

O Summer flown : O Harvest lost ;
O Soul on Life's cold waters toss'd,
Vain thy high dreams—thy world's brave strife,
Thine "eye's desire"—thy pride of life—
Earth weaves no spell, whose glorious truth
Brings back Spring's freshness, Love's sweet youth ;
Faith droops—Hope veils her trustful eyes,
The Iris fades from Autumn skies—
And nearer, clearer from the verge
Of Death's "dark river" floats the dirge,
While Love, Joy, Beauty, join the moan :
"O Harvest lost : O Summer flown."

Pierce the cold gloom, O Eastern Star ;
Light the dark waters clear and far ;
O'er Life's wild sea of toil and loss
Guide onward to the Eternal Cross ;
There Earth's stain'd Soul thy burden cast,
There white-robed Peace is thine at last ;
From Life's sad dream the freed Soul wakes,
Through Death's dark gate the Vision breaks—
Bright robes—green palms—the illumin'd zone,
The rainbow round the great white Throne—
Eternal Summer lights thy brow,
The Lord of Harvest clasps thee now.

THE SLAYING OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Midnight, moonless, starless, black—
Silent, save a lone faint shiver
Floating melancholy back
From the old Nile's restless river.

Is yon spectral light the Dawn
From the Orient journeying on,
Tell to Isis' laggard Priest
Morn is hovering in the East ;
Gods : the black vault rends asunder,
As if stirr'd by unheard thunder :