

Happy are they who 'mid the engrossing cares,  
 The interests, ambitions, schemes, of life,  
 Amid the noise, the turmoil, the distress  
 Can find some consolation from a page  
 Such as this poet's before us; who can find  
 By walking to the fields, tasting the air  
 A source of benediction; who can leave  
 The pettiness of daily life behind,  
 And rise to loftier and more wholesome views;  
 Can hold communion with the long-gone past  
 And with the vague-shown future yet to come:  
 Who can combine those epochs into one;  
 Who can absent themselves from present cares,  
 And look on earth as being one mighty temple.  
 The hills, he says, the rivers, valleys, brooks,  
 The aged woods, the sighing ocean's waste,  
 They are but portions of the tomb of man.  
 The sun, the stars, the "infinite host of heaven"  
 "Shine on the abodes of death." Yet from this thought  
 He does not draw depression or despair.  
 It yields him rather fragrance, comfort, hope,  
 Beatitude, and solace, pleasure, peace,  
 Like honey yielded from the gaping jaws  
 Where, in a skeleton, bees built their nest.  
 So shalt thou rest, he says; thou shalt lie down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,  
 With hoary seers, with all the wise and good.  
 And when the time shall come, thou shalt be joined  
 Year after year by a long cavalcade.  
 What if thou die unheeded? All will come—  
 The gay, the sad, the phantom-chasing souls  
 The old, the young, the strong, the weak will come;  
 Their mirth and their employments they shall leave  
 And make their bed beside thee. Thou shalt rest  
 In the sweet bosom of this sombrous tomb.  
 The flippant and the fickle may laugh on;  
 Their chirrup soon is ended; enemies  
 Can ne pursue us further; and that goal  
 Is as an infinite ocean-main of peace.  
 So travel, he says, that when thou needs must join  
 That caravan, thou go not like the slave