

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good
and ill,

He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay : with echoing feet he
threaded

The secretest walks of fame :
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were
headed

And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver
tongue,

And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which
bore

Them earthward till they lit ;

Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field
flower,

The fruitful wi'

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth
anew

Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance,
grew

A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth,

To throng with stately blooms the breath-
ing spring

Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with
beams,

Tho' one did fling the fire.

Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many
dreams

Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the
world

Like one great garden show'd,

And thro' the wreaths of floating dark
upcurl'd,

Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning
eyes

Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
Sunn'd by those orient skies ;

But round about the circles of the globes
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in
flame

WISDOM, a name to shake

All evil dreams of power—a sacred name.

And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
And as the lightning to the thunder

Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No
sword

Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,

But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his*
word

She shook the world.

THE POET'S MIND.

I.

VEX not thou the poet's mind

With thy shallow wit :

Vex not thou the poet's mind ;

For thou canst not fathom it.

Clear and bright it should be ever,

Flowing like a crystal river ;

Bright as light, and clear as wind

II.

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear ;

All the place is holy ground ;

Hollow smile and frozen sneer

Come not here.

Hol' water will I pour

Into every spicy flower

Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it around.

The flowers would faint at your cruel
cheer.