

SWEET SOLITUDE.

WEET Solitude ! the chosen love
Of knights unstained, who bravely fought
Their battles 'gainst the powers that wrought
In hate infernal ; while above

The king looked down ; the contest o'er
Who sent His angels with a crown
Of laurel fresh with fragrance blown
In paradise. I love thee more

Green graceful poplars crest the hill,
And filmy ferns the vale bed spread,
With elfin moss, a grateful bed
Beside a cool persuasive rill.

In ancient days this tangled wood
Was fancy-haunted by the shapes
Of nymph and oread, but the lapse
Of time has evil changed to good.

Now, Faith and Fancy, sisters twin,
The veil of senses palpable
Uplift, and lo ! this sylvan dell
Is peopled by our mystic kin

Divinely fair, divinely dear.
Let not the world profane intrude ;
For sacred is our solitude,
God and His angels being near.

ETHAN HART MANNING.