

plete. It furnishes a very slight basis of comparison with any other composition. The voice is his own. Starting from the midst of sleep, in the dark hour which precedes the day, the poet, amidst the whispering of the leaves, the ebbing of the tide, and the gossip of the owl, introduces the dawn, then gray morning approaches and finally the sun appears above the horizon. His apostrophe to the sun suffers nothing from comparison with Byron's apostrophe to the ocean.

"O artisan born in the purple,—Workman Heat
 Parter of passionate atoms that travail to meet
 And be mixed in the death-cold oneness—innermost Guest
 At the marriage of elements,—fellow of publicans,—blest
 King in the blouse of flame, that loiterest o'er
 The idle skies yet laborest fast evermore,—
 Thou, in the fine forge-thunder, thou, in the beat
 Of the heart of a man, thou Motive,—Laborer Heat :
 Yea, artist, thou, of whose art yon sea's all news,
 With his inshore greens and manifold mid-sea blues,
 Pearl-glint, shell-tint, ancientest perfectest hues
 Ever shaming the maidens,—lily and rose
 Confess thee, and each mild flame that glows
 In the clarified virginal bosoms of stones that shine,

It is thine, it is thine

Thou chemist of storms, whether driving the winds a-swirl
 Or a-flicker the subtler essences polar that whirl
 In the magnet earth,—yea, thou with a storm for a heart,
 Rent with debate, many-spotted with question, part
 From part oft sundered, yet ever a globed light
 Yet ever the artist, ever more large and bright
 Than the eye of a man may avail of"

"The Centennial Meditation of Columbia" was written for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia on the Fourth of July 1876. A poem was wanted, which would serve as the text for a Cantata for that occasion.