

Sonnets.

XXXII.

THE earth is red, and from her bosom cries
To heaven the blood of countless thousands
slain ;

And still the smoke of war defiles the skies,

And still the din resounds across the main !

Ah, self-appointed Nemesis ! Thy wrong

May have been bitter, but One hath said,

" Vengeance is mine," and unto Him belong

The powers usurped by thee ; and on thy head

I question not His vengeance yet shall fall—

Unworthy 'twere a prostrate foe to scourge

And impious 'twere for Heaven's aid to call

When fiends revengeful do the action urge :—

Of all great truths none truer e'er than this,

*Might doth confound itself when base its pur-
pose is.*

XXXIII.

A MOUNTAIN stream was from its channel
turned,

And o'er that channel leaned a blasted oak,

Whose roots, bereft of nourishment, were burned