

THE PIPES OF PAN.

Ringed with the flocking of hills, within shepherding watch of Olympus,
 Tempe, vale of the gods, lies in green quiet withdrawn.
 Tempe, vale of the gods, deep-couched amid woodland and woodland,
 Threaded with amber of brooks, mirrored in azure of pools,
 All day drowsed with the sun, charm-drunken with moonlight at mid-
 night,

Walled from the world forever under a vapor of dreams,—
 Hid by the shadows of dreams, not found by the curious footstep,
 Sacred and secret forever. Tempe, vale of the gods!

How thro' the cleft of its bosom, goes sweetly the water Peneüs!
 How by Peneüs the sward breaks into saffron and blue!
 How the long, slope-floored beach-glades mount to the wind wakened
 uplands,

Where thro' flame-berried ash troop the hoofed centaurs at morn!
 Nowhere greens a copse but the eye-beams of Artemis pierce it.
 Breathes no laurel her balm, but Phœbus' fingers caress,
 Springs no bed of wild blossom, but limbs of Dryad have pressed it.
 Sparkle the nymphs, and the brooks chime with shy laughter and calls,

Here is a nook. Two rivulets fall to mix with Peneüs,
 Loiter a space, and sleep, checked and choked by the reeds.
 Long grass waves in the windless water, strown with the lote-leaf;
 Twist through dripping soil great alder-roots, and the air
 Glooms with dripping tangle of leaf-thick branches, and stillness
 Keeps in the strange-coiled stems, ferns and wet-loving weeds.

Hither comes Pan, to this pregnant earthy spot, when his piping
 Flaps, and his pipes out-worn breaking and casting away,
 Fits new reeds to his mouth with the wierd earth-melody in them,
 Piercing, alive with a life able to mix with the god's.
 Then as he blows, and the searching sequence delights him, the goat-
 feet

Furtive withdraw; and a bird stirs and flutes in the gloom
 Answering; float with the stream the out-worn pipes, with a whisper,
 "What the god breathes on, the god never can wholly evade!"
 God-breath lurks in each fragment forever. Dispersed by Peneüs,
 Wandering, caught in the ripples, wind blown hither and there,
 Over the whole green earth and globe of sea they are scattered,
 Coming to secret spots, where in a visible form
 Comes not the god,—though he comes declared in his workings! And
 mortals

Straying in cool of morn, or bodeful hasting at eve.
 Or, in the depth of noon-day, p'unged to shadiest coverts,
 Spy them, and set to their lips, blow, and fling them away.

Ay, they cast them away,—but never wholly. Thereafter
 Creeps strange fire in their veins, speak strange tongues in their brain,
 Sweetly evasive; a secret madness takes them: a charm-struck
 Passion for woods and wild life, the solitude of the hills.
 Therefore they fly the heedless throngs and traffic of cities;
 Haunt mossed caverns, and wells bubbling ice-cool; and their soul's
 Gather a magical gleam of the secret of earth, and the god's voice
 Calls to them, not from afar, teaching them wonderful things.

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A SPRING PARABLE.

The Spirit of the Woods mourned over the dying herbage and
 the fading verdure that betokened the coming reign of a great
 Destroyer. She wept over the swift departure of the rich hues of
 gold and crimson and amber, that had seemed to crown the wood-
 land with an aureole of glory, just before this mournful darkening
 of her hopes. Her tears, as they fell, were caught and crystallised
 by the frost-spirit into an exquisite sparkling hoar-frost, which at
 least beautified the desolation, though it could not retard it. Day
 by day, as the wind blew and the rain fell, the dying leaves dropped
 off the trees and sank sodden at their feet. The last flowers that

had struggled to bloom, drooped limp and blackened under the
 tread of the frost-spirit, and as she looked sadly over her desolated
 and disfigured realm, but lately so smiling and beautiful, the Spirit
 of the Woods could see nothing to console her. But while she sat
 disconsolate among the brown and sere remains of what had been
 rich masses of verdure,—lo! there glided softly up to her, the beau-
 tiful, clear-eyed Spirit of Hope, and whispered, in sweetest tones,
 that before long there would appear a great and powerful Restorer,
 stronger even than the destroying power who had wrought such
 evil and havoc; and that this Restoring spirit would bring back to
 her desolated realm a new and fairer beauty that would make her
 forget what she had lost.

So the Spirit of the Woods waited, watching always for the pro-
 mised approach of this wonder-working Power. One night there
 arose the loud wailing of a great and mighty wind, and as it rushed
 through the leafless arches of the forest, bending and swaying
 mighty trunks and branches, and—as it seemed—driving everything
 before its resistless strength, the expectant Spirit looked to see
 whether this might prove to be the mighty power of which so much
 had been promised. But its strength seemed only for destruction,
 as it uprooted even large trees, that were not very securely estab-
 lished in the ground, and snapped asunder with a loud crash some
 stout trunks, while it ground and crushed the tender twigs, and
 left the forest as bare and unlovely as before.

The Spirit waited a while longer, sad at heart, for her children,
 yet hoping for the wonderful Restorer that was to come and do so
 much more than she now could believe possible. But she had faith
 in the Promiser, Hope, and where she could not see she trusted.
 One clear night, when everything was very still, something told
 her of the presence of a great and terrible Power. The swiftly
 rushing water, that nothing could hold back, became suddenly still
 and lifeless, then solid and dark like a piece of dead matter. The
 soft brown earth became hard and rugged like iron. No one could
 ever have imagined her the gentle mother of so many living things.
 "This is a power even mightier than the wind," thought the Spirit.
 "The wind could only lash and toss the water into a rage. This
 holds it in chains and fetters. But this also is the power of Death,
 not of Life, and Death reigns ever, and ever seems more hideous."
 And the Spirit sighed, but patiently watched and waited still.

By-and-bye, without a sound, or the rustling of a leaf, a strange,
 soft, white, feathery mist descended on all the scarred and black-
 ened forests. Before long, it had enshrouded them in a strange,
 unearthly, though beautiful garment, that seemed to be an ethereal-
 ized semblance of what it had been in its summer bloom. Tenderly
 the Spirit of the Snow wrapped its soft, fleecy drapery about the
 bare, brown branches, till each spray and twig seemed to stand out
 in a lovely tracery of the purest white, which, when the sun shone
 out, glittered with a more dazzling lustre than pearls and diamonds.
 The Spirit looked and wondered whether indeed this could be the
 new restoration of beauty that had been promised, but she shivered
 as she thought that, though beautiful, it was cold and deathlike, and
 that even its beauty was not the beauty of life but of death. And,
 so thinking, the Spirit yielded to the spell that seemed to have
 come over all things, and fell asleep.

When she awoke, it seemed to her that she had been aroused
 by a kiss so soft and warm that it sent a thrill through all her be-
 ing. As she looked up, she forgot even to think; so lost was she
 in an encompassing exquisite sense of awakening life. The trees
 still rose bare against the sky, but there was about them a magical
 presentiment of quickened vitality, a faint feathering out of swell-
 ing buds, which exhaled the most exquisite fragrance, an air as soft
 as the down on the swan's breast. The ground was still brown,
 and strewed with sodden leaves, but the "unbound earth" shed
 forth a moist, sweet odour, and myriads of tiny green shoots were
 rising and unfurling themselves in every direction. And as the
 delighted Spirit glanced at the foot of some grey rocks near, she
 started in an ecstasy, for there grew a cluster of lovely snowy