

## RODODACTULOS.

**T**HE night blows outward in a mist,  
And all the world the sun has kissed.

Along the golden rim of sky,  
A thousand snow-piled vapors lie.

And by the wood and mist clad stream,  
The Maiden Morn stands still to dream.

## THE MEADOW SPRING.

**H**ERE, in a deep blue cavern of the sun,  
Like some lost jewel, in the tangled grass  
I lie, where cloudlets ever pass and pass.  
And o'er my breast the unseen breezes run.  
Deep in my crystal heart, fallen one by one  
From out the burnished quiver of the sky,  
The sunbeams' golden shafted arrows lie.  
O, dreamer of the summer lands, but come,  
And, bending down, gaze on my silent face,  
When from the sky's high dome all clouds are furled,  
And I will show you, by the season's grace,  
What I by subtlest charm have conjured here—  
A universe of beauty in a tear—  
A mirrored glimpse of all the glowing world.