

*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.