

The Birds Of The Cross. 235

" Ah ! did you know whither you go,--"
The Angel softly said,—
You would not linger trembling so,
Nor view the way with dread :
The old and weary ones are free
From sorrows and alarms :
And little children come to me,
And nestle in my arms.

" No trace of tears a-falling.
In all that crystal sphere :
No cry of pain from wild heart slain,
Thro' all the blissful year :
The blessed ones they gather
Upon that happy shore,
And wives the necks of husbands clasp,
And none shall part them more."

FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES

INSCRIBED IN MY COPY OF HIS BOOK, "ON
LIFE'S STAIRWAY."

THIS is the Poesy of Love and Youth,
With Hope a-tip-toe, (Age he never knew ;)
Yet Beauty's holiest impulse, radiant Truth
Divinest Vision, 'mergent to the view,
Controlled him.

Eros tripped upon the dew
Hand-linked with Psyche, when he lit the
morn—
That hright Apollo ! and the Graces, too,
And Virtues, came with gifts, when he was
horn.

Celestial Music waked his infant heart,
And whispered mystic words : " A holier birth
Awaits thee : sprinkled be thy sacred art
In consecration : thou art not for Earth :