

[M. F. TUPPER.]

LOVE.

THERE is a fragrant blossom, that maketh
glad the garden of the heart ;
Its root lieth deep ; it is delicate, yet
lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn ;
Loveliness and thought are the dews that
water it morning and even ;
Memory and absence cherish it, as the
balmy breathings of the south.
Its sun is the brightness of affection, and
it bloometh in the border of Hope.
Its companions are gentle flowers, and the
briar withereth by its side.
I saw it budding in beauty ; I felt the
magic of its smile ;
The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose
stooped down and kissed it ;
And I thought some cherub had planted
there a truant flower of Eden,
As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they
may flourish in a kindly soil.
I saw, and asked not its name. I knew
no language was so wealthy,
Though every heart of every clime findeth
its echo within.

* * * * *

Love,—what a volume in a word, an
ocean in a tear,
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind
in a sigh,
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in
a moment,
What concentrated joy, or woe, in blest
or blighted Love !
For it is that native poetry springing up
indigenous to Mind,
The heart's own country music thrilling
all its chords,
The story without an end that angels
throng to hear,
The words, the king of words, carved on
Jehovah's heart !
Go, call thou snake-eyed malice mercy,
call envy honest praise,
Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward
treachery for prudence ;
Do homage for blaspheming unbelief as
to bold and free philosophy,
And estimate the recklessness of licence as
the right attribute of liberty,—

But with the world, thou friend and
scholar, stain not this pure name,
Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened
to the meanness of desire ;
For Love is no more such, than seraphs'
hymns are discord ;
And such is no more Love, than Etna's
breath is summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the
soul,
A mighty spiritual force, warring with the
dulness of matter,
An angel-mind breathed into a mortal,
though fallen, yet how beautiful !
All the devotion of the heart in all its
depth and grandeur.
Behold that pale geranium, pent within
the cottage-window,
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light
its sickly long-stalked leaves ;
How it straineth upward to the sun,
coveting his sweet influence ;
How real a living sacrifice to the god of
all its worship !
Such is the soul that loveth, and so the
rose-tree of affection
Bendeth its every leaf to look on those
dear eyes : [light ;
Its every gushing petal basketh in their
And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging
on their love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it
buddeth not again :
If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to
be learnt no more ;
Yet often will thought look back, and
weep over early affection ;
And the dim notes of that pleasant song
will be heard as a reproachful spirit,
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert
of the heart,
Where the hot siroccos of the world have
withered its own oasis.

[THOMAS WADE.]

SYMPATHY.

THERE'S music on the earth : the moon
and her attendants
Partake the lofty solitude of heaven.

Why should they seem more lovely to the
sight
For that low melody? By the sweet
strain,
Which falls upon the soul and melts the
soul,
'Tis tempered to their beauty: 'tis the
mind
Which lends the happier influence it re-
ceives [own
From things external, and takes back its
Even as a boon. A sympathy is on me:
I deem those fair lights mortal; there's a
death
Looks through their glory: feeling they
may perish,
I love them more; and my mortality
Shakes off its grosser weight, self-recon-
ciled
By such high partnership.

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A MOTHER TO HER NEW-BORN  
CHILD.

SWEET cry! as sacred as the blessed  
hymn  
Sung at Christ's birth by joyful seraphim!  
Exhausted nigh to death by that dread  
pain,  
That voice salutes me to dear life again.  
Ah, God! my child! my first, my living  
child!  
I have been dreaming of a thing like thee  
Ere since, a babe, upon the mountains  
wild  
I nursed my mimic babe upon my knee.  
In girlhood I had visions of thee; love  
Came to my riper youth, and still I clove  
Unto thine image, born within my brain  
So like! as even there thy germ had lain!  
My blood! my voice! my thought! my  
dream achieved!  
Oh, till this double life, I have not lived!

~~~~~  
[ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE]

CHORUS FROM ATALANTA IN
CALYDON.

BEFORE the beginning of years
There came to the making of man

Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears;
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and
love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day, and a night, and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a
span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the
south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eye-sight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire;
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with de-
rision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WE have seen thee, O Love, thou art
 fair ; thou art goodly, O Love ;
 Thy wings make light in the air as the
 wings of a dove.
 Thy feet are as winds that divide the
 stream of the sea ;
 Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the
 garment of thee.
 Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a
 flame of fire ;
 Before thee the laughter, behind thee the
 tears of desire ;
 And twain go forth beside thee, a man
 with a maid ;
 Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom
 delight makes afraid ;
 As the breath in the buds that stir is her
 bridal breath :
 But Fate is the name of her ; and his
 name is Death.

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 [LADY DUFFERIN.]

## THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,  
 Where we sat side by side,  
 On a bright May morning long ago,  
 When first you were my bride.  
 The corn was springing fresh and green,  
 And the lark sang loud and high,  
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
 And the love light in your eye.  
 The place is little changed, Mary,  
 The day's as bright as then ;  
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
 And the corn is green again.  
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
 And your warm breath on my cheek,  
 And I still keep listening for the words  
 You never more may speak.  
 'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
 The village church stands near,—  
 The church where we were wed, Mary,  
 I see the spire from here.  
 But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,  
 And my step might break your rest,  
 Where I've laid you, darling, down to  
 sleep,  
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
 For the poor make no new friends ;  
 But, oh, they love the better  
 The few our Father sends.  
 And you were all I had, Mary,  
 My blessing and my pride ;  
 There's nothing left to care for now,  
 Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
 My Mary kind and true,  
 But I'll not forget you, darling,  
 In the land I'm going to.  
 They say there's bread and work for all,  
 And the sun shines always there,  
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
 Were it fifty times less fair.

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 [WILLIAM HENRY WHITWORTH.]

TIME AND DEATH.

I SAW old Time, destroyer of mankind ;
 Calm, stern, and cold he sat and often
 shook
 And turned his glass, nor ever cared to
 look
 How many of life's sands were still be-
 hind.
 And there was Death, his page, aghast
 to find
 How, tremblingly, like aspen o'er a
 brook,
 His blunted dart fell harmless ; so he
 took
 His master's scythe, and idly smote the
 wind.
 Smite on, thou gloomy one, with power-
 less aim !
 For Sin, thy mother, at her dying breath,
 Withered that arm, and left thee but a
 name.
 Hope closed the grave, when He of
 Nazareth,
 Who led captivity his captive, came
 And vanquished the great conquerors,
 Time and Death.

[THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.]

LIFE.

COME, track with me this little vagrant
rill,
Wandering its wild course from the
mountain's breast;
Now with a brink fantastic, heather-
drest,
And playing with the stooping flowers at
will;
Now moving scarce, with noiseless step
and still;
Anon it seems to weary of its rest,
And hurries on, leaping with sparkling
zest
Adown the ledges of the broken hill.
So let us live. Is not the life well spent
Which loves the lot that kindly Nature
weaves
For all, inheriting or adorning Earth?
Which throws light pleasure over true
content, [leaves,
Blossoms with fruitage, flowers as well as
And sweetens wisdom with a taste of
mirth?

[GERALD MASSEY.]

WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce ardours
burns,
When I come home, when I come
home;
Over me Heaven with its starry heart
yearns,
When I come home, when I come
home.
For a feast of Gods garnisht, the palace
of Night
At a thousand star-windows is throbbing
with light.
London makes mirth! but I know God
hears
The sobs in the dark, and the dropping
of tears;
For I feel that he listens down Night's
great dome
When I come home, when I come home;
Home, home, when I come home,
Far i' the night when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,
When I come home, when I come
home;
Exulting with life like a Conqueror's
march,
When I come home, when I come
home.
I pass by the rich-chambered mansions
that shine,
O'erflowing with splendour like goblets
with wine:
I have fought, I have vanquisht the dragon
of Toil,
And before me my golden Hesperides
smile!
And O but Love's flowers make rich the
gloom,
When I come home, when I come home!
Home, home, when I come home,
Far i' the night when I come home.
O the sweet, merry mouths up-turned to
be kist,
When I come home, when I come
home!
How the younglings yearn from the
hungry nest,
When I come home, when I come
home!
My weary, worn heart into sweetness is
stirred,
And it dances and sings like a singing
Bird,
On the branch nighest heaven,—a-top of
my life:
As I clasp my winsome, wooing Wife!
And her pale cheek with rich, tender
passion doth bloom,
When I come home, when I come home;
Home, home, when I come home,
Far i' the night when I come home.
Clouds furl off the shining face of my
life,
When I come home, when I come
home,
And leave heaven bare on her bosom,
sweet Wife,
When I come home, when I come
home.
With her brave smiling Energies,—Faith
warm and bright,—
With love glorified and serenely alight,—

With her womanly beauty and queenly
calm,
She steals to my heart with a blessing of
balm ;
And O but the wine of Love sparkles
with foam,
When I come home, when I come home !
Home, home, when I come home,
Far i' the night when I come home.

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A GLIMPSE OF AULD LANG-  
SYNE.

EARTH, sparkling Bride-like, bares her  
bosom to the nestling Night,  
Who hath come down in glory from the  
golden halls of light ;

Ten thousand tender, starry eyes smile  
o'er the world at rest,  
The weary world—husht like an infant on  
its mother's breast !

The great old hills thrust up their fore-  
heads in rich sleeping light :  
How humbly-grand, and still they stand,  
worshipping God to-night !

The flowers have hung their cups with  
gems of their own sweetness wrought,  
And muse and smile upon their stems, in  
ecstasy of thought :

They have banqueted on beauty, at the  
fragrant Eve's red lips,  
And fold in charmed rest, with crowns  
upon their velvet tips.

No green tide sweeps the sea of leaves,  
no wind-sigh stirs the sod,  
While Holiness broods dove-like on the  
soul, begetting God.

Sweet hour ! thou wak'st the feeling that  
we never know by day,  
For angel eyes look down, and read the  
spirit 'neath the clay :

Even while I listen, music stealeth in  
upon my soul,  
As though adown heaven's stair of stars,  
the seraph-harplings stole—

Or I could grasp the immortal part of  
life, and soar, and soar,  
Such strong wings take me, and my heart  
hath found such hidden lore !

It flings aside the weight of years, and  
lovingly goes back,  
To that sweet time, the dear old days,  
that glisten on its track !

Life's withered leaves grow green again,  
and fresh with Childhood's spring,  
As I am welcomed back once more  
within its rainbow ring :—

The Past, with all its gathered charms,  
beckons me back in joy,  
And loving hearts, and open arms, re-  
clasp me as a boy.

The voices of the Loved and Lost are  
stirring at my heart,  
And memory's miser'd treasures leap to  
life, with sudden start,—

As through her darkened windows, warm  
and glad sunlight creeps in,  
And Lang-syne, glimps't in glorious tears,  
my toil-worn soul doth win.

Thou art looking, smiling on me, as thou  
hast lookt and smiled, Mother,  
And I am sitting by thy side, at heart a  
very child, Mother !

I'm with thee now in soul, sweet Mother,  
much as in those hours,  
When all my wealth was in thy love, and  
in the birds and flowers ;

When the long summer days were short,  
for my glad soul to live  
The golden fulness of the bliss, each  
happy hour could give ;

When Heaven sang to my innocence,  
and every leafy grove  
And forest ached with music, as a young  
heart aches with love ;

When life oped like a flower, where clung  
my lips, to quaff its honey,  
And joys thronged like a shower of gold  
king-cups in meadows sunny.



I'll tell thee, Mother! since we met, stern  
changes have come o'er me;  
Then life smiled like a paradise, the  
world was all before me.

O! I was full of trusting faith, and, in my  
glee and gladness,  
Deemed not that others had begun as  
bright, whose end was madness.

I knew not smiles could light up eyes,  
like Sunset's laughing glow  
On some cold stream, which burns above,  
while all runs dark below;

That on Love's summer sea, great souls go  
down, while some, grown cold,  
Seal up affection's living spring, and sell  
their love for gold;

How they on whom we'd staked the heart  
forget the early vow,  
And they who swore to love through life  
would pass all coldly now;

How, in the soul's dark hour, Love's  
temple-veil is rent in twain,  
And the heart quivers thorn-crowned on  
the cross of fiery pain.

And shattered idols, broken dreams,  
come crowding on my brain,  
As speaks the spirit-voice of days that  
never come again.

It tells of golden moments lost—heart  
seared—blind Passion's thrall;  
Life's spring-tide blossoms run to waste,  
Love's honey turned to gall.

It tells how many and often high resolve  
and purpose strong,  
Shaped on the anvil of my heart, have  
failed upon my tongue.

I left thee, Mother, in sweet May, the  
merry month of flowers,  
To toil away in dusky gloom the golden  
summer hours.

I left my world of love behind, with soul  
for life a-thirsting,  
My burning eyelid dropt no tear, although  
my heart was bursting.

For I had knit my soul to climb, with  
poverty its burden;  
Give me but time, O give me time, and I  
would win the guerdon.

Ah! Mother! many a heart that all my  
aspiration cherisht,  
Hath fallen in the trampling strife, and in  
the life-march perisht.

We see the bleeding victims lie upon the  
world's grim Altar,  
And one by one young feelings die, and  
dark doubts make us falter.

Mother, the world hath wreapt its part on  
me, with scathing power,  
Yet the best life that heaves my heart runs  
for thee at this hour;

And by these holy yearnings, by these  
eyes with sweet tears wet,  
I know there wells a spring of love through  
all my being yet.

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HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever! though to-day be
dark,
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee
to-morrow:
Tho' thou art lonely, there's an eye will
mark
Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy
sorrow!
Tho' thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid
men,
With none to echo back thy thought,
or love thee,
Cheer up, poor heart! thou dost not beat
in vain,
For God is over all, and heaven above
thee—
Hope on, hope ever.

The iron may enter in and pierce thy
soul,
But cannot kill the love within thee
burning:
The tears of misery, thy bitter dole,
Can never quench thy true heart's
seraph yearning

For better things : nor crush thy ardour's
trust,
That Error from the mind shall be up-
rooted,
That Truths shall dawn as flowers spring
from the dust,
And Love be cherisht where Hate was
embruted !
Hope on, hope ever.

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and
taunt,—
With the heart's honest pride at mid-
night wrestle ;
To feel the killing canker-worm of
Want,
While rich rogues in their stolen luxury
nestle ;
For I have felt it. Yet from Earth's cold
Real
My soul looks out on coming things,
and cheerful
The warm Sunrise floods all the land
Ideal,
And still it whispers to the worn and
tearful,
Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever! after darkest
night,
Comes, full of loving life, the laughing
Morning ;
Hope on, hope ever! Spring-tide, flusht
with light,
Aye crowns old Winter with her rich
adorning.
Hope on, hope ever! yet the time shall
come,
When man to man shall be a friend and
brother ;
And this old world shall be a happy
home,
And all Earth's family love one an-
other !
Hope on, hope ever.

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DESOLATE.

THE day goes down red darkling,  
The moaning waves dash out the light,  
And there is not a star of hope sparkling  
On the threshold of my night.

Wild winds of Autumn go, wailing  
Up the valley and over the hill,  
Like yearning ghosts round the world  
sailing,  
In search of the old love still.

A fathomless sea is rolling  
O'er the wreck of the bravest bark ;  
And my pain-muffled heart is tolling  
Its dumb-peal down in the dark.

The waves of a mighty sorrow  
Have whelméd the pearl of my life :  
And there cometh to me no morrow  
Shall solace this desolate strife.

Gone are the last faint flashes,  
Set is the sun of my years ;  
And over a few poor ashes  
I sit in my darkness and tears.

~~~~~  
TO A BELOVED ONE.

HEAVEN hath its crown of stars, the
earth
Her glory robe of flowers—
The sea its gems—the grand old woods
Their songs and greening showers :
The birds have homes, where leaves and
blooms
In beauty wreathe above ;
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-
dream—
And we, sweet ! we have love.

We walk not with the jewelled great,
Where Love's dear name is sold ;
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold !
We revel not in corn and wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine,
While we may live and love.

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
On misery's bosom nursed :
Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns
For branded brows Cain-curst !

Put cherubin, with clasping wings,
Ever about us be,
And, happiest of God's happy things !
There's love for you and me.

The lips that kiss till death, have turned
Life's water into wine ;
The sweet life melting thro' thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,
Since thou to me wert given ;
A ladder for my soul to climb,
And summer high in heaven.

I know, dear heart ! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow ;
But love's rich rainbow's built from tears
To-day, with smiles to-morrow.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall sheltered be.

I see thee ! Ararat of my life,
Smiling the waves above !
Thou hail'st me victor in the strife,
And beacon'st me with love.
The world may never know, dear heart !
What I have found in thee !
But, tho' nought to the world, dear heart !
Thou'rt all the world to me.

THE INFANT'S GRAVE.

WITHIN a mile of Edinburgh town
We laid our little darling down ;
Our first seed in God's acre sown !

So sweet a place ! Death looks beguiled
Of half his gloom ; or sure he smiled
To win our wondrous spirit-child,

God giveth His Beloved sleep
So calm, within its silence deep,
As angel-guards the watch did keep.

The city looketh solemn and sweet ;
It bares a gentle brow, to greet
The mourners mourning at its feet.

The sea of human life breaks round
This shore of death, with softened sound,
Wild-flowers climb each mossy mound

To place in resting hands their palm,
And breathe their beauty, bloom, and
balm ;
Folding the dead in fragrant calm.

A softer shadow grief might wear ;
And old heartache come gather there
The peace that falleth after prayer.

Poor heart, that danced among the vines
All reeling-ripe with sweet love-wines,
Thou walk'st with Death among the
pines !

Lorn Mother, at the dark grave-door,
She kneeleth, pleading o'er and o'er,
But it is shut for evermore.

Blind, blind ! She feels, but cannot read
Aright ; then leans as she would feed
The dear dead lips that never heed.

The spirit of life may leap above,
But in that grave her prisoned dove
Lies, cold to the warm embrace of love,

And dark, tho' all the world is bright ;
And lonely, with a city in sight ;
And desolate in the rainy night.

Ah, God ! when in the glad life-cup
The face of Death swims darkly up ;
The crowning flower is sure to droop.

And so we laid our darling down,
When Summer's cheek grew ripely brown,
And still, tho' grief hath milder grown,

Unto the stranger's land we cleave,
Like some poor birds that grieve and
grieve,
Round the robbed nest, and cannot leave

[CHARLES MACKAY.]

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Egeria.

A GLORIOUS vision burst upon their sight,
 As on the topmost peak they took their
 stand,
 To gaze from that clear centre on the
 world,
 And measure with their proud delighted
 eyes
 The vast circumference, whose radius
 stretched,
 Seaward and landward, each for fifty
 miles.
 Beneath their feet a burnished ocean lay,
 Glittering in sunshine. Far adown, like
 snow,
 Shook from the bosom of a wintry cloud,
 And drifting on the wind in feathery
 flakes
 The sea-gulls sailed betwixt the earth and
 sky,
 Or, floating on the bosom of the deep,
 Pursued the herring shoal with dexterous
 aim.
 Far, far away, on the horizon's edge,
 The white sails of the homeward scudding
 ships
 Gleamed like the lilies in a garden plot,
 Or like the scattered shreds of fleecy
 cloud
 Left by the Evening at the gate of Night,
 To shimmer in the leaden-coloured sky,
 And drink the splendour of the harvest
 moon,
 Their glancing breasts reflected from afar
 The noonday sunlight.—Landward when
 they looked,
 The earth beneath them seemed as it had
 boiled,
 And tossed, and heaved, in some great
 agony ;
 Till suddenly, at fiat of the Lord,
 The foaming waves had hardened into
 hills,
 And mountains, multitudinous and huge,
 Of jagged outline, piled and overpiled,
 One o'er the other. Calmly the grey
 heads
 Of these earth-fathers pointed up to
 heaven —

Titanic sentinels, who all the night
 Look at their kindred sentinels, the stars,
 To hear the march and tramp of distant
 worlds,
 And measure by millenniums, not by
 years, [time!
 The awful growth and progress of the
 Between the bases of the lesser hills,
 Green valleys, musical with lowing kine,
 And watered by the upland overflow,
 Stretched in their beauty. In the hollows
 slept
 Clear lakes, which from those azure
 heights appeared
 Small as the basins where the Oreads
 Might bathe, at morning-burst, their
 tender limbs.
 Most beautiful the nearer landscape lay ;
 The distant panorama more confused,
 Melted away in purple haziness.
 I am so happy in such scenes as these,
 And yet so sad, and so dissatisfied ;
 I feel one moment I could leap for joy,
 And in the next that I would lie me down
 And weep that my enjoyment is so small,
 And that such beauty and sublimity,
 Such glory and such wonder, should not
 be
 Part of myself for ever. Oh, thou Deep !
 Rolling beneath me thine eternal waves,
 I feel myself thine equal, as I stand
 And look upon thee from a height like
 this,
 With thronging thoughts no tongue may
 ever speak !
 Thou blue sky ! circling all in thine
 embrace ;
 Oh, how I envy the air-cleaving wings
 Of Alpine eagles, and the liberty
 Of motion, unrestrained by clogs of
 Earth ! [tops !
 Ye hills, I love ye ! Oh, ye mountain
 Lifting serenely your transcendent brows
 To catch the earliest glimpses of the
 dawn,
 And hold the latest radiance of the West,
 To gild you with its glory, while the
 world
 Hastens to slumber in the glooms below ;
 It is a pain to know ye, and to feel,
 That nothing can express the deep delight
 With which your beauty and magnificence
 Fill to o'erflowing the ecstatic mind.

LOUISE ON THE DOOR-STEP.

HALF-PAST three in the morning !
 And no one in the street
 But me, on the sheltering door-step
 Resting my weary feet :
 Watching the rain-drops patter
 And dance where the puddles run,
 As bright in the flaring gaslight
 As dewdrops in the sun.

There's a light upon the pavement—
 It shines like a magic glass,
 And there are faces in it
 That look at me and pass.
 Faces—ah ! well remembered
 In the happy Long Ago,
 When my garb was white as lilies,
 And my thoughts as pure as snow.

Faces ! ah, yes ! I see them—
 One, two, and three—and four—
 That come in the gust of tempests,
 And go on the winds that bore.
 Changeful and evanescent,
 They shine 'mid storm and rain,
 Till the terror of their beauty
 Lies deep upon my brain.

One of them frowns ; I know him,
 With his thin long snow-white
 hair,—
 Cursing his wretched daughter
 That drove him to despair.
 And the other, with wakening pity
 In her large tear-streaming eyes,
 Seems as she yearned toward me,
 And whispered "Paradise."

They pass,—they melt in the ripples,
 And I shut mine eyes, that burn,
 To escape another vision
 That follows where'er I turn—
 The face of a false deceiver
 That lives and lies ; ah, me !
 Though I see it in the pavement,
 Mocking my misery !

They are gone !—all three !—quite
 vanished !
 Let nothing call them back !
 For I've had enough of phantoms,
 And my heart is on the rack !

God help me in my sorrow ;
 But *there*,—in the wet, cold stone,
 Smiling in heavenly beauty,
 I see my lost, mine own !

There, on the glimmering pavement,
 With eyes as blue as morn,
 Floats by the fair-haired darling
 Too soon from my bosom torn.
 She clasps her tiny fingers—
 She calls me sweet and mild,
 And says that my God forgives me
 For the sake of my little child.

I will go to her grave to-morrow,
 And pray that I may die ;
 And I hope that my God will take me
 Ere the days of my youth go by.
 For I am old in anguish,
 And long to be at rest,
 With my little babe beside me,
 And the daisies on my breast.

~~~~~  
 THE DEATH-SONG OF  
 THE POET.

## I.

I HAVE a people of mine own,  
 And great or small, whate'er they be,  
 'Tis Harp and Harper, touch and tone—  
 There's music between them and me.

## II.

And let none say, when low in death  
 The soul-inspiring minstrel lies,  
 That I misused my hand or breath  
 For favour in the people's eyes.

## III.

Whate'er my faults as mortal man,  
 Let foes revive them if they must !  
 And yet a grave is ample span  
 To hide their memory with my dust !

## IV.

But give, oh ! give me what I claim,—  
 The Harper's meed, the Minstrel's  
 crown—  
 I never sang for sake of Fame,  
 Or clutched at baubles of renown.



V.

I spoke my thought, I sang my song,  
Because I pitied, felt, and knew ;  
I never glorified a wrong,  
Or sang approval of th' untrue.

VI.

And if I touched the people's heart,  
Is that a crime in true men's eyes,  
Or desecration of an art  
That speaks to human sympathies ?

VII.

As man, let men my worth deny ;  
As Harper, by my harp I stand,  
And dare the Future to deny  
The might that quivered from my  
hand.

VIII.

A King of Bards, though scorned and  
poor,  
I feel the crown upon my head,  
And Time shall but the more secure  
My right to wear it.—I have said.

~~~~~  
THE LOST DAY.

I.

FAREWELL, oh day misspent ;
Thy fleeting hours were lent
In vain to my endeavour.
In shade and sun
Thy race is run
For ever ! oh, for ever !
The leaf drops from the tree,
The sand falls in the glass,
And to the dread Eternity
The dying minutes pass.

II.

It was not till thine end
I knew thou wert my friend ;
But now, thy worth recalling,
My grief is strong
I did thee wrong,
And scorned thy treasures falling.
But sorrow comes too late ;
Another day is born ;—
Pass, minutes, pass ; may better fate
Attend to-morrow morn.

III.

Oh, birth ! oh, death of Time !
Oh, mystery sublime !
Ever the rippling ocean
Brings forth the wave
To smile or rave,
And die of its own motion.
A little wave to strike
The sad responsive shore,
And be succeeded by its like
Ever and evermore.

IV.

Oh change from same to same !
Oh quenched, yet burning flame !
Oh new birth, born of dying !
Oh transient ray !
Oh speck of day !
Approaching and yet flying ;—
Pass to Eternity.
Thou day, that came in vain !
A new wave surges on the sea—
The world grows young again.

V.

Come in, To-day, come in !
I have confessed my sin
To thee, young promise-bearer !
New Lord of Earth !
I hail thy birth —
The crown awaits the weaver.
Child of the ages past !
Sire of a mightier line !
On the same deeps our lot is cast !
The world is thine—and mine !

~~~~~  
PIETY.

*Egeria.*

O Piety ! O heavenly Piety !  
She is not rigid as fanatics deem,  
But warm as Love, and beautiful as  
Hope.

Prop of the weak, the crown of humble-  
ness,  
The clue of doubt, the eyesight of the  
blind,  
The heavenly robe and garniture of clay.



He that is crowned with that supernal  
crown,  
Is lord and sovereign of himself and Fate,  
And angels are his friends and ministers.

Clad in that raiment, ever white and  
pure,  
The wayside mire is harmless to defile,  
And rudest storms sweep impotently by.

The pilgrim wandering amid crags and  
pits,  
Supported by that staff shall never fall :—  
He smiles at peril, and defies the storm.

Shown by that clue, the doubtful path is  
clear,  
The intricate snares and mazes of the  
world  
Are all unlabyrinthed and bright as day.

Sweet Piety ! divinest Piety !  
She has a soul capacious as the spheres,  
A heart as large as all humanity.

Who to his dwelling takes that visitant,  
Has a perpetual solace in all pain,  
A friend and comforter in every grief.

The noblest domes, the haughtiest  
palaces,  
That know not her, have ever open gates  
Where Misery may enter at her will.

But from the threshold of the poorest  
hut,  
Where she sits smiling, Sorrow passes by,  
And owns the spell that robs her of her  
sting.

## TUBAL CAIN.

### I.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might  
In the days when Earth was young ;  
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright  
The strokes of his hammer rung ;  
And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet  
showers,  
As he fashioned the sword and spear.

And he sang—“Hurra for my handi-  
work !

Hurra for the spear and sword !  
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them  
well,  
For he shall be king and lord !”

### II.

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one prayed for a strong steel  
blade

As the crown of his desire : [strong,  
And he made them weapons sharp and  
Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,  
And spoils of the forest free.  
And they sang—“Hurra for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew !  
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,  
And hurra for the metal true !”

### III.

But a sudden change came o'er his heart  
Ere the setting of the sun,  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
For the evil he had done ;  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
Made war upon their kind,  
That the land was red with the blood  
they shed  
In their lust for carnage blind.  
And he said—“Alas ! that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan,  
The spear and the sword for men whose  
joy  
Is to slay their fellow man.”

### IV.

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;  
And his hand forebore to smite the ore  
And his furnace smouldered low.  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright courageous eye,  
And bared his strong right arm for work,  
While the quick flames mounted high.  
And he sang—“Hurra for my handi-  
craft !”  
And the red sparks lit the air ;  
“Not alone for the blade was the bright  
steel made ;”  
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.



v.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
 In friendship joined their hands,  
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on  
 the wall,  
 And ploughed the willing lands ;  
 And sang—" Hurra for Tubal Cain !  
 Our staunch good friend is he ;  
 And for the ploughshare and the plough  
 To him our praise shall be.  
 But while oppression lifts its head,  
 Or a tyrant would be lord,  
 Though we may thank him for the  
 plough,  
 We'll not forget the sword !"

~~~~~

THE RIM OF THE BOWL.

I SAT 'mid the flickering lights, when all
 the guests had departed,
 Alone at the head of the table, and
 dreamed of the days that were gone ;
 Neither asleep nor waking, nor sad nor
 cheery-hearted—
 But passive as a leaf by the wild
 November blown.
 I thought—if thinking 'twere, when
 thoughts were dimmer than shadows—
 And toyed the while with the music I
 drew from the rim of the bowl,
 Passing my fingers round, as if my will
 compelled it
 To answer my shapeless dreams, as
 soul might answer soul.

Idle I was, and listless ; but melody and
 fancy
 Came out of that tremulous dulcimer,
 as my hand around it strayed ;
 The rim was a magic circle, and mine
 was the necromancy
 That summoned its secrets forth, to
 take the forms I bade.
 Secrets ! ay ! buried secrets, forgotten for
 twenty summers,
 But living anew in the odours of the
 roses at the board ;
 Secrets of Truth and Passion, and the
 days of Life's unreason ;
 Perhaps not at all atoned for, in the
 judgments of the LORD.

Secrets that still shall slumber, for I will
 not bare my bosom
 To the gaze of the heartless, prying,
 unconscionable crowd,
 That would like to know, I doubt not,
 how much I have sinned and suffered,
 And drag me down to its level—be-
 cause it would humble the proud.
 Beautiful spirits they were, that danced
 on the rim at my bidding :
 Spirits of Joy or Sadness, in their brief
 sweet Summer day ;
 Spirits that aye possess me, and keep me,
 if I wander,
 In the line of the straight, and the
 flower of the fruitful way.

Spirits of women and children—spirits of
 friends departed—
 Spirits of dear companions that have
 gone to the levelling tomb,
 Hallowed for ever and ever with the
 sanctity of sorrow,
 And the aureole of death that crowns
 them in the gloom.
 Spirits of Hope and Faith, and one
 supremely lovely,
 That sang to me years ago, when I
 was a little child,
 And sported at her footstool, or lay upon
 her bosom,
 And gazed at the Love that dazzled me
 from her eyes so soft and mild.

And that song from the rim of the bowl
 came sounding and sounding ever—
 As oft it had done before in the toil
 and moil of life ;
 A song nor sad nor merry, but low and
 sweet and plaintive ;
 A clarion blast in sorrow ; an anodyne
 in strife ;
 A song like a ray of moonlight that
 gleams athwart a tempest.
 Sound ever, O Song ! sound sweetly,
 whether I live or die,
 My guardian, my adviser, my comforter,
 my comrade,
 A voice from the sinless regions—a
 message from the sky !

~~~~~



## SISYPHUS.

*A Study from the Antique.*

EVER and evermore  
 Upon the steep life-shore  
 Of Death's dark main,  
 Bare to the bitter skies,  
 His mournful task he plies  
*In vain, in vain!*

Sometimes he looks to Heaven  
 And asks to be forgiven  
 The grievous pain.  
 The stars look sadly down,  
 The cold sun seems to frown—  
*In vain, in vain!*

But kindly mother Earth,  
 Remembering his birth,  
 Doth not disdain  
 To sympathise with him,  
 So worn of heart and limb;  
*In vain, in vain!*

Is not his fate her own?  
 The rolling toilsome stone  
 Rolled back again?  
 Are not her children's woes  
 The very same he knows?—  
*In vain, in vain!*

Do not all Earth and Sea  
 Repeat Eternally  
 Th' unvarying strain?  
 The old and sad lament  
 With human voices blent,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Through the green forest arch  
 The wild winds in their march  
 Sigh and complain;  
 The torrent on the hill  
 Moans to the midnight chill,  
*In vain, in vain!*

The hoarse monotonous waves  
 Attune from all their caves,  
 Through storm and rain,  
 The melancholy cry,  
 To listening Earth and sky,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Love mourns its early dead;  
 Hope its illusions fled,  
 Or rudely slain;  
 And Wealth and Power prolong  
 The same, th' eternal song,  
*In vain, in vain!*

Toil, Sisyphus, toil on!  
 Thou'rt many, though but one!  
 Toil heart and brain!  
 One—but the type of all  
 Rolling the dreadful ball,  
*In vain! in vain!*

## I LOVE MY LOVE.

## I.

WHAT is the meaning of the song  
 That rings so clear and loud,  
 Thou nightingale amid the copse—  
 Thou lark above the cloud?  
 What says thy song, thou joyous thrush,  
 Up in the walnut-tree?  
 "I love my Love, because I know  
 My Love loves me."

## II.

What is the meaning of thy thought,  
 O maiden fair and young?  
 There is such pleasure in thine eyes,  
 Such music on thy tongue;  
 There is such glory on thy face—  
 What can the meaning be?  
 "I love my Love, because I know  
 My Love loves me."

## III.

O happy words! at Beauty's feet  
 We sing them ere our prime;  
 And when the early summers pass,  
 And Care comes on with Time,  
 Still be it ours, in Care's despite,  
 To join the chorus free—  
 "I love my Love, because I know  
 My Love loves me."



I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP  
DISTRESSED.

## I.

I LAY in sorrow, deep distressed :  
My grief a proud man heard ;  
His looks were cold, he gave me gold,  
But not a kindly word.  
My sorrow passed,—I paid him back  
The gold he gave to me ;  
Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,  
And blessed his Charity.

## II.

I lay in want, in grief and pain :  
A poor man passed my way ;  
He bound my head, he gave me bread,  
He watched me night and day.  
How shall I pay him back again,  
For all he did to me ?  
Oh, gold is great, but greater far  
Is heavenly Sympathy !

~~~~~  
YOUTH'S WARNING.

I.

BEWARE, exulting youth, beware,
When life's young pleasures woo,
That ere you yield you shrive your heart,
And keep your conscience true !
For sake of silver spent to-day,
Why pledge to-morrow's gold ?
Or in hot blood implant Remorse,
To grow when blood is cold ?
*If wrong you do, if false you play,
In summer among the flowers,
You must atone, you shall repay,
In winter among the showers.*

II.

To turn the balances of Heaven
Surpasses mortal power ;
For every white there is a black,
For every sweet a sour.
For every up there is a down,
For every folly, shame ;
And retribution follows guilt,
As burning follows flame.
*If wrong you do, if false you play,
In summer among the flowers,
You must atone, you shall repay,
In winter among the showers.*

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA.

I.

FAR, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
Upon the deck we gather young and old ;
And view the flapping sail,
Spreading out before the gale,
Full and round without a wrinkle or a
fold :
Or watch the waves that glide
By the stately vessel's side,
And the wild sea-birds that follow through
the air.
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind
blows fair.

II.

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
We talk of pleasant days when we were
young,
And remember, though we roam,
The sweet melodies of home—
The songs of happy childhood which we
sung.
And though we quit her shore,
To return to it no more,
Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall
bear ;
That "Britons rule the waves,"
"And never shall be slaves."
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind
blows fair.

III.

Far, far upon the sea,
Whate'er our country be,
The thought of it shall cheer us as we go.
And Scotland's sons shall join,
In the song of "Auld Lang Syne,"
With voice by memory softened, clear and
low.
And the men of Erin's Isle,
Battling sorrow with a smile,
Shall sing "St. Patrick's Morning," void
of care ;
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on the way ;—
Oh! gaily goes the ship when the wind
blows fair.

AMERICAN POETS.

[LYDIA HUNTLY SIGOURNEY. 1791—1865]

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

DEATH found strange beauty on that
polished brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of
rose
O'er cheek and lip. He touched the
veins with ice,
And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wistful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which inno-
cence

Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he
bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its
mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler
set

The seal of silence.

But there beamed a smile,
So fixed, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared
not steal

The signet-ring of heaven.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS AT SEA.

BORNE upon the ocean's foam,
Far from native land and home,
Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,
Brooding o'er our venturous path,
While the mountain wave is rolling,
And the ship's bell faintly tolling :
Saviour ! on the boisterous sea,
Bid us rest secure in Thee.

Blast and surge, conflicting hoarse,
Sweep us on with headlong force ;
And the bark, which tempests surge,
Moans and trembles at their scourge :

Yet, should wildest tempests swell,
Be thou near, and all is well.
Saviour ! on the stormy sea,
Let us find repose in Thee.

Hearts there are with love that burn
When to us afar they turn ;
Eyes that show the rushing tear
If our uttered names they hear :
Saviour ! o'er the faithless main
Bring us to those homes again,
As the trembler, touched by Thee
Safely trod the treacherous sea.

Wrecks are darkly spread below,
Where with lonely keel we go ;
Gentle brows and bosoms brave
Those abysses richly pave :
If beneath the briny deep
We, with them, should coldly sleep,
Saviour ! o'er the whelming sea,
Take our ransomed soul to Thee.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO
THE BODY.

COMPANION dear ! the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds—to die, to die.
So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compelled,
How canst thou bear the dread decree,
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me.
—To Him who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestment wore,
To Him I look, to Him I bend,
To Him thy shuddering frame commend.
—If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing breast, the burning brain,
With cares and vigils turned thee pale,
And scorned thee when thy strength did
fail,
Forgive ! forgive !—thy task doth cease,
Friend ! Lover !—let us part in peace.
If thou didst sometimes check my force,
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,

Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
 Or bow my drooping wing to dust,
 I blame thee not, the strife is done ;
 I knew thou wert the weaker one,
 The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
 Constrained to hold the breath of God.
 —Well hast thou in my service wrought ;
 Thy brow hath mirrored forth my
 thought ;
 To wear my smile thy lip hath glowed ;
 Thy tear, to speak my sorrows, flowed ;
 Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
 Of sweetly varied melodies ;
 Thy hands my prompted deeds have
 done ;
 Thy feet upon mine errands run—
 Yes, thou hast marked my bidding well.
 Faithful and true ! farewell, farewell.

—Go to thy rest. A quiet bed
 Meek mother Earth with flowers shall
 spread,

Where I no more thy sleep may break
 With fevered dream, nor rudely wake
 Thy wearied eye.

Oh, quit thy hold,
 For thou art faint, and chill, and cold,
 And long thy gasp and groan of pain
 Have bound me pitying in thy chain,
 Though angels urge me hence to soar,
 Where I shall share thine ills no more.
 —Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy
 pain,

Remember, we shall meet again.
 Quell with this hope the victor's sting,
 And keep it as a signet-ring.
 When the dire worm shall pierce thy
 breast,
 And nought but ashes mark thy rest :
 When stars shall fall, and skies grow
 dark,
 And proud suns quench their glow-worm
 spark,

Keep thou that hope to light thy gloom,
 Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.
 —Then shalt thou glorious rise, and fair,
 Nor spot nor stain nor wrinkle bear ;
 And I, with hovering wing elate,
 The bursting of thy bonds shall wait,
 And breathe the welcome of the sky—
 “No more to part, no more to die,
 Co heir of Immortality.”

THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD.

BLUE-BIRD ! on yon leafless tree,
 Dost thou carol thus to me,
 “Spring is coming ! Spring is here !”
 Say'st thou so, my birdie dear ?
 What is that, in misty shroud,
 Stealing from the darken'd cloud ?
 Lo ! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
 Settles o'er the whitened ground,
 Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,
 “Spring is coming ! Spring is here !”

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain ?
 Winds are piping o'er the plain ;
 Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky
 With a black and threatening eye ;
 Urchins, by the frozen rill,
 Wrap their mantles closer still ;
 Yon poor man, with doublet old,
 Doth he shiver at the cold ?
 Hath he not a nose of blue ?
 Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,
 Rosy wreaths and revelry :
 Hast thou wooed some winged love
 To a nest in verdant grove ?
 Sung to her of greenwood bower,
 Sunny skies that never lower ?
 Lured her with thy promise fair
 Of a lot that knows no care ?
 Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,
 Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
 She can sing a cheerful song ?
 When the rude winds rock the tree,
 If she'll closer cling to thee ?
 Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
 Unappalled shall pass thee by ;
 Though thy curtained chamber show
 Siftings of untimely snow,
 Warm and glad thy heart shall be,
 Love shall make it Spring for thee.

NO CONCEALMENT.

“There is nothing covered that shall not be
 revealed ; and hid that shall not be known.”—
St. Matt.

THINK'ST thou to be concealed, thou
 little stream !
 That through the lowly vale dost wind
 thy way,

Loving beneath the darkest arch to
glide
Of woven branches, blent with hillocks
gray?
The mist doth track thee, and reveal thy
course
Unto the dawn, and a bright line of
green
Tingeth thy marge, and the white flocks
that haste
At summer-noon, to drink thy crystal
sheen,
Make plain thy wanderings to the eye of
day;
And then thy smiling answer to the
moon,
Whose beams so freely on thy bosom
sleep,
Unfold thy secret, even to night's dull
noon.
How couldst thou hope, in such a world
as this,
To shroud thy gentle path of beauty and
of bliss?

Think'st thou to be concealed, thou
little seed!
That in the bosom of the earth art
cast,
And there, like cradled infant, sleep'st
awhile,
Unmoved by trampling storm, or thun-
der blast?
Thou bidest thy time, for herald spring
shall come
And wake thee, all unwilling as thou
art,
Unhood thine eyes, unfold thy clasping
sheath,
And stir the languid pulses of thy
heart.
The loving rains shall woo thee, and the
dews
Weep o'er thy bed, till, ere thou art
aware,
Forth steals the tender leaf, the wiry
stem,
The trembling bud, the flower that
scents the air;
And soon, to all, thy ripened fruitage
tells
The evil or the good that in thy nature
dwells.

Think'st thou to be concealed, thou little
thought!
That in the curtained chamber of the
soul
Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to
do
A hidden work? Look to the hues
that roll
O'er the changed brow, the moving lip
behold,
Linking thee unto sound, the feet that
run
Upon thine errands, and the deeds that
stamp
Thy likeness plain before the noonday
sun.
Look to the pen that writes thy history
down
In those tremendous books that ne'er
unclose
Until the Day of Doom; and blush to
see
How vain thy trust in darkness to re-
pose,
Where all things tend to judgment. So
beware,
Oh erring human heart, what thoughts
thou lodgest there.

THE VIRGINIAN COLONISTS.

Pocahontas.

CLIME of the West! that to the hunter's
bow,
And roving hordes of savage men,
wert sold,—
Their cone-roofed wigwams pierced
the wintry snow,
Their tasselled corn crept sparsely
through the mould,
Their bark canoes thy glorious waters
clave,
The chase their glory, and the wild
their grave—
Look up! a loftier destiny behold,
For to thy coast the fair-haired Saxon
steers,
Rich with the spoils of time, the lore o
bards and seers.

Behold a sail ! another, and another !
 Like living things on the broad
 river's breast ;—
 What were thy secret thoughts, oh,
 red-browed brother,
 As toward the shore these white-
 winged wanderers prest ?
 But lo ! emerging from her forest
 zone,
 The bow and quiver o'er her shoulder
 thrown,
 With nodding plumes her raven
 tresses drest,
 Of queenly step, and form erect and
 bold,
 Yet mute with wondering awe, the New
 World meets the Old.

Roll on, majestic flood, in power and
 pride,
 Which like a sea doth swell old
 ocean's sway ;—
 With hasting keel, thy pale-faced spon-
 sors glide
 To keep the pageant of thy christen-
 ing day.
 They bless thy wave, they bid thee
 leave unsung
 The uncouth baptism of a barbarous
 tongue,
 And take his name,—the Stuart's,—
 first to bind
 The Scottish thistle in the lion's mane,
 Of all old Albion's kings, most versatile
 and vain.

~~~~~  
 NIAGARA.

FLOW on for ever, in thy glorious  
 robe  
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on  
 Unfathomed and resistless. God hath  
 set  
 His rainbow on thy forehead, and the  
 cloud  
 Mantled around thy feet. And he doth  
 give  
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of  
 Him  
 Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
 Keep silence—and upon thine altar pour  
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift  
 The insect-trump that tells her trifling  
 joys  
 Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sub-  
 lime  
 Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean  
 shrinks  
 Back from thy brotherhood, and all his  
 waves  
 Retire abashed. For he hath need to  
 sleep,  
 Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling  
 home  
 His boisterous billows, from their vexing  
 play,  
 To a long dreary calm : but thy strong  
 tide  
 Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart  
 forgets  
 Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.  
 The morning stars, that hailed Creation's  
 birth,  
 Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with  
 their song  
 Jehovah's name ; and the dissolving fires,  
 That wait the mandate of the day of  
 doom  
 To wreck the earth, shall find it deep in-  
 scribed  
 Upon thy rocky scroll. The lofty trees  
 That list thy teachings, scorn the lighter  
 lore  
 Of the too fitful winds ; while their young  
 leaves  
 Gather fresh greenness from thy living  
 spray, [birds,  
 Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo ! yon  
 How bold they venture near, dipping  
 their wing  
 In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis  
 meet  
 For them to touch thy garment's hem, or  
 stir  
 Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon  
 the cloud [heaven  
 Unblamed, or warble at the gate of  
 Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems  
 Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk  
 Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to trace  
 Thine awful features with our pencil  
 point  
 Were but to press on Sinai.



Thou dost speak  
Alone of God, who poured thee as a drop  
From his right-hand,—bidding the soul  
that looks  
Upon thy fearful majesty be still,  
Be humbly wrapped in its own nothing-  
ness,  
And lose itself in Him.

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON.]

### THRENODY.

THE South-wind brings  
Life, sunshine, and desire,  
And on every mount and meadow  
Breathes aromatic fire.  
But o'er the dead he has no power :  
The lost, the lost, he cannot restore.  
And, looking o'er the hills, I mourn  
The darling who shall not return.

I see my empty house,—  
I see my trees repair their boughs ;  
And he, the wondrous child,  
Whose silver warble wild  
Outvalued every pulsing sound  
Within the air's cerulean round,  
The hyacinthine boy, for whom  
Morn well might break, and April bloom ;  
The gracious boy who did adorn  
The world whereinto he was born,  
And by his countenance repay  
The favour of the loving Day,  
Has disappeared from the Day's eye.  
Far and wide, she cannot find him,—  
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him ;  
Returned the day, this south-wind  
searches,  
And finds young trees and budding  
birches,  
But finds not the budding man,  
Nature, who lost him, cannot remake  
him ;  
Fate let him fall, Fate cannot retake  
Nature, Fate, men, him seek in vain.  
And whither now, my truant, wise and  
sweet,  
O, whither tend thy feet ?  
I had the right, few days ago,  
Thy steps to watch, thy place to know ;  
How have I forfeited the right ?  
Hast thou forgot me in a new delight ?

I hearken for thy household cheer,  
O eloquent child !  
Whose voice, an equal messenger,  
Conveyed thy meaning mild.  
What though the pains and joys,  
Whereof it spoke, were toys,  
Fitting his age and ken ;  
Yet fairest dames and bearded men,  
Who heard the sweet request,  
So gentle, wise, and grave,  
Bended with joy to his behest,—  
And let the world's affairs go by,  
Awhile to share his cordial game,  
Or mend his wicker wagon frame,  
Still plotting how their hungry ear  
That winsome voice again might hear :  
For his lips could well pronounce  
Words that were persuasions.

Gentlest guardians marked serene  
His early hope, his liberal mien ;  
Took counsel from his guiding eyes,  
To make this wisdom earthly wise.  
Ah ! vainly do these eyes recall  
The school-march, each day's festival ;  
When every morn my bosom glowed,  
To watch the convoy on the road :  
The babe in willow wagon closed,  
With rolling eyes and face composed,—  
With children forward and behind,  
Like Cupids studiously inclined.  
And he, the Chieftain, paced beside,  
The centre of the troop allied,  
With sunny face of sweet repose,  
To guard the babe from fancied foes.  
The little Captain innocent  
Took the eye with him as he went.  
Each village senior paused to scan,  
And speak the lovely caravan.

From the window I look out,  
To mark thy beautiful parade ;  
Stately marching in cap and coat,  
To some tune by fairies played ;  
A music heard by thee alone,  
To works as noble led thee on.  
Now Love and Pride, alas ! in vain,  
Up and down their glances strain.  
The painted sled stands where it stood,  
The kennel by the corded wood ;  
The gathered sticks to staunch the wall  
Of the snow tower, when snow should  
fall ;



The ominous hole he dug in the  
sand,  
And childhood's castles, built or planned;  
His daily haunts I well discern,  
The poultry-yard, the shed, the barn,  
And every inch of garden ground,  
Paced by the blessed feet around;  
From the road-side to the brook,  
Whereinto he loved to look.  
Step the meek birds where erst they  
ranged,  
The wintry garden lies unchanged;  
The brook into the stream runs on,  
But the deep-eyed Boy is gone!

~~~~~

GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD!

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going
home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not
thine:
Too long through weary crowds I
roam:—
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Too long I am tossed like the driven
foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace:
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green, the livelong day
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and
God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the
pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned
clan;
For what are they all in their high
conceit,
When man in the bush with God may
meet?

~~~~~

THE APOLOGY.

THINK me not unkind and rude,  
That I walk alone in grove and glen;  
I go to the god of the wood  
To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I  
Fold my arms beside the brook;  
Each cloud that floated in the sky  
Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,  
For the idle flowers I brought;  
Every aster in my hand  
Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery  
But 'tis figured in the flowers;  
Was never secret history  
But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field  
Homeward brought the oxen strong  
A second crop thy acres yield,  
Which I gather in a song.

~~~~~

DIRGE.

KNOWS he who tills this lonely field
To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon
The plain was full of ghosts,
I wandered up, I wandered down,
Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleamed below
Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone—the holy ones
 Who trod with me this lonely vale,
 The strong, star-bright companions
 Are silent, low, and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
 Who made this world the feast it was,
 Who learned with me the lore of Time,
 Who loved this dwelling-place ;

They took this valley for their toy,
 They played with it in every mood,
 A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,
 They treated Nature as they would.

They coloured the whole horizon round,
 Stars flamed and faded as they bade,
 All echoes hearkened for their sound,
 They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf
 Which once our childhood knew,
 Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
 Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine warbler,
 Singing aloft in the tree ;
 Harkest thou, O traveller !
 What he singeth to me ?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
 With sorrow such as mine,
 Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
 Its heavy tale divine.

Go, lonely man," it saith,
 "They loved thee from their birth,
 Their hands were pure, and pure their
 faith,
 There are no such hearts on earth.

"Ye drew one mother's milk,
 One chamber held ye all,
 A very tender history
 Did in your childhood fall.

'Ye cannot unlock your heart,
 The key is gone with them ;
 The silent organ loudest chants
 The master's requiem."

TO EVA.

OH, fair and stately maid, whose eyes
 Were kindled in the upper skies
 At the same torch that lighted mine ;
 For so I must interpret still
 Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,
 A sympathy divine.

Ah, let me blameless gaze upon
 Features that seem at heart my own ;
 Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
 Who charm the more their glance forbids,
 Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,
 With fire that draws while it repels.

~~~~~  
 [J. G. WHITTIER.]

## BARBARA FRITCHIE.

UP from the meadows, rich with corn,  
 Clear from the cool September morn,  
 The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep ;  
 Fair as a garden of the Lord  
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,  
 When Lee marched over the mountain  
 wall,  
 Over the mountains winding down,  
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
 Forty flags with their silver bars,  
 Flapped in the morning wind : the sun  
 Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,  
 Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,  
 Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
 She took up the flag the men hauled  
 down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
 To show that one heart was loyal yet,  
 Up the street came the rebel tread,  
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead ;



Under his slouched hat, left and right,  
He glanced, the old flag met his sight.  
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood  
fast;  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash,  
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill  
And shook it forth with a royal will.  
"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;  
The noble nature within him stirred  
To life, at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,  
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.  
All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long the free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel host;  
Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds, that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.  
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!  
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;  
And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

---

MAUD MÜLLER.

MAUD MÜLLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry  
glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off  
town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that  
flowed  
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled  
up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking  
down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered  
gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter  
draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and  
trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming  
bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered  
whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul  
weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown;  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;



And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed: "Ah,  
me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broad-cloth  
coat;  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each  
day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the  
poor, [door."  
And all should bless me who left our

The Judge looked back as he climbed the  
hill,  
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful  
air,  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and  
wrongs,  
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and  
cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and  
gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-  
tune;

And the young girl mused beside the  
well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go.

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished  
rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret  
pain:

"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her  
hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her  
door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth  
pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone  
hot [lot,  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow

And she heard the little spring-brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein:

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.



Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney  
lug, [mug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been !"

Alas ! for Maiden, alas ! for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : "It might have  
been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope  
lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !

~~~~~

THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptised her infant brow in blood ;
And, through the storm which round her
swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To moral strife as tigers sprung ;
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for wine !

Our fathers to their graves have gone ;
Their strife is past—their triumph won ;

But sterner trials wait the race
Which rise in their honoured place—
A moral warfare of the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight.
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of
Heaven.

~~~~~

[WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.]

### THE WESTERN WORLD.

LATE from this western shore, that  
morning chased  
The deep and ancient night, that threw  
its shroud  
O'er the green land of groves, the  
beautiful waste,  
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of  
proud [the cloud.  
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook  
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their  
brightness rear,  
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's  
shouts were loud [deer  
Amid the forest ; and the bounding  
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt  
wolf yelled near.

And where his willing waves yon  
bright blue bay  
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,  
And cradles, in his soft embrace, the  
gay  
Young group of grassy islands born of  
him,  
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance  
dim,  
Lifts the white throng of sails, that  
bear or bring  
The commerce of the world ;—with  
tawny limb,  
And belt and beads in sunlight  
glistening,  
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird  
on the wing.



## HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn night,  
Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires ;  
The glorious hosts of light  
Walk the dark hemisphere till sne  
tires :  
All through her silent watches, gliding  
slow,  
Her constellations come, and round the  
heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star  
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as  
they :  
Through the blue fields afar,  
Unseen they follow in his flaming way :  
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows  
dim,  
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set  
with him.

And thou dost see them rise,  
Star of the Pole ! and thou dost see them  
set.

Alone, in thy cold skies,  
Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station  
yet,  
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering  
train,  
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue  
western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,  
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling  
air,  
And eve, that round the earth  
Chases the day, beholds thee watching  
there ;  
There noontide finds thee, and the hour  
that calls  
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's  
azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,  
The deeds of darkness and of light are  
done ;  
High towards the star-lit sky  
Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots  
the sun—  
The night-storm on a thousand hills is  
loud—  
And the strong wind of day doth mingle  
sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze  
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass  
lost,  
Fixes his steady gaze,  
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly  
coast ;  
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by  
night,  
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide  
their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,  
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,  
Did in thy beams behold  
A beauteous type of that unchanging  
good,  
That bright eternal beacon, by whose  
ray  
The voyager of time should shape his  
heedful way.

## AUTUMN WOODS.

ERE, in the northern gale,  
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,  
The woods of autumn, all around our  
vale,  
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold  
In their wide sweep, the coloured land-  
scape round,  
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and  
gold,  
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown  
The upland, where the mingled splen-  
dours glow,  
Where the gay company of trees look  
down  
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone  
In these bright walks ; the sweet south-  
west at play,  
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves  
are strown  
Along the winding way.



And far in heaven, the while,  
The sun, that sends that gale to wander  
here,  
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet  
smile,—  
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,  
Verdure and gloom where many branches  
meet ;  
So grateful, when the noon of summer  
made  
The valleys sick with heat ?

Let in through all the trees  
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths  
are bright ;  
Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the  
breeze,  
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,  
Where bickering through the shrubs its  
waters run,  
Shines with the image of its golden  
screen,  
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,  
Lover to listening maid might breathe  
his flame,  
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,  
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon  
Depart the hues that make thy forests  
glad ;  
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,  
And leave thee wild and sad !

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest  
For ever in thy coloured shades to stray,  
Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west  
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife,  
That makes men mad—the tug for  
wealth and power,  
The passions and the cares that wither  
life,  
And waste its little hour.

## AN INDIAN STORY.

I KNOW where the timid fawn abides  
In the depths of the shaded dell,  
Where the leaves are broad, and the  
thicket hides,  
With its many stems and its tangled sides,  
From the eye of the hunter well.

I know where the young May violet grows,  
In its lone and lowly nook,  
On the mossy bank, where the larch tree  
throws  
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,  
Far over the silent brook.

And that timid fawn starts not with fear  
When I steal to her secret bower,  
And that young May violet to me is dear,  
And I visit the silent streamlet near,  
To look on the lovely flower.

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks  
To the hunting-ground on the hills ;  
'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and  
rocks,  
With her bright black eyes and long black  
locks,  
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes  
Are at watch in the thicker shades ;  
For she was lovely that smiled on his  
sighs,  
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his  
prize,  
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are  
stirred,  
And the woods their song renew,  
With the early carol of many a bird,  
And the quickened tune of the streamlet  
heard  
Where the hazels trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired  
maid,  
Ere eve shall redden the sky,  
A good red deer from the forest shade,  
That bounds with the herd through grove  
and glade,  
At her cabin door shall lie.



The hollow woods, in the setting sun,  
 Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay;  
 And Maquon's sylvan labours are done,  
 And his shafts are spent, but the spoil  
 they won  
 He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye per-  
 ceives  
 Strange traces along the ground—  
 At once, to the earth his burden he heaves,  
 He breaks through the veil of boughs and  
 leaves,  
 And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that  
 leant,  
 And all from the young shrubs there  
 By struggling hands have the leaves been  
 rent,  
 And there hangs on the sassafras broken  
 and bent  
 One tress of the well-known hair.

But where is she who at this calm hour  
 Ever watched his coming to see?  
 She is not at the door, nor yet in the  
 bower;  
 He calls, but he only hears on the flower  
 The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,  
 Nor a time for tears to flow;  
 The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—  
 He grasps his war axe and bow, and a  
 sheaf  
 Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's  
 feet,  
 Where he bore the maiden away;  
 And he darts on the fatal path more fleet  
 Than the blast that hurries the vapour  
 and sleet  
 O'er the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride  
 Was stolen away from his door;  
 But at length the maples in crimson are  
 dyed,  
 And the grape is black on the cabin side,—  
 And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in a pine grove, dark and cold,  
 Where the yellow leaf falls not,  
 Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,  
 There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,  
 In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls, that pass that way,  
 Point out the ravisher's grave;  
 "And how soon to the bower she loved,"  
 they say,  
 "Returned the maid that was borne  
 away  
 From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

### THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she  
 speaks  
 A various language; for his gayer hours  
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
 Into his dark musings with a mild  
 And gentle sympathy that steals away  
 Their sharpness ere he is aware. When  
 thoughts  
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
 Over thy spirit, and sad images  
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow  
 house,  
 Make thee to shudder and grow sick at  
 heart;—  
 Go forth unto the open sky, and list  
 To Nature's teachings, while from all  
 around—  
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of  
 air—  
 Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and  
 thee  
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold  
 ground,  
 Where thy pale form was laid with many  
 tears,  
 Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee,  
 shall claim  
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering  
 up  
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go



To mix for ever with the elements;  
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
 And to the sluggish clod which the rude  
     swain  
 Turns with his share and treads upon.  
     The oak  
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce  
     thy mould.  
 Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
 Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou  
     wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie  
     down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with  
     kings  
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the  
     good,  
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
 All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills  
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the  
     vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;—  
 The venerable woods; rivers that move  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green; and  
     poured around all,  
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden  
     sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that  
     tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take the  
     wings  
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no  
     sound,  
 Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are  
     there,  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
 The flight of years began, have laid them  
     down  
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there  
     alone.—  
 So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt  
     fall  
 Unnoticed by the living—and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All that  
     breathe

Will share thy destiny. The gay will  
     laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of  
     care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall  
     leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and  
     shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the  
     long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he  
     who goes [maid,  
 In the full strength of years, matron and  
 The bowed with age, the infant in the  
     smiles  
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—  
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side  
 By those who in their turn shall follow  
     them. [join  
 So live, that when thy summons comes to  
 The innumerable caravan that moves  
 To the pale realms of shade, where each  
     shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at  
     night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained  
     and soothed [grave  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
     couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant  
     dreams.

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OH, MOTHER OF A MIGHTY
 RACE.

OH, mother of a mighty race,
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
 Admire and hate thy blooming years;
 With words of shame.
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.
 For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
 That tints the morning hills with red;
 Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
 Within thy woods, are not more fleet;
 Thy hopeful eye
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones—
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art—
How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe!

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley
shades:

What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen:

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By the lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the solemn ocean foams!

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's down-trodden and oppressed,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved labourer toil and bread;
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of
scorn

Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die!

OH, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

OH, fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thy infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes is there.

[NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.]

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

WOE! for my vine-clad home!
That it should ever be so dark to me,
With its bright threshold, and its whis-
pering tree!

That I should ever come,
Fearing the lonely echo of a tread,
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead

Lead on! my orphan boy!
Thy home is not so desolate to thee,
And the low shiver in the linden tree
May bring to thee a joy;
But, oh! how dark is the bright home
before thee,
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee!

Lead on! for thou art now
My sole remaining helper. God hath
spoken,
And the strong heart I leaned upon
broken;
And I have seen his brow,
The forehead of my upright one, and just,
Trod by the hoof of battle to the dust.

He will not meet thee there
Who blessed thee at the eventide, my son

And when the shadows of the night steal
on,

He will not call to prayer.
The lips that melted, giving thee to God,
Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Ay, my own boy! thy sire
Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,
And the proud glory of my life hath
past,
With his high glance of fire.
Woe! that the linden and the vine should
bloom,
And a just man be gathered to the tomb!

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### BETTER MOMENTS.

My Mother's voice! how often creeps  
Its cadence on my lonely hours!  
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,  
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.  
I can forget her melting prayer  
While leaping pulses madly fly,  
But in the still unbroken air  
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,  
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,  
And leave me at my mother's knee.  
The book of nature, and the print  
Of beauty on the whispering sea,  
Give aye to me some lineament  
Of what I have been taught to be.  
My heart is harder, and perhaps  
My manliness hath drunk up tears,  
And there's a mildew in the lapse  
Of a few miserable years—  
But nature's book is even yet  
With all my mother's lessons writ.  
I have been out at eventide  
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,  
When earth was garnished like a bride,  
And night had on her silver wing—  
When bursting leaves and diamond grass,  
And waters leaping to the light,  
And all that makes the pulses pass  
With wilder fleetness, thronged the  
night—  
When all was beauty—then have I,  
With friends on whom my love is flung  
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,  
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beautiful spirit there  
Flung over me its golden chain,  
My mother's voice came on the air  
Like the light-dropping of the rain,  
And resting on some silver star  
The spirit of a bended knee,  
I've poured her low and fervent prayer  
That our eternity might be  
To rise in heaven like stars at night,  
And tread a living path of light!  
I have been on the dewy hills,  
When night was stealing from the  
dawn,  
And mist was on the waking rills,  
And tints were delicately drawn  
In the gray East—when birds were waking  
With a low murmur in the trees,  
And melody by fits was breaking  
Upon the whisper of the breeze,  
And this when I was forth, perchance  
As a worn reveller from the dance—  
And when the sun sprang gloriously  
And freely up, and hill and river  
Were catching upon wave and tree  
The arrows from his subtle quiver—  
I say, a voice has thrilled me then,  
Heard on the still and rushing light,  
Or, creeping from the silent glen  
Like words from the departing night,  
Hath stricken me, and I have pressed  
On the wet grass my fevered brow,  
And pouring forth the earliest  
First prayer, with which I learned to bow,  
Have felt my mother's spirit rush  
Upon me as in by-past years,  
And yielding to the blessed gush  
Of my ungovernable tears,  
Have risen up—the gay, the wild—  
As humble as a very child.

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HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon
the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received
again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and
leaves
And delicate blossoms, and the painted
flowers,
And every thing that bendeth to the
dew

And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
 Its beauty to the breath of that sweet
 morn.
 All things are dark to sorrow ; and the
 light,
 And loveliness, and fragrant air, were
 sad
 To the dejected Hagar. The moist
 earth
 Was pouring odours from its spicy pores,
 And the young birds were singing, as if
 life
 Were a new thing to them ; but, O ! it
 came
 Upon her heart like discord, and she
 felt
 How cruelly it tries a broken heart
 To see a mirth in anything it loves.
 She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips
 were pressed
 Till the blood started ; and the wander-
 ing veins
 Of her transparent forehead were swelled
 out,
 As if her pride would burst them. Her
 dark eye
 Was clear and tearless, and the light of
 heaven,
 Which made its language legible, shot
 back
 From her long lashes, as it had been
 flame.
 Her noble boy stood by her, with his
 hand
 Clasped in her own, and his round deli-
 cate feet,
 Scarce trained to balance on the tented
 floor,
 Sandalled for journeying. He had looked
 up
 Into his mother's face, until he caught
 The spirit there, and his young heart was
 swelling
 Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his
 form
 Straightened up proudly in his tiny
 wrath,
 As if his light proportions would have
 swelled,
 Had they but matched his spirit, to the
 man.
 Why bends the patriarch as he cometh
 now

Upon his staff so wearily ? His beard
 Is low upon his breast, and on his high
 brow,
 So written with the converse of his God,
 Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
 His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
 Of vigour is not there ; and though the
 morn
 Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
 Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
 O, man may bear with suffering : his
 heart
 Is a strong thing, and godlike in the
 grasp
 Of pain, that wrings mortality ; but tear
 One chord affection clings to, part one
 tie
 That binds him to a woman's delicate
 love,
 And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.
 He gave to her the water and the
 bread,
 But spoke no word, and trusted not him-
 self
 To look upon her face, but laid his hand
 In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,
 And left her to her lot of loneliness.
 Should Hagar weep ? May slighted
 woman turn,
 And as a vine the oak has shaken off,
 Bend lightly to her leaning trust again ?
 O, no ! by all her loveliness, by all
 That makes life poetry and beauty, no !
 Make her a slave ; steal from her rosy
 cheek
 By needless jealousies ; let the last star
 Leave her a watcher by your couch of
 pain ;
 Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
 That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet
 give
 One evidence of love, and earth has not
 An emblem of devotedness like hers.
 But, O ! estrange her once—it boots not
 how—
 By wrong or silence, anything that tells
 A change has come upon your tender-
 ness—
 And there is not a high thing out of
 heaven
 Her pride o'ermastereth not.
 She went her way with a strong step
 and slow ;

Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye
 undimmed,
 As it had been a diamond, and her
 form
 Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed
 through.
 Her child kept on in silence, though she
 pressed
 His hand till it was pained : for he had
 caught,
 As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
 Of a stern nation had been breathed
 upon.
 The morning passed, and Asia's sun
 rode up
 In the clear heaven, and every beam was
 heat.
 The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
 And the bright plumage of the Orient
 lay
 On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
 It was an hour of rest ; but Hagar found
 No shelter in the wilderness, and on
 She kept her weary way, until the boy
 Hung down his head, and opened his
 parched lips
 For water ; but she could not give it
 him.
 She laid him down beneath the sultry
 sky,—
 For it was better than the close, hot
 breath
 Of the thick pines,—and tried to com-
 fort him ;
 But he was sore athirst, and his blue
 eyes
 Were dim and bloodshot, and he could
 not know
 Why God denied him water in the wild.
 She sat a little longer, and he grew
 Ghastly and faint, as if he would have
 died.
 It was too much for her. She lifted
 him,
 And bore him further on, and laid his
 head
 Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub ;
 And, shrouding up her face, she went
 away,
 And sat to watch where he could see her
 not,
 Till he should die ; and, watching him,
 she mourned :

“ God stay thee in thine agony, my
 boy !

I cannot see thee die ; I cannot brook
 Upon thy brow to look,
 And see death settle on my cradle-
 joy.

How have I drunk the light of thy blue
 eye !

And could I see thee die ?

“ I did not dream of this when thou wert
 straying,

Like an unbound gazelle, among the
 flowers ;

Or wearing rosy hours,

By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
 Then sinking weary to thy smiling
 sleep,

So beautiful and deep.

“ O, no ! and when I watched by thee the
 while,

And saw thy bright lip curling in thy
 dream,

And thought of the dark stream

In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
 How prayed I that my father's land
 might be

An heritage for thee !

“ And now the grave for its cold breast
 hath won thee,

And thy white, delicate limbs the earth
 will press,

And, O ! my last caress

Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on
 thee.

How can I leave my boy, so pillowed
 there

Upon his clustering hair ! ”

She stood beside the well her God had
 given

To gush in that deep wilderness, and
 bathed

The forehead of her child until he
 laughed

In his reviving happiness, and lisped

His infant thought of gladness at the
 sight

Of the cool plashing of his mother's
 hand.

[J. R. LOWELL.]

TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that growest
 beside the way, [gold,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride,
 u, hold, [they
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,
 Which not the rich earth's ample
 round
 May match in wealth, —thou art more
 dear to me
 Than all the prouder summer-blooms
 may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the
 Spanish prow
 Through the primeval hush of Indian
 seas,
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
 'Tis the spring's largess, which she
 scatters now
 To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
 Though most hearts never understand
 To take it at God's value, but pass by
 The offered wealth with unrewarded
 eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
 The eyes thou givest me
 Are in the heart, and heed not space or
 time:

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed
 bee
 Feels a more summer-like, warm ravish-
 ment
 In the white lily's breezy tent,
 His conquered Sybaris, than I, when
 first
 From the dark green thy yellow circles
 burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the
 grass,—
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
 Where, as the breezes pass,
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand
 ways,—

Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
 Or whiten in the wind,—of waters blue
 That from the distance sparkle through
 Some woodland gap,—and of a sky
 above,
 Where one white cloud like a stray
 lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are
 linked with thee; [song,
 The sight of thee calls back the robin's
 Who, from the dark old tree
 Beside the door, sang clearly all day
 long,
 And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he did
 bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
 When birds and flowers and I were
 happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common
 art!

Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty
 gleam
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous
 secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom
 look
 On all these living pages of God's
 book.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles which a bird
 Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
 So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
 I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
 The blue dome's measureless content,
 So my soul held that moment's heaven;—
 I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
 The orchards full of bloom and scent,
 So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
 I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

O, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

~~~~~  
THE CHANGELING.

I HAD a little daughter,  
And she was given to me  
To lead me gently backward  
To the Heavenly Father's knee,  
That I, by the force of nature,  
Might in some dim wise divine  
The depth of His infinite patience  
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,  
But to me she was wholly fair,  
And the light of the heaven she came  
from

Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;  
For it was as wavy and golden,  
And as many changes took,  
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples  
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling  
Upon me, her kneeling lover, [lids,  
How it leaped from her lips to her eye-  
And dimpled her wholly over,  
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,  
And I almost seemed to see  
The very heart of her mother  
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelve-  
month,

And it hardly seemed a day,  
When a troop of wandering angels  
Stole my little daughter away;  
Or perhaps those heavenly Zincli  
But loosed the hampering strings  
And when they had opened her cage-  
door,  
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,  
A little angel child,  
That seems like her bud in full blossom,  
And smiles as she never smiled;

When I wake in the morning, I see it  
Where she always used to lie,  
And I feel as weak as a violet  
Alone 'neath the awful sky;  
As weak, yet as trustful also;  
For the whole year long I see  
All the wonders of faithful Nature  
Still worked for the love of me;  
Winds wander, and dew drops earth-  
ward,  
Rain falls, suns rise and set,  
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper  
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,  
I cannot sing it to rest,  
I cannot lift it up fatherly  
And bless it upon my breast;  
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle  
And sits in my little one's chair,  
And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
Transfigures its golden hair.

~~~~~  
THE STREET.

THEY pass me by like shadows, crowds
on crowds, [fro
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and
Hugging their bodies round them, like
thin shrouds [ago:
Wherein their souls were buried long
They trampled on their youth, and faith,
and love,
They cast their hope of human-kind
away, [strove,
With Heaven's clear messages they madly
And conquered,—and their spirits turned
to clay: [their grave,
Lo! how they wander round the world,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We, only, truly live, but ye are
dead." [trace
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

~~~~~  
[JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1795—1820.]

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night  
And set the stars of glory there.



She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies ;  
And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light.  
Then from his mansion in the sun  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land,

Majestic monarch of the clouds,  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
Where strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven ;  
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
The harbingers of Victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high !  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,—  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,—  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,—  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendours fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!  
By angel hands to valour given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet !  
Where breathes the foe that falls before  
us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner floating o'er us

[OLIVER W. HOLMES.]

### L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair ?  
Such should, methinks, its music be,  
The sweetest name that mortals bear,  
Were best befitting thee ;  
And she to whom it once was given,  
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,  
I look upon thy folded hair ;  
Ah ! while we dream not they beguile,  
Our hearts are in the snare ;  
And she, who chains a wild bird's wing,  
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,  
To all but thee unseen, unknown ;  
When evening shades thy silent walls,  
Then read it all alone ;  
In stillness read, in darkness seal,  
Forget, despise, but not reveal !

[PARK BENJAMIN. DIED 1864.]

### HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS !

How cheery are the mariners—  
Those lovers of the sea !  
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,  
As bounding and as free.  
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels  
In circles round the mast ;  
And sing when deep in foam the ship  
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ?  
There's music in their roar,  
When wide the berth along the lee,  
And leagues of room before,



Let billows toss to mountain heights,  
Or sink to chasms low,  
The vessel stout will ride it out,  
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvas furled,  
The gallant hull will float  
Securely, as on inland lake  
A silken-tasselled boat ;  
And sound asleep some mariners,  
And some with watchful eyes,  
Will fearless be of dangers dark  
That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners !  
And temper all the gales  
That sweep against the rocky coast  
To their storm-shattered sails ;  
And men on shore will bless the ship  
That could so guided be,  
Safe in the hollow of His hand,  
To brave the mighty sea !

[WILLIS G. CLARK.]

A REMEMBRANCE.

I SEE thee still ! thou art not dead,  
Though dust is mingling with thy form ;  
The broken sunbeam hath not shed  
The final rainbow on the storm :  
In visions of the midnight deep,  
Thine accents through my bosom thrill,  
Till joy's fond impulse bids me weep,—  
For, rapt in thought, I see thee still !  
see thee still,—that cheek of rose,—  
Those lips, with dewy fragrance wet,  
That forehead in serene repose,—  
Those soul-lit eyes—I see them yet !  
Sweet seraph ! sure thou art not dead,—  
Thou gracest still this earthly sphere,  
An influence still is round me shed  
Like thine,—and yet thou art not here !  
Farewell, beloved ! To mortal sight,  
Thy vermeil cheek no more may  
bloom ;  
No more thy smiles inspire delight,  
For thou art garnered in the tomb.  
Rich harvest for that ruthless power  
Which hath no bound to mar his will :  
Yet, as in hope's unclouded hour,  
Throned in my heart, I see thee still.

[JAMES ALDRICH.]

A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed that long, long night  
away,  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed through Glory's morning-  
gate,  
And walked in Paradise !

[EPES SARGENT.]

THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

WE will not deplore them, the days that  
are past ;  
The gloom of misfortune is over them  
cast ;  
They are lengthened by sorrow and sul-  
lied by care ;  
Their griefs were too many, their joys  
were too rare ;  
Yet now that their shadows are on us no  
more,  
Let us welcome the prospect that bright-  
ens before !

We have cherished fair hopes, we have  
plotted brave schemes,  
We have lived till we find them illusive  
as dreams ;  
Wealth has melted like snow that is  
grasped in the hand,  
And the steps we have climbed have de-  
parted like sand ;  
Yet shall we despond while of health un-  
bereft,  
And honour, bright honour, and freedom  
are left ?

O ! shall we despond, while the pages  
of time  
Yet open before us their records sublime !  
While, ennobled by treasures more pre-  
cious than gold,  
We can walk with the martyrs and heroes  
of old ;



While humanity whispers such truths in  
the ear,  
As it softens the heart like sweet music to  
hear?

O! shall we despond while, with visions  
still free,  
We can gaze on the sky, and the earth  
and the sea;  
While the sunshine can waken a burst of  
delight, [right :  
And the stars are a joy and a glory by  
While each harmony, running through  
nature, can raise  
In our spirits the impulse of gladness and  
praise?

O! let us no longer, then, vainly lament  
Over scenes that are faded and days that  
are spent :  
But, by faith unforsaken, unawed by mis-  
chance,  
On hope's waving banner still fixed be  
our glance ;  
And, should fortune prove cruel and false  
to the last,  
Let us look to the future, and not to the  
past !

[BAYARD TAYLOR.]

### MOAN, YE WILD WINDS.

MOAN, ye wild winds! around the pane,  
And fall, thou drear December rain!  
Fill with your gusts the sullen day,  
Tear the last clinging leaves away!  
Reckless as yonder naked tree,  
No blast of yours can trouble me.

Give me your chill and wild embrace,  
And pour your baptism on my face;  
Sound in mine ears the airy moan  
That sweeps in desolate monotone,  
Where on the unsheltered hill-top beat  
The marches of your homeless feet!

Moan on, ye winds! and pour, thou rain!  
Your stormy sobs and tears are vain,  
If shed for her, whose fading eyes  
Will open soon on Paradise:  
The eye of Heaven shall blinded be,  
Or ere ye cease, if shed for me.

[R. H. STODDARD.]

### THE SHADOW OF THE HAND.

You were very charming, madam,  
In your silks and satins fine;  
And you made your lovers drunken,  
But it was not with your wine!  
There were court gallants in dozens,  
There were princes of the land,  
And they would have perished for you,  
As they knelt and kissed your hand—  
For they saw no stain upon it,  
It was such a snowy hand!

But for me—I knew you better,  
And, while you were flaunting there,  
I remembered some one lying,  
With the blood on his white hair!  
He was pleading for you, madam,  
Where the shriven spirits stand;  
But the Book of Life was darkened  
By the Shadow of a Hand!  
It was tracing your perdition,  
For the blood upon your hand!

[WASHINGTON ALLSTON.]

### AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail! thou noble land,  
Our fathers' native soil!  
O stretch thy mighty hand,  
Gigantic grown by toil,  
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore,  
For thou, with magic might,  
Canst reach to where the light  
Of Phœbus travels bright  
The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,  
From his pine-embattled steep,  
Shall hail the great sublime;  
While the Tritons of the deep  
With their conchs the kindred league  
shall proclaim,  
Then let the world combine—  
O'er the main our naval line,  
Like the milky-way shall shine,  
Bright in fame!



Though ages long have passed  
 Since our fathers left their home,  
 Their pilot in the blast,  
 O'er untravelled seas to roam,—  
 Yet lives the blood of England in our  
 veins!  
 And shall we not proclaim  
 That blood of honest fame,  
 Which no tyranny can tame  
 By its chains?

While the language free and bold  
 Which the bard of Avon sung,  
 In which our Milton told  
 How the vault of heaven rung,  
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;  
 While this, with reverence meet,  
 Ten thousand echoes greet,  
 From rock to rock repeat  
 Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,  
 That mould a nation's soul,  
 Still cling around our hearts,  
 Between let ocean roll,  
 Our joint communion breaking with the  
 sun:  
 Yet, still, from either beach,  
 The voice of blood shall reach  
 More audible than speech,  
 "We are one!"

[SAMUEL WOODWORTH.]

### THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of  
 my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them  
 to view!  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-  
 tangled wildwood,  
 And every loved spot which my infancy  
 knew!  
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill  
 that stood by it,  
 The bridge, and the rock where the  
 cataract fell,  
 The cot of my father, the dairy house  
 nigh it,  
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in  
 the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
 bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket which hung in  
 the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a  
 treasure,  
 For often at noon, when returned from  
 the field, [sure,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite plea-  
 The purest and sweetest that nature can  
 yield.

How ardent I seized it, with hands that  
 were glowing,  
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom  
 it fell;

Then soon, with the emblem of truth  
 overflowing,  
 And dripping with coolness, it rose  
 from the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
 bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket, arose from the  
 well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to  
 receive it, [lips!  
 As poised on the curb it inclined to my  
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt  
 me to leave it,  
 The brightest that beauty or revelry  
 sips.

And now, far removed from the loved  
 habitation,  
 The tear of regret will intrusively  
 swell, [tion,  
 As fancy reverts to my father's planta-  
 And sighs for the bucket that hangs in  
 the well—

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound  
 bucket,  
 The moss-covered bucket that hangs in  
 the well!

[RICHARD HENRY WILDE.]

### MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose  
 That opens to the morning sky,  
 But ere the shades of evening close,  
 Is scattered on the ground—to die



Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,  
Restless—and soon to pass away!  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

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[GRENVILLE MELLEN.]

ENGLISH SCENERY.

THE woods and vales of England:—is
there not
A magic and a marvel in their names?
Is there not music in the memory
Of their old glory?—is there not a sound,
As of some watchword, that recalls at
night
All that gave light and wonder to the
day?
In these soft words, that breathe of love-
liness,
And summon to the spirit scenes that rose
Rich on its raptured vision, as the eye
Hung like a tranced thing above the page
That genius had made golden with its
glow—
The page of noble story—of high towers,
And castled halls, envista'd like the line
Of heroes and great hearts, that centuries
Had laid before their hearths in dim
array—
Of lake and lawn, and gray and cloudy
tree,
That rocked with bannered foliage to the
storm
Above the walls it shadowed, and whose
leaves,

Rustling in gathered music to the winds,
Seemed voiced as with the sound of many
seas!

The wood and vales of England! O,
the founts,
The living founts of memory! how they
break
And gush upon my stirred heart as I
gaze!
I hear the shout of reapers, the far
low
Of herds upon the banks, the distant
bark
Of the tired dog, stretched at some cottage
door,
The echo of the axe, 'mid forest swung,
And the loud laugh, drowning the faint
halloo.

Land of our fathers! though 'tis ours to
roam,
A land upon whose bosom thou mightst
lie,
Like infant on its mother's—though 'tis
ours
To gaze upon a nobler heritage
Than thou couldst e'er unshadow to thy
sons,—
Though ours to linger upon fount and
sky,
Wilder, and peopled with great spirits,
who
Walk with a deeper majesty than thine,—
Yet, as our father-land, O, who shall
tell
The lone, mysterious energy which
calls
Upon our sinking spirits to walk forth
Amid thy wood and mount, where every
hill
Is eloquent with beauty and the tale
And song of centuries, the cloudless
years
When fairies walked thy valleys, and the
turf
Rung to their tiny footsteps, and quick
flowers
Sprang with the lifting grass on which
they trod—
When all the landscape murmured to its
rills,
And joy with hope slept in its leafy
bowers!

[GEORGE P. MORRIS. DIED 1864.]

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hew it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
 I sought its graceful shade;
 In all their gushing joy
 Here too my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand—
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE. 1811—1849.]

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I
 pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume
 of forgotten lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly
 there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping
 at my chamber-door;

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tap-
 ping at my chamber-door—
 Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the
 bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought
 its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I
 had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—
 sorrow for the lost Lenore—
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom
 the angels name Lenore—
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of
 each purple curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
 terrors never felt before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my
 heart, I stood repeating:
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at
 my chamber-door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at
 my chamber-door:
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesita-
 ting then no longer,
 "Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your
 forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is I was napping, and so
 gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping
 at my chamber-door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here
 I opened wide the door—
 Darkness there, and nothing
 more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I
 stood there wondering, fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals
 ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the
 stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the
 whispered word, "Lenore!"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured
 back the word, "Lenore!"—
 Merely this, and nothing
 more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my
soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something
louder than before.

“Surely,” said I—“surely that is some-
thing at my window lattice ;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this
mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this
mystery explore.

’Tis the wind, and nothing
more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with
many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the
saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he ; not a
minute stopped or stayed he ;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched
above my chamber-door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above
my chamber-door—

Perched and sat, and nothing
more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad
fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the
countenance it wore,

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wan-
dering from the nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the
night’s Plutonian shore !”

Quoth the Raven: “Never
more.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to
hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little
relevancy bore ;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living
human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird
above his chamber-door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust
above his chamber-door,

With such name as “Never
more.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that
placid bust, spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one
word he did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered ; not a
feather then he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered :
“Other friends have flown before—

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my
hopes have flown before.”

Then the bird said : “Never
more.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so
aptly spoken,

“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is
its only stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom
unmerciful disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his
songs one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his hope that melan-
choly burden bore,

Of ‘Never—never more.’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad-
ness into smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
front of bird and bust and door ;

Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook
myself to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this
ominous bird of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt,
and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking “Never
more.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no
syllable expressing

To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned
into my bosom’s core ;

This and more I sat divining, with my
head at ease reclining

On the cushion’s velvet lining, that the
lamp-light gloated o’er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the
lamp-light gloating o’er

She shall press—ah, never
more !

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls
tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy god hath lent
thee—by these angels he hath sent
thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy
memories of Lenore!

Quaff, O quaff, this kind nepenthe, and
forget this lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven: "Never
more!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest
tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert
land enchanted—

On this home by horror haunted—tell me
truly, I implore—

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell
me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven: "Never
more."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by
that God we both adore,

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within
the distant Aiden,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the
angels name Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom
the angels name Lenore?"

Quoth the Raven: "Never
more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird
or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—

Get thee back into the tempest and the
night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that
lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the
bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and
take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven: "Never
more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is
sitting, still is sitting,

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above
my chamber-door:

And his eyes have all the seeming of a
demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming,
throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that
lies floating on the floor,

Shall be lifted—never more!

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.]

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the
Night

Sweep through her marble halls!

I saw her sable skirts all fringed with
light

From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;

The calm, majestic presence of the
Night,

As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and de-
light,

The manifold, soft chimes,

That fill the haunted chambers of the
Night,

Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight
air

My spirit drank repose;

The fountain of perpetual peace flows
there,—

From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before:

Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of
Care,

And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe
 this prayer
 Descend with broad-winged flight,
 The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the
 most fair,
 The best-beloved Night!

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A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN  
 SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
 "Life is but an empty dream!"  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act,—act in the living Present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labour and to wait.

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THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon;
 And sinking silently,
 All silently, the little moon
 Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
 But the cold light of stars;
 And the first watch of night is given
 To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
 The star of love and dreams?
 O no! from that blue tent above,
 A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
 When I behold afar,
 Suspended in the evening skies,
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
 And smile upon my pain;
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
 And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
 But the cold light of stars;
 I give the first watch of the night
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
 That readest this brief psalm,
 As one by one thy hopes depart,
 Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this.
 And thou shalt know ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong.

THE REAPER AND THE
FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is
Death,

And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between,

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ”
saith he ;

“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is
sweet to me,
I will give them all back again. ”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful
eyes,

He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets
gay, ”

The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of
light,
Transplanted by My care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear. ”

And the mother gave, in tears and
pain,

The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall,

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit’s voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and
tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe’er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children
crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and
vapours,
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is
transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is
doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep
unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though
unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold
her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with
emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like
the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE ROPE-WALK.

IN that building long and low,
With its windows all a row,
Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so thin
Dropping, each, a hempen bulk.

At the end an open door;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
Light the long and dusky lane;
And the whirling of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and reascend,
Glean the long threads in the sun,
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,

First before my vision pass ;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
At the shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms,
Drawing water from a well ;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
While the rope coils round and round,
Like a serpent, at his feet,
And again in swift retreat
Almost lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth ;
Ah ! it is the gallows-tree !
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a schoolboy, with his kite,
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager, upward look ;
Steeds pursued through lane and field ;
Fowlers with their snares concealed,
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
Anchors dragged through faithless
sand ;
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And with lessening line and lead
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These and many left untold,
In that building long and low ;
While the wheels go round and round
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two Angels, one of Life, and one of
Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning
broke ; [neath,
The dawn was on their faces ; and be-
The sombre houses capped with plumes
of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same
Alike their features and their robes of
white ;
And one was crowned with amaranth, as
with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of
light.

I saw them pause on their celestial
way :—
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt
oppressed, [betray
“Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou
The place where thy beloved are at
rest !”

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to
knock ;
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's
shock.

I recognised the nameless agony—
The terror, and the tremor, and the
pain—
That oft before had filled and haunted
me,
And now returned with threefold
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard
God's voice ; [best,
And, knowing whatsoever He sent was
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house
with light—
“My errand is not Death, but Life,”
he said ;
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at
mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended; and, with voice
divine,
Whispered a word, that had a sound
like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden
gloom—
A shadow on those features fair and
thin:
And softly, from that hushed and darkened
room,
Two angels issued, where but one went
in.

All is of God! If He but wave His
hand,
The mists collect, the rains fall thick
and loud;
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing
cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no thresh-
hold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing
this,
Against His messengers to shut the
door?

HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have lived and
died
Are haunted houses. Through the open
doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands
glide,
With feet that make no sound upon
the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the
stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and
fro.

There are more guests at table than the
hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive
ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I
hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty
hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old
estates.

The spirit-world around this world of
sense [where
Floats like an atmosphere, and every-
Wafts through these earthly mists and
vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires!
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that
aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen
star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of
cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of
light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies
crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with
this, [bends,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and
Wander our thoughts above the dark
abyss.

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

IN broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a schoolboy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a poet's mystic lay ;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the poet's song again
Passed like music through my brain ;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
Victor Galbraith !
In the mist of the morning damp and
gray,
These were the words they seemed to
say,
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith !"

Forth he came, with a martial tread ;
Firm was his step, erect his head ;
Victor Galbraith,
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said :
"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith !"

He looked at the earth, he looked at the
sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith !

And he said, with a steady voice and eye,
"Take good aim ; I am ready to die !"
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and
red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped ;
Victor Galbraith
Falls on the ground, but he is not dead ;
His name was not stamped on those balls
of lead,
And they only scathe
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith !
The water he drinks has a bloody stain !
"O kill me, and put me out of my pain !"
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more these tongues of
flame,
And the bugler has died a death of shame,
Victor Galbraith ! [came,
His soul has gone back to whence it
And no one answers to the name,
When the sergeant saith,
"Victor Galbraith !"

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith !
Through the mist of the valley damp and
gray
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,
"That is the wraith
Of Victor Galbraith !"

SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deed
Thus help us in our daily need,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her spech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Lock in at the open door :
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipe
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy
friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,—
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
And like a silver clarion rung,
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright :
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

“ Try not the Pass ! ” the old man said ;
“ Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide ! ”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

“ O stay, ” the maiden said, “ and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

“ Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche ! ”
This was the peasant's last Good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout.
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber
Looks at the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale

And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees !
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told,
Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colours seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change,
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to
earth ;
Till glimpses more sublime

Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

THE SINGERS.

GOD sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wandered, and by
streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be ;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree ;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of
might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

UNSEEN FRIENDS.

A DEDICATION.

AS one who, walking in the twilight
gloom,
Hears round about him voices as if
darkens,

And seeing not the forms from which they
come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and
hearkens ;

So walking here, in twilight, O my
friends !

I hear your voices, softened by the
distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each
sends
His words of friendship, comfort, and
assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousandfold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have
shown !

Thanks for each kindly word, each
silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most
alone,
Friends are around us, though no word
be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to
land ;

Kind letters, that betray the heart's
deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a
hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is
mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar
places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pic-
tured faces !

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form
and semblance ;
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
But live for ever young in my remem-
brance,

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass
away !

Your gentle voices will flow on for
ever,
When life grows bare and tarnished with
decay,
As through a leafless landscape flows a
river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us
friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues
and nations,
But the endeavour for the selfsame ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and
aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside
walk,
Saddened, and mostly silent, with
emotion ;
Not interrupting with intrusive talk
The grand, majestic symphonies of
ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps
are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and un-
invited !

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THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

*Evangeline.*

THIS is the forest primeval. The mur-  
muring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,  
indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad  
and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that  
rest on their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-  
voiced neighbouring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate an-  
swers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where  
are the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the  
woodland the voice of the huntsman ?



Where is the thatch-roofed village, the  
home of Acadian farmers,—  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that  
watered the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflect-  
ing an image of heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the  
farmers for ever departed!  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the  
mighty blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and  
sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.  
Nought but tradition remains of the beau-  
tiful village of Grand-Pré.

### THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat;  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
“Forever—never! Never—forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
“Forever—never! Never—forever!”

By day its voice is low and light  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber-door,  
“Forever—never! Never—forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
“Forever—never! Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—  
“Forever—never! Never—forever!”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming  
strayed;  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
“Forever—never! Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding  
night;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
“Forever—never! Never—forever!”

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“Ah! when shall they all meet again?”  
As in the days long-since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
“Forever—never! Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care.



And death, and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here !  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
“Forever—never ! Never—forever !”

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THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little
daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn
buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did
blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
“I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his
pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened
steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither ! come hither ! my little
daughtèr,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“O father ! I hear the church-bells ring
O say what may it be ?”
“'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be ?”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !”

“O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be ?”
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleam-
ing snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and
prayed
That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the
wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and
drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her
bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in
ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and
sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-
weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

THE SHIP OF STATE.

The Building of the Ship.

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale !
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

TWENTY-THIRD EDITION.

[SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.]

THE RAJAH'S RIDE.

Now is the devil-horse come to Sindh !
Wah ! wah ! gooroo ! that is true !
His belly is stuffed with the fire and the
wind, but a fleeter steed had Run-
jeet Dehu !

It's forty koss from Lahore to the ford,
forty and more to far Jummoo ;
Fast may go the Feringhee lord, but
never so fast as Runjeet Dehu !

Runjeet Dehu was King of the Hill, lord
and eagle of every crest ;
Now the swords and the spears are still,
God will have it, and God knows
best !

Rajah Runjeet sate in the sky, watching
the loaded Kafilas in ;
Affghan Kashmeree, passing by, paid
him pushm to save their skin.

Once he caracoled into the plain, wah !
the sparkle of steel and steel !
And up the pass came singing again,
with a lakh of silver borne at his
heel.

Once he trusted the Mussulman's word,
wah ! wah ! trust a liar to lie !
Down from his eyrie they tempted my
Bird, and clipped his wings that he
could not fly.

Fettered him fast in far Lahore, fast by
the gate at the Runchenee Pûl ;
Sad was the soul of Chunda Kour, glad
the merchants of rich Kurnool.

Ten months Runjeet lay in Lahore—
wah ! a hero's heart is brass !

Ten months never did Chunda Kour
braid her hair at the tiring-glass.

There came a steed from Toorkistan,
wah ! God made him to match the
hawk !

Fast beside him the four grooms ran, to
keep abreast the Toorkman's walk.

Black as the bear on Iskardoo ; savage
at heart as a tiger chained :

Fleeter than hawk that ever flew, never
a Muslim could ride him reined.

“Runjeet Dehu ! come forth from thy
hold”—wah ! ten months has rusted
his chain !

“Ride this Sheitan's liver cold.” Runjeet
twisted his hand in the mane.

Runjeet sprang on the Toorkman's back,
wah ! a king on a kingly throne !
Snort, black Sheitan ! till nostrils crack,
Rajah Runjeet sits, a stone.

Three times round the Maiden he rode,
touched its neck at Kashmeree wall,
Struck the spurs till they spirted blood,
leapt the rampart before them all !

Breasted the waves of the blue Ravee,
forty horsemen mounting behind,
Forty bridle-chains flung free—wah !
wah ! better chase the wind !

Chunda Kour sate sad in Jummoo :—
Hark ! what horse-hoof echoes with-
out ?

“Rise ! and welcome Runjeet Dehu—
wash the Toorkman's nostrils out !

“Forty koss he has come, my life!
 forty koss back he must carry me;
 Rajah Runjeet visits his wife, he steals
 no steed like an Afreedee.

“They bade me teach them how to ride
 —wah! wah! now I have taught
 them well!”

Chunda Kour sunk low at his side!
 Rajah Runjeet rode the hill.

When he came back to far Lahore long
 or ever the night began—
 Spake he, “Take your horse once
 more; he carries well—when he
 bears a man.”

Then they gave him a khillut and gold,
 all for his honour and grace and
 truth;
 Sent him back to his mountain-hold—
 Muslim manners have touch of ruth.

Sent him back, with dances and drum—
 wah! my Rajah Runjeet Dehu!
 To Chunda Kour and his Jummoo home
 —wah! wah! futtee! wah, gooroo!

SONNET TO AMERICA.

AMERICA! At this thy Golden Gate
 New travelled from those portals of the
 West
 Parting—I make my reverence! It was
 best
 With backward looks to quit a queen in
 state!
 Land of all lands most fair, and free, and
 great,
 Of countless kindred lips, wherefrom I
 heard
 Sweet speech of Shakespeare—keep it
 consecrate
 For noble uses! Land of Freedom’s
 Bird,
 Fearless and proud! so let him soar
 that, stirred
 By ‘generous joy, all lands may learn
 from thee
 A larger Life, and Europe, undeterred
 By ancient dreads, dare also to be free

Body and Soul, seeing thine eagle gaze
 Undazzled, upon Freedom’s sun full-
 blaze.

[MATTHEW ARNOLD.]

CADMUS AND HARMONIA.

FAR, far, from here,
 The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
 Among the green Illyrian hills; and
 there
 The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
 And by the sea, and in the brakes.
 The grass is cool, the sea-side air
 Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
 More virginal and sweet than ours.
 And there, they say, two bright and
 aged Snakes,
 Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
 Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-
 shore,
 In breathless quiet, after all their ills.
 Nor do they see their country, nor the
 place
 Where the Sphinx liv’d among the
 frowning hills,
 Nor the unhappy palace of their race,
 Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.
 There those two live, far in the Illyrian
 brakes.
 They had stay’d long enough to see,
 In Thebes, the billow of calamity
 Over their own dear children roll’d,
 Curse upon curse, pang upon pang,
 For years, they sitting helpless in their
 home,
 A grey old man and woman: yet of old
 The Gods had to their marriage come,
 And at the banquet all the Muses sang.
 Therefore they did not end their days
 In sight of blood; but were rapt, far
 away,
 To where the west wind plays,
 And murmurs of the Adriatic come
 To those untrodden mountain lawns:
 and there,
 Placed safely in chang’d forms, the Pair