

We flounder off to make a new, but soon
Return and gladly to the beaten way.

It pleased me in this ancient, lonesome isle,
One wintry day, when all the fields were white,
Watching, toward night, thro' frosting window-panes,
The driven clouds pass Agamenticus,
And o'er the sea dissolve and lose themselves,
To see arise upon the MOUNTAIN'S top
Saint Aspenquid ; no clearer sailors saw,
Far off, Athene crown th' Acropolis,
Not all distinct, yet still they knew 'twas she.
Long the Saint had softly mingl'd in my thoughts,
The dim, fast fading shadow of a name ;
And now I sat to draw his lineaments,
Ere passed to nothingness and unbelief.
And while I bent to draw his antique form,
It chanced there came a sudden light, a voice,
And for a moment flashed the hero's soul ;
I, listening intent, wrought no more that day :
Taught by the vision that we needs must know
The inner ere we mould the outward form.

NEW CASTLE,
October, 1879.