

Or the light breeze sigh ; "Loud and deep,  
The mountain-winds the forests sweep,  
Must I just rock one rose asleep?"

Or glow-worm murmur : "So divine,  
So flooding, sunlight's, moonlight's shine,—  
This moth can need no glint of *mine*!"

Because our music is not keyed  
Beethoven-wise, therefore, indeed,  
We scorn to blow the oaten reed.

Because we may not counterpart  
The dance and trance of Shakespeare's art,  
We will not soothe one aching heart!

—Mock meekness all! There doth not live  
Any so poor but they may give,  
Any so rich but may receive.

Withhold the very meagrest dole  
Hands can bestow, in part or whole,  
And we may stint a starving soul.

What then?—If one weak song of mine  
Should yet prevail to bring the shine  
Back o'er some spirit's dull decline,

And for a moment seem to fling  
A flash about its sun-setting,—  
I think (God granting) I may sing.

### PROPHETS OF DOUBT.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

O, Prophets of a younger day!  
O Seers of an unfaith that seems  
To shift with every dreamer's dreams,  
And veer with every meteor's ray,—  
Can phosphorescent sparks lik these  
Guide through the trough of gulphing seas  
Wrecks drifting in despair away?

What help is here for hearts undone?  
What stay for frantic souls? What hope  
For piercing prayers that wildly grope  
After the peace they have not won,