

## New Poems

### AIR CASTLES.

I sit alone to-night and dream  
In the fire-light's fitful flare,  
And gazing in the glowing grate  
I see reflected there,  
Through fancy's fairy vistas,  
My castles in the air.

In distant stately splendor  
Stands fame's imperial fane:  
What would we not surrender  
Her treasured stores to gain?  
From walls with jewels gleaming,  
From halls with beauty beaming,  
Sound voices ever seeming  
To call us to attain.

The heights of Castle Learning  
Are gained through many scars.  
But when with ardor burning,  
We beat against her bars,  
She grants to our endeavor  
Laurels, that fading never  
Abide with us forever,  
Enduring as the stars.

I sit alone to-night and dream  
In the firelight's fitful flare.  
Ye gracious fates, but grant, I pray,  
The will to do and dare;  
That I may put foundation 'neath  
My castles in the air.

—Ernest Neal Lyon.

### THE MOVERS.

PARTING was over at last, and all the  
go d-byes had been spoken;  
Up the long hillside the white-tented  
wagon moved slowly,  
Bearing the mother and children, while  
onward before them the father  
Trudged with his gun on his arm and the  
faithful house dog beside him,  
Grave and sedate, as if knowing the sor-  
rowful thoughts of his master.

April was in her prime, and the day in  
its dewy awaking;  
Like a great flower, afar on the crest of  
the eastern woodland,  
Goldenly bloomed the sun, and over the  
beautiful valley,  
Dim with its dew and shadow, and bright  
with its dream of a river.  
Looked to the western hills, and shone  
on the humble procession,  
Paining with splendor the children's eyes,  
and the heart of the mother.

Beauty and fragrance and song filled the  
air like a palpable presence,  
Sweet was the smell of the dewy leaves  
and the flowers in the wild wood,  
Fair the long reaches of sun and shade in  
the aisles of the forest,  
Glad of the spring, and of love, and of  
morning, the wild birds were singing;  
Jays to each other called harshly, then  
mellowly fluted together;  
Sang the oriole songs as golden and gay as  
his plumage.

Pensively piped the quorulous quails their  
greetings unfrequent,  
While, on the meadow elm, the meadow  
lark gushed forth in music,  
Rapt, exultant, and shaken with the  
great joy of his singing;  
Over the river, loud chattering, aloft in  
the air, the kingfisher  
Hung ere he dropped, like a bolt, in the  
water beneath him;  
Gossiping, out of the bank flew myriad  
twittering swallows;  
And in the boughs of the sycamore  
quarrelled and clamored the black-  
birds.

Never for these things a moment halted  
the movers, but onward  
Up the long hillside the white-tented  
wagon moved slowly,

Till, on the summit that overlooked all  
the beautiful valley,  
Trembling and spent, the horses came to  
a standstill unbidden.  
Then from the wagon the mother in sil-  
ence got down with her children,  
Came and stood by the father, and rested  
her hand on his shoulder.  
Long together they gazed on the beautiful  
valley before them;  
Looked on the well-known fields that  
stretched away to the woodlands,  
Where, in the dark lines of green, showed  
the milk-white crest of the dogwood,  
Snow of wild plums in bloom, and crim-  
son tints of the rosebud;  
Looked on the pasture fields, where the  
cattle were lazily grazing,  
Softly and sweet, and then came the faint,  
far notes of the cow bells;  
Looked on the oft-trodden lanes, with  
their elder and blackberry borders;  
Looked on the orchard, a bloomy sea,  
with its billows of blossoms;  
Fair was the scene, yet suddenly strange  
and all unfamiliar,  
Like as the faces of friends when the word  
of farewell has been spoken.

Long together they gazed; then at last on  
the little log cabin,  
Home for so many years, now home no  
longer forever,  
Rested their tearless eyes in the silent  
rapture of anguish.  
Upon the morning air no column of smoke  
from the chimney  
Wavering, silver and azure, rose, fading  
and brightening ever;  
Shut was the door where yesterday morn-  
ing the children were playing;  
Lit with a gleam of the sun, the window  
stared up at them blindly;  
Cold was the hearthstone now, and the  
place was forsaken and empty.

Empty? Ah, no, no! but haunted by  
thronging and tenderest fancies,  
Sad recollections of all that had ever  
been, of sorrow or gladness,  
Once more they sat in the glow of the  
wide red fire in the winter;  
Once more they sat by the door in the cool  
of the still summer evening;  
Once more the mother seemed to be sing-  
ing her babe there to slumber;  
Once more the father beheld her weep  
o'er the child that was dying;  
Once more the place was peopled by all  
the Past's sorrow and gladness!  
Neither might speak for the thoughts that  
came crowding their hearts so,  
Till, in their ignorant sorrow, aloud the  
children lamented;  
Then was the spell of silence dissolved,  
and the father and mother  
Burst into tears and embraced, and turn-  
ed their dim eyes to the westward.

—William Dean Howells.

### WITH A WHITE ROSE.

THE nightingale sang to the rose,  
In a land so far away  
From this dreary world of drifting snows  
That none can find it to-day.

And he sang of love, of love, of love,  
And the song rang up on high;  
And he sang of love until the angels above  
Leaned listening out of the sky.

And the one who told me the story  
Said never a lover knows  
Of the height and passion and glory  
Of the love that was told to the rose.

But this white rose, O maiden!  
The secret has told to me,  
And I send it, heavily laden  
With my heart's love, unto thee.

—By Grace Shoup.

### A HOME-THRUST.

"Be constant, constant," in the spring  
he urged;  
And when the season in full summer  
merged;  
And when the dry leaf fluttered from the  
tree,  
"Be constant" and "be constant," still  
his plea.

Her simple heart with tender zeal sought  
long  
How it might free her questioned faith  
from wrong:  
Twofold her sorrow; ever grieving more  
That he she loved Doubt's chafing burden  
bore.

But, failing all the blameless arts it knew,  
The simple heart from simple subtle  
grew:  
"Thou art inconstant—thou! else wouldst  
thou trust  
The soul that leaned on thee!" Home  
went the thrust.

From *A Winter Swallow*.

### NAN.

I know a maid, a dear little maid;  
If you know her, you'd woo her,  
I'm sadly afraid;  
So I think it as well  
Her name not to tell,  
Except that she's sometimes called "Nan."

She has a hand, a soft little hand;  
Did you feel it, you'd steal it,  
I quite understand;  
So I think as well  
To reveal not the spell  
That lurks in the fingers of Nan.

Bright are her eyes, her clear hazel eyes;  
If their dance should entrance you  
I'd feel no surprise;  
So I think it as well  
The whole truth to tell;  
She's my own baby daughter, my Nan.

—By Cora Stuart Wheeler.

### A PRAYER FOR SUBTLETY.

Weak as I am, I have not prayed for  
power  
As they who, right or wrong, would fain  
be felt;  
But unto Heaven daily have I knelt,  
That gentlest subtlety be in my dower,  
Such as, of old, made false Duessa cower  
Such, as of old, obdurate stone could  
melt,  
And set those spirits free who long had  
dwelt,  
Devoid of hope, in some enchanter's  
tower.

So might I draw the stray lamb from its  
fold,  
The traveller lure away from ambushed  
harm;  
But most of all (since woman's heart I  
bear)  
When from the Sirens' reef sweet voices  
flow,  
Might I, with sweeter tones, in counter-  
charm,  
Save great Ulysses from the watery snare.

—Edith Thomas.

### AN EPITAPH FOR A HUSBAND- MAN

From C. D. Robert's New Book.

His fields he had to leave,  
His orchards cool and dim;  
The clouds he used to cleave  
Now cover him.

But the green growing things  
Loan kindly to his sleep—  
White roots and wandering strings.  
Closer they creep.

Because he loved them long  
And with them bore his part,  
Tenderly now they throng  
About his heart.



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