

'The curses of the world, and borne them well ;
He could have grasped his troubles by the heel,
And hurled them from him ; but for that one thought,
That he was deemed unworthy of her love.
But there are sunbeams in the icicles,
Caloric in snow, and animalculæ
In the hard rock ; and in one single germ
Lie all creation's works in miniature :
So in his heart one pulse of hope still beat,
One solitary spark still burned beneath
The ashes of his grief—her woman's love
Had merely flickered in the world's foul breath.
And knowing this, his heart was up again,
Like a stout wrestler whom some sinewy arm
Had humbled to his knees. The tale was false,
And he had proved it in the sland'rer's teeth
To be an upas offshoot, that had sprung
From the fierce cravings of a jealous mind,
And well nigh poisoned all their mutual hopes.
As leaps the sun above the clouded morn,
So rose the Poet-spirit of my friend
Once more into the hopeful skies of day,
From out the night of his intense despair.
And there they live, content, in yonder vale ;
Their dwelling is an altar reared to Faith ;
'Tis built upon the spot which witnessed first
The sweet reünion of their steadfast love.

Again, seest thou yon distant roof-top peer
Above the cedars on the mountain side ?