

Forest Flowers.

Each flower-priest doth a censer swing
Exhaling heavenly perfumes sweet ;
And all the winds soft music sing
Through aisle and transept where they meet.

Holier than temples wrought in stone
That orthodox devotion rears,
Here calm, hushed, spirit-held, alone,
All breathe their deep unconscious prayers.

More richly wrought than robes of kings
The vestments of the blest ones are—
Glorious in hues no Tyrian brings,
And gemmed with many a dewy star.

With warp of air and woof of light
The Workman wove their garments fair ;
Drawn from the rainbow's seven hues bright
The Dyer found his colors rare !

They make all languages their own,
E'en such as never more are read,
They bear our messages, alone,
To both the living and the dead.

So learned are they, if one when bid
Should all of his deep secrets tell,
Then nothing to mankind were hid
From roof of Heaven to floor of Hell.