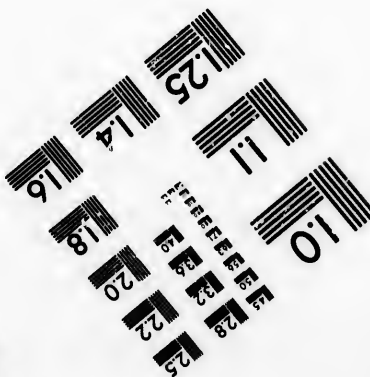
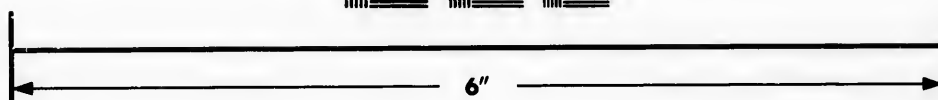
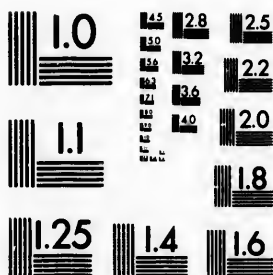


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503



**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques



© 1982

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

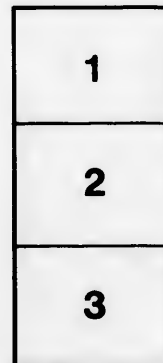
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

re
détails
es du
modifier
er une
filmage

es

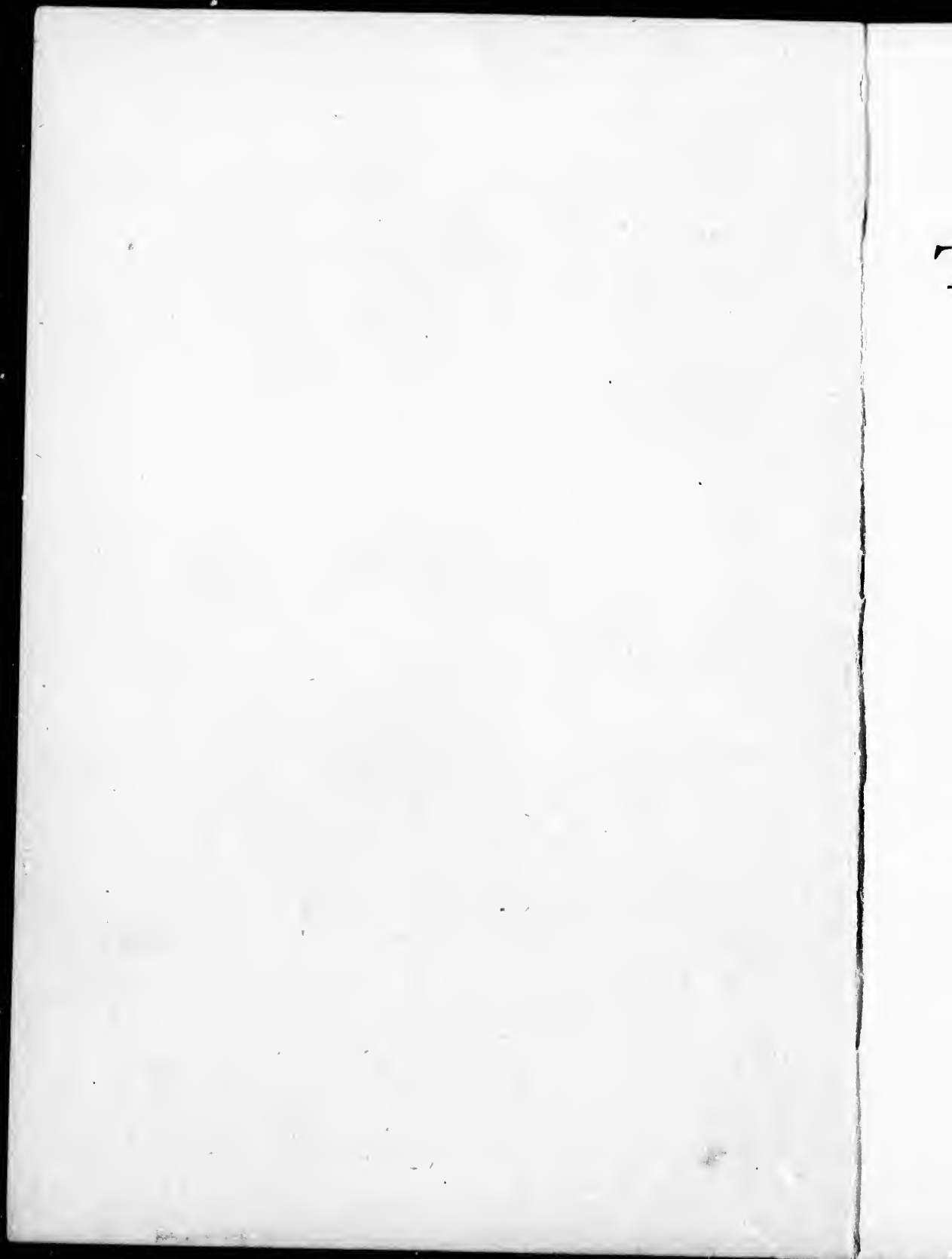
e

errata
d to

at
e pelure,
on à



32X



Copyright Edition

THE BELL OF ATRI

And Other Poems

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



TORONTO

GEORGE N. MORANG & COMPANY, LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of
Canada, in the year nineteen hundred, by
GEORGE N. MORANG & COMPANY, LIMITED,
at the Department of Agriculture.

The Bell of Atri



T Atri in Abruzzo, a small town

Of ancient Roman date,
but scant renown,

One of those little places
that have run

Half up the hill, beneath a
blazing sun,

And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
'I climb no farther upward, come what may,'—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with a blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.
How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravell'd at the end, and, strand by strand,

Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts ;—
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.
At length he said : ' What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear ?
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;
I want him only for the holidays.'
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,

With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell !
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song :
'Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong !'
But e're he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
'Domeneddio !' cried the Syndic straight,
'This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state !
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best.'

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal,
The Knight was called and questioned ; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,

And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King ; then said :
'Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamour loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take
heed

To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.'

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in
glee,

And cried aloud : ' Right well it pleaseth me !
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door ;
But go not in to mass ; my bell doth more :
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time.'

Daybreak



WIND came up out of the
sea,
And said, 'O mists, make
room for me.'

It hailed the ships, and
cried, 'Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night
is gone.'

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, 'Awake ! it is the day.'

It said unto the forest, 'Shout !
Hang all your leafy banners out !'

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, 'O bird, awake and sing.'

And o'er the farms, 'O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow ; the day is near.'

It whispered to the fields of corn,
'Bow down, and hail the coming morn.'

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
'Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour.'

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, 'Not yet ! in quiet lie.'

King Robert of Sicily.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparalled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,

On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.

And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,

He caught the words, '*Deposuit potentes
De sedo, et exaltavit humiles*';

And slowly lifting up his kingly head

He to a learned clerk beside him said,

'What mean these words?' The clerk made an-
swer meet,

'He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree.'

Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,

'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;

For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!

And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;

The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and
faint,

Lighted a little space before some saint.

He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, 'Who is there ?'
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
'Open : 'tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ?'
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
'This is some drunken vagabond, or worse !'
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,

And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, ' Who art thou ? and why com'st thou
here ? '

To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
' I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an imposter, who usurps my throne ! '
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Upsprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
' Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! '

ding stair,
s' glare.
teathless speed ;
not heed,
-room,
th perfume.

met ring,
and height,

ere

nize.

zed,
azed,

com'st thou

sneer,

own

!'

r swords;

thou

ed cape,

l,

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of ' Long live the King !'

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, ' It was a dream !'
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,

His only friend the ape, his only food
 What others left—he still was unsubdued.
 And when the Angel met him on his way,
 And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
 Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
 The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
 ‘Art thou the King?’ the passion of his woe
 Burst from him in resistless overflow,
 And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
 The haughty answer back, ‘I am, I am the King!’

Almost three years were ended; when there came
 Ambassadors of great repute and name
 From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
 By letter summoned them forthwith to come
 On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
 The Angel with great joy received his guests,
 And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
 And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
 And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
 Then he departed with them o’er the sea
 Into the lovely land of Italy,
 Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
 By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
 With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the
 stir
 Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
 And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
 Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
 His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
 The solemn ape demurely perched behind,

King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on St. Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of Apostolic grace.

While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
'I am the king! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an imposter in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?'
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, 'It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!'
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw;

He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heaven-
ward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
' Art thou the King ? ' Then, bowing down his
head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him : ' Thou knowest best !
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven !'
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street :

CILY

er floor,
e Lord
nding heaven-

'He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree !'
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
'I am an Angel, and thou art the King !'

ore
hore,
again
his train,

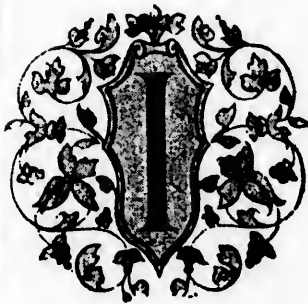
King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

wall,
all,
vers,
rs,
gher,

The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz

MAY 28, 1857.

id,
down his
breast,
est best !



T was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month
of May,
In the beautiful Pays
de Vaud,
A child in its cradle
lay.

heaven,
en !'
e

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying : ' Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'

ar,
ear,

'Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod ;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, 'Hark !
For his voice I listen and yearn ;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return !'

The Poet's Tale

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH



IT was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building
sing

Those lovely lyrics, written by His
hand,

Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the
Blithe-heart King ;

When on the boughs the purple buds
expand,

The banners of the vanguard of the
Spring,

And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals
from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee ;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be ;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said :
' Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread ! '

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and
sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed

The village with the cheers of all their fleet ;
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe ;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful
words

To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds ;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight !
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
'A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society !'

of all their fleet ;
 ed and railed
 n the street
 andish noise
 ing girls and boy
 Killingworth,
 d years ago ;
 d the earth,
 of the crow,
 mirth,
 g woe ;
 med with dreadful
 ce of birds.
 l straightway
 eads
 r pay,
 en beds
 dismay
 ttering shreds ;
 st,
 creased.
 d white,
 red,
 plendid sight !
 ead,
 nor right,
 one who said,
 e

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
 The instinct of whose nature was to kill ;
 The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
 And read, with fervor. Edwards on the Will ;
 His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
 In summer on some Adirondack hill ;
 E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
 He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

 From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
 The hill of Science with its vase of brass,
 Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
 Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
 And all absorbed in reveries profound
 Of fair Almira in the upper class,
 Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
 As pure as water, and as good as bread.

 And next the Deacon issued from his door,
 In his voluminous neckcloth, white as snow ;
 A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;
 His form was ponderous, and his step was slow ;
 There never was so wise a man before ;
 He seemed the incarnate ' Well, I told you so !'
 And to perpetuate his great renown
 There was a street named after him in town.

 These came together in the new town-hall,
 With sundry farmers from the region round,
 The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
 His air impressive and his reasoning sound :
 Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;
 Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,

But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant
throng ;

Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

‘Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets ; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,—
The birds,—who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

‘The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood ;
The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food ;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood ;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

‘You slay them all ! and wherefore ? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,

y one
 es beneath the su
 place apart
 s the wrong,
 re the start,
 on the expecta
 took heart
 clear and strong
 frown,
 oughed down.
 rs,
 hout pity
 ours,
 Committee,
 dours,
 enly city,—
 e for us all
 Saul.
 of day
 y wood ;
 ,
 ood ;
 most spray,
 rhood ;
 throng
 of song.
 for the gain
 heat,

r rye, or barley, or some other grain,
 Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
 Searching for worm or weevil after rain !
 Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
 As are the songs these uninvited guests
 Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.
 Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these ?
 Do you ne'er think who made them, and who
 taught
 The dialect they speak, where melodies
 Alone are the interpreters of thought ?
 Whose household words are songs in many keys,
 Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
 Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !
 ' Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
 The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
 How jubilant the happy birds renew
 Their old, melodious madrigals of love !
 And when you think of this, remember too
 'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
 The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.
 ' Think of your woods and orchards without birds !
 Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
 As in an idiot's brain remembered words
 Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams !
 Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
 Make up for the lost music, when your teams

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

‘ What ! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

‘ You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know,
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

‘ How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God’s omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The self-same light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach ? ’

With this he closed ; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves ; •

more
 door?
 ssant stir
 y,
 er
 y?
 yhir
 ndelay,
 ke
 d brake?
 but know,
 ar farms,
 lious foe,
 lred harms ;
 w,
 t-arms,
 il.
 ness,
 ce
 erness,
 e,
 s no less
 d hence,
 your speech,
 p'
 udience went
 ves ; •

The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
 Their yellow heads together like their sheaves ;
 Men have no faith in fine spun sentiment
 Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
 The birds were doomed ; and, as the record shows,
 A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
 Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
 But in the papers read his little speech,
 And crowned his modest temples with applause ;
 They made him conscious, each one more than each,
 He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
 Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
 O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;
 O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland
 crests,
 The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
 Dead fell the birds, with bloodstains on their
 breasts,
 Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
 While the young died of famine in their nests ;
 A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
 The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The summer came, and all the birds were dead ;
 The days were like hot coals ; the very ground
 Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed
 Myriads of caterpillars, and around
 The cultivated fields and garden beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun
down

The cankerworms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry ;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again ;
As schoolboys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doomsday book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air !

and found
had made
de.

the town,
ly
the trees spun

-by,
nd gown,
e cry ;
walk,
alk.

t complain,
o

they knew
in ;
oo late,
g slate.

came

k,
ame,
y book.
their shame,
in the brook
rywhere,
!

But the next Spring, a stranger sight was seen,

A sight that never yet by bard was sung,

As great a wonder as it would have been

If some dumb animal had found a tongue !

A wagon, overarched with evergreen,

Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,

All full of singing birds, came down the street,

Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,

By order of the town, with anxious quest,

And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought

In woods and fields the places they loved best,

Singing loud canticles, which many thought

Were satires to the authorities addressed,

While others, listening in green lanes, averred

Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they

Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know

It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,

And everywhere, around, above, below,

When the Preceptor bore his bride away,

Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,

And a new heaven bent over a new earth

Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

Santa Filomena

(FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE)



HENE'ER a noble deed is
wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a
noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad
surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

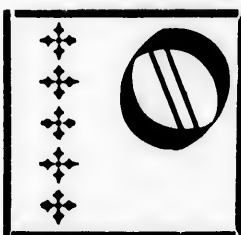
As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast -
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomena bore.

My Lost Youth



FTEN I think of the beautiful
town

That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear
old town,

And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still :
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide !
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain ;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still :

' A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.

There are things of which I may not speak ;
There are dreams that cannot die ;
There are thoughts that make the strong
heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill :

' A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town ;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-
known street,

As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still :

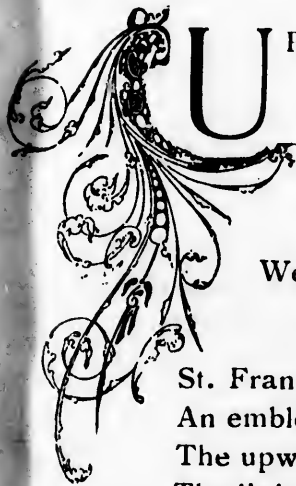
' A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still :

' A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

The Sermon of St. Francis



UP soared the lark into the
air,
A shaft of song, a winged
prayer,
As if a soul, released from
pain,
Were flying back to heaven
again.

St. Francis heard ; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim ;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's de-
sire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

'O brother birds,' St. Francis said,
'Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

'Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words ;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through
me.

'O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays ;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

'He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care !'

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart ;
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood ;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

The Hanging of the Crane

I.



THE lights are out, and gone
 are all the guests
 That thronging came with
 merriment and jests
 To celebrate the Hang-
 ing of the Crane
 In the, new house,—into
 the night are gone ;
 But still the fire upon the
 hearth burns on,
 And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,
 When a new household finds its place
 Among the myriad homes of earth,
 Like a new star just sprung to birth,
 And rolled on its harmonious way
 Into the boundless realms of space !

So said the guests in speech and song,
 As in the chimney, burning bright,
 We hung the iron crane to-night,
 And merry was the feast and long.

II.

And now I sit and muse on what may be,
 And in my vision see, or seem to see.
 Through floating vapors interfused with light,

Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,
As shadows passing into deeper shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small ;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all ;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, — for ours is thine and mine.

They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside ;
They want no guests ; they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

III.

The picture fades ; as at a village fair
A showman's views, dissolving into air,
Again appear transfigured on the screen,
So in my fancy this ; and now once more,
In part transfigured, through the open door
Appears the self-same scene.

Seated, I see the two again,
But not alone ; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon ;

A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these
The ways that win, the arts that please?
Ah yes; consider well the guest,
And whatsoever he does seems best;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for, lo!
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

IV.

As one who walking in a forest sees
A lovely landscape through the parted trees,
Then sees it not, for boughs that intervene;

Or as we see the moon sometimes revealed
Through drifting clouds, and then again con-
cealed,
So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now ;
The king, deposed and older grown,
No longer occupies the throne,—
The crown is on his sister's brow ;
A Princess from the Fairy Isles,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in curls,
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
And sailing with soft, silken sails
From far-off Dreamland into ours.
Above their bowls with rims of blue
Four azure eyes of deeper hue
Are looking, dreamy with delight ;
Limpid as planets that emerge
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft-shining through the summer night.
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their bowls ;
Nor care they for the world that rolls
With all its freight of troubled souls
Into the days that are to be.

V.

Again the tossing boughs shut out the scene,
Again the drifting vapors intervene,
And the moon's pallid disc is hidden quite ;
And now I see the table wider grown,

As round a pebble into water thrown
Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,
I see it garlanded with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky had fallen down ;
Maidens within whose tender breasts
A thousand restless hopes and fears,
Forth reaching to the coming years,
Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,
Like timid birds that fain would fly,
But do not dare to leave their nests ;—
And youths, who in their strength elate
Challenge the van and front of fate,
Eager as champions to be
In the divine knight-errantry
Of youth, that travels sea and land
Seeking adventures, or pursues,
Through cities, and through solitudes
Frequented by the lyric Muse,
The phantom with the beckoning hand,
That still allures and still eludes.
O sweet illusions of the brain !
O sudden thrills of fire and frost !
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost !

VI.

The meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand still,
Quickens its current as it nears the mill ;
And so the stream of Time that lingereth

In level places, and so dull appears,
Runs with a swifter current as it nears
The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll,
That in the owner's keeping shrinks
With every wish he speaks or thinks,
Till the last wish consumes the whole,
The table dwindles, and again
I see the two alone remain.
The crown of stars is broken in parts ;
Its jewels, brighter than the day,
Have one by one been stolen away
To shine in other homes and hearts.
One is a wanderer now afar
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
Or sunny regions of Cathay ;
And one is in the boisterous camp
Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,
And battle's terrible array.
I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that float
Disabled on those seas remote,
Or of some great heroic deed
On battlefields, where thousands bleed
To lift one hero into fame.
Anxious she bends her graceful head
Above these chronicles of pain,
And trembles with a secret dread
Lest there among the drowned or slain
She find the one beloved name.

VII.

After a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,
And, touching all the darksome woods with
light,
Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is fair,
The storm of grief, the clouds of care,
The wind, the rain, have passed away ;
The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,
The house is full of life and light :
It is the Golden Wedding day.
The guests come thronging in once more,
Quick footsteps sound along the floor,
The trooping children crowd the stair,
And in and out and everywhere
Flashes along the corridor
The sunshine of their golden hair.
On the round table in the hall
Another Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky hath fallen down ;
More than one Monarch of the Moon
Is drumming with his silver spoon ;
The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day !
The people sing, the people say.
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,
Smiling contented and serene

Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,
 Behold, well pleased, on every side
 Their forms and features multiplied,
 As the reflection of a light
 Between two burnished mirrors gleams,
 Or lamps upon a bridge at night
 Stretch on and on before the sight,
 Till the long vista endless seems.

Wapentake

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

POET! I come to touch thy lance with mine ;
 Not as a knight, who on the listed field
 Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
 In token of defiance, but in sign
 Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,
 In English song ; nor will I keep concealed,
 And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
 My admiration for thy verse divine.
 Not of the howling dervishes of song,
 Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
 Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart !
 Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
 To thee our love and our allegiance,
 For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

32

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

How the Leaves Came Down

By SARAH C. WOOLSEY

‘I’LL tell you how the leaves came down,
The great tree to his children said,
‘You’re getting sleepy, yellow and
brown—

Yes, very sleepy, little red,
It is quite time you went to bed.’

‘Ah!’ begged each silly pouting leaf,
‘Let us a little longer stay,
Dear father tree; behold our grief;
‘Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away.’

So just for one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

‘Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay untill the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret.’
But the great tree did no such thing,
He smiled to hear them whispering.

‘Come children, all to bed:’ he cried,
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head and far and wide,

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them on the ground, they lay
Red and golden, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away
With bed-clothes heaped upon his arm,
Should come and wrap them soft and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled ;
' Good-night ! dear little ones,' he said,
And from below each sleepy child
Replied ' Good-night,' and murmured
' It is so nice to go to bed.'

