

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
 As empty as the last new sonnet,
 Till by and by came Mercury,¹
 And, having mused upon it, 20
 "Why, here," cried he, "the thing of things
 In shape, material, and dimensions !
 Give it but strings, and lo, it sings,
 A wonderful invention !"

So said, so done; the chords he strained, 25
 And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
 The shell disclaimed, a soul had gained,
 The lyre had been discovered.
 O empty world that round us lies,
 Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken, 30
 Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
 In thee what songs should waken !

HEPATICAS

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

The trees to their innermost marrow
 Are touched by the sun ;
 The robin is here and the sparrow :
 Spring is begun !

The sleep and the silence are over : 5
 These petals that rise
 Are the eyelids of earth that uncover
 Her numberless eyes.

1. The invention of the lyre was ascribed in classical mythology to Mercury, the messenger of the gods.