THE MUSICIAN.

Of new-born beauty blending, twain in one, Distinctive souls when these together run. So may the weaker from the stronger draw A power; and this, by compensating law, A tenderness from the other not its own, Till both be shaded to a kindred tone, More fair in both than either singly seen.

Who asks how love, two youthful hearts between. Hath issue and a being? Whether chance, The random wind of native circumstance, Blowing around them, causeth so to press The one to other, from a flower-caress Drawing a spirit-birth of breathing love? Or if, direct in plan from heaven above, Twin hearts be moulded, each of entity Distinct, but truly one essentially, With winged love between, a hovering grace, The holy spirit of the human race?

Howe'er it chance, betwixt the mountain maid And him, the wild musician, soon was laid An airy span of rainbow sympathies,-Based deep in either heart,-along whose dyes Of soaring splendor midway met in heaven Their climbing souls, by youthful passion driven To reach the topmost of that loveliness, Wherein the Love Supreme did smiling bless For these a world of promise God renewed, And cleansed of evil with no worser flood Than of the rosy fountains of the heart, To which of beauteous hope such teemings start, Dressing dull earth in Eden hues again. She, maiden-modest, from the ways of men Walking in sweet reserve, and he, who made By choice a dwelling in his genius' shade-She, fine by nature past her sisterhood, He, soaring o'er his fellows' lowly mood Into tremendous heavens of ecstasy-So fell that each did in the other see A solitude which liked a solitude. And either had a beauty: she, in mood As of the holy angels true to Love; But he, like those who toppled from above, Ere fallen quite, though darkening to a fall. And beauty draws to beauty: yea, of all The Central Beauty, God the Holy One, Through Beauty swayeth souls to unison, Wining by charm what still eludeth fear. Then, in their mountain village forced so near To labor, and in recreation thrown