

*Sonnets.*

It has receded from Ben Lomond's crown,  
From all these hills 'tis very far away ;  
And ah, the stars that look so coldly down,  
How near they once were! now how distant they!  
Of those we loved, the nearest and the best  
Have laid them down within the halls of rest,  
Leaving us here the Autumn blasts to meet—  
To thread these paths with Summer's wreckage  
                    strown  
With eyes grow dim and halting faltering feet—  
Thou but for me, me but for thee, alone.

XLII

THE flowers of Spring will never ope again,  
Beyond recall are Summer's soberer blooms ;  
Where they lie dead falls down the Autumn rain  
Just as it falls on long neglected tombs.  
Were they worth while? Is it worth while to  
live?—  
It is worth while, even in Autumn time!—  
To reign in one pure heart cannot but give  
The humblest life an attribut sublime.  
Clasp my hand closer ; Winter comes apace ;