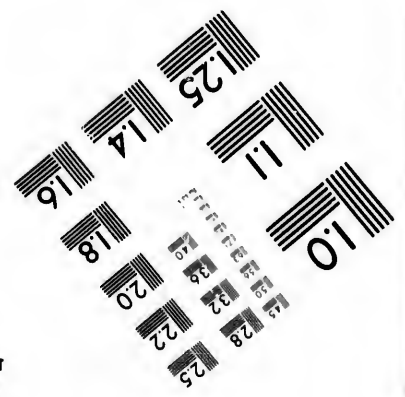
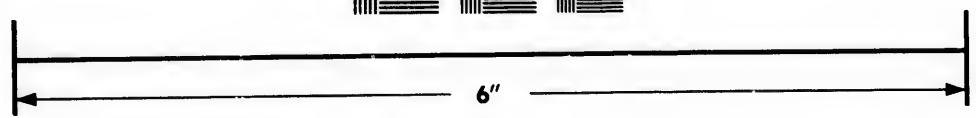
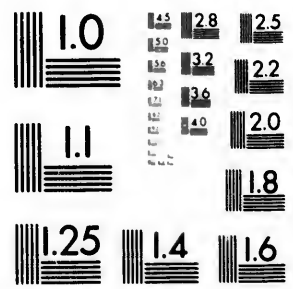


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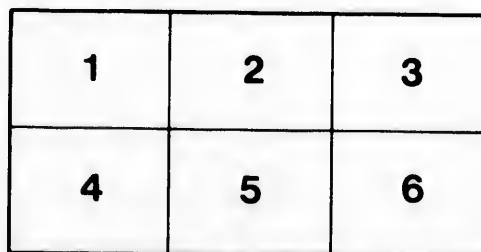
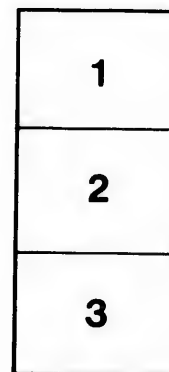
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32X



EVENING TO MORNING,

00

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

E. A. JENNS.

*"Vade, sed incultus, * * * * **

** * * * **

Vade, liber, verbisque meis loca gratæ saluta:"

Ovid.

VICTORIA

PUBLISHED BY T. N. HIBBEN & Co

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2

DEDICATORY SONNET

TO

W. R. MURRAY, ESQUIRE.

Years have I parted from thee and since then
The passing months have placed long leagues between;
Thou the vast southern continent hast seen,
All savage nature lies beneath thy ken:
For me thy letters oft have sped, and when
They've reached me in Columbia's wilds I ween,
Full of quiet joy my inmost heart has been,
And lengthened sheets have come to thee again.
And now—this little book—the firstling fruit,
Of a boy's heart, (poor soil for lofty song);
And which like spring-tide's earliest tend'est shoot
Has grown though fearful of the sharp frost's wrong,
I lay beneath thy feet, and though it fall,
Uncared for, pleasing thee, it pleases all.

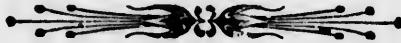
3

INTRODUCTION AND APOLOGY.

A world of dreams and shadows, and within
Its unrealities, one more unreal
Then all the rest, like dream within a dream,
Myself a dreamer dreaming; and I dreamt,
And things unreal; yet like realities,
More true than the true substance, rose and passed,
Through the dim convolutions of my brain,
With solemn grandeur from the shadow world,
The dark unknown, things awful and distinct,
Clothed in the majesty of unheard words,
Before perchance unthought of; and I rose
And took my pen and wrote, and the swift words,
Flowed from the tossing tumult of my mind
Like waters flowing from their fountain source.
I wrote, and read, and that I wrote seemed good,
And laid the thing aside, till I forgot
The thought that had inspired it, then once more
Re-read my work, and still it all seemed good.
So have I dared to bring it from the dark
Of unseen things, and lay it in the light

4

Of public eyes, and should it still seem good,
Then may that light show its perfections more;
But should it be imperfect, let it drop,
And pardon my presumption; let it sink
Back to the dark abyss from whence it came,
The world of shadows and of unreal things,
Unknown, unthought of, like a passing dream,
Dreamt in the silent watches of the night,
Forgotten e'er awaking.



EVENING TO MORNING.



How beautiful the earth, the sky, the sea,
How lovely is the sun's bright setting ray,
Magnificent the mountain's soaring peak!
How calm the sea lies—one expanse of glass,
And how the last rays of the setting sun,
Throw on the waters one broad path of gold,
A path of spirits unto paradise.
All down whose length a faint reflection gleams,
Of the great glory of those beauteous realms.
So thought I, as I wandered near the shore

EVENING TO MORNING.

Upon the cliffs, and softly bathed my feet
In the deep masses of soft fragrant fern,
Or 'mong the scented heathers tinkling bells;
And calm surveyed the seas' long ripple break,
With tiny splash and rustle on the shore.
And there I stood alone, and watched the sun
Set with deep glorious red behind the hills;
And all the light and fleecy sunset clouds,
Were tinged deep golden red, as if on fire.
Carmine and gold in all their brilliant shades,
Stretched in long arrowy streaks upon the sky.
Then slowly sank the sun, and the bright tints
Of gold and crimson faded from the clouds,
The stars began to glow from out of space,
And the wide seas assumed an inky black
The night wind rose, and all was desolate.
And there I stood alone. I had no friend
To walk with me, I never had a friend,
But still I stayed and thought, how desolate,
And yet how grand, the mountain peaks appear.
But then my soul within me rose in speech,
And weary in my heart I cried aloud,
"Ye are not desolate ye mountain peaks,
For lo! the hill tops round you crowd you in,
The bird mates with the bird, and beast with beast,
Fish unto fish, and man consorts with man;

EVENING TO MORNING

The rivers flow into the sea, but I,
 In all the earth am only desolate,
 Companionless among companions."
 Thus in my lonely bitterness I cried,
 And the still mountains echoed with my voice,
 And the great hills flung back my bitter words,
 But broken by the rippling of the sea.
 Moody I flung myself upon the earth,
 And watched the clouds light drifting past the stars,
 That shadowed now in darkness, now shone forth,
 When the dark mass swept by and left them clear.
 I listened to the nightwind moaning low,
 With melancholy music 'mong the trees,
 That heaved and tossed their branches mournfully,
 Keeping strange cadence with the wild weird tune
 As if they too had sorrows none might know.
 Until the wide earth seemed so waste and lone;
 That none at all of living kind were left.
 And then the still wind swept aside the clouds
 Till all the heaven was clear, and there the moon,
 Sailed high majestic through the starry vault.
 And thus I lay and gazed, until at length,
 Awe'd by the solemn stillness of the night,
 My thoughts and musings changed to other things,—
 I thought of the three mortal mysteries,
 The mysteries of life, and love, and death.

7

EVENING TO MORNING

I saw a star shoot out of space, and light
The dark sky for a moment, and then fade
Sudden to awful blackness, yet it left
A phosphorescent glimmer on its track,
Which lasted but a space beyond the star,
And then too faded into utter night.
And thought,—“lo! this is life, that comes and goes
To last a moment ere it fades away,
Becoming lost forever, yet it leaves
A memory, which like the gleaming track,
Lasts but a space ere 'tis entirely lost.
What is it that can take a little dust,
Small particle of dew, and mould them both
And build them up into a living form,
Sensient to all the pains and passions?
A form possessing power; What bids it grow,
And with the passing years expand itself,
Till from a child it buds into a man?
What is it that can take that living man,
And draw it unto creatures like itself,
Heart knit to heart by the strong bond of love,
Until to part them were far worse than death?
And what is that dread power that comes at last,
And breaks away the bonds of love and life,
With iron hands remorseless plucks out life,
And leaves behind nought but the senseless clay?

8
EVENING TO MORNING

From which the moisture soon must part, and leave
Only the dust from which 'twas made behind,
Soon to be scattered by the ruthless winds,
To the four quarters of the whirling globe.
And so from that I fell to wondering,
When death has ta'en our life and love away,
And nought of all our earthly selves is left,
Save but a handful of fine whirling dust,
Where goes the life and love, which some call soul,
Impalpable fine spirit from the breast?
What comes to that? Is it too lost? falls it
Into a finer dust than even dust?
Is life but some blind power placed in our clay,
And love a blinder chance than even life?
Are we but forces, born without a will,
To move within the narrow sphere of fate,
As dried leaves stirred by the passing wind,
That leap and frolic when the breeze doth blow,
And fall again to earth when it is past?
Blind creatures living by as blind a power.
Is earth but some dead force, that stern resists
The moving strength with which we strike against it?
Is life but as the power, that moves a stone,
And makes it swiftly circle through the air,
And death as when it strikes against a wall,
Or spent sinks down to meet its mother earth?

9

EVENING TO MORNING.

Or is there something more beyond the dust,
A subtle spirit hid within the clay?
Which when the body dies, shall still have life,
And move to search the mighty realms of space.
The body like the stone that strikes the wall
And falls unto the earth from whence it came,
The spirit like the force that leaves the stone,
And passes to the earth, yet will not die;
And like the force that hid within the stone,
On being changed may shew as brilliant light.
The whole earth lives, its inmost life is force,
Blind force perchance, and yet a moving force,
And neither blind, for it doth move the earth,
Not by mere chance but by some mighty will,
That regulates and rules. The earth may die,
But yet the power that rules it cannot die.
We live, we die, and others yet are born;
We live, we die not; who can kill the soul?
Now here thus thinking fell I in a trance,
Beside me there as I lay 'mong the flowers,
Upon the low-browed cliffs above the sea,
One of the mighty wingèd spirits stood.
With face majestic, eyes like liv'ng flame.
His robe fell from his shoulders to his feet,
Glistening and shining with a sunlight glare,
His mighty limbs translucent, and his pulse

70
EVENING TO MORNING

Shot through with blood, like streams of liquid light.
And straight great fear fell on me, and I turned
Face downward on the sward, and dared not look
Again on one so grand and beautiful.
But then he spoke, and like the silver sound
Of distant bells at eventide, his voice,
Or like the pleasant murmur of the brook,
Which breaks and falls, rippling among the stones,
Majestically low, and strange, and sweet,
As stooping he upraised and said to me:
"Arise and fear not thou, but rise and see."
Then as I stood upright before my lord,
He stretched his hand above and questioned me,
"If thou hadst in thy hand the mighty power,
Of life and death, which seems to thee most good,
To live still as thou art or pass through death?"
And I before him humbly bowed my head
And answered thus: "O Great One pardon me,
I know not what to say, I can not tell,
Earth's life to me is but a hateful thing,
I spend my time in misery and groans,
All truth has passed from earth; I have no friend,
Life without love is misery's extreme;
I hate to live, but yet I fear to die.
I trust that there is life e'en after death,
That when the body sinks into the pit,

11

EVENING TO MORNING

The subtle spirit still remains and lives,
And reason says that death is not the last;
But still I fear that grisly foe to man,
Who, whether on the awful battle field,
Or on the quiet bed within his home,
As surely strikes, and striking, all is past.
Some men pass like an arrow through the world
Others more slowly like a ponderous stone,
Some smooth and evenly as flies a ball,
Some wandering like straw or thistle down,
But all at once to the same gloomy gaol,
That is so wide that none can miss the mark.
There is no clod now crushed beneath the foot,
Or broken by the share and grown with grain,
But one has been a living moving form.
No speck of dust upon the whole wide earth,
But one has thrilled with life. No water drop,
But once has coursed as blood, or heaved as breath
Where are the souls of these that now are dead?
Oh what is love that we should love at all?
Or what is life that we should e'er be born,
Or being born that we should wish to live?
Life, is the flower of the convolvulus,
That morning sees in glory of its prime,
And noon's hot sun glares on its dying hour.
Or, like the joy of some poor painted fly,

EVENING TO MORNING

That lightly soars beneath the noonday sun,
 To die in bitterness at eventide.
 Behold the tiny seed what wondrous force,
 Presses its rootlets through the stony soil,
 And lifts its head above the dusty ground.
 It grows in beauty till some parching heat,
 Or biting frost, withers its leafy pride,
 And leaves it dead on that from which it sprung
 Even if life is after I am dead,
 After this flesh is withered into dust,
 And past to feed the growth of plants and worms,
 How can I tell that this same life in death,
 Be not indeed, p'rhaps tenfold worse than life?
 Resolve my doubts I know not what to say,
 I love not life but still I fear to die."
 And stooping o'er me he did touch mine eyes
 And then it seemed as I had been long blind,
 And flakes had fallen from me and I saw;
 And down before me on the pleasant flowers,
 I saw my body lying on the ground,
 That wretched caske that holds the thought of man,
 Lifeless and pale lying in deepest trance;
 And seeming like the withered empty shell,
 The butterfly deserts when he awakes,
 To his short life among the summer flowers.
 But he my Lord but touched me on mine arm,

13
EVENING TO MORNING.

And bade me raise mine eyes that I might see:
Then lifted I my face and through the air,
I saw ten thousand thousand living things,
Some beautiful and others hideous.
The guardian powers of man with gleaming wings,
Passed back and forth from out the throne of God;
The good and evil thoughts and evil things,
Messengers from the monarch of deep hell;
And happy passing souls their freedom won,
With other things the spirit powers of earth,
The sylphs and naiads of the air and sea;
Mingling with mighty rushing to and fro,
And thrilling outbursts of triumphant song;
Those many sounds that sometimes meet one's ears,
When free from evil thought and all desire,
Wandering alone upon the mountain tops,
Or sailing on the dreamy summer sea.
Far upwards through the heavens stretched their troops.
There were great throngs of happy singing ones,
Clad in bright robes of such a glorious sheen,
As when the morning sun shines on the sea,
And breaks on ripples in ten thousand gleams,
More beautiful than all the gems of earth,
With changing glories in each breeze that blows.
There too were troops of evil things that shrank,
Back from those happy ones into the gloom,

EVENING TO MORNING

With foul and horrid gibberings, that made
 My timid heart beat thick with sudden fear.
 There were the elves and fairies of the flowers,
 Floating on tiny wings of painted flim,
 Like butterflies, and clothéd like the shards
 Of splendid beetles, all of green and gold.
 The naiads of the sea and fair woodnymphs,
 Floated around me singing mournful songs,
 Most gentle tunefulness that rose and fell,
 In thrilling notes of saddened melody.
 Then as my eyes became less dazed with light,
 And I less wonderstruck than at the first,
 I cast my glance more far around, and on
 One side beheld a gloomy mountain range,
 The long base fringed with lofty tangled firs
 And lashed by boundless ever angry seas;
 And on one peak that rose above the rest,
 Towering to heaven, circled with black clouds,
 Was placed a mighty throne of ebony.
 And all around this throne were multitudes
 Of dark attendant spirits; there I saw
 Old Time himself, with glass and deadly sythe;
 There were the Ycars and Hours and many more.
 Within the rising storm-mist's sullen heat,
 I saw the lightning flashing back and forth,
 And heard the thunder bellowing 'mong the clouds

13
EVENING TO MORNING

With roar and reverberating echo.
And saw two dark-draped forms attendant there,
The monarch of the mist and snow and rain,
And spirit power that wields the lightning flash.
These were obedient servants to his will,
And bowed to him who sat upon the throne.
But he who sat upon that nightblack throne,
How can I tell his fearful majesty?
A being with stern face and lofty brows,
Crowned with wreath of cypress and of yew,
Of more than mortal size. His robes were black,
His eyes were unrelenting, and his hand,
In lieu of sceptre, clenched within its grasp,
A long unsheathed sword of burning flame.
And to the foot of that most awful seat,
A mighty stream a thronging multitude,
From many many nations ever set.
A throng less to be numbered than the sands,
That check the waters of the sounding sea.
And these were marshalled to that monarchs feet,
By Years and Hours the ministers of Time.
Some in that river ever prest to him,
Some drcaded and hung back, but these were prest
For ever forward by Time's ministers,
None could escape. Some went with gloomy brows
Others with laughter and with maniac dance;

16.
EVENING TO MORNING

Some passed to him with shrieks and wildest cries,
Some with bright smiles and happy peaceful songs;
Some moved along so busy with their thoughts,
That they saw not how near they came to him;
Some viewed him ever with most awful dread;
But when they reached the base of that black seat,
All disappeared nor knew I where they went.
And all was darkest night no sun shone there,
For all was gloom and draped in endless shade.
But when I scanned the face of that strong king,
And marked the dark attendants round him grouped
My sick heart trembling whispered unto me,
"Who can withstand this mighty monarch's power?"
And then sore fear came on me and I fell
Face downward to the earth and shud'ring cried,
"Oh! who is this great king oh! who are these?
I fear his mighty power, ah me! I fear
All those who round about his throne are grouped."
And I had almost swooned; but he my Lord;
Stooped over me, and with his tender voice,
Said, "Fear not, him whom thou hast seen is Death;
From this his lofty throne he views mankind,
And sends among them at his master's will,
(For there is one whom even he obeys),
The ministers and servants whom ye saw.
The violent storm the rapid lightning flash,

EVENING TO MORNING.

Old Time himself with those who him obey,
The Days and Years and little wingèd Hours,
And many dire diseases ; Also these,
Famine and war and fearful pestilence,
And those more painful spirits who attack
The very mind and soul of feeble man;
Grief, Anger, Hatred, Fear, and many more,
Are but his ready slaves placed in his power
To afflict at needful times the sinful earth.
That mighty stream that set to his thrones foot
Whom you beheld come there and pass away,
These are the sons of Earth ,who all must come,
To lay their necks beneath the feet of Death,
Ere they can come to everlasting life.
For everything must die. But rise and see,
I now will show thee what shall comfort thee. ”
With that he raised me up and set my face,
Towards the east away from that dark king;
And lo! here lay no gloomy mountain range,
No dark and angry seas, no deep-draped clouds,
But long stretches of green peaceful hills,
Rounded, and overgrown with pleasant flowers,
Clad round the base with circle of light mist,
Glowing with rosy beauties of the morn.
No gloom or shade lay on that happy land,
From end to end 'twas bathed in softest light.

EVENING TO MORNING

And there upon the summit of one mound,
A winged and mighty Angel sat enthroned,
So beautiful, that my weak eyes were dimmed,
And dazzled with the sight. His wings seemed made
Of splendid light; his hair fell from his head,
In long and flowing waves of brilliant light;
Around his brows was set a lofty crown,
Whose glory shone with incandescent beauty;
And he was all enclothed in light, rivers,
All rosy glowing flowed beneath his feet
Sparkling with brilliancy; there was no sun
Within that place, he was its sun and Lord.
His throne was one pure diamond, and its steps,
Were beaten out of pure and well tried gold;
The pillars of support of rubies built,
Which all so gleamed beneath that dazzling glow,
That I perforce must shade my mortal eyes,
With both my hands; but as they slowly grew
Accustomed to the splendour of the scene,
I looked again. The hills from north to south,
Were peopled with bright beings, who were clad,
In flowing robes of many coloured light,
There Hope and Peace had dwellings, and fair Love
Dwelt in a palace on the radiant hills.
Then turned I to my guide, — he answered me,
Ere I had put the question, " This is Life,

19

EVENING TO MORNING

And these fair verdant hills are his domain,
And all these brilliant throngs his servants are,
Who ever do him homage. Let us go
And stand beside him in that pleasant land. "
With that he spread his wings, and I perceived
That I had also wings, and by my Lord,
I sped my course toward the glow of light.
We were borne up by the light moving air,
Among the many throngs that moved therein,
And past among them all and mixed with them,
And soon we came and stood upon the hills,
Below the throne of Life. Now here I saw
A mighty throng uprising at his feet,
From whence they past away. Then said my Lord,
"These are of those who lately came to Death,
And by him being judged, and worthy found,
Now here have come to greet the Lord of Life,
Ere they shall pass whither their wills may tend.
But there are some, and here his voice grew sad.
Who being by that judge unworthy found,
By him are doomed to pass a time in pain,
Sharp bitten by remorse, and deadly grief,
In fearful solitude, and dark despair;
Until such time as being purged by this,
They shall have then new trial. But there shall come,
A time when all are purged, then Life shall strike

20
EVENING TO MORNING

At Death, and Death shall be no more, but all
Be merged in Life. " Now on my senses broke,
A sudden power of glory; I know not how,
Nor whence nor whither, I could only tell,
That there was splendour somewhere, more than all
That I had yet beholden moving me,
That my pent soul fluttered against my strength,
As wishing it might part to seek this out.
A wondrous sense of great magnificence,
Something beyond my power to understand,
That dimly smote upon my inmost mind,
As being tenfold more than I could feel;
As one who scanning all the skies at night,
And piercing with his eyes into the depths,
Would fail to comprehend infinity,
And marvel at his weakness, so did I,
In wondering at the glory I perceived.
And this the mighty spirit by my side,
Told me proceeds from the great throne of Him,
Who everlasting and allpowerful is,
Mighty and merciful, the God of Love.
" Thither " he said " yond happy spirits tend;
Who having passed through Death and come to Life,
Now go to dwell for aye in joy with him. "
Far to one side there was a gloomy space,
Nothing distinguishable but a great shade,

21

EVENING TO MORNING

Profundity of dread, with terror palled.
Between as in a valley lay the world,
In neither gloom nor light, but half in half,
For Life had equal power with Death, the one,
Not more than had the other: each one ruled
With equal sway among the sons of men;
These were left free to follow whom they would.
Then that dim sense of glory from afar,
Smote me again upon the face and I
Turned back from Death, towards the seat of Life.
Then spake the wingéd angel by my side,
" It is in each mans power, upon the earth,
E'en after he has passed from thence, to live
Among the nations that shall yet be born;
Either by mighty works, that better man,
And living through the ages, make him blessed
Upon the earth by those by those that toil therein;
For hours of ease and frædome from their toil;
Great works can never die, and authors live
In likeness of their work; each man shall see,
And love the maker in that he has made;
Or he shall live in those that bear his face;
The children born to him and, trained up
To tread in peace the steps their fathers trod,
Shall make his name an evergreen although
Himself the author of them now is dead.

22

EVENING TO MORNING

In either case then lives he doubly, both
In these vast depths of space, and on the earth. ”
Now as I mused upon his words, and looked
In contemplation deep upon the scene,
Whose glorious beauties smote upon the sense,
And made me happy though I scarce knew why,
And clove away my doubt, the doubt of Life,
And fear of Death, and cleansed my bitterness,
My mystic guide addressed me once again,
Saying, “ Lo! it is time, let us begone; ”
Then rose we once again, and turned towards
The gloom, far from the glorious light we flew,
And soon again we stood upon the place
From whence we started, and from whence first broke
The gloomy vision and the glorious change,
Upon my eyes. Then said he unto me,
“ Remember now this vision and my words: ”
And here he made a sign above me, and
All power had faded from my longing eyes,
And I sank down in sleep and knew no more.
Then slowly consciousness returned, and first
Was I aware of a deep roaring sound,
And a dull meaning of the restless sea,
Mixed as with murmuring of many tongues;
There was a dim remembrance of strange songs,
A half forgotten memory of words,

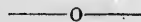
THE COLD WIND,

Then life returned once more; and I arose,
 And turning from the sea, behold! the sun
 Rose clear resplendent o'er the orient hills.



The cold wind roars, the loud blue wave
 Lashes itself upon the shore,
 The wind shall rise the waters rave,
 As long as air and seas endure.

The sea arises, let it roll,
 The wind is blowing, let it roar;
 For we have fallen on my soul,
 And I must mourn for evermore.



Can life be life indeed, and is death, death?
 Is love a truth, are friendship and our faith,
 And all we trust in, as to us they seem?
 Or are our love and faith but shadows all,
 And death a shadow that doth deeper fall,
 And life itself the shadow of a dream?

SONNET

SONNET

Who ponders hidden things, is like a child,
 When Even settles o'er the wilderness;
 No more may light his unseen footsteps bless,
 Nor stars nor moonbeams shine with radiance mild.
 Here through the plain, there where rude rocks are piled,
 Groping with hand and foot in sore distress,
 Dreading the gloom around nor fearing less
 Some sudden fall, he wanders through the wild.

He knows not if his paths were trod before,
 Nor if in circle set his doubtful track,
 Which he with so great pain now treadeth o'er,
 Shall not to whence he started lead him back.
 His mind revolves itself with inward groan,
 To this one thought "in darkness and alone;"

—o—

To ———,

One lover writes unto his lady's eyes,
 Thine are indeed of most ethereal blue;
 To other themes another cager flies,

WEARINESS

And sings her eyebrow, or her hair's light hue;
 One more perchance will rhyme fair lips, or rise
 On eager fancy's wings a kiss to sue.
 I sing to none of these but anxious wait,
 With one glad glance my longing soul to sate.

I bow not to thy lips though they are fair,
 I worship not thine eyes though they are bright,
 Nor rhyme upon the glories of thy hair.
 Nor flies my pen swift driven by fancy light,
 To swear thine eyebrows are beyond compare,
 To praise thy rosy cheek, thy brow snow-white;
 But 'neath thy spirit's glance I trembling lie,
 Look down fair maid, nor coldly pass me by.

—o—

WEARINESS

My Heart my Heart, why dost thou ache and throb,
 Why pant so breast, with oft repeated sob,
 Why does each separate breath become a sigh,
 Why dost thou wish O Soul, that death was nigh?

I am very weary, with the eternal strife,
 With the never changing scene, the monotony of life,
 And willingly at rest would I lay my head,
 In peaceful sleep amidst the silent dead.

THE ALCHEMIST

THE ALCHEMIST

"Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy"
Shakespeare

Long had he patient striven, and each day
 The guerdon sought seemed almost in his grasp.
 Months had rolled on and years had swiftly passed;
 Morn brought the day, which even swallowed up,
 But yet he marked it not, the sun had risen,
 And gladdened all the earth, and fallen again,
 And falling touched the skies and seas with gold,
 Lovelier than earth's dark dress, but that by him,
 Was neither seen nor cared for; all his thought,
 As day and night passed o'er the little cell
 Where he untiring toiled, came to him thus,
 "Today it will be won and I shall see,
 The gloss of gold break from the crucible,
 The light of life illumine the retort.
 The strength of life to make me live for years,
 And wealth without which life were nothing worth,"
 And so he hoped and strove, and those swift years,
 Which he would fain defy passed o'er his head,
 And thinned the whitened locks and grewed the brow,
 With heavy lines of care, and sunk his cheeks,
 And palsied all his limbs, until one night,
 With pain he dragged him to his winnow sill

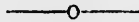
THE ALCHEMIST

And flung the lattice open; the damp air
Fanned his o'erheated brow, as out he looked,
And saw the heavy leaden clouds hang low
With one clear strip of sky towards the west,
Between the drooping curtain and the sea.
And he drew in cool draughts of healthy air,
Leaning upon the sill his shattered frame.
And feebly murmuring " tonight, tonight,
Hope whispers strong around my flagging heart,
That, I have sought so long I now shall find;
Some strange prescience tells my soul; tonight
The secret will reveal itself to me.

There shall be no more toil, and no more pain,
New health shall sit in all these feeble limbs,
Strength shall again revisit this frail form,
Life shall once more resume her citadel.
Gold, gold will too be mine and I shall live
Strong to the end of ages. " As he spoke,
The sun dropped from the curtain of the clouds
Towards the sea, and all the banks of mist,
Were gilded into heavenly loveliness,
Like bright refined gold; and on the sea,
Shone a long track of golden splendour down,
Into the purple dimness of the west.
And every raindrop on the beaten leaves,
Glittered as gleams the diamond in the light.

THE ICE QUEEN

He saw the shining clouds, he saw the leaves,
 Each holding in its cup a gem-like drop;
 A smile broke on his lips, he stretched his arms,
 "Gold and the might of life" he said, and while
 He spoke, the sun sank down beneath the sea,
 The rays of glory passed from off the clouds,
 The radiant light that glimmered from the dew,
 Had faded from his sight. Down dropped his arms,
 And with the last ray of the setting sun,
 The spirit from its shattered house of clay,
 Passed, and had found the life it sought at last.



THE ICE QUEEN

The Ice Queen sat in her glassy halls,
 A mighty mountain was her throne,
 From her wind-blown hair the snowstorm falls,
 The heavens were her palace walls,
 Parhelions brightly round her shone.

The eddyng north-wind was her breath,
 The darkness as her mantle seemed;
 With many a fold it covereth
 Around the majesty of Death,
 Auroras from its skirtings gleamed.

A Glacier flowed beneath her feet,

THE ICE QUEEN

Medusian eyeballs froze to stone,
 All mortal that their glances meet;
 Afar the clashing icebergs greet,
 Her list'ning ear with gird and groan.

There wages she eternal war,
 With the warm sunrays genial glow;
 Now she retreats, again afar
 Her groaning icefields dash and jar,
 Midst blinding hurricane and snow.

There sits she dreaming, yet awake,
 Of times when wider realms she swayed,
 When her cold thoughts could southward take
 Their way for many a league, and make
 Her chilling pall on all be laid

She rises, snowflakes whirl and dance,
 Far south the birds fly from her sway,
 She shakes her robe, Auroras glance,
 The icy powers their force advance,
 All earth in captive chains they lay.

BATTLE SONG

Hurra, for the roll of the drum,
 The clash of the gleaming swords,
 The shout of the wheeling squadron,

BATTLE SONG

The clangour of meeting horses.

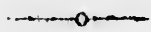
Hurra, for the sabre of the steel,
The rush and the tremulous glow;
Hurra, for the frenzy of battle,
The shock and the overthrow.

Hurra for the rivers of blood,
For the heaped up mountains of slain,
He shall live in the song and the saga,
Who dies on the battle plain.

Who dies with the groan and the cry,
For the prayer the priest should have made,
With the corpse of his foe for pillow,
His hand on his broken blade.

My soul leaps within me to joy,
Fierce frenzy of glorious ire,
As I dream of the battle-tone's thunder
And the death all men desire.

For dying thus Valkyrs shall waft
The Hero, to honour among
The mighty who dwell in Valhalla,
And live in the deathless song.



VISIONS

VISIONS

One mighty touched mine eyes and I did see:
 I looked abroad upon the wondrous earth,
 And all things had fresh beauties unto me,
 And all were gifted with more holy worth.

The sunshine shone more brightly on the hill,
 The Elves were dancing 'mong the leaves and flowers;
 With high and sweeter power the birds would trill
 Their songs amidst the shining woodland's bowers.

The flowers gave sweeter scents, the highest arch,
 Was filled with beauteous things, of heav'n above:
 And through the realms of space I marked the march,
 The eternal march of allpervading love.

—o—

TO ———, With a Rose.

Wand'ring in the sunny meadows,
 Has it never seemed to thee,
 There were voices in the shadows,
 And a tongue within each tree.

Hast not walking with thy brothers,
 Learnt the language of the flowers?
 Tongue first spoke by happy lovers

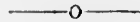
A MOTHER'S LOVE

Within shining Persia's bowers.

Language which bright Shemsilnihar,
 Say the old Arabian Nights,
 Spoke to her enchanted lover,
 In the garden of delights.

If thou hast not, I must tell thee,
 How the flowers their meaning show,
 And for kisses sweet I'll sell thee,
 All the Elfin tongues I know.

Hark! this mossrose bud has spoken,
 Low it's voice as coo of dove;
 Sweet the message by this token,
 Is confession of my love.



A MOTHER'S LOVE

The sun sank down behind the clouds,
 And one was wand'ring lone and chill,
 The cold wind blew from o'er the hill,
 And deep'ning gloom the landscape shrouds.

And far her feet had gone that day,
 And little food had passed her lips,
 And now her fal'tring footstep trips,

A MOTHER'S LOVE

And from worn eyes tears force their way.

She pressed her babe against her breast,

And cast her glances wildly round;

The gath'ring gloom, the stony ground,
Small chance of food, small hope of rest.

Around the infant, warm and tight,

Her shawl she wrapt, it fell to sleep;

And soon the falling snowflakes deep,
Covered her wretchedness from sight.

And morning came, with tiny fist,

The smiling baby soft and fair,

Beat with a cry for food and care,

On the dead mother's icy breast.

----- FINIS -----



