
BEYOND IS GOD.

I WOULD grow up to the full stature of a soul ;
Majestic, calm and brave ; and ever strive to gain
The shining heights where love serenely dwells
With altruistic faith, in palaces of light.
Yet, with humility enough to comprehend
The narrow limits set to man's intelligence—
And—spite of subtle reason—wise enough to cry :
“ Beyond is God.”

TO AN ASPEN LEAF.

THE restless world, at this the century's end,
Gazing askance at icon, sect, or creed,
Lacks everywhere the grand incentive of belief,—
For lack of faith always aborts the deed.
Half-heartedly, men speak of nobler things
Than those behind a counter, bought and sold ;
Because we *feel* half-heartedly no ringing song
Or stirring story, in our ears is told ;
When aiming high the arrow lower flies,
And greed of gold bids princes stand and wait.—
Oh, little leaf ! hung tremblingly as fate
Upon a thread-like stem ; what comfort lies
In your brave heart !—keeping close-roofed and warm
A silver lining for the roughest storm !