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THE BIDDEN PLACES  
AND OTHER POEMS

ALIDA  
CHANDLER EMMET





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THE HIDDEN PLACES



THE HIDDEN PLACES  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY  
ALIDA  
CHANLER  
EMMET

ROBERT GRIER COOKE  
INC., NEW YORK, MCMVII

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# THE HIDDEN PLACES



## THE HIDDEN PLACES

### I

**I**N the hollows of the marches,  
Where the water lilies grow,  
Where the mocking loons are laughing,  
Swimming idly to and fro,—  
What swift message is there stirring  
'Mid the grass and in the air?  
'Tis the smile of unseen places,  
For the Lord of Hosts is there.

### 2

In the green cool of the forest,  
Where the thickest shadows fall,—  
Where the beetles build their houses,  
And the mating birds give call,—  
What can mean that leafy whisper  
That is spreading everywhere?  
'Tis the speech of unseen places,  
For the Lord of Hosts is there.

### 3

Where the tall green grasses cover  
Nesting quail from sight of men,  
Greeting lightest breeze with quiver,  
Catching shade from cloud, 'tis then

### I

That the breath as of an infant  
Trembles faintly on the air,  
'Tis the sigh of unseen places,  
For the Lord of Hosts is there.

4

On the free breast of the waters,  
Where the seagull's scream is heard,—  
Where the deep sapphire heaven  
Hovers like a brooding bird,—  
Comes majestic rhythm lifting  
Joyous anthem far and near,  
'Tis the song of unseen places,  
For the Lord of Hosts is there.

5

In the cavern 'neath the ocean  
In the mine beneath the hill,  
Where are heard no human voices,  
Where the mighty rocks lie still,—  
What slow throb is that vibrating  
In the dank, black darkness there?  
'Tis the pulse of hidden places,  
For the Lord of Hosts is there.

## WELCOME THE YEARS

**W**ELCOME the years that link us to the skies,  
Plucking their fruit, and eating as we go;  
Wholesome there are, offending taste and eyes,  
And luscious some, checking the blood's free  
flow.

Anon, our paths uniting for a space—  
A friend approaching joins his course to ours,  
Communing gladly as we walk apace—  
We dimly heed the knell of passing hours.

Each soul the other wafts t'ward that great goal  
Which, as a magnet, draws them to one end;  
Where path unites with path, and soul with soul,  
And streams no longer wayward courses wend.

Such meetings over, some their strength renew—  
With head erect, they look beyond the years;  
While others, mourning those whose steps withdrew,  
With slackened pace their comfort seek in tears.

Con we one lesson ere we journey long—  
With life to be content, so we can learn,  
Though bitter one day's fruit, its meat makes strong,  
We from another's sting may wisdom earn.

## THE MESSAGE

**H**AVE ye seen the lion taméd in his lair,  
When the stroke of weakness falls upon his  
head?  
Have ye known the heart of man grow weak  
and sear,  
When the idol of his mind is lying dead?

Have ye seen an August flower wilt and fade  
Under Heavens that are merciless and dry?  
Have ye watched a woman's bloom as it decayed,  
While her mellow voice has withered to a sigh?

Then come seek the hidden region of the soul,  
Where the angels weave the virtues of the heart,  
Where high heaven's tearless rivers ever roll,  
Dear drink of living waters to impart.

Where all beasts of prey or burden may take rest,  
Where all flowers gather bloom along its shores,  
Nor suffer from the seasons more arrest;  
Where his keeper each unswervingly adores.

And return ye to the wanderers of earth,  
Bearing hope to heart of woman that is sad;  
Sing to ear of humbled hero of his worth,  
Tell the lion in his desert to be glad.

## LET FALL

“**L**ET fall, seek not to save thyself, but lose—  
Pain deeper lies in fear than in a bruise,”—  
So wisdom speaks with kindly voice and grave,  
As woman strives a straying child to save.

And what the clear response that comes at length?  
The fearless smile, while turning in their strength,  
They strike, as bidden, freely into space,  
Nor care they longer cautious paths to trace.

Unconscious now of laws that guide or fell,  
To one melodious chord their senses swell,  
While to their ear comes ever distant call;  
Until, at last, like drops with sudden fall

In ocean, they with joy regain their source,  
And leave behind the child of slower course.  
Who foothold seeking, to their safety cling,  
Are checked in flight as bird of clipped wing.

## NIGHT

UPON the earth night's beauteous garment falls,  
With gentle motion steadily descends;  
Holding each crevice in embrace that calls  
An incense sweet which, from the earth, ascends  
In fairy forms, and with the verdure blends.

That purple web of star-rent texture rare  
Now fallen low, there drops a mystic balm;  
Alluring message quivers on the air,  
Which offers careworn man a respite calm,  
And draws from throat of nesting bird a Psalm.

To this sweet message some their senses bow,  
And join with simple heart that harmony;  
They gladly smooth from care a tired brow,  
And sleep as infants, free from calumny,  
Whose heart and conscience know no tyranny.

Not thus do pleasure-lovers greet the night,  
With heart aflame defy they nature's powers,  
Until the minutes, taking rapid flight,  
Linking together, change themselves to hours;  
And lo! above them keen-eyed morning towers.

How varies heart of sage and waster here?  
Their motives for rebellion differing,  
With eye upon the night, the sage austere  
Those charms would prove that earth are covering,  
And while he gazes sees dawn quivering.

Who then wins night's deep secret, keenly sought?  
The wakeful searchers, or the unbeguiled?  
Stern knowledge can be found and dearly bought,  
But wisdom holds her sanctuary mild  
Within the simple heartbeat of a child.



## SIMPLE MANHOOD

**S**IMPLE manhood nobly wrought,  
Slow of speech, by justice taught,  
In whose mind no fear is known,  
Competent to stand alone.

Many secrets women teach,  
Often heaven do they reach;  
But their heartstrings weaker be,  
Let them courage learn from thee.

Teach them justice to attain,  
Though against their hearts it reign;  
How to place their love apart  
When they'd treasure earn of art.  
Then on earth their souls shall seem  
Love to blend with law supreme.

PEACE TO THE TROUBLED HEART

**P**EACE to the troubled heart and brain,  
Rest to the ever-questioning mind;  
Hope to the slackened blood, as rain  
To sluggish streams, and may the wind  
Of soul renew its stagnant force,  
Lending fresh freedom to its course.

Wherefore this aching weariness?  
Surely some glory is its aim!  
Turn then thy thought from dreariness,  
Erectly hold that trembling frame,  
And know that, as a brooding dove,  
Behind the darkness hovers love.

SPRING FROM THY FEARS MY SOUL

**S**PRING from thy fears my soul and wing abroad.  
Leaving all thought of dole, join festive board.  
The Angels wait thy freedom to descry;  
Though thou art late, thy wings may speed apply.

Firm standeth Heaven, nor do sin and pain  
E'er strand a soul that sails Life's turbid main.  
Though oft through paths unbidden we have trod  
The winds of Heaven blow us home to God.

## THE ANGELUS

**T**HE reapers through the meadows wend their way,  
Behind the hills serenely falls the day.  
The harvest moon mounts slowly in the sky,  
And smiles benignly on the passers by.

The happy lovers lightly tread the grass,  
Exchanging friendly greeting as they pass;  
They move like shadows in the dusky light,  
Along the open field, or in the sight  
Of cheerful window framing comely face  
Of mother, sitting in accustomed place.  
The distant tower tolls a solemn bell,  
And to the simple reapers hear it tell  
How as the scythe swings, falls the mellow sheaf,  
Like the young hours of life whose bloom is brief;  
But over all earth's harvest far and wide,  
Peace, and the light of starlit skies abide.  
Each lad and lass inclines his youthful brow,  
And sinks within the soul a solemn vow  
To cherish from time's taint and sin's alloy,  
The fair remembrance of his sacred joy.  
Then list, ye mystic reapers! Lend your ears;  
Sound on this curfew through approaching years.

## I WANDERED HAPPY

**I** WANDERED happy in a spicy grove  
That stood erect upon a rocky shore,  
Where smiling waves their snowy cobwebs wove,  
And far above would white-winged sea gulls soar.  
Then rose blue mountains o'er the silver mist  
That hovered close upon the water's breast,  
Which to the waves serenely seemed to list,  
Then t'ward my mind swift message they addressed.  
"Let thy soul freely rise with this new wind  
That toucheth now this joyous, verdant isle.  
Let all thy doubts and fears fall far behind  
Thy skyward trail that angels should beguile.  
Man was not meant a prisoner to dwell  
Upon the earth with leaden care held down,  
But freely should he rise, his love to tell,  
In regions which the starry heavens crown,  
And with the planets gain a glad renown."

## THE VOICES

VOICES whisper o'er the spreading years:  
Their dear familiar accents blend with tears  
That rise in sacred grief and fall in joy  
For knowledge that ye dwell where none destroy  
Your love for those on earth. In God's employ,  
Ye bear your missals of angelic peace  
To us who taste not yet your sweet release.  
Where hides the secret of your gentle cries?  
We neither hear nor see in common wise  
Your mystic forms; but in the throat of bird  
There throbs the power of the hidden word;  
Or quivers in the leaf of yonder tree  
That moves in gentle rhythm with the sea.  
Yea, 'neath the language of our human writ  
There lies a tongue of purer, keener wit,  
That doth with bands of love the planets knit  
In one fair maze; and to our human dowers  
Unites the wisdom of the joyous flowers.

## HEAD HOME

**R**ETURN, thou sorry wanderer,  
Still burns thy limpid star,  
Unfurl thy sail unto the night,  
Though rent with many a scar,  
'Twill catch the winds of Heaven still,  
If thou but lend it to their will.  
Head home!

Return, thou foolish squanderer,  
That casts thy bread afar.  
God's garners still with love are bright,  
Nor can the sinner mar  
The light of Heaven's purity,  
Or shake the soul's security.  
Head home!

## THE ANTIPHONIES

**F**ROM the heart of blackest darkness  
Creeps a summons to the Light,  
From the torrid glare of mid-day sinks  
A call unto the night.

From the barren wintry forests  
Spreads a yearning for the green,  
Of fair June's resplendent verdure,  
Or young April's tender sheen.

From the core of summer stillness  
Comes demand for thunder peal;  
While the roar of heavy waters,  
Unto silence makes appeal.

From the heart of them in sorrow,  
From the mind of them in pain,  
Breaks a groan unto the Heavens  
That would calm of Death attain.

And the answers, yea, the answers!  
Rise they slowly, fall they long!  
But they come, yea, they are nearing,  
And the love they bear is strong.

Light to Darkness, Sound to Silence,  
Cool to Heat, for Sun the Moon,  
While to call of joy or sorrow  
Comes an answer late or soon.

Thou for whom man's voice is singing,  
Swift t'ward whom his cries ascend,  
We must seek thee, we must greet thee,  
O our Answer, to the end.



## TO THE HUDSON

**N**OBLE River!  
That lav'st the outskirts of our fevered town;  
Bearing ever,  
With grave leisure, welcome message down  
The valleys from wide country fields and sky;  
Ceasing never  
Thy swift travel to the ocean, as fly  
T'ward their covert,  
The unerring birds. From their high thrones  
Upon whose leaden breast mountains decree  
Royal favor,  
And bid thee bear their greeting to the sea—  
Wilt thou sever  
From out our midst all doubtful act that owns  
Not guiding breath of Heaven,  
And endeavor  
The stagnant vapors of our lives to leaven?

ON JAPAN'S TREATY OF PEACE WITH  
RUSSIA, 1905

**W**ELL done, Japan! We sing thy praise to-day;  
For thou hast shown us how the mighty may  
Yield to the vanquished generous return  
For hostile act, and nations' homage earn.

Thou hast expressed a noble disregard  
For worldly commendation or reward;  
Nor hast thou trembled for thy future peace.  
But in strong confidence thou dost release

Thy vanquished foe, relying on the aid  
Of common right to which thy debt is paid.  
Now stands thy debtor the eternal law,  
To him that giveth shall be given more.

TO THE UNITED STATES

**L**IKE some vast furnace filled with fuel varied  
Is our land.  
Like heated runner that has seldom tarried  
See her stand!  
With heaving breast, inflated nostril panting,  
As midrace  
A steed will pause and look ahead from slanting  
Bank, with pace  
Redoubled onward then he bounds with lightened tread.  
Oh, may thy course grow straight as now 'tis swift!  
So shall the ages know thee for God's gift.

## GRIEF

**I**N the lonely sombre watches of the heart,  
When the very earth beneath us groweth sad;  
When the sorrow laden airs their grief impart,  
When the sun above us ceaseth to be glad—

When the stately trees their mourning branches wave,  
As they quiver 'neath the touch of moaning breeze;  
While the restless birds a haven seem to crave,  
And the sluggish river windeth ill at ease,—

Then we drag our tired feet beneath the stars,  
Where the pallid moon full tenderly looks down;  
While the gleaming planets smiling through their tears,  
With dim light press the brow as with a crown.

Now there comes to aching heart a touch of peace,  
'Neath that weight of breathless sorrow life has  
stirred.

Rise Angelic voices promising release,  
While through shadows breaks the song of mating  
bird.

## BIRTH

**W**HAT joyful cry resounds among the stars,  
And stops the tumult of our foolish wars?  
What gleam of light from Heaven's purest  
ray,

Floats down upon our darkened, hidden way?  
What breath of vital air now stirs our blood  
And fills our sordid minds with hope of good,  
Thrilling our very fibres with sweet mirth?  
The cry, the gleam, the breath of human birth.

REPENT

**T**URN thee and see!  
Thus speaks the word "Repent."  
Return, behold!  
And t'ward thy soul relent.

The day grows clear  
Unto thy searching eye,  
When mists of sloth  
And doubt, thou brushest by.

Yea, reason on,  
Ye servants of the mind;  
But when ye turn  
Your words shall fall behind—

Shall fall as dust  
From off your wingéd feet,  
And ye shall rise  
The simple Truth to meet.

## SPIRIT OF MEEKNESS

**S**PIRIT of meekness whose ethereal beauty  
Lends to its abode a sweetness rare,  
And as with fairy wand gives charm to duty;  
That mak'st all burdens easier to bear,—

Teach our proud hearts the value of thy graces,  
On thy sweet strength to lean when most we'd gain;  
Thy mien to watch as babes with upturned faces,  
Till somewhat of thy virtue we attain.

## WITH EYES UPLIFTED

WITH eyes uplifted t'ward eternal spring,  
What matter that the seasons mar our race,  
Till like the gnarléd oak with aspect grim,  
'Mid children, seems to us an agéd face?  
Beneath the shade the tender saplings bud,  
Their branches deck in fairest coloring,  
While thus the children burst from babyhood,  
And laughing chase the years as bird on wing.  
And chasing find and gather, letting fall  
What eagerly they grasp but cannot hold;  
Until, at length, there comes to each the call,  
"Return, the course is run, the day is old."  
From out the face of beauty smiles the Soul,  
The source of life which also is the end:  
Whose energy projects us fróm the whole,  
But to regain despite our erring trend.



## ACTION

**T**HE heated vortex of the life of deed  
    Enfolds within its depth God's energy.  
    Why then decry the runners or their speed?  
    We neither run nor fight for effigy,  
But blindly do outpour the ruddy wine  
    That gushes from our souls 'neath Heaven's mill,  
Which grinds, we heard of old, exceeding fine.  
    Complain not then because the world's athrill  
With restless life that hurries us afar,  
    But set thy sails and drift at Heaven's will,  
Holding thy compass to the northern star,  
Which points to final peace beyond Earth's war.

TO HUMANITY

**P**AUSE in thy race, Humanity,  
Look o'er the road thou travellest,  
To that fair land from whence thou first stepped  
forth.

Then onward gaze to distant misty shores.  
Art moving quickly, are thy footsteps sure?  
Breathe deep of that first purity  
Thou knowest well, yet scatterest;  
So careless art thou of thy maker's wrath.  
Dost test His patience or His love, thou wanton?  
Both are invulnerable as are His laws.  
He is thy pattern and He holds thy cure.

## PROGRESS

**T**HOU, all that's bright and fresh throughout  
mankind!  
Thou blast of sea and mountain winds combined!

Thou hurricane, tempestuous and vast,  
That leaves behind its trail the touch of past  
And future benefit and force,  
Yet drags each new born treasure on its course.  
Of worlds beyond and ages still unknown thou art  
the breath,  
And singest of the life that conquers death.

NATURE ART THOU NOT AWEARY?

NATURE art thou not aweary  
Of charming us at every turn?  
The open field in frank display  
Of tender green and grazing sheep,  
Long hold the eye, until we yearn  
For contrast. Woods, unobtrusive,  
Stand the while awaiting our desire;  
Wherein there flickers light and shade,  
And in the grass darts some wild hare  
A chase for cover, with his heart on fire,  
While rustling leaves and song of bird  
Hold us entranced, with sweet entanglement.  
Still greet we further hint of charm,  
New sound, now blends with breeze on tree,  
Now leads away to fresh environment,  
Seeming to the ear to whisper  
"Here am I, not there." Thus on we follow,  
Over bending twig and fern, through  
The tangle of the bushes, till,  
Alert with joy, from out some gloomy hollow  
A brook breaks forth, with sheen transparent  
And gay murmur, swiftly on its way.  
Like silken thread, it weaves illusive  
Course among the drinking fern  
And bears anon a blossom blown astray.  
Checkered with some bright sunbeam, now  
The sight it dazzles, and again, between  
High rocks it swells its silver tones  
And still allures us on. At length,

Full gladly 'gainst some grassy bank we lean  
In sweet exhaustion. Where, with sounds  
Of wind and water, feel of tender moss,  
The smell of flowers, songs of bird,  
The senses blend, and—Nature speaks;  
“I am as when Fair Eden knew me; Loss  
Approaches never to my form.  
Bring me fresh hearts, and gladly will I show  
My mysteries. Follow lightly  
Where I beckon, so shall ye wisdom know,  
And thus glean Love.”

ENGLAND

**W**ITH gentle marvel thou dost woo me, England,  
From noble cliff-bound coast to verdant  
inland.  
With incense exquisite and pure praising thy  
maker,  
Thou, of his faithfulness most sure, art glad partaker.

## LOVE

**W**HAT means this stirring of the airs around within me; this strange and pleasant quickening of the night? Why shines the moon more bright, the stars more lovely, while thrills my heart with some new-born delight? All my life seems poured into this hour, and more beyond, forever more beyond. All light and might are caught and held in a moment. I say, "Whence comest thou, what art thou?" Then broke the night into thy face beloved, and I knew 'twas thee it meant and told of, and I was content. Pray God the airs about thee beat time to my poor form as well and swell its shape to that my heart contains.

## UN COUP DE CŒUR

**L**ÉONIDE se reposait  
Paisiblement auprès d'un orme.  
Le vent du crépuscule touchait  
Légèrement sa jolie forme.

A l'entourage les ombres profondes  
Tremblaient tout silencieusement,  
Caressant sa tête blonde  
Qui contenait l'esprit content.

En volant, les heureux oiseaux  
Allaient chercher sur la rive  
Leur nourriture entre les roseaux  
Où passait l'eau à voix plaintive.

Soudainement un gros nuage  
S'épargnait lugubrement.  
La pluie tombait sur son visage,  
Suivie par des hurlements

De tonnerre, lourdes et solennelles.  
Léonide, tremblant et blanche,  
Tâchait courir. S'approchait d'elle  
Un homme appuyant sur une branche.

“ Belle demoiselle, ayez pitié  
D'un chasseur blessé mortellement  
Par un cruel coup d'acier  
Au cœur plongé tout soudainement.”



Léonide, les yeux baissés,  
Demandait à l'étrange souffrant  
Quelle aide elle pourrait lui donner.  
Et lui, sa jolie main prenant,  
A ses lèvres l'ayant levée,  
Répondait, " Par l'attendrissement  
De cette voix, je suis sauvé."

“ MA PETITE ROSE ”

**M**A petite rose,  
Mignonne éclore,  
Réjouissant à part,  
Veux-tu me plaire—

Veux-tu me faire  
Cadeau de ton bel art ?  
Si non, je n'aurai où trouver  
Un pareil maître d'amour,  
Qui donne la joie  
À qui que ce soit  
Et travaille nuit et jour.

A SONG

*(She sings)*

**B**RING me posies.  
Each rose is a moment, which linked to the  
other  
Forms a garland with which I shall capture my  
lover.  
Bring me posies.

My love is a star that dwelleth afar  
For the spheres to behold:  
But to me he brings posies from Paradise—  
Bring me posies.

Why comes he not hither?  
My garland will wither.  
Bring me fresh posies from Paradise.

*(He sings)*

I come.  
I trample the winds to gather their sweetness,  
I mount on their backs to capture their fleetness.  
I bring thee rare posies from Paradise.

ODE TO THE FOREST FAIRIES

**T**RIP ye blithesome fairies nearer,  
That we see those dainty feet;  
Each than other forms seems fairer.  
As with tiny hands ye beat  
On those timbrels.

*(Chorus)*

Oh, ye symbols  
Of life's airy joys, draw near;  
Singing, "Dance the heart benimbles,  
For the morrow take no care."

In the glades of leafy rafter,  
Spread ye honey sweet repast;  
In the glad green dells your laughter  
Ripples like the brook, and fast  
With it mingles.

*(Chorus)*

Oh, ye symbols  
Of life's airy joys, draw near;  
Singing, "dance the heart benimbles,  
For the morrow take no care."

When fair day, with hours drooping  
Like rose petals, ere they fall,  
Faintly smiles, come fairies grouping  
Their sweet forms 'neath even's thrall  
Sweet their jingles.

*(Chorus)*

Then ye symbols  
Of life's airy joys, draw near;  
Singing, "Dance the heart benimbles,  
For the morrow take no care."

TO A SNOWSTORM

**S**IFT ye flakes through leaden skies,  
Sift ye!  
Drift ye snows in idle wise,  
Drift ye!  
Lift, cold earth, thy frozen breast,  
Lift thee!  
Rift, ye frosts, with stubborn zest,  
Rift ye!  
Whither wend ye icy winds,  
Whither?  
Hither bend your wayward minds  
Hither!  
Prithee, bear my love apart,  
Prithee!  
Sift ye Love through her maiden heart,  
Sift ye!  
Thus shall wintry storms be past,  
Winging  
On Love's message hold them fast!  
She comes springing!

## THE HILL GODS

**J**OY with the sun is dawning,  
The Hill Gods clap their hands,  
As merry dryads, laughing,  
Run by the golden sands.

The silver birches glitter  
Before the rising sun,  
The twinkling leaves aquiver,  
Strive a race to run.

Glad breezes freshly rising,  
Cover the joyous sea,  
And leaping waves are chasing  
The nymphs full merrily.

While silver fishes springing  
Upon the ocean's back,  
String tiny purple bubbles  
Along a foaming track.

The white seagulls are sweeping  
Among the pearly clouds  
That t'ward the hills are weaving  
Their misty, formless shrouds.

The Hill Gods draw their quivers  
Of steely arrows white;  
Shrinks timid morning paling,  
And shields her gentle light.

Now muffled drums are sounding  
From out the darkening sky;  
Enters the sun full sadly  
Within his palace high.

The spritely dryads seeking  
Their homes in hollow tree,  
Through leafy portals leaning  
The weeping Storm Queen see.

Her sad-eyed maidens moaning,  
Mount on the rising wind;  
While guides their tragic lady  
Her plunging horses blind.

At length the Hill Gods weary  
Call for a truce from war;  
Hiding their flashing arrows  
They hail the sun afar.

The gladsome nymphs returning,  
Challenge the smiling waves;  
While the sun, all clouds dispersing,  
His sparkling pathway paves.

To harp of golden sunbeams,  
Chanting her ballads free,  
Now gathers fair joy her tresses,  
And laves them in the sea



## ARETHUSA

**B**EHOLD, my form gleaming,  
My golden locks streaming,  
With foam hotly teeming,  
Rock-imprisoned I lie.

Full woefully moaning,  
My sins thus atoning,  
With piteous groaning  
Mounts the wind my loud cry

To this brook to relieve me,  
That hastes to deceive me,  
To grieve me and leave me,  
Flowing carelessly by.

Fate loudly condemning,  
The current scarce stemming  
That fast my form's hemming  
From shore, still hope I

That Pan, all availing,  
Will hear my sad wailing  
E'er, my free spirit failing,  
I, as mortal, must die.

But the crystal stream creeping,  
Arethusa fast steeping,  
Her spirit is sweeping  
From all form apart.

Her sorrows unending,  
Their mournful ways wending,  
Like a bell the airs rending,  
Still tolls her sad heart.

## MAY

**W**ITH swift swerve of her robes the young Spring  
turned  
And faced the smiling South:  
"Embrace me, my sister! My heart hath yearned  
For the touch of thy honied mouth.  
Press thy lips to my cheek in blessings mete,  
Speak to me words of love;  
For my heart is glad and my limbs are fleet  
The joys of my lord to prove.  
Then the fair South turned with an outstretched hand  
And kissed the young Spring's cheek.  
"Be thou queen," she said. "Over sea and land  
Do thou conquer the mountain bleak.  
Be thy days as sweet as the wild moss rose,  
Thy nights as limpid pools;  
For the great god Pan late thy young heart chose,  
To regale his mind in the cools  
Of thy maiden breast with its scented sighs,  
Thy locks of rainbow hue;  
With the sound of thine early morning cries  
To his love, which is always new.

## SUMMER

**A**BOVE the beauty of the earth and sky,  
Descending like a gentle noonday rain,  
Sweet Summer drops her veil of misty hue  
In scented tincture steeped of violet blue.  
She draws from out earth's deepest treasure hold,  
Riches of vine and blossoms, fruit and grain;  
Naught can resist her tender winning wiles;  
Then o'er her fair accomplishment she smiles.

A LULLABY

**R**AISE, raise, raise ye mighty nights and days  
Your hymns of praise.  
Rove, rove, rove ye wingéd winds above  
With songs of love.  
Lave, lave, lave thou laughing crystal wave  
This rocky cave.  
Keep, keep, keep my tender babe asleep  
Lest he should weep.

## THE HERMIT MAID

**H**ER mind suffused with quietude,  
She walks beneath the stars;  
Or chants in leafy solitude  
Her tender, mystic bars.

The trees cast shade in plenitude  
Upon her pathway lone;  
The Earth rebounds with gratitude  
Her lightest touch to own.

Wood hollows echo carefully  
Her mellow, limpid tones;  
Birds lend their chorus cheerfully,  
The rose her thorn atones

By incense offered prayerfully  
Upon the willing wind,  
While smile her petals tearfully  
'Mid nightly dewdrops kind.

The mountain stream runs warily  
With solemn, warning sound,  
While creep the black roots sparingly  
That lie above the ground.

The timid hare runs fearlessly  
To sport himself abroad,  
And gentle fawns spring carelessly  
To play in glad accord.

Still moves the fair night dreamingly,  
Until the silver Moon  
The maiden's locks comb gleamingly,  
And she in slumber swoon.

## DEATH

**A**N icy drop in the smoking cup,  
Black cloud on noonday sky,  
A colorless pool 'mid the sunlit fields  
Whose still depth holds the eye;  
Where sombre pines are sentinels;  
Where fails the morning light;  
Nearing that brink all living things  
Are slackened in their flight  
Along life's thronging thoroughfares;  
And moving as in sleep,  
Witless, approaching suddenly,  
They pause to rest or weep.  
O Death, thou shadow 'cross the sun,  
Wise sister of the Night!  
Swift are thy feet, meet is thy touch,  
And still unchecked thy might.



THE SONG OF A DEAD LEAF

**B**LOW thou spring breeze, and bear me youth  
again!

A withered leaf still clinging to my tree,  
What place have I mid buds bedecked with rain?  
Or scented flowers waving glad and free?

Mid those that crouch within the springing grass,  
Like timid fawns that human eye would shun,  
Which, falling softly neath the feet that pass,  
Oft lie unseen, when their sweet course is run?

But from such meekness let me learn content,  
I'll hie me where the bygone blossoms grow;  
No longer idly here need strength be spent;  
But, dropping on yon stream, I'll swiftly flow

To lands where no man's heart his fortune rues;  
Where dwell no longer wintry cold and gloom,  
Where spring and summer hold their lovely hues,  
And naught of beauty ceases more to bloom.

## A LOVE LAMENT

**T**HE lonely river winds toward the sea,  
The night is black, the winds are sorrowing,  
The mountains stand in dark severity  
Above the forest coldly towering.

Hushed are the birds as in the still of death,  
The heavy clouds hang chill and lowering,  
The earth exhales a dank and dreary breath,  
From which shrink flowers lowly cowering.

While I crouch helpless in my bed of woe,  
Who, but an hour since with beauty flowering,  
Did sing "How fair is love" with heart aglow,  
Nor knew that I from Joy was only borrowing.

## THE SAIL

**A** SONG broke out of the glowing east,  
The song of a sunlit sail.  
It flashed with the foaming wave abreast  
And sped with the winging gale.  
Strong Ocean's heart leapt alert and high  
'Gainst the breath of the running wind,  
That swept and soared where the great wastes lie,  
That hold the stars behind.  
Wide the light of the eastern fire  
Spreads o'er the tractless sea,  
As the hearts of dauntless men aspire  
Athwart eternity.  
On sped the sail o'er the shining waves  
As flits a loosened soul.  
It sang of the joy that saves, that saves,  
And sprang t'ward the western goal.

## A VISION

I SAW a country beautiful and wide,  
Where all appeared to minister to pride.  
Verdant it seemed and fruitful to the view  
And never seemed there lack of bounties new.  
Till wandering I tired, and reposed  
My grateful limbs upon a knoll exposed  
To aspect near and far so manifold  
In beauty, that I wept, and thus foretold  
The change that my new gaze would soon unfold.  
For now mine eyes, bedimmed with lustrous mist,  
Did further penetrate than I had wist,  
And slowly to my mind there did appear  
A heavy sorrow and a chilling fear.  
Behind the verdant vine and luscious fruit  
Was poison and corruption, pain acute  
Throbbéd in each movement of fair Nature's form,  
Now forcéd by some power to conform  
Unto a demon's will that did transform  
Her to his likeness, till again I wept.  
At length I from my heavy sorrow slept.  
Then all was peace and silence for a space,  
As rests some heated runner from his race,  
Until from out the silence there arose  
The sound of flowing water, my repose  
Enhanced grew with gentle music made  
By drop uniting drop in dusky glade  
Of waving willows which my vision stayed.  
Refreshed, I started further on my way,  
With sad remembrance covered by new day;

While ever did the flowing water, wrought  
With light and shadow, on my mind brave thought  
Bestow, and drew me onward t'ward its source  
With swift alluring sylvan course.

At length, into a grotto, dark and deep,  
It led me where the daylight ceased to keep  
Its tender vigil o'er my sight, and sleep  
Returned to offer me repose.

Though a great stillness on my mind did close,  
My body seemed in movement with the stream,  
And 'neath my form its crystal shape did gleam,  
While slowly and full tenderly it bore  
Me on and outward to a misty shore.

Here saw I nought of verdure or of life,  
Of vibrant beauty or of cruel strife,  
But all seemed cold and with a stillness rife.

I wandered over rocks and deserts bare  
Of weed or flower, tree or fruit, yet fair  
Was this strange country to mine eye.

I walked with grave delight, "In search of what  
and why?"

At length my heart did ask; and then appeared  
A pool near to my feet, that uncompar'd  
For stillness and for blackness seemed. I gazed,  
And lo! what I so quiet had appraised,  
At its dark centre motion showed. I raised  
My voice in joyful song, for here  
Lay that stream's source I had held dear.

Then close it drew me as by magic spell.

And soon my very being it did quell

With power wonderful, vibration sweet.

Though I was for its blessing all unmeet,  
Yet spoke that liquid tongue with mystic speech,  
And much of wisdom's wonder did me teach,

While humbly I my eager heart did reach  
For its full blessing. Then came this command,

"Return the way thou camest to the land

Of pain and beauty." Now in strength I fled  
Full swiftly back the way the stream had led  
Me on my search, and once again I trod,  
'Mid verdant groves and hills, the tender sod  
Of that fair land which richly had imbued  
My mind with rapture. Now with joy renewed  
I wept. Then came that demon forth, endued  
No more with dreaded strength, and fell  
Deathlike and helpless at my feet to tell  
That I had found the magic secret. Now  
Unto my will must he in sorrow bow.  
"Yea, thou must die," I said, "and from thee born  
Of this thy death shall rise an azure morn,  
Ne'er to be darkened more by pain or scorn."  
Then died the monster and rose Earth refreshed,  
No longer in her shame lay she enmeshed;  
But at my feet there rose a tender child,  
With eyes of azure blue that on me smiled.

## THE GOBLINS.

**F**ORTH from their caves the merry goblins run,  
With strange grimace and blinking at the sun,  
Whose warm caress they do not comprehend,  
But turn their tiny forms where trees defend  
Their addled brains from harmful midday heat,  
And there repose them on yon rocky seat.

Speaks one, "We hear a maiden lieth near  
With none for her protection. Shall we dare  
To steal her golden armlets and her pearls,  
And pull with merry mischief at her curls?"

Another frowned. "Friend, be not overbold;  
They say a maiden's heart doth magic hold  
'Gainst harmful deed, so be she's innocent,  
And thwarts all power breathing ill intent."

"Nay, let us venture," said a grinning third,  
"We'll face such odds as those. By yonder bird,  
Who told us where the sleeping maiden lies,  
I swear we'll gain good sport, not rue her cries."

Then did he gather up his crooked limbs,  
And hop and amble to entice the whims  
Of those who, fearful, lagged a pace behind,  
And soon he drew them to one common mind.

Now through the shadows of the open trees  
And o'er the velvet moss they move as breeze;

Alert and swift and full of merry wiles  
And sprightly mischief that dull time beguiles.

At length they reach an open sunlit sward,  
Where, near a brook, her lovely head toward  
A spreading fir tree, lay the maid asleep.  
And in her slumbers she did softly weep,  
And murmur, "My beloved, faithful hound!  
The day hangs heavily. Had I but found  
Thy welcome tracks ere I had wearied quite,  
I should be now where I'll not be to-night.  
Now may the saints defend my helpless life  
From harmful happening, I've no heart for strife."

Then crowd the goblins round her sleeping form,  
As o'er a peaceful field descends a storm.  
And soon her jewels they have stolen all.  
Then wove they of light cobwebs a soft pall  
And cast it o'er her limbs and face and hair,  
And pinned it to the ground. Then in this snare  
They left her for a while, soon to return,  
With torches lit, her golden hair to burn.

But when they played about her gentle head,  
The maid awoke, and to the goblins said,  
"Ye wanton creatures, are ye not content  
That ye my robes have torn, and me have pent  
Beneath this veil—my jewels too are gone—  
That ye my golden locks would now have shorn?"

Ah, woe is me! Why comes not my good friend!  
He would unto your hearts such terror lend,  
As would your silly minds set in a maze.  
Then did the goblins wend their foolish ways  
To meditate in impish wise a plan  
For further mischief: but one stops to scan



The forest, and he soon a hound descries,  
That creeps upon his belly in snake wise.

Now all have sighted the intrepid hound,  
And tremble lest by him they should be found.  
"So, ho, ye vassals of high sport and glee,  
And will ye not draw near, a guest to see?"

So spake the hound in accents danger sweet,  
And as he spoke, he stood upon his feet.  
But, like all foolish seekers after sport,  
Those goblins had no mind justice to court.

So now, with patient toil and thrifty skill,  
The faithful hound undid their mischief, till  
The maid was free to go upon her way,  
In meek content, despoiled of display.

But she fair garlands gathered on the road,  
And safe returned unharmed to her abode,  
In fairer mien, with sweeter jewels clad,  
Than when she forth had started—nor did sad  
Regret for stolen treasures more employ  
Her thoughtful mind or check her ardent joy.  
And were those goblins wiser when the night  
At length appeared and called them from their fright?  
Nay, but they soon forgot their pleasure sweet,  
And scampered home in vague concern, with feet  
As swift as those that hither led them first,  
And with such foolish hearts as fear might burst.  
Nor did they e'er return to find their spoil,  
Which, hidden, was ere long within the soil.

So is all gain of idle finders lost,  
For they know nought of what life's treasures cost.  
And though sometimes dear justice seems to tarry  
He comes at length and homeward doth he carry

The wounded pilgrim who has held his faith.  
And to his grateful foundling then he saith,  
“Fear not the foolish goblins of the mind,  
They hold to nought of mischief that they find,  
But scatter soon as dust before the wind.

## THE HIDDEN LIGHT

I DREAMED a dream.

All was obscurity and silence for a space; then to mine ear came sound of voices calling, "We stumble, we fall, we lose our way; oh, for a guide to give us counsel!" I hurried after, groping amid trees. Before me now fluttered a woman's garments; now a man uttered an oath and struck at the air with his staff.

At length we came to an open space of gentle character. A stream, scarce moving, divided us from a tender sward whereon an old man sat. Behind him rose a great oak tree, spreading its strong branches in calm protection o'er his silver head. Methought he was an hermit. His garb was rude, and there was that in his mien which bespoke a life of solitude.

We gazed in silence; then the hermit spoke. Methought his voice was as the breath of winter at even. "What seek ye?" A maid in white apparel, who had ever walked in advance of the company, made swift answer. "We seek the hidden light. Methinks I see it flickering ahead, but 'tis deceiving, oft I stumble in the search."

*Hermit.*—Ah! 'Tis the old tale. Think not, my child, that the light ahead is that ye seek; 'tis but the Will-o'-the-whisp, which is often seen in these parts. 'Twill, indeed, lead ye astray.

*Maid.*—How then, Father, may we learn to know the real from the unreal, since we may not walk by day lest we distinguish not the hidden light?

*Hermit.*—When the stones turn to sod 'neath your feet, and the earth renews your strength at each step, when the air breathes delight on your cheek and the heavens become as the smile of God—then ye may know that ye have found the hidden light, and ye may take rest 'neath its charm.

*Maid.*—Father, surely thou hast found this light?

*Hermit.*—Yea, I dwell 'neath its caress, waiting for the hour when the earth shall be withdrawn from me, and my love shall be one with it forever.

*Maid.*—Father, may I remain near thee, and learn of thee that the light is here?

*Hermit.*—Nay, my child, each of us must find it separately. Part from thy companions, part from me also. The light unites us, but we must not unite ourselves.

The maid, sighing, bade farewell to her fellow travellers, and went on her way alone. At times she met them, and oftenest the hermit crossed her path until he became one with the light. Then she travelled more easily, and at last she, too, became free to wait 'neath the Shadow for the Dawn.

## DEATH OF THE GODDESS OF SPACE

O VER the clouds the goddess roams  
Toward the golden West,  
'Mid chilly shrouds in their matchless domes  
She halts at length to rest.

The stars appeared, and the night winds lulled  
Her weary soul to sleep.

The planets heard where the rivers celled  
The tears that the zephyrs weep.

The Ocean laughed, ere the night had waned,  
For joy that the goddess slept;  
While her silver raft, with lightning stained,  
Soft o'er the black hills crept.

The winds adrift, with a mighty peace,  
Challenged the distant stars,  
That widened a rift and formed a lease  
With the nearing, swerveless years.

We'll pour our love through these misty veins,  
And rain on the earth beneath.  
Ho, ye winds that wove the purple stains  
Of the earthly ways of Death

To a crimson pall of sorrow and woe,  
Gather your scattered trails;  
Come to our call and swift bestow  
Your mournful, tongueless wails.

We'll purge you, we'll urge you to kill your lies  
And sing of the love of Heaven.  
We'll race you, we'll trace you with silver eyes,  
That æons t'ward earth have driven,

Their matchless truth with patience mild  
And tenderness eternal,  
To win your ruth and your rovings wild  
T'ward blackened wastes infernal.

Long, long we sang of the Maker's love  
To distant human ears.  
The heavens rang, but we ne'er could move  
The sluggish earthen airs—

Now have we caught the Goddess dread,  
And laid her in a tomb  
Of white mists, wrought for her queenly bed,  
That forms a mystic womb

Of power and light for the dawning age.  
Now trample the withered past;  
Begone dull Night with your storms that rage,  
We bring you the day at last.

## AN ALLEGORY

**B**EHOLD a vision that mine eyes have seen  
And may men truth from out this vision glean.  
Awaking from sweet sleep with misty mind,  
Methought I heard a message in the wind  
Which said, "Awake and speed upon my wing  
That I thine all impoverished soul may bring  
To vision marvellous."

Straightway I sped, and swiftly, with my guide.  
We crossed dim seas, where swelled a wondrous tide.  
At length he left me on an airy isle  
And bade me there remain and watch awhile.  
At first nought met my eager gaze but mist,  
And rolling waves that ever seemed to wist  
Knowledge mysterious.

Then rose two noble mountains, fair and vast.  
Upon them from the east and west were cast  
Lights beautiful. Full from the west came rays  
Like airy flights of ruddy wings that daze  
The enthralled sight to blindness. From the east  
Appeared a glow more wonderful, released  
From mystic arteries.

It flowed a crystal stream of mellow light,  
Which to my searching eyes did lend clear sight.  
'Twas from the south upon these peaks I gazed,  
And clearly now distinguished, though amazed

By sluggish sense, their fair proportions. Now  
Full swift my guide returned, and on my brow  
Breathed mystic rarities.

He said, "Fly westward with the ebbing tide,  
That I may show thee what strange things betide  
These mountains fair." And thus I sped in haste,  
And ever marked their beauty interlaced  
With light and shadow, till at length I came  
Full on the western side, where set in flame,  
One peak stood glittering.

It seemed from out its summit to spout fire.  
"This," said my guide, "is passionate desire  
Toward Creation's planet, whence this glow  
Arises." Lo, behind in deep shadow  
Stood that fair peak mine eyes before beheld,  
As side by side with this, which my mind felled,  
To its depth shattering.

My guide sustained me. "Falter not, he said;  
This light which dominates thy sight is dead  
Compared to that which rises from the east,  
As weak compared to it as is wild beast  
Beneath the tamer's eye or hunter's knife.  
'Tis death this breathes, the other bringeth life."  
I, wondering,

Besought my guide to take me to the east,  
And there arrived, my troubled terrors ceased.  
Before me stood the snow-topped mountain pure,  
Serene, majestic, gifted to allure  
My laden soul to gladness. There behind  
The western peak on fire stood. "Unwind,  
With pondering

This mystic riddle." Said mine airy guide.  
I answered, "I must look upon the side



Where first I sighted' these two mountains strange;  
There may I ponder with a widened range."  
Returning to the isle where first I stood,  
I saw with strengthened vision, wiser mood,  
Reflectingly

The deep communion these two mountains held  
One with the other, and straightway beheld  
A dread abortion on the western side  
Of the fair snow-topped peak. My mind was tried  
Unto its utmost strength to comprehend  
This mystery. I prayed my guide to lend  
Me aid befriendingly.

Then he replied, "Behold the color lurid  
Cast from Creation's fire, making sullied  
The fairer surface of the eastern peak.  
'Tis poison to its verdure, turning bleak  
The tender soil and growth upon its bank;  
With growth unwholesome making its roots rank  
Unendingly."

Strange was it to behold the eastern slope  
Of the mount opposite. Again to grope  
For wisdom was my need, till I descried  
Alone and without counsel from my guide  
That it was bathed with soft reflected light  
From eastern rays, descending in their might  
Unswervingly,

Like white-winged doves from the high peak of snow;  
And they an inward courage did bestow  
Upon my weary mind. Then gentle sleep  
Appeared, and hovered softly near to keep  
My soul from searching further: thus bereft  
Of thought and sight and faithful guide I left  
In gratitude,

My wondrous problem, and a calm repose  
Untouched for sweetness swiftly did enclose  
My very being to its depths. How long  
I thus remained I know not. Then came strong  
Reminder, and my senses woke to light,  
As springs refreshéd earth from cloak of night.  
    Beatitude

Was written in my heart—I knew not how,  
But my guide came and read it on my brow.  
“Now watch,” he said, “and all will yet be well,  
And thou the riddle of the years mayest spell.”  
The mountains in a mist enveloped seemed,  
Their hiding had some purpose strange I deemed,  
    But suddenly

The mist removed. Now standing in clear light  
I saw two figures on the mountain height.  
Each on a separate summit stood, and gazed  
Upon each other, gladdened and amazed  
They seemed. Upon the western mount mid glare  
Of fire stood a man. Upon the fair  
    Peak gleamingly

A woman clothed in white apparel smiled,  
And all the heavens seemed by her beguiled  
She faced the man amid desire's flame,  
And he, with loud voice, did to her proclaim  
His love and homage. She heeded not the light  
Behind, above her, flooding her with might;  
    But dreamily

She outward held her snowy hand toward  
The goodly form of Human Love. A sword  
Flashed in the air between them, within reach  
Of either man or woman, unto each

Was given equal strength to hold and use  
This sword, to honor, cherish or abuse  
    In liberty

Its mystic force. The woman's blinded eyes  
Mistook the western fire for the wise,  
Keen, stainless light of mystic love. The sword  
She seized, and hurled it to her chosen lord.  
He caught and brandished it with joyous shout;  
Then did he turn his goodly form about  
    And fearlessly

He gazed, and full, upon the western glow,  
Nor on the fair snow peak did more bestow  
His blinded sight; but ever down the side  
Of his stern mount which faced that peak, a tide  
Of light there flowed from infinite desire  
Which held in check the lurid western fire.  
    Adoringly,

Kneeling the woman watched with steadfast love.  
At times he turned and smiled upon her. "Prove  
She cried, "Thy power over worlds, and drive  
The dust of ages from the skies. Deprive  
The planets of their wonted course. Reserve  
Your greater strength for distant years. Preserve  
    Warily

Your youth and beauty and your fervent pride,  
Which is my treasure. Nought can me betide  
But joy, whilst thou dost love thyself and me,  
And we twain dwell together joyful, free."  
So spake the woman, and the ages passed  
Like hours, while I in silence watched. At last  
    Wearily,

She rose as though awaking from a dream,  
And straightway turning faced the eastern beam.

“’Tis thou,” she cried, “I should have worshiped! Cure  
My foolish soul of that which did allure  
It t’ward my erring but belovéd mate,  
That I may aid him, for it groweth late.”  
Full tenderly

Was she then purgéd of her leaden dross,  
By fire white with purity. No loss  
Was there of beauty or of youth, but gain  
When her fair soul was cleanséd of each stain.  
Now slowly did her mate turn him toward  
Her noble form, and hurling back the sword,  
Cried woefully,

“My love, my guide, my comforter return,  
Nor leave me in this flame alone to burn  
My weary heart to ashes. Where art thou?  
Behold I see thy stately form, but now  
Thou turnest from me; take the sword and lead,  
But leave me not.” Thus did he sadly plead  
Despairingly.

He fell upon the ground. Then hastily  
She turned toward the north and lovingly  
Now offered him the sword, but held the point.  
“Approach, my love,” she said. “Let me anoint  
Thine eyes with purity, then let us flee  
To northern spheres where dwell the mighty free  
Eternally.”

Now o’er the chasm, twixt the rocky peaks,  
With fire in his gaze he boldly leaps.  
The sword they hold, the mountains roll in one,  
And on my sight a wondrous glory shone.

TO THE OLD YEAR

**D**EAR year, now past into our God's safe keeping,  
Thy blessing with us leave, but bear beyond  
The idols of our hearts, and sweeping  
All selfish passions far, rid us of bond.  
High lift them as dead leaves from clinging branches,  
In triumph bear them on the wings of time!  
Till as the trees whose beauty Autumn blanches,  
We, sternly true, stand, purged of selfish crime.

Like them that by cold blasts rudely deflowered,  
Defying frost, face winds with pliant strength;  
So grief has with new life our souls empowered;  
Each quiver may we freely greet at length.  
No longer vainly solace seeking here,  
Cleansed now from dead adornments of this year.

## ANOTHER DAY

**A**NOTHER day breaks on our doubtful life,  
The Master Hand not yet the way has blocked,  
Nor have the skies their treasure houses  
locked;

But leave us still to free will and its strife,  
And all the problems with which mind is rife;  
And like a skiff, upon deep waters rocked,  
That oft by waves against some crag is knocked,  
Man's heart is tossed, or scarred as with a knife.

But though uncertain is our passage here,  
Oft come there moments of such keen delight  
As knows the eagle in his mighty flight;  
Among the clouds he travels without fear,  
So, mounting high above our grief, we care  
For naught but freedom and increase of light.

ON ELEANOR'S WEDDING-DAY

**S**LOWLY the day unfurls her radiant wings,  
Spreading her lovely pinions o'er the earth,  
Which from embrace of night serenely springs  
As forth from the unseen break souls at birth.  
The heart of man with ardor new doth thrill,  
Greeting the light with fervent hope of good,  
He beareth with brave mind the chance of ill,  
Nor over distant wrong doth longer brood.  
E'en so dost thou, dear bride of this day's gift,  
Spread thy sweet radiance o'er our gladdened sight;  
Thou owest much that's fair to nature's thrift;  
Thy smiling eyes beam on our hearts the light  
Of wingéd joy, which o'er thy brow is shed  
By hands unseen that here thy feet have led.

## FAITH

**H**IGH in the mystic heavens hangs the star  
Of faith, whose beams unceasingly descend  
Upon the troubled earth and it defend  
From weak despair and from distracted grief;  
Forever lending man a sweet relief  
From overchargéd mind and heart at war  
With Fate, that merciless holds sway afar.  
Yea, bids us feed upon the thought of Love,  
Which, as magician, lends creation grace,  
And casts a gleam of promise o'er the earth.  
Whose mighty web all beautiful doth prove  
When seen in full expanse, so we may trace  
God's power by the light of faith, nor rove  
More, aimless, under stars of lesser worth.



## ODE TO A SONG BIRD

**F**LY on, sweet bird, and let me follow thee;  
Show me this world as viewed upon the wing.  
From such high scope no longer shall I see  
Those trivial ills that to men torment bring.  
Teach me the love which from thy throat flows free  
Of sordid care, so high with thee I'll spring,  
And learn the meaning of thy blithesome glee,  
While with each heart beat to thy song I'll cling.  
Fly on, then, in thy free simplicity!  
Thy sweet singing never grievings vary;  
Who knowest naught of man's duplicity,  
Yet in thy winging thou art ever wary,  
Who with no fevered heart dost pleasure seek,  
And ever shelter find'st when winds are bleak.

AS HEAVEN'S LOVE

**A**S Heaven's Love our darkened souls behind,  
So 'twixt the trees the setting sun sheds glow,  
Nor doth its light with cruel force bestow;  
But with the trees 'tis tenderly combined.  
So fashions God His smile upon the mind,  
Till these dull hearts, with painful steps and slow,  
Into the fullness of His glory grow,  
Lest with too sudden light our sight He blind.  
Upon the mountain God's severer sign  
Of justice dwells, His warning to impart,  
But in the forest where the gentle vine  
Creeps o'er the oak, He speaks to humble heart,  
And lends to parchéd lip the precious wine  
Of human intercourse with law Divine.

## WE MOVE IN DANGER

**W**E move in danger. Thickly the dread host  
Of perils throngs about our helpless lives,  
And foolish they who of their safety boast.  
Wise, rather, he who his soul daily shrives,  
Who faithful, standing at appointed post,  
To meet the hour's need humbly contrives;  
Nor asks the guides unseen to what strange coast  
His lonely craft draws near, or when arrives.  
For stand they close, those white-browed mystic guides,  
Nor through their midst does jot of peril move  
By them unsanctioned. Though his face he hides,  
Their kindly Captain bares the sword of love,  
He calm o'er broken seas of fate abides,  
As hovers o'er a storm a quiet dove.

## INTUITION

**A**T her wise will let Nature fling her dart  
Of fire through thy mind, and hinder not  
By prudent calculation of thy lot  
The operations of her magic art:  
Nor guide the feet of love toward thy heart,  
Who knoweth well where lies each hidden spot  
Within his realm, nor heedeth foolish plot  
That would to lesser gods his rights impart.  
Not by a swift obedience to his call  
Is destiny of man marred on the earth;  
They oft a glad response to love recall  
Who would their joys increase nor mar their worth.  
But ever greater ills to them befall  
Who homage pay to gods of lower birth.

## FAIR CHURCH OF CHRIST

**F**AIR Church of Christ, thou dost belie thine end  
By foolish tongues that prate incessantly  
Of lofty vengeance, which no love can bend,  
In mind of God, throughout eternity.  
Thou jugglest with the logic of his law,  
Striving to fit it with erroneous sense  
Of text misunderstood amid the store  
Of wisdom gleaned from lips of Christ. Intense  
Desire to promulgate his word begets  
Misuse of terms and baneful obstinacy;  
And oft the ardent man of God forgets  
The all important need of accuracy  
In law divine and human penetration  
Of that high law, and its interpretation.

## THE PARENTS

**Y**E wise and faithful parents in whose nest  
Your fledglings lie in keen expectancy,  
Whose tiny throats from clamor scarce take rest,  
Whom hunger rules as man in infancy.  
Within your hearts no erring love is known,  
Content ye are in sheltering your young  
So long they fledglings be, but like seed sown,  
When strong of wing they to the winds are flung.  
Nor cling ye more to rights of guidance. Swift  
Ye turn another nest to fashion, singing  
As cheerily the while as when your thrift  
Careful to hungered young would food be bringing.  
Their offspring grown, so may the parents cease  
To govern, and yield freely their increase.

## WASTE

**W**HAT waste is there of pleasure on the earth!  
How many are the fruits that drop unseen,  
Because by man unlooked for is their worth,  
Whose narrow mind is to his eye a screen.  
Oft to his gaze of bounty there is dearth,  
And passing hungry where he food might glean,—  
He rues a state forlorn, which, from his birth,  
Has oft a fruitless search for pleasure been.  
But some there are, whose hearts with life content,  
Make earnest quest for hidden fragments rare;  
On healing human ills, kindly intent,  
They to the angels oft for aid repair.  
The mind that seeks to help is seldom pent  
In selfish wants, but heavenward is sent.

TO THE MAINE COAST

**D**OST crave a draft of nectar from the Gods  
To stir the cooling tenor of thy blood?  
Then set thy face toward the northern wood,  
Nor rest until thou treadst its mossy sods.  
Then enter the deep forest; keenly prods  
The temper of the air, while stirring flood  
Of beauty thy mind decks with magic mood,  
Which is no more benumbed by earthen clods.  
Now outward press toward the windy seas,  
Scenting the salty essence of their spray;  
Let thy feet wander far along the leas,  
Where holds the sweet wild rose her gentle sway,  
And lives in fair content her little day.  
Thus may'st thou from the Gods wrench fresh decrees.



## MEN AND THEIR SHADOWS

**M**EN and their shadows move in company,  
Man's life and death are walking hand in hand.  
While treading earthly ways their bodies stand  
A pace ahead, but when the spirit by  
Unwonted fervor cuts the numbing tie  
Of sense entanglement, as melts a band  
Of iron 'neath some stress of heat unmanned  
By such hot furnace, then their shadows lie,  
A mark ahead, as 'gainst a bank of mist  
Some form will send its likeness on before.  
So when Death's Angel speaks, the senses list  
At first but dimly, then must needs obey  
And pass reluctant into Heaven's ray,  
Where blends all lesser light into the more.

## TO THE FIREMEN

**T**HOU breed of heroes from a golden age  
Of romance and high chivalry divine;  
New-born to succor men who now confine  
Their keener ardors unto worldly sage  
And counsel. Freely your blood flows savage  
In strength, unmixed with the thinner wine  
Of prudence or shrewd policy feline,  
Yet lacking brutal thirsts for blood that rage  
Within fierce, lower forms of beast or man.  
To thee the homage of the age be paid.  
At your brave feet, our meagre praise is laid,  
Who dared not follow when the day began,  
And ye your choice of simple courage made,  
But are content to mark the road ye ran.

TO THE TIGER

**T**HOU monstrous beast that holds the world in  
awe,  
Whose supple limb is fearful masterpiece,  
Thy powers through the ages ne'er decrease,  
Nor halt the terrors of thy prongéd paw,  
Whose crafty blow thy prey drops dead before.  
To thee hath Heaven given wondrous lease  
Of voice that, but for stroke of death, would cease  
Not ever to repeat its mighty roar.  
How doth wise nature in thy form combine  
A heart whose cruel thirst ne'er slaketh wine  
Save blood of prey, with softest grace feline.  
May we within that fierce breast mercy reach?  
Who knows what latent love, what tender speech  
Lurks there t'ward mate and young in shape divine?

## WINTER

**W**ITHIN the heart of Nature Winter lieth,  
Like some rare thought not yet to be expressed.

None who her bounties praise e'er him decrieth,

Though they by his stern beauty be oppressed.  
How dost thou still the heat of vain endeavor,  
And freeze into pure substance vulgar love!  
None but the true can win thy lofty favor  
Or learn the riches of thy mind to prove.  
Though I far from thy presence dwell awhile,  
Nor can now through thy crystal chambers rove,  
Yet shall my heart prove staunch spite Summer's wile  
Until I stand again beneath thy smile.

## THE REFLECTION

**H**OW well doth Nature imitate the soul!  
With what a limpid mirror she reflects  
Its subtle beauty! Her keen eye detects  
Each slightest movement, greeting it with toll  
Of answering wind and wave, which ever roll  
In truthful measure where her hand directs.  
The sorrow-burdened heart how soon erects  
Its mournful image in the plaintive dole  
Of warbling birds. They in their turn console  
The darkened mind from which their grief they stole.  
Breezes that pass touch us like unfulfilled  
Thoughts, which vanish skyward ere their perfect birth,  
At whose looked-for approach the heart is thrilled,  
Yet glean they in retreat a dearer worth.

## LIVE AND MAKE NO COMPLAINT

**L**IVE, and make no complaint; complaint is death,—  
Taste, but avoid degeneracy;  
Strain not when dying for prolongéd breath,  
Nor strive for knowledge; 'tis mere fallacy.  
Search not for pleasure when she stands aloof,  
For can'st thou tell when thou hast had thy fill?  
So dost thou maim thy soul, and earn'st reproof,  
In striving man to help 'gainst Heaven's will.

To what end then is Life if so we must  
The heart forever check in its free play?  
Must ever urge the will lest baneful crust  
Creep o'er the eyes and blind their sight of Day?  
All souls as infants grow, till they attain  
Wisdom themselves to know, and freedom gain.

A LOVE SONNET

**T**HE Moon sheds forth her nectâr on the Earth,  
The stars assemble in fair galaxy;  
Each homage pays, as to a Queen bends serf,  
From whose white hands is dealt no tyranny.  
The breast of Ocean heaves with passion sweet,  
'Neath her caress sighing contentedly.  
The winds pass gently by with happy feet,  
Their salutations breathing tenderly.  
And thou, my love, wilt turn those orbs awhile,  
And flood my soul with purest harmony?  
Outshine the moon with paler, fairer smile,  
Bearing a touch of high divinity?  
So shall the nectar which from moonlight flows  
Seem thin to that rich wine thy look bestows.

TO THE MATRIX OPAL

**T**HOU stone of complex beauty and device,  
Caught from the earth and sky at sunset hour.  
How dost thou in rich mien the mind embower!  
Low in the worldly market is thy price,  
Whose values rise and fall as drop its dice;  
But precious is thy glowing human dower  
That doth, with keener sight, the mind empower,  
And dull content make pleasure in a trice.  
I have a friend whom thou dost well portray,  
Whose mind is warm and fair in coloring;  
From whose keen soul springs flash of night and day,  
And changes oft in the discovering.  
Valued she is by all who know her worth  
And ever to her friendships lends new birth.



## DAWN

**A**RISE ethereal Dawn and spread thy veil  
Of mystic wonder o'er the earth who sleeps  
As yet awaiting thy commands. The deeps  
Spread joyous summons each to each, and hail  
Thy sweet approach as that of maiden pale  
With lustrous thought who o'er her beauty weeps.  
Thou passest gently on, the darkness creeps  
In silence from thy path, while on the trail  
Of some wild beast the hunter's step is known.  
Now Earth awakes and on thy form attends.  
Her beauty follows thine and with it blends,  
While Loves upon thy pathway grief bestow  
Until thou diest—lo, late the hours atone  
For thy sad absence in the sunset's glow.

## NIGHT AND DAY

**W**ITH maiden blush Day pauses in her flight,  
And hails the presence of her sombre love,  
Whose grave apparel richly interwove  
With gleaming stars, smiles on her glad-  
dened sight,

With gaze of love that gloweth with the might  
Of worlds and ages where they twain do rove.  
In beauty fit they each to each, by Jove  
Mated, born of Time and purposed for delight.  
Their nuptial hour passed they spring again,  
Each to his separate course, nor are delayed  
By vain repinings for a last embrace;  
Knowing that, as the sure hours wing, the face  
Of the beloved returns once more to reign  
In fresh attainment of strong love repaid.

## APRIL

'TIS the season of sleep, Earth's pulse is slow.  
Unconscious she waits the moment of change  
With limbs relaxed; her speech is strange,  
Her voice, like the sleepers, is cold and low,  
While the shadows of dreams flit across her brow.  
What are the thoughts that enchant her sleep? Range  
Upon range they stand, as though to estrange  
Her soul from freedom, and on her bestow  
Some magic spell. She wakes, and lo! the smile  
Of maiden joy breaks o'er her pallid face.  
She springs to life, yet grieves to leave awhile  
Those tender dreams; while slowly she her pace  
Increases, and with motion rich in grace  
She onward walks the ages to beguile.

## AUGUST

**L**O Summer grows weary of her loom,  
Her silken thread runs haltingly and slow,  
Her wondrous eyes drooping with languor;  
gloom

Of promised sleep lies heavy on her brow.  
Her golden web is woven end to end,  
Its thread waits to be broken. Then will bend  
The sickle of the harvest moon along  
Ripe orchards and the golden corn—the while  
Small crickets lend their cheerful busy song  
That heralds Autumn's sway and so beguile  
The nights that lie between them and his frost.  
In silence earth prepares her bulwarks strong  
To shield her handmaid from unwelcome cost  
Of coming storms, lest jot of Summer's lost.

## SEPTEMBER

**B**ENIGNLY Autumn smiles upon the earth.  
His gaze a kind approval manifests,  
And Summer's well-performéd task arrests,  
With gentle hand expressive of her worth.  
Nor doth his keener touch bring sudden dearth  
Of Summer's gentle charms; nor uses tests  
Of stormy winds and rains or icy pests,  
Foretelling advent of stern Winter's birth.  
But holding all of good doth nature blend  
Each season with the next, and their shapes bend  
To one sweet harmony. For her fair soul,  
Amid its movements rare that aspect lend  
Of many parts, doth ever swift attend  
To that high law which unifies the whole.

## OCTOBER

**W**ELL launched is the Autumn on his way,  
For Winter follows with no ugly haste,  
Nor does fair Summer more prolong her stay  
Than by a parting smile whereby we taste  
Her queenly presence in the deepening glow  
Of fruitful verdure upon bush and bough.  
Since Autumn has the earth at his command  
The winds and sun upon his word bestow  
A swift attendance and lend willing hand  
To lengthen his career—So unto man  
Does each fresh season offer likeness fair  
Of his soul's beauty for his eye to scan,  
And learn withal of Nature's bounty rare  
That taketh earth and man beneath her care.

## HAIL SOUL OF EARTH

**H**AIL Soul of Earth, come forth! The hour is free  
Of irksome light, and lo, the young night, filled  
With breath of love, thy form approaches, stilled  
By throb of hope. Let thy desires flee  
To greet their sweet fulfilment, Night waits thee  
With heart of limpid purity, distilled  
From uncouth mortal passion, stormy-willed  
Of lower purport, courting Death's decree.  
In your far-wingéd souls Love soars as wind  
Set free. Then rise sweet Earth and shed thy smiles  
Upon Night's yearning gaze; and flee as hind  
That its dear mate from out their lair beguiles  
To sport in fearless joy; while garish day  
In distant forests holds her potent sway.

SONNET TO FAITH

**T**HOU strong and patient handmaid of our God,  
Whose gaze swerves not from His fair coun-  
tenance,

But gathers from His smile thy sustenance,  
How dost Thou guide out feet which, leaden shod,  
Hardly without Thy help could homeward plod;

But ever are they lightened by a glance  
At Thy heroic form, whose flaming lance  
Became in Moses' grasp triumphant rod.

Nor do we know the fullness of Thy might,

Or when Thy penetrating eye may scan  
The vast circumference of Heaven's plan;

At that glad hour shall our hungry sight  
Be fed with knowledge absolute of right,

And Heaven's strength fall at the feet of man.



## ODE TO ELIZABETH

**T**HOU lovely star whose crystal light  
Sheds on my heart a keen delight,  
Who tak'st the form of lithesome maid,  
At whose sweet feet is homage paid,—  
How didst thou gather from the skies  
The azure beauty of thine eyes?

Thy smile didst thou from angel's glean,  
From fire nymphs thy touch of spleen;  
How often that expressive face  
Blends blithesome charm with Heaven's grace!  
Thy heart much pity doth contain,  
Fast fill those eyes at sight of pain.

Full young thou art, here have I set  
Much praise that Future holdeth yet;  
But ever daily thou bestowest  
Joy upon me as thou growest.

ODE TO MARGARET

**M**ARGARET, the amber-haired,  
Gentle flower, human born,  
By wise virtue kindly reared,  
Fit pure Heaven to adorn.

From whose eyes a mellow light,  
As of moonbeam, shines on all;  
Lending lustre to the night,  
In whose voice lies tender thrall.

Hast thou from some magic art  
Learnt the hours to beguile?  
Fast to hold my willing heart,  
And the world arrest the while?

## CHRISTOPHER

**A** PLANT of tender growth thou art, thou little man ;  
Who, though at all times loth cold hearts to scan,  
Will face in thoughtful wise deep Nature's plan,  
And list with widened eyes how some brave clan  
Was killed for duty, nor from duty ran.  
Thou lov'st this earth, yet often look'st beyond  
To that more worth thy contemplation fond,  
And ne'er dost thou forget one thou hast loved,  
But guard'st with fervor sweet the friend thou'st proved.

## HESTER

**I** KNOW a little mother tender, sweet,  
Whose loving heart beats time to happy feet;  
That flutters o'er her young with matron's mien;  
Nor lacks she ever for their care a keen  
Intelligence, yet bides she all serene.

CONRAD

**H**AST seen a fawn dart shyly from thy sight,  
And hide him in the depth of forest green?  
Has some rare bird of quiet silver sheen  
Flown swift away far from thine eager ken?

I know a pair of eyes of steely gray  
That flash betimes with light of heaven, then  
Full swift withdraw the beauty of their gaze,  
And their beholder leave in sweet amaze.

L. OF C.

E. W. C.

**H**OW shall I pen thee, queen of nights and days,  
That tak'st from both their fairer mystic rays?  
With flash and counterflash of light divine  
Thy spirit springs in energy sublime,  
And swiftly wings t'ward its eternal clime.

J. J. C.

**A** PROPHEET thou of no small heritage,  
That walk'st with head erect upon the stage  
Of mortal hours, bearing heart of sage  
Within thy breast; yet flash those eyes aglow  
With elfish humor or with human woe.  
Keen speech thou hast for all that cross thy path;  
Keen thoughts fresh burnished from the higher wrath  
Of soul in strong combat, then flash of love  
Doth check thine ardor and thy wisdom prove.

TO M. L. C.

**A** NOBLE woman warrior thou, that hold'st high  
    banner in thy hand,  
    And walkest far abroad the land  
    When times are needy.

Thou warrest with small foes at home when times are  
    weedy;

And many battles thou dost win 'gainst public sin.  
But ever 'neath thine armored steel array  
Lies heart of woman and a woman's way.



TO S. W.

**G**ENIAL as sun to earth is friend to friend.  
Such friend wast thou to all whose mortal  
trend

Did cross thy path, and swift didst thou attend  
To each fresh need with ardent interest and quick heed.  
A potent mind thou hadst to give to all,  
The talent that could well befall  
One human lot,  
And often goodness found'st where others found not.  
As rushing mighty stream, thy course pursuing,  
Thou fedest on thy source thy strength renewing.  
God's blessing on thy spirit, sweet and wonderful,  
That shed upon our path its bounties beautiful.

W. J. E.

**Y**OUNG as is a child at play wast thou,  
Sweet as some rare flower dropped from bough;  
Strong as gnarléd oak of lofty pine,  
Keen was thine eye and warm that heart of  
thine.

Thou judgest not of men by written law,  
Nor in thy worship didst thy God adore  
By rote or rule;  
But ever didst thou hold before aught else  
The common weal.

Fresh was thy life and clear as crystal springs,  
Though thou didst live to know what old age brings.  
Many there were to love thee and to cherish,  
But thou with honor didst thy children nourish.

J. C. E.

**M**OTHER thou art to all who love or know thee,  
To heroes and to simple men as well.  
Kindly and wise, serene and wondrous lowly,  
With calm regard that breaks all morbid  
spell

In those who listen at thy feet to gather  
The mellow harvest of thy mind and soul—  
To learn the goodness of the perfect Father,  
Who is thy pleasure and will be thy goal.

ROSALIND

**T**HOU piece of summer sky,  
Thou breath of wind  
That freshens with advancing day,  
Fair Rosalind.  
How deep within thy lustrous soul doth lie  
The love of beauty;  
And dearer still to thy pure mind  
Is simple duty.  
Judgment thou hast of rarer cast than men,  
A courage ne'er to be outrun. What then  
Is there to add, sweet Rosalind?

L. C.

**S**HE passes as the petal of a rose  
Blown sunward on an early morning breeze.  
She scatters on her passage the repose  
Which emanates from mind that is at ease.

She beareth words of wisdom to the wise.  
The sorrowful regard her with content.  
She permitteth to the curious surmise,  
And none willingly she causes to lament.

LAURA

**H**EAVEN'S blessings on thee fall,  
Laura fair, the crystal-eyed.  
May nought in life thy mind appall,  
Pure gold thy metal prove when tried.

An emblem is that snowy brow  
Of purity thou dost bestow  
Upon the earth, nor carest thou  
For vain applause or puppet show.

Though nature hath thine head adorned  
With shape and colors beautiful,  
The Angels have thy mind forewarned  
To keep thee strong and dutiful.

We for thy future have no fears,  
Dear child, but dwell in confidence,  
That if those noble eyes shed tears  
'Twill seldom be from penitence.

















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