leaping down
From the hillside, has too a tale to tell;
The wild-bird's music mingles with its chime;
And gay young flowers that blossom in its path
Send forth their perfume as an added gift.
The river utters, too, a solemn voice,
And tells of deeds long past in ages gone,
When not a sound was heard along his shores,
Save the wild tread of savage feet or shriek
Of some expiring captive; and no bark
E'er cleft his gloomy waters. Now his waves
Are vocal often with the hunter's song;
Now visit in their glad and onward course
The abodes of happy men, gardens and fields,
And cultured plains, still bearing as they pass
Fertility renewed and fresh delights.

The time has been, so Indian legends say,
When here the mighty Delaware poured not
His ancient waters through, but turned aside
Through yonder dell and washed those shaded vales.
Then, too, these riven cliffs were one smooth hill,
Which smiled in the warm sunbeams and displayed
The wealth of summer on its graceful slope.
Thither the hunter-chieftains oft repaired
To light their council-fires: while its dim height,
For ever veiled in mist, no mortal dared.
'Tis said, to scale, save one white-haired old man,
Who there held commune with the Indian's God,
And thence brought down to men His high commands.
Years passed away. The gifted seer had lived
Beyond life's natural term, and bent no more
His weary limbs to seek the mountain's summit.

New tribes had filled the land of fiercer men,
Who strove against each other. Blood and death
Filled those green shades where all before was peace,
And the stern warrior scalped his dying captive
E'en on the precincts of that holy spot
Where the Great Spirit had been. Some few who mourned
The unnatural slaughter urged the aged priest
Again to seek the consecrated height,
Succor from Heaven and mercy to implore.
They watched him from afar. He labored slowly
High up the steep ascent, and vanished soon
Behind the folded clouds, which clustered dark
As the last hues of sunset passed away.
The night fell heavily, and soon were heard
Low tones of thunder from the mountain-top
Muttering, and echoed from the distant hills
In deep and solemn peal; while lurid flashes
Of lightning rent anon the gathering gloom.
Then wilder and more loud a fearful crash
Burst on the startled ear. The earth, convulsed,
Groaned from its solid centre; forests shook
For leagues around; and by the sudden gleam
Which flung a fitful radiance on the spot,
A sight of dread was seen. The mount was rent
From top to base: and where so late had smiled
Green boughs and blossoms yawned a frightful chasm,
Filled with unnatural darkness. From afar
The distant roar of waters then was heard.
They came with gathering sweep, o'erwhelming all
That checked their headlong course; the rich maize-field,
The low-roofed hut, its sleeping inmates—all
Were swept in speedy, undistinguished ruin.

Morn looked upon the desolated scene
 Of the Great Spirit's anger, and beheld
 Strange waters passing through the cloven rocks,
 And men looked on in silence and in fear,
 And far removed their dwellings from the spot,
 Where now no more the hunter chased his prey,
 Or the war-whoop was heard. Thus years went on
 Each trace of desolation vanished fast.
 Those bare and blackened cliffs were overgrown
 With fresh, green foliage, and the swelling earth
 Yielded her stores of flowers to deck their sides,
 The river passed majestically on
 Through his new channel; verdure graced his bank
 The wild-bird murmured sweetly as before
 In its beloved woods; and naught remained,
 Save the wild tales which hoary chieftains told,
 To mark the change celestial vengeance wrought.

ABIDE WITH US.

"ABIDE with us. The evening hour draws on,
 And pleasant at the daylight's fading close
 The traveller's repose;
 And as at morn's approach the shades are gone,
 Thy words, O blessed stranger, have dispelled
 The midnight gloom in which our souls were held.

"Sad were our souls and quenched hope's latest ray,
 But Thou to us hast words of comfort given
 Of Him who came from heaven,
 How burned our hearts within us on the way,

While Thou the sacred Scripture didst unfold,
And bad'st us trust the promise given of old!

“Abide with us. Let us not lose Thee yet,
Lest unto us the cloud of fear return,
When we are left to mourn
That Israel's Hope, his better Sun, is set,
Oh teach us more of what we long to know,
That new-born joy may chide our faithless woe.”

Thus in their sorrow the disciples prayed,
And knew not He was walking by their side
Who on the cross had died;
But when He broke the consecrated bread,
Then saw they who had deigned to bless their board,
And in the stranger hailed their risen Lord.

“Abide with us!” Thus the believer prays,
Compass'd with doubt and bitterness and dread,
When as life from the dead,
The bow of mercy breaks upon his gaze,
He trusts the word, yet fears lest from his heart
He whose discourse is peace too soon depart.

Open, thou trembling one, the portal wide,
And to the inmost chamber of thy breast
Take home the heavenly guest,
He for the famished shall a feast provide,
And thou shalt taste the bread of life, and see
The Lord of angels come to sup with thee.

Beloved, who for us with care hast sought,
Say, shall we hear Thy voice and let Thee wait
All night before the gate,
Wet with the dews, nor greet Thee as we ought?
Oh, strike the fetters from the hand of pride,
And that we perish not, with us, O Lord, abide!



THE SEA-KINGS.

"They are rightly named sea-kings," says the author of the "Inglingasaga,"
"who never seek shelter under a roof, and never drain their drinking horns at
a cottage fire."

OUR realm is mighty Ocean,
The broad and sea-green wave,
That ever hails our greeting gaze.
Our dwelling-place and grave,
For us the paths of glory lie
Far on the swelling deep,
And, brothers to the tempest,
We shrink not at his sweep.

Our music is the storm-blast
In fierceness revelling nigh,
When on our graven bucklers gleam
His lightnings glancing by.
Yet most the flash of war-steel keen
Is welcome in our sight,
When flies the startled foeman
Before our falchions' light.

We ask no peasant's shelter,
We seek no noble's bowers,
Yet they must yield us tribute meet,
For all they boast is ours.

No castled prince his wide domain
Dares from our yoke to free,
And like mysterious Odin
We rule the land and sea.

Rear high the blood-red banner,
Its folds in triumph wave,
And long unsullied may it stream,
The standard of the brave!
Our swords outspeed the meteor's glance.
The world their might shall know
So long as heaven shines o'er us,
Or ocean rolls below.



EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

Oh for one draught of those sweet waters now
That shed such freshness o'er my early life!
Oh that I could but bathe my fevered brow,
To wash away the dust of worldly strife,

And be a simple-hearted child once more,
As if I ne'er had known this world's pernicious lore!

My heart is weary and my spirit pants
Beneath the heat and burden of the day;
Would that I could regain those shady haunts
Where once with Hope I dreamed the hours away,
Giving my thoughts to tales of old romance,
And yielding up my soul to youth's delicious trance!

Vain are such wishes, I no more may tread
With lingering step and slow the green hillside;
Before me now life's shortening path is spread,
And I must onward, whatso'er betide,
The pleasant nooks of youth are passed for aye,
And sober scenes now meet the traveller on his way.

Alas! the dust which clogs my weary feet
Glitters with fragments of each ruined shrine
Where once my spirit worshipped, when with sweet
And passionless devotion it could twine
Its strong affections round earth's earthliest things,
Yet bear away no stain upon its snowy wings.

What though some flowers have 'scaped the tempest's
wrath?

Daily they droop by nature's swift decay;
What though the setting sun still lights my path?
Morn's dewy freshness long has passed away,
Oh give me back life's newly budded flowers,
Let me once more inhale the breath of morning's hours!

My youth, my youth! oh give me back my youth!
Not the unfurrowed brow and blooming cheek,
But childhood's sunny thoughts, its perfect truth,
And youth's unworldly feelings—these I seek.
Ah, who could e'er be sinless and yet sage?
Would that I might forget Time's dark and blotted page!

PEACE.

OH seek her not in marble halls of pride,
Where gushing fountains fling their silver tide,
Their wealth of freshness toward the summer sky!
The echoes of a palace are too loud;
They but give back the footsteps of the crowd
That throng about some idol throned on high,
Whose ermined robe and pomp of rich array
But serve to hide the false one's feet of clay.

Nor seek her form in poverty's low vale,
Where touched by want the bright cheek waxes pale,
And the heart faints with sordid cares opprest;
Where pining discontent has left its trace
Deep and abiding in each haggard face:
Not there, not there Peace builds her halcyon nest,
Wild revel scares her from wealth's towering dome,
And misery frights her from the poor man's home.

Nor dwells she in the cloister where the sage
Ponders the mystery of some time-stained page.

Delving with feeble hand the classic mine;
Oh who can tell the restless hope of fame,
The bitter yearnings for a deathless name,
That round the student's heart like serpents twine?
Ambition's fever burns within his breast:
Can Peace, sweet Peace, abide with such a guest?

Search not within the city's crowded mart,
Where the low-whispered music of the heart
Is all unheard amid the clang of gold;
Oh never yet did Peace her chaplet twine
To lay upon base Mammon's sordid shrine,
Where earth's most precious things are bought and sold,
Thrown on *that* pile, the pearl of price would be
Despised, because unfit for merchantry.

Go lie thee to God's altar! Kneeling there,
List to the mingled voice of fervent prayer
That swells around thee in the sacred lane;
Or catch the solemn organ's pealing note,
When grateful praises on the still air float,
And the freed soul forgets earth's heavy chain:
There learn that Peace, sweet Peace, is ever found
In her eternal home, on holy ground.

A PORTRAIT.

A GENTLE maiden whose large, loving eyes
 Enshrine a tender, melancholy light,
Like the soft radiance of the starry skies,
 Or autumn sunshine, mellowed when most bright.
She is not sad, yet in her look appears
Something that makes the gazer think of tears.

She is not beautiful. Her features bear
 A loveliness by angel hands impressed,
Such as the pure in heart alone may wear,
 The outward symbol of a soul at rest;
And this befits her well, for love and truth
Companion ever with her guileless youth.

She hath a delicate foot, a dainty hand,
 And every limb displays unconscious grace,
Like one who, born a lady in the land,
 Taketli no thought how best to fill her place,
But moveth ever at her own sweet will,
While gentleness and pride attend her still.

Nor has she lost by any sad mischance
 The happy thoughts that to her years belong:
Her step is ever fleetest in the dance,
 Her voice is ever gayest in the song.

The silent air by her rich notes is stirred
As by the music of a forest bird.

There dwelleth in the sinlessness of youth
A sweet rebuke that vice may not endure;
And thus she makes an atmosphere of truth,
For all things in her presence grow more pure.
She walks in light; her guardian angel flings
A halo round her from his radiant wings.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

Look up, my young American!
Stand firmly on the earth
Where noble deeds and mental power
Give titles over birth.

A hallowed land thou claim'st, my boy,
By early struggles bought,
Heaped up with noble memories,
And wide—ay, wide as thought!

On the high Alleghany's range
Awake thy joyous song,
Then o'er our green savannahs stray,
And gentle notes prolong.

Awake it 'mid the rushing peal
Of dark Niagara's voice,
Or by thine ocean rivers stand,
And in their joy rejoice.

- What though we boast no ancient towers
Where "ivied" streamers twine?
The *laurel* lives upon our soil—
The laurel, boy, is thine.

What though no "minster lifts the cross,
Tinged by the sunset fire?
Freely religion's voices float
Round every village spire.

And who shall gaze on yon "blue sea,"
If thou must turn away,
When bold Columbia's stripes and stars
Are floating in the day?

Who thunders louder when the strife
Of gathering war is stirred?
Who ranges farther when the call
Of commerce' voice is heard?

And though on "Cressy's distant field"
Thy gaze may not be cast,
While through long centuries of blood
Rise spectres of the *past*,

The *future* wakes thy dreamings high,
And thou a note mayst claim—
Aspirings which in after times
Shall swell the trump of fame.

Yet scenes are here for tender thought:
Here sleep the good and brave;
Here kneel, my boy, and raise thy vow
Above the patriot's grave.

On Moultrie's isle, on Bunker's height,
 On Monmouth's heated line,
 On Eutaw's field, on Yorktown's bank,
 Erect thy loyal shrine.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's shield,
 And English battles won,
 Look up, my boy, and breathe one word—
 The name of WASHINGTON.

— — —
 TO THE URSULINES.

O PURE and gentle ones, within your ark
 Securely rest!
 Blue be the sky above, your quiet bark
 By soft winds blest!

Still toil in duty and commune with Heaven,
 World-weaned and free;
 God to his humblest creatures room has given
 And space to be—

Space for the eagle in the vaulted sky
 To plume his wing—
 Space for the ringdove by her young to lie,
 And softly sing:—

Space for the sunflower bright with yellow glow,
 To court the sky—
 Space for the violet, where the wild woods grow,
 To live and die:—

Space for the ocean in its giant might
To swell and rave—

Space for the river tinged with rosy light,
Where green banks wave:—

Space for the sun to tread his path in night
And golden pride—

Space for the glow-worm calling by her light
Love to her side,

Then poor and gentle ones, within your ark
Securely rest!

Blue be the skies above, and your still bark
By kind winds blest!

RETURN TO MASSACHUSETTS.

THE martin's nest—the simple nest—
I see it swinging high,
Just as it stood in distant years
Above my gazing eye:
But many a bird has plumed its wing,
And lightly flown away,
Or drooped his little head in death,
Since that my youthful day.

The woodland stream—the pebbly stream!
It gayly flows along,
As once it did when by its side
I sang my merry song;
But many a wave has rolled afar
Beneath the summer cloud
Since by its bank I idly poured
My childish song aloud.

The sweet-brier rose—the wayside rose—
Still spreads its fragrant arms,
Where graciously to passing eyes
It gave its simple charms;
But many a perfumed breeze has passed,
And many a blossom fair,
Since with a careless heart I twined
Its green wreaths in my hair.

The barberry bush—the poor man's bush—
Its yellow blossoms hang
As erst where by the grassy lane
Along I lightly sprang;
But many a flower has come and gone,
And scarlet berry shone,
Since I, a school-girl in its path,
In rustic dance have flown.

MUSIC ON THE CANAL.

I was weary with the daylight,
I was weary with the shade,
And my heart became still sadder
As the stars their light betrayed.
I sickened at the ripple
As the lazy boat went on,
And felt as though a friend was lost
When the twilight ray was gone.

The meadows, in a firefly glow,
Looked gay to happy eyes;
To me they beamed but mournfully:
My heart was cold with sighs.
They seemed indeed like summer friends,
Alas! no warmth had they;
I turned in sorrow from their glare,
Impatient turned away.

And tear-drops gathered in my eyes
And rolled upon my cheek,

And when the voice of mirth was heard
I had no heart to speak,
I longed to press my children
To my sad and homesick breast,
And feel the constant hand of love,
Caressing and caressed.

And slowly went my languid pulse,
As the slow canal-boat goes,
And I felt the pain of weariness,
And sighed for home's repose:
And laughter seemed a mockery,
And joy a fleeting breath,
And life a dark, volcanic crust,
That crumbles over death.

But a strain of sweetest melody
Arose upon my ear—
The blessed sound of woman's voice
That angels love to hear;
And manly strains of tenderness
Were mingled with the song—
A father's with his daughter's notes,
The gentle and the strong.

And my thoughts began to soften,
Like snows when waters fall,
And open as the frost-closed buds
When spring's young breezes call;
While to my faint and weary soul
A better hope was given,
And all once more was bright with faith
'Twixt heart and earth and heaven.



Emily C. Judson

EMILY C. JUDSON.

NOT A POET.

I AM a little maiden
Who fain would touch the lyre,
But my poor fingers ever
Bring discord from the wire.
'Tis strange I'm not a poet:
There's music in my heart:
Some mystery must linger
About this angel art.

I'm told that joyous spirits,
Untouched by grief or care,
In mystery so holy
Are all too light to share.
My heart is very gladsome,
But there's a corner deep
Where many a shadow nestles
And future sorrows sleep.

I hope they'll not awaken
As yet for many a year:
There's not on earth a jewel
That's worth one grief-born tear.
Long may the heart be silent,
If sorrow's touch alone,
Upon the chords descending,
Has power to wake its tone.

I'd never be a poet,
My bounding heart to hush,
And lay down at the altar
For sorrow's foot to crush.
Ah no! I'll gather sunshine
For coming evening's hours,
And while its spring-time lingers
I'll garner up its flowers.

I fain would learn the music
Of those who dwell in heaven,
For woe-tuned harp was never
To seraph fingers given.

But I will strive no longer
To waste my heartfelt mirth;
I will mind me that the gifted
Are the stricken ones of earth.

ASPIRING TO HEAVEN.

Ay, let me die! Am I of spirit-birth,
And shall I linger here where spirits fell,
Loving the stain they cast on all of earth?
Oh make me pure, with pure ones e'er to dwell!

'Tis sweet to die. The flowers of earthly love,
Fair, frail spring-blossoms, early droop and die,
But all their fragrance is exhaled above,
Upon our spirits evermore to lie.

Life is a dream, a bright but fleeting dream;
I can but love; but then my soul awakes,
And from the mist of earthliness a gleam
Of holy light, of truth immortal, breaks.

I shrink not from the shadows sorrow flings
Across my pathway, nor from cares that rise
In every footprint: for each shadow brings
Sunshine and rainbow as it glooms and flies.

But heaven is dearer. There I have my treasure;
There angels fold in love their snowy wings;
There sainted lips chant in celestial measure,
And spirit-fingers stray o'er heaven-wrought strings.

There loving eyes are to the portals straying;
There arms extend a wanderer to fold;
There waits a dearer, holier One, arraying
His own in spotless robes and crowns of gold.

Then let me die. My spirit longs for heaven,
In that pure bosom evermore to rest;
But if to labor longer here be given,
"Father, Thy will be done," and I am blest.

DEATH.

WHEN day is dying in the west,
 Each flickering ray of crimson light
 The sky in gold and purple dressed,
 The cloud with glory all bedight,
 And every shade that ushers night,
 And each cool breeze that comes to weave
 Its dampness with my curls—all leave
 A lesson sad.

Last night I plucked a half-shut flower,
 Which blushed and nodded on its stem,
 A thing to grace a Peri's bower;
 It seemed to me some priceless gem
 Dropped from an angel's diadem;
 But soon the blossom drooping lay,
 And as it withered seemed to say,
 "We're passing all!"

I loved a fair-haired, gentle boy,
 A bud of brightness, ah! too rare;
 I loved him, and I saw with joy
 Heaven's purity all centred there;
 But he went up that heaven to share;

And numberless those silvery chords
Dissevered by the spoiler's hand;
But each in breaking still affords
A tone to say we all are banned;
And on each brow by death-damps spanned,
The pall, the slowly-moving hearse,
Is traced the burden of my verse,
"Death, death to man!"





MARY E. LEE.

THE POETS.

THE poets! the poets!
Those giants of the earth!
In mighty strength they tower above
The men of common birth.
A noble race, they mingle not
Among the motley throng.
But move with slow and measured steps
To music-notes along.

The poets! the poets!
What conquests they can boast!
Without one drop of life-blood spilt
They rule a world's wide host.
Their stainless banner floats unharmed
From age to lengthened age,
And History records their deeds
Upon her proudest page.

The poets! the poets!
How endless is their fame!
Death like a thin mist comes, yet leaves
No shadow on each name;
But as yon starry gems that gleam
In evening's crystal sky,
So have they won in memory's depths
An immortality.

The poets! the poets!
Who doth not linger o'er
The glorious volumes that contain
Their pure and spotless lore?
They charm us in the saddest hours,
Our richest joys they feed,
And love for them has grown to be
A universal creed.

The poets! the poets!
Those kingly minstrels dead,
Well may we twine a votive wreath
Around each honored head.

No tribute is too high to give
Those *crowned ones* among men;
The poets! the true poets!
Thanks be to God for them!

THE BLIND NEGRO COMMUNICANT.

THE Saviour's feast was spread. Group after group
From Zion's scattering band now silent thronged
Around the sacred table, glad to pay.
As far as sinful, erring man can pay,
Their debt of gratitude, and share anew
The plain memorials of His dying love.
All ranks were gathered there. The rich and poor.
The ignorant and wise; the tear-wet soul,
And the glad spirit yet in sunshine clad.
All, with their many hopes and cares and griefs,
Sought quiet and unmarked their 'customed place;
And still at the full banquet there was room.
It was a solemn season, and I sat
Wrapt in a cloud of thought, until a slow
And measured footstep fell upon my ear;
And when I turned to look an aged man
Of threescore years and ten appeared to view.
It was the blind communicant. He came,
Led by a friendly hand, and took his place
Nearest the table with a reverent air,
As if he felt the spot was holy ground.
There was a perfect hush: the hour was come;
The symbols were disclosed, and soon there rose

The sweet tones of the shepherd of the flock,
Telling once more the story of the Cross;
And as he spoke, in sympathy I gazed,
Upon the blind old pilgrim by my side,
The sight was touching. As the pastor taught,
In accents all subdued, how Jesus bore
The flight of friends, the stern denial-vow,
The spear, the thorn, the agonizing cross,
With want, shame, persecution, torture, death,
The old man shook, convulsed. His ebony brow
Grew pallid in its hue: a few big tears
Ran trickling down his cheek, and from his lip
Methought there came the words, "*Lord, is it I?*"
But when there stole upon each listening ear
And throbbing heart that prayer of matchless love,
That type and watchword for all after-prayer,
"Father, forgive them!"—then he clasped his hands,
And bowing his hoar head upon his breast,
Wept even as a weaned child might weep.

There was a change. The bread and wine were brought.
He wiped the gushing drop from his thin cheek.
Bowed solemnly, received them both, then paused;
Till, raising his dull eyeballs up to heaven,
As asking for God's blessing on the rite,
He broke the bread, received the goblet close
Within his withered hands; restored it safe;
Then, while a peaceful smile illumed his face,
Sank back as in an ecstasy of bliss.
The parting hymn was sung, and oft I paused
And loved to listen as the old man's voice,
Broken and shrill, sought too to mingle in
With modulated tones; and though his *lip*

Uttered no music, yet I joyed to know
The *heart* was all linked melody within.
Christ's seal was stamped anew upon each soul;
The solemn rite was finished, and the band,
Warmed to each kindly touch of human love,
Moved full of thoughtful cheerfulness along
The quiet churchyard, where gay sunbeams danced
On the white marble tombs, and bright flowers made
A pleasant home for Death; while 'mongst them all
The blind communicant went groping on
Along his midnight path. The sight was sad;
My heart yearned for him, and I longed for power
To say as the disciples said of old,
"Blind man, receive thy sight!" And in the night
Of strong compassion I could even, methought,
Have entered his dark prison-house a while,
And let him gaze in turn on the blue skies
And the glad sunshine and the laughing earth.
But soon I owned a sense of higher things,
And in the heart's soft dialect I said,
"Old soldier of the Cross, 'tis well with thee;
Thy warfare is nigh finished; and though earth
Be but an utter blank, yet soon thou'lt gaze
On that bright country where thy God shall be
The never-setting Sun: and Christ, thy Lord,
Will lead thee through green pastures where the still
And living waters play. And though thou art
A creature lonely and unprized by *men*,
Yet thou may'st stand a prince 'mongst princes when
The King makes up His jewels."

CATHERINE H. ESLING.

BROTHER, COME HOME.

COME home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep!
·Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home!

Come home!

Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in gladness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished Memory rears her altar's shrine;
Brother, come home!

Come home!

Come to the hearthstone of thy earlier days,
Come to the ark like the o'erwearied dove;
Come with the sunlight of thy heart's warm rays,
Come to the fireside circle of thy love;
Brother, come home!

Come home!

It is not home without thee. The lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be;
In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee;
Brother, come home!

Come home!

We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watched every germ the full-blown flowers rear,
Seen o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here;
Brother, come home!

Come home!

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep!
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unwearying words of melody,
Brother, come home!



MARY E. HEWITT.

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

CROWNED with the hoar of centuries,
There by the eternal sea,
High on her misty cape she sits,
Like an eagle, fearless, free.

And thus in olden time she sat,
On that morn of long ago,
'Mid the roar of Freedom's armament,
And the war-bolts of her foe.

Old Time hath reared her pillared walls,
Her domes and turrets high,
With her hundred tall and tapering spires
All flashing to the sky.

Shall I not sing of thee, beloved,
My beautiful, my pride,
That towerest in thy queenly grace
By the tributary tide?

There, swan-like, crestest thou the waves
That enamored round thee swell,
Fairer than Aphrodité couched
On her foam-wreathed ocean shell.

Oh ever 'mid this restless hum
Resounding from the street,
Of the thronging, hurrying multitude,
And the tread of stranger feet,

My heart turns back to thee, mine own,
My beautiful, my pride,
With thought of thy free ocean-wind,
And the clasping, fond old tide;—

With all thy kindred household smokes
Upwreathing far away,
And the merry bells that pealed as now
On my grandsire's wedding-day;—

To those green graves and truthful hearts,
O city by the sea,
My heritage and priceless dower,
My beautiful, in thee!

OSCEOLA SIGNING THE TREATY.

STERN in the white man's council-hall,
Mid his red brethren of the wood,
While fearless flashed his eye on all,
The chieftain Osceola stood,
And fast the words that keenly stung
Like arrows hurled from his tongue.

“Brothers,” he said, “and ye are come
To sign the white man's treaty here,
To yield to him our forest home,
And he will give us lands and deer
Beyond the western prairie flowers
For these broad hunting-grounds of ours!

“The pale-face is a singing-bird,
Hungry and crafty as the kite,
And ye his cunning song have heard
Till like his cheek your hearts are white—
Till for his fire-drink and his gold
Your fathers' bones their souls have sold.

“And ye, the strong and pale of face,
Have bought the Indian's hunting-ground,
Bought his time-honored burial-place
With little gold and many a wound;
Yea, bought his right with hand of mail;
And with your bloodhounds on the trail,

“You drive him from the Everglades,
Beyond the Mississippi's flow,
And with your rifles and your blades
You hunt him like the buffalo,
Till turns he, goaded, maddened, back,
To strike the foe upon the track.

“Let the white chieftains pause and hear
The answer of the Seminole:
The red man is a foe to fear,
He will not sign yon faithless scroll,
Nor yield to you the lands ye prize:
The war-belt on your pathway lies!”

Leapt from its wampum band the glaive,
As from the bent bow leaps the shaft.
And fierce the tempered steel he drove
Through board and parchment to the haft;
“And thus,” he said with eye of flame—
“Thus Osceola signs your claim!”



Sarah J. Hale

SARAH J. HALE.

THE GOLD PEN.

THE noblest triumphs of the soul recorded
Have ever with earth's humble things been blent;
When ancient lore and law divine were worded,
A simple *reed* was all the instrument.
And when proud Genius, like an eagle soaring,
Caught inspiration from the fount of light,
His sceptre, waved above the world adoring,
Was but a *feather* seized to aid his flight.
And now Invention and his brother Labor
A surer way to rule the world have found:

They wrest the stubborn *steel* from War, their neighbor,
To bid thought flow as he did blood around.
A holier change on Hope's horizon beameth,
When precious things, to holy uses given,
Shall make true glory what the poet dreameth,
Who weds the flowers of earth with stars of heaven.
No more shall gold of Ophir be devoted
To gild the heathen's god, the tyrant's sway;
No longer will the man of wealth be quoted
For what he gains, but what he gives away;
And Woman—then her chiefest ornamenting
Shall be a spirit loving, meek and pure,
With angel watchfulness the ill preventing,
With angel kindness seeking woe to cure;
And Liberty will be the wealth of nations.
And Truth the diamond star that decks the great,
And Virtue's patriot voice assign the stations
That lead to honor in the ordered state.
As when the sun upon earth's fair attendant,
The moon, full-orbed his evening smile doth throw,
So shall the mind, enlarged, shine forth resplendent
When holy thoughts from golden pens shall flow.

THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

ANGELS sent as witnesses
Watch us everywhere,
Sheltered by their shining wings,
Seeming folds of air;
Gentle maiden, one is near,
Listening for thy prayer.

Offerings of the pure in heart
Upward flame-like tend;
With a sunbeam swiftness then
Angel guards descend;
Human sigh and heavenly smile
Thus together blend.

Lovely as the lonely flower
In the desert blown
Is the holy human thought
But to angel known;
On his book the thought is graved
Where its light is thrown.

As the fragrance from the flower
Riseth morn and even,
Warm with light or wet with dew,
Joy and grief are given

From the human soul to draw
Incense forth for heaven;
Angels for this offering wait
Every morn and even.

A BLIND GIRL'S IDEA OF LADIES.

I HAVE a fancy ladies are like flowers,
And so I class and keep them in my mind.
The delicate and gentle are the jasmynes;
The mirthful and warm-hearted—these are pinks;
The loving are the rose, for love is sweet,
And beautiful in mother as in bride;
The stately and precise are dahlias, set
As they were carved and colored for a show;
The tulips such as talk of love and beaux;
The spiritual whose pure, sweet thoughts seem given
As are the star-beams from the light of heaven:
These are the lilies; and the violets
Are gentle-hearted ones who love the lilies,
And would be like them could they choose their fate.

THE LOVE-PLEDGE.

WHAT beauty lives
In the pure sentiment from lips beloved!
What trifles make love's wealth! A faded flower,
A tress of hair, a seal, a common book,

With the dear name inscribed; or, holier yet,
A ring, the constant heart's prophetic pledge;
How sacredly such treasures are preserved,
How highly prized! The miser o'er his gold,
Adding fresh gains to swell the hoarded heap,
And counting for the thousandth time the sum,
Feels not the rapture of enduring wealth
Which the true lover knows when he regards
With trusting faith the simplest pledge that speaks
Of mutual love.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

As bursts the lightning o'er a stormy sky,
So Thought amid life's tumult flashes forth;
For mighty minds at rest too often lie,
Like clouds in upper air, cold, calm and high,
Till, tempest-tossed and driven toward the earth,
They meet the uprising mass, and then is wrought
The burning thunderbolt of human thought,
That sends the living light of truth abroad,
And rouses from the tomb of wan despair
The peoples half consumed in slavery,
Whose eager eyes suck in th' illumined air,
And flash back hope to thought that makes them free,
Shivering like glass the towers of force and fraud,
And aweing the bowed world like oracle of God.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

ONE came with light and laughing air,
And cheek like opening blossom,
Bright gems were twined amid her hair,
And glittered on her bosom,
And pearls and costly diamonds deck
Her round, white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky with stars bedight
The jeweled robe around her,
And dazzling as the noontide light
The radiant zone that bound her;
And pride and joy were in her eye,
And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came. O'er her sweet face
A pensive shade was stealing,
Yet there no grief of earth we trace,
But the heaven-hallowed feeling
Which mourns the heart should ever stray
From the pure fount of truth away.

Around her brow as snowdrop fair
The glossy tresses cluster,
Nor pearl nor ornament was there,
Save the meek spirit's lustre;
And faith and hope beamed in her eye,
And angels bowed as she passed by.



Margaret Fuller.

MARGARET FULLER.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

THE charms of melody in simple airs
By human voices sung are always felt;
With thoughts responsive careless hearers melt,
Of secret ills which our frail nature bears.

We listen, weep, forget. But when the throng
 Of a great master's thoughts, above the reach
 Of words or colors, wire and wood can teach
 By laws which to the spirit-world belong,
 When several parts to tell one mood combined,
 Flash meaning on us we can ne'er express,
 Giving to matter subtlest powers of mind,
 Superior joys attentive souls confess;
 The harmony which suns and stars obey
 Blesses our earth-bound state with visions of su-
 pernal day.

TO EDITH ON HER BIRTHDAY.

If the same star our fates together bind,
 Why are we thus divided, mind from mind?
 If the same law one grief to both impart,
 How couldst thou grieve a trusting mother's heart?

Our aspiration seeks a common aim;
 Why were we tempered of such differing frame?
 But 'tis too late to turn this wrong to right;
 Too cold, too damp, too deep has fallen the night.

And yet the angel of my life replies,
 "Upon that night a morning-star shall rise,
 Fairer than that which ruled the temporal birth,
 Undimmed by vapors of the dreamy earth."

It says that where a heart thy claim denies,
 Genius shall read its secret ere it flies;
 The earthly form may vanish from thy side;
 Pure love will make thee still the Spirit's bride.

And thou, ungentle yet much-loving child,
 Whose heart still shows the "untamed haggard wild"—
 A heart which justly makes the highest claim,
 Too easily is checked by transient blame—

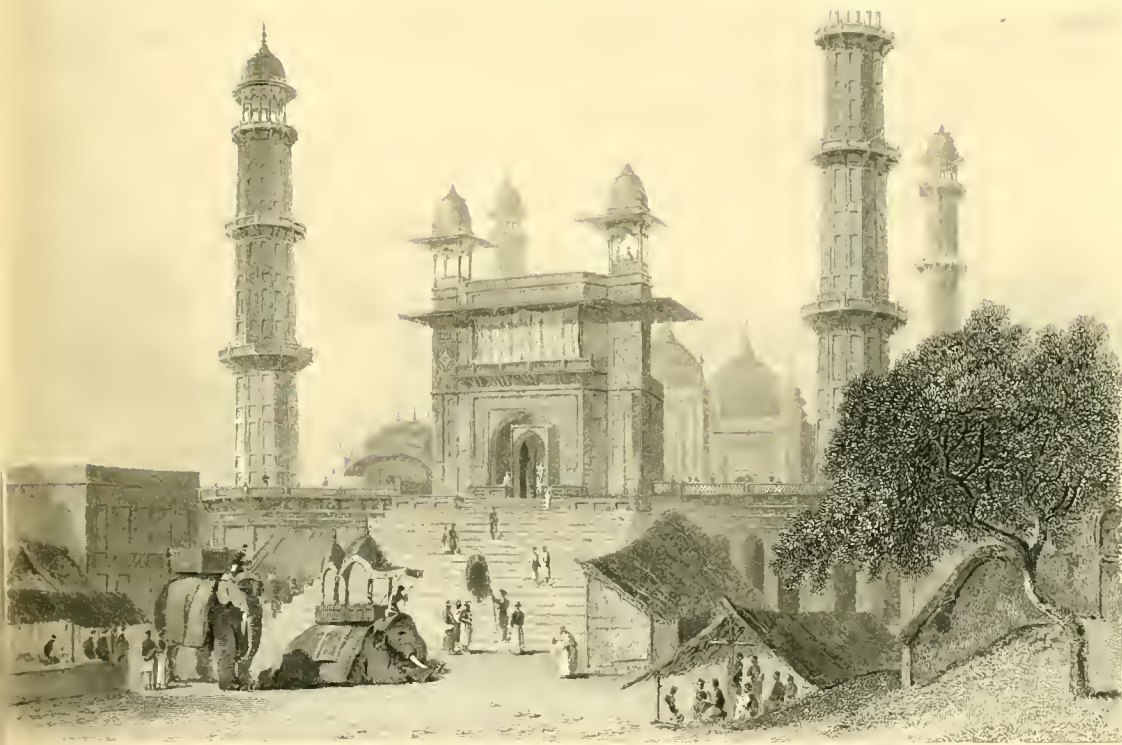
Ere such an orb can ascertain its sphere,
 The ordeal must be various and severe;
 My prayers attend thee; though the feet may fly,
 I hear thy music in the silent sky.

LIFE A TEMPLE.

THE temple round
 Spread green the pleasant ground;
 The fair colonnade
 Be of pure marble pillars made,
 Strong to sustain the roof,
 Time and tempest-proof,
 Yet amid which the lightest breeze
 Can play as it please;

The audience-hall
Be free to all
Who revere
The Power worshipped here,
Sole guide of youth,
Unswerving Truth:
In the inmost shrine
Stands the image divine,
Only seen
By those whose deeds have worthy been,
Priestlike clean.
Those who initiated are
Declare,
As the hours
Usher in varying hopes and powers,
It changes its face,
It changes its age,
Now a young beaming grace,
Now Nestorian sage;
But to the pure in heart
This shape of primal art
In age is fair,
In youth seems wise,
Beyond compare,
Above surprise.
What it teaches native seems.
Its new lore our ancient dreams;
Incense rises from the ground,
Music flows around.
Firm rest the feet below, clear gaze the eyes above,
When Truth to point the way through life assumes the
wand of Love:

But if she cast aside the robe of green,
 Winter's silver sheen,
 White pure as light
Makes gentle shroud as worthy weed as bridal robe had
 been.



JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

A STORY OF SUNRISE.

WHERE the old cathedral towers
With its dimly lighted dome,
Underneath its morning shadow
Nestles my beloved home ;
When the summer morn is breaking,
Glorious with its golden beams,
Through my open latticed window
Matin music wildly streams.

Not the peal of deep-toned organ
Smites the air with singing sound,
Not the voice of singing maiden
Sighing softer music round :
Long ere these have hailed the morning
Is the mystic anthem heard,
Wildly, fervently outpouring
From the bosom of a bird.

Every morn he takes his station
On the cross which crowns the spire,
And with heaven-born inspiration
Vents in voice his bosom's fire.

Every morn, when light and shadow
Struggling blend their gold and gray,
From the cross midway to heaven
Streams his holy melody.

Like the summons from the turrets
Of an Eastern mosque it seems;
“*Come to prayer, to prayer, ye faithful!*”
Echoes through my morning dreams,
Heedful of the invitation
Of the pious messenger,
Lo! I join in meek devotion
With the lonely worshipper.

And a gushing, glad thanksgiving
From my inmost heart doth thrill
Up, high up, to God in heaven,
Mingled with the music's trill.
Then the boy who rests beside me
Softly opes his starry eyes,
Tosses back his streaming ringlets,
Gazes round in sweet surprise.

He though sleeping felt the radiance
Struggling through the curtained gloom,
Heard the wild, harmonious hymning
Break the stillness of my room:
These deliciously commingled
With the rapture of his dreams,
And the heaven of which, I've told him
On his childish vision gleams.

Guardian seraphs, viewless spirits,
 Brooding o'er the enchanted air,
 Pause with folded wings to listen
 To the lisplings of his prayer;
 Up to the "recording angel,"
 When their ward on earth is done,
 They will bear the guileless accents
 Of my infant's orison.

A SONG OF SUNSET.

Now the everlasting mountains
 Hide the sun which morning gave;
 Meet are they, those lofty bulwarks,
 To become the day god's grave.
 See the tender hues that brighten
 Where that sun's last glories were!
 Seem they not like flowers scattered
 O'er his gorgeous sepulchre?

And the *day* that but existed
 In the sun's all-glorious light,
 Languishes as broken-hearted,
 Fades away in death and night.
 Sympathetic clouds of heaven
 Softly weep their holy dew,
 While the first bright star of even
 Beams alone amid the blue.

Like a child that doth inherit
All its parents' radiant bloom,
Watching with a saddened spirit
O'er their loved and hallowed tomb.

Day is dead and we are dying:
Every hour but speeds our doom,
Every breath we now are drawing
Brings us nearer to the tomb.
Let this thought rejoice our spirits,
Drooping o'er life's weary way:
Every day removes a burden:
We are dying every day.

"Dying daily! dying daily!"
These are words of lofty cheer,
Falling like a tale of ransom
On a suffering captive's ear.
Let us then, in holy living,
Tread the path our Saviour trod:
When our pilgrimage is ended
Calmly fall asleep in God.



AMELIA B. WELBY.

THE RAINBOW.

I SOMETIMES have thoughts in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June.

The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud to its haven of rest
On the white wing of peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet quick as its birth
It was stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And fair as an angel it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean, how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell,
While its light, sparkling waves stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And I bent my young head in devotion and love
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air,
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there,
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul.
Like the wings of the Deity calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;
And thus when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form like that bow from the wave
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
Yet oh, when death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope like the rainbow my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold!

SEVENTEEN.

I HAVE a fair and gentle friend,
Whose heart is pure, I ween,
As ever was a maiden's heart
At joyous seventeen.
She dwells among us like a star
That from its bower of bliss
Looks down, yet gathers not a stain
From aught it sees in this.

I do not mean that flattery
Has never reached her ear,
I only say its siren song
Has no effect on her;
For she is all simplicity,
A creature soft and mild;
Though on the eve of womanhood,
In heart a very child.

And yet within the misty depths
Of her dark, dreamy eyes
A shadowy something like deep thought
In tender sadness lies;
For though her glance still shines as bright
As in her childish years,
Its wildness and its lustre now
Are softened down by tears—

Tears that steal not from hidden springs
Of sorrow and regret,
For none but lovely feelings in
Her gentle breast have met:
For every tear that gems her eye
From her young bosom flows,
Like dewdrops from a golden star,
Or sweetness from a rose.

For e'en in life's delicious spring
We oft have memories
That throw around our sunny hearts
A transient cloud of sighs;

For a wondrous change within the heart
At that sweet time is wrought,
When on the heart is softly laid
A spell of deeper thought.

And she has reached that lovely time,
The sweet poetic age,
When to the eye each floweret's leaf
Seems like a glowing page;
For a beauty and a mystery
About the heart is thrown
When childhood's merry laughter yields
To girlhood's softer tone.

I do not know if round her heart
Love yet hath thrown his wing;
I rather think she's like myself,
An April-hearted thing.
I only know that she is fair,
And loves me passing well,
But who this gentle maiden is
I feel not free to tell.



Anne C. Lynch

ANNE C. LYNCH.

SONNET.

As some dark stream within a cavern's breast
Flows murmuring, moaning for the distant sun,
So ere I met thee, murmuring its unrest,
Did my life's current coldly, darkly run.

And as that stream beneath the sun's full gaze
Its separate course and life no more maintains,
But now absorbed, transfused far o'er the plains,
It floats etherealized in those warm rays,
So in the sunlight of thy fervent love,
My heart, so long to earth's dark channels given,
Now soars all pain, all doubt, all ill above,
And breathes the ether of the upper heaven;
So thy high spirit holds and governs mine;
So is my life, my being lost in thine.

CHRIST BETRAYED.

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago
Was that deed of darkness done,
Was that sacred, thorn-crowned head
To a shameful death betrayed,
And Iscariot's traitor name
Blazoned in eternal shame.
Thou, disciple of our time,
Follower of the faith sublime,
Who with high and holy scorn
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,
Though the years may never more
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-Spirit ever lives,
Ever in thy heart He strives,
When pale Misery mutely calls,
When thy tempted brother falls,

When thy gentle words may chain
 Hate and anger and disdain,
 Or thy loving smile impart
 Courage to some sinking heart;
 When within thy troubled breast
 Good and evil thoughts contest,—
 Though unconscious thou mayst be,
 The Christ-Spirit strives with thee.

When He trod the Holy Land
 With His small disciple band,
 And the fated hour had come
 For that august martyrdom—
 When the man, the human love,
 And the God within Him strove,
 As in Gethsemane He wept,
 They, the faithless watchers, slept
 While for them He wept and prayed—
 One denied and one betrayed.

If to-day thou turn'st aside
 In thy luxury and pride,
 Wrapped within thyself, and blind
 To the sorrows of thy kind,
 Thou a faithless watch dost keep,
 Thou art one of those who sleep;
 Or, if waking thou dost see
 Nothing of Divinity
 In our fallen, struggling race—
 If in them thou seest no trace
 Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
 Of a future to be won,
 Of a future hopeful, high,
 Thou like Peter dost deny;

But if seeing thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet if thou art bound to sin,
False to the ideal within,
Slave of ease or slave of gold,
Thou the Son of God hast sold.



H A G A R.

UNTRODDEN, drear and lone,
 Stretched many a league away,
Beneath a burning noonday sun
 The Syrian desert lay.

The scorching rays that beat
 Upon that herbless plain,
The dazzling sands with fiercer heat
 Reflected back again.

O'er that dry ocean strayed
 No wandering breath of air,
No palm trees cast their cooling shade,
 No water murmured there.

And thither, bowed with shame,
 Spurned from her master's side,
The dark-browed child of Egypt came,
 Her woe and shame to hide.

Drooping and travel-worn,
 The boy upon her hung,
Who from his father's tent that morn
 Like a gazelle had sprung.

His ebbing breath failed fast,
Glazed was his flashing eye,
And in that fearful desert waste
She laid him down to die.

But when in wild despair
She left him to his lot,
A voice that filled that breathless air
Said, "Hagar, fear thou not."

Then o'er the hot sands flowed
A cooling, crystal stream,
And angels left their high abode
And ministered to them.

Oft when drear wastes surround
My faltering footsteps here,
I've thought I too heard that blest sound
Of "Wanderer, do not fear."

And then, to light my path
On through the evil land,
Have the twin angels Hope and Faith
Walked with me hand to hand.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

WHY should we weep for thee,
Since thou art gone unsullied back to heaven,
No stain upon thy spirit's purity,
No sin to be forgiven?

Love watched thee from thy birth,
Fond hearts around thee tireless vigils kept,
And o'er thy tender soul the storms of earth
Had never rudely swept.

Thou'rt spared a fearful lore,
A knowledge all attain who linger here;
The changed, the cold, the dead, were words that bore
No import to thine ear.

Methought I saw in thee
Thus early, as I marked by many a token,
A soul that might not war with destiny,
A heart that could be broken.

But sinless, tearless, gone,
Undimmed, unstained, who would not thus have died?
For thee, then, let these vain regrets be done,
These selfish tears be dried.

Go to thy little bed:
The verdant turf is springing fresh and fair,
The flowers thou lov'dst shall blossom o'er thy head.
The spring birds warble there.

And while to shapeless dust
Thy cherub form is gently mouldering back,
Our thoughts shall upward soar in hopeful trust
On thy freed spirit's track.



ASPIRATION.

THE planted seed, consigned to common earth,
 Disdains to moulder with the baser clay,
 But rises up to meet the light of day,
 Spreads all its leaves and flowers and tendrils forth,
 And, bathed and ripened in the genial ray,
 Pours out its perfume on the wandering gales,
 Till in that fragrant breath its life exhales.
 So this immortal germ within my breast
 Would strive to pierce the dull, dark clod of sense
 With aspirations wingèd and intense—
 Would so stretch upward in its tireless quest
 To meet the Central Soul, its source, its rest;
 So in the fragrance of the immortal flower,
 High thoughts and noble deeds its life it would outpour.

O D E.

A NATION'S birthday breaks in glory,
 Songs from her hills and valleys rise,
 And myriad hearts thrill to the story
 Of freedom's wars and victories,
 When God's right arm alone was o'er her,
 And in her name the patriot band
 With sacred blood baptized their land,
 And England's lion crouch'd before her.

Sons of the Emerald Isle,
She bids you rend your chain,
And tell the haughty ocean-queen
Ye too are free-born men!

Long has the world looked on in sorrow
As Erin's sunburst set in night;
Joy! joy! there breaks a brighter morrow;
Behold a beam of morning light!—
A ray of hope her night redeeming;
And she greets it, though there lower
England's scaffold, England's Tower,
And though hireling swords are gleaming.
Wild shouts on every breeze
Come swelling o'er the sea:
Hark! 'tis her starving millions cry,
"Give Ireland liberty!"



Edith May

“EDITH MAY.”

A TRUE STORY OF A FAWN.

Down from a mountain's craggy brow
His homeward way the hunter took,
By a path that wound to the vales below,
At the side of a leaping brook.

Long and sore had his journey been,
By the dust that clung to his forest green,
By the stains on his broided moccasin;
And over his shoulder his rifle hung,
And an empty horn at his girdle swung.

The eve crept westward. Soft and pale
The sunset poured its rosy flood
Slanting over the wooded vale;
And the weary hunter stood
Looking down on his cot below,
Watching his children there at play,
Watching the swing on the chestnut bough
Flit to and fro through the twilight gray,
Till the dove's nest rocked on its quivering spray.

Faint and far through the forest wide
Came a hunter's voice and a hound's deep cry;
Silence, that slept in the rocky dell,
Scarcely woke as her sentinel
Challenged the sound from the mountain-side;
Over the valleys the echo died,
And a doe sprang lightly by,
And cleared the path, and panting stood
With her trembling fawn by the leaping flood.

She spanned the torrent at a bound,
And swiftly onward, winged by fear,
Fled as the bay of the deep-mouthed hound
Fell loudly on her ear;
And pausing by the waters deep,
Too slight to stem their rapid flow,
Too weak to dare the perilous leap,

The fawn sprang wildly to and fro,
Watching the flight of her lithe limbed doe.

Now she hung o'er the torrent's edge,
And sobbed and wept as the waves shot by,
Now she paused on the rocky ledge,
With head erect and steadfast eye,
Listening to the stag-hound's cry ;
Close from the forest the deep bay rang,
Close in the forest the echoes died,
And over the pathway the brown fawn sprang,
And crouched by the hunter's side.

Deep in the thickets the boughs unclasped,
Leaped apart with a crashing sound,
Under the lithe vines sure and fast
Came on the exulting hound,
Yet baffled stopped to bay and glare,
Far from the torrent's bound ;
For the weeping fawn still crouching there
Shrank not nor fled, but closer pressed,
And laid her head on the hunter's breast.

JULIETTE.

WHERE the rough crags lift and the sea-mews call,
 Yet stands Earl Hubert's castle tall:
 Close at the base of its western wall
 The chafed waves stand at bay,
 And the May-rose twined in its banquet-hall
 Dips to the circling spray;
 For the May-rose springs and the ivy clings,
 And the wall-flower flaunts in the ruined bower,
 And the sea-bird foldeth her weary wings
 Up in the stone-gray tower.
 Scaling an arch of the postern rude,
 A wild vine dips to the ocean's flow;
 Deep in the niches the blind owls brood,
 And the fringing moss hangs low
 Where stout Earl Hubert's banner stood
 Five hundred years ago.

Out from the castle's western wall
 Jutteth a tower round and tall,
 And leading up to the parapet
 By a winding turret-stair,
 Over the sea there looketh yet
 A chamber small and square,

Where the faint daylight comes in alone
 Through a narrow split in the solid stone:
 And here, old records say,
 Earl Hubert bore his wayward child
 From courts and gallants gay,
 That, guarded by the billows wild,
 And cloistered from her lover's arms,
 Here might she mourn her wasted charms,
 Here weep her youth away.

“One! two!” said the sentinel,
 Pacing his rounds by the eastern tower,
 Up in the turret a solemn knell
 Tolled for the parting hour;
 Over the ocean its echo fell,
 “One! two!” like a silver bell
 Chiming afar in the sea-nymph's bower.
 Shrill and loud was the sea-bird's cry,
 The watch-dog bayed as the moon rose high,
 The great waves swelled below;
 And the measured splash of a dipping oar
 Broke softly through their constant roar,
 And paused beneath the shade
 Flung westward by that turret hoar
 Where slept the prisoned maid.
 The sentinel paced to and fro
 Under the castle parapet:
 But in her chamber Juliette
 Heard not the tramp of his clanging foot,
 Nor the watch-dog baying near:
 Only the sound of a low-toned lute
 Stole to her dreaming ear.

The moon rode up as the night wore on,
Looking down with a blinding glare
Into that chamber still and lone,
Touching the rough-hewn cross of stone
And the prayer-beads glittering there,
The loosened waves of the sleeper's hair,
And the curve of her shoulder white and bare.

She dreamed! she dreamed! That dreary keep
Melted away in the calm moonbeams,
The deep bell's call and the waves' hoarse sweep
Changed for the lull of a forest deep,
And the pleasant voice of streams.
She seemed to sit by a mossy stone,
To watch the blood-red sun go down
And hang on the verge of the horizon,
Like a ruby set in a golden ring;—
To hear the wild-birds sing
Up in the larch-boughs loud and sweet,
Over a surf where the soft waves beat
With a sound like a naiad's dancing feet;
For here and there on its winding way
Down by dingle and shady nook,
Under the white thorn's dropping spray
Glittered the thread of a slender brook;
And scarce a roebuck's leap beyond,
Close at the brink of its grassy bound
She heard her lover's eluding hound,
His bugle's merry play.
Oh, it was sweet again to be
Under the free blue skies!

She turned on her pillow restlessly,
And the tears to her sleeping eyes
Came welling up as the full drops start
With Spring's first smile from a fountain's heart.

Up rose the maid in her dreamy rest
And flung a robe o'er her shoulders bare,
And gathered the threads of her floating hair,
Ere with a foot on the turret stair
She paused, then onward pressed
As the tones of a soft lute broke again
Through the deeper chords of the voiceful main.
Steep and rude was the perilous way:
Through loopholes square and small
The night looked into the turret gray,
And over the massive wall
In blocks of light the moonbeams lay:
But the changeful ghosts of the showering spray
And the mirrored play of the waters dim
Rippled and glanced on the ceiling grim.

The moon looked into her sleeping eyes,
The night-wind stirred her hair,
And wandering blindly, Juliette,
Close on the verge of the parapet,
Stood without in the open air,
Under the blue arch of the skies,
Save for the pacing sentinel,
Save for the ocean's constant swell,
There seemed astir no earthly thing.

Below, the great waves rose and fell,
Sealing ever their craggy bound,
But scarce a zephyr's dipping wing
Broke the silver crust of the sea beyond;
And in her lifelike dream
The maiden now had wandered on
To the brink of the slender stream;
Then pausing, stayed her eager foot,
For with the brook's sweet monotone
Mingled the soft voice of a lute,
And where the levelled moonbeams played
Over the lap of a turfy glade,
A hound lay sleeping in the shade.

Rocked by the light waves to and fro,
Scarcely an arrow's flight from shore,
Her lover in his bark below
Paused, resting on the oar,
Watching the foam-wreaths bead and fall
Like shattered stars from the castle wall.
And higher yet he raised his eyes:
"Jesu! he started with affright,
For painted on the dusky skies
Seemed hovering in the tremulous light
A figure small and angel white;
Against the last lay far and dim.
Touched by the moon's uncertain ray,
The airy form of the turret grin.
Doubtful he gazed a moment's space,
Then rowed toward the castle's base,
But checked his oar midway,

And gazing up at the parapet,
Shouted the one word, "Juliette!"

Lute, baying hound and restless deep,
Each gave the clue bewildered Thought
Had followed through the maze of sleep,
And by her lulled ear faintly caught,
Her lover's voice its echo wrought.
She heard him call, she saw him stand
With smiling lip and beckoning hand,
And closer pressed, and dreaming yet,
From the green border of the stream,
From the o'erhanging parapet
Sprang forward with a scream.
Then once again the deep bell tolled
Up in the turret gray and old,
And mingled with its lingering knell,
The echoed cry, half won, half lost,
Startled the weary sentinel,
Now slumbering at his post;
Yet wakened from his dreanful rest,
He deemed the sound some wandering ghost
Haunting the caves of Sleep,
For like a bird upon its nest
The hushed air brooded o'er the deep;
And to his drowsy ear there crept
Only the voice of the choral waves,
Only the drip of the spray that wept,
And the ripples that sang through the weedy caves.
Nor marked he ere again he slept,
The muffled stroke of a hasty oar,
A steed's quick tramp along the shore.

When morning came a shallop's keel
Grated the edge of the pebbly strand:
A maid's small foot and a knight's armed heel
Lay traced upon the sand.



STORM AT TWILIGHT.

THE roar of a chafed lion in his lair
Begirt by levelled spears. A sudden flash,
Intense yet wavering, like a beast's fierce eye
Searching the darkness. The wild bay of winds
Sweeps the burnt plains of heaven, and from afar
Linked clouds are riding up like eager horsemen,
Javelin in hand. From the north wings of twilight
There falls unwonted shadow, and strange gloom
Cloisters the unwilling stars. The sky is roofed
With tempest, and the moon's scant rays fall through
Like light let dimly through the fissured rock
Vaulting a cavern. To the horizon
The green sea of the forest hath rolled back
Its levelled billows, and where mastlike trees
Sway to its bosom, here and there a vine,
Braced to some pine's bare shaft, clings, rocked aloft
Like a bold mariner. There is no bough
But lifteth its appealing arm to heaven.
The scudding grass is shivering as it flies,
And herbs and flowers crouch to their mother earth
Like frightened children. 'Tis more terrible
When the hoar thunder speaks, and the fleet wind
Stops like a steed that knows his rider's voice,
For oh! the rush that follows is the calm
Of a despairing heart; and as a maniac
Loses his grief in raving, the mad storm,
Weeping hot tears, awakens with a sob
From its blank desolation and shrieks on.

S U M M E R.

THE early Spring hath gone; I see her stand
Afar off on the hills, white clouds like doves
Yoked by the south wind to her opal car,
And at her feet a lion and a lamb
Couched side by side. Irresolute Spring hath gone,
And Summer comes like Psyche, zephyr-borne
To her sweet land of pleasures.

She is here;

Amid the distant vales she tarried long;
But she hath come; oh joy! for I have heard
Her many-chorded harp the livelong day
Sounding from plains and meadows where of late
Rattled the hail's sharp arrows, and where came
The wild north wind, careering like a steed
Unconscious of the rein. She hath gone forth
Into the forest, and its poisèd leaves
Are platformed for the zephyr's dancing feet.
Under its green pavilions she hath reared
Most beautiful things. The Spring's pale orphans lie
Sheltered upon her breast; the bird's loved song
At morn' outsoars his pinion, and when waves
Put on night's silver harness the still air
Is musical with soft tones. She hath baptized
Earth with her joyful weeping; she hath blessed
All that do rest beneath the wing of heaven,
And all that hail its smile. Her ministry

Is typical of love. She hath disdained
No gentle office, but doth bend to twine
The grape's light tendrils and to pluck apart
The heart-leaves of the rose. She doth not pass
Unmindful the bruised vine, nor scorn to lift
The trodden weed; and when her lowlier children
Faint by the wayside like worn passengers,
She is a gentle mother, all night long
Bathing their pale brows with her healing dew;
The hours are spendthrifts of her wealth, the days
Are dowered with her beauty.



Priestess! queen!
Amid the ruined temples of the wood

She hath rebuilt her altars and called back
The scattered choristers, and over aisles
Where the slant sunshine, like a curious stranger,
Glided through arches and bare choirs, hath spread
A roof magnificent. She hath awaked
Her oracle, that, dumb and paralyzed,
Slept with the torpid serpents of the lightning,
Bidding his dread voice, Nature's mightiest,
Speak mystically of all hidden things
To the attentive spirit. There is laid
No knife upon her sacrificial altar,
And from her lips there comes no pealing triumph.
But to those crystal balls where silence sits
Enchanted hath arisen a mingled strain
Of music delicate as the breath of buds,
And on her shrines the virgin hours lay
Odors and exquisite dyes, like gifts that kings
Send from the spicy gardens of the East.



Ann S. Stephens

ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

I AM thinking of the homestead
With its low and sloping roof,
And the maple boughs that shadowed it
With a green and leafy woof;
I am thinking of the lilac trees
That shook their purple plumes,
And when the sash was open
Shed fragrance through the rooms.

I am thinking of the rivulet
 With its cool and silvery flow,
Of the old gray rock that shadowed it,
 And the peppermint below.
I am not sad nor sorrowful,
 But memories will come ;
So leave me to my solitude,
 And let me think of home.

There was not around my birthplace
 A thicket or a flower
But childish game or friendly face
 Has given it a power
To haunt me in my after-life,
 And be with me again,
A sweet and pleasant memory
 Of mingled joy and pain.

But the old and knotted apple tree
 That stood beneath the hill,
My heart can never turn to it
 But with a pleasant thrill.
Oh what a dreamy life I led
 Beneath its old green shade,
Where the daisies and the buttercups
 A pleasant carpet made !

'Twas a rough old tree in spring-time,
 When with a blustering sound
The wind came hoarsely sweeping
 Along the frosty ground ;

But when there rose a rivalry
 'Tween clouds and pleasant weather,
Till the sunshine and the raindrops
 Came laughing down together,

That patriarch old apple tree
 Enjoyed the lovely strife ;
The sap sprang lightly through its veins,
 And circled into life ;
A cloud of pale and tender buds
 Burst o'er each rugged bough,
And amid the starting verdure
 The robins made their vow.

That tree was very beautiful
 When all its leaves were green,
And rosy buds lay opening
 Amid their tender sheen—
When the bright, translucent dewdrops
 Shed blossoms as they fell,
And melted in their fragrance
 Like music in a shell.

It was greenest in the summer-time,
 When cheerful sunlight wove
Amid its thrifty leafiness
 A warm and glowing love—
When swelling fruit blushed ruddily
 To summer's balmy breath,
And the laden boughs drooped heavily
 To the greensward underneath.

'Twas brightest in a rainy day,
When all the purple west
Was piled with fleecy storm-clouds
That never seemed at rest—
When a cool and lulling melody
Fell from the dripping eaves,
And soft, warm drops came pattering
Upon the restless leaves.

But oh, the scene was glorious
When clouds were lightly riven,
And there above my valley-home
Came out the bow of heaven!
And in its fitful brilliancy
Hung quivering on high,
Like a jeweled arch of paradise
Reflected through the sky.

I am thinking of the footpath
My constant visits made
Between the dear old homestead
And that leafy apple shade,
Where the flow of distant waters
Came with a tinkling sound,
Like the revels of a fairy band
Beneath the fragrant ground.

I haunted it at eventide,
And drearily would lie
And watch the crimson twilight
Come stealing o'er the sky;

'Twas sweet to see its dying gold
Wake up the dusky leaves,
To hear the swallows twittering
Beneath the distant eaves.

I have listened to the music,
A low, sweet minstrelsy,
Breathed by a lonely night-bird
That haunted that old tree,
Till my heart has swelled with feelings
For which it had no name—
A yearning love of poesy,
A thirsting after fame.

I have gazed up through the foliage
With dim and tearful eyes,
And with a holy reverence
Dwelt on the changing skies,
Till the burning stars were peopled
With forms of spirit-birth,
And I've almost heard their harp-strings
Reverberate on earth.



ALICE CARY.

PALESTINE.

BRIGHT inspiration, shadowing my heart
Like a sweet dream of beauty, could I see
Tabor and Carmel ere I hence depart,
And tread the quiet vales of Galilee,
And look from Hermon, with its dew and flowers,
Upon the broken walls and mossy towers

O'er which the Son of man in sadness wept,
The loveliest promise of my life were kept.

Alas! the beautiful cities crowned with flowers
And robed with royalty, no more in thee,
Fretted with golden pinnacles and towers,
They sit in haughty beauty by the sea.
Shadows of rocks precipitate and dark
Rest still and heavy where they found a grave,
There glides no more the humble fisher's bark,
And the wild heron drinks not of the wave.

But still the silvery willows fringe the rills,
Judea's shepherd watches still his fold,
And round about Jerusalem the hills
Stand in their solemn grandeur as of old;
And Sharon's roses still as sweetly bloom
As when the apostles in the days gone by
Rolled back the shadows from the dreary tomb,
And brought to light life's Immortality.

The East has lain down many a beauteous bride
In the dim silence of the sepulchre,
Where names are shrined in story, but beside
There lives no sign to tell they ever were.
The imperial fortresses of old renown,
Rome, Carthage, Thebes—alas! where are they now?
In the dim distance lost and crumbled down,
The glory that was of them from her brow
Took off the wreath in centuries gone by,
And walked the path of shadows silently.

But, Palestine, what hopes are born of thee?—
 I cannot paint their beauty—hopes that rise,
 Linking this perishing mortality
 To the bright, deathless glories of the skies;
 There the sweet Babe of Bethlehem was born,
 Love's mission finished there in Calvary's gloom,
 There blazed the glories of the rising morn,
 And Death lay gasping there at Jesus' tomb.

HARVEST-TIME.

God's blessing on the reapers! All day long
 A quiet sense of peace my spirit fills,
 As whistled fragments of untutored song
 Blend with the rush of sickles on the hills,
 And the blue wild-flowers and green brier-leaves
 Are brightly tangled with the yellow sheaves.

Where straight and even the new furrows lie,
 The cornstalks in their rising beauty stand;
 Heaven's loving smile upon man's industry
 Makes beautiful with plenty the wide land;
 The barns pressed out with the sweet hay I see,
 And feel how more than good God is to me.

In the cool thicket the red-robin sings,
 And merrily before the mower's scythe
 Chirps the green grasshopper, while slowly swings
 In the scarce swaying air the willow lithe,
 And clouds sail softly through the upper calms
 White as the fleeces of the unshorn lambs.

Outstretched beneath the venerable trees,
 Cunning his long, hard task, the schoolboy lies,
And like a fickle wooer the light breeze
 Kisses his brow; then scarcely sighing flies;
And all about him pinks and lilies stand,
Painting with beauty the wide pasture-land.

Oh, there are moments when we half forget
 The rough, harsh grating of the file of Time,
And I believe that angels come down yet
 And walk with us as in the Eden clime,
Binding the heart away from woe and strife
With leaves of healing from the Tree of Life.

And they are most unworthy who behold
 The bountiful provisions of God's care,
When reapers sing among the harvest gold,
 And the mown meadow scents the quiet air,
And yet who never say with all the heart,
"How good, my Father—oh how good thou art!"

LIGHTS OF GENIUS.

UPHEAVING pillars, on whose tops
The white stars rest like capitals,
Whence every living spark that drops
Kindles and blazes as it falls!
And if the arch-fiend rise to pluck,
Or stoop to crush their beauty down,
A thousand other sparks are struck
That Glory settles in her crown,
The huge ship with its brassy share
Ploughs the blue sea to speed their course,
And veins of iron cleave the air,
To waft them from their burning source.
All, from the insect's tiny wings
And the small drop of morning dew,
To the wide universe of things,
The light is shining, burning through.
Too deep for our poor thoughts to gauge
Lie their clear sources bright as truth,
Whence flows upon the locks of age
The beauty of eternal youth.
Think, O my faltering brother! think,
If thou wilt try, if thou hast tried,
By all the lights thou hast, to sink
The shaft of an immortal tide.



PHŒBE CARY.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.

WHAT were Thy teachings, Thou who hadst not where
In all this weary earth to lay Thy head,

Thou who wert made the sins of men to bear,
And break with publicans Thy daily bread?
Turning from Nazareth the despised aside,
And dwelling in the cities by the sea,
What were Thy words to those who sat and dried
Their nets upon the rocks of Galilee?

Didst Thou not teach Thy followers here below
Patience, long-suffering, charity and love,
To be forgiving, and to anger slow,
And perfect like our blessed God above?
And who were they, the called and chosen then,
Through all the world teaching Thy truth to go?
Were they the rulers and the chiefest men,
The teachers in the synagogue? Not so:
Makers of tents and fishers by the sea,
These only left their all to follow Thee.

And even of the twelve whom Thou didst name
Apostles of Thy holy word to be,
One was a devil; and the one who came
With loudest boasts of faith and constancy,
He was the first Thy warning who forgot,
And said with curses that he knew Thee not.
Yet were there some who in Thy sorrows were
To Thee even as a brother and a friend,
And women seeking out the sepulchre,
Were true and faithful even to the end;
And some there were who kept the living faith
Through persecution, even unto death.

But, Saviour, since that dark and awful day
 When the dread Temple's veil was rent in twain,
And while the noontide brightness fled away,
 The gaping earth gave up her dead again,
Tracing the many generations down
 Who have professed to love Thy holy ways,
Through the long centuries of the world's renown,
 And through the terrors of her darker days,
Where are Thy followers, and what deeds of love
Their deep devotion to Thy precepts prove?

Turn to the time when o'er the green hills came
 Peter the Hermit from the cloister's gloom,
Telling his followers in the Saviour's name
 To arm and battle for the sacred tomb;
Not with the Christian armor, perfect faith,
 And love which purifies the soul from dross,
But holding in one hand the sword of death,
 And in the other lifting up the cross,
He roused the sleeping nations up to feel
All the blind ardor of unholy zeal.

With the bright banner of the cross unfurled,
 And chanting sacred hymns, they marched, and yet
They made a Pandemonium of the world
 More dark than that where fallen angels met;
The singing of their bugles could not drown
The bitter curses of the hunted down.
Richard, the lion-hearted, brave in war,
 Tancred and Godfrey of the fearless band,
Though earthly fame have spread their names afar,
 What were they but the scourges of the land?

And worse than these were men whose touch would be
Pollution, vowed to lives of sanctity.

And in Thy name did men in other days
Construct the Inquisition's gloomy cell,
And kindle persecution to a blaze,
Likest of all things to the fires of hell.
Ridley and Latimer—I hear their song
In calling up each martyr's glorious name—
And Cranmer with the praises on his tongue
When his red hand dropped down amid the flame.
Merciful God! and have these things been done,
And in the name of Thy most holy Son?

Turning from other lands, grown old in crime,
To this, where Freedom's root is deeply set,
Surely no stain upon its fold sublime
Dims the escutcheon of our glory yet?

Hush! Came there not a sound upon the air
Like captives moaning from their native shore,
Woman's deep wail of passionate despair
For home and kindred seen on earth no more?

Yes. Standing on the market-place I see
Our weaker brethren coldly bought and sold,
To be, in hopeless, dull captivity,
Driven forth to toil like cattle from the fold;
And hark! the lash and the despairing cry
Of the strong man in perilous agony!

And near me I can hear the heavy sound
 Of the dull hammer borne upon the air—
 Is a new city rising from the ground?
 What hath the artisan constructed there?
 'Tis not a palace nor a humble shed,
 'Tis not a holy temple reared by hands,
 No. Lifting up its dark and bloody head,
 Right in the face of Heaven the scaffold stands,
 And men regardless of "Thou shalt not kill,"
 That plainest lesson in the Book of Light,
 Even from the very altars tell us still
 That evil sanctioned by the law is right,
 And preach in tones of eloquence sublime,
 To teach mankind that murder is not crime.

And is there nothing to redeem mankind?
 No heart that keeps the love of God within?
 Is the whole world degraded, weak and blind,
 And darkened by the leprous scales of sin?
 No. We will hope that some in meekness sweet
 Still sit with trusting Mary at Thy feet.

For there are men of God who faithful stand
 On the far ramparts of our Zion's wall,
 Planting the cross of Jesus in some land
 That never listened to salvation's call;
 And there are some, led by philanthropy,
 Men of the feeling heart and daring mind,
 Who fain would set the hopeless nations free,
 And raise the weak and fallen of mankind;
 And there are many in life's humblest way
 Who tread like angels on a path of light.

Who warn the sinful when they go astray,
 And point the erring to the way of right;
 And the meek beauty of such lives will teach
 More than the eloquence of man can preach.

And, blessed Saviour, by Thy life of trial,
 And by Thy death to free the world from sin,
 And by the hope that man, though weak and vile,
 Hath something of divinity within,
 Still will we trust, though sin and crime be met,
 To see Thy holy precepts triumph yet.

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

OH, beautiful as morning in those hours,
 When* as her pathway lies along the hills,
 Her golden fingers wake the dewy flowers,
 And softly touch the waters of the rills,
 Was she who walked more faintly day by day,
 Till silently she perished by the way.

It was not hers to know that perfect heaven
 Of passionate love returned by love as deep,
 Not hers to sing the cradle-song at even,
 Watching the beauty of her babe asleep;
 "Mother and brethren"—these she had not known,
 Save such as do the Father's will alone.

Yet found she something still for which to live—
Hearths desolate, where angel-like she came,
And "little ones" to whom her hand could give
A cup of water in her Master's name,
And breaking hearts to bind away from death
With the soft hand of pitying love and faith.

She never won the voice of popular praise,
But, counting earthly triumph as but dross,
Seeking to keep her Saviour's perfect ways,
Bearing in the still path his blessed cross,
She made her life, while with us here she trod,
A consecration to the will of God.

And she hath lived and labored not in vain:
Through the deep prison cells her accents thrill,
And the sad slave leans idly on his chain,
And hears the music of her singing still,
While little children with their innocent praise
Keep freshly in men's hearts her Christian ways.

And what a beautiful lesson she made known!—
The whiteness of her soul sin could not dim,
Ready to lay down on God's altar-stone
The dearest treasure of her life for Him,
Her flame of sacrifice never, never waned:
How could she live and die so self-sustained?

For friends supported not her parting soul,
And whispered words of comfort kind and sweet,
When treading onward to that final goal
Where the still bridegroom waited for her feet;

Alone she walked, yet with a fearless tread,
Down to Death's chamber and his bridal bed.

SONG OF THE HEART.

THEY may tell for ever of worlds of bloom,
Beyond the skies and beyond the tomb,
Of the sweet repose and the rapture there
That are not found in a world of care ;
But not to me can the present seem
Like a foolish tale or an idle dream.

Oh I know that the bowers of heaven are fair,
And I know that the waters of life are there,
But I do not long for their happy flow
While there burst such fountains of bliss below ;
And I would not leave for the rest above
The faithful bosom of trusting love.

There are angels here. They are seen the while
In each love-lit brow and each gentle smile ;
There are seraph voices that meet the ear
In the kindly tone and the word of cheer :
And light, such light as they have above,
Beams on us here from the eyes of love.

Yet when it cometh my time to die,
I would turn from this bright world willingly,
Though even then would the thoughts of this
Tinge every dream of that land of bliss,

And I fain would lean on the loved for aid,
Nor walk alone through the vale and shade.

And if 'tis mine till life's changes end
To guard the heart of one faithful friend,
Whatever the trials of earth may be,
On the peaceful shore or the restless sea,
In a palace home or the wilderness,
There is heaven for me in a world like this.



SARAH ANNA LEWIS.

GREECE.

SHRINE of the gods, mine own eternal Greece,
When shall thy weeds be doffed, thy mourning cease,
The gyves that bind thy beauty rent in twain,
And thou be living, breathing Greece again?
Grave of the mighty—hero, poet, sage—
Whose deeds are guiding stars to every age!

Land unsurpassed in glory and despair!
Still in thy desolation thou art fair.
Low in sepulchral dust lies Pallas' shrine,
Low in sepulchral dust thy fanes divine,
And all thy visible self; yet o'er thy clay
Soul, beauty, linger, hallowing decay.
Not all the ills that war entailed on thee,
Not all the blood that stained Thermopylæ,
Not all the desolation traitors wrought,
Not all the woe and want invaders brought,
Not all the tears that slavery could wring
From out thy heart of patient suffering,
Not all that drapes thy loveliness in night,
Can quench thy spirit's never-dying light;
But hovering o'er the dust of gods enshrined,
It beams a beacon to the march of mind,
An oasis to sage and bard forlorn,
A guiding light to centuries unborn.

For thee I mourn; thy blood is in my veins;
To thee by consanguinity's strong chains
I'm bound, and fain would die to make thee free;
But oh, there is no liberty for thee!
Not all the wisdom of thy greatest one,
Not all the bravery of Thetis' son,
Not all the weight of mighty Phœbus' ire,
Not all the magic of the Athenian's lyre,
Can ever bid thy tears or mourning cease,
Or rend one gyve that binds thee, lovely Greece!

MARGARET JUNKIN.

SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

EARTH is the home of sorrow ; life,
 Though joyful it appears,
Is given, continued, and sustained,
 And borne away in tears.
The sentient throngs of earth and air
 Join Nature's voice to keep
Existence festive ; man alone
 Is privileged to weep.

Sweet as the "music of the spheres"
 Creation's hymn should be,
Yet evermore the human voice
 Is wailing mournfully,
And 'mid the still majestic strain
 Of praise and pæan high
Are mingled death's despairing shriek,
 And hopeless misery's cry.

The earliest beams of every morn
 Fall on some mourner's head,
And flit in mockery across
 The dying and the dead :

The light of every parting sun
Finds sorrowful repose
On new-made graves, whose turf was still
Unbroken when he rose.

The trembling stars look nightly down
On brows that 'mid the glare
Of day, when all were smiling round,
Seemed glad as any there ;
But in the darkened solitude
The mask aside is thrown,
And the crushed spirit spreads its woe
Before its God alone.

And yet it *is* not ceaseless wail
That earthly voices raise,
For some have learned the symphony
And joined the song of praise.
Ah, tear-dimmed eyes must long have closed,
Had not a Hand of love
Upheld the faltering step, and turned
The wandering gaze above.

Then with divinely-lighted eye
They read their sufferings o'er,
And find a meaning in their grief
They failed to find before ;
A beauty touches all the past,
And from the future fled
Is every fear, and stars of hope
Are shining overhead.

Who, then, can call this glorious world,
 With such a radiance, dim
And desolate, since on its sky
 Is stamped the seal of Him
Who in His rich magnificence
 Has lavished all abroad
A splendor that could only spring
 Beneath the hand of God?

No, Earth has something more than gloom
 And pain and sickening fear,
For holy Peace has often come
 And made its dwelling here;
Nor ever will it quite depart
 Until our closing eyes
Are turned from earth, to find in heaven
 A fadeless Paradise.



ALICE B. NEAL.

GONDOLETTAS.

FAR out in the moonlight how softly we glide!
Scarce knowing, scarce heeding, the lapse of the tide
I watch the light shadows steal over thy face,
And pillow thy head in a last, long embrace.

Thy heart keeps low music, still beating to mine,
 Thy white arms around me I slowly entwine,
 I part the wild tresses that shroud thy pale cheek,
 I kiss thee, I clasp thee; no word dare I speak.

Alas that the starlight should fade from the sky!
 Alas for the parting that draweth so nigh!
 Glide slowly, ye ripples, flow softly, O tide,
 For the silence of *death* must the living divide.

TOO LATE.

O WEARY thought! O heart cast down and lone!
 O hapless spirit, burdened with a grief
 That giveth utterance to the mournful tone
 Of this low murmur, words so full, so brief,
 "Outlived all love!"

Did God deny thee gifts by which to win
 Affection from the crowd that round thee throng?
 Or didst thou lose by folly or by sin
 The hope that else had made thy soul most strong,
 Of gaining love?

When first thy mother clasped thee in her arms,
 And bade thy father watch thine infant glee,
 Why did her soul thrill with such wild alarms
 And bounding hopes? Was it not all for thee?
 Did not she love?

Childhood mourns not for friends. It passed away ;
 Then *on thyself* depended future joy.
 Retrace thy footsteps : did those friends betray
 The trust bestowed by thee, a fair browed boy,
 Living in love ?

Nay; one by one they turned. Thy heart was proud,
 Thy mood suspicious, and they could not brook
 The coldness and reserve that as a cloud
 Veiled all thy movements, chilling every look
 That asked for love.

Thy manhood's prime was glorious : it is past ;
 Ambition's thirst is slaked ; a dreary void
 Taketh the place of schemes that once so fast
 Hurried thee onward, life and thought employed,
 Shutting out love.

Too late, too late ! Thou canst not win them back,
 The friends of youth, the love of riper years ;
 Alone pass onward in the narrow track
 Which thou hast chosen ; learn with bitter tears
That man needs love.

'Tis God's best gift : be wise and scorn it not,
 Thou who art strong in pride of hope and life ;
 The brightest gleam that gilds our darkened lot,
 Lighting us onward through its fearful strife,
 O priceless love !

And if thy soul is steeled against mankind,
Pause ere thy hearth grows cold and desolate;
Cheer those who droop, the wounded spirit bind,
Win hearts, and it shall never be thy fate
To outlive love.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

TO A BEAUTIFUL STATUE.

I WOULD there were a blush upon thy cheek,
That I might deem thee human, not divine!
I would those sweet yet silent lips might speak,
Even to say, "I never can be thine!"
I would thine eye might shun my ardent gaze,
Then timidly return it; 'neath the fold
Of the white vest thy heart beat to the praise
Responsive that thou heedest not. I hold
Thy slender hand in mine: oh why is it so cold?

Statue, I call on thee! I bid thee wake
To life and love. The world is bright and fair:
The flowers of spring blush in each verdant brake,
The birds' sweet song makes glad the perfumed air,
And thou alone feel'st not its balmy breath.
Oh by what spell once dear, still unforget,
Shall I release thee from this seeming death?
What prayer shall charm thee from yon haunted spot?
Awake! I summon thee! In vain, she hears me not.

What power hath bound thee thus? Devoid of sense,
Buried in thine own beauty, speechless, pale,
What strange, stern destiny, what dire offence,
Hath drawn around thy living charms this veil?

Didst thou like Niobe behold the death
Of all thy loved ones? Did so sad a sight
Urge from thy bosom forth the panting breath,
Steal from thy tearful eye its liquid light,
And wrap thy fainting spirit in eternal night?

Or wert thou false and merciless as fair,
And is it thus thy perfidy is wroken?
Didst thou with smiles the trusting soul ensnare,
And smile again to see it crushed and broken?
Oh no! Heaven wished to rescue from the tomb
A form so faultless, and its mandate high
Arrested thee in youth's transcendent bloom,
Congealed in marble thy last parting sigh,
Soothed thee to wakeless sleep, nor suffered thee to die.

For sure thou wert not always thus. The rush
Of life's warm stream hath lit thy vacant glance,
Tinting thy pallid cheek with maiden blush;
Those fairy limbs have sported in the dance
Before they settled thus in quiet rest;
Thine ear the lyre's numbers hath received,
And told their import to the throbbing breast;
Thy heart hath hoped and feared, hath joyed and grieved.
Hath loved and trusted, and hath been deceived.

Sleep on! The memory of thy grief or wrongs
With the forgotten past have long since fled,
And pitying Fate thy slumber still prolongs,
Lest thou shouldst wake to sorrow for the dead.
Oh should thine eyes unclose again on earth,
To find thyself uncared for and alone,

The mates of thy young days of laughing mirth,
And he more dear than all for ever gone,
With bitter tears thou'dst ask again a heart of stone!

Sleep on in peace! Thou shalt not sleep for ever:
Soon on thine echoing ear the voice shall thrill
Whose well-known tone alone thy bonds may sever,
And bid thy spirit burst its cements chill:
Thy frozen heart its pulses shall resume,
Thine eye with glistening tears of rapture swell,
Thou shalt arise in never-fading bloom:
The voice of deathless Love must break the spell;
Until that time shall come, sweet dreamer, fare thee well!

LEES FROM THE CUP OF LIFE.

ONCE I was sad and well could weep,
Now I am wild and I will laugh:
Pour out for me libations deep,
The blood of trampled grapes I'll quaff,
And mock at all who idly mourn,
And smite the beggar with his staff.

Oh let us hold carousal dread
Over our early pleasures gone!
Youth is departed, love is dead,
Oh woe is me that I was born!
Yet fill the cup, pass round the jest,
Methinks I could laugh grief to scorn.

'Tis well to be a thing alone,
For whom no creature cares or grieves,
To build on desert sands a throne,
And spread a couch on wintry leaves,
Ruthless and hopeless, worn and wise,
The fool, the imbecile, believes.

Make me a song whose sturdy rhyme
Shall bid defiance bold to Woe.
Thou caitiff wretch, come down to me;
See, at thy gate my trump I blow,
And armed with rude indifference,
To thee my scornful glove I throw!

Ah me! unequal, bootless fight!
Ah, cuirass, that betrays my trust!
Sorrow's stern angel bears a dart
Fatal to all of mortal dust;
He is a spirit. I of clay;
He cannot die: alas, I must!

MORTAL AND IMMORTAL.

OH life is strange and full of change,
But it brings me little sorrow,
For I came to the world but yesterday,
And I shall go hence to-morrow.

The wind is drear, the leaves are sear,
Full dimly shows the sun,
The skies are bright, the earth is light:
To me 'tis almost one.

The sunny rill, the wave dark and chill,
Across my breast may roll;
The saddest sigh, the merriest cry,
Make music in my soul.

A few short years of smiles and tears,
Of suffering not in vain,
And the weary smart of a wounded heart
I never shall know again.

I've wept for the bride at her husband's side,
I've smiled on the loved one's bier,
For a mystery was shown to me,
A thing of hope and fear.

Who sows in tears his early years
 May bind the golden sheaves,
Who scatters flowers in summer bowers
 Shall reap but their withered leaves.

A wayward child on whom hath smiled
 The light of heavenly love,
A pilgrim with a vision dim
 Of something far above,

I live for all who on me call,
 And yet I live for one ;
My song must be sweet to all I meet,
 And yet I sing to none.

A quiet tone that maketh known
 A spirit passing by,
A breath of prayer on the midnight air,
 And I am gone for aye ;—

Gone to the rest of the ever-blest,
 To the new Jerusalem,
Where the children of light do walk in white,
 And the Saviour leadeth them.

For ever gone, and none to mourn :
 And who for me would sorrow ?
I came to toil in a desert soil,
 And my task will be done to-morrow.



C. M. Sedgwick

SARA J. LIPPINCOTT.

TO MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

O GLORY-WEDDED! to thy brow
A coronal is given
For which, when song and Greece were young,
The very gods had striven!

Oh find'st thou not an envied crown
A weary weight and chilling?
Its lonely glory—is it not
An ice-touch heartward thrilling?

Ah no! E'en now a rosy light
Those vernal leaves is flushing;
O woman-hearted! love's warm buds
Are 'mid thy laurels blushing.

THE MAY MORNING.

THE morning brightness showereth down from heaven,
The morning freshness goeth up from earth,
The morning gladness shineth everywhere.
Soon as the sun in glorious panoply,
Parting the crimson curtains of his tent,
Begins the day's proud march, the voice of song
And flush of beauty live along his way.
The maiden flowers, whom all the dreamy night
The starlight vainly wooed with wan, cold smile,
Blush as his presence breathes upon their bloom,
And feel his kiss through all their glowing veins,
And shake the night-dew from their joyous heads,
And pour thick perfumes on the golden air.
The trees bow at his coming, and look brave

In all the richness of their new attire ;
The aspen's shining leaves give back his smile,
Dancing in glee, yet whispering in awe,
Like bashful maidens at some gorgeous fete
Graced by a monarch's presence ; aged oaks
Grow young again at their stout, loyal hearts ;
The stately brotherhood of mountain-pines
Give forth a solemn greeting, like a band
Of stern old monks in sombre vestments clad ;
Like Ganymedé the magnolia stands,
Graceful and fair his silver chalice lifts,
Brimmed with night's nectar, to the thirsty god ;
The garden lilac, rich in purple bloom,
Scatters her royal largess far and wide,
And the warm bosom of the opening rose
Pants out its odorous sighs to the "sweet south,"
That soft-plumed, low-voiced rover from afar,
Whose wings are heavy with the perfume stolen
From the cleft hearts of his forsaken loves ;
The mignonette breathes tenderly and deep
The pure home-fragrance of an humble heart,
And even the tiny violet can make
Her little circle sweet as love ; the vine,
Swaying in mid-air to the frolic wind,
Rains scented blossoms on the clover tufts
And cheerful daisies, lighting up the grass.
The robin and the oriole awake
With the first sunshine glancing on their wings,
To thrill the young leaves quivering round their nests
With glad, wild gushes of exulting song,
To pour swift waves of clear, delicious sound,
Fresh and rejoicing, on the morning air.



The lake looks up to heaven and smiles to see
 Those vast, high courts with his own color hung;
 The waves with whispers and low laughter steal
 Along the shore to meet the honeyed kiss
 Of the pale lilies drooping faint with love.
 Like some young mountain-shepherd whose fair maid,
 Far down the vale upon a gala morn,
 Awaits his coming, the impetuous stream
 Leaps down the hillside, singing as it goes.

Yet, O fair sky! O green and flowery earth!
 Your morning gladness in this bright May-time,
 With visible glow and music's utterance,
 Is all imperfect, faint and dim beside

The viewless, voiceless, unimagined joy
That maketh bloom and sunshine in my heart,
That fills my soul with hopes more bright than flowers,
And thoughts far sweeter than the voice of birds.

The Arctic winter which closed round me long,
And hung all heaven with tempests, hath gone by;
The fear, the sorrow and the wild despair
Which made a darkness deeper than the night,
And storm that mocked the loud and maddened strife
Of the roused elements—all, all gone by.
A sky of love is bending o'er me now,
And airs serene are breathing round my paths:
The rich midsummer of my life is here.

O Thou whose hand rolled back the clouds of fear,
Whose voice spake "peace" to sorrow's whelming deeps,
And in mid-heaven stayed the shadowy wing
Of death's swift angel! what meet offering
Hath my glad soul to lay upon thy shrine?
Prayers and rapt vigils? or song's votive wreaths
Dewy with grateful tears? A pilgrim's vows?
Saintlike observance of all sacred rites
And holy day? Not these, not these, my soul!
But the sweet offering of a loving heart,
But the rich offering of a freeborn mind,
But the long offering of an earnest life.

THE DREAM.

LAST night, my love, I dreamed of thee,
Yet 'twas no dream Elysian;
Draw closer to my breast, dear Blanche,
The while I tell the vision.
Methought that I had left thee long,
And home in haste returning,
My heart, lip, cheek, with love and joy
And wild impatience burning,

I called thee through the silent house,
But here at last I found thee,
Where deathly still and ghostly white
The curtains fell around thee.
Dead—dead thou wert; cold lay that form
In rarest beauty moulded,
And meekly o'er thy still, white breast
The snowy hands were folded.

Methought thy couch was fitly strewn
With many a fragrant blossom,
Fresh violets thy fingers clasped,
And rosebuds decked thy bosom;
But thine eyes, so like young violets,
Might smile upon me never,
And the rose-bloom from thy cheek and lip
Had fled away for ever.

I raised thee lovingly, thy head
 Against my bosom leaning,
And called thy name, and spoke to thee
 In words of tenderest meaning,
I sought to warm thee at my breast,
 My arms close round thee flinging,
To breathe my life into thy lips
 With kisses fond and clinging.

Oh hour of fearful agony!
 In vain my frenzied pleading,
Thy dear voice hushed, thy kind eye closed,
 My lonely grief unheeding,
Pale wert thou as the lily-buds
 Twined 'mid thy raven tresses,
And cold thy lip and still thy heart
 To all my wild caresses.

I woke amid the autumn night
 To hear the rain descending,
And roar of waves and howl of winds
 In stormy concert blending,
But oh! my waking joy was morn
 From heaven's own portals flowing,
And the summer of thy living love
 Was round about me glowing.

I woke—ah, blessedness!—to feel
 Thy white arms round me wreathing,
To hear amid the lonely night
 Thy calm and gentle breathing.

I bent above thy rest till morn
With many a whispered blessing,
Soft, timid kisses on thy lips
And blue-veined eyelids pressing.

While thus from Slumber's shadowy realm
Thy truant soul recalling,
Thou couldst not know whence sprang the tears
Upon thy forehead falling.
And oh, thine eyes' sweet wonderment
When thou didst ope them slowly,
To mark mine own bent on thy face
In rapture deep and holy!
Thou couldst not know till I had told
That dream of fearful warning,
How much of heaven was in my words,
"God bless thee, love—good-morning!"

ILLUMINATION

FOR THE TRIUMPH OF OUR ARMS IN MEXICO.

LIGHT up thy homes, Columbia,
For those chivalric men
Who bear to scenes of warlike strife
Thy conquering arms again,
Where glorious victories, flash on flash,
Reveal their stormy way,
Resaca's, Palo Alto's fields,
The heights of Monterey!

They pile with thousands of thy foes
 Buena Vista's plain,
 With maids and wives at Vera Cruz
 Swell high the list of slain;
 They paint upon the southern skies
 The blaze of burning domes,
 Their laurels dew with blood of babes:
 Light up, light up thy homes!

Light up your homes, O fathers!
 For those young hero bands
 Whose march is still through vanquished towns
 And over conquered lands;
 Whose valor wild, impetuous,
 In all its fiery glow
 Pours onward like a lava-tide,
 And sweeps away the foe!—

For those whose dead brows Glory crowns,
 On crimson couches sleeping,
 And for home faces wan with grief,
 And fond eyes dim with weeping;
 And for the soldier, poor, unknown,
 Who battled madly brave,
 Beneath a stranger-soil to share
 A shallow, crowded grave.

Light up thy home, young mother!
 Then gaze in pride and joy
 Upon those fair and gentle girls,
 That eagle-eyed young boy;

And clasp thy darling little one
 Yet closer to thy breast,
And be thy kisses on its lips
 In yearning love impressed.

In yon beleaguered city
 Were homes as sweet as thine;
There trembling mothers felt loved arms
 In *fear* around them twine—
The lad with brow of olive hue,
 The babe like lily fair,
The maiden with her midnight eyes
 And wealth of raven hair.

The booming shot, the murderous shell,
 Crashed through the crumbling walls,
And filled with agony and death
 Those sacred household walls;
Then bleeding, crushed and blackened lay
 The sister by the brother,
And the torn infant gasped and writhed
 On the bosom of the mother.

O sisters! if you have no tears
 For fearful scenes like these,
If the banners of the victors veil
 The victim's agonies—
If ye lose the babe's and mother's cry
 In the noisy roll of drums—
If your hearts with martial pride throb high,—
 Light up, light up your homes!

ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE.

LOVE.

THOU conqueror's conqueror, mighty Love! to thee
Their crowns, their laurels, kings and heroes yield.
Lo! at thy shrine great Antony bows the knee,
Disdains his victor wreath and flies the field.
From woman's lips Alcides lists thy tone,
And grasps the inglorious distaff for his sword;
An Eastern sceptre at thy feet is thrown,
A nation's worshipped idol owns thee lord,
And well fair Noorjehan his throne became
When erst she ruled his empire in thy name.

The sorcerer Jarchas could to age restore
Youth's faded bloom or childhood's vanished glee;
Magician Love! canst thou not yet do more?
Is not the faithful *heart* kept *young* by thee?
But ne'er that traitor bosom formed to stray,
Those perjured lips which twice thy vows have breathed,
Can know the raptures of thy magic sway,
Or find the balsam in thy garland wreathed;
Fancy or folly may his breast have moved,
But he who wanders never truly *loved*.

MY LIFE.

My life is a fairy's gay dream,
And thou art the geni whose wand
Tints all things around with the beam,
The bloom of Titania's bright land.

A wish to my lips never sprung,
A hope in mine eyes never shone,
But ere it was breathed by my tongue,
To grant it thy footsteps have flown.

Thy joys, they have ever been mine,
Thy sorrows too often thine own;
The sun that on me still would shine
O'er thee threw its shadows alone.

Life's garland, then, let us divide;
Its roses I'd fain see thee wear;
For once—but I know thou wilt chide—
Ah leave me its thorns, love, to bear!

THY WILL BE DONE.

THY will be done! O heavenly King,
 I bow my head to Thy decree,
 Albeit my soul not yet may wing
 Its upward flight, great God, to Thee!—

Though I must still on earth abide,
 To toil and groan and suffer here,
 To seek for peace on sorrow's tide,
 And meet the world's unfeeling jeer.

When heaven seemed dawning on my view,
 And I rejoiced my race was run,
 Thy righteous hand the bliss withdrew,
 And still I say, "Thy will be done!"

And though the world can never more
 A world of sunshine be to me,
 Though all my fairy dreams are o'er,
 And Care pursues where'er I flee,—

Though friends I loved the dearest, best,
 Were scattered by the storm away,
 And scarce a hand I warmly pressed
 As fondly presses mine to-day,—

Yet must I live—must live for those
Who mourn the shadow on my brow,
Who feel my hand can soothe their woes,
Whose faithful hearts I gladden now.

Yes, I will live—live to fulfil
The noble mission scarce begun,
And, pressed with grief, to murmur still,
“All-Wise, All-Just, Thy will be done!”

ELIZABETH S. SWIFT.

FIRST OF MAY.

THERE is music on the breeze
From a thousand tiny throats,
And amid the blossomed trees
The wild-birds pour their notes;
The rivers flow along
With a murmur like a song;
But alas! I am sad! I am sad!

'TIS the sunny First of May;
She is tripping on the earth
To the wild-bird's joyous lay;
Fresh flowerets hail her birth,
And with fragrant kisses greet
The coming of her feet;
But alas! I am sad! I am sad!

For the birds and perfumed flowers,
And the waters glancing bright,
But remind me of those hours
Of exquisite delight.
That lang syne First of May,
With its glorious array,
When ah! I was glad! I was glad!

The friends my spirit loved
Were wandering by my side,
Whilst through the woods we roved,
Or watched the waters glide,
In white and glittering foam,
To their far-off ocean home;
And ah! I was glad! I was glad!

But Time hath all things changed,
Those blessings all have flown;
The absent and estranged
Have left my heart alone;
Then how can I be gay
On this merry First of May?
Ah no! I am sad! I am sad!



Caroline Lee Hentz

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

YE'RE welcome, ye white and feathery flakes,
That fall like the blossoms the summer wind shakes
From the bending spray! Oh say, do ye come
With tidings to me from my far-distant home?

“Our home is above in the depths of the sky,
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie;
We are fair, we are pure, *our* birth is divine:
Say, what can we know of thee or of thine?”

I know that ye dwell in the kingdoms of air,
I know ye are heavenly, pure and fair,

But oft have I seen ye, far travellers, roam,
By the cold blast driven, round my northern home.

“We roam over mountains and valley and sea,
We hang our pale wreaths on the leafless tree;
The heralds of wisdom and mercy we go,
And perchance the far home of thy childhood we know.

“We roam, and our fairy track we leave,
While for Nature a winding-sheet we weave,
A cold, white shroud that shall mantle the gloom
Till her Maker recalls her to glory and bloom.”

O foam of the shoreless ocean above!
I know thou descendest in mercy and love.
All chill as thou art, yet benign is thy birth
As the dew that impearls the green bosom of Earth;

And I've thought as I've seen thy tremulous spray,
Soft curling like mist, on the branches lay,
In bright relief on the dark blue sky,
That thou meltedst in grief when the sun came nigh.

“Say, whose is the harp whose echoing song
Breathes wild on the gale that wafts us along?
The moon, the flowers, the blossoming tree,
Wake the minstrel's lyre; they are brighter than we.”

The flowers shed their fragrance, the moonbeams their
light,
Over scenes never veiled by your drapery of white,

But the clime where I first saw your downy flakes fall,
My own native clime, is far dearer than all.

Oh fair when ye clothed in their wintry mail
The elms that o'ershadow my home in the vale!
Like warriors they looked as they bowed in the storm,
With the tossing plume and the towering form.

Ye fade, ye melt; I feel the warm breath
Of the redolent South o'er the desolate heath;
But tell me, ye vanishing pearls, where ye dwell
When the dewdrops of summer bespangle the dell?

“We fade, we melt into crystalline spheres,
We weep, for we pass through the valley of tears;
But onward to glory, away to the sky,
In the hollow of God's own hand we lie.”

CLARA MOORE.

MORNING.

THE morning breaks. Across the amber sky
Gray clouds are trooping slowly one by one,
Their edges crimsoned by the rising sun;
Mist wreaths upon the distant mountains lie,
And violet vapors through the valley glide,
Veiling the crystal stream that winds along.
For ever murmuring its low, gushing song
To the sweet flowers and fern that droop beside.
My heart to God springs up in earnest prayer;
Most beautiful on such a morn doth seem
This earth, most radiant, as the sun's first gleam
Flashes afar upon the woodland fair.
In "pleasant ways" my pilgrimage is cast:
God only grant these happy days may last!

N O O N.

THE glorious sun is midway in the sky,
But for the clouds it scarcely can be seen;
Their shadows fall athwart the meadows green,
And o'er the brown fields where the sheaves still lie.

Ah now my heart is filled with boding dread,
And tears break slowly from my downcast eyes,
Like drops of rain from all unwilling skies
When April's flowers bloom fair above the head!
A whisper trembles through the noontide air,
The rustling of the pines the wind before
Mayhap, yet sounds a dirge like "nevermore;"
And back I gaze upon the past so fair,
Yet glean not courage for the coming night,
From whence I see no ray of guiding light.

N I G H T.

TO-NIGHT a thick mist fills the valley wide,
And banks of clouds wall in the arching skies,
Hiding the starlight from my eager eyes;
Black loom the rocks upon the dark hillside,
And all is drear and lone where late so gay
The reapers toiled amid the golden grain,
Leaving the ripened field with loaded wain,
To wait the dawning of another day.
O gloomy night! thy shadow falls on me,
As in the shrouded future I divine
Still darker hours than ever yet were mine.
Then o'er my breast the waves of sorrow's sea
Shall beat more fiercely for the calm before:
O Life! how wild the storms that sweep thy shore!



M A R Y.

STAINLESS lilies of the vale,
Fragile lilies, pure and pale,
 Slowly toll your crystal bells!
Hear ye not a mournful tale
In the zephyr's dying wail,
 As it lingers thro' the dells?

Wild-wood violets, meek and low,
White as any flake of snow,

Closer bow your heads to earth!
Do you feel no pang, no throe?
Is there no sign by which ye know
A mortal's heavenly birth?

Song-birds, by that forest-side,
Where the rippling waters glide,
Breathe a slower, sadder strain:
For our hearts send up a plaint
Through our voices low and faint,
But she answers not again.

Summer roses, wet with dew,
Clouds that float o'er heaven's blue,
All things pure and frail and fair,
Bring some offering to the grave
Where the dark pines nightly wave,
For our loveliest sleepeth there.

MARION H. RAND.

SYMPATHY.

HIDE not thy secret grief
In the dark chambers of the soul,
Where sombre thoughts and fancies roll,
Bringing thee no relief.
Gloomy and cold the spirit grows
While brooding over fancied woes.
The lightest care, while yet concealed
Lies like a mountain on the breast:
The heaviest grief when once revealed
Is lulled by sympathy to rest.

Relieve thy bursting heart,
And pour into some loving ear
Each bitter thought, each chilling fear:
How soon will all depart!
And words of love like healing balm
Will gently soothe and sweetly calm,
Till reason's almost fading ray
Resumes its firm and wonted sway;
And though thy burden be not less,
Thou wilt not still be comfortless.

Hast thou no human friend
To whom in hours like these to turn,
When thine o'erburdened soul will yearn
Its bitterness to end?
Oh, still despair not: there is One
To whom sad hearts have often gone;
Though rich the gifts for which they pray,
None ever came unblessed away.
Then, though all earthly ties be riven,
Smile, for thou hast a friend in heaven.



SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

“A TALE OF FORESTS AND ENCHANTMENTS DREAR.”

II. Penseroso.

Sister, 'tis the noon of night:
Let us in the web of thought
Weave the threads of ancient song,
From the realms of fairies brought.

Thou shalt stain the dusky warp
In nightshade wet with twilight dew;

I with streaks of morning gold
Will strike the fabric through and through.*

WHERE a lone castle by the sea
Upcreared its dark and mouldering pile,
Far seen with all its frowning towers
For many and many a weary mile;
The wild waves beat the castle walls,
And bathed the rock with ceaseless showers,
The winds roared fiercely round the pile,
And moaned along its mouldering towers.
Within those wide and echoing halls,
To guard her from a fatal spell,
A maid of noble lineage born
Was doomed in solitude to dwell.
Five fairies graced the infant's birth
With fame and beauty, wealth and power;
The sixth by one fell stroke reversed
The lavish splendors of her dower:
Whene'er the orphan's lily hand
A spindle's shining point should pierce,
She swore upon her magic wand
The maid should sleep a hundred years.
The wild waves beat the castle wall,
And bathed the rock with ceaseless showers,
Dark, heaving billows plunged and fell
In whitening foam beneath the towers.
There, rocked by winds and lulled by waves,
In youthful grace the maiden grew,
And from her solitary dreams
A sweet and pensive pleasure drew.

* This is a joint production of Mrs. Whitman and her sister, Miss Power.

Yet often from her lattice high
 She gazed athwart the gathering night,
To mark the sea-gulls wheeling by,
 And longed to follow in their flight.
One winter night beside the hearth
 She sat and watched the smouldering fire,
While now the tempests seemed to lull,
 And now the winds rose high and higher;
Strange sounds are heard along the wall,
 Dim faces glimmer through the gloom,
And still, mysterious voices call,
 And shadows flit from room to room;
Till, bending o'er the dying brands,
 She chanced a sudden gleam to see:
She turned the sparkling embers o'er,
 And lo! she finds a golden key.
Lured on as by an unseen hand,
 She roamed the castle o'er and o'er,
Through many a darkling chamber sped,
 And many a dusky corridor;
And still through unknown, winding ways
 She wandered on for many an hour,
For gallery still to gallery leads,
 And tower succeeds to tower.
Oft, wearied with the steep ascent,
 She lingered on her lonely way,
And paused beside the pictured walls,
 Their countless wonders to survey.
At length upon a narrow stair
 That wound within a turret high,
She saw a little low-browed door,
 And turned her golden key to try;

Slowly beneath her trembling hand
The bolts recede, and backward flung,
With harsh recoil and sullen clang
The door upon its hinges swung.
There in a little moonlit room
She sees a weird and withered crone,
Who sat and spun amid the gloom,
And turned her wheel with drowsy drone.
With mute amaze and wondering awe
A passing moment stood the maid,
Then entering at the narrow door,
More near the mystic task surveyed.
She saw her twine the flaxen fleece,
She saw her draw the flaxen thread,
She viewed the spindle's shining point,
And pleased the novel task surveyed.
A sudden longing seized her breast
To twine the fleece, to turn the wheel:
She stretched her lily hand and pierced
Her finger with the shining steel.
Slowly her heavy eyelids close,
She feels a drowsy torpor creep
From limb to limb, till every sense
Is locked in an enchanted sleep.
A dreamless slumber deep as night
In deathly trance her senses locked:
At once through all its massive vaults
And gloomy towers the castle rocked;
The beldame roused her from her lair,
And raised on high a mournful wail,
A shrilly scream that seemed to float
A requiem on the dying gale.

“A hundred years shall pass,” she said,
“Ere those blue eyes behold the morn,
Ere these deserted halls and towers
Shall echo to a bugle-horn;
A hundred Norland winters pass,
While drenching rains and drifting snows
Shall beat against the castle walls,
Nor wake thee from thy long repose:
A hundred times the golden grain
Shall wave beneath the harvest moon,
Twelve hundred moons shall wax and wane
Ere yet thine eyes behold the sun.”
She ceased, but still the mystic rhyme
The long-resounding aisles prolong
And all the castle’s echoes chime
In answering cadence to her song
She bore the maiden to her bower,
An ancient chamber wide and low,
Where golden sconces from the wall
A faint and trembling lustre throw;
A silent chamber far apart,
Where strange and antique arras hung,
That waved along the mouldering walls,
And in the gusty night-wind swung.
She laid her on her ivory bed,
And gently smoothed each snowy limb,
Then drew the curtain’s dusky fold
To make the entering daylight dim.

PART II.

And all around, on every side,
Throughout the castle’s precincts wide,

In every bower and hall,
All slept—the warder in the court,
The figures on the arras wrought,
The steed within his stall.
No more the watchdog bayed the moon,
The owlet ceased her boding tune,
The raven on his tower—
All, hushed in slumber still and deep,
Enthralled in an enchanted sleep,
Await the appointed hour.
A pathless forest wild and wide
Engirt the castle's inland side,
And stretched for many a mile:
So thick its deep, impervious screen
The castle towers were dimly seen
Above the mouldering pile.
So high the ancient cedars sprung,
So far aloft their branches flung,
So close the covert grew,
No foot its silence could invade,
No eye could pierce its depths of shade,
Or see the welkin through.
Yet oft, as from some distant mound
The traveller cast his eyes around
O'er wold and woodland gray,
He saw, athwart the glimmering light
Of moonbeams on a misty night,
A castle far away.
A hundred Norland winters passed,
While drenching rains and drifting snows
Beat loud against the castle walls,
Nor broke the maiden's long repose.

A hundred times on vale and hill
The reapers bound the golden corn,
And now the ancient halls and towers
Re-echo to a bugle-horn.

A warrior from a distant land
With helm and hauberk, spear and brand,
And high, untarnished crest,
By visions of enchantment led,
Hath vowed before the morning's red
To break her charmed rest.
From torrid clime beyond the main
He comes, the costly prize to gain,
O'er deserts waste and wide;
No dangers daunt, no toils can tire:
With throbbing heart and soul on fire
He seeks his sleeping bride.
He gains the old, enchanted wood
Where never mortal footsteps trod,
He pierced its tangled gloom;
A chillness loads the lurid air,
Where baleful swamp-fires gleam and glare,
His pathway to illumine.
Well might the warrior's courage fail,
Well might his lofty spirit quail,
On that enchanted ground;
No open foeman meets him there,
But, borne upon the murky air,
Strange horror broods around.
At every turn his footsteps sank
Mid tangled boughs and mosses dank,

For long and weary hours ;
Till, issuing from the dangerous wood,
The castle full before him stood
 With all its flanking towers.
The moon a paly lustre sheds ;
Resolved, the grass-grown courts he treads,
 The gloomy portal gained ;
He crossed the threshold's magic bound,
He paced the hall where all around
 A deathly silence reigned.
No fears his venturous course could stay ;
Darkling he groped his dreary way,
 Up the wide staircase sprang ;
It echoed to his mailed heel :
With clang of arms and clash of steel
 The silent chambers rang.
He sees a glimmering taper gleam,
Far off with faint and trembling beam,
 Athwart the midnight gloom ;
Then first he felt the touch of fear,
As with slow footsteps drawing near
 He gained the lighted room.
And now the waning moon was low,
The perfumed tapers faintly glow,
 And by their dying gleam
He raised the curtain's dusky fold,
And lo ! his charmed eyes behold
 The lady of his dream.
As violets peep from wintry snows
Slowly her heavy lids unclose,
 And gently heaves her breast ;
But all unconscious was her gaze,

Her eye with listless languor strays
From brand to plummy crest.
A rising blush begins to dawn
Like that which steals at early morn
Across the eastern sky;
And slowly as the morning broke
The maiden from her trance awoke
Beneath his ardent eye.
As the first kindling sunbeams threw
Their level light athwart the dew.
And tipped the hills with flame,
The silent forest-boughs were stirred
With music, as from bee and bird
A mingling murmur came.
From out its depths of tangled gloom
There came a breath of dewy bloom.
And from the valleys din
A cloud of fragrant incense stole.
As if each violet breathed its soul
Into that floral hymn.
Loud neighed the steed within his stall,
The cock crowed on the castle wall,
The warder wound his horn;
The linnet sang in leafy bower,
The swallows twittering from the tower,
Salute the rosy morn.
But fresher than the rosy morn,
And blither than the bugle-horn,
The maiden's heart doth prove,
Who, as her beaming eyes awake,
Beholds a double morning break,
The dawn of light and love.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

"Thrice hallowed be that beautiful dawn of love when the maiden's cheek still blushes at the conscious sweetness of her own innocent thoughts!"—*Jean Paul*.

ASK not if she loves, but look
In the blue depths of her eye,
Where the maiden's spirit seems
Tranced in happy dreams to lie.

All the blisses of her dream,
All she may not, must not speak—
Read them in her clouded eye,
Read them on her conscious cheek.

See that cheek of virgin snow
Damasked with love's rosy bloom,
Mark the lambent thoughts that glow
Mid her blue eye's tender gloom;

As if in a cool, deep well,
Veiled by shadows of the night,
Slanting through a starbeam fell,
Filling all its depths with light.

Something mournful and profound
Saddens all her beauty now,
Weds her dark eye to the ground,
Flings a shadow o'er her brow.

Hath her love-illumin'd soul
 Raised the veil of coming years?
Read upon life's mystic scroll
 Its doom of agony and tears?

Tears of tender sadness fall
 From her soft and lovelit eye,
As the night-dews heavily
 Fall from summer's cloudless sky.

Still she sitteth, coyly drooping
 Her white lids in virgin pride,
Like a languid lily, stooping
 Low her folded blooms to hide.

Starting now in soft surprise
 From the tangled web of thought,
Lo! her heart a captive lies,
 In its own sweet fancies caught.

Ah! bethink thee, maiden, yet,
 Ere to passion's doom betrayed,
Hearts where Love his seal has set
 Sorrow's fiercest pangs invade.

Let that young heart slumber still,
 Like a bird within its nest;
Life can ne'er its dreams fulfil.
 Love but yield thee long unrest.

Ah! in vain the dovelet tries
 To break the web of tender thought:
The little heart a captive lies,
 In its own sweet fancies caught.

LAURA M. THURSTON.

CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

THE broad, the bright, the glorious West
Is spread before me now,
Where the gray mists of morning rest
Beneath yon mountain's brow.
The bound is past, the goal is won,
The region of the setting sun
Is open to my view ;
Land of the valiant and the free,
My own Green Mountain land, to thee
And thine a long adieu !

I hail thee, Valley of the West !
For what thou yet shalt be,
I hail thee for the hopes that rest
Upon thy destiny.
Here from this mountain-height I see
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
Thine emerald fields outspread,
And feel that in the book of fame
Proudly shall thy recorded name
In later days be read.

Yet while I gaze upon thee now,
All glorious as thou art,
A cloud is resting on my brow,
A weight upon my heart.

To me in all thy youthful pride
Thou art a land of cares untried,
Of untold hopes and fears;
Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve,
But for the far-off land I leave
I look on thee with tears.

Oh brightly, brightly, glow thy skies
In summer's sunny hours!
The green earth seems a paradise
Arrayed in summer flowers.
But oh! there is a land afar
Whose skies to me are brighter far,
Along the Atlantic shore;
For eyes beneath their radiant shrine
In kindlier glances answered mine:
Can these their light restore?

Upon the lofty bound I stand
That parts the East and West:
Before me lies a fairy land,
Behind, a home of rest.
Here Hope her wild enchantment flings,
Portrays all bright and lovely things,
My footsteps to allure;
But there in Memory's light I see
All that was once most dear to me,
My young heart's cynosure.

SALLIE BRIDGES.

THE KING AND THE BARD.

“COME, sing us a lay,” quoth Arthur,
“My bard of the Table Round—
Some ballad of lofty courage
That shall make our heart’s blood bound.”
And the monarch drained his goblet,
While the minstrel tuned his lyre,
And filled it again that the singer
Might win from wine new fire.

“Now drink,” said the generous sovereign,
“That when thy song shall be o’er
We may fill with bright gold pieces
And hand thee the cup once more.”
But the minstrel’s voice was silent,
And the ruby wine undrain’d,
While Arthur, impatient, wondered
Why the guerdon was not gain’d.

The bard from his seat rose slowly,
And spoke to the waiting king:
“Sire, to-day my soul is tuneless,
And no worthy lay can sing;
Not e’en for your tempting liquor,
Not e’en for your promised gold,
Will my inner voice yield music,
For true song cannot be sold.

“But when fitting words can utter
Dreams that stir my own deep heart
In thine shall the chords re-echo,
Till it feels of mine a part,
Not till inspiration smiteth
On the rock of silent Thought
Can be welcome living waters
To the king or people brought.”

“Thou art right,” the sovereign answered;
“’Tis a lesson nobly told:
Monarchs cannot rule men’s *spirits*
By the might of law or gold.
Thou art first of all my minstrels,
Thou art best of Britain’s boast;
But take now my brimming goblet,
And quaff it to Arthur’s toast

“Drink, gallant knights, to the minstrel
Who dreads neither prince nor peer,
Who can speak the truth to power,
Nor flatters for price or fear—
To the bard who freely renders
The gift he has been given,
And sings but when his strain exalts
His hearers nigher heaven.”



THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

THE fairies met in the churchyard old
When the moon was shining bright ;
They sat on the blossom-spangled sod,
In the shade of a tombstone white.
Their queen was throned on a snowy rose
That bloomed o'er a quiet grave,
While her court was group'd in humble flowers
That amid the long grass wave.

They were tired of dancing on verdant lawn
With carpet of velvet moss,
And weary of flinging the moon-ray motes,
With the chance of gain or loss ;
They had drain'd their acorn bowls of dew
In their secret banquet-hall,
A hollow stump on the green hillside,
Their table a toadstool tall.

And now they had come from revel and play
In the dead men's home to rest,

And each silent, star-watched mound had rung
 With songs of a glad fay-guest ;
But soon they had hush'd each elfin lay :
 Their queen, Titania, spoke :
Her voice, like the warbling of far-off lark,
 The reverent silence broke.

Her robe was made of butterfly wings,
 Of a glow-worm's gem her crown,
A humming-bird's plume her sceptre slight,
 Her train of a moth's breast down.
She stood on the tintless satin edge
 Of a pure unfolding leaf,
That emblem'd the stainless heart of youth
 Ere life's page is marr'd by grief.

She told of a tomb in that calm place,
 A sunken and barren mound,
Where only lay on the cold, dead face
 The chill sods of dark, damp ground ;
No flowerets shed their fragrant sighs
 O'er that love-deserted spot,
A stranger's lonely and nameless grave,
 Long by mortal souls forgot.

She bade them roam through the solemn aisles
 And gather the ripen'd seeds,
To bring the sweets of forest and field,
 The treasures of water'd meads,
And plant them over the dreamless head
 That was lowly sleeping there :
Neglected by man, the stranger's grave
 Henceforth should be fairies' care.

So night after night the tiny band
Bore from the green wood and vale
Their precious things—from the creeping vine
To the snowdrop pure and pale.
They wreathed an arch of the woodbine wild,
And hung it with wind-tuned bells,
And wove festoons of sweet buds that bloom'd
In hidden, untrodden dells.

And they stole the spotless lily-cups
From the brook-shores where they grew—
Fit goblets to hold earth's sky-pledged wine,
The sparkling and cloud-born dew;
The jessamine stars shed their silvery light,
And clematis clusters hung
Like censers of perfume rarely wrought,
And by unseen spirits swung.

Thus toil'd each fay with unceasing skill,
The midnight's mystical guest,
Twining a bower of magical grace
O'er that dust-bound, pulseless breast.
Men wonder'd to see that desert mound
In such sudden splendor bloom.
And lovers made it a storied spot—
Forgot was its olden gloom.

And still through the long, calm summer nights,
When the moon like a blushing bride
Spreads her veil of light, and fondly walks
By her groom the earth's proud side,
The fairies rest on its flowery thrones,
Where eve's trembling shadows wave:
The brightest spot in that churchyard old
Is the stranger's nameless grave.

ELIZA L. SPROAT.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

A MOTHER prayed with her heart alone,
For her lips made ne'er a sound;
The angels came in her darkened room
And waved their wings around:
"O Lord," she prayed, "Thou Lord of might,
Oh grant my darling fame,
Among the nobles of the world
To wear the noblest name;—

"A name whose glory waxeth bright
With still increasing fire—
A name to stand while ages pass,
And make a world admire.
Oh may there be some spirit near
My soul's high wish to bear!"
But the angels stood with drooping wings,
Nor moved to waft her prayer.

"O God," she prayed, "Thou infinite,
Oh grant my darling power,
The might of soul that sways a host
As the fierce wind sways a shower.
And may there be some spirit near
My fervent wish to bear!"
But the steadfast angels sadly stood,
Nor moved to waft her prayer.

“O God, who art all beautiful,
Oh make my darling fair,
That he may still from life draw love—
Life's essence sweet and rare;
So every heart shall be a harp,
Beneath his touch to sound!”
But the shuddering angels sadly stood,
And drooped their wings around.

“But if,” she prayed, “Thou God of love,
He may not grasp at fame,
Oh grant him strength to face serene
A cold world's cruel blame;
And if he shrink from earthly power,
Nor aim to sway the time,
Gird Thou his soul to cope with sin—
A conqueror sublime!

“And should he some time fail to strike
Each heart to love's great tone,
Oh may he tune to seraph height
The music of his own!
Now may there be some spirit near
My humble wish to bear!”
The angels rose on rushing wings
And bore to God her prayer.

ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

THE DEATH OF PAN.

FROM the Ionian sea a voice came sighing,

A voice of mournful sweetness and strange power,
Borne on the scented breeze when day was dying,

Through fair Arcadie's sylvan groves and bowers;
Along her thousand sunny-colored rills,

Her fairy-peopled vales and haunted fountains,
Along her glens and grotts and antique hills,

And o'er her vine-hung, purple-tinted mountains,
Was heard that piercing, haunting voice which said,
"The god of song, the once great Pan, is dead!"

The old Sileni in their sparry caves,

The fauns and wood-nymphs in their green recesses,
The lovely naiads by the whispering waves,

The oreads through all their mountain-passes,
Wept when that voice thrilled on the silent air;

The stately shepherd and the soft-eyed maiden
Who dwelt in Arcadie, the famed and fair,

Wept, for that moaning voice, with sorrow laden,
Told that the sylvan king with his gay court
Would join no more their song and greenwood sport.

Died he in Thessaly, that land enchanted?

In Tempé's ever-rich, romantic vale?

By clear Peneus, whose classic tide is haunted?

Or did Olympus listen to the wail

Of all his satyrs? Died he where
 His infancy to Sinoc's care was given,
 When first his flute-tones melted on the air,
 And filled with music Grecia's glorious heaven,
 Where many a wild and long-rememberd strain
 He poured for shepherdless and rustic swain?

Ah yes! he died in Arcadie, and never
 Unto his favorite haunts did mirth return;
 The voice of song was hushed by wood and river,
 Long did his children for his presence yearn;
 But never more by old Alpheus' shore
 Was heard the song-voice of the god of gladness,
 His tuneful reed its numbers poured no more
 Where Dian and her oreads roved in sadness;
 The soul of love and melody had fled
 Far from Arcadie: the great Pan was dead.

T A S S O.

ABOVE thy golden verse I bent me late,
 And read of bright Sophronia's lover young,
 Of fair Erminia's flight, Clorinda's fate,
 While over Godfrey's deeds enwrapt I hung,
 And Tancred's, told in soft Italia's tongue.
 Thou who didst tune thy harp for Salem's shrine,
 Thou the renowned and gifted among men,
 Tasso, superior with the sword and pen!
 O poet-heir! vain was the dower divine
 To still the unrest of thy human heart;
 Lonely and cold did Glory's star-beam shine
 For him who saw a lovelier light depart!

O master of the lyre! did not thy touch
Tell how the heart may break that Love has troubled much?



THE PAST.

In her strange, shadowy coronet she weareth
The faded jewels of an earlier time;
An ancient sceptre in her hand she beareth;
The purple of her robe is past its prime;
Through her thin silvery locks still dimly shineth
The flower-wreath woven by pale Mem'ry's fingers:
Her heart is withered, yet it strangely shrineth
In its lone urn a light that fitful lingers.

With her low, muffled voice of mystery
 She reads old legends from Time's mouldering pages,
 She telleth the present the recorded history
 And change perpetual of bygone ages;
 Her pilgrim feet still seek the haunted sod
 Once ours, but now by naught but Memory's footsteps trod.

CHARITY.

ALL stainless, in the holy white
 Of her broad mantle, lo! the maiden cometh;
 Lip, cheek and brow serenely bright,
 With that calm look of deep delight,
 Beautiful on the mountain-top she roameth.

"The soft gray of the brooding dove"
 With melting radiance in her eye she weareth;
 Her heart is full of trust and love,
 For an angel mission from above
 In tranquil beauty o'er the earth she beareth.

The music of humanity
 Flows from her tuneful lips in sweetest numbers;
 Of all life's pleasant ministries,
 Of universal harmonies,
 She sings: no care her mind encumbers.

Glad tidings doth she ever sound,
 Good-will to man throughout the world is sending,
 Blessings and gifts she scatters round;
 Peace to her name with whom is found
 The olive branch in holy beauty bending!



SARAH EDGARTON MAYO.

THE SUPREMACY OF GOD.

THE clouds broke solemnly apart, and mass
By mass their heavy darkness bore away
With sullen mutterings, leaving mountain-pass
And rocky defile open to the day.
The pinnacles of Zion glittering lay
In the rich splendor of Jehovah's light,
Which, pouring down with a meridian sway,
Bathed mouldering tower and barricaded height
In floods of dazzling rays bewildering to the sight.

God shone upon the nations. In the west
The owl-like Druid saw the brightening rays,
And muffling his gray robes across his breast,
Strode like a phantom from the coming blaze.
Old Odin, throned amid the polar haze,
Heard the shrill cry of Vala on the blast,
And, glancing southward with a wild amaze,
Saw God's bright banner o'er the nations cast,
Then to his dim old halls retreated far and fast.

But nearer yet, and quivering in the blaze
That wrapped Olympus with a shroud of glory,
Great Jove rose up, the pride of Rome's proud days,
His awful head with centuries grown hoary,
His sceptre reeking and his mantle gory.
Great Jove, the dread of each inferior god,
Renowned in song, immortalized in story,
No longer shook Olympus with his nod,
But, shivering like a ghost, down, down to Hades trod.

Egyptian Isis from the mystic rites
Of her voluptuous priesthood shrank in awe,
'Mazed by the splendor throned on Zion's heights.
More dreadful than the flame which Israel saw
Break forth from Sinai when God gave the law;—
To *her* more dreadful, for beneath its sway
She saw with prophet-gaze how soon her power
Must like the brooding night-haze melt away,
And leave her where the mists of ages lower
The grim ghosts of a dream mocked in the noontide hour.

And gentler deities, the spirits bright
That haunted mountain glen and woodland shade,
That watched o'er sleeping shepherds thro' the night,
And blest at early dawn the bright eyed maid,
The nymphs and dryads of the fount and glade,
The best divinities of home and hearth,
These with an exile footstep slowly strayed,
And lingered by each haunt of olden mirth
Till their bright forms grew dim and vanished from the
earth.

Now GOD is GOD! The Alpine summit rings
With the loud echoes of Jehovah's praise,
And from the valley where the cow-boy sings
Go up to God alone his votive lays.
To Him the mariner at midnight prays,
To Him uplifts the yearnings of his soul,
And where the daybeam on the snow-peak plays,
And where the thunders o'er the desert roll,
His praise goes swelling up and rings from pole to pole.

His Spirit animates the lowliest flower,
And nerves the sinews of the loftiest sphere:
In every globule of the falling shower,
In each transition of the varied year,
Its life and light and wondrous power appear.
It burns all-glorious in the noonday sun,
And from the moon beams forth serenely clear:
Or, when the day is o'er, and eve begun,
Flings forth the radiant flag no other god hath won.

All hail, Jehovah! Hail, supremest God!
 Where'er the whirlwind stalks upon the seas,
 Where'er the giant thunderbolt hath trod
 Or turned a furrow for the summer breeze,
 Where liquid cities round Spitzbergen freeze,
 And lift their ice-spires to the electric light,
 Or soft Italian skies and flowering trees
 Their balmy odors and bright hues unite,—
 There art Thou, LORD of LOVE, unrivalled in Thy might.

Praise, praise to Thee from every breathing thing,
 And from the temples of adoring hearts!
 Science to Thee her sky-reaped fruits shall bring,
 And Commerce rear Thine altars in her marts;
 Thou shalt be worshipped of the glorious Arts,
 And sought by Wisdom in her dim retreat;
 The student, brooding o'er his mystic charts,
 Shall mark the track of Thy star-sandalled feet,
 Till, through the zodiac traced, it mounts Thy mercy-seat.

Praise, praise to Thee from peaceful home and hearth,
 From hearts of humble hope and meek desire!
 Praise from the lowly and the high of earth,
 From palace-hall and frugal cottage-fire!
 We cannot lift our spirit-yearnings higher,
 Nor speed them upward to a loftier goal;
 Then let us each with fervent thoughts aspire
 To cast aside the chain of earth's control,
 And stand in God's own light, communers with God's
 soul.

TYPES OF HEAVEN.

WHY love I the lily-bell
Swinging in the scented dell?
Why love I the wood-notes wild
Where the sun hath faintly smiled?
Daisies in their beds secure,
Gazing out so meek and pure?

Why love I the evening dew
In the violet's bell of blue?
Why love I the vesper star
Trembling in its shrine afar?
Why love I the summer night
Softly weeping drops of light?

Why to me do woodland springs
Whisper sweet and holy things?
Why does every bed of moss
Tell me of my Saviour's cross?
Why in every dimpled wave
Smiles the light from o'er the grave?

Why do rainbows seen at even
Seem the glorious paths to heaven?
Why are gushing streamlets fraught
With the notes from angels caught?

Can ye tell me why the wind
Bringeth seraphs to my mind?

Is it not that faith hath bound
Beauties of all form and sound
To the dreams that have been given
Of the holy things of heaven?
Are they not bright links that bind
Sinful souls to Sinless Mind?

From the lowly violet sod
Links are lengthened unto God;
All of holy, stainless, sweet,
That on earth we hear or meet,
Are but types of that pure love
Brightly realized above.

CROSSING THE MOOR.

I AM thinking of the glen, Johnny,
And the little gushing brook,
Of the birds upon the hazel-copse,
And violets in the nook.
I am thinking how we met, Johnny,
Upon the little bridge:
You had a garland on your arm
Of flag-flowers and of sedge.

You placed it in my hand, Johnny,
And held my hand in yours;
You only thought of that, Johnny,
But talked about the flowers.
We lingered long alone, Johnny,
Above that shaded stream;
We stood as though we were entranced
In some delicious dream.

It was not all a dream, Johnny,
The love we thought of then,
For it hath been our life and light
For threescore years and ten.
But ah! we dared not speak it,
Though it lit our cheeks and eyes,
So we talked about the news, Johnny,
The weather and the skies.

At last I said, "Good-night, Johnny!"
And turned to cross the bridge,
Still holding in my trembling hand
The pretty wreath of sedge;
But you came on behind, Johnny,
And drew my arm in yours,
And said, "You must not go alone
Across the barren moors."

Oh had they been all flowers, Johnny,
And full of singing birds,
They could not have seemed fairer
Than when listening to those words.

The new moon shone above, Johnny,
The sun was nearly set;
The grass that crisped beneath our feet
The dew had slightly wet;
One robin, late abroad, Johnny,
Was winging to its nest;
I seem to see it now, Johnny,
The sunshine on its breast.
You put your arm around me,
You clasped my hand in yours;
You said, "So let me guard you
Across these lonely moors."

At length we reached the field, Johnny,
In sight of father's door;
We felt that we must part there,
Our eyes were brimming o'er.
You saw the tears in mine, Johnny,
I saw the tears in yours.
"You've been a faithful guard, Johnny,
I said, "across the moors."

Then you broke forth in a gush, Johnny,
Of pure and honest love,
While the moon looked down upon you
From her holy throne above;
And you said, "We need a guide, Ellen,
To lead us o'er life's moors;
I've chosen you for mine, Ellen:
Oh would that I were yours!"

We parted with a kiss, Johnny,
The first, but not the last;
I feel the rapture of it yet,
Though threescore years have passed;
And you kissed my golden curls, Johnny,
That now are silvery gray,
And whispered "We are one, Ellen,
Until our dying day."

That dying day is near, Johnny,
But we are not dismayed:
We have but one dark moor to cross;
Why need we be afraid?
We've had a hard life's row, Johnny,
But our heavenly rest is sure,
And sweet the love that waits us there
When we have crossed the moor.



THE SHADOW-CHILD.

WHENCE came this little phantom
That flits about my room,
That's here from early morning
Until the twilight gloom?

For ever dancing, dancing,
She haunts the wall and floor,
And frolics in the sunshine
Around the open door.

The ceiling by the table
She makes her choice retreat,
For there a little human girl
Is wont to have her seat.
They take a dance together,
A crazy little jig,
And sure two baby witches
Ne'er ran so wild a rig.

They pat their hands together
With frantic jumps and springs
Until you almost fancy
You catch the gleam of wings.
Still shrieks the human baby
In the madness of delight,
And back return loud echoes
From the little shadow-sprite.

At morning by my bedside
When first the birdies sing,
Up starts the little phantom
With a merry laugh and spring.
She woos me from my pillow
With her little coaxing arms:
I go where'er she beckons,
A victim to her charms.

At night I still am haunted
By glimpses of her face,
Her features on my pillow
By moonlight I can trace.
Whence came this shadow-baby
That haunts my heart and home?
What kindly hand hath sent her,
And wherefore hath she come?

Long be her dancing image
Our guest by night and day,
For lonely were our dwelling
If she were now away.
For happier hath our home been,
More blest than e'er before,
Since first that little shadow
Came gliding through our door.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

THERE IS NO GOD.

“THERE is no God!” the skeptic scoffing said:
“There is no power that sways on earth or sky!
Remove the veil that folds the doubter’s head,
That God may burst upon his opened eye!
Is there no God? Yon stars above arrayed,
If he look there, the blasphemy deny,
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of divinity.
Is there no God? The purling streamlet’s flow,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
Bright flowers, green fields, the winds that round him blow,
All speak of God, all prove that His decrees
Have placed them where they may His being show;
Blind to thyself, behold Him, man, in these!

THERE IS A GOD.

There is a God! The wise man’s heart declares
There is an Author to the wondrous birth
Of light and life which Nature gayly wears,
When music-toned her smile rests on the earth.
There is a God! The sky His presence shares,
His hand upheaves the billows in their mirth.

Destroys the mighty, yet the humble spares,
And with contentment crowns the thought of worth.
There is a God! To doubt it were to fly
Mad in the face of reason and design,
To lift the vision of the mole on high,
And, blinded by the sunlight there, repine;
This is the fool's part; to the wise man's eye
The light uplifts him to the Source Divine.

CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

MIDNIGHT lowers, strange wailing voices
Moan around, dim forms flit by,
Low complainings, mournful visions,
Drink my spirit, drown my eye.

Rising slow from murky darkness,
See yon glimmering shade appear
Ah! I know thy mournful tokens,
Spirit of the parting year!

Tall her form, her long dark tresses
On the night-wind float along,
Wild her bearing, sad her wailing,
List and hear her parting song:

“Earth, I leave thee! World of wonders,
Is it ever thus thy years,
Enter, dressed in smiles and gladness,
Pass away in sighs and tears?”

“Heaven hath crowned thee, and with blessings
Studded rich thy diadem:
Guilty man hath cast it from thee,
Dimmed the gold and soiled each gem.

“Man, immortal, heir of heaven,
Image of his God below,
Spurns his blessings, sells his birthright,
Turns each promised joy to woe.

“Blood-eyed War mows down his victims,
Slavery weeps o'er chains that bind,
Passion shakes his iron scourges,
Vice enthalls the immortal mind.

“Care hath made her dwelling with thee,
Pain and sickness sad complain,
Pining sorrow blasts each blossom,
Death fills up the mournful train.

“See the new-born year appearing,
On the breeze her warblings swell;
Hark! the midnight bell deep tolling,
Sounds my exit: Earth, farewell!”

Swift she fled; then bright as morning
Forth a light-winged seraph springs,
From her blue eye speaking gladness,
Hope looks forth while thus she sings:

“Hail, fair world! how bright thy shore!
How sweet thy scenes, how rich thy store!
For thee boon Nature decks her skies,
And moons return and planets rise,
And Morning smiles with dewy eye,
And Evening paints the western sky.

For thee young Spring with spicy gale
Spreads life and freshness on the vale,
And Summer's richer tints are born,
And Autumn fills her golden horn.
For thee the glowing landscape smiles
With ocean's waves and emerald isles,
And mountains lift their brows of snow,
And azure lakelets sleep below ;
With quiet grove and shady nook,
And dewy lawn and murmuring brook,
While breezes wave the dreamy willow,
Or glide to meet the rising billow.
Among thy shades sweet Peace is seen,
And Plenty laughs in hamlets green,
And Commerce spreads her snowy sail,
And Freedom's song floats on the gale.
For thee fair Science heaps her store,
And hoary Learning spreads his lore,
While sweet Affection comes to bless
With winning smile and kind caress ;
And Love, whose purest joys are given,
Sweet emblem of the bliss of heaven,
In all thy Maker's hand appears,
Who changeless wheels thy circling years,
And guides thee with eternal love
To seek for brighter joys above."



ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

BABYHOOD.

O BABY with your marvellous eyes,
Clear as the yet unfallen dew!
Methinks you are the only wise;
No change can touch you with surprise,
Nothing is strange or new to you.

You did not weep when faint and weak
Grew Love's dear hand within your hold,
And when I pressed your living cheek
Close down to lips which could not speak,
You did not start to find them cold.

You think it morning when you wake
That night comes when your eyelids fall,
That the winds blow and blossoms shake,
And the sun shines for your small sake,
And, queen-like, you accept it all.

Oh you are wise! You comprehend
What my slow sense may not divine:
The sparrow is your fearless friend,
And even these pine-tassels bend
More fondly to your cheek than mine.

When in the summer woods we walk
All shy, sweet things commune with you:
You understand the robin's talk,
And when a flower bends its stalk,
You answer it with nod and coo.

Sometimes with playful prank and wile,
As seeing what I cannot see,
You look into the air and smile,
And murmur softly all the while
To one who speaks no word to me.

Is it because your sacred youth
Is free from touch of time or toil?
I cannot tell; perhaps, in sooth,
Clean hands may grasp the fair white truth
Withheld from mine through fear of soil.

I guard you with a needless care,
O child so sinlessly secure!

I see that even now you wear
A dawning glory in your hair,
And fittingly, for you are pure—

Pure to the heart's unsullied core,
As, conscious of its spotless trust,
The lily's temple is before
The bee profanes its marble floor,
Leaving a track of golden dust.

Oh shield me with your light caress,
Dear heart, so stainless and so new,
Unconscious of your loveliness,
Your beauty fresh and shadowless,
As is a violet of its blue!

Perhaps through death our souls may gain
Your perfect peace, your holy rest;
Life has not vexed us all in vain,
If, after all this woe and pain,
We may be blessed babes again,
Cradled on Love's immortal breast.

THE SPARROW AT SEA.

AGAINST the baffling winds with slow advance,
One drear December day,
Up the vexed Channel, toward the coast of France
Our vessel urged her way.

Around the dim horizon's misty slopes
The storm its banners hung,
And pulling bravely at the heavy ropes,
The dripping sailors sung.

A little land-bird from its home-nest warm,
Bewildered, driven and lost,
With wearied wings came drifting on the storm,
From the far English coast.

Blown blindly onward with a headlong speed
It could not guide or check,
Seeking some shelter in its utter need,
It dropped upon the deck.

Forgetting all its dread of human foes,
Desiring only rest,
It folded its weak wings and nestled close
And gladly to my breast.

Wherefore I said, This little flickering life
Which now all panting lies,
Shall yet forget its peril and its strife,
And soar in sunny skies.

To-morrow, gaining England's shore again,
Its wings shall find their rest,
And soon among the leaves of some green lane
Brood o'er a summer nest.

And when amid my future wanderings,
My far and devious quest,
I hear a warbling bird whose carol rings
More sweetly than the rest,

Then I shall say, with heart awake and warm,
And sudden sympathy,
"It is the bird I sheltered in the storm,
The life I saved at sea."

But when the morning fell across the ship,
And storm and cloud were fled,
The golden beak no longer sought my lip:
The wearied bird was dead.

The bitter cold, the driving wind and rain,
Were borne too many hours:
My pity came too late, and all in vain
Sunshine on frozen flowers.

Thus many a heart which dwells in grief and tears,
Braving and suffering much,
Bears patiently the wrong and pain of years,
But breaks at Love's first touch.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

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

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

Over my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

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

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



ROSE TERRY.

AT LAST.

THE old, old story o'er again,
Made up of passion, parting, pain;
He fought and fell to live in fame,
But dying only breathed her name.

Some tears most sad and innocent,
Some rebel thoughts, but all unmeant;
Then with a silent, shrouded heart,
She turned to life and played her part.

Another man, who vowed and loved,
 Her patient, pitying spirit moved;
 Sweet hopes the dread of life beguiled,
 The lost love sighed, the new love smiled.

So she was wed and children bore,
 And then her widowed sables wore;
 Her eyes grew dim, her tresses gray,
 And dawned at length her dying day.

Her children gather: some are gone,
 Asleep beneath a lettered stone;
 The living, cold with grief and fear,
 Stoop down her whispering speech to hear.

No child she calls, no husband needs,
 At death's sharp touch the old wound bleeds;
 "Call him!" she cried: her first love's name
 Leapt from her heart with life's last flame.

D O U B T.

THE bee knows honey,
 And the blossoms light,
 Day the dawning,
 Stars the night;
 The slow, glad river
 Knows its sea:
 Is it true, Love,
 I know not thee?

When the summer
 Brings snow-drifts piled,
When the planets
 Go wandering wild,
When the old hill tops
 Valleys be,
Tell me true, Love,
 Shall I know thee?

Where'er I wander,
 By sea or shore,
A dim, sweet vision
 Flies fast before;
Its lingering shadow
 Floats over me:
I know thy shade, Love;
 Do I know thee?

“Rest in thy dreaming,
 Child divine!
What grape-bloom knoweth
 Its fiery wine?
Only the sleeper
 No sun can see;
He that doubteth
 Knows not me.”

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river, on the hill
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain-grasses low and sweet
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours.
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep,
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,

Many a weary soul in prayer
 Looks to the other village there,
 And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
 Up to that home from this below;—
 Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
 Whither have vanished wife and child.
 And heareth, praying, this answer fall,
 "Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

"CHE SARA SARA."

SHE walked in the garden,
 And a rose hung on a tree,
 Red as heart's blood,
 Fair to see.
 "Ah, kind south wind,
 Bend it to me!"
 But the wind laughed softly,
 And blew to the sea.
 High on the branches,
 Far above her head,
 Like a king's cup,
 Round and red.
 "I am comely,"
 The maiden said;
 "I have gold like shore-sand:
 I wish I were dead!"
 "Blushes and rubies
 Are not like a rose:
 Through its deep heart
 Love-life flows.

Ah, what splendors
 Can give me repose?
 What is all the world worth?
 I cannot reach my rose."

I N D O L E N C E.

INDOLENT, indolent! Yes, I am indolent;
 So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly,
 So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
 Drinking in quietness, peace and content;
 So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
 Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
 Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent, indolent! Yes, I am indolent;
 So is the cloud overhanging the mountain,
 So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
 Uttering softly its silvery psalm.
 Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
 Silent as blossoms the night-dew is closing,
 But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent, indolent! Yes, I am indolent,
 If it be idle to gather my pleasure
 Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,
 Midnight and morning by forest and sea:
 Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,
 Lonely in Autumn's forlorn lamentation,
 Hopeful and happy with Spring and the bee.

Indolent, indolent! Are ye not indolent,
 Thralls of the earth and its usages weary,
 Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,

Toiling and striving to heap up your gold?
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion,
Crushing the freshness of every emotion,
Hearts like the dead, which are pulseless and cold.

Indolent, indolent! Art thou not indolent,
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapt in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost?
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent? Art thou not lost?



ELIZABETH STODDARD.

BEFORE THE MIRROR.

Now, like the Lady of Shalott,
I dwell within an empty room,
And through the day and through the night
I sit before an ancient loom.

And, like the Lady of Shalott,
I look into a mirror wide,
Where shadows come and shadows go,
And ply my shuttle as they glide.

Not as she wove the yellow wool,
Ulysses' wife, Penelope—
By day a queen among her maids,
But in the night a woman, she,

Who, creeping from her lonely couch,
Unravelling all the slender woof,
Or with a torch she climbed the towers,
To fire the fagots on the roof.

But weaving with a steady hand
The shadows, whether false or true,
I put aside a doubt which asks,
"Among these phantoms what are you?"

For not with altar, tomb or urn,
Or long-haired Greek with hollow shield,
Or dark-prowed ship with banks of oars,
Or banquet in the tented field:

Or Norman knight in armor clad,
Waiting a foe where four roads meet,
Or hawk and hound in bosky dell,
Where dame and page in secret greet;

Or rose and lily, bud and flower,—
My web is broidered. Nothing bright
Is woven here: the shadows grow
Still darker in the mirror's light.

And as my web grows darker too,
Accursed seems this empty room:
I know I must for ever weave
These phantoms by this hateful loom.



A SEASIDE IDYL.

I WANDERED to the shore, nor knew I then
 What my desire, whether for wild lament
 Or sweet regret, to fill the idle pause
 Of twilight melancholy in my house,
 And watch the flowing tide, the passing sails;
 Or to implore the air and sea and sky
 For that eternal passion in their power,
 Which souls like mine, who ponder on their fate,
 May feel, and be as they—gods to themselves.
 Thither I went, whatever was my mood.
 The sands, the rocks, the beds of sedge and waves,
 Impelled to leave soft foam, compelled away,
 I saw alone; between the east and west,
 Along the beach, no creature moved besides.
 High on the eastern point a lighthouse shone:
 Steered by its lamp, a ship stood out to sea,

And vanished from its rays toward the deep,
While in the west, above a wooded isle,
An island-cloud hung in the emerald sky,
Hiding pale Venus in its sombre shade.
I wandered up and down the sands; I loitered
Among the rocks and trampled through the sedge,
But I grew weary of the stocks and stones,
"I will go hence," I thought, "The elements
Have lost their charm; my soul is dead to-night.
O passive, creeping sea and stagnant air!
Farewell, dull sands and rocks and sedge, farewell!"
Homeward I turned my face, but stayed my feet:
Should I go back but to revive again
The ancient pain? Hark! Suddenly there came
From over sea a sound like that of speech,
And suddenly I felt my pulses leap
As though some Presence were approaching me.
Loud as the voice of "Ocean's dark-haired king"
A breeze came down the sea: the sea rose high,
The surging waves sang round me; this their song:
"Oh yet your love will triumph! He shall come
In love's wild tumult: he shall come once more
By tracks of ocean or by paths of earth;
The wanderer will reach you and remain."
The breakers dashed among the rocks, and they
Seemed full of life; the foam dissolved the sands,
And the sedge trembled in the swelling tide.
Was this a promise of the vaunting sea,
Or the illusion of a last despair?
Either, or both, still homeward I must go,
And that way turned mine eyes, and thought they met
A picture: surely so, or I was mad.

The crimson harvest-moon was rising full
Above my roof and glimmered on my walls.
Within the doorway stood a man I knew:
No picture this. I saw approaching me
Him I had hoped for, grieved for and despaired.
"My ship is wrecked," he cried, "and I return,
Never to leave my love. You are my love."
"I too am wrecked," I sighed, "by lonely years;
Returning, you but find another wreck."
He bent his face to search my own, and spake:
"What I have traversed sea and land to find,
I find. For liberty I fought and life,
On savage shores and wastes of unknown seas,
While waiting for this hour. Oh, think you not
Immortal love mates with immortal love
Always? And now at last we learn this love."
My soul was filling with a mighty joy
I could not show, yet must I show my love:
"From you whose will divided broke our hearts,
I now demand a different kiss than that
Which then you said should be our parting kiss.
Given, I vow the past shall be forgot;
The kiss, and we are one. Give me the kiss."
Like the dark rocks upon the sands he stood
When on his breast I fell and kissed his lips.
All the wild clangor of the sea was hushed,
The rapid silver waves ran each to each,
Lapsed in the deep with joyous, murmured sighs.
Years of repentance mine, forgiveness his,
To tell. Happy we paced the tranquil shores,
Till between sea and sky we saw the sun,
And all our wiser, loving days began.

THE POET'S SECRET.

THE poet's secret I must know,
If that will calm my restless mind;
I hail the seasons as they go,
I woo the sunshine, brave the wind.

I scan the lily and the rose,
I nod to every nodding tree,
I follow every stream that flows,
And wait beside the rolling sea.

I question melancholy eyes,
I touch the lips of women fair;
Their lips and eyes may make me wise,
But what I seek for is not there.

In vain I watch the day and night,
In vain the world through space may roll;
I never see the mystic light
Which fills the poet's happy soul.

To hear through life a rhythm flow,
And into song its meaning turn—
The poet's secret—I must know;
By pain and patience shall I learn?

JULIA C. R. DORR.

P R O E M.

No words of wondrous power are mine,
No spells to charm the listening throng;
I do not hope to join the ranks
Of those who breathe immortal song.

Nor would I with irreverent tread
Approach the altars where THEY stand,
THE MIGHTY MASTERS, laurel-crowned,
Each with the palm-branch in his hand.

Ah! rather would I veil my face
And kneel afar in humblest awe,
As he who, trembling and afraid,
The glory of Mount Sinai saw.

But not the eagle only soars
From its lone eyrie to the sun:
The lark springs from its grassy nest,
And sings ere day has well begun.

And not the Pole-star only burns
Through the long watches of the night;
You tiny spark, far off and dim,
Sends meekly forth its little light.

And not the queen rose only lends
Its rich breath to the summer air—
Ten thousand small, sweet censers swing
In field and woodland everywhere.

And not before the All-Father's throne
Do seraph-voices only rise:
The babe that died an hour ago
Now joins the anthem of the skies.

And though I may not hope to clothe
Profoundest thought in stately rhyme,
Nor breathe the burning words that pass
From age to age, from clime to clime;

Yet God and Nature bid me sing,
Albeit my notes are faint and few;
I dare not question or refuse,
But humbly strive their will to do.

And it may be my simple songs
May reach some weary, world-worn ear,
And soothe some heart that could not bear
A louder, loftier strain to hear.

A FEW WORDS.

O FAITHFUL friend of other days!
My grateful heart would speak to thee;
Turn from thy far-off busy ways,
And listen as of old to me.

I fain would speak, yet know not how:
A gulf impassable as death
Lies broad and deep between us now;
Thou canst not hear my feeble breath.

But once within the silent void
I'll drop a blossom rare and sweet;
From out the darkness unalloyed
Some power may bear it to thy feet.

Its name is Gratitude. Thy heart
Will tell thee in what soil it grew,
What influence bade the flower-bud start,
Watered by tears instead of dew.

Could I but give it voice, O friend,
And bid it for my sealed lips speak!
But ah! even then I could not send
Thee half my thought; for words are weak—

Too weak to tell thee how I keep
 Thy memory in my inmost heart:
 Not a pale corpse that lies asleep,
 But throned and crowned, of life a part.

I write no word, I sing no song,
 That does not bring thee back to me;
 O thou whose wisdom made me strong,
 How much I owe to God and thee!

And as the swift-winged years fly past,
 Methinks I miss thee more and more.
 Be patient, O my heart! At last
 We'll meet upon the farther shore.

Farewell! My lot is deeply blest;
 May thine be just as bright, I pray:
 May kind Earth give thee of her best,
 And heaven be near to thee a way!

ELSIE'S CHILD.

A LEGEND OF SWITZERLAND.

I.

“COME and sit beside me, Elsie: put your little wheel
 away;
 Have you quite forgotten, darling wife, this is our wed-
 ding-day?”

Elsie turned her bright face toward him, fairer now than
when a bride,
But she did not cease her spinning while to Ulric she
replied:

“No, I have not quite forgotten: all day long my happy
brain
Has been living o'er the moments of that blessed day
again.

“I will come and sit beside you when the twilight
shadows fall;
You shall sing me some old love-song while the darkness
covers all.”

“But while golden sunbeams linger in the vale and on
the hill,
Ask me not to bid the music of my merry wheel be
still.”

“If its humdrum notes are sweeter than thy husband's
voice to thee,
Mind thy spinning, Madam Elsie: do not come to sit
with me.”

“Don't be angry with me, Ulric; see, the sun is almost
down,
And its last red rays are gilding the far steeples of the
town.

“I will come to you directly, and will kiss that frown
away;
You must not be angry, Ulric, for this is our wedding
day.”

“If it were not, I should care not that you will not
come to me,
But this evening, prythee, Elsie, let that tiresome spin-
ning be.”

“Why, to-morrow is the fair-day: do you not remember,
dear?
I must spin a little longer: 'tis the last skein I have
here.

“On the wall are others hanging: very fine and soft
are they,
And for them old Father Maurice will his money gladly
pay.”

“You can buy a silken bodice and a ribbon for your
hair,
Or a hooded crimson mantle. They will make you very
fair;

“Or a necklace sparkling grandly, or a kerchief bright
and gay;
Yonder Henri drives the cows home; I will join him
on the way.”

“Oh no, Ulric, do not leave me!” cried she springing to
his side;

“I have done my weary spinning and the last knot I
have tied.

“Come with me within the cottage where our Hugo lies
asleep;

Never saw you rest as placid as his slumber soft and
deep.

“How the flaxen ringlets cluster round his forehead broad
and white!

Saw you ever, dearest Ulric, half so beautiful a sight?

“Now, if you will smile upon me just as you were wont
to do,

While we sit here in the moonlight I'll a secret tell to
you.

“I shall buy no silken bodice and no necklace grand
and gay;

I'm a wife and mother, darling, and I've put such things
away.

“But a coat for little Hugo; of bright scarlet it shall be,
Trimmed with braid and shining buttons and the richest
broidery.

“Lady Alice at the castle soon will give her birthday
fête,

And last night I chanced to meet her as I passed the
western gate.

“She was walking with her maidens, but she bent her
stately head,

Kissed our little Hugo's forehead as she sweetly smiled,
and said,

“‘Bring him to the castle, Elsie; lovelier boy was never
seen;

Bring him with you on my fête-day to the dance upon
the green.’

“So to-morrow, dearest Ulric, you must surely go with
me,

And I'll buy for little Hugo just the prettiest coat I
see.”

II.

“There, my Hugo, you are ready! Run out now before
the door,

And I'll come to join my little one in just five minutes
more.

“How the scarlet coat becomes him! Ulric, do but see
him now,

As he shakes his head and tosses back the light curls
from his brow.”

“What a vain young mother, Elsie! From the window
come away,

You'll have time enough to glory in your pretty pet
to-day.

“Bind up now your own bright tresses. Here are roses
sweet and rare,
With the dew still lingering on them; you must put
them in your hair.

“You must wear the scarf I gave you, and the bracelets,
and I ween
That my Elsie'll be the fairest one that dances on the
green.”

“Which is now the vainest, Ulric? Tell me, is it you
or I?
I'll be ready in a minute; look if you can Hugo spy.

“It may be that he will wander where the purple ber-
ries grow:
For the world I would not have him: they will stain
his new coat so.”

“Elsie! Elsie!” In a moment rose and scarf were
dashed aside,
And she stood within the doorway. “Where is Hugo?”
then she cried.

“I have traced his little footsteps where the purple ber-
ries shine,
But I can see nothing of him. Do not tremble, Elsie
mine.

“Very likely he has wandered towards the castle, for
he knew—
Little wise one!—we were going, and that he was going
too.

“We will find him very quickly; he cannot have strayed
away;
It is not five minutes, darling, since you bade him go
and play.”

All day long they sought for Hugo—sought him utterly
in vain—
Sought him midst the rocks and glaciers, and beneath
them on the plain.

From the castle Lady Alice sent her servants far and
wide;
Mirth was lost in bitter mourning and the voice of music
died.

Through the day the air resounded with the little lost
one's name,
And at night with myriad torches hills and woods were
all aflame.

But they found not pretty Hugo. Where the purple
berries grew
They could see his tiny footsteps, but they nothing
further knew.

III.

“Henri! Henri! don't be gazing at the eagle's nest all
day;
Long ago you should have started forth to drive the
cows away.”

“But come here one moment, mother, just one moment:
can you see
Naught that flutters like a banner when the wind is
blowing free?”

"Oh, my eyes are dim and aged," was the withered
crone's reply :

"You must look yourself, good Henri, for I nothing can
espy."

"Then do you come here, Enrica. Does my sight de-
ceive me so ?

You can see it, I am certain, when the wind begins to
blow."

But Enrica's check grew pallid, and she turned her eyes
away.

Crying, "Elsie, my poor Elsie!" It was all that she
could say.

For within that lofty eyrie on the mountain's craggy
height

Hung the coat of little Hugo gleaming in the morning
light,

With its hue of brilliant scarlet just as bright as bright
could be,

With its gayly-shining buttons and its rich embroidery.

Months and years rolled slowly onward; Elsie's sunny
hair turned gray,

And the eagles left the eyrie to its desolate decay.

But alas! whene'er the sun shone and the wind was
blowing free,

Something fluttered like a banner which no eye could
bear to see.



KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

MARGUERITE.

WHAT aileth pretty Marguerite?
Such April moods about her meet;
She sighs, and yet she is not sad,
She smiles, with naught to make her glad.

A thousand flitting fancies chase
The sun and shadow on her face;
The wind is not more light than she,
Nor deeper the unsounded sea.

What aileth pretty Marguerite?
Doth none discern her secret sweet?
Yet earth and air have many a sign
The heart of maiden to divine.

In budding leaf and building nest
Lie kindred mysteries half confest,
And whoso hath the gift of sight
May Nature's riddle read aright.

Not all at once the lily's heart
Is kissed by wooing waves apart;
Not in a day the lavish May
Flings all her choicest flowers away.

Fair child, shall potent Love alone
Forget to send his heralds on?
Ah happy lips that dare repeat
What aileth pretty Marguerite!

MOTHER MICHAUD.

It was early morn when Mother Michaud
Passed by the guard at the city gate,
Drowsily measuring to and fro
The narrow length of the iron grate.

Still far and faint in the twilight swoon,
Where dark and dawning at struggle meet,
Like her own pale shadow the waning moon
Hung lonely over the lonely street.

By winding stairway and gable quaint,
Carved over again in shade below,
By arch and turret and pillared saint
With lightsome step walked Mother Michaud.

Pleasant it was in the smoky town
The rosy old country face to see ;
The high white cap and the peasant gown
Brought up a vision of Normandie—

Normandie with its fair green swells,
The sweep of its orchards' flowery flood,
Ways that wind into woody dells,
Corn-fields red with the poppy's blood.

There in the corner the wheel stood still
That used to whirr like the bees on the thatch ;
The cherries might tap on the window-sill,
And the vine, unloosened, lift the latch.

But Mother Michaud had left behind
The sun and scent of her native plain,
Far over the darkling hills to find
The face of her youngest son again.

Nine long years had come and gone—
Nine long years since the April day
When into the mists of the early dawn
He melted, a kindred mist, away.

And year after year the bright boy-face,
That never came back from that cloudland dim,
Beckoned her out of the empty space,
Till it drew her at last to follow him.

Lonely and dark in the dawning spread
The city's tangle of court and street,
But the stones that answered her hurrying tread
Had echoed before to his passing feet—

Lonely and dark; but a sound, a glare,
Strike on the sense like a sudden blow;
Press closer up to the shadowy stair,
Out of the tumult, Mother Michaud.

Clatters the street to the soldiers' tramp.
File on file with a stately sheen,
Under the flare of the fitful lamp
Held high in the cart that rolls between.

The heads carved over the doorway there
Grin into view for a moment plain,
Mocking the mute, bewildered stare
Of the mother who finds her son again—

Finds him to lose him at last like this,
Chained like a wolf, with those wolfish eyes,
Dead, with never a mother's kiss,
Ere yon low moon droops out of the skies!

Forward she sprang in the torchlight blaze
Full overhead as the cart went by,
All her soul in that straining gaze,
All her strength in that maddened cry.

He turned as it smote through his dulling ears:
Their wild eyes met, and the cart drove on;
So Mother Michaud after nine long years
Looked into the face of her youngest son.



UNDER THE MAPLE.

THE start it gave me just now to see,
As I stood in the doorway looking out,
Rob Greene at play by the maple tree,
Throwing the scarlet leaves about!

It carried me back a long, long way:
Ten years ago—how the time runs by!
There was nobody left at home that day
But little Jimmy and father and I:—

My husband's father, an old, old man,
Close on to eighty, but still so smart,
It was only of late that he began
To stay in the house and doze apart.

But the fancy took him that afternoon
To go to the meadow to watch the men,
And as fast as I argued, just so soon
He went right over it all again;

Till, seeing how set he seemed to be,
I thought, with the air so warm and still,
It could not hurt him to go with me
And sit for a little under the hill.

So lending my arm to his feeble tread,
Together slowly we crossed the road,
While Jim and his cart ran on ahead,
With a heap of pillows for wagon load.

We made him a soft seat, cushioned about,
Of an old chair out of the barn close by;
Then Jim went off with a caper and shout,
While we sat silent, father and I.

For me, I was watching the men at work,
And looking at Jack, my oldest son,
So like his father: he never would shirk,
But kept straight on till the stint was done.

Seventeen was Jack that last July,
A great, stout fellow so tall and strong,
And I spoke to the old man by and by,
To see how fast he was getting along;

But father had turned away his head,
A-following Jimmy's busy gune
With the maple leaves, whose bloody red
Flared up in the sun like so much flame.

His lips as he looked began to move,
And I heard him mutter a word or two:
"Yes, Joe. A fire in the Weston grove?
Just wait one minute; I'll go with you."

"Why, father," I cried, "what *do* you mean?"
For I knew he talked of his brother Joe,
The twin that was drowned at scarce fifteen,
Sixty summers and more ago.

"The sun has dazzled you: don't you see
That isn't a fire a-blazing there?
It's only Jim by the maple tree,
Tossing the red leaves into the air."

But still he nodded and looked and smiled,
Whispering something I could not hear,
Till, fairly frightened, I called the child,
Who left his play and came frolicking near.

The old man started out of his seat,
"Yes, Joe: yes, I'm coming," said he;
A moment he kept his tottering feet,
And then his weight grew heavy on me.

"Father!" I screamed, but he did not mind,
Though they all came running about us then;
The poor old body was left behind,
And the twins were young together again.

And I wonder sometimes, when I wake at night,
Was it his eyes or my own were dim?
Did something stand beyond my sight,
Among the leaves, and beckon to him?

Well, there comes Jim up the interval road;
Ten summers ago? Yes, all of ten;
That's Baby Jack on the pumpkin load,
And Jim is as old as Jack was then.

MARIA LOWELL.

THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head
The morning-glory bright ;
Her little face looked out beneath,
So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
That we could only say,
"She is the morning-glory true,
And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time
We called her by their name ;
And very fitting did it seem,
For sure as morning came
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
Their airy cups of blue
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with sleep's tender dew ;
And not so close their tendrils fine
Round their supports are thrown
As those dear arms, whose outstretched plea
Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come
Even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift
To crown love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
The love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round
Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God,
That she must wither up
Almost before a day was flown,
Like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop
Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes
Wilted and cold and dead.

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round;
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the winter killed
Renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning
Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes
Stretch over thy green plain:
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
Her spirit to sustain.

But up in groves of paradise
Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
Twine round our dear Lord's knee.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE SECRET.

“Thou shalt keep them in the secret of Thy presence from the strife of tongues.”

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said far down beneath the wild commotion
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he fieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully.
And no rude storm, how fierce so'er he flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in thee.

O Rest of rests! O Peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never,
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy for ever and for ever.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see—
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek:
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break,
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be;—

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon to that from this;—

Scarcely knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarcely asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

A DAY IN THE PAMFILI DORIA.

THOUGH the hills are cold and snowy,
And the wind drives chill to day,
My heart goes back to a spring-time
Far, far in the past away;

And I see a quaint old city,
Weary and worn and brown,
Where the spring and the birds are so early,
And the sun in such light goes down.

I remember that old-time villa
Where our afternoons went by,
Where the suns of March flushed warmly,
And spring was in earth and sky.

Out of the mouldering city,
Mouldering, old and gray,
We sped with a lightsome heart-thrill
For a sunny, gladsome day—

For a revel of fresh spring verdure,
For a race 'mid springing flowers,
For a vision of plashing fountains,
Of birds and blossoming bowers.

There were violet banks in the shadows,
Violets white and blue,
And a world of bright anemones
That over the terrace grew:

Blue and orange and purple,
 Rosy and yellow and white,
Rising in rainbow bubbles,
 Streaking the lawns with light.

And down from the old stone pine trees,
 Those far off islands of air,
The birds are flinging the tidings
 Of a joyful revel up there.

And now for the grand old fountains
 Tossing their silvery spray—
Those fountains so quaint and so many
 That are leaping and singing all day.

Those fountains of strange, weird sculpture
 With lichens and moss overgrown—
Are they marble greenening in moss-wreaths,
 Or moss-wreaths whitening to stone?

Down many a wild, dim pathway
 We ramble from morning till noon :
We linger, unheeding the hours,
 Till evening comes all too soon.

And from out the ilex alleys,
 Where lengthening shadows play,
We look on the dreamy Campagna,
 All glowing with setting day—

All melting in bands of purple,
 In swathings and foldings of gold,
In ribands of azure and lilac,
 Like a princely banner unrolled.

And the smoke of each distant cottage,
And the flash of each villa white,
Shines out with an opal glimmer,
Like gems in a casket of light.

And the dome of old St. Peter's
With a strange translucence glows,
Like a mighty bubble of amethyst
Floating in waves of rose.

In a glance of dreamy vagueness
We gazing and yearning behold
That city beheld by the prophet,
Whose walls were transparent gold.

And dropping all solemn and slowly
To hallow the softening spell,
There falls on the dying twilight
The Ave Maria bell.

With a mournful, motherly softness,
With a weird and weary care,
That strange and ancient city
Seems calling the nations to prayer.

And the words that of old the angel
To the mother of Jesus brought
Rise like a new evangel
To hallow the trance of our thought.

With the smoke of the evening incense
Our thoughts are ascending then
To Mary, the mother of Jesus,
To Jesus, the Master of men.

O city of prophets and martyrs!
O shrines of the sainted dead!
When, when shall the living day-spring
Once more on your towers be spread?

When He who is meek and lowly
Shall rule in those lordly halls,
And shall stand and feed as a shepherd
The flock which His mercy calls,

Oh, then to those noble churches,
To picture and statue and gem,
To the pageant of solemn worship,
Shall the *meaning* come back again!

And this strange and ancient city,
In that reign of His truth and love,
Shall *be* what it *seems* in the twilight—
The type of that City above.

MRS. S. M. B. PLATT.

LAST WORDS OVER A LITTLE BED AT NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, pretty sleepers of mine,
I never shall see you again,
Ah! never in shadow nor shine,
Ah! never in dew nor in rain.

In your small dreaming-dresses of white,
With the wild-bloom you gathered to-day
In your quiet shut hands, from the light
And the dark you will wander away.

Though no graves in the bee-haunted grass
And no love in the beautiful sky
Shall take you as yet, you will pass:
With this kiss, through these tear-drops, good-bye!

With less gold and more gloom in their hair,
When the buds near have faded to flowers,
Three faces may wake here as fair,
But older than yours are by hours.

Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine,
I never shall see you again:
Ah! never in shadow nor shine,
Ah! never in dew nor in rain.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

LARVAE.

My little maiden of four years old—
No myth, but a genuine child, is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold—
Came quite in disgust one day to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,
She cried, "Oh, mother, I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,
Yet a glance in its daring half awed and shy,
She added, "While they were about it, mother,
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly."

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns
From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the infinite patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to crown them both

Ah! look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible glory that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing.

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
 Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
 From the holy height of their heaven above
 Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should
 grow?

THE LAST REALITY.

A CHILD'S SATIRE.

CHILDREN want always the "truest" things,
 The things that come nearest to life,
 Grown-up and real, for—sweet little souls!—
 They *believe* in the world and his wife.

Grown-up *is* real. We stand in the light
 Of their heaven with our pitiful shows,
 Till the shams of our living become to their sight
 Most in earnest of all that it knows.

Kathie wanted a doll for her Christmas this year—
 A doll that could do something grand;
 "Not cry: that's for babies;" nor might it suffice
 That she simply could sit and could stand.

"And I don't care for eyes that will open and shut."
 "You did." "Well, the care is all gone;
 I've seen 'em enough, mamma; *I* want a doll
With hair that takes off and puts on!"



HELEN HUNT.

“DOWN TO SLEEP.”

NOVEMBER woods are bare and still,
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill,
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie “down to sleep.”

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell and soft to touch,
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie “down to sleep.”

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of “Good-night!”
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they lie “down to sleep.”

November woods are bare and still,
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill,
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm, soft bed in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can “lay us down to sleep.”

T H O U G H T.

O MESSENGER, art thou the king or I?
Thou dalliest outside the palace gate
Till on thine idle armor lie the late
And heavy dews. The morn's bright, scornful eye
Reminds thee; then in subtle mockery
Thou smilest at the window where I wait,
Who bade thee ride for life. In empty state
My days go on, while false hours prophesy
Thy quick return. At last in sad despair
I cease to bid thee, leave thee free as air;
When, lo! thou stand'st before me glad and fleet,
And lay'st undreamed of treasures at my feet.
Ah! messenger, thy royal blood to buy
I am too poor. Thou art the king, not I.



LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE SONG OF A SUMMER.

I PLUCKED an apple from off a tree,
Golden and rosy and fair to see ;

The sunshine had fed it with warmth and light,
The dews had freshened it night by night,
And high on the topmost bough it grew,
Where the winds of heaven about it blew;
And while the mornings were soft and young
The wild birds circled and soared and sung,
There in the storm and calm and shine
It ripened and brightened, this apple of mine,
Till the day I plucked it from off the tree,
Golden and rosy and fair to see.

How could I guess 'neath that daintiest rind
That the core of sweetness I hoped to find—
The innermost hidden heart of the bliss
Which dews and winds and the sunshine's kiss
Had tended and fostered by day and night—
Was black with mildew and bitter with blight?
Golden and rosy and fair of skin,
Nothing but ashes and ruin within?
Ah! never again with toil and pain
Will I strive the topmost bough to gain:
Though its wind-swung apples are fair to see,
On a lower branch is the fruit for me.

A WOMAN'S WAITING.

UNDER the apple tree blossoms in May
We sat and watched as the sun went down,
Behind us the road stretched back to the east,
On through the meadows to Danbury town.

Silent we sat, for our hearts were full,
Silently watched the reddening sky,
And saw the clouds across the west
Like the phantoms of ships sail silently.

Robert had come with a story to tell:
I knew it before he had said a word:
It looked from his eye and it shadowed his face:
He was going to march with the Twenty-third.

We had been neighbors from childhood up,
Gone to school by the selfsame way,
Climbed the same steep woodland paths,
Knelt in the same old church to pray.

We had wandered together, boy and girl,
Where wild flowers grew and wild grapes hung,
Tasted the sweetness of summer days,
When hearts are true and life is young.

But never a love word had crossed his lips,
Never a hint of pledge or vow,
Until, as the sun went down that night,
His tremulous kisses touched my brow.

"Jenny," he said, "I've a work to do
For God and my country and the right:
True hearts, strong arms, are needed now;
I dare not stay away from the fight.

"Will you give me a pledge to cheer me on,
A hope to look forward to by and by?
Will you wait for me, Jenny, till I come back?"
"I will wait," I answered, "until I die."

The May moon rose as we walked that night
Back through the meadows to Danbury town,
And one star rose and shone by her side;
Calmly and sweetly they both looked down.

The scent of blossoms was in the air,
The sky was blue and the eve was bright,
And Robert said as he walked by my side,
"Old Danbury town is fair to-night.

"I shall think of it, Jenny, when far away,
Placid and still 'neath the moon as now;
I shall see it, darling, in many a dream,
And you with the moonlight on your brow."

No matter what else were his parting words;
They are mine to treasure until I die,
With the clinging kisses and lingering looks,
The tender pain of that fond good-bye.

I did not weep, I tried to be brave,
I watched him until he was out of sight,
Then suddenly all the world grew dark,
And I was blind in the bright May night.

Blind and helpless I slid to the ground,
And lay with the night dews on my hair,
Till the moon was down and the dawn was up,
And the fresh May morn rose clear and fair.

He was taken and I was left—
Left to wait and to watch and pray,
Till there came a message over the wires,
Chilling the air of the August day.

Killed in a skirmish eight or ten,
Wounded and helpless as many more:
All of them our Connecticut men:
From the little town of Danbury, four.

But I only saw a single name—
Of one who was all the world to me;
I promised to wait for him till I died:
O God, O Heaven! how long will it be?



MARY E. BRADLEY.

WINTERGREEN.

THE frost has melted from the pane,
For rime is not in reason
When flowers begin to bloom again,
And the clear shining after rain
Foretells an April season.

I know how white the snow-drifts lie
Against the hawthorn hedges,
And do not venture to deny
That icicles hang high and dry
Along the window-ledges.

But some have found the flower of life
 A delicate May comer;
Some find the winter's storm and strife
With more of blooming sweetness rife
 Than any hour of summer.

And let me tell you why to-day
 The frost leaves no impression,
And why, when all the world is gray,
I hold so confidently gay
 The sunshine in possession.

An hour ago this very room
 That now you find so cheery
Was dull and darksome as a tomb
Whereon the flowers have ceased to bloom,
 And I was just as dreary.

But while, with secret sense of shame,
 Yet secret sense of yearning,
I breathed a rarely-uttered name,
Behold! a letter to me came
 With news of his returning.

Then all the wintry world grew bright
 With summer warmth and shining,
And every cloud that day or night
Had darkened over my delight
 Revealed a silver lining.

For long ago, oh long ago—
 No need now to remember
If April violets were in blow,
Or if the fields were wrapped in snow
 Of dreary, cold December—

My love was proud: my love and I
 Were proud and tender-hearted;
We passed each other coldly by,
Nor ever told the reason why
 So foolishly we parted.

We went our weary ways alone;
 He sailed the wide seas over,
I kept my secret for my own,
And saw the pinky blossoms grown
 Ten times upon the clover.

Ten times I heard the honey-bees
 Among them sweetly humming;
But never summer bee nor breeze
Brought me such welcome words as these,
 “Your love is coming, coming!”

Upon the bitter, biting blast
 Of January flying,
The happy message came at last;
And so you see my winter's past,
 For all the snow's denying.

You need not smile because the snow
 Upon my hair is sprinkled;
Hearts may keep spring-time still, although
The brow above, like mine, you know,
 Is just a little wrinkled.

I would not change with you, my sweet,
 For all your April beauty.
Nor give for all the hearts that meet
To offer at your pretty feet
 Their undivided duty

The one that unforgetting went
 For ten long years together—
The one whose crowning love has lent
“The winter of my discontent”
 Its flush of summer weather.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

THE BELL IN THE TOWER.

I HEAR the bell in the high church-tower
Striking the hour;
The hushed night hearkens like one who stands
In sudden awe with uplifted hands.

A spirit up in the tower doth dwell;
And when the bell
Peals out the hours with a measured chime,
I hear him turning the sands of time.

He says: "Life dieth with every breath:"
Whispers of death:
"It is the fall of the flower of earth,
The promise-seed of immortal birth."

He speaks to the striving world below:
"Why do ye so?
Will all the treasure that hand can hold
Buy sweeter sleep in the churchyard mould?"

"Behold! one God over great and small
Judgeth ye all:
Ask him for grace in the morning light,
And pray for pardon and peace at night."

Oh, while I listen my whole soul bows,
Paying her vows,

And Folly fleeth with sinful fear
As those clear bell strokes fall on my ear.

For not more solemn the holy chimes
 In other times,
That helped the faithful to pray aright,
And put the spirits of air to flight.

And ever, ever would I be near,
 Daily to hear—
Daily and nightly, in work or rest—
The Voice that pierces and soothes my breast.

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
 My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine:
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
 This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head:
 So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
 The morning light may break.

PRAYING IN SPIRIT.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father which is in secret."—ST. MATT. vi. 6.

I NEED not leave the jostling world,
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
To fold my palms in secret prayer
Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a viewless, cloistered room,
As high as heaven, as fair as day,
Where, though my feet may join the throng,
My soul can enter in and pray.

When I have banished wayward thoughts,
Of sinful works the fruitful seed,
When folly wins my ear no more,
The closet door is shut indeed.

No human step approaching breaks
The blissful silence of the place,
No shadow steals across the light
That falls from my Redeemer's face.

And never through those crystal walls
The clash of life can pierce its way,
Nor ever can a human ear
Drink in the spirit-words I say.

One hearkening even cannot know
When I have crossed the threshold o'er,
For He alone who hears my prayer
Has heard the shutting of the door.

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

REVELRY.

FILL the cup till o'er the brim
Flows the bright champagne:
Here's forgetfulness of grief,
Balm for every pain.
Drink! We watch the dying hours
Of the dying year;
She I loved is dead and gone—
Dead, and I am here.

Change the flask and fill the glass
With the red Lafitte:
If there's Lethe upon earth,
This, oh this is it!
Drink till o'er the purple skies
Morning flushes clear;
You are dead, O love of mine—
Dead, and I am here!

Pass the dusky Cognac here:
Fill a stronger draught,
Richer with the vine's hot life
Than the last we quaffed.
Drink till Mem'ry's phantoms pale
Fade and disappear;
Drink till I forget she's dead—
Dead, and I am here.



AFTER THE BATTLE.

We sit together in our homes; the brief spring day is
done,
The shouting newsboys through the streets proclaim the
vict'ry won.
We hail with blended thankfulness the triumph bought
so dear,
Our hearts one instant leap for joy: the next they thrill
with fear.

We know that our beloved one was in that fearful fray,
And stood a mark for rebel shot throughout the bloody
day;

We know that young heroic form was foremost in the
fight,
That where the bravest were was he. Oh where is he
to-night?

We check the supplications wild that fain would fill the
air,

Our lips are frozen when we think, "It is too late for
prayer!"

Either he hides in safety where the wearied armies lie,
Or he looks upon our anguish from the other side the
sky.

We lift our tear-dimmed glances to the blue and starry
sky:

No voice from out the azure depths gives answer, "Here
am I!"

And silent lies the sleeping earth beneath the moon's
pale light;

O Earth and Heaven, which of you holds our beloved
to-night?

THE KING'S RIDE.

ABOVE the city of Berlin
Shines soft the summer day,
And near the royal palace shout
The schoolboys at their play.

Sudden the mighty palace gates
Unclasp their portals wide,
And forth into the sunshine see
A single horseman ride—

A bent old man in plain attire ;
No glittering courtiers wait,
No armed guard attends the steps
Of Frederick the Great.

The boys have spied him, and with shouts
The summer breezes ring :
The merry urchins haste to greet
Their well-belovèd king.

Impeding e'en his horse's tread,
Presses the joyous train,
And Prussia's despot frowns his best,
And shakes his stick in vain.

The frowning look, the angry tone,
Are feigned full well they know;
They do not fear his stick: that hand
Ne'er struck a coward blow.

"Be off to school, you boys!" he cries;
"Ho! ho!" the laughers say,
"A pretty king you, not to know
We've holiday to-day!"

And so upon that summer day,
Those children at his side,
The symbol of his nation's love,
Did royal Frederick ride.

O kings, your thrones are tottering now!
Dark frowns the brow of fate.
When did you ride as rode that day
King Frederick the Great?

LAURA C. REDDEN.

DISARMED.

O LOVE, so sweet at first,
So bitter in the end!
I name thee fiercest foe
As well as falsest friend.
What shall I do with these
Poor withered flowers of May—
Thy tenderest promises—
All worthless in a day?

How art thou swift to slay,
Despite thy clinging clasp,
Thy long, caressing look,
Thy subtle, thrilling grasp!
Ay, swifter far to slay
Than thou art strong to save:
Thou renderest but a blow
For all I ever gave.

O grasping as the grave!
Go, go, and come no more!
But canst thou set my heart
Just where it was before?
Too selfish in thy need:
Go! Leave me to my tears,
The only gifts of thine
That shall outlast the years.

Yet shall outlast the years
 One other cherished thing,
Slight as the vagrant plume
 Shed from some passing wing—
The memory of thy first
 Divine, half timid kiss;
Go! I forgive thee all
 In weeping over this.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

VANITY.

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And away the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

A SIGH.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her—
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
With a hand as chill,
Ah! the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays and thrills them still.

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold,
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old.



E. B. DUFFEY.

A YEAR AGO.

A YEAR ago—but one short year ago—
I stood alone as I stand here to-night;
The sun toward the hills had sunken low,
And flooded all the west with yellow light.
There is the sun as golden and as bright,
The same soft rustle of the leaves I hear:
It might be that the flowers that meet my sight
Were the same ones that then my eyes did cheer.

A note of merry laughter comes from far,
I hear of distant herds the tinkle low;
Down in the vale where cool the shadows are
The brook goes by with constant murmuring flow.

The same bird sings that did one year ago,
 I hear the hum of insect life again;
 All things seem bright and beautiful, but oh!
 'Tis not the same bright world that it was then.

Yes, all is changed, though outwardly the same:
 The bird no longer sings to listening ear;
 Though all the west with crimson is aflame,
 The day seems like November, gray and drear.
 When I would see, there comes a blinding tear
 Through which I only see a golden past;
 There comes a memory when I would hear,
 Of hopes which were too beautiful to last.

A year ago—but one short year ago—
 I stood and waited in this selfsame spot;
 Then was my life with beauty all aglow:
 I trusted love, for then love failed me not.
 I watched *his* coming ere he had forgot
 The well-worn path that led him to my side;
 Then came he always; now he cometh not,
 But in his absence only hope hath died.

Love dies not thus. Though in that parting hour
 Were spoken bitter words, if love be true
 They are forgotten ere at morn the flower
 From off her silken petals rolls the dew.
 Love dies not quickly. Ah! he never knew
 As deep a love as that I felt for him.
 Alas! I fear me men who love are few:
 Why sigh in vain? Why should my sight grow dim?

Night after night I've stood and waited here,
And watched for him e'en as I waited then—
Waited in trembling hope, and then in fear,
Then in despair; he comes no more again.
I've put the rose upon my breast in vain,
In vain bound braids and jewels in my hair,
That, though my heart ached with a numbing pain,
When he should come he'd find me not less fair.

Come back to me, dear love! come back to me!
My heart calls with a yearning, passionate cry;
My life is desolate for want of thee,
My soul is grieved because thou art not nigh.
My love waits only for a word to fly
And nestle close to thy warm heart, my own;
The night is coming on: the shadows die
In deeper shades, and still I am alone.



LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

I DREAMED a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.
It seemed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid,
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The bachelors grumbled and said 'twas no use,
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that to save their own hearts' blood from
 spilling
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue;
A crier was sent through the town to and fro
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day."
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
In a twink every maiden responded, "I! I!"
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

TO MY SISTER.

WHEN evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven,
When not a murmur, not a sound,
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye,
When Nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie,—

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world and all this world can give,
Oh, sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive—

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And hovering, trembles, half afraid,
Oh, sister, sing the song once more
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day—
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And walted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love?

WASHINGTON.

AND does a hero's dust lie here?
Columbia, gaze and drop a tear!
His country's and the orphan's friend,
See, thousands o'er his ashes bend.

Among the heroes of the age
He was the warrior and the sage;
He left a train of glory bright
Which never will be hid in night.

The toils of war and danger past,
He reaps a rich reward at last;
His pure soul mounts on cherub's wings,
And now with saints and angels sings.

The brightest on the list of Fame,
In golden letters shines his name;
Her trump shall sound it through the world,
And the striped banner ne'er be furled.

And every sex and every age,
From lisping boy to learnèd sage,
The widow and her orphan son,
Revere the name of Washington.



MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

YEARNINGS.

I WOULD fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flowerets so fair,
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright
Which reflects the pale moon in its bosom of light.
Again would I view the old cottage so dear
Where I sported, a babe, without sorrow or fear:
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,
For a peep at my home on this fair summer day.
I have friends whom I love and would leave with regret,
But the love of my home, oh! 'tis tenderer yet;

There a sister reposes unconscious in death,
 'Twas there she first drew and there yielded her breath:
 A father I love is away from me now:
 Oh, could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
 Or smooth the gray locks to my fond heart so dear,
 How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear!
 Attentive I listen to Pleasure's gay call,
 But my own happy home, it is dearer than all.

L E O N O R E.

[DEDICATION.]

O THOU, so early lost, so long deplored!
 Pure spirit of my sister, be thou near,
 And while I touch this hallowed harp of thine,
 Bend from the skies, sweet sister, bend and hear.

For thee I pour this unaffected lay,
 To thee these simple numbers all belong,
 For though thine earthly form has passed away,
 Thy memory still inspires my childish song.

Take, then, this feeble tribute: 'tis thine own,
 Thy fingers sweep my trembling heart-strings o'er,
 Arouse to harmony each buried tone,
 And bid its wakened music sleep no more.

Long has thy voice been silent, and thy lyre
 Hung o'er thy grave in death's unbroken rest;
 But when its last sweet tones were borne away,
 One answering echo lingered in my breast.

Oh, thou pure spirit, if thou hoverest near,
 Accept these lines, unworthy though they be,
 Faint echo from thy fount of song divine,
 By thee inspired and dedicate to thee.

LUCY LARCOM.

ELISHA AND THE ANGELS.

THE cheerful sunbeams hastened up the coast,
Chasing the gray mists to the mountain-tops,
And morning burst upon Gilboa's hills,
The playful kids were leaping o'er the crags;
The little happy birds that all night long
In the dry clefts had found a nestling-place
Were flying sunward singing hymns of praise;
And from the green, awakening vales arose
The sound of bleating herds and lowing kine,
Elisha's servant, issuing early forth
To the day's needful toil, with vigorous step
Trod a worn path that wound among the rocks.
He paused to gaze upon the enlivening scene,
And hear the harmony of Nature's joy,
And bless the God of morning.

Suddenly

A flash of light unusual struck his eye:
Half doubting, he beheld a line of spears
And burnished shields that from a neighboring hill
In mocking splendor threw the sunlight back;
And saw stretched far around a circle wide
Of rich war-chariots, while horsemen armed
Crowded each mountain pass and deep defile,
Too well he knew the terrible array—
The Assyrian host, his master's foes and his.

Fear like an inward demon blanched his cheek,
 Stared from his eye and shook his nerveless limbs.
 Poor, feeble man! Why, e'en the little birds
 That sung so blithely o'er the frightful chasins
 Had taught him stronger confidence than this.
 Yet, weak as he, how often we forget
 That in our great all-seeing Father's sight
 We are worth more than sparrows!

Back he turned

Unto the prophet's dwelling, nor did rest
 Till, faint with terror, at his feet he fell.
 The man of God upon his threshold stood,
 His forehead bared unto the streaming light,
 And inspiration beaming from his eye.
 Doth he not tremble? Nay: the cedar tree
 That stands in unmoved grandeur at his side
 Is not more firm than he. Calmly he scans
 The panoply of war before him spread,
 As 'twere a flock reposing in the shade.
 He hears his prostrate servant's stifled cry,
 "Alas! my master, how shall we escape?"
 How foolish must such fright have seemed to him
 Whose eyes the Lord had opened! Should he deign
 To speak a soothing word and lull his fears?
 If man might e'er be proud, 'twas surely he
 Who had been singled out from common men
 To be an oracle unto his kind.
 His was the dignity sublime of one
 Who feels divinity within him burn,
 And thinks the thoughts and speaks the words of God.
 But haughtiness belongs to narrow souls,
 And wisdom is too godlike to be proud;

Elisha owned himself of kindred dust
 With that frail trembler. Mildly he replied:
 "Fear thou no more, for, lo! a mightier force
 Than all yon heathen host is on our side."
 "But where?" the servant's doubtful glance inquires.
 The prophet answered not, but clasped his hands,
 Looked up to heaven and prayed in tones subdued,
 "Lord, open thou his eyes that he may see!"

How changed the scene! These rocks that lately lay
 Opaque and dull beneath the azure sky
 Are robed in glory that outshines the sun.
 Embattled legions gird the prophet round
 With blazoned banners and heaven-tempered spears,
 Horses and chariots in whose fiery sheen
 The pomp of Syria's army but appears
 Like a dim candle in the noonday blaze:
 The mount is full of angels.

Blest were we,
 When every earthly prospect is shut in,
 And all our mortal helpers disappear,
 If, with Faith's eye undimmed and opened wide,
 We might behold the blessed angel-troop
 Which God—our God—has promised shall encamp
 Round those who fear his name. Our sickly doubts,
 That flit like foul night-ravens o'er our souls,
 Would hush their screams and fly before the dawn;
 And we should learn to fear no evil thing,
 And in Adversity's grim gaze could smile.

Sometimes, when wandering in a labyrinth
 Whence we can find no clue and all is dark,
 We wonder why our spirits do not die,
 Perhaps in secret bowed some holy soul

Utters for us the prophet's kind request,
And we, though dimly, are allowed to see
The prints of angels' feet along the road,
And our hearts beating lightly follow on
After the steps that sound before, albeit
Uncertain whose they are, though we are sure
Of a safe outlet from the tangled way.

Father of spirits! Saviour of our souls!
Let heavenly guides go with us down life's way;
And when we come unto that river's brink
Upon whose other bank in light and love
We shall be as the angels, then we know
Thou wilt be near us, though this earth-born clay,
Shrinking in mortal terror from the plunge
Which shall release its tenant unto bliss,
May with foreboding clouds obscure our faith
And hide thy presence. Oh, hear now one prayer
Which then our hearts may be too faint to breathe:
"Lord, open thou our eyes that we may see!"

THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

EVENING throws her dusky mantle
O'er the boundless grassy sea,
Here and there like ships at anchor
In the moonlight stands a tree;
While the stars that nightly travel
O'er the highway of the skies
Bend upon earth's weary pilgrims
Still and clear their earnest eyes.

Now the constellations brighten:
Like a stern and warlike lord
Bright Orion leads the pageant,
He of gleaming belt and sword,
In his wake glide forth the Pleiads:
By the pole-star leaps the Bear;
Down the star-paved road in silence
Rides the Lady in her Chair.

But, behold! an earthly glimmer
Rises 'neath the starry beam:
Far along the prairie's border
Flow the ruddy fringes stream!
See the red flames darting forward,
Sparkling through the withered grass,
While the lurid smoke uprolling
Stains the azure as they pass.

Who the distant blaze enkindled?
 Can it be some savage clan
 Flinging out the winged wildfire
 To affright the pale-faced man?
 Nay, for Mississippi's water
 Speeds no sachem's light canoe,
 And beside the dark Missouri
 Are the Indians' wigwams few.

'Tis the farmer's mighty besom:
 Thus he sweeps the fertile plain,
 Lays it bare unto the baptism
 Of the softening vernal rain.
 Where the billowy flame is rolling
 Shall a warmer sun behold
 Verdant pastures richly laden,
 Harvests tinged with wavy gold.

Brighter visions burst upon me,
 For the dear enchantress Hope
 Bids me look into the future
 Through her magic telescope.
 Lo! a glorious blaze ascending:
 Purer, loftier doth it grow,
 Every ridge and swell revealing,
 Softened in the mellow glow.

'Tis the central fire of Freedom
 Lighted on the nation's heart:
 Cynosure of happy millions,
 Fadeless peace its rays impart;

Truth and Love their white wings waving
 Sit and fan it all day long,
And to meet its warmth and brightness
 Ever pours a grateful throng.

Let it blaze! The Pilgrims' watch fire,
 Kindled first on Plymouth rock,
Must not die upon the prairies,
 Nor with fitful flickerings mock.
Every lowly cabin window
 Shall reflect its steady light,
And beyond the red horizon
 It shall make the country bright.

Then the gazers of the nations,
 And the watchers of the skies,
Looking through the coming ages,
 Shall behold with joyful eyes
In the fiery track of Freedom
 Fall the mild baptismal rain,
And the ashes of old Evil
 Feed the Future's golden grain.

CELIA THAXTER.

ROCK WEEDS.

So bleak these shores, wind-swept and all the year
 Washed by the wild Atlantic's restless tide,
You would not dream that flowers the woods hold dear
 Amid such desolation dare abide.

Yet when the bitter winter breaks, some day,
 With soft winds fluttering her garments' hem,
Up from the sweet South comes the lingering May,
 Sets the first wind-flower trembling on its stem ;

Scatters her violets with lavish hands—
 White, blue and amber: calls the columbine,
Till like clear flame in lonely nooks gay bands
 Swinging their scarlet bells obey the sign ;

Makes buttereups and dandelions blaze,
 And throws in glimmering patches here and there
The little eyebright's pearls, and gently lays
 The impress of her beauty everywhere.

Later, June bids the sweet wild rose to blow,
 Wakes from its dream the drowsy pimpernel,
Unfolds the bindweed's ivory buds, that glow
 As delicately blushing as a shell.

Then purple iris smiles, and hoo by hear
The fair procession multiplies; and soon
In clusters creamy white the elder flower
Waves its broad disk against the rising moon.

O'er quiet beaches shelving to the sea
Tall mulleins sway, and thistles. All day long
Flows in the wooing water dreamily,
With subtle music in its slumberous song.

Herb-robert hears and princess'-feather bright,
And gold thread clasps the little skull-cap blue.
And troops of swallows gathering for their flight
O'er golden-rod and asters hold review.

The barren island dreams in flowers, while blow
The south winds, drawing haze o'er sea and land.
Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing slow,
Makes the frail blossoms vibrate where they stand;

And hints of heavier pulses soon to shake
Its mighty breast when summer is no more,
And devastating waves sweep on and break,
And clasp with girdle white the iron shore.

Close folded, safe within the sheltering seed,
Blossom and bell and leafy beauty hide;
Nor icy blast nor bitter spray they heed.
But patiently their wondrous change abide.

The heart of God through his creation stirs :
We thrill to feel it, trembling as the flowers
That die to live again, his messengers,
To keep faith firm in these sad souls of ours.

The waves of Time may devastate our lives,
The frosts of age may check our failing breath :
They shall not touch the spirit that survives
Triumphant over doubt and pain and death.







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