

SONNETS.

L'AMERICA ET L'AVENIR.

America is Opportunity.—Emerson.

Love thou the land where yet no beauty dwells!—
The paradisal bowers which thou wouldst find,
The unvex'd sense for which thy soul hath pin'd
Are visions self-begot:—the siren spells
Of thine own heart which, loving calm, compels
Thy thoughts to dreamful days and the quiet mind
Of gods afar from Life's turmoil reclin'd
On beds of amaranths and asphodels
But in that land of Opportunity,
Though mortal toil shall ne'er with rest be crown'd
And sanguine strife shall never cease to be,
There, trampling low Ambition to the ground,
May'st thou through the swirling dust mount round
on round
To star-lit heights,—thy soul serene and free.