

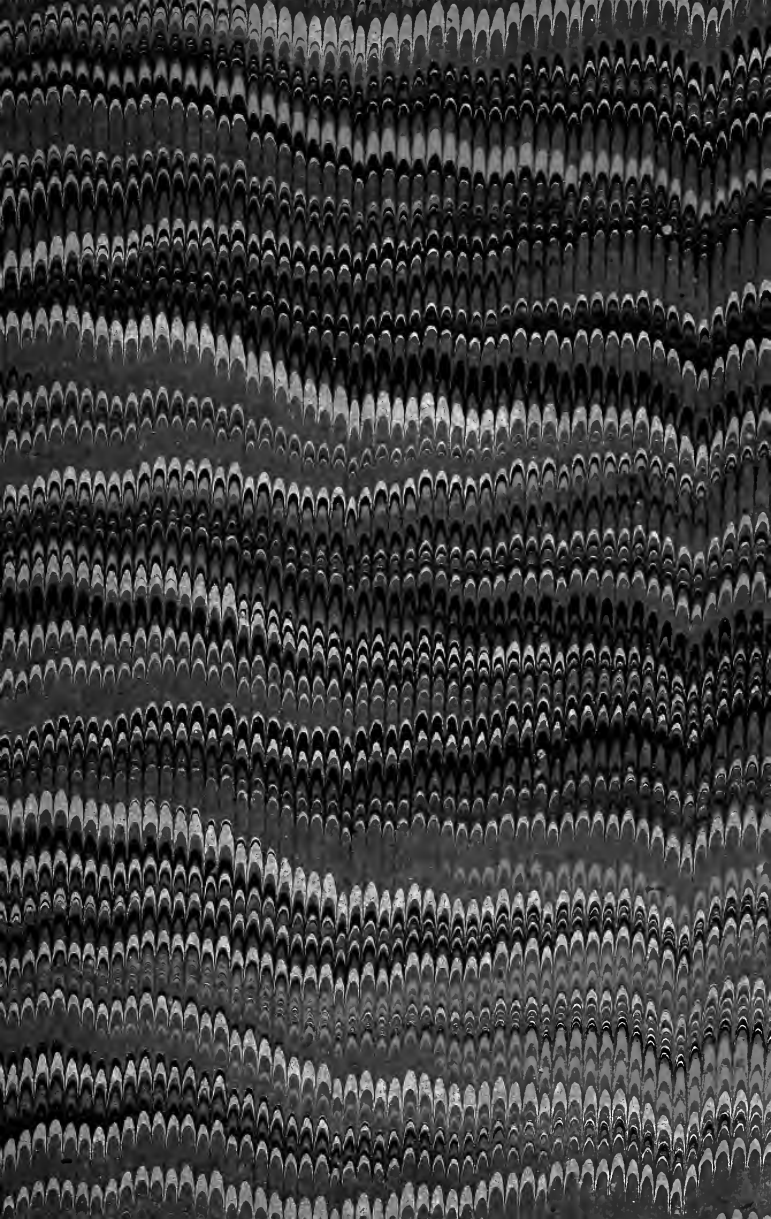


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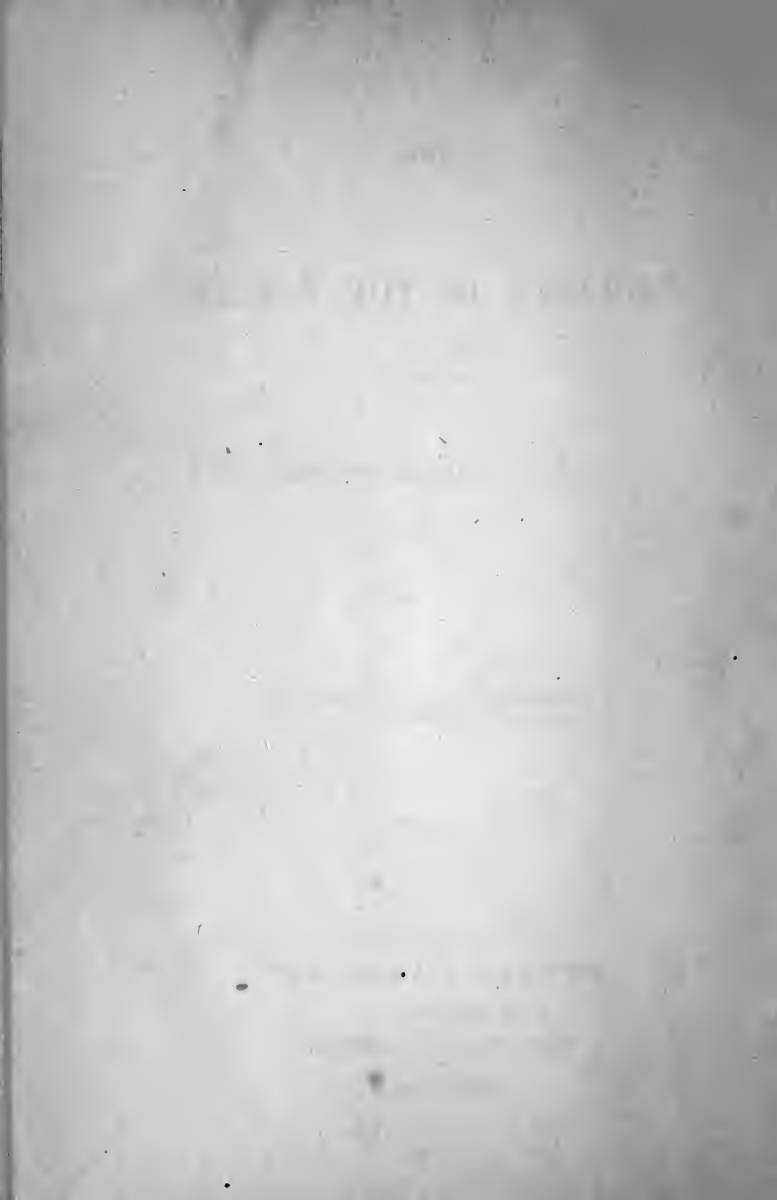












THE

1
PROPHECY OF THE SANTON,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By ^a J. K. Swan.

"Things that were born, when none but the still night
And his dumb candle, saw."

33

WORCESTER :
EDWARD LIVERMORE.
BOSTON :
PHILLIPS AND SAMPSON.

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THE
PROPHECY OF THE SANTON.

“Wo! wo! wo! to Granada! exclaimed the voice; its hour of desolation approaches. The ruins of Zahara will fall upon our heads; my spirit tells me that the end of our empire is at hand. All shrunk back aghast and left the denouncer of wo standing alone in the centre of the hall. He was (say the Arabian historians) one of those holy men termed Santons, who pass their lives in hermitages, in fasting, meditation, and prayer, until they attain to the purity of saints and the foresight of prophets.”

IRVING, *Conquest of Granada.*

PART FIRST.

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

CAMPBELL.

THE HISTORY OF THE

... ..

... ..

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PART FIRST.



THROUGH the halls of the Alhambra, paced of
old the Moorish king,
And his brow was dark and troubled, as he planned
some doubtful thing ;
Through those mighty halls he wandered, silent,
thoughtful and alone,
While the gorgeous walls above him with the ori-
ent splendor shone.
But, nor fretted arch, nor pavement with its ara-
besque of gold,
Can enchant the haughty monarch while his
throne the Spaniards hold ;

Hold in fee the broad possessions, which eight
hundred years ago

Rhoderic the Goth surrendered, to the Moor, his
conquering foe.

And he looked forth from the casement to the
beauteous scene below ;

O'er the broad " enamelled vega " where a thou-
sand fountains flow ;

Like the garden of the prophet, stretching over
hills and vales,

Whose green banks were full of flowers, and
whose groves, of nightingales ;

Where the sun with love peculiar, seemed to
drop his warmest ray ;

Where the silver flashing Xenil wandered on its
dreamy way ;

Dallying with the perfumed flowers that upon its
margin spring,

Mirror-like, save when the swallow plunges there
his shining wing —

And he sees the wild sierra of Nevada proudly
rise,

Mingling its crystal summit, with the deep blue
of the skies :

All that's beautiful in Nature, all that's beautiful
in Art,
Lie before him and around him, in the vega, in
the mart ;
In the mart of old Granada, where a thousand
temples stand
In their stern and silent beauty, as if wrought by
magic hand :
And a proud smile lit the features of the haughty
monarch then ;
And he hastened to the chamber, where convene
his mighty men :
“ Spake I not as well became me, when I told
proud Ferdinand,
That the kings who rendered tribute, had departed
from the land ?
And of acts so weak and slavish, no remembrances
there are,
For our mints coin now no metal, but for lance
and scimeter ?
Let the ruins of Zahara tell the churlish lords of
Spain,
What the Moor in arms has done, what the Moor
may do again.”

Then rang forth the shout of triumph from those
richly-moulded halls ;
Through the street the sound swept onward, and
arose beyond the walls.
There was joy in the Alhambra, and the cup
passed merrily,
And the temples of Granada rung with hymns of
victory ;
But there came a voice of wailing — voice of
wailing and of woe,
As one sung a “ requiescat ” for the dead that lay
below ;
And it mingled with their shouting, drove away
the merry laugh ;
Cast a dark stain in the beaker of the rich red
wine they quaff ;
From the street that voice of wailing, sounded to
the palace gate ;
Nearer, nearer now they hear it, moaning o’er
Granada’s fate.
In the presence stood a Santon, with his flashing,
twilight eye,
And his white beard long and flowing — thus he
dared to prophesy :

“ *Ay de mi!* thy walls, Granada, shall be level
with the dust,
And thy sword of might and beauty shall grow
weak with cankering rust :
From the ruins of Zahara, the avenging fiends
shall spring,
And upon thy lofty places, darkest desolation
bring ;
Ay de mi! their dreaded coming shall be like the
tempest cloud,
With the forked lightnings laden, and the thunders
long and loud ;
From afar off thou shalt know them, and shalt
dread their coming sore ;
Thou shalt mourn for thy Alhambra, and its foun-
tains spouting gore.
Ay de mi! my spirit tells me that the hour is at
hand
When the proud Moor shall no longer be a
dweller in the land ;
Far off in the misty future, weave their web, the
sisters three ;
'T is a pall like one, Granada, that those sisters
weave for thee ;

In thy halls shall bask the lizard, and the noisome
weed shall spring,
'Mid the gold work of the pavement, in the
palace of thy king ;
Hushed shall be the sound of music, hushed shall
be the merry laugh,
And thy glory-budding sceptre, withered to a pil-
grim staff ;
And thy mighty Alcazabar now may bid its
thunders ring,
But there comes a louder thunder, and a bolt
more maddening.
Ay de mi ! I see destruction standing at thy open
gate,
And thy strong men weak and trembling, and
their dear homes desolate."

Speaking thus, the hoary Santon vanished from
the royal hall ;
Frantic through the streets he hastened, telling
of Granada's fall ;
Scornfully the proud king listened ; doomed was
this prophetic one,
Like the cursed of Apollo, in the streets of Ilium.

THE
PROPHECY OF THE SANTON.

PART SECOND.

Now the storm begins to lower ;
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles through the darkened air.

GRAY.

APPENDIX

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PART SECOND.



NIGHT spread o'er Alhama
Its heaviest pall,
And the tramp of the sentry
Rung forth from the wall ;
Save the tramp of the sentry
No other sound 'rose ;
For the sleeping Moor dreamed not
The coming of foes.

O'er the rugged Sierra,
And through the dark vale,
Came the hosts of the Spaniard
With the dew on their mail ;

To the dark frowning rampart
In silence they haste ;
Their weapons are ready, —
The ladder is placed ;
Up, up through the darkness —
They stand on the wall ;
There is red on the sabre —
The sentinels fall ;
They glide through the darkness —
The citadel's won,
For Ortega de Prado
Is leading them on ;
Now sounds the alarum, —
'T is given too late,
For the Christian has opened
The iron-bound gate ;
And De Leon advances
With a well-chosen band,
And the strife for the city
Is fought hand to hand ;
There is blood on the sabre,
And blood on the lance ;
The Moors are retreating,
The Spaniards advance ;

“ Now smite for the prophet ! ”

Is the Saracen cry ;

“ St. James and the Virgin ! ”

The Christians reply.

Then fierce raged the battle

Round the banner of Spain ;

And through the loud tumult

Rose the fierce yell of pain.

Morn came o'er the mountain

And chased night away,

But the loud cry of battle

Ceased not for the day.

The sun from his zenith

Looked down on the fight ;

When he sunk to the westward,

They struggled with might ;

From the wall and the tower,

Fell missiles like rain,

And as harmless, they glanced from

The bright mail of Spain.

They rally — they thicken —

Again they advance,

And the sabre-blow answers
The thrust of the lance.

Now haste thee, King Muley,
And gird on thy arms ;
The Fates round Granada
Are weaving their charms.
O'er the steep Alpuxarras
Came the bright smiling morn,
And o'er the broad vega
A horseman sped on ;
Through the streets of Granada
The iron hoofs ring ;
He gained the Alhambra,
And knelt to the king.

“ There's a wail in Alhama,
A deep voice of woe,
And the key of Granada
Is held by the foe ;
They came like the whirlwind —
No warning was given ;
And our iron-bound fortress
Their sharp steel has riven.”

Then a frown passed the monarch ;
Fire flashed from his eye ;
He remembered the Santon —
His ill-boding cry ;
“ Now gird on mine armor,
And bring me my shield ;
To the sword of my fathers
The Christian shall yield.”

Then he rode to the battle
With banner and knight,
And spurred his bold war-horse
To the midst of the fight,
Where the struggle was fiercest,
And loudest the blast ;
But the blows of the Christian
Fell heavy and fast.
Now learn thee, King Muley,
Thy crescent must wane,
When it meeteth in battle
The red cross of Spain.

With anger and hatred
His dark bosom burned ;

To the gates of Granada
With speed he returned ;
And as to his palace
The monarch drew near,
The curse of the Santon
Still rung in his ear ;
And from the Alhambra,
Triumphal shouts ring,
“ Now praised be the prophet,
Abdalla is king.”
Then away from the city
He wandered alone,
For the son of the monarch
Sat high on the throne.

Now pray thee, Abdalla,
For a prosperous reign ;
For there 's strife in thy kingdom,
There 's danger in Spain ;
Call loud on thy prophet,
And low bend the knee ;
For both Moslem and Christian
Have a weapon for thee ;

Take heed, for the spirit
Of strife is abroad,
And the foemen who fight for
Their king and their God.

The king with his consort,
The Catholic queen,
Looked o'er the rich vega
All golden and green ;
And he said, as he thought of
The injuries done,
" I'll pick this pomegranate
Of its seeds, one by one.
Now, Moor of Granada,
Look well to thy need,
And list o'er the border
For the tramp of the steed ;
For the tramp of the war-horse,
The clash of the lance ;
For upon thy high places
The foemen advance ;
O'er the ramparts of Loxa
Floats the banner of Spain,

And the sword of Alatar
Is broken in twain ;
The banks of the Xenil
Are crimson with blood,
And the corse of the Moslem
Floats deep in its flood.

Ho! the words of the Santon
Were not written on sand ;
“The Saracen empire
Shall pass from the land ;”
But deep in the Future
With a pencil of light,
Each morning recalls them,
They are with thee by night.

Thou, Boabdil Zogoybi,
The name was well given,
Shalt see the last Moor
From his garden home driven :
Thy glorious empire
Is losing its power ;
'T is passing, 't is passing
Each day and each hour ;

Thy sceptre is dimmed
By the blood of the Moor ;
The dark web is weaving,
The destiny sure ;
One after another
Thy strong castles fall,
For the lombard is breathing
Its blast on the wall.

Zahara has yielded —
'T was whispered to thee,
“ A type of Granada
Zahara shall be ! ”

And now on Malaga,
Thy gate of the sea,
The mightiest ally
Remaining to thee,
The foe is advancing
With spearman and knight ;
And their steeds are impatient
To join in the fight.

There was crashing of armor,
And smiting of sword,

And blood on the vega
Was ruthlessly poured ;
Loud rose o'er the tumult
The Saracen cry :
“ El Zagal ! ” they shouted ;
The lombards reply.
Through long days of struggle
Moved equal the fight ;
But the God of the Christian
Looked forth in his might.

The struggle is ended,
The battle is done,
And the hold of Malaga
Is lost and is won.

Now shield thee, Granada,
The Fates urge the loom ;
The last threads are weaving
In the web of thy doom ;
And look thee, Boabdil,
Thy sabre be strong ;
Call loud on the prophet,
Call loudly and long ;

And watchers like Argus
Send forth on the wall,
And light up the mountains
When night shadows fall ;
That thou be not surprised
When the Christian draws near,
And the vega is lit by
The sheen of his spear.

By Sierra Nevada

A murmur arose,
Like the whisper of thousands ;
Now louder it grows ;
And the old Moorish city
Is filled with alarms ;
“ The Christian ! the Christian ! ”
They shouted — “ to arms ! ”
They see by the Xenil
A flash of red light ;
And a cloud looms above it,
A cloud like the night ;
On, on o'er the vega,
Both the cloud and the glare,

Yet they hear not the boom of
The loud cannon there.

Those clouds were commissioned
By the Christian of Spain,
To drop on the harvest
Their blistering rain ;
From the wall of Granada
To the Sierra's brow,
That garden of beauty
Is desolate now ;
And the Xenil that gleamed in
Its flowery track,
Like the gloomy Cocytus,
Flows mournful and black ;
Gone the herb on its margin
That made the wave green,
And banks of dark ashes
It murmurs between.

Now in the Alhambra,
What counsels the Moor ?
Are his barns filled with plenty,
Do his garners run o'er ?

There's no plant on the vega
That savors of life ;
His store-house must measure
The length of the strife ;
For the city of fountains
Now standeth alone ;
Her allies have fallen,
Her power has flown.

Throng the hosts of the Christian
With resolute mien ;
Comes the Catholic king,
With his Catholic queen.

The battle raged fiercely,
While months intervene ;
With the blood of the slaughtered,
The vega grew green.

There is joy in Granada —
For in the still night,
Through the camp of the foe
Rushed the flames in their might.

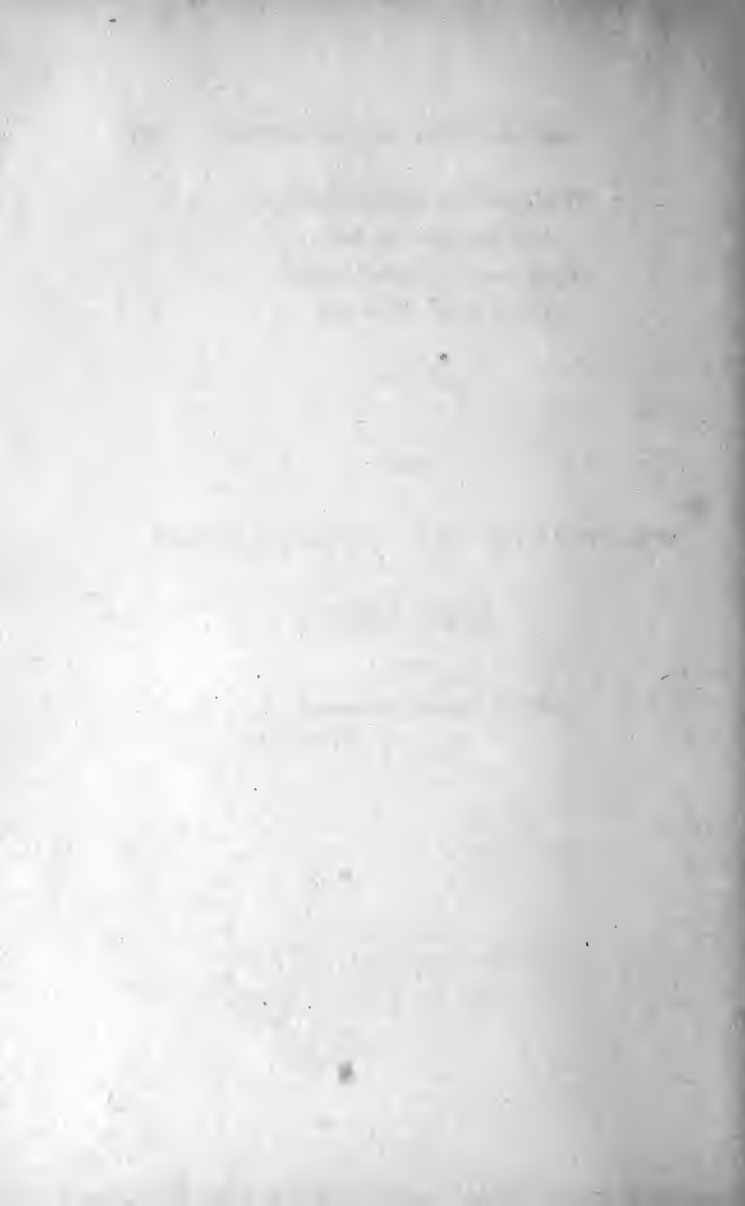
Joy in the Alhambra —
What counsels the Moor ?
Now praised be Alla !
Our safety is sure.

Days passed, and the battle
Raged fiercely again,
For the fire god troubled
The army of Spain.

There is grief in Granada —
The triumph has flown ;
From the flames of the camp
Rose a phœnix of stone.
Grief in the Alhambra —
What counsels the Moor ?
“ Zahara has typed it,
Thy empire is o'er ! ”

'T was the voice of the Santon
All withered and gray,
That answered thus boldly,
Then hastened away.

Well, well the Fates labored,
And fast sped the loom ;
They have finished, Granada,
The web of thy doom.



THE
PROPHECY OF THE SANTON.

PART THIRD.

Peace! the charm's wound up.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS INSTITUTION

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY JOHN VAUGHAN

ESQ. OF THE SOCIETY

AND OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY KING GEORGE III.

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PART THIRD.



'T WAS morn. The sun with rosy flame
Played on Nevada, when there came
From the Alhambra's royal gate
A mournful band ; among them sate
Upon his war-horse silently,
Boabdel el Zogoybi ; he,
Who whilom was Granada's king ;
To-day there is no meaner thing.

Heart-broken and disconsolate,
They moved towards the postern gate,
That none might see the monarch's shame,
Or break the silence with his name.

The steed which in his day of might
Had snuffed afar the coming fight,
With restless hoof had pawed the ground,
And neighed to hear the trumpet sound,
Now moved as spiritless and tame,
As if he felt his master's shame.

Along the Xenil's banks they passed ;
No lingering look they backward cast ;
But to the Alpuxarras moved
In silence which their anguish proved ;
Amid the mountain passes, on,
Until the last steep crag is won,
Which overlooks the fertile plain,
The fairest garden land of Spain ;
Then turned the king to gaze once more
Upon his kingdom, his no more.
He sees the Christian banner, hears
The cannon's thunder ; then the tears
Had drowned the words his lips would speak,
Gushed freely o'er his swarthy cheek ;
And from that mountain, stern and high,
The Moor breathed out his last, long sigh.

“Farewell, Granada, fare thee well —
This bleeding heart alone can tell

The depth of thy proud monarch's grief:
Imperial kingdom ! as the leaf
In autumn falleth, or the flower
Is withered, thou art fallen ; thy power,
Thy glory and thy high command,
Have passed forever from the land.

“ Ah, woe is me ! I thought when thou
Before the Christian lance should'st bow,
To see thy temples in the dust ;
Thy beauty grimmed with mould and rust ;
Thy proud Alhambra, whose broad wings
Have brooded o'er a race of kings,
Bow to the fate's untold decrees,
Crushed by the weight of centuries ;
Thine Alcazabar hushed ; thy wall
So weak the wind should make it fall ;
But 't is not thus I look on thee,
Granada ; in thy walls I see,
From out the vega evergreen,
A city of the stateliest mien
Rise up in glorious majesty,
Like Venice rising from the sea,
With sunlit towers dripping wet ;
For on each spire and minaret

The sun is dallying the while,
And leaves with them his brightest smile.
I see th' Alhambra's towers rise
In bold relief upon the skies ;
The Alcazabar yet is strong ;
Its thunders echo loud and long ;
Those mighty walls shall never molt,
Nor fear the Lombards' heavy bolt.
'T is thus, thy once proud monarch's eye
Beholds thee pictured on the sky.

“ Zogoybi was the name they gave
To me ;— 't was well, or else the grave
Had spared me this last, bitter pang ;
Had closed upon me e'er fate rang
This mournful passing-bell for thee :
Alas, why was I called to be,
Predestined, thy destroyer ; I
Who would have bled to serve thee ; why ?

“ Woe ! woe ! my people, where are they ?
Passed in their strength and pride away ;
Dark rolls the Gaudelete and
The Xenil, for their beds of sand

Are cumbered by the Moorish dead ;
There, there in peace they rest the head ;
And there the circling eddies meet,
And wrap them like a winding sheet.
And they should bless the God who gave
To them the fortune of a grave
Within the land they loved so well ;
For which they fought, and fighting, fell.
Brave hearts ! most peaceful be your rest ;
Roll lightly o'er the sleeper's breast,
Ye waves ! while I, an exile, go
To hide my shame in weeds of woe.

“ Farewell, Granada, fare thee well —
'T is hard to go ; there is a spell
Binds me to thee as with a chain
Of steel ; it must be rent in twain ;
I go — and when this heart shall break,
This bleeding heart, then they shall take
My bones and bear them silently,
And lay them down to sleep with thee,
Beneath those blue and golden skies,
Where blooms the prophet's Paradise.”

Then calmly, yesterday's proud king
Moved on, a poor, heart-broken thing.

Centuries have rolled in silence down the ringing
aisles of Time,

And 't is finished as the Santon read of old the
mystic rhyme.

Still the Xenil and the Darro, 'mid luxurious gar-
dens flow,

And Nevada lifts its summit, crowned with ever-
lasting snow ;

Still the vega blooms with beauty in its own en-
chanted vale ;

In the orange groves, as sweetly sings the pen-
sive nightingale ;

But the grand old Moorish city, in its beauty lives
no more ;

It has wandered like its builders, to some far off,
brighter shore ;

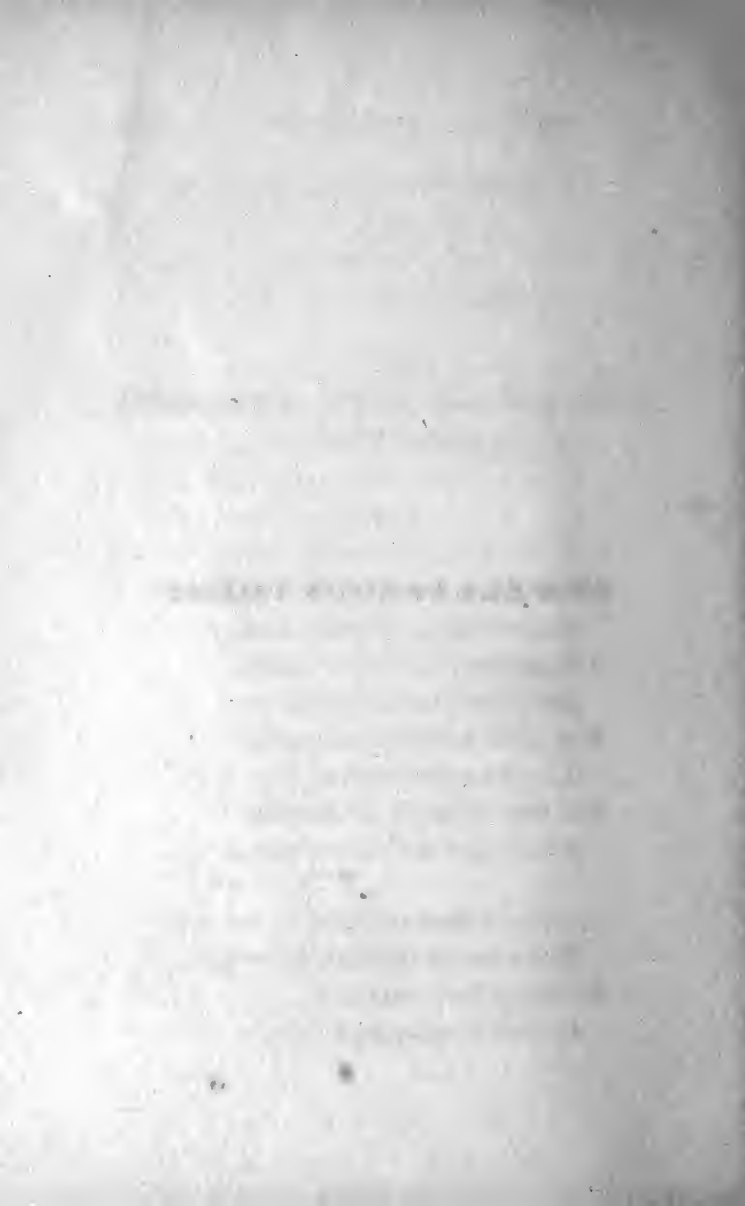
The Alhambra stands in ruins, like a thing de-
parted — dead ;

And across its golden fret-work, now the spider
spins his thread ;

And the light Moresco arches in their crumbling
ruins lie,
And the owl comes forth at twilight, with his
mournful, boding cry ;
Fair in ruins ; and the pilgrim weeping, leans
upon his staff,
For he reads its former splendor in that frowning
cenotaph.
Art, though long, is not immortal ; it too hastens
to decay ;
Nature with her royal sceptre, claims at last im-
perial sway ;
And the moss leaves, and the lichens, up those
columned temples climb,
Marking out past centuries, like wrinkles on the
brow of Time.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



**“THE GROVES WERE GOD’S FIRST
TEMPLES.”**



“THE groves were God’s first temples ;”
 Beneath whose spreading shade
The sparkling streamlet wandered,
 And sighing breezes played ;
Men joined in sweet communion,
 Assembled meekly there,
And from the soul’s rich fountain
 Poured forth their simple prayer.

No pillared dome reëchoed
 The voices of the free ;
No melting harp awakened
 Its studied minstrelsy ;

The winds joined in their anthem,
And birds of fairest hue ;
And dancing in the sunlight,
The bubbling stream sang too.

The proud oak spread its branches
To shade the happy band,
As underneath they gathered,
With hearts joined hand in hand ;
And bowed amid bright flowers
Which clustered thickly there ;
From them, they learned to worship
In silent, thoughtful prayer.

This was their sacred Minster,
Their Home of holy thought,
Where trusting they assembled,
And learned the truths it taught ;
And with a sacred pleasure,
Those leafy aisles they trod,
And bowed before its altar —
The shrine of Nature's God.

DIRGE.



I.

“WHOM the gods love, die young,”
An olden prophet sung ;
Around them first is flung
 The spell of dreamless slumber ;
But though the golden bowl
Be broken amid the roll
Of waters, yet the soul
 Ne'er stills its glorious number.

II.

Ah, no ; a thing so high
Can never, never die ;
It only seeks the sky,
 From whence at first 't was borrowed ;

Death bids us lowly bow ;
He chills the life-warm brow ;
And men must sorrow now,
 As they have ever sorrowed.

III.

For 't is a time to weep,
When Death doth 'mong us creep,
And lay in breathless sleep
 The dust we loved, we cherished ;
Ye cannot steel the heart,
To bid it tearless part
From friends ; there is no art
 To smile when love hath perished.

IV.

Then let us mourn to-night ;
For in its steady flight
A star is lost from sight ;
 Gone, gone we see not whither ;
One whom we loved is not ;
The willow marks the spot ;
But 't is the common lot
 To bud, and bloom, and wither.

V.

Weep, mother, silently ;
Weep, father, sisters ; ye,
From th' old familiar tree,
 Have lost one of its members ;
A mist is on your path ;
Weep, weep, but not in wrath,
That on your once warm hearth,
 Lie cold the scattered embers.

VI.

Grim Death hath rent in twain,
The strongly-linkéd chain
Which bound your hearts — in vain ;
 The circle now is broken ;
Yet o'er the vacant spot,
Your parted ring close not ;
He lingers yet in thought,
 Conceivéd, yet unspoken.

VII.

And in the empty chair,
In every dear spot where
In life he lingered, there
 The free soul doth inherit ;

Then do not weep for aye,
That dust has passed away ;
Such only love the clay ;
 They should have loved the spirit.

VIII.

O ye shall often hear
That gentle spirit near,
With whispers soft and clear,
 Reproaching him that weepeth ;
Then dry the weeping eye ;
Hush, hush the mournful sigh ;
For the soul is lingering nigh,
 'T is but the dust that sleepeth.

SONG.



'T IS midnight, yet I think of thee,
Thou loved one far away ;
And spirits whisper me the dreams
That round thy slumbers play :
I see them enter at the door —
Bright starry things they be,
That come thus in the morning watch
To bid me think of thee.

The sky is all above me and
The world is all before ;
And yet it were no welcome thought,
Could I never see thee more ;

For I have gazed into thine eye,
All love, all purity,
Until my heart grew strong and brave —
And still I'll think of thee.

And when among the hills I roam,
Or 'neath the green old trees,
I'll hear thee singing in the stream,
Or whispering in the breeze ;
I'll see thee in each bright blue star
That sails the upper sea ;
And when the morn has made them pale,
Still, still I'll think of thee.

For O, I reck not of the night
When thy sweet form is near ;
And morning with its gush of light
Ne'er bids thee disappear ;
I'll watch until mine eye grows dim,
And sleep comes over me ;
And when in slumber's bosom rocked,
Then, then I'll dream of thee.

TIME



OVER the mountains
And over the lea,
Over the fountains
And over the sea,
Passeth majestic the World-mover, Time,
Murmuring softly his wild, mystic rhyme.

Glides o'er Enara,
Still icy in June ;
Over Sahara,
Where breathes the simoon ;
And his broad wings as he moves o'er the lands,
Hum their low lay like the running of sands.

Over the sighing,
 The heart-broken slave ;
Over the dying,
 And over the grave :
Over the dark eye, and over the blue,
Bears off the old year, and brings on the new.

Singeth of treasures
 And penury's strain ;
Singeth of pleasures,
 And singeth of pain ;
Farther than comet whirls off from the sun,
Echoes the song of that weariless one.

Pendulums swinging
 Forth measure his flight,
Successively bringing
 The darkness and light ;
Move like the shuttle, forth, back through the
 loom :
Weaving the bride dress, and shroud for the
 tomb.

Never he leaveth
The task for a day ;
Busily cleaveth
To his orbit alway ;
On in his chariot drawn by the hours,
O'er the ice mountain and valley of flowers.

Marketh with wrinkles
The brow of the maid ;
With silver hair sprinkles
The raven dark braid ;
Crumbleth the temple and battle-proof towers :
They measure ages as the glass measures hours.

Bright constellations
Whirl onward through space ;
Struggle the nations
In the Parliament place ;
Men bear their burdens where fortune has led,
Still in his passage Time works overhead.

Comes the red morning,
And flies the dark night,
Flies the red morning,
And comes the dark night.

Changing for aye, is the season of life,
Moveth Time onward, unheeding the strife.

Age may not hold him
With tottering pace ;
Shroud may not fold him,
Within its embrace ;
Over creation, unwearied he glides,
Weird and wild like the onsweep of tides.

Comes the past never,
This is his strain,
Forever and ever,
Never again :
Strong is the gateway, the Warder is stern,
Ages may pass, not a moment return.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.



SING to me, Nightingale —

Tune thy clear song ;

Let the rich melody

Echo along ;

Free as the rivulet

In its swift flight,

Furl up thy pinion and

Sing to the night.

Swell the strain, Nightingale —

Sing to the star

Lit in the firmament

Westward afar ;

'T is the pale Hesperus,
Empress of even ;
See how she smiles from her
Window in Heaven.

Sing to the myriads
Journeying high,
Bearing their crystal lamps
Through the clear sky :
Think'st thou they tongueless are,
Bird of the night ?
Think'st thou they warble not
In their swift flight ?

Ay ! in their silentness,
Sing they a strain,
Echoing heavenward
Never in vain ;
Sweet as the zephyr's breath
Rocked in the pine,
Sweet is their music, bird,
Sweeter than thine.

Thou, thy sweet music didst
Learn of that band ;

Sing'st it in numbers which
 We understand ;
Still catch their thoughtful strain,
 Simple and free ;
Would I might evermore
 Listen to thee.

A PICTURE.



SEE where yon rustic peasant holds the plough,
With streams of toil down dropping from his brow ;
Bearing the heat and burden of the day,
For seed and harvest time, prepares the way ;
Ne'er discontented, never does repine,
But patient strives behind his patient kine.

Hush ! Phœbus' car drives slowly down the
west ;
The birds and bees fly homeward to their rest ;
The still air vibrates to the vesper stroke —
He frees the oxen from their heavy yoke ;
And they, well pleased to leave the stubborn
plough,
Roam off together by the hillock's brow,

And from the limpid pool their thirst assuage,
And graze upon the tender pasturage.
And he, the unkempt rustic, takes his way
Across the rough glebe, pleased to rest as they.
With look as happy as in childhood's prime,
His merry heart beats many a Christmas chime ;
Stops on the broken bridge and looks below
Where silently the deep, clear waters flow ;
And laughs immoderately, with honest grace,
To see reflected there his soiled face ;
A moment, and his dress is laid aside ;
A plunge, and he is struggling with the tide ;
Such plashing, spattering he makes thereby,
'T were woe to lord, or lady, passing nigh ;
Then rosy as the morn, as healthy too,
He rises from the wave once more to view ;
Still laughs incessantly, why, scarce can tell,
At that strange face, he thought he knew so well.
Then gaily hastens onward. Why so fast ?
Is 't that the day of toil is done at last ?
Is it that he has groaned the livelong day,
And now may sleep the idle night away ?
No ; he was happy following the plough ;

For every rood, his ploughshare turned, of loam,
He knew it was a rood the nearer home.
Ah, there's the secret ; see yon simple cot ;
Content dwells there, though many know it not ;
'T is good as riches, some say better too,
Look for thyself, and judge if they say true.
See there the plat with flowers sprinkled o'er ;
The trellised vine runs riot by the door ;
Mosses and lichens spin their warp and woof,
And lay a velvet covering on the roof ;
An elm and sycamore spread out their arms
Like giant warders to protect from harms ;
See on one side, the crazy well-curb there,
With empty bucket swinging high in air ;
Beside the door, the old dog Jowler lies,
Pretending sleep with only half-closed eyes ;
Two little imps are rolling on the grass,
A bright-eyed lad and laughing little lass ;
And naught of hate or envy may be found
Upon that cheerful, consecrated ground.

See, Jowler growls, and pricks his shaggy ears,
Then bounds away ; a gentle form appears ;

A voice is heard would make the heart rejoice ;
Melodious, for it is a mother's voice,
Calling her merry younglings tenderly ;
They hear, and scamper woodward, light and free ;
The happy ploughman hears, and crouches in the
 fern,
And scares them both, then kisses each in turn.
The mother, fearing they might go astray,
Steps from the cot and meets them on the way ;
And has her welcome kiss among the rest,
As closely to his honest heart is prest ;
And so with merry chat they reach the cot,
And every thought is joy, all care forgot.
Night comes ; the rushlight sheds its glare abroad ;
They sit down happy at the simple board ;
And from each heart a blessing rare is given,
Unsaid, but borne on angel wings to Heaven.
And should a tear swell in that mother's eye,
'T is not for grief, but for prosperity.

That simple hind was happy in the love
Of those he prized all earthly things above ;
Was happy, for he saw no good in grief ;
It could not plant, or change the blasted leaf ;

So when his share broke on the stubborn stone,
He laughed to think he'd get a better one.
He could not call the planets by their names,
Nor knew what caused the sun's undying flames ;
He only knew, enough for him to know,
It bleached his hay, and made his bread-corn
grow.

He was not learned in the schoolmen's lore ;
Had never read the volumes written o'er
To prove some creed, or venture to reveal
What the Almighty Master would conceal ;
Perchance he had no creed — and was always
As happy, even on the Seventh Day.
Shall that condemn the one whose heart springs
well
With golden thoughts, which words could never
tell ?

Which rise above, as sure as priest-prayers climb,
Not only at the morn and vesper chime ;
Such prayers as would the priest-book desolate,
Though all the day are crowding Heaven's gate.
Such godlike ones see angels in their dreams ;
And spirits wandering by Elysian streams ;
And fairies sit among them, full of mirth,
And crickets chirp their glee-song on the hearth ;

And shadows from the rush-light deck the wall,
As well as in the proud manorial hall.

Shall not the Vineyard Master say, "well done,"
With a peculiar grace, to such an one,
When dust to dust, and worlds to naught are
given,

And men meet in the Judgment Hall of Heaven?

I tell ye, angels shall rejoice and sing,

To see such rise to bliss on golden wing;

Shall rank them with the broken heart, whom
grief

Hath cherished; to whom years brought no relief.

MIDNIGHT.



Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal heav'n husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

YOUNG.



HALF the world is hushed in slumber, night has
reached her solemn noon,
And the dark and foggy meadows wait the coming
of the moon ;

Winds are sighing in the savins with a deep and
mournful sound,
And the golden stars of Heaven drop their dewy
tears around.

And the sleepless tide is lying calmly in the deep
lagoon ;
It is waiting for its hour — for the coming of the
moon.

Rooks are flying hither, thither, sending forth ill-
boding cries,
And the owl is gazing eastward with his large and
lustrous eyes.

Nightingales are silent, thinking which of all their
melodies
Were the sweetest one to welcome, when she
looketh o'er the seas.

They are all with patience waiting for the night to
wear away,
For the mingling of the darkness with the moon's
enchancing ray.

And like them I too will linger on my watch-tower
by the sea,
Waiting in the solemn midnight, waiting lone and
patiently ;

Till the murmur of the waters on the low and pebbly shore,
Tell the coming of the moonbeams, through the world's broad eastern door.

For my thoughts press thick and heavy, and I fain would be alone ;
Would commune awhile with Nature, till this heaviness hath flown ;

Here I would in fancy wander through the battle-field of life,
Mark the human hearts contending in the world's unequal strife.

Would gaze downward to the centre, whence the streams of healing roll,
And drink deeply from its fountain, med'cines for the fainting soul.

Men are struggling with the darkness, tangled in the mists of night ;
Waiting, like the scenes around me, for the coming on of light.

Yet 't is burning bright above them, and they will
not see its ray ;
Bowed to earth, they still are plodding in the
beaten, erring way.

Bowed to earth, why do they see not the broad
sun's resplendent beams,
Emblemed by a thousand emblems, mirrored in a
thousand streams ?

Vain are many burning sunlights, angels' voices
speak in vain,
If the soul's eye be not opened, if its ear mark not
the strain ;

Like the flock without a shepherd turn they from
the pleasant fold,
Bartering Nature's priceless birthright for a penny-
worth of gold.

Gone the strength and the endeavor, gone the rea-
son, lowly prized ;
Vainly beats the heart of Nature when her limbs
are paralyzed ;

There is need of a physician to bind up the broken
age,
To relieve the weary spirit, weary of its pilgrim-
age.

Then the TRUE REFORMER cometh, armed with
love and holy zeal,
With a soul as broad and beauteous as the truths it
doth reveal.

Born perchance in some low cottage, named not
on the princely roll,
Yet with higher arms emblazoned — the Nobility
of Soul!

Cometh like some ancient prophet, with a mission
to fulfil ;
To renew the broken charter granted on the Holy
Hill ;

Not on gold or marble tablets marking with the
graver's pen,
But with love's sweet Iris-pencil, on the selfish
hearts of men.

Comes to waken life's true spirit, whose broad
wings have long been furled —
To unfold the Sphynx-enigma, solve the problem
of the world ;

Comes the great soul meek and lowly, with a bosom
filled with ruth,
Mounts the world's observatory, takes the telescope
of Truth.

Gazes long and gazes deeply on the fold of human
hearts ;
Sees the herd of spirits standing idle in the crowded
marts :

Draws the world as with a magnet to the compass
of his thought,
As from some high hill the traveller sees the land-
scape 'neath him wrought.

And he reads its sad condition with a deep pro-
phetic eye ;
But his heart is nothing daunted — he will yet strive
manfully

To consume the golden idols molten in some hea-
then name,
Bid religion's fane rise upward like a phoenix from
the flame.

Then he mingles with the people gathered in fa-
natic strife,
And unfolds them holy lessons in the market-place
of life ;

Lessons not of distant ages, improvised with cun-
ning art,
But from volumes of the present, written on the
grateful heart.

And he rends the gaudy garments wrought with
tinselry uncouth,
Which enfold Religion's Temple, and conceal her
simple truth ;

Strives to raise the sacred altar shunned and hast-
ening to decay,
For men think to build them Babels, and escape
another way

But his toil is long and lonely ; wronged, yet
seeking no redress,
Stands alone like JOHN the Baptist praying in the
wilderness ;

And they scorn him at the altar, smite upon his
tearful cheek,
Doubting if a heaven-sent prophet could so humble
be, and meek.

Wag their tongues in bitter mocking, murmur like
the angry seas,
“Art thou wiser than our fathers ? words *they* never
taught like these.”

But he turns him from their mocking, and forgives
their ribaldry ;
For he thinks of HIM who sorrowed lowly in
Gethsemane.

Unsubdued, all day he toileth, bowed by none of
human fears,
But at night, alone, in secret, from his eyes drop
bloody tears :

Thus he lives and thus he labors, struggling with
life's ocean wave ;
And for him there is no slumber till he reach the
silent grave.

Like the old and stricken year, he goeth down the
vale of Time ;
And the winds of Life's sad winter ring his deep
funereal chime ;

Lowly on the bier he lieth, borne along the crowded
street,
And men gaze on him with wonder that his slumber
is so sweet.

Then they think how calm and meekly sorrow's
heavy load he bore ;
Then they do no more revile him, for his great
heart beats no more ;

And from pity love is kindled ; love unknown, un-
felt till now,
For they cannot mingle hatred with the death-dew
on his brow.

And the words he taught while living seem more
holy and sublime ;
Rise they up like dreams commissioned from some
higher, holier clime ;

Or like strains of earnest music, heard a little while
ago,
Growing softer in the distance, sweeter, as the mo-
ments grow.

And the school-boy in his ramble, turns from that
lone grave aside,
Fearing to disturb the Master whom in life the
world denied ;

O'er his head they build up temples, telling to the
passer-by
Where the ashes of the prophet, in their silent
slumber lie.

But the waves begin to whisper, murmuring in the
deep lagoon,
And the eastern gates are opened for the coming
of the moon.

Like an ocean-queen she cometh from the cham-
bers of the deep,
And the little waves throng round her, lifting up
their heads from sleep.

Like a nation's shout of gladness, when its sove-
reign draweth nigh,
Sound those lifting waves their welcomes, welcomes
poured exultingly :

From afar I hear their murmur borne in whispers
toward the land,
Growin gdeeper, deeper — dashing in full chorus
on the strand.

Rises like some pitying spirit o'er the dark and
troubled world ;
Fed from light's great fountain, burning, when the
day's bright wings are furl'd ;

Moon ! thou tighest well my vision — faithful image
of the sun !
Truth shall still in nature linger when its source is
seen by none.

Clouds are gathered dark and heavy in the far-off
Orient,
Black'ning with their giant shadows all the starry
firmament.

O! I see them stretching upward, through the
midnight calm and bold,
Like some great imperial city builded in the days
of old.

Ruined minsters, broken arches, cast their black
and sullen shade,
And the eye is weary, toiling down the deep'ning
colonnade ;

Through the stained cathedral windows lamps are
streaming clear and bright,
And I hear the deep bells calling to the spirits of
the night.

And I see those lamps grow brighter, burning with
a purer fire ;
See the robed priest in the chancel, hear the
music of the choir ;

Solemn music ; deep and awful ; more than art can
understand ;
Like the thunders of Mount Sinai, — like the
writing on the sand.

There I see them thronged together, all those works
I longed to see ;
All my childhood's study gathered from the page
of history ;

Stands the mighty Coliseum limned in many a
poet's rhyme,
And the Pyramids of Egypt, older than recorded
time.

Structures of the middle ages, Notre-Dame, Co-
logne, Milan ;
Which like little children cluster round their mother
Vatican.

Giant-like, another figure rises in that world of
art,
Virgin of celestial beauty, bearing yet a lion's
heart.

'T is the Sphynx of ancient fable, Sphynx which
moderns realize,
Gazing sorrowfully upward with her deep and
earnest eyes ;

And amid those olden structures climbs the moon
with steady pace,
Burning brightly on the altar, sadly o'er the charnel-
place.

Lingering in her silent passage, 'neath the deep
and broken arch,
Struggling with some mighty column, — for they
fain would stay her march ;

Comes a siroc from the desert breathing murk and
poisoned air,
And its noisome mists are thronging round her
pathway everywhere.

But she comes still bravely upward, fears not, from
no danger shrinks ;
Struggles with the giant monster, with the lion of
the Sphynx.

Fought the battle — she has won it ! falls the van-
quished heavily ;
Won it, for she saw the virgin o'er her gazing
earnestly.

Upward like some great evangel drawn by chains
of golden links,
Brighter for her toiling, mounts she from her strug-
gle with the Sphynx ;

And those temples old have vanished, from their
deep foundations hurled ;
Answered is the great enigma — solved the riddle
of the world !

Comes a flood of silver moonlight over meadow,
hill and vale,
Like the opening of Heaven, to repeat its glorious
tale ;

To the rooted rock she calleth, and it echoes back
her call,
Speaking with the voice of Nature from her truth-
emblazoned hall.

Plain and mountain, hill and valley, chant their
 strains of sweet accord,
Like the Midnight Mass of millions, lifting up their
 hearts to God :

From her dream of silent slumber wakes the night-
 ingale her song,
And the waters swell their chorus as the tide-wave
 sweeps along.

Now I'll hasten to my slumber, for my soul its task
 has done,
Lest morn find me here a watcher, when the hour
 of sleep is gone.

I have learned a solemn lesson from the dark clouds
 and the moon,
From th' murmur of the waters sailing up the
 broad lagoon.

Bitter foes will arm against thee, thousand hands
 take up the spear ;
But thy truth shall burn far brighter when, subdued,
 they disappear.

In the silent, lone hour watching, came this writing
on the sky ;
Thus I read the magic riddle, claiming not to
prophesy.

VESPER.



Ave Purissima !

Ave Sanctissima !

Ave Maria ! our spirits are kneeling ;
List to our evening prayer,
While through the twilight air,
Solemnly, sweetly, thy vesper is stealing.

Ave ! the evening star
Burns in the sky afar ;
Sweet is its smile from the bright verge of even ;
So lift our thoughts to thee,
Angel of purity !
Plead for us, plead for us, Mother in Heaven.

Ave! the slumbering
Night wind is whispering
In its soft dreams, and the waters are sleeping ;
List, while we kneel to thee ;
Keep us from danger free ;
Ora pro nobis, thou knowest our weeping.

Balm of the bleeding soul !
Bid thy pure waters roll,
Flooding with joy the heart burdened with sorrow ;
Calm on the sighing breast,
Let thy sweet blessing rest ;
Ave Purissima! guard till the morrow.

THE SINGING STREAM.



AMID the grass grown hillocks
Where rest the silent dead,
A singing stream meanders
Along its rocky bed ;

And as with soothing murmur
It softly glides along,
The solemn groves reëcho,
Its happy, happy song.

I love that little wanderer,
And others love it too ;
For it hath taught a lesson
So holy and so true ;

I learned from its bright billows
Which ever onward roll,
That 't is by looking forward
We reach the promised goal.

I love the flowers that cluster
Upon its grassy brink ;
I love the gentle warblers
That from its fountain drink ;

The "old stump" crowned with ivy
I ever love to see ;
There is a recollection
That makes it dear to me.

Still let its course be onward—
That limpid Stream of Song
And marked its course by flowers,
As it slowly winds along ;

Mine, be the heartfelt pleasure
To hear its bubbling moan,
For when I linger near it,
I feel not all alone.

SONG TO DEATH.



I.

DEATH, Death, why dost thou creep
So stealthily, to reap
The harvest which we weep
 With drops of deepest sorrow?
And when our hearts would sup
On future joys, and th' cup
We take, thou closest up
 The casement of to-morrow.

II.

The world is wide, they say,
Far reaching as the day,
Or as the breezes play ;
 But Life, ah Life is narrow ;
For ere the child of time
Has reached where he would climb,
Or heard Life's vesper chime,
 He feels thy chilling arrow.

III.

Thy heavy knock we hear ;
Thy dread approach we fear ;
Yet, though it cost a tear,
 We may no longer dally ;
For thou art mighty, thou
Canst make the strongest bow ;
Canst chill the warmest brow,
 Dark Dweller of the valley.

IV.

Thou lovest the silent tear ;
Thou lovest the laden bier ;
Thou lovest to see men rear
 The gray stone speaking sorrow ;
Thou hatest all things drest
In joy ; thou summonest
The soul to that long rest
 From which earth has no morrow.

V.

The laborer leaves his plough ;
Thou chill'st the reaper's brow ;
There is no harvest now,
 But thine, from earth to sever ;
For in the youth and age
Of Life's sweet pilgrimage,
Thou turnest th' unwritten page,
 Thou turnest it forever.

VI.

The storm-clouds hurtling by,
Conceal the bright blue sky
With their dark drapery ;
 And snows are drifting, drifting ;
So in this mortal clime,
Thou art the winter time ;
We hear thy stormy chime,
 Forever shifting, shifting.

VII.

Hark, hark, that solemn knell !
That mournful passing bell !
What sorrow doth it tell ?
 Ah, Death has ope'd his portal ;
And flying o'er the land,
Old Time with bony hand
Shook out the latest sand ;
 Alas, he was but mortal.

VIII.

Thou marrest Nature's rhyme,
Dark Janitor of time,
And makest a solemn mime
 Of Life, so true, so earnest ;
Men build them castles high,
And seek to reach the sky
By climbing patiently ;
 But thou, their plans o'erturnest.

IX.

Life is a stage, so says
The seer of ancient days —
Where each his own part plays,
 Or good, or bad, uncertain ;
When first doth throb the heart,
He 'gins the earthly art,
And acts his written part ;
 Thou, Death, dost drop the curtain.

SONG OF DEATH.



I.

LIFE is a passage in
Eternity, akin
To Time, where mortals spin
 The web of future being ;
Awhile they toil, and bear
Their load of duty there,
And then they journey where
 They 're charmed from foreseeing.

II.

Two spirit forms preside,
To regulate the tide
Of life ; one doth abide
 Before the first hour portal ;
I am the spirit power
That guards the latest hour,
And give ye for a dower,
 The unknown Life immortal.

III.

I hold the golden chain,
Let down from Heaven's main,
To lift ye from the plain
 Of earth to joy eternal ;
I come when sorrows press ;
In dreams of happiness ;
Earth fades, and I would bless
 With climes forever vernal.

IV.

The cold, cold clods are bound,
Like to a garment round
Your souls, and to the ground
 They drag ye powerless ;
Yet ye do love that clay,
Strive with its slow decay,
And let the sweet soul stay
 Unnurtured, flowerless.

V.

So in your joyous time,
Ye hear a leaden chime
Sound from the tomb. Then I'm
 Sent down to ye in kindness.
The knot of love is riven,
Ye read the lesson given,
Ye see the hand of heaven,
 And waken from your blindness.

VI.

The grave is not all sad,
Though in dark shadows clad ;
From thence men see, most glad,
 Eternity's green meadow ;
Upon Life's path astray,
The leaves and winds that play,
Do guide ye on the way
 To this Valley of the Shadow.

VII.

A little fold of hands,
A little drop of sands,
And the fluttering spirit stands
 Beyond the vale, victorious ;
Where the sands of life ne'er run,
And the day is never done ;
Eternity is won,
 Eternity all glorious.

VIII.

Ye who within Life's slow
And long procession go,
Who, 'mid the sullen flow
 Of winds and tempests, wander,
Ye name me Death. Ye call
Me cursed for the pall
That once must fold o'er all ;
 Birth, they have named me yonder.

MEETING OF ART AND RELIGION.



FAR in gloom among the darker ages,
Ere the hidden light of Truth was found,
When was hushed the voice of saints and sages,
Stood fair Nuremburg, the world renowned.

Stood in beauty 'mong the vine-clad mountains,
The emporium of wealth and pride ;
Where the rosy waves from crystal fountains
Flowed as from the urns of even-tide.

Stood upon the point where light was dawning —
Light of Love that long had been delayed ;
As the day-star on the brow of morning
Sparkles, half in light and half in shade.

There the Kaiser had his lordly palace,
 And the poor man had his lowly home ;
 And the gray monk kissed the holy chalice,
 Not for man's salvation, but for Rome.

There the shapeless marble, from its slumber
 'Woke to being, as the artist wrought ;
 And the poet wove his silken numbers
 From the golden, tangled threads of thought.

There, with stately mien and lordly greeting,
 Kings and princes met in halls of state ;
 But in Nuremberg was prouder meeting,
 Nobler than of prince or potentate.

When from Sebald's tower the solemn vesper
 Chanted forth its sweetly mournful strain,
 When with gentle light the flower Hesper
 Bloomed upon the blue and golden plain ;

When the air grew soft, the sunlight purer,
 Veiling the far hills with rosy mist,
 Met in love the master artist, Dürer,
 With the God-inspired Evangelist.

He who wrought with skill to make art peerless —
 Art that should enrich the soul of man —
 And the one who for the truth stood fearless
 'Gainst the thunders of the Vatican.

Hand in hand and heart with heart, united,
 Stood they at the holy hush of even ;
 Gentle Art and pure Religion plighted
 To each other at the shrine of Heaven.

And was heard no minster organ pealing,
 And no priest their union blessed with prayer ;
 But the fountain chanted to them kneeling,
 And the holy God of Love was there.

God, who seeth in the solitary places
 As within the busy, trodden way,
 In whose presence angels veil their faces,
 Passed before them at the cool of day.

Eye marked not that Presence calm and holy ;
 Ear heard not the words of peace and love ;
 But the brave good hearts that bowed them lowly,
 Felt the benediction from above.

Then the Artist and his truth-proclaiming brother
 Turned on different missions to depart ;
 But each bore the impress of the other ;
 Truth became more fair, more holy, Art.

And as Dürer at his marble column
 Wrought with earnest love in after time,
 Spirits read him, as from some great volume,
 Truths that made his sculpture more sublime.

On the canvass, as he lay his spectrum,
 Springs of music round him seemed to well ;
 As Apollo touched his skilful plectrum
 To the rude, yet soothing tortoise-shell.

Forth went Luther to his toilsome duty ;
 But a gentle spirit led him on ;
 Now he saw the world, all truth and beauty,
 Which before was spiritless and wan.

Heavenward ever he had turned his vision,
 Stumbling, for he looked too much above ;
 Striving thence to catch some gleams Elysian,
 Deeming not the world was full of love.

Beauteous Nature, gentle mother, will not flee us,
 Though our cold indifference give her pain ;
When we faint with soaring, like Antæus
 Touching earth we gather strength again.

Art is like the day, whose touch imperious
 Bids the desert teem with flowers bright ;
Like the night, Religion, calm, mysterious,
 Bidding men look upward for the light.

So those spirits, born of one high mother,
 Met as day and night at evening meet ;
Forming, as they mingled with each other,
 Twilight, more than either, calm and sweet.

And their union 's blessed in every region,
 Every land where beats a human heart ;
Art still throws its iris o'er Religion,
 Still Religion gives new truth to Art.

LITTLE NELL.



“It is not,” said the schoolmaster, as he stooped to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent; “it is not on earth that Heaven’s justice ends; think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!”



WE would not bid her waken
From Death’s cold, dreamless sleep;
Nor let her spirit brighten
Those eyes to see them weep;

No, were one word sufficient
To break the spell-bound chain,
That word should not be spoken
To call her back again.

Breathe softly — O breathe softly,
As ye stand around the bier ;
For earth's best, brightest loveliness,
Is sleeping calmly here ;
The beautiful, the brightest,
The star that most did shine,
Is dimmed, to light more purely
The firmament divine.

Ay, twine ye now the fairest,
The flowers of many dyes,
And lay them on the pillow
Where childish beauty lies ;
For beautiful she lieth,
As if she dreamed the while ;
And pure as sunbeams playing
With a sleeping infant's smile.

Old man with sorrow stricken,
Look on her marble brow ;
She was thy all, thy only —
See how she sleepeth now ;
Blest are the tears that follow
Each other down thy cheek ;
They are the silent language
Of a heart too full to speak.

The bright green grass of summer
Shall gently o'er her wave ;
And flowers that smile the sweetest,
Shall deck her silent grave ;
And oft that sod shall moisten
With childhood's bitter tear ;
For they who once did love her,
Cannot forget her here.

FLOWERS.

A LITTLE child stood mid the flowers, as young
And innocent as they. He watched the fly,
With gilded wings, float in the summer sky,
And dancing on the fragrant turf, he flung
His little hands on high in childish glee ;
And laughed and sung, and was as happy in
His sport as Eden's dwellers could have been ;
For he had plucked no fruit from evil tree.
His mother watched him from the bank, and smiled
To see him smile and leap so happily
Among the leaves, as he could never be
More sad than now ; and as he now beguiled
The hours away — so ever. He would talk
To each bright flower within his reach, and press
His cherry lip to theirs in tenderness,

And whisper to them ; and they did not mock
His pure simplicity ; but always gave
 An answer to his words, which he could read
 And understand. 'T was beautiful, indeed,
To see him thus, soft stepping lest he gave
Some flower pain or crushed its stem, as one
 Of them he stood ; as happy, and as free
 From sin. As sunny as the beam which he
Did sport with when he tried to grasp the sun.
At length, one morn he stood beside the bank
 Of flowers he loved, but they were gone. Their
 hue
 Was changed. An angel form had left the blue,
Broad arch of Heaven, and smote them, that they
 sank
In death ; but took their perfumed souls away,
 And left the withered blackness there to fade ;
 No more look bright and gay. He gently laid
His whispering lips upon them — they did say
No word, but hung in silence. Then his heart
 Swelled in his little breast. He left them there
 In tearful grief, and asked his mother where
The flowers were gone ; who made them to depart,
When he had loved them so. “ God took them
 child ;

They 'll come again," she said ; but spoke no
more.

A tear came in her eye, and sadness o'er
Her heart. She thought He too might take the
mild,
Blue flower she loved, and lay it in the tomb.

STORM SONG.

—♦—

WOULD thou wert near me, Ella ;
The night is grand and gloomy, no stars are in
the sky,
And the giant Storm is passing in might and
majesty ;
No pale moonlight beams through the night, but
the giant Storm is there,
And his black steed's mane is dripping rain as he
paws the upper air ;
And all his train are dripping rain, that follow
through the air.

Would thou wert near me, Ella ;
The tall oaks, bending stately, accept the gaunt-
let cast ;
The shock is past, and naked they stand before
the blast ;
Their helms and greaves of autumn leaves, around
disjointed lie ;
And heard are groans and bitter moans, with the
victor storm's rude cry ;
And nought but groans and bitter moans are
heard with the storm's rude cry.

Would thou wert near me, Ella ;
I'm gazing from my casement into the wild, black
night,
By the fitful and uncertain gleam of my chamber
light ;
And there I hear wild voices near, as of demons
in the air ;
And there I see each naked tree, like waves, roll
everywhere ;
But dimly see the forest-tree upsurging every-
where.

Would thou wert near me, Ella ;
'T is like the angry ocean contending with the
 storms ;
I hear the thundering billows — I see their mighty
 forms ;
With rudest shocks upon the rocks, they dash in
 fierce array ;
And I hear the toll of fog-bells roll, that warn
 from far away ;
The mournful knell which the fog-bells tell of the
 breakers far away.

Would thou wert near me, Ella ;
For Life is such a tempest ; as giant-like and
 drear ;
Of ever-changing passions which strive against us
 here ;
Of doubts and tears and trembling fears which
 bow the proud heart low ;
Oft the beacon light is dimmed by night, we see
 not where we go ;
The guiding lamp, quenched by the damp of
 storms that round us flow.

Would thou wert near me, Ella ;
Then thou shouldst tell me sweetly of gentle love
and ruth ;
And of the magic needle that ever points at truth ;
Of the beacon light that burns by night with
never-lessened ray ;
Fog-bells that toll to the storm-tossed soul their
warning far away ;
Of bell-notes clear that whisper near of the
breakers far away.
Would thou wert near me, Ella ;
Would thou wert near.

G I V E .



Give him that asketh thee.



IF the poor man pass thy door,
Give him of thy bounteous store ;
Give him food and give him gold,
Give him shelter from the cold ;
Aid him, his lone life to live,
For 't is angel-like to give.

Though world-riches thou hast not,
Give to him of poorer lot ;
Think thee of the widow's mite ;
In the Holy Master's sight,
It was more, a thousandfold,
Than the rich man's hoard of gold.

Give, it is the better part ;
Give to them, the poor in heart ;
Give of love in large degree,
Give of hope and sympathy ;
Cheer to them that sigh forlorn,
Light to him whose lamp is gone.

Give the gray-haired wanderer room ;
Lead him gently to the tomb ;
Let him not, in friendless clime,
Float adown the tide of time ;
Hear the mother's lonely call,
She, the dearest one of all.

And the lost, abandoned one,
In thy pathway, do not shun ;

Of thy kindness she hath need ;
Bind with balm the bruised reed ;
Give, and gifts above all price
Shall be thine in Paradise.

ANGEL LOVE.



Thou starry virtue, fare thee well ; seek heaven,
And there by Cassiopeia, shine in glory.

Beaumont and Fletcher.



I COULD not think her spirit fled ;
I could not make my sweet love dead ;
Though oft they told me she was gone,
And 't was but dust I looked upon,
I could not make her dead.

She lay as if in dreamy rest,
Her hands meek folded on her breast ;
Her lips which knew no word of guile,
Half parted with a beaming smile ;
I knew she was not dead.

A pale rose gemmed her raven hair,
As if it loved to blossom there ;
Those silken locks which, without check,
Twined with the lilies of her neck ;
I could not think her dead.

The birds sang sweetly in their play,
Beneath the casement where she lay ;
And then I knew she only dreamed,
For everything so lifelike seemed,
I could not make her dead.

The sun sank golden in the west
And left his last beam on her breast ;
And sweetly there it quivering lay,
And shook her vest like the heart's quick play ;
I saw she was not dead.

He tried to fright me with his speech,
His solemn words, that cunning leach ;
That the tide of Life had ceased to flow ;
In vain, I knew it was not so ;
 I knew she was not dead.

Like two twin flowers upon one stem
We grew ; and loved and bloomed like them ;
'T was not in Nature, then, that one
Should fade, the other still live on ;
 How could my love be dead ?

They told me of a cold, dark grave,
And singing leaves that o'er it wave ;
Of the mottled worm, would be the guest
Of her I loved the dearest, best ;
 I dared not think her dead.

But when I pressed her sweet lips twain,
And felt no kiss pressed back again ;
And in her eye no tears could see
When mine were flowing mournfully,
 I knew that she was dead.

My hand stole o'er her marble breast ;
No gentle throb disturbed its rest ;
No thought for me lay there divine,
As the rock heeds not the red sunshine ;
I knew my love was dead !

I saw it all ; the purest soul
That ever earth held in control,
Had hushed its sweet, melodious tone ;
I knew that I was left alone —
I knew my love was dead.

Sleep came ; and bathed in its smooth stream,
Her spirit floated through my dream ;
The same sweet smile and form were there,
The same pale rose wreathed in her hair ;
My dear love was not dead.

She whispered me of sunny lands
Where time moved not by dropping sands ;
Of singing-birds and chanting-streams ;
Of scenes more fair than pictured dreams,
To which her spirit dear had fled.

Morn came — a tear was on my cheek ;
Of joy, or grief, I could not speak ;
The dead love by my side lay shriven,
The living love was blessed in heaven ;
 In truth she was not dead.

A RHYME OF LIFE.



Ho, watcher on the house-top !
Ho, minister of night !
From thy enclouded turret
Can'st tell us of the light ?
O, heavy is the darkness ;
In the sky there is no star ;
Can'st see the wings of morning
Rise, fluttering afar ?

I see bright winged angels
Far in the Orient ;
They bear a golden curtain,
Across the firmament ;
A blue and golden curtain
Of richest tapestry ;
And the world grows bright beneath it —
Morn cometh from the sea.

I see four other angels
Rise slowly after them ;
They bear a sable curtain
Enwrought with many a gem
Of burning gold and silver,
Of azure and of white ;
And among them burneth Hesper —
Morn cometh and the night.

Ho ! Prophet, from thy tower,
How goes the tide of Life ?
The battle, is it ended ?
Has 't ceased the olden strife ?

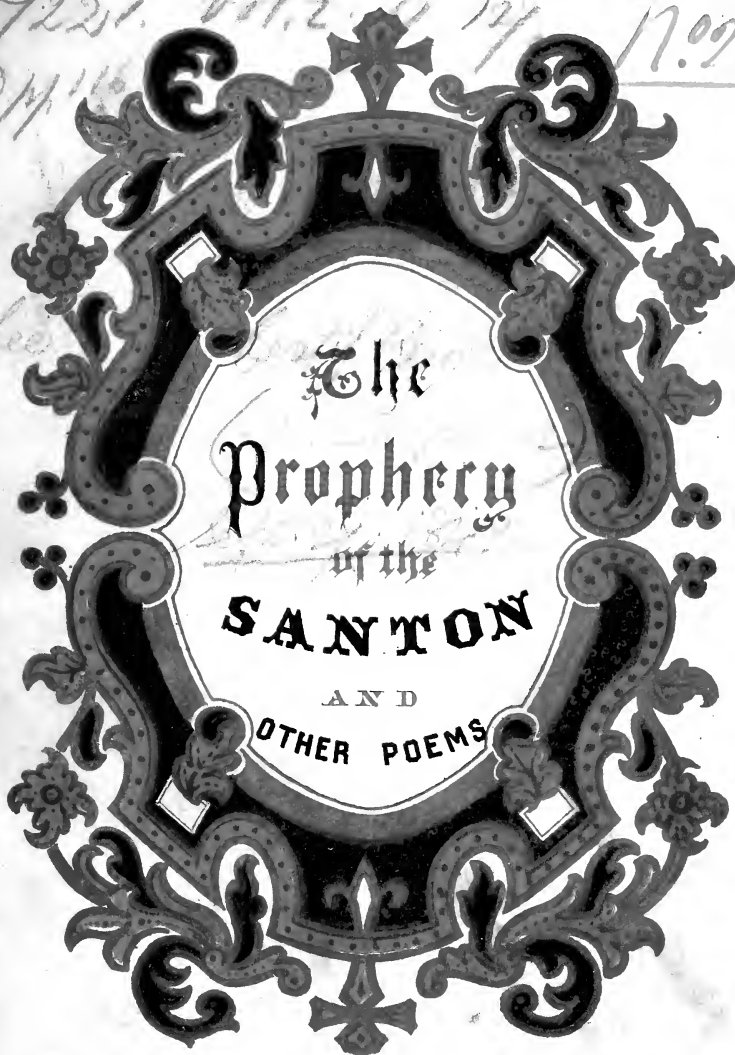
Thick mists are in the valley,
They cloud my narrow sight ;
Can'st tell us of the Morning ?
The breaking up of Night ?

The battle rages fiercely —
More fiercely it shall rage ;
The world is clouded darkly —
There comes a darker age ;
I see four angels rising ;
A sable shroud they bear ;
Which, rolling, gathers darkness ;
Night cometh from his lair.

But I see a warrior struggling
With bright mail on his breast ;
His lance is long and heavy,
And he bows each sable crest ;
And in the hands of angels,
White flags of peace are borne ;
I see the glad Aurora —
Night cometh — and the Morn.

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The
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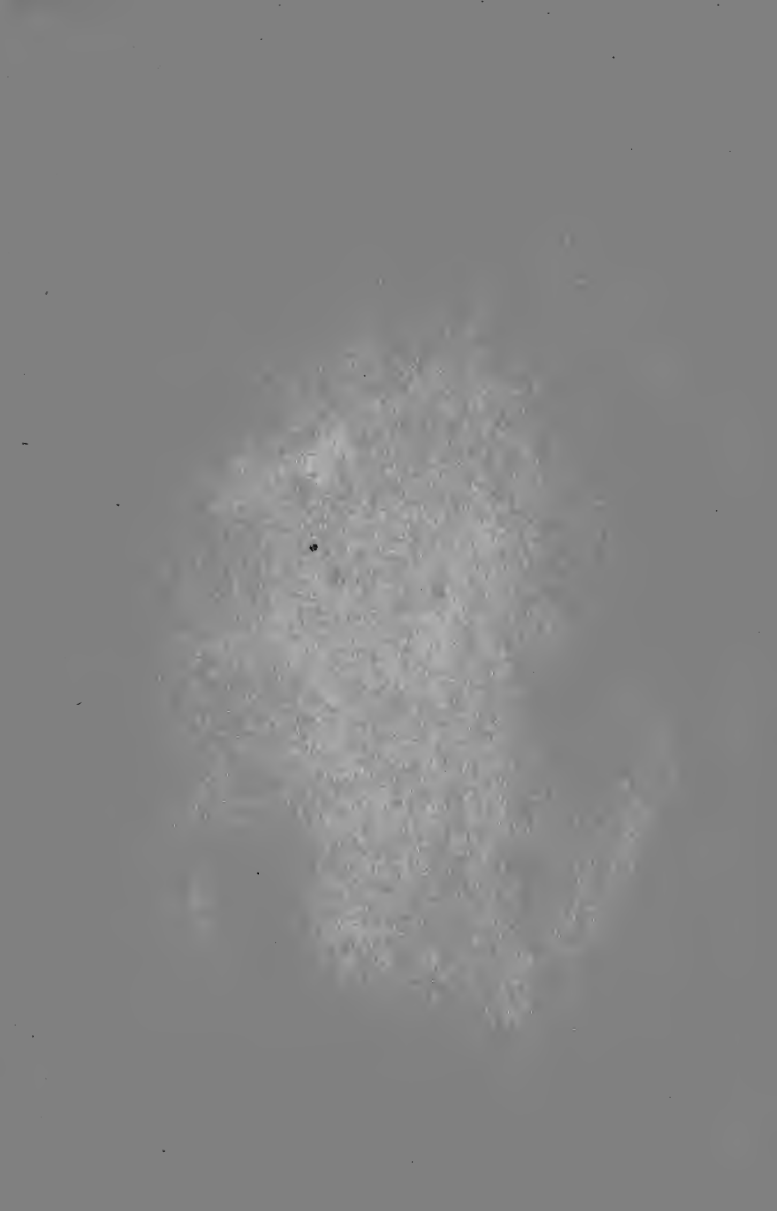


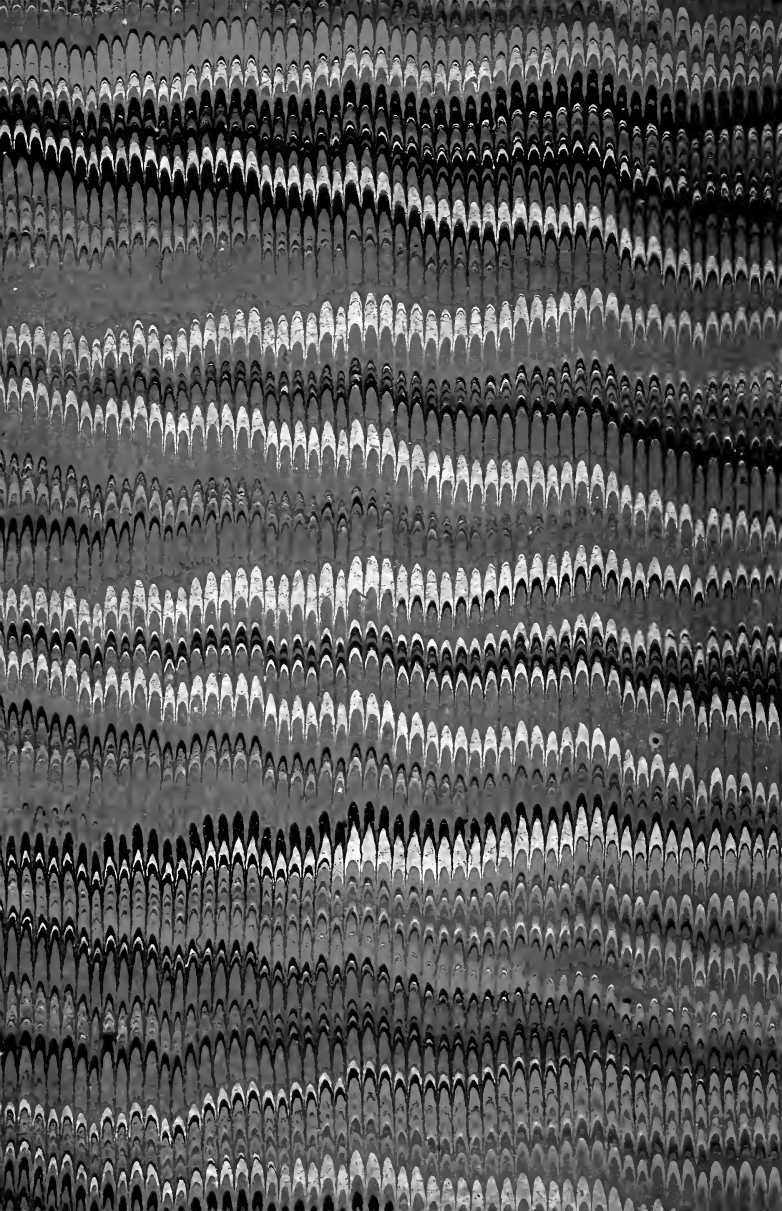
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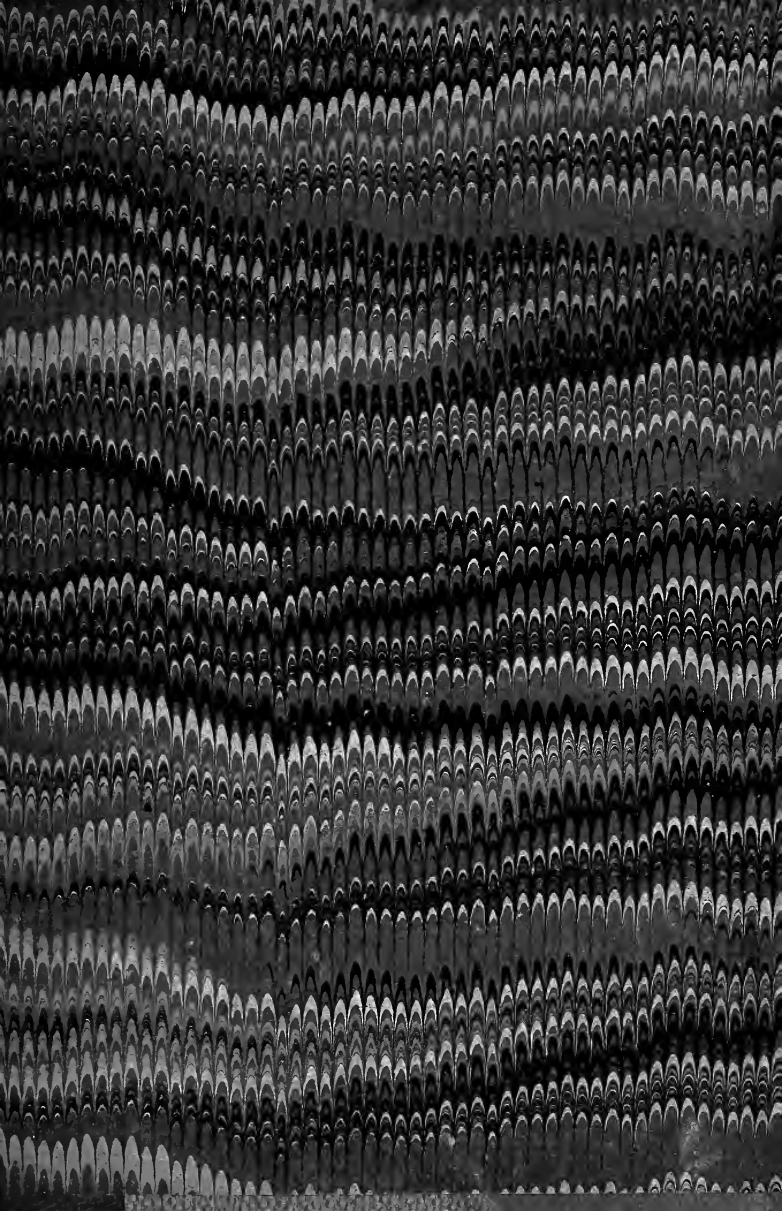
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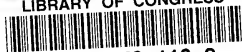








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