

## A MOOD.

A day of storm and wind, and then a calm ;  
An olive-golden light athwart a stream ;  
The foliage pierced by many a slender beam ;  
And over all soft airs—God's healing balm.  
Nature this day seems quiring some high psalm,  
Such as rapt saint might hear, and hearing deem  
That God was in his ecstasy, and dream,  
And be transfigured, holding forth a palm.

I, pent in dusty streets, still feel the spell  
Of that mild hour, its healthful influence  
Vanishes not, but lingers on in sense  
Like perfume sweet of flower in forest dell.  
So should I wish when leaden grow these eyes,  
To float, all tranquil, into Paradise.