

SONGS OF A YOUNG MAN'S LIFE.

4.

FROM WITHOUT.

I.

The lamps so lank and ghastly
Are shivering in the street,
And on my face, more fastly
Is borne the blinding sleet.

II.

As shelterless I wander
Without, in mist and storm,
The happy fireside yonder
Is blazing bright and warm.

III.

And through the fog more faintly
The casement gleams above,
With light, more pure and saintly,
Where rests the one I love.

IV.

The homeless of the city
Flit by me as I pass,—
A changing crowd of faces
Beneath the shuddering gas.

V.

The children of the city!
The loveless, greedy mart,
That has no mother's pity
Within her stony heart.

VI.

The lost ones of the city!
O love, a fearful sign!
That stained and trampled beauty
Has once been pure as thine.

VII.

The children of the city,
For them whom thus I see,
God grant me deeper pity
With purer love for thee.

5.

LONG DESERTED.

Yon old house in moon light sleeping,
Once it held a lady fair,
Long ago she left it weeping,
Still the old house standeth there;
That old pauper house unmet for the pleasant
village street.

II.

With its eyeless window sockets,
And its courts all grass o'er grown,
And the weeds above its doorway
Where the flowers are carved in stone,
And its chimneys lank and high like gaunt tomb-
stones on the sky.

III.

Ruined, past all care and trouble,
Like the heir of some old race
Whose past glories but redouble,
Present ruin and disgrace
For whom none are left that bear, hope or sorrow
anywhere.

IV.

Lost old house and I was happy!
'Neath thy shade one summer night,
When on one that walked beside me
Gazed I by the lingering light,
In the depths of her dark eyes searching for my
destinies.

V.

There within our quiet garden,
Fell that last of happy eves
Through the gold of the laburnum
And the thickening lilac leaves,
There the winter winds are now sighing round
each leafless bough.

VI.

Haunted house! and do they whisper
That the wintry moon-rays show,
Glancing through thy halls a ghastly
Phantasy of long ago
And thy windows shining bright with a spectral
gala light?

VII.

Vain and idle superstition,
Thee no spectral rays illumine,
But one shape of gentler beauty
I can conjure from thy gloom,
In whose sad eyes I can see ghosts that haunt my
memory.

C. P. M.