

INTO MY HEART THE WIND MOANS.

Into my heart the wind moans,
Into my heart to-night.
Over the chimney sifts the snow,
Over the sky the light.

Into my heart the year moans,
Into my heart the dream,
Of the shrivelled world, the iron frost,
The manacled waste and stream.

Into my heart the past moans,
And the dead return to-night ;
As over the chimney drifts the snow,
Over the sky the light.

THE SOUL'S REQUEST.

Give me the hills and the woodlands,
Give me the wave and the wind,
Where the doors, eternal, of faney
Are open forever behind ;—
Where the haunting windows of memory
Know no curtain or blind.

Give me that world of the spirit,
Not bounded by eustom or stone ;—
Where the iron grief of the ocean
For the shore, is the only moan ;—
Where the laugh of the wind in the forest
To the silences ; never is flown.

SNOW.

Snow, white snow, beautiful robing of snow,
Under the ancient peace of the wise old trees ;
Shroud of beauty, wound of the winds that blow,
Marbling all love's death in a dream-like frieze.

Soft, and white, and pure, and true, you lie,
By field and hill ; Love's magic mantle thrown
Over the mighty ruin of wood and sky,
And wild bleak waste, and hush of the year's
mad moan.

Like to the pure and perfect spirit of Greeee,
Under these dim, majestic, gothic aisles ;
When out of the azure quarries of night's wide
peace,

The Master Artist reareth His Parian piles.

I came by austere ways of your beauty this morn,
When the lanthorn sun looked dim through his
frosty glass ;—
And knew that glorious, Attie dream re-born,
And that rapt art, Athene, of Phidias.