

For him who by unbeaten roads
Would homeward bear life's heavy loads,
The way is wild, the hills are steep,
The far-off, lighted windows keep
Within their stores of heat and cheer;
The icy frost-gems sparkling near,
The North-lights building radiant stairs
For those who climb; in upper airs
The crown'd stars on their thrones of gold
Are beautiful, but oh, so cold!

ETHAN HART MANNING.

