

Poetry

A=FIELD IN WINTER.

The sound and color of the year's high prime
 —The lordly summer time—
 O'erpower my spirit with their fervid splendor ;
 The thoughts which they engender
 Drowse thro' my heavy sense with languid feet,
 As one, half-dreaming, hears the surges beat
 Upon a hidden shore :
 And more and more
 The pulsings of its mightier measures fill
 The round of space, until
 It sucks the thin weak breath
 From out my pipe, and strikes melodious death
 Into the feebler thrilling of my lute,
 And in its vaster orchestra my soul stands mute.

But when dun Autumn comes,
 And Summer, with its drums
 Its screaming brasses
 And all the splendid pageantry of the day
 With flags and streamers passes
 Beyond earth's fartest hverge,
 And the small stars emerge
 In the gray year's still dusk and welcome snow,
 Ah, with what joy I go
 Far, far afield, where, standing mid the flakes
 My spirit wakes
 In the wide, hallow silence, and I hear
 The subtler voices of the averted year !

 When every wind that stirs
 The dry bent or the pine
 Is vocal as of heavenly messengers
 Chanting their hymns in voices tremulously fine,