

I.—THE SONNET.

Give me, O Muse, to pour in this chalice
The wines of beauty, wisdom, truth, and love!
Give me thy alchemy thence from above,
To gild them brighter than angels in bliss.

Give me thy wand, that with its joyous kiss
I may electrify the themes with life,
Unwonted in this vale of tears and strife,
I touch, and not my high ideals miss.

Then will I sing of God and His great world;
I'll trace His footprints—beauty, good, and truth.
I'll see them in our race, the sun, the moon,
And stars; I'll see them in the birds, forsooth,
In everything, for they're my constant boon,
And under them I march—God's flag unfurled.