

In some first fairness when the day is new,
In some dear dimness i' the time o' the dew,
A loveliness that steals about his heart,
And lays soft fingers on dumb chords that start.

Then he uprises joyously and binds
His poet's robes upon him, yea, he finds
This drear existence a most glorious thing
And sings because he cannot choose but sing.

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

THE MASTER-BUILDER

O LOVE builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand;
And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land.

O, if Love build on sparkling sea,
And if Love build on golden strand,
And if Love build on rosy cloud,
To Love these are the solid land.

O, Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear,
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea,—
Love's solid land is everywhere!

THE AXE OF THE PIONEER

BITE deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
What doth thy bold voice promise me?

"I promise thee all joyous things,
That furnish forth the lives of Kings!