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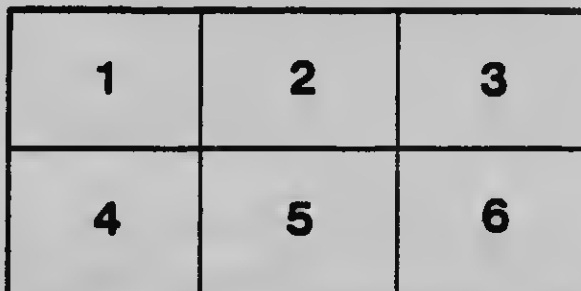
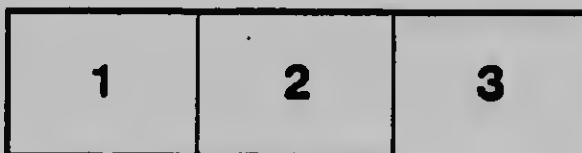
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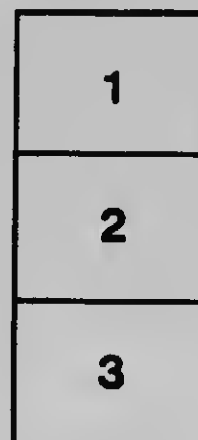
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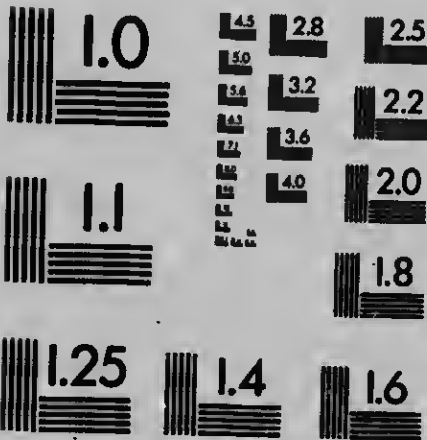
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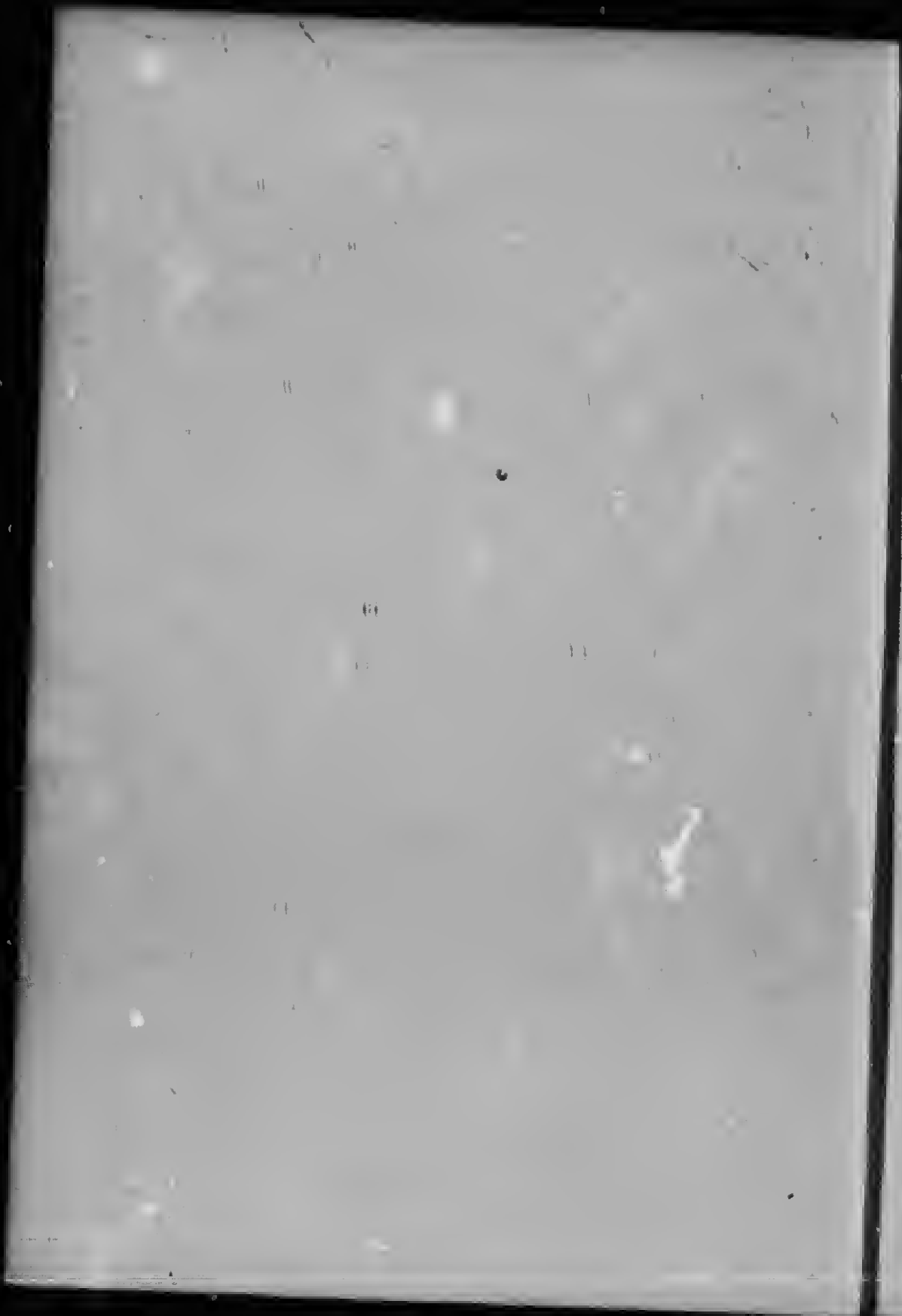
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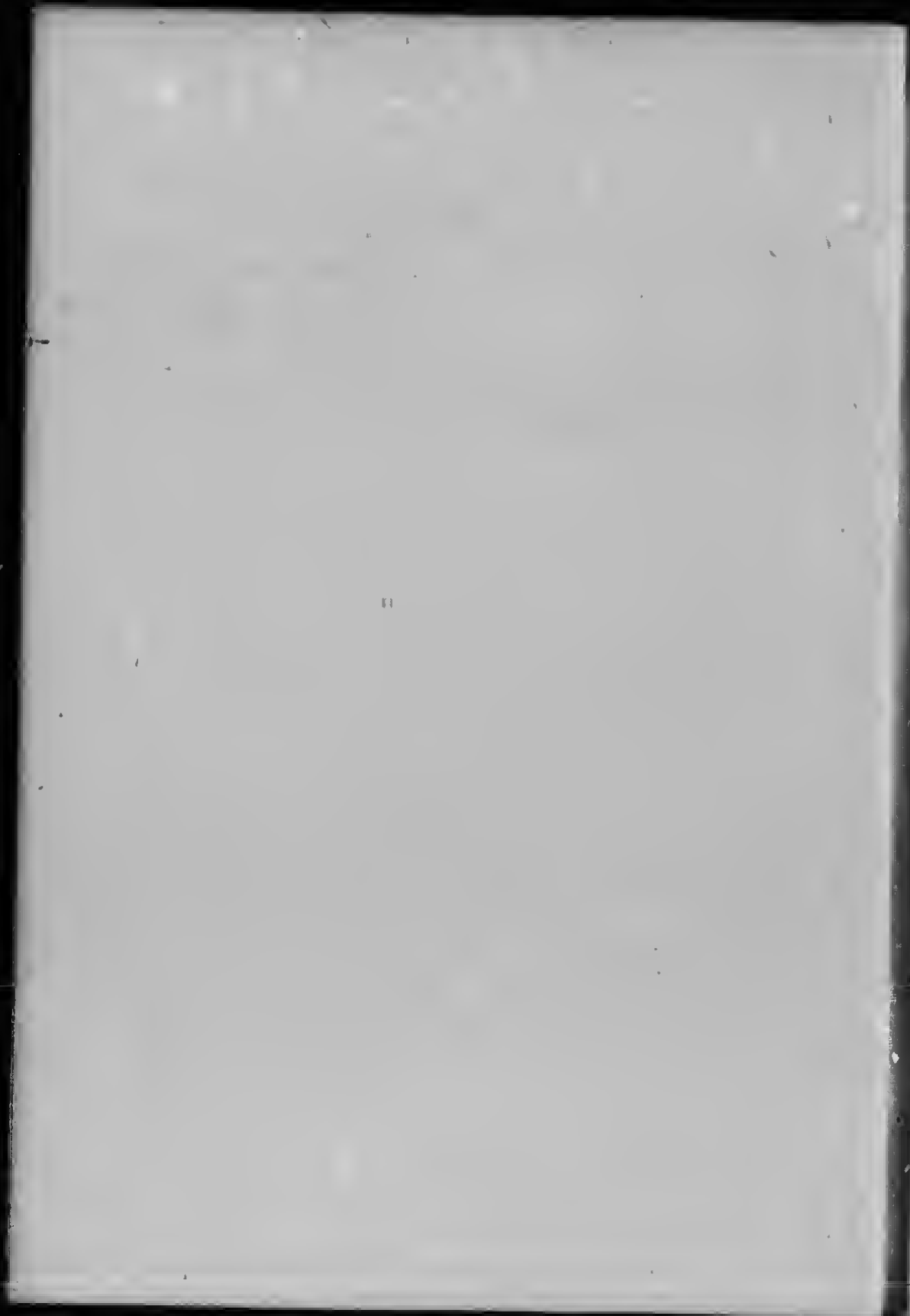


Kaleu Mackay

with his sincer regard of

William C. Marshall

Feb 22<sup>nd</sup> 1909.





A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

WILLIAM E. MARSHALL

BRIDGEWATER, N. S.

C. J. CRAGG & COMPANY

1908

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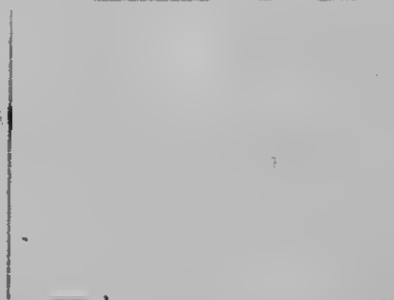
ERRATA.

- Page 81, line 4; for "highest" read *kingliest*.  
Page 83, line 6; before "riot" read *purple*.  
Page 92, line 4; for "Brittannia's" read  
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Page 122, line 4; for "sheers" read *shears*.
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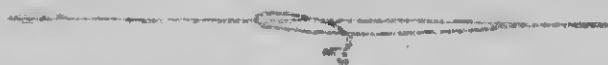
*Yours sincerely*  
*William C. Marshall.*



What I aspired to be,  
and was not, comfort me."



Yours sincerely  
William B. Marshale.





**"What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me."**

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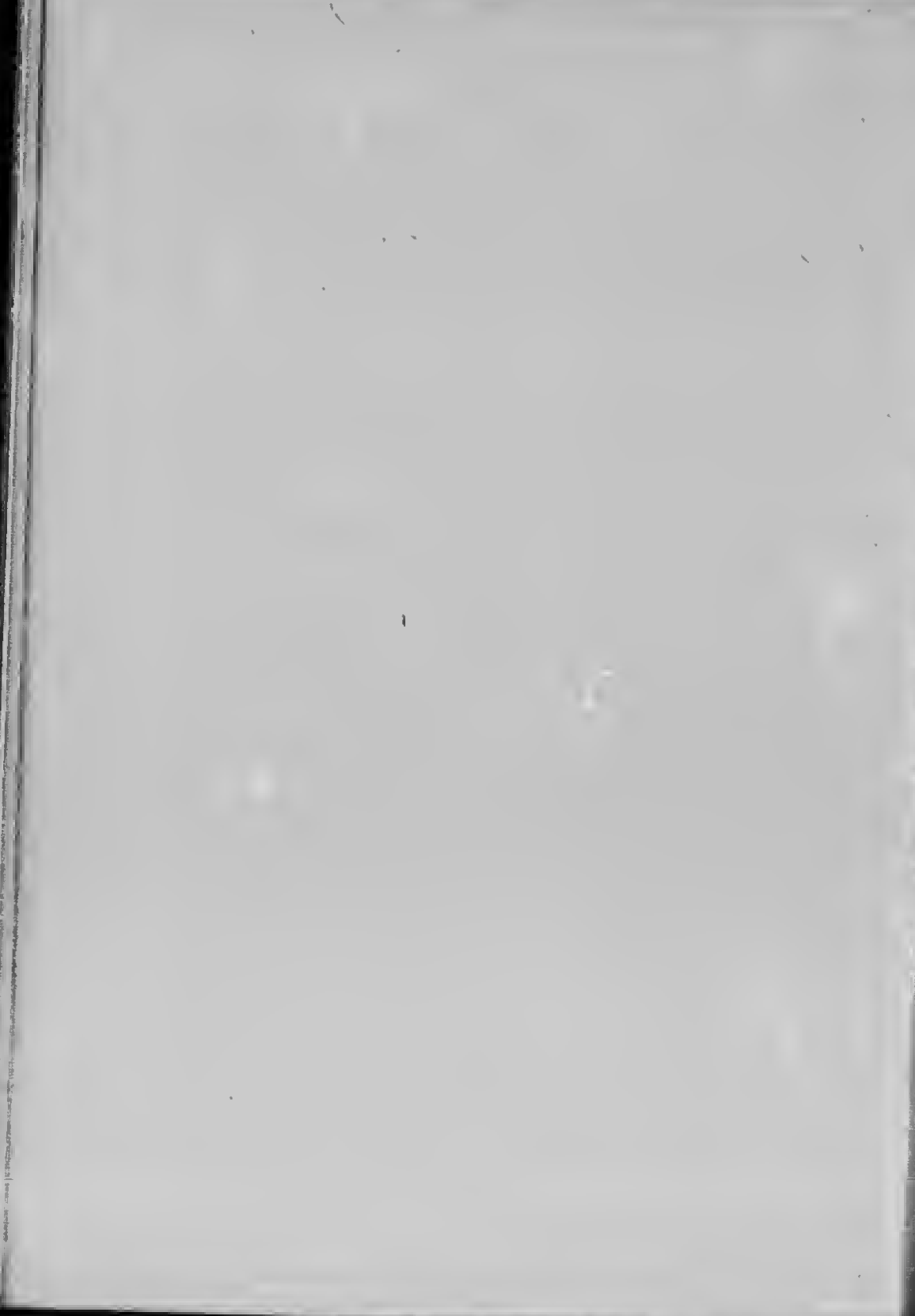
## PREFACE.

This Book of Verse is issued to the public in the hope that it will not be considered an unworthy offering. Each picce in the following pages being to me the symbol of a helpful gleam of light on rising ground, I confess to a grateful glow of heart in having them set up in book form, and I thank the friends who encouraged me to make the venture.

W. E. M.

Bridgewater, Nova Scotia.  
January, 1909.

B



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I

A LEGEND OF VENICE  
*AND OTHER VERSE*

An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

—*Keats' Isabella.*



## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Sweet Adeline, the fairest loveliest maid  
In Venice,—nobly born to wealth untold—  
And Theodore, a gondolier by trade,  
—A handsome youth of nature's finest mould—  
Looked in each other's eyes, and straight betrayed  
That each the other loved. It is an old,  
Old story, how these lovers conquered death  
With one last lingering sigh of mortal breath.

'Twas early on a radiant Easter morn,  
When Adeline, in maiden-white attire,  
With jewelled girdle flashing like the dawn,  
And nestling rose that blushed with heart's desire,  
Adown the marble stairs pride's tread had worn,  
Passed silently ; her veiled soul afire  
With zeal, to tell a rosary of love  
To all the blessed saints in heaven above.

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

For was not Theodore—the gift of God—  
To be her pilot on the holy way !  
Already there, bending his shoulders broad,  
With hurried ease he steers, and now doth stay  
His eager boat with loop of silken cord ;  
And now doth re-arrange, with seeming play,  
The cushioned seat ;—while Adeline will read  
Her missal book with eyes that do not heed.

An age she waited in a moment's dream,  
Until his hand, trembling with gallant haste,  
Had led her safe. And now upon the stream,  
Swan-like, they glide, leaving a splendid waste  
Of mingling beauty, million-hued, to gleam  
In ripples o'er the mirrored way effaced :  
And yet would Adeline and Theodore  
See in their whispered nothings sweeter lore.

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

His voice was soft and wistful as a lute :  
Her every word was melody divine.  
How could they otherwise than be the fruit  
Of tender verse and haunting honeyed line ?  
The fancy feigns that many a lover's suit  
Was won with murmuring of sonnet fine,  
Wherein those imaged hearts were ever warm  
With pleading love that will forever charm.

O for a touch of him whose name doth dwell  
In liquid numbers, gushing full and clear  
In saddest song of love-lorn Isabel !  
That some rich meaning might be given here  
To deathless love, under the Old-World spell  
Of beauty 'prisoned in this legend dear.  
Haply, because the story aches the heart,  
The gentle reader may forgive its art.

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Love's ferryman is wandering on the shore,  
Fretting the time with empty happiness.  
Love's passenger, though in her heart she bore  
Her lover's heart, doth in the temple miss  
His presence so, she prayeth: "Heaven no more  
Were heaven, if we should be in separate bliss!  
Ah Saints, and holy Virgin! ease my eyes  
With sight of wedded love in Paradise!"

And lo! a raptured ray descended there,  
And more than mortal loveliness enshrined  
The maiden Adeline. She rose from prayer,  
—An angel vision to the pious blind—  
And in her passing, blessed the very air  
With charity of love to all mankind:  
'Twas told, how beggars at the temple gate  
That day were clothed and fed in royal state.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

And Theodore, the gondolier!—How pale,  
Death pale, and moist as mortal agony,  
Then suddenly all dark with rushing zeal;  
As though it were some dooeful poignancy  
Of heart, that piercèd him with swift assail.  
Ah! all his heart he uttered in a sigh:  
And love was born!—great love for Adeline—  
Immortal love, that death can never wean.

“ Ah, Jesu Domine! ”—he prays in thought—

“ I love the Lady Adeline with all  
My soul, and in her eyes, if ever aught  
Were true, a love as infinite doth call!  
Must love be perjured, and forever fraught  
With misery of life unbearable,  
Because her father's rich, and hath a pride  
That would a murder do ere it would chide? ”

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

‘Twere sweeter far, for me to die unshrived,  
Than to profane my love with craven care!’  
And Adeline!—for so her heart hath thrived  
Upon a sigh—Her beauty groweth there,  
All wondrous with expectancy arrived;  
And like a rose that loves the wooing air,  
Her parting lips doth yield the bliss of love,—  
The unseen bliss that only love may prove.

And there were panting words and dear consent,  
In melting language all too incomplete  
For record cold,—save with the heart’s intent;  
And yet, we know those lovers vowed to meet  
That night in secret place, for love’s content:  
—With love content, though love were life’s defeat—  
Ah, how they dallied at the palace quay!  
Saying: “O would ’twere night, instead of day!”

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

And Theodore, that day, was like a bird  
Leaving its happy mate in downy nest,  
Yet ever fitting near with song that stirred  
Her there to chirp and peep in fluttering quest :  
He sang an old refrain, a ditty weird  
With mystery of love that may not rest  
Its yearning spirit long in earthly room :  
'La Belle Dame Sans Merci is true love's doom.'

And when 'twas dark, and all the palace slept,  
He tied his boat, and climbed the balcony ;  
And like a thief of love he softly crept,  
And 'gainst the lattice leaned so hungrily.....  
There was a sobbing sigh—as though love wept—  
And then, ah! then there was great ecstasy!  
And lovers' happiness in lady's bower,  
That night did linger till the dawning hour.

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

For Adeline and Theodore were young,  
And beautiful as dream, and richly made  
For love in Venice—Whom the World hath sung  
These thousand years in verse that will not fade.  
It was in Venice Desdemona hung  
Upon the swarthy Moor impassionèd:  
And Venice, in her prime imperial,  
Was life, and love, and death, in carnival.

All blissful nights those lovers' meetings were,  
All full of blissful promise was each day;  
He had no thought but it did turn to her,  
She bade her bosom secret with him stay;  
Truly, they seemed twin souls that could not stir  
The air of heaven, save with a single ray;  
And thus they might have lived and loved unknown  
To earthly song,—which only makes sweet moan—



## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Had not, one night, (O love-betraying night !)  
The lady's brothers spied young Theodore  
Upon his pilgrimage. It was a sight  
Unthought to them ; and hurrying oaths they swore ;  
And their all baffled eyes were fierce with light  
Of vengeance born, as near the bolted door  
They crouched and listened to love's pleading voice,  
And heard consenting love with love rejoice.

But after that,—love's silence lasting there—  
The brothers 'gan to fret with strained nerve,  
And ghostly chilliness of midnight air ;  
And whispering an easy plan to serve  
Their thirsting purpose soon, they pledged the care  
Of lovers' fate with hearts that would not swerve ;  
And crawled away, each to his dreamless bed,  
To sleep the sweeter for a murder bred.

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

The red sun roused them on the morrow morn,  
And they rose up as on a holiday;  
The red blood tingled with a joy new-born,  
As with their jewelled daggers they did play;  
And when upon their searching eyes did dawn  
The love-light of their sister gloriously,  
With ruddy zest, they mocked her love divine,  
In golden loving-cups of blood-red wine.

And then they sought their aged father's ear,  
And told him all that they had seen and heard;—  
Saying they deemed it wise that he should hear.  
Their father's pallid face to marble stirred,  
And his thin voice came deadly cold and drear :  
—As though a frozen heart were in each word—  
“If in your veins a drop of my blood flows,  
This man shall die the death that no one knows.”

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Night came, and covered the sweet eyes of heaven ;  
And the sea moaned, like its sad heaving breast  
Had pain of soul for all its vast unshriven  
Dead ; and the winds were torn as with unrest  
Of houseless ghosts, lost wailing spirits, driven  
Hither and thither by sins unconfessed :  
It was a night for evil death to seek  
Its prey of love, and darkest vengeance wreak.

“ Ah Theodore, my love ! I had such strain  
Of heart, lest some mischance should beggar thee  
And me of love this night, that words are vain  
To tell my heart-ease in love's companie.”  
“ My Adeline, beloved ! I would gain  
Thy side, though sudden death encompassed me :  
So do I love thee dear, thou art my goal  
Of deathless love beyond the grave's control.”

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

And often would the lovers breathe farewell,  
Only to cling more close in tenderness,  
Until, dreamlike, some power invisible  
Compelled a last adieu. Ah, piteous stress!  
For such a swift heart-rending door befell  
Young Theodore, he did but seem to bless  
His love with all his heart, in one long sigh  
To Adeline,—who thought it love's good bye.

She knew not that he sank upon the stair  
A streaming corpse, but met his speeding soul  
With airy kiss and heavenly whispered prayer;  
Then to her fragrant chamber, soft, she stole,  
To sleep and dream her lover still was there;  
The while her brothers, in their bloody role,  
Gloating in darkness o'er their victim's clay,  
Made haste to hide it from the coming day.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

They left their daggers quivering in its heart,  
And dragged the warm limp body to the boat,  
Where like a huddled heap flung from a cart  
It lay, until Murano's yawning throat  
Was reached ; and there, with horrid fumbling art,  
They weighted it with stones, lest it should float,  
And slid it overboard ; and thence it sped  
To find a place among the murdered dead.

Some of them stirred : And one grinned horribly,  
And one did lift its eyeless face all pale,  
And one dark form half rose, then helplessly  
Fell back again. O what a mournful tale,  
If those unburied souls their agony  
Of death could speak ! Full surely, 'twould avail  
With pitying heaven to give them painless sleep,  
Till the loud trump shall call from deep to deep.

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

The murderers homeward turned; and laboured hard  
Ere dawn should point red fingers at the blood  
Upon the stair, and spoil their heart's reward  
In fiendish revel, when next night they stood  
Outside love's portal never more unbarred  
For love,—now love lies weltering 'neath the flood.  
“Ha ha!” they said: “The rarest sport will be  
To hear our sister in her misery.”

Like evil things scenting a new-made grave,  
They skulked, and squatted at her chamber door,  
To feast on woful sounds that sob and rave;—  
As though someone were crazed and walked the floor,  
And pressed the lattice with cold lips that crave  
A boon of death,—since love doth come no more—  
Only to hear the dead-march of the sea,  
And the sad night-wind sighing fearfully.

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

But ha, the brothers had no glee that night!  
Such ghostly knowledge came upon them there,  
The hot blood in them went all cold with fright,  
And they quick crossed themselves in chattering prayer.  
God's truth! It was a murdered man did plight  
Great love unto their sister, who did spare  
No tenderness of word or sweet embrace,—  
Saying she'd kiss the sea-chill from his face.

“It is the gondolier!”—they whisperèd—  
“The loving youth we stabbed last night to death!  
Curse him! Why hath he left his watery bed  
To woo our sister with a ghastly wraith?  
We should have shrouded him in coffin lead,  
And with an *Ave* sealed his mortal breath!”  
So muttered they, and stole below to hide,—  
Shivering with grave-yard fears, yet eager-eyed.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Now chanticleer upraised his shrillest strain,  
And little birds their gossip 'gan to sing,  
And at the palace rail love kissed again :  
The brothers saw their sister vanishing,  
And heard the long-drawn sigh of love's refrain,  
But nothing else ;—and with strange wondering,  
That shuddered at the mists of morn they went  
To tell their father how the night was spent.

They woke him from an old man's phantom dream,  
To hear that murdered love gave death the lie.  
Their story done, he told of fading gleam  
In dying eyes, and oozing spirit's sigh,  
But said he never knew a soul redeem  
Its pledge of life from death's dark forfeitry :  
Unsanctioned love had crazed their sister's brain ;  
He would devise a solace for her pain.



A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Upon her father's summons, Adeline  
Came with fond curtsy ; and against his cheek,  
Wrinkled and white, her soft rich bloom did lean ;  
And with her scarlet-berried lips did seek  
His love so sweetly, that a face unseen  
For years shone on him there, and made him weak :  
It was a mother's loveliness that pled  
For Adeline.....Ah, pity she was dead !

The weeping willow, full of leafy woe,  
Hangs o'er her sculptured urn ; the cuckoo sings  
Its boding sorrow, mournfully and low ;  
The heavy cloud a wreathèd shadow flings  
Upon the sunken mound ; and to and fro  
The faded grass the pale moth spreads its wings :  
Come hither grief, and cry "Alas, the day !"  
For love and death soon will be one for aye.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

“Daughter! Thy ghostly father telleth me  
Thou hast not been to holy shrift of late:  
And since this so unwonted lack in thee  
Grieves his good heart, do thou no longer wait.  
Perhaps, unknown to us, some enemy  
Of thy sweet soul envies thy mortal state.”  
So spake the aged parent to his child,  
Who—save in love—was dutiful and mild.

She gently answered, 'she would do his will;  
And gazing in his face with radiant air,—  
As though a thought of heavenly love did thrill  
Her soul—she said: “The Church hath kindly care  
For all,—The happy folk, as well as ill,—  
Since the dear Virgin-mother reigneth there:  
And haply, there, my heart, all fault confessing,  
Shall take from holy love increase of blessing.”

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

With clasped hands and raptured upturned face,  
She kneels awhile in silent adoration,  
Before the blessed Virgin's pictured grace,—  
Lit with the glory of divine creation,  
By some great artist soul inspired to trace  
The Motherhood of God in mediation.  
Ora pro nobis! O thou Queen of Heaven,  
Who hast to countless hearts love's comfort given!

O heart of love! What mayst thou confess,  
But that thou knowest nothing else save love,  
And that to love is only happiness!—  
The great white flame, wherein life's splendours move  
In ever burning, unconsuming bliss;  
The call of heaven to earth—which all may prove:  
O heart of love, thou art as strong as death!  
Thy spirit liveth in love's fleeting breath!

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

"Dear child, thy heart is open unto me.  
Thou hast a secret lover, Theodore :  
Doth not in this thy conscience trouble thee ?"  
"Nay father, it doth not !—though I forebore  
To tell. Thou knowest 'tis God's secrecy  
Hath touched my lips! Wouldst have me that deplore ?  
—Mother of God! Whatever be my fate,  
I cannot from my love be separate!"

"My child! Thou art in unforgiven sin,  
Except thou wilt renounce thy lover here!"  
"Ah, never that! Even now, my heart doth win  
Heaven's joy—for perfect love hath cast out fear."  
"Daughter, I cannot sanction this! Thou'st been  
Deceived! He'd marry thee, wert thou so dear!"  
"My father, he hath kept far better faith ;  
For we have sworn to love in life and death."

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Dark horror seized upon the listening priest;—  
For he heard hollow laughter in his prayer;  
And knew the maiden met in nightly tryst,  
A spectred lover sworn to seek her there.—  
And hasting like a saint from sin releast,  
He told her father he must penance bear,  
And pay for requiem mass and holy charm,  
To lay the ghost, and rid his house of harm.

The anxious father many a penance sought;  
—Groaning in spirit, as his gold he spends—  
The priest went lean and piously distraught,  
Until he found a secret hour to cleanse  
The haunted room with holy water, brought  
From Jordan's sacred stream, for wondrous ends:  
For Adeline did seldom venture forth;—  
Since night meant love, the day was little worth.

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

And now they watch beside love's bolted door  
And on the moonlit quay the brothers wait.  
The priest, forsooth, believed, that nevermore  
The ghost would pass beyond its mortal fate ;  
But ah ! He could not know, how love so sure,  
Is boundless as the faith it doth create :  
O mighty love ! 'Twas thine unconscious breath  
Did burst th' eternal barriers of death !

And now love cometh home ! The watchers heard  
Soft utterances within. And fearfully  
They listened to a voice more sweet than bird :  
It was the maiden in her ecstas<sup>y</sup> !  
And then the lover's voice, and deathless word :  
What tenderness from love's immensity !  
Yet none of them saw anything that night ;—  
Nor did a shadow stir the pale moonlight.

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

"O horrible! My child hath wed a curse,  
And black perdition on this house will bring!  
God's mercy should have stifled her at nurse,  
Ere the sweet babe could love an evil thing;  
For now,—O agony!—I must do worse!—  
And God forgive me, priest, or Hell will sing!  
Sons! Go and hire murder's two meanest slaves  
To drown your sister in Murano's waves!"

And with the morning sun, came Adeline  
To greet her father, as she loved to do.  
(O my rude muse! Thou must not touch that scene,  
Though thou wilt dare to tell the story through!)  
Her father said: "Here, take these flowers. I mean  
Them for the Virgin of the sea,—and you  
Will carry them to her. Delay no more.  
A gondola awaits you at the door."

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

So from her father, tremulous and bent,  
She took the sacred flowers. And like a bride  
Going at last to lie's great sacrament,  
She on the death-boat stepped, and down to the tide,  
To love's eternity, all joyous went, —  
And to her happy heart the oars replied :  
For she was dreaming of the latest kiss  
Upon her lips, and of returning bliss.

Long while she dreamed, — with her great dreamy eyes  
Upon the flowers, red as the Virgin's heart, —  
Till, on a sudden, she felt strange surprise ;  
And looking round, she said : " Have you your part  
Mistaken ? Towards the sea my journey lies :  
But this goes to Murano's loveless mart. "  
" Lady," the boatman said, " You need not fear.  
Your father ordered thus. Your way lies here. "



## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

She held her peace, though it distressed her why  
Her father had not told her all his will ;  
And to herself she oft made gentle sigh,  
And in her heart she prayed : " O thou art still  
My guardian, blessed Virgin, ever nigh !  
And thou wilt shield thy helpless child from ill.  
Forever with my love, I nothing crave ;  
For thou dost know I love beyond the grave."

Above the walls of dark Murano's isle,  
The cypress trees uprear their heavy gloom :  
The dying maiden looked on them awhile,  
And thought of lovers sobbing at the tomb.  
" Dear God !" — she murmured, with love's pitying smile—  
" For him and me death hath no severed doom."  
And yet, she shudders. Ah ! the boat moves slow ;—  
Through water thick with crime 'tis hard to row.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

"Why do we stop?" "Lady, this is the end."

And though the wretches each wore troubled look,  
Cold murder was to them an only friend;

They thought of pity slain, and courage took.

The maiden rose,—as if a deadly hand

Were laid on her, and with death passion shook :

Yet nothing touched her there. Only her doom

Had brushed her, on its way to chilly tomb.

And yet, she uttered no despairing prayer:—

She was too much in love to be afraid.

"You need not touch me : I, myself, will dare

To die for love." So spake the sweetest maid

Death ever drew, for love's sake, to his lair ;

And doubting not of the dear Virgin's aid,

Nor of her lover's troth, her eyes did rest

Their angel gaze upon the water's breast.

## A LEGEND OF VENICE.

But, quick, her soul grew faint with deathly sight,  
And all her heart rushed out in anguished cry.  
Yet 'twas a moment only she had fright ;  
For see, her lovely face is lit with joy.  
She knows those rayless eyes that seek the light,  
And whose red lips are paler than the sea :  
It is her waiting lover Theodore ;  
Soon will her arms enfold him evermore.

She is so eager for her breathless weal,  
The murderers forget why they were sent,  
And both stretch forth their hands with mercy's zeal.  
"Ah no!" she said,—and they 'gan tears to vent—  
"Do not be sad for me. Death cannot steal  
The love to which I go." And down she went :  
Nor any bubble came, of her sweet breath,  
To tell those sin-saved souls that she met death.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

They crossed themselves, and stared in wondering awe :

—With heavenly light the water was agleam—

And there, within the pearly depths, they saw

The lovers clasped in love's immortal dream.

And ever since, the hallowed tide doth draw

Those vowing love beyond death's shoreless stream :

But only those, who have love's faith, may see

These storied lovers,—so love telleth me.



### THE MONK AND THE BIRD.

"There is one fable," says Stevenson, "that touches very near the quick of life: the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself on his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognize him."

Long ages gone, so doth the legend tell,  
There lived a novice who, with zeal and trust,  
Sought truth and wisdom in an abbey cell;  
And with his holy brethren from the lust  
Of worldly eyes secure, and guarded well  
By mighty woods, wherein no zephyr etrayed,  
Nor gleam of sun, nor the pale glimmering light  
Of stars an entrance found, he toiled and prayed,  
And penance did full many a day and night.

## THE MONK AND THE BIRD.

Coarse were his garments, and a shirt of hair  
Next to his wounded flesh he wore to spurn  
The body's pain ; his numbèd feet were bare ;  
And dust of martyrs who in fire did burn  
Covered his head : no meat nor wine for fare  
Had he, but daily filled his brain with lore  
Of musty scrolls, and with the richest art  
Transcribed rare missals for the hungry poor,  
That they might pray unto The Bleeding Heart.

Yet his own heart was cheerless as the stones  
He knelt upon ; and often would a tear  
Wet the wan cheek, as he besought with groans  
The marble saints to slay each secret fear,  
And banish from his soul all the sweet tones  
Of life's affections, lest the Master's call  
To poverty, obeyed for love of God  
And Holy Church, should fruitless be, and all  
The hope of Heaven die with his mortal clod.

## THE MONK AND THE BIRD.

And so he strove, this monk of ancient days,  
Until th' unshriven ghosts of his dead past  
Fled like affrighted shadows from the blaze  
Of light so piercing cold, his soul at last  
Attained :—The pious agèd were amaze,  
That one who was most nobly framed to give  
And take all knightly pleasures, could thus scorn  
Disdain the earth which mothered him, and live  
As though High Heaven contained life's only boon.

The years roll on, and summers wax and wane,  
And now once more the winter yields to spring ;  
The dead that sleep stir with a quickening pain,  
The living heart of beauty 'gins to sing,  
The loveliness of earth returns again ;  
And he, who lingers in the wood to hear  
The wooing ecstasy of birds, doth feel  
A joy unutterable, and draweth near  
To knowledge of his soul's eternal weal.

## THE MONK AND THE BIRD.

But what were beauty to the learned monk,  
Or what were all the wealth of life in love ?  
His dead-calm caverned eyes had never drunk  
The glory of the wild red rose that throve  
Against the abbey wall ; and he had shrunk  
From touch of human sympathy so long,  
So long had dwelt apart from all desire  
Of nature's fellowship, the pleasing song  
Of Orpheus might have failed to draw him nigher.

Poor lonely soul, who with the mummied dead  
Did think to live ! What was his mortal fate ?  
Unnumbered Aves for his sake were said,  
And masses sung ; and the old abbey gate  
Was open left, though fifty years had fled  
Since he into the woods one Passion Morn  
Passed silently alone, and ne'er a word,  
Vouchsafed in vision or in dream forlorn,  
Of sudden doom or lingering death was heard.



## THE MONK AND THE BIRD.

Yet why need we the silent years delay ?  
They ache to tell—in miracle most rare—  
Of how the monk returned on Easter day ;  
And white as driven snow was all his hair,  
And his deep eyes expressed in wondrous way  
The timeless rapture of a living heart.  
Oh ! such a change divine in him was shown,  
The brethren of the abbey well might start,—  
And whisper : “ ’Tis some Sainte to us unknown ! ”

In sooth he was a stranger to them there ;  
For all his comrades of dead yesterday  
Slept in their graves, save one, and he did stare,—  
And mumble brokenly ; “ Good Brother ! May  
The Saintes forget my weak-en eyne did w are  
No welcome ! Long agone we alle hed thought  
Kynde hev’n did eas-en thee thy lern-ed solle !  
And now a hev’nlie miracle is wrought,  
Which we wolde know yere vesper bell doth tolle. ”

## THE MONK AND THE BIRD.

And as they waited eagerly to hear  
The learnèd monk, his glowing eyes did greet  
The setting sun with light of some most dear  
Remembrance, and his speech was strangely sweet,—  
Yet only this he said: "O h Brothers! Near  
To God-des heart I am: so near, all tyme  
Is lost, sith into yonder gloomie wood  
I passed, and, pausing, hearkened to the rhyme  
Of life sung by a bird in melting mood."

### THE HEART'S CALL.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter.—*Keats.*

Poor foolish heart! To let a word or two,  
Writ by a crony of thine eager days,  
Make thee to sigh, and tinge with misty hue  
The fond regard, and mingle pain with praise!  
Thou shouldst have known the urge of life, and change,  
In one grown opulent in alien lands,  
And long from home! Thy sad simplicity  
Is altogether strange,  
And lost, amid the roaring world's commands  
To crush the heart in fierce activity.

## THE HEART'S CALL.

Yet, still my heart doth whisper : Memory dear !  
The roaring world ! To us what may it mean ?  
—Heard only in a fitting dream of fear,  
Or only in the gloom of magic seen.—  
Come, let us wander back the aery way ;  
Back to the olden time, and little town  
Where we were born, and join in jollity,  
And long, long holiday  
With young delight and frolic, wild, and brown,  
And ruddy in the breezy summer glee.

O, unregarded liberty and joy  
Of life ! Rich boon of health, when but to be  
Is all the knowledge of a growing boy !  
—What if my heart doth feign thine ecstasy !—  
Again the dewy breath of peeping day,  
And the sweet call of bird, wake all my being ;  
And in delicious ease awhile I lie,  
—Hearing the swishing play  
Of mowers in the field, and merry ring  
Of whetted scythe,—under a cloudless sky.

## THE HEART'S CALL.

Out in the sunny fields among the hay !

Ha ha ! what laughing, shouting, scamp'ring round ;

What daring somersault, and whisking fray ;

What burying beneath the fluffy mound.

And oh, the last great load !—piled mountain high

Above the waggon sides, and trimmed with care,

And fastened well with binding pole and chain,

—What triumph, then, can vie

With proudest happiness of cuddling there,

And riding homeward down the grassy lane !

The grassy lane with spreading willow trees ;

The tan-bark walk, and wild rose blooming there ;

The brook that babbles through the fields : Aye ! these

Are dear. Yet dearer still, beyond compare,

The little low-roofed house and open door,

And mother waiting, querulous with love

At long delay of wanderers from the home :

And these—the golden core

Of memories unbought—how far above

All fame of wealth beneath a palace dome !

## THE HEART'S CALL.

My mother!—She who took me motherless,  
And all her widowed heart did fret and grieve,  
Lest I should <sup>ever</sup> miss the tenderness  
Of that sweet soul, who unto heaven didst breathe  
My name.—Dear mother : Thou hast love's reward ;  
And art with those thou lovest,—evermore.  
O grave ! The heart of love hath conquered thee,  
When death is but a word  
Of home, after the toil or play is o'er,  
And night hath comè with its great mystery.

And so, I listen to a melody  
Of home within my heart, that neither years  
Nor change may sadden. And the memory  
Of sorrow turns to joy, and shadowy fears  
Fade into children's laughter,—in the light,  
The dreamy wonder-light of long ago.  
And all the old familiar scenes appear  
In wistful beauty dight.  
And old-time voices call ; and one doth flow  
Into my heart and sing the song I hear.

AFTER READING THE RUBAIYAT.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,  
Have drunk their Cup a round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.  
—The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men  
—*Leigh Hunt.*

Omar! The cup from which Thou drankest Wine  
—Rare blend of Sweet and Bitter from the Vine—  
Is in my hand ; and ere it pass for aye,  
I pledge thee with these stained Lips of mine.

Pledge thee with Memories of the Bitter-Sweet  
The Cup did yield, when in the fervid Heat  
Of Youth, I drank to Joy and Sorrow twain ;  
And laughed to see such sworn foes smile and greet.

AFTER READING THE RUBAIYAT.

For out of those wild Orgies of the Brain,  
Where oft I lifted high the Cup to drain  
It to the Lees, I issued forth at last,  
A man wiser of Pleasure and of Pain.

Victory, or Destiny! Ah, which is true  
Of me, a Son of Earth? What other clue  
To Peace had I, than but to hold myself  
Erect before my Fellow-dustmen's view?

Who looked within my Soul and saw arrayed  
The Higher 'gainst the Lower, undismayed  
Of Loss, or unallured of Gain, to Self,  
Or question of Expediency or Trade?

From Birth environed by a frowning Mass  
Of Earth-Works guarding every move: To pass  
Beyond a hair's breadth, and be wholly Free!  
—Alas, not Here! and Echo mocking cries, "Alas!"



AFTER READING THE RUBAIYAT.

Where then the Victory o'er the Self, O Soul ?  
—Blind and in Prison, burrowing as a Mole  
Beneath the Clay ; and if the Light be reacht,  
Blinder and more uncertain of thy Goal.

For thou hast never known another Home :  
Only in Dreams thou seemed Outside to roam ;  
—Haply in Dreams of Paradise—and yet,  
So glad to waken 'neath thy Darkened Dome.

\* \* \* \*

Some Earth and Water and a little Fire,  
And lo! Life's Trinity, the Soul's Desire,  
Is Visible awhile, and then Is Not :  
—Who Knoweth this IS ALL, of him enquire.

Of him enquire ? Nay, let such Matter be  
Immersed in Matter ! I care more to see  
With Eye of Faith the Real-Invisible,  
That with Love's Strength shall make the Temple free.

AFTER READING THE RUBAIYAT.

And you, who question to deny me this!  
I've spilled more Wine with you, in fancied Bliss  
Of Ignorance, than is left within the Cup,  
And need to save what you will hardly miss.

The Cup is Shadow-deep with Wine of Life,  
And, peering o'er the Rim, faint Hopes are rife  
With Time for Penitence :—Ah, let me nerve  
The Soul sufficient for the Final Strife!

Not with the Calm Indifference of Fate  
Which breathes out "Allah Akbar! God is Great!"  
Nor yet with ecstasie of Vision filled,  
But just with Love; though Love outside the Gate.

Outside the Gate, where wander Homeless Poor  
Begging a little Wine from Door to Door  
From those who, sleek and fat with Love of God,  
Forget Man's Love for Man availeth more.

\* \* \* \*

AFTER READING THE RUBAIYAT.

O Soul of Me, so weak in Penitence  
Over a Broken Law, and thy Offence  
So great! Cease doubling on thy Self, and help  
A little towards some Neighbor's Recompense!

And when the Loving-Cup is Emptied quite,  
If any one shall stand and say: "Good Night  
My Friend, and may To-Morrow smile on thee!"  
Who knows but that The Morrow will be Bright!



AN UNCUT TRANSLATION.

(CICERO'S ORATIONS.)

There was—there was once such virtue in this republic that  
brave men would repress mischievous citizens with severer  
chastisement than the most bitter enemy.—*Cicero.*

Thou yet unopen'd book of eloquence !  
Thou slighted fane of the translator's art,  
Neglected classic, what unknown offence  
Against thy fellows fated thee apart  
From them to hide thyself in rust and mould  
For near a century ere thou wast by chance  
Unearthed ? What doom of life, what ling'ring dream  
Of scholar's fame, what odour of romance,  
Clings to thine uncut leaves ? What ghosts of old  
Divinities within thy portals gleam ?

AN UNCUT TRANSLATION.

Ah, with how eager haste my ivory blade  
Lets in a tender radiance on each name :  
Though, at that instant, seem to sigh and fade  
Away some prison'd spirits, as in shame  
Of wisdom's excellence so long unsought.  
But peace to them ! since thou, great soul of Rome  
And heir of list'ning ages, Cicero,  
Hast come to me,—who found this stately tome  
In dim seclusion—and, with sumptuous thought,  
Dost ease awhile the hours' dull aching flow.

And yet, O dumb remonstrance of that rage,  
When Caesar, urged by lust of conquest, fell !  
O graven breath upon a crumbl'd page  
Of time ! Would that the gods might loose the spell  
Of past eternity, and let me see  
Thy life, and feel thy majesty of speech.  
These latter days, a-choke with venal thirst,  
And hoarse with voice of brass, they cannot teach  
The soul the moral worth and dignity  
Of Rome when Roman liberty was first.

## ON THE DEATH OF GLADSTONE.

"This is the happy warrior; this is he;  
That every man in arms should wish to be."

The Daily Chronicle of England commenced its editorial  
on the death of Gladstone with this quotation.

Hark to the bells !  
The bells of Britain tolling, tolling, low ;  
For we, her children waiting by the sea,  
Hear them within our souls, and feel that Time, and Space,  
And Life, and Death, are centered in that place,  
Where He, the Strong Man of a mighty race,  
After an endless victory,  
Lay down to rest until the Trump shall blow,  
And all the dead be raised from out their dusty cells.

ON THE DEATH OF GLADSTONE.

For he is dead !  
GLADSTONE, the Grand Old Man !  
The grandest living force the age hath seen.  
Truly, among its heroes, there hath been  
None grander, none more nobly royal :  
None mightier in the People's love,  
None to the State more loyal :  
And now, O excellence sublime ! his name doth move  
The World with reverence for the Man  
That lives—though dead.

And he is Greater Britain's dead !  
And she will bury him within her heart ;  
That there, in her life sepulchred,  
He shall remain of her a living part :  
Such love hath she,  
Such virtue he.

ON THE DEATH OF GLADSTONE.

Such virtue ! What high speech avails us here ?  
We cannot think the words which make it clear ;  
We can but feel the strength of Christ's true light  
Exemplified in this man's wondrous might,  
And fold our hands, and bow in silent prayer,  
And trust the God that made our day so fair.



## A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.—Matt. xxv., 45.

“This is the birthday of a King,  
Acknowledged of the Church and State;  
And yet, the while the joy-bells ring,  
A King stands waiting at the gate.”

Thus sang a herald 'love the din,  
And all the people list'ning heard;  
But no one moved to let him in,  
For none believed the herald's word.

Yet still, the herald sang, “A King  
Stands waiting at the gate! A Man  
For whom your Christmas joy-bells ring,  
Stands waiting there since day began.

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

"He waits in majesty and might,  
Attended by a countless host ;  
He waits to judge the wrong with right,  
And yet, he waits in no vain boast.

"Ye are his subjects, great and small,  
High honours ye shall have from him ;  
And conquests large, and peace for all ;  
O never shall his glory dim !

"Then haste, ere yet the day be fled,  
And strew the pathway of your King ;  
Strew evergreens, and hollies red,  
And let your little children sing."

And all day long the herald sang,  
And all day long the people heard,  
And all day long the joy-bells rang,  
Yet all day long the gates were barr'd.

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

"For this is Christmas day," they said,  
"The birthday of the King of kings,  
We go to church and bow the head,  
And then we feast on all good things.

"No want is in our city gates,  
Our poor are warmed and fed to-day  
And, though outside a herald waits,  
We own no alien monarch's sway."

\* \* \* \*

The sun went down, and in the sky  
The stars shone out with lustre bright ;  
The city slept, nor heard that cry,  
Of pain and anguish, through the night :

"I came unto my own, and then  
My own received me not! A thing  
Rejected and despised of men,  
They barr'd their hearts against the King."

A CHILD SHALL LEAD.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The morning broke! The city gate  
Was open'd wide! Outside was found  
A beggar, dead, whom Church and State  
Gave long sought rest beneath the ground.

---

A CHILD SHALL LEAD.

Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.—*Longfellow.*

I slept: and lo! there came, in dream, to me  
—To me grown old and gray before my time—  
A child with eyes all wild with ecstasie,  
And touselled hair, and voice like haunting chime

## A CHILD SHALL LEAD.

Of far-off bells, and took me by the hand  
And led me wandering, careless, far astray  
From busy ways of man, to strangest land :  
Into deep woods, where scarcely any ray  
Of light trembled among the trees so tall  
And sombre, and so thickly overgrown ;  
Nor stayed its noiseless feet at sweetest call  
Of bird, which into the dark wood alone  
Had followed us, until a grassy height  
Of boundless space was won. When, suddenly,  
The child was vanished utterly from sight—  
And I bereft : save that the bird with me  
Remained, and still its happy song pursued,  
And so my troubled soul it did employ  
With innocence, and merry making mood,  
I dreamed the child was in my heart ; and joy  
Of love, new-found, woke me at break of day ;  
And up I rose, and went the sunlit way.

THAT'S ALL.

Each on his own strict line we move,  
And some find death ere they find love.—*Matthew Arnold.*

Wreck'd on the shore! Wreck'd in his prime!  
Found dead—poor son of Time!  
And oh, the irony of fate!  
The bitter irony! For see the gate  
Of morning op'ning wide, and fair  
As yester's dream, the day, with golden hair  
And smiling face, plays with him there;  
And tenderly, ah, tenderly,  
The pallid sea,  
Pale with remorse,  
Sighs o'er his corse.

## THAT'S ALL.

Wreck'd on the shore! Wreck'd in his prime!  
And yet, what nameless crime  
Had he attempted that High Heaven  
Thus dealt with him, and sent his shroud  
His soul before its Maker? Ah  
'Twas not so long ago, over the land  
He sped with all sail set, and free  
Was seen his glowing wake, and free  
The open sea  
Spread all before,  
As on he bore.

And on he bore, as many a time  
Had others, towards that clime  
Where never care is known, and hope  
Is changed for peace—that sunny slope  
Which dips into the golden East—  
And where the voyageurs forever feast  
On dreams of youth. And yet, this one, the least  
Of all! Why did he fail?  
Was there a gale?  
Ah no! It was a red flash light,—  
Instead of white.

IT SEEMS BUT YESTERDAY.

O joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers

Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest.—*Wordsworth.*

It seems but yesterday, that I, a boy,  
Made life a play;  
But yesterday, my little cup of joy  
Was full alway.  
But ah, 'twas long ago!  
—That yesterday of joy and play—  
And yet, it may be so,  
That part of my eternity  
Is playtime's yesterday in me.



IT SEEMS BUT YESTERDAY.

And yesterday it seems, I, ere I laid  
Me down to sleep,  
In simple faith clasped childish hands, and prayed  
The Lord to keep  
My soul. But 'tis not so!  
—The grave of yesterday is deep—  
And yet, I feel and know,  
That part of my eternity  
Is that same faith and prayer in me.



## MATERIALISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

I accept Reality and dare not question it,  
Materialism first and last imbuing.

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the  
crowded heaven,  
And I said to my spirit: When we have become the enfolders  
of those orbs and the pleasure and knowledge of every-  
thing in them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?  
And my spirit said No, we but level that lift to pass and  
continue beyond.— *Walt Whitman.*

When we see a drop of dew ablaze with light ;  
And gaze upon the growing grass and trees and flowers,  
And are glad with the breath of the earth and its fruitage ;  
When we watch the marvellous flight of birds,  
And hear them sing in mating time ;  
When we think of the beasts of the field and forest,  
And all the myriad creatures of the elements ;  
When we look upon the green hills,  
And view afar the hoary-headed mountains  
In their veil'd solitude ;

## MATERIALISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

When we have sight of mighty rivers  
Moving in silent majesty,  
And contemplate the awful restlessness of the great deep :  
When we behold the heavens pierc'd with flame :—  
And the crash and roll of thunder  
Thrill the clouds, and the rain comes down ;  
When we feel the earth trembling with heart-throes :  
When we consider all the works of nature :—  
The Earth-ball in its vast orbit,  
The life-producing Sun and Air,  
The Moon and Stars by Night,  
And the unnumbered rolling mass of dead and living worlds  
In space Illimitable ;  
And then reflect that man and his inventions,  
His palaces and huts,  
His millions and his crust of bread,  
Are also of the texture of the Universe ;  
Then we exclaim : What are we, more than these !  
  
But when we feel within us,  
Wonder of wonders ! That which manifests, expresses,  
and relates all substance,  
And yet is infinitely unseen :—The first and last cause !

## MATERIALISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

By which we live and move and have our being,  
And have subdued earth-forces, and encompass'd orbs  
To which this habitable globe is but a mote ;  
That which doth hold a universe unknown within its  
grasp ;—  
Transcending Time and Space,  
Imagining God and the Devil,  
Conquering Death and the Grave,  
Embracing Heaven and Hell ;  
The eternal Questioner and the eternal Answerer ;—  
And most of all, that which doth gladly sell itself for  
Love—which is always poor ;  
Then are we Spirits crying, praying, laughing, singing,  
leaping in the Dust !  
Then is the Spirit Eternity our very Soul-and-Body !  
And then, O ecstasy of Truth ! O Love Divine !  
We are indeed the Sons of God !—  
“ And it doth not yet appear what we shall be ! ”

## RENUNCIATION.

Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—  
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,  
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;  
That self might be annulled :—*Wordsworth.*

What dost thou seek ? Ah ! is it Life ?  
Then take my hand, and I will lead  
Thee far beyond this world of strife,  
Beyond all shadows I will lead,  
To where there is no doom of night ;  
Unto eternal realms of light ;  
Unto the great White Throne ;  
And there, the King shall give  
Thee thy desire: To live,  
Is but to die to self alone !

## RENUNCIATION.

Or is it Love ? Then know that I, even I,  
Am Love ! Yet not the narrow grave,  
Where thy pale form shall one day lie,  
Shall find me ! Far beyond the grave  
I am ; and, past decay and change,  
With me forever shalt thou range,  
Eternally ; nor pain, nor moan.  
Nor the unquiet hope thou hast  
On earth, attend thee : all is past—  
For Love is death of self alone !

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, Death ! Is it thou ?  
Thy breath cools my brow :  
And yet, I cannot feel thy hand.  
Draw nearer still, and let thy grand  
Presence fill my soul !  
Thou art the goal  
Of life and Love  
On earth : above  
Thee, none supreme—  
Self ! Thou art a dead dream !



A Sonnet is a moment's monument,—  
Memorial from the Soul's eternity  
To one dead deathless hour.

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*



## BEFORE MY FIRE.

Stretched out in easy chair before my fire  
Of maple wood upon old andirons piled,  
With cherished book and pleasing pipe of mild  
Virginian weed, I lose each vain desire  
And self regret, nor of the world enquire.  
Hearing the rocking of the storm-wind wild,  
—As 'twere a mother crooning to her child—  
My vagrant soul doth into dreams retire.

O radiant shadows of the flame-lit hearth!  
When the long winter nights yield leisure time  
To be, and grow incorporate, with all  
Great names that live eternal in their worth  
Of thought and deed upon the page sublime,  
What immortality doth on me fall!

## IN DREAM I SAW.

Mine eyes were closed, yet, as in dream, I saw  
Two glories robed in light ineffable :  
And on my ears, dream-like, there rose and fell  
Music so ravishing it did withdraw  
My soul beyond all time and being's flaw,  
Into that realm where truth and beauty dwell ;  
Forever and for aye unconquerable  
Of earthly pain, or death's eternal law.

'Twas Ariel and Adonais !—Spirits rare !—  
Singing, in mortal words, immortal glee  
Of life in beauty and the glow of love ;  
Of freedom, and the wind, and cloud ; and there,  
The lark up-springing in its ecstasie  
Of heart outpoured, into the heaven above.

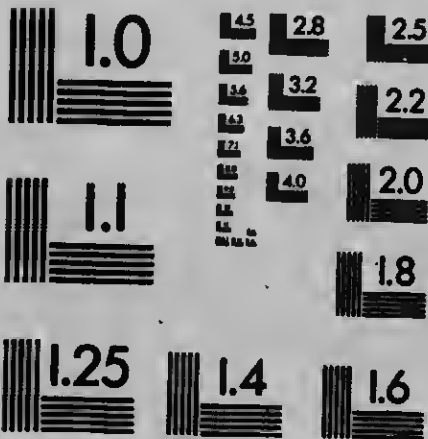
KEATS.

Sweet melodist upon the pipes of Pan !  
Who, Orpheus-like, didst cause the hills and dales  
And the clear streams of Helicon the tales  
Of love-lorn deities to hear, ere 'gan  
The sun thy dewy breath to steal ! Perchance  
It was the soul of some Greek demi-god  
Looked out thy glorious eyes and shed abroad  
Its wonder light ; so god-like was the glance,  
And so all tremulous with beauty thine  
Enraptured notes.—And yet the world denied  
Thy voice, until, triumphantly divine,  
It rose from earth ; nor heard, till Silence cried  
Aloud with grief, th' immortal melody  
Of a young life so soon by Death set free.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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SHELLEY.

Bright soul that wept for Adonais dead,  
As for the passing of a world of song  
And beauty known too late! Thou wert among  
The first of unbound Titans moved to tread  
The dumb gloom with thy winged feet, and shed  
The music of love's tears upon the throng,  
Whom pride, dull-eyed and deaf, in ignorance long  
Had held; and so their larger loss, instead  
Of gain, reveal. Ah! Thou didst hear the flight  
Of that rare spirit past th' insensate earth,  
Thrilling the void with rich melodious light,  
Like some new star rejoicing at its birth;  
And listening, rose up from the stormy sea  
Of life to bear it blissful company.

BYRON.

Great soul of song! Which for a changeful day,  
Strong destiny lent to the earth, and held  
In silken liberty to fret unquelled  
By light, or love, or fame, or passion's sway,  
Against the bars of gold. The world did say  
That thou wert false—though living gloom compelled  
The universe within thee, unexcelled,  
To flash and burn before the sons of clay  
In wondrous symphonies.

Yet still, the world,—  
Forgetting her own darkness half the time,  
And that the sun may show dull vapour curled  
Around his orb—prude-like, doth mope and mime;  
While the dark soul of Byron, soaring free  
Through the long night, graspeth eternity.

## BURNS.

Heart of the hills, breath of the moors, and voice  
Of streams! All o'er the world is heard the name  
Of him who lo'ed ye well: His deathless fame  
Circles on wings of love; and Scotland's choice  
Is mine today. Dimly, as in a dream  
Of thee, I follow in the wake of BURNS;  
Softly, as in a trance, my spirit yearns  
To catch the songs of hill, and moor, and stream:  
Yet dream and trance are vain. Needs must  
One be an eagle resting on his wings,  
Or lay his longing spirit in thy dust,  
Or be the mist above thy purling springs,  
Ere he may fill his soul—an alien soul—  
With strength to rise and seek thy Poet's goal!



MILTON.

Poet! To whom the day was deeper night,  
When thy great soul upborne on mighty wings,  
Saw, with rapt vision, still more glorious things  
Than were vouchsafed to ~~highest~~ <sup>kingliest</sup> mortal sight;  
And, soaring, smote the harp, with majesty  
Of love and power sublime, to highest worth  
Heard down the ages since old Homer's birth:  
Milton! Creation's God encompass'd thee  
In that vast flight, with flaming Cherubim:  
And though thou wert so old, and blind, and poor,  
—And in such mis'ry to the wit of him,  
Our England's Merrie Monarch, that he swore:  
"God's Rood! In mis'ry, let the beggar shift!"—  
Thou gav'st the world a precious god-like gift.

AFTER READING TENNYSON'S MEMOIRS.

A child of nature close to nature's heart ;  
A man mighty with love of English earth ;  
A life of noble dignity and worth :  
A name enduring while the world hath art.

Shakespeare and Milton were of him a part ;  
And he, with them, predestinate from birth,  
A trilogy of greatness bodied forth  
In English speech unrivalled in Time's mart.

England ! Thou mother of young nations held  
In fealty by the grace of freedom's power !  
Mistress of seas in right of wisdom's dower !

Van-leader of the age, by truth impelled !  
Thou who, with love of truth, hast beauty won !  
Thy fame is pledged anew in Tennyson.

LONGFELLOW.

“Non clamor sed amor.”

Above all others, in simplicity  
Of song thou wert the poet of thy day ;  
And thou wert crowned with laurel and with bay  
Unfading, for thy mellow minstrelsy  
Of life and death ; not for great ecstasy,  
Nor <sup>purple</sup> riot, nor the blinding ray  
From heaven,—for none of these did seek to play  
Upon thy soul tumultuous harmony.

Above all others, thou wert calm, serene ;  
Moving amid the clamor of a young  
And strenuous nation like the quiet soul  
Of peace and art ; painting a half-world scene  
With fire-side pictures ; and thyself, among  
The gazers, rapt in love's immortal scroll.

AT THE GRAVE OF McPHERSON.

(An early Nova Scotian poet.)

A silent lane with barrèd gates across,  
—Thin vestige of a great road from the sea—  
Holding, as by a thread, the memory  
Of a brief dream of life and love and loss  
And utter need, which to and fro did toss  
A wan and feverish soul that yearned to be  
An echo of some forest melody,  
Or song of flowers budding beneath the moss.

And here, within this cattle-browsing ground,  
The poet's grave of withered weeds is seen ;  
A wayside stone carved by the hand of love,  
—All nameless else—clings to the trodden mound ;  
Yet, from the crushèd earth, an evergreen  
Hath lately sprung to light and joy above.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Bard of the wind-swept marsh and surging tide !  
The winds of Heaven sweep o'er thy soul, and rare  
Sweet melodies swell out upon the air  
In Divers Tones, resounding far and wide.

Poet of Common Days ! Thy songs, they glide  
O'er Labour's field, greeting the toilers there  
With benediction and with low-voic'd prayer,  
That in their hearts shall evermore abide.

And in thine Avè, like an evening star,  
—That pure white soul escaped from dying day—  
Thou broodest o'er beloved Tāytramar ;

Discerning, in its tide's tumultuous sway,  
A Spirit, rushing from the stormy sea,  
Defying Death throughout Eternity.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

From fairest fields he turned aside to see  
A burning hush,—why it was not consumed,—  
And in that vision saw his soul illumed,  
And, trembling, heard a voice speak mightily :  
“Draw not nigh hither, but put off thy shoes  
From off thy feet, for this is holy ground !  
I am thy God whom thou hast sought and found !  
I have inflamed thy soul, that thou may'st use  
Love's piercing word to rend the nation's will !  
And though the rulers strive against the might  
Of my Almighty Love,—Yea, though until  
My Angel pass, and in a blood-stained night  
All first-born die,—They shall set free the slave ;  
And thou shalt make a people's heart thy grave !”

"FATHER" COSSMANN.

Write, henceforth blessed are the dead which die  
In the Lord : Ev'n so, the Spirit saith, for they  
Rest from their labours. Thus we feel and say  
Of sainted Cossmann, who lived ever nigh  
His Lord :—Forsaking proven claims to high  
Renown in Learning's seats ; putting away  
All thoughts of worldly fame in youth's proud day :  
Renouncing Father-land for a far cry  
Of souls beyond the sea hard pressed for aid ;  
Toiling so long an exile for his Lord ;  
Bearing so well the holy burden laid  
Upon his soul to preach the Living Word  
Unto the people here ; doing his best  
For love of man, not gold . . . He gained God's Rest.

## THE MORNING GLORY.

(In memoriam Bertha L. Simonson.)

Into a Garden, soft, a Shadow stole  
And looked upon a flower,—the loveliest there.  
It was a Morning Glory, bright and fair,  
Uplifting to the sun its yearning soul,  
Seeking more light and life while yet 'twas day;  
Drinking such beauty' from the earth and sky,  
The Rose and Lily made a bower close by,  
And sang that night and death were passed away.

The Shadow nearer crept, then sweetly smiled,  
And lo! the spirit of that flower was free,  
And all the air was hush'd, as if beguiled  
By some most subtle, dreamlike mystery.  
—Perchance it was an Angel in disguise!  
For now the flower doth bloom in Paradise.



## COMPENSATIONS.

(In memoriam Rev. Dr. White.)

There is no time but some rare spot of earth  
Is dulled forever by a passing cloud ;  
No moment, but some mourner moans aloud  
In deeper darkness,—groping after worth,  
And finding only a cold mound of clay,  
Instead of ready hands and glowing heart,  
And voice attuned to love's diviner art,  
And eyes reflecting more than light of day.

And yet, how large our compensations here !  
Beyond earth's gloom, weak human sight may gaze  
Upon a universe of worlds ablaze  
With glory ; and faith's vision, grown more clear,  
May see with closed eyes God's all-wise plan,  
When death's night compasses a Christ-like man.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

1.

“She wrought her people lasting good.”

Beloved Queen : Who, by the Grace of God,  
Hast worn an earthly crown for sixty years !  
Victoria : Who amongst thy Royal Peers,  
Art Nobly First ! With universal laud,  
Honour, and love to-day throughout this broad  
Dominion of the West, each heart reveres  
Thy name ; and hearty are the loyal cheers  
For thee, Whose worth the Brave and Wise applaud.

With cherished zeal a Sunlit Empire owns  
Thy sway, and all thy people's lasting good  
Doth crown thy life :—Not with earth's precious stones,  
But with this fruitful Prayer, each day renewed :  
God bless our Queen ! And grant, at last, that she  
May wear the Crown of Heaven's Felicity.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

2.

"The bounds of freedom wider yet."

Victorian age! Proud epoch of a name!  
Recurrent cycle of a life renewed,  
Expanded, and uplifted till the brood  
Of thought in children hungers after fame!  
Earth, air, and all the elements aflame  
With mighty force, and time and space subdued  
By infant finger tips; the world bestrewed  
With wonders, and th' eternal stars grown tame!

The Good have dreamed of Thee as that great dawn  
Of man's Millenium, when the breathing soul  
Shall feel its true Divinity, and Scorn  
Of God shall yield to Love's supreme control.  
This much we know: Thou art the gathered might  
Of efforts to fulfil the Law of Light.

## FOR EMPIRE DAY.

Vast and sublime creation of a race  
Of mighty conquerors in war and peace !  
Great heritage of fame, that shall not cease  
To triumph, while Britannia's Statesmen place  
The truth above all pride of power ! The space  
Thou fillest now in history, ancient Greece  
And Rome, each in her turn, of Time held lease ;  
And lo ! The palimpsest, hardly a trace  
Of either Empire, shows. Yet Homer reigns,  
And Plato and Justinian dominate ;  
These still endure, though all man's earthly gains  
In war and peace Time doth obliterate :  
The Imperial Mind, alone, is Empire's core ;  
And Greatness lives, where Love rules more and more.

### SUNRISE IN SUMMER.

In yonder lovely vale, sweet trysting place  
For fairies, nature sleeps in dreamy calm.  
A light as gentle as ethereal balm,  
In misty rapture plays about her face;  
The eager waiting winds forget to sigh,  
And from her love-expectant lips inhale  
The breath of roses ; and the stars grow pale,  
As the red-flushing ardent dawn draws nigh,  
With softest step, to steal a tender kiss.  
The beauty dreamer stirs ; the airy way  
Is lit with spears of gold, and forward press  
In haste the splendid chivalry of day.  
With trumpet and with song the echoes ring :  
All nature is awake, and greets the King.

## SUNSET REVERIE.

I saw the day go down beyond the hills,  
Flinging his gorgeous mantle in the air,  
For night—sweet tender eyed night—to wear  
Upon her tawny bosom as she wills.  
And lo! in melting hues, with daffodils  
Peeping from either side her wreathèd hair,  
And coronal of golden crescent rare,  
Night comes array'd, and earth with beauty fills.

The lyric cry of bird, the peal of bell,  
The softly sighing whisper of the wind :  
I hear them call as in a blessed dream.

God's peace, that passeth any words to tell,  
Flows all around ; the world is left behind ;  
My soul is drifting—drifting—with the stream.

## PEACE.

(A Phantasy.)

The world was hush'd in silence of the night,  
And I sat musing wearily alone,  
Beside a hearth on which the red beams shone  
In weirdest forms,—as if some burning sprite  
Were agonizing in the glowing heat,—  
When suddenly the embers paler grew,  
And from their quiv'ring ashes swiftly flew  
A radiant dove, which I did so entreat,  
It fluttered down and nestled on my breast ;  
And there its warm heart softly puls'd with mine,  
And gave my tired soul such sense of rest  
And blessedness, I deemed the bird divine :  
—Yet, when with tender hand I would caress,  
Lo ! 'twas a lambent flame in fancy's dress.

## DISILLUSION.

Here, where the tireless tide croons ceaselessly  
Over the rocks, where wandering sea-gulls rest  
Their wings, and the sand-piper has its nest,  
Here would I linger, while my day is free ;  
Breathing the brine borne land-ward from the sea,  
Dreaming perhaps the golden age was best,  
When toil and care were hidden in the breast  
Of earth, and life was unreality.

But yonder is Fort Point ; the quaint old town  
Shaded by stately trees ; the wharves with here  
And there a vessel moored ; and, drifting down  
The stream and out to sea, I seem to hear  
Bold voices of to-day—that yestermorn  
Out of eternity were yet unborn.



## FAILURE.

I stood upon the bridge at close of day,  
And saw a vision of another world.  
Mountains of shining gold and silver hurled  
Against a crimson sky ; valleys that lay  
In purple ease ; and stretching far away,  
Vast yellow plains, and amber seas that curled  
In waves of light ; and ships with sails unfurled  
As misty islands in a dreamy bay.

Yet, as I gazed, mine eyes seemed dimmed with age ;  
My spirit heavy 'neath the night wind's breath ;  
And, through the gathering gloom, the silent rage  
Of years undone came from the sea of death  
To meet me there—and Time was lost to me  
With all its wealth of opportunity.

## TO SLEEP.

O gentle spirit of eternity !  
To whose sweet influence weary mortals yield :  
Eager to shut from sight the fairest field,  
And, utterly, to sink the soul in thee !  
Thou blessed tide that floweth from love's sea !  
Infinite compassion is in thee unseal'd :  
In thee, all griefs are lost, all wounds are heal'd,  
And death is silent, dreamless ecstasy.

When my last day on earth draws to its end,  
And light is failing, and strange shadows gloom,  
And I shall turn me, feebly, to the wall,  
O, comfort me in mercy, Sleep ! and lend  
Thy spirit to my soul, until the doom  
Of death be past, and life is all in all.

A VALENTINE.

(To my daughter.)

Sweet Valentine! My sweet Saint Valentine!  
True lovers' patron saint of thousand years!  
I come with rosary of jewelled tears,  
To tell my secret heart before thy shrine.  
O, hear my being's prayer, Saint Valentine!  
And ease my heart of all those jealous fears  
That cruel absence brings to lovers' ears;  
And filling it with rapturous love divine,  
O seal it in love's missive sweet with myrrh  
And kisses born of this thy festal day,  
And bear it on thy radiant wings to her,  
My life! My all! My sweetheart, far away!  
So when she opens it, the dear surprise  
Of Love shall kindle in my darling's eyes.

## THE LOVER'S RHAPSODY.

Ye stars that crown the tresses of the night  
With myriad gems! O ye are pale and cold  
Beside the loveliness that doth enfold  
The majesty of Her who is my Light!  
And thou chaste orb of heaven arrayed in white,  
Enveil thy face! Else thou wert over bold!  
My loved one's beauty is of virtue's mould,  
More pure than driven snow to mortal sight!  
Thou too, O Sun!—from whom the shadows flee—  
Thy glory is outshone by Her dark eyes!  
One glance from Her, and Love doth ravish me  
With Joy, and the whole earth is Paradise!  
And richest bloom of rose and breath of myrrh  
And song of bird are borrowed all from Her!

TO A MAYFLOWER.

Hath the rude laugh of Boreas frightened thee,  
My dainty one, that thou hast sought to hide  
Thy loveliness from the young Spring, whose bride  
Thou art, and, like a novice, ecstasy  
Of life renounce, in this dark monast'ry  
Of mossy cells? Nay, my pale beauty, chide  
Me not, that I have mocked thy holy pride  
With ardent praise of so rare modesty!  
For I am come to claim thee, pretty flower,  
As a sweet solace for my lady's eyes—  
That thou—thy vigil past—all in a bower  
Of love, may'st blush and bloom in glad surprise:  
Happy, that, unawares, thy worth was known,  
And all thy fragrance saved for Love alone.

## VIOLETS.

Sweet little fairies of the childhood days  
Of summer, little elves in white and blue,  
Trooping the pastures and the meadows through,  
Or else along by verdant roadside ways!

Why, prithee, so down-cast with soft amaze?  
—While the warm sunbeams, bringing love to you  
I' the morning time, vie with the gentle dew,  
To deck your drooping heads with jewelled sprays.

Why only sigh with faintest perfume rare?  
Are you not heralds of a gorgeous train,  
To follow as the Summer grows more fair.  
And life gets bold with luxury again?—  
And yet, such artless modesty is right;  
For you are childhood's wonder and delight.

## REMINISCENCE.

Dear faded flowers! Foud emblems of twin souls  
That somewhere in a lost eternity  
Drifted apart, until mortality  
Reclaimed them! Ah, how like a dream unrolls  
The past its memories! And how unseen goals  
Of life and love are by strange destiny  
Made plain, and all the deeper mystery  
Of law reveals itself in living scrolls!

Awhile on you the sun his smiles bestowed,  
And on your purple petals dew-gems glowed,  
And you each passing wind some fragrance lent:  
But ah! I know that when love came and blent  
Your separate lives into a posie sweet,  
You in each other were again complete.

## EVENING AT PINEHURST.

(South Brookfield.)

The breeze that called the dawn is quiet now,  
Save for a drowsy sigh among the pines ;  
The lake, as a rose-tinted mirror, shines  
Between the lattice of the leaf and bough ;  
An elfin light is on the dark hill's brow,  
And fairy shadows haunt the forest shrines ;  
The timid hare leaps to the sheltering vines ;  
The owl on noiseless pinion flitteth low.

At last thou comest<sup>s</sup>, all-embracing night !  
Invisible dissolver of earth's bounds !  
Gentle deliv'ress of the cabin'd soul !  
O, in what freedom doth the dream delight,  
That with thee rangeth far beyond the rounds  
Of mortals stumbling towards a mortal goal.



## THE PASSING OF AUTUMN.

These are the festal days, wherein the earth,  
With crowning glory and imperial air  
Of life fulfilled, exulteth that she bare  
Such large increase of happiness and worth :  
The ample barns are crowded to their girth,  
With riches of the fields all garnered there ;  
And out among the vines and orchards fair,  
The luscious fruit is plucked with busy mirth.

The summer with its passion song has flown ;  
And the cold herald of a ruthless king  
Has left his shadow on the shrinking ground ;  
Soon, soon, the saddened winds will sob and moan,  
And earth will beat her breasts,—until the Spring  
Shall come again, and love once more abound.

TO THE MOON.

Fair Moon, that ris<sup>3</sup>esth, regal-orbed and golden,  
To mingle in the last sweet dream of day !  
Great Dian ! Goddess of the Forest olden,  
Whose gracious benediction hunters pray !  
Divine Selene ! Who, in bliss, wast folden  
With young Endymion, as he sleeping lay !  
And who, in misty Alba, didst embolden  
The heart of Keats with rapturous ecstasy !

Not since that radiant mortal laid him down,  
Upon the cold hill-side to dream of thee,  
Hast thou been left, uncomf<sup>3</sup>orted, to brood :—  
So wax<sup>3</sup>esth thou in love, that thou art grown  
To bless the vagrant haunting, near, to see  
Thy beauty gleaming through a leafy wood.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

The red and gold of birch and maple tree  
Which shed a glory o'er the evergreen,  
The rich brown tint of oak, the yellow sheen  
Of beech, were but as memories dear to me.  
The night-winds moaned and raved through forests drear,  
The earth was wet with tears of stormy grief,  
And nature, full of pain, craved that relief  
Which death, the last and saddest solace here,  
Doth bring . . . But now, enraptured is the air !  
A tender radiance bathes the stricken earth :  
The winds are lulled to sleep, and music rare  
Is heard : To me it seems the second birth  
Of nature's soul,—a dream of paradise  
Vouchsafed beloved nature ere she dies.

## THE STAR OF CHRIST.

O Star, that led the wise men of the East,  
With royal gifts of gold and incense rare,  
Unto a babe in David's city, cradled there,  
In the rude manger of a burden'd beast!  
Art thou now leading prophet, ruler, priest,  
Into some lowly place, some hovel bare,  
To find a little child and crown him Heir  
Of God,—whose Kingdom dwelleth in the least?

O risen Star! O blessed cheering Ray,  
To those in darkness and in awful need!  
Thou Guider of our feet to Perfect Peace!  
Shine in our hearts, O Christ, and purge away  
The night of death and hell, of lust and greed!  
O Christ, the world, Barabbas, doth release!

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

Upon a dreary hill, three crosses loom  
Against the darken'd sky ; and on them hang  
Three naked forms, to suffer there till pang  
Of mortal agony fulfils their doom.  
The outer ones are nameless, common thieves.  
The other is THE CHRIST : He wears a crown  
Of thorns, and drops of bloody sweat roll down  
The face that majesty of death achieves.  
A guard of soldiers gamble for his coat ;  
And him the priests and rabble mock and jeer.  
There are a few sad, weeping women near ;  
While far away, The Chosen wait about.  
—At length, from His dead, piercèd side streams forth  
The blood and water of eternal worth.

## THE NEW YEAR.

What does it mean? And musing thus, I see  
A child close to a pictured window-pane  
Breathing the frost away: And down the lane,  
A group of boys and girls in romping glee  
Dash through the open gate: And merrily  
The pealing bell ushers a bridal train  
From yonder church: And memory lives again  
The golden past. Ah, surely unto me,  
The white-robed herald of a new-born year  
Cometh with gifts of wonder, joy, and love,  
And hope, and faith, and peace, as I draw near  
The valley and the shadow which shall prove  
My soul! And turning to the common things  
Of life revealed this day, my glad heart sings.

## TO THE SEA.

O Mighty Sea, born of Almighty Power  
Whose spirit moves thee! Thou who art a scourge  
So terrible in wrath, yet in thy dower

Of peace yielding to all, and kind to urge  
With all-sufficient strength the frailest life  
In thy vast depths! Thou whose eternal dirge

Rollest upon earth's answering shores the strife  
Of raging elements, or the sad song  
Of pity for the dead, while there is rife

In many a home, from which a dear one long  
Delays, anguish of love without surcease!  
O hear the mother's cry, and be her strong

Deliverer! Let her tears thy wrath appease;  
And bring the lov'd one home for her heart-ease!





### THE INNER LIGHT.

Midway this mortal life, across my path,  
Which lay through tangled wood and gloomy shade,  
A ray of light stole softly unawares ;  
And as I struggled on it hovered near,  
Beguiling me with hope that cheered my heart  
And gave me peace beyond the meed of earth.

Methought it strange that it should seek in me  
Companionship ! Wherefore, I searched my soul  
For reason, and there found a light within  
That flashed and thrilled me with a wondrous truth.

### SUNSET DREAM.

So calm the scene and sweet the rest,  
So soft the shadows gleam,  
The earth and sky upon the breast  
Of silent waters dream.

## TWILIGHT.

Give me to drink of this pale opiate,  
And let me lie beneath some drowsy tree,  
And all my waiting soul shall grow elate  
With dream of light and far-off melody.

## THE SURF.

It chanced upon a mistie summer's day  
At No Man's Creek,  
That I did peek  
From my retreat, and see the Mermaids play  
At hide and seek.

And O, a merrie romping school were they !  
—Those Mermaids fair;  
With streaming hair  
Beflecked with coral foam and emerald spray  
Of sea-gems rare.

## FATE.

Fate says to me :

“The tide is coming in,  
O haste and write thy name upon the sand !”  
Then leads me to the shore to try my hand,  
—Just as the tide is in—  
And laughs in glee.

## FAITH.

Upon the frozen earth deep lies the snow,  
And leafless trees are shivering in the blast ;  
Yet underneath it all, and soft and low,  
The loving heart of nature beateth fast.

So too, when life seems dead and buried deep,  
And desolated hopes bemoan their fate,  
Far down within my quick'ning soul doth leap  
The promise of the joy—for which I wait.

## AN INVITATION.

Oh come away, where, laughing, run  
The little brooks, brimming with glee  
At their release from Winter's hold !  
Come where earth's beauty-dreams have won  
From sleep a waking, ecstasy !  
Where the young hearts of flowers unfold  
A loveliness untold  
Of mortals, and the song of birds  
Carolling life's joy so wins  
The soul from miser memory  
Of self ! And thou shalt feel the dear felicity  
Of God's creation when the Spring begins,—  
And learn to live, while time affords  
A breathing space beyond the city hordes.

### SOUL-AND-BODY.

Along the winding river's bound,  
With only the unfaltering flow  
Of tide to bear me silent company,  
I wander, feeling, in the symphony  
Of Nature here, a joy not found  
In Art—where Art is all to know.

For, here, I am the substance of each form.  
I am the wind, the wild rose blown,  
The murmuring bees, the birds of song, the fantasy  
Of wood and meadow, all the ecstasy  
Of summer growth, the life full-grown,  
The peace of soul-and-body after storm.

Superior to envy, I will quit cities.

I shall continually be renewed  
In the praises of posterity.  
—*Horace.*

### THE FOURTH ODE.

(*Horace.*)

At length the long cold winter melts away  
Beneath the wooing spring and western breeze,  
And round the ships the waters leap and play.  
Nor do the cattle longer find their ease  
In fold or stall, nor ploughmen care to loll  
Beside the fire, nor whitened are the leas.  
Now Venus, sprung from foaming waves, her role  
Resumes, and 'neath the splendor of the moon

## THE FOURTH ODE.

Leads off the dance; and comely Graces troll  
With laughing Nymphs, and beat delicious tune  
With dainty feet upon the yielding ground;  
While glowing Vulcan hurries, all too soon,  
To fill the air with thunderous echoing sound  
Of his laborious fires. 'Tis fitting now,  
The radiant head of youth be lightly bound,  
Either with myrtle verdant from the bough,  
Or those sweet blushing flowers, all pink and white,  
That with rich favour doth the earth endow.  
And it is fitting Faunus to delight  
With solemn sacrifice of lamb or kid:  
He guards the flocks upon the hills at night.  
Alas! pale Death, from whom no one is hid,  
Knocks at the cottage of the frugal poor  
And at kings' palaces, a guest unbid—  
Yet each shall open unto him the door,  
And give him of their all, or soon, or late.  
O happy Sextius! We ought not to store  
Far distant hopes. For presently shall fate  
Bind you with darkness and seal up the breath  
Forever, and the unreal ghosts shall wait

THE FOURTH ODE.

Upon you in the underworld of death ;  
Where, having once arrived, you neither shall  
Toss for the bottle, nor—so Pluto saith—  
Admire the tender Lycidas, whom all  
The youth of Rome pursue with ardent eye,  
And for whom lovelorn maidens soon will sigh.





IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

(Horace.)

Happy the man ! By all the gods approved !  
Who, from the cares of business far removed,  
In simple manner of the olden race  
Of mortals, cultivates, with easy pace  
Of his own oxen, his paternal lands,  
And every kind of usury withstands.  
He neither is alarmed by horrid blast  
Of trumpet, like a soldier, nor down-cast  
Is he with dread of ocean's thundering rage ;  
Such cheerful, homely toil doth him engage,  
He shuns alike the bar and proudest gates  
Of citizens in power. And so he mates  
The lofty poplars to the ready vine,  
And, pruning useless boughs, ingrafts the fine

IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Young shoots with patient skill ; or strolleth out  
To view his lowing herds wandering about  
In lonely vales ; or stores his honey, prest,  
In new-made jars ; or sheers with keenest zest  
His tender sheep. Or when the air is sweet  
With scent of clover, and young lovers meet  
Under a golden moon, and Autumn comes  
Laden with mellow fruit to rural homes,  
How doth his heart with gratitude run o'er  
While gathering grafted pears, ripe to the core,  
And grapes so luscious in their purple hue,  
With which he may bring loving tribute due  
To thee, O bounteous Priapus, and thee,  
Sylvanus, guardian of the sacred tree !  
Sometimes he lies, with hands beneath his head,  
Under an aged elm, sometimes a bed  
Of matted grass tempts him to dreamy ease :  
The silent waters glide along ; the bees  
Go droning by ; the birds in leafy wold  
Warble unseen ; the fountains, bubbling cold  
From secret springs, mingle their murmuring fall  
With music of the running streams ; and all

IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Invite to gentle slumbers. But ere long  
Comes winter with fierce rains and snows, and song  
Is fled. And now he winds the hunting horn,  
And with his dogs, goes forth at early morn  
To drive ferocious boars into the toils ;  
Or, being in the mood for trifling spoils,  
He stretches with smooth pole his thinnest nets  
To snare the greedy thrushes ; or he gets  
A timorous hare, or, rarest luck, a crane  
Is caught within the trap,—amusing gain  
For labours given. Pursuing joys like these,  
Who will remember those anxieties  
Which are among the bitter-sweets of Love,  
Whose flaming eyes have kindled gods above !  
But if a faithful wife—a Sabine one,  
Or an Apulian tawny with the sun—  
And healthy children greet him on his way  
With warm embrace, and prattle of the day ;  
And the wide hearth is piled up with old wood,  
The cattle housed and fed, and night's milk stood  
To cool ; and this year's wholesome wine is poured  
Out of a seasoned cask, and on the board

IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Unbought abundance plies the appetite ;  
Not choicest Lucrine oysters could delight  
Me more, nor turbot, nor the scar which thrives  
In eastern floods, if wintry tempest drives  
It to this sea, nor yet the turkey laved  
In wine, nor Asiatic wild-fowl craved  
By epicures, tastes more agreeably,  
Than olives gathered from the richest tree,  
Or meadow-loving sorrel, or a dish  
Of mailows, comforting to those who wish  
For health, or spotless lamb slain at the feast  
Of Terminus, or kid from wolf releast.  
Amid these dainties, how it pleases one  
To see the well-fed sheep, from distant run  
Come trooping home ! To see the weary pair  
Of oxen dragging the inverted share !  
And slaves, the test of wealthy families,  
Ranged round the smiling household deities !  
Thus, Alfius, the rich usurer, on the eve  
Of turning countryman, of words took leave ;  
And getting in his money on the Ides,  
At Calends puts it out—with more besides.

TO APOLLO.

(Horacc.)

O Caesar ! Lord and Ruler of the world !  
The Poet kneels before the sacred fane,  
That in thy palace, like a dream unfurl'd,  
Fortells the glory of Apollo's reign.  
What doth thy servant beg ? What fervent prayer  
Leaps upward, while the red blood of the vine  
He pours upon the holy altar there,—  
As a first offering to the God divine ?  
Not the rich fruits of famed Sardinia's isle,  
Not hot Calabria's goodly flocks and herds ;  
Not gold, or Indian ivory, or a pile  
Of gems ; nor other wealth the Earth affords :  
O Caesar ! These are not the Poet's needs.  
Let those on whom blind Fortune hath bestowed

TO APOLLO.

Calenian vineyards, thick as common weeds,  
Prune them with hookèd knives!—I love the road.  
And let Sir Dives quaff from cups of gold  
The costliest liquor Syrian bales may buy,  
And thank th' Immortal Gods for wealth untold!  
The virtues of my farm with such may vie.  
Me olives, succories, and mallows yield  
A temperate sustenance and healthy cares.  
O great Latona's son! Thou God reveal'd  
To all who hear the Musio of the Spheres,  
In daily toil! Grant me true labour's ease,  
With joy of life, and unimpairèd mind,  
And love of Poetry until my lease  
Expires, and I fare onward with the wind!

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