

On fond mother-nature's lap,
 Fearless of all mishap.
 And thus as I walk'd thro' the waking wood,
 Responsive to all, I pronounced it *good*.

The buds were swelling on twig and tree ;
 I could hear the bluebird and robin sing ;
 A ground-squirrel stood and looked up at me,
 And his climbing cousin up on a limb,
 Was giving some noisy challenging
 To me, or else was cautioning him.
 But I harm'd them not, for I didn't dare,
 To give them even a gentle scare.
 "Peace!" spake the spirit of the wood :
 "Sweetly harmless is passive good."
 So I blest them, and went again on my way,
 And instantly noticed that so did they.
 And thus as I walk'd thro' the waking wood,
 Responsive to all, I pronounced it *good*.

 XXXVII.

APOLOGY FOR LIFE.

WHY now do I live? To *live*, not to die!
 The world with its burdens impels me on :
 Fain would I pause, ere yet I am gone,
 To breathe a full breath ere saying, *good-bye*.

My "word" goeth out to the life self-engross'd,—
 Goes out in slow hope, yet sure, Heaven-seal'd,—
 For wherever I look there is *light* on "*the field*,"
 But oh, so much barren, the light seemeth lost.

Still more burns within, for my heart I can't close—
 And I pray,—for I must,—to the world's Saviour-Son,
 That the seeming impossible soon may be done,
 From our lives where n^o barren be rounded the Rose.