

MY HEMLOCKS.

RUGGED you stood near the crown of the hill;
Long in your shadows I sat by the stream
Reverently, till I felt a new thrill
Sweep through my heart, and awoke from my
dream.

"Hemlocks, I love you," I said. I still hear
Winds singing softly your answer to me;
Down through your branches your love-song
comes clear,
Promising ever my lover to be.

In my great temple of mystical joy
You were the pillars, and under your arms
Life revelations were brought to the boy,
Rich in rare beauty and hallowing charms.

I did not know I was worshipping there;
I was not conscious of power Divine;
I sang no anthems; I uttered no prayer;
But a new spirit gave vision to mine.