

O, maiden ! long beloved, I see you there,
 But you and I
 May never try
 To braid our love into a zone of light.

“ The organ of the Universe is played
 By bards who strike the keys with master sweep,
 Upon its music-waves I float, afraid,
 Yet joyous, doubtful if to smile or weep,
 And haunted by its sea of sound in sleep,
 I wake to try—
 A purpose high—
 To earn the poet's crown before I fade.

“ O, Heaven ! while my spirit gladly sings,
 Shape her vague tremblings to some useful end,
 And purify my strange imaginings,
 That when the better years which hither tend,
 Pass on, I may be called Man's poet-friend,
 Thus will I try,
 Before I die
 To shake the earth-dregs from my soaring wing.”

So sang a poet by the harping sea,
 And thick as white shells strewn upon the beach,
 Fancies came thronging to him, wild and free,
 And bade him limn their airy forms in speech ;
 But still he only sang with aimless reach,
 “ All things do cry
 Pilgrim, try !
 Thrill the tame world with sun-lit poesy.”

Years rolled away, and by the sea-licked shore
 The moonbeams quivered on a lonely mound ;
 The pilgrim-poet's turbulence was o'er,
 And that secluded spot was holy ground ;
 For he with songs of wondrous love had crowned
 Insulted Right ;
 And pure and bright
 His verse illumed the sorrows of the poor.

He left behind him, though he knew it not,
 A trail of glory on the world's highway,
 And loving fingers now denote the spot
 Where he was wont to build the witching lay,
 And champions of mind, admiring, say,
 “ Nobly he tried,
 Before he died,
 To teach dull earth the majesty of thought.”

GEO. MARTIN.