

Sonnets.

May it not be that some day you and I
From valleys dank shall to the mountains hie ?
Ah, not in vain these hopes and aspirations !
These longings vague, they are not wholly vain !
But step by step, by manifold gradations,
At last the dreamed-of life we may attain.

XXXI.

“**L**OOK at the fragrant fields and orchards!
See

On yonder hills the cattle and the sheep
A grazing ! These,” he said exultingly,
“And everything that lies within the sweep
Of our poor eyes, is mine !”—Next night there came
A stranger to his bedside ; and behold,
Next day he had no title to his lands or herds,
For he was dead !—Men covet, but not their’s is
fame !

Not their’s are titles, lands, or herds, or gold !
We build our nests, and do not they, the birds ?
Then go back to our mother, in whose arms
We rest secure from all mischance—from all the
world’s alarms.