

Poetry.

THE REAPING.

She stood breast-high amid the ripened corn,
One rare September morn,
When o'er the fields in swaths of duskèd gold,
The rich sheaves rolled.
The great white sun swept upward thro' the sky,
And the wide morning smiled
When poised on high
Unseen a lark piped joyously and wild.
I watched her cross the ridge's brown incline
With lissome, eager tread,
The gleaming robes and a great jar of wine
Poised on her head
Burnt with the colors of the early sky.
When she drew nigh
And from the wine-jar poured a brimming cup
And held it up,
I looked upon her face, and in her eyes
Saw a new heaven rise;
And a new music woke upon her lips,
—The lark's eclipse.—
No more the carols of the wind I heard,
Nor any bird;
But with her speech alone the world was filled,
'Till my soul shook and thrilled.
Like some new sun she rose upon my sight
And it was light;
And by her gleam I saw the ancient world
Like a new planet whirled.
The while I drank, her soul's strong wine
Brimmed over all its gates and flooded mine
Till each tempestuous vein
Beat out a joy as mad as any pain.