

## A Treasury of

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh!  
 Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly!  
 Mild moon, let not thy glory fail!  
 Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm! thou canst not vie  
 With that low summons, hoarse and dry.  
 He hears, and oh! his spirits quail,—  
 He laughs and sobs within the gale,  
 On, anywhere! He must not die,—  
 Swifter the flight!

## TO A BUTTERFLY

BUTTERFLY,  
 Flutter by,  
 Under and over,  
 Haunting the clover,  
 Each flashing wing  
 Fashioning  
 Quivering glories,  
 Luminous stories!

Life in a miniature!  
 Swiftly to win a pure  
 Realm of ideals,  
 Hoping it heals.

The best, the best  
 Is the endless quest.

Is hopefulness vain  
 To feel or to feign?  
 Know you not, save to say:  
 "It is glittering, glittering day,—"