



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

TABLETS OF THE HEART

POEMS RHYMES AND APHORISMS

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY THE

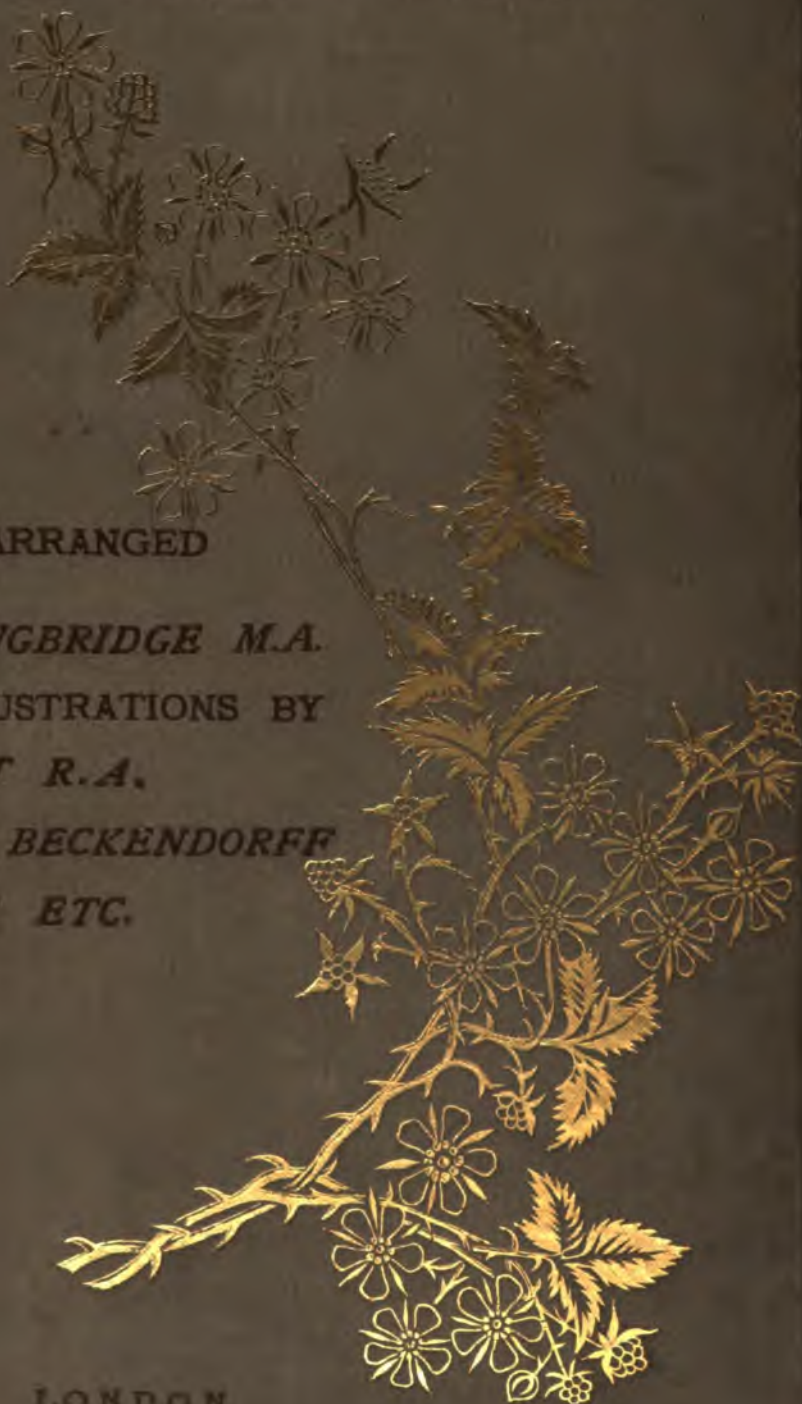
REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE M.A.

WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS BY

J. R. HERBERT R.A.

BARONESS MARIE VON BECKENDORFF

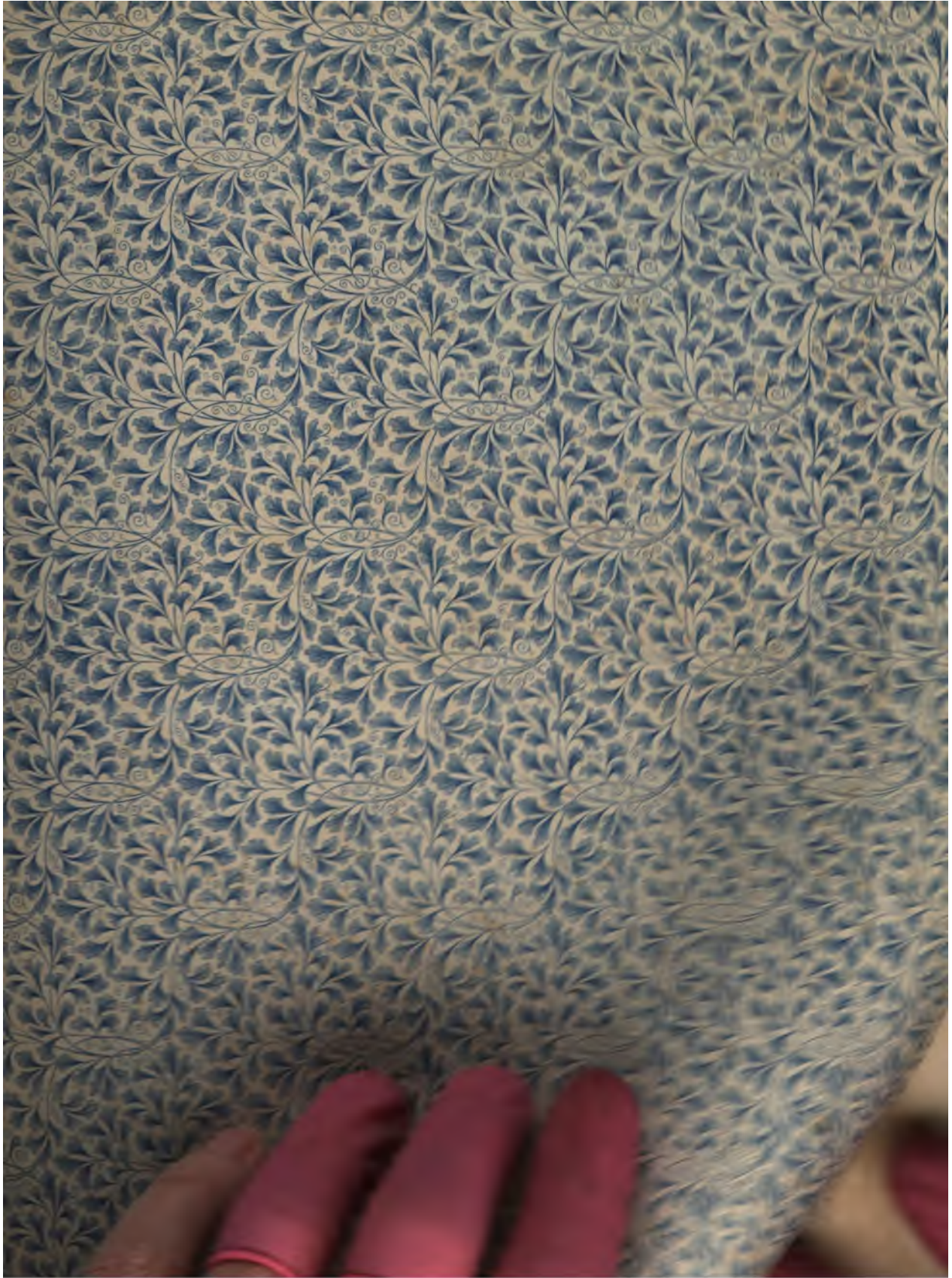
ALICE SQUIRE ETC.



LONDON

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS







600050621K





[RAPHAEL TULL AND SONS.]

[Painted by J. McISYRE.]

" Only the robin pipes his song,
The cheerier for the cold."

Page 29

THE
TABLETS OF THE HEART:

Poems, Rhymes, and Aphorisms,

DOMESTIC, SOCIAL, COMPLIMENTARY, AND AMATORY.

*CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR, EASTER, BIRTHDAYS, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE,
MARRIAGE, BIRTH, BEREAVEMENT.*

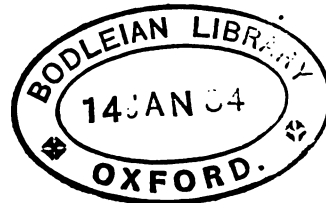
SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," "GASLIGHT AND STARS," ETC.

WITH TEN COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS BY

J. R. HERBERT, R.A., ALICE SQUIRE, BARONESS MARIE VON BECKENDORFF,
HERBERT J. ALLCHIN, J. McINTYRE, Etc.



LONDON:
RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS,
COLEMAN STREET, E.C.

1883.

2805. d. 1.

Go, little Book. The old and wise
Will greet thee with suspicious eyes,
With stare, or furtive frown ;
But here and there some golden maid
May like thee . . . thou'lt not be afraid
Of young eyes, blue or brown.

T. B. ALDRICH.

TO

GEORGE FRANCIS ARMSTRONG, M.A., D.LIT.,

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK, AND FELLOW OF
THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND,

Author of "Ugone," "The Tragedy of Israel," and "A Garland from Greece,"

I Dedicate these Pages,

WITH HEARTY GRATITUDE AND GENUINE ADMIRATION.

F. L.

When, as is usually done in the case of Authors still living or recently deceased, the source from which an extract is taken is given, the reference is merely meant to indicate the best or most popular form in which the work containing the particular extract can be obtained.

P R E F A C E.

THE present collection was originally intended to form nothing more than a *répertoire* of what, for want of a single comprehensive epithet, I must describe as amatory, complimentary, and social verses—verses suitable to those rather numerous “occasions” which it is now becoming usual, or at least common, to celebrate by sending card-souvenirs to one’s friends.

That intention has never been lost sight of, and, in addition to a large number of available extracts from the works of poets more or less celebrated, this volume contains many little pieces written with the sole object of their being made to do duty on Christmas, New Year, Valentine, Easter, Birthday, Wedding, and Condolence cards. All these verses are the copyright of the Publishers of this volume, and many of them are now printed for the first time. In the case of these unpretending bits of rhyme, I must ask the reader to indulgently pardon the iteration—not quite, I trust, *usque ad nauseam*—of the names of some three or four authors.

It is now becoming common to issue card-designs both with and without verses printed on the back. In the performance of a mere social formality, where facility is the chief desideratum, those bearing the ready-made verses will no doubt be preferred. When, however, it is desired to individualize the sending of a card—to convert it into a really friendly and personal greeting—it is humbly suggested that that object may be attained by inscribing on the back of the card, in the sender’s own handwriting, a few lines of verse such as this collection supplies in ample measure.

But the book has altogether outgrown its original design. The present volume can hardly be without interest to the ordinary reader, how remote soever his intention may be from sending a copy of verses. It covers pretty well, and

covers almost exclusively, the whole of social and domestic life, and thus fills a niche in our handbook-literature too long vacant. The reader will not expect an uniformly high literary standard, the maintenance of such being obviously incompatible with the foregoing history of the growth of the book.

Of nearly fifteen hundred extracts which the collection embraces, only a very small number has been previously included in Anthologies. I have hardly touched the drama, and have passed somewhat lightly over our older poetic literature. From the parterres of poets of the present century, and especially from those of poets still living, whether well-known, less known, little known, or unknown, I have culled profusely, but not, I trust, recklessly. One of my most gratifying reflections, in bringing to a close the labour of eighteen months, is that this book may serve to convince persons only slightly acquainted with contemporary poetry of the wonderful richness of the mine, and that by exhibiting these sample nuggets I may induce some few of my readers to go and dig for themselves. For the absence from the list of authors of the great names of Tennyson and Thackeray, and of one or two others that will naturally be looked for, the Editor is not responsible.

Objectionable in principle as I consider the process of "extracting" from a poem—a process wherein the true extract or essence is very frequently lost—I have been compelled in the present case to have recourse to it. Without it, it would have been simply impossible to illustrate the several subjects with any approach to adequacy. My plan has been, at the risk of some appearance of scrappiness and incongruity, to let the comic and the tragic tread on one another's heels, just as they do in the commonplace book, and just as they do in the commonplace world—to let complete poems and brief aphoristic bits stand side by side. I believe that this method, or absence of method, will be found to impart to these pages piquancy and variety more than compensating for any loss of literary tone. Any inconvenience in reference and selection that the plan might have involved is obviated by a rough system of classification which a glance at the Table of Contents will serve to make clear.

Throughout the progress of the compilation, I have received from Authors and Publishers almost uniform courtesy, and, in not a few cases, much more than

courtesy. My obligations are generally acknowledged within the body of the work, but I must not in this place omit to thank Sir Henry Taylor, Mr. Theodore Watts, Dr. Gordon Hake, Dean Plumtre, Professor Dowden, Professor Armstrong, Mr. Somerville Gibney, Mr. Charles Kent, the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. W. A. Gibbs, Miss Mary Rowles, the Rev. A. R. Eagar, Mr. Herbert E. Clarke, Miss Christina G. Rossetti, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton, Miss H. M. Burnside, Mr. Eden Hooper, the Rev. T. Ashe, Mr. Astley H. Baldwin, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Fannie Rochat, Miss Fanny Forrester, Miss A. Cazenove, and Miss Maria Havergal, the representative of the late Canon Havergal, for their kind contribution to my pages of poems hitherto unpublished; and Dean Gwynn, Professor Armstrong, Dr. Gordon Hake, and Mr. George Barlow for counsel and help ungrudgingly given.

In a compilation containing nearly 1500 extracts, and representing more than 350 authors, it is possible that proprietorship of copyright may, in one or two cases, have been overlooked. I wish, therefore, by anticipation to tender my apologies for any inadvertent act of trespass. On being informed of unacknowledged obligations, I shall be only too glad to declare them in future editions of this book.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

September, 1883.

ORIGINAL AND COPYRIGHT POEMS.

THE following list comprises (1) original poems kindly contributed to these pages by various authors; and (2) verses written by the Editor and some four or five associates for the express and sole purpose of accompanying souvenir-cards. Many, but not all, of these latter pieces are now printed for the first time, while all are the copyright of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, the Publishers of this volume.

	PAGE
"Old Christmas, the magician"	<i>Eden Hooper</i> 4
"I deem the rose can ne'er decay"	<i>Eden Hooper</i> 8
"Peace be thine, dear ! bitter feud"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 18
"Allow me to present a Diary"	<i>Eden Hooper</i> 19
"I sought my thoughts to telegraph"	<i>Eden Hooper</i> 20
"Oh, little children with bright Christmas faces"	<i>H. M. Burnside</i> 21
"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 24
"The winter night sets in"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 30
"A narrowing circle year by year"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 35
"Through the long night, and through the hush"	<i>Eden Hooper</i> 39
"Don't you love the mistletoe?"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 39
"What will thy baby hands, O Year, unfold?"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 55
"Noiseless and fleet as a bird"	<i>H. M. Burnside</i> 56
The Silent River	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 56
"The days roll on, the years speed past"	<i>H. M. Burnside</i> 59
"Swiftly the days and the years go by"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 63
Sprays	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 64
"A new-coin'd year," etc., etc.	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 65
"Vain the tale of mortal years"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 66
"As they who gaze with straining sight"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 70
"I am the resurrection and the life"	<i>H. M. Burnside</i> 73
"Lo, death's firstfruits are gather'd in to-day"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 73
"Lo, over the hearts of us all"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 74
"They meet in secret and in fear"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 75
"Not only from that grave new-made"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 75
"He knew them all"	<i>H. M. Burnside</i> 75
"Whenever by sense of ours"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 75
"They came through anguish and moan"	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 79

	PAGE
" O Brother, think ! "	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 80
" O ye that mourn the first and best "	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 80
" The way He trod," etc., etc.	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 80
Dangerous Playthings	<i>Somerville Gibney</i> 90
Two Kisses	<i>Alexander R. Eagar</i> 100
Stop Thief!	<i>Christina G. Rossetti</i> 101
A Dream *	<i>Theodore Watts</i> 106
Volupsa's Hymn	<i>Thomas Gordon Hake</i> 107
What <i>is</i> Love?	<i>Eden Hooper</i> 114
Fruition	<i>Thomas Ashe</i> 122
" Love not, love not ! " ah, false song !	<i>Eden Hooper</i> 135
Why I love you	<i>H. M. Burnside</i> 136
Severed	<i>Mary Rowles</i> 165
Sundered	<i>William Barnes</i> 165
Don't you think so ?	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 175
" Pure is the Temple wherein Love doth dwell "	<i>E. H. Plumtre</i> 208
" Yes, take your way upon the path of life "	<i>E. H. Plumtre</i> 208
Nuptial Grace	<i>W. H. Havergal</i> 211
The Summit	<i>Edward Dowden</i> 218
" Listen ! I'll tell you what I think is best "	<i>Thomas Ashe</i> 229
To Ascanio C. H. Tealdi	<i>Sir Henry Taylor</i> 236
To Amy—my Youngest	<i>Charles Kent</i> 245
A Duplicate	<i>Thomas Ashe</i> 247
" Though laid aside the lute "	<i>Eden Hooper</i> 260
" Peace crown thy outward lot "	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 260
" Neath happy stars "	<i>Eden Hooper</i> 261
" Into mid-heaven's azure deeps "	<i>Fannie Rochat</i> 262
" Blossoms bright and gay, dear "	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 262
" What soul could dream of better bliss ? "	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 263
" Take my greeting, friend "	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 264
" Dancing and dreaming, darkling and gleaming "	<i>Frederick Langbridge</i> 265
A Farewell	<i>Mary A. Roberts</i> 265
Past and Future	<i>George Francis Armstrong</i> 271
" Many a greeting glad "	<i>Astley H. Baldwin</i> 274
" Day of my Darling's birth ! "	<i>Fanny Forrester</i> 274
" Who guards your Birthday more than I ? "	<i>Eden Hooper</i> 274
" I hail your day of birth, dear friend "	<i>Samuel Carter Hall</i> 274
" Your birthday ! take the flowers I bring "	<i>Samuel Carter Hall</i> 275
May your morning of Life be fresh and fair	<i>Fannie Rochat</i> 275

* I esteem it a great privilege to be allowed to introduce to the public, in a volume of a popular kind like the present, Mr. Watts's exquisite sonnet. It will interest my readers to know that it was enthusiastically admired by Dante Rossetti,—who indeed pronounced it to be the finest sonnet in the language.—F. L.

	PAGE
Death's Requital	<i>Herbert E. Clarke</i> . . . 296
Winter and Death	<i>Herbert E. Clarke</i> . . . 297
The Phantom Ship	<i>Eugene Lee-Hamilton</i> . . . 297
Death	<i>Alexander R. Eagar</i> . . . 316
Death	<i>Mary Rowles</i> 320
Life	<i>Mary Rowles</i> 320
Old Age	<i>Alexander R. Eagar</i> . . . 320
The Path of Death	<i>George Barlow</i> 321
"There is a bond of brotherhood in tears".	<i>Alexander R. Eagar</i> . . . 322
"I had a vision, and I saw the glory"	<i>Alexander R. Eagar</i> . . . 322
"Why fear we death?"	<i>Alexander R. Eagar</i> . . . 323
The Rainbow	<i>William Sharp</i> 323
Alice	<i>Mary Rowles</i> 340
Pain	<i>W. A. Gibbs</i> 374

CONTENTS.

CHRISTMAS.

	PAGE
I. LEGENDS, STORIES, CAROLS, FANCIES, AND GREETINGS	3
II. WINTER PICTURES	25
III. CHRISTMAS SEEN THROUGH MANY PAIRS OF SPECTACLES	32

NEW YEAR.

REFLECTIONS, COUNSELS, AND CONGRATULATIONS	55
--	----

EASTER.

A WREATH OF EASTER DAISIES	73
--------------------------------------	----

LOVE AND COURTSHIP.

I. LOVE AND LOVERS	87
II. PRO AMORE: IN AMOREM	108
III. FIRST LOVE	123
IV. LOVE-MAKING SIMPLIFIED	127
V. LOVE LOYAL	143
VI. AMANTIUM IRÆ	154
VII. "NO, THANK YOU, JOHN"	158
VIII. PARTED	162
IX. WOODED AND WON	173

MARRIAGE.

	PAGE
I. "ALL YE THAT INTEND"	185
II. THOUGHTS, FANCIES, AND HOMILIES	192
III. SOME WEDDING PICTURES	197
IV. THE HAPPY PAIR	206
V. "AFTER YEARS OF LIFE TOGETHER"	212

BIRTH AND BABYHOOD.

I. ACT I. SCENE I.	233
II. BAPTISMAL HYMNS	243
III. LITTLE CHILDREN	245

FRIENDSHIP.

I. DEFINITIONS, DESCRIPTIONS, AND DISSERTATIONS	251
II. GREETINGS, CONGRATULATIONS, AND VALEDICTIONS	260

BIRTHDAYS.

A GARLAND OF GREETINGS	271
----------------------------------	-----

BEREAVEMENT AND AFFLICTION.

I. THE GREAT RIDDLE, AND HOW IT HAS BEEN ANSWERED	281
II. FUNERAL PICTURES	328
III. THE ACHING VOID	337
IV. GATHERED SNOWDROPS	342
V. FAR BETTER	347
VI. TREASURE IN HEAVEN	358
VII. THY WILL BE DONE	363
VIII. THE BLESSEDNESS OF SUFFERING	370

2

CHRISTMAS.

5

I.

LEGENDS, STORIES, CAROLS, FANCIES, AND
GREETINGS.

“ God rest ye, merry gentlemen ; let nothing you dismay.”

OLD CAROL.

A WINTER'S TALE.

So late ! and all the passers gone,
So cold the snowy street,
The little flower-girl wandered lone
With bare and weary feet.
So tired ! the winds are loud and bleak,
Down drops her little head ;
She sleeps ! the tears are on her cheek,—
Her violets are dead.
Soft ! soft ! the Christmas morn grows bright,
The winds no more are wild,
There comes all clad in golden light
A little angel-child.
He stopped and marked that cold, cold place,
He saw her down-dropt head,
The poor thin hands, the tear-stained face,—
Her violets are dead.

Upon her head and eyelids wet,
His hands he gently laid,
Then touched each withered violet,
And blest the little maid,
Then passed away : the glad bells broke
Upon the frosty air,
The little flower-girl turned and woke—
Her flowers are fresh and fair !

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

A MOVING APPEAL.

WHAT shall we do, I want to know ?
What shall we do, I wonder ?

It really *is* the mistletoe,
And here we're standing under !
I never was in such a fix—
You see I'm blushing, don't you ?
Boys *are* so rude—you know their tricks—
You'll promise not to, won't you ?
My brother Harry talks such stuff—
I feel inclined to whip him ;
He says a boy's an “ awful muff ”
To let such chances slip him.
It is so horrid being kiss'd—
Excepting by your brother ;
Well, if you *will*, I can't resist ;
Oh, don't ; why *not* another !

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

A CHRISTMAS ODE TO THE GOOSE.

THE eagle, sov'reign of the skies,
Let others sing, with praise profuse,
More justly shall my lay arise
In grateful homage to the Goose.
Did flesh of eagle ever grace
A feast throughout the whole year's cycle ?
While goose at Christmas holds proud place,
And favour finds with great St. Michael.

And was't the bird of Jove whose cries
Saved Jove's own temple from the foe ?
No :—'twas the goose that made the noise,
And let Rome's guards the danger know.

So thus, the goose high place may claim
 In cause domestic or heroic,
 In this she holds a classic fame,
 In that, her claim might move a Stoic.

In soaring contest for the sky
 The eagle easily would beat her,
 But goose, in question of "supply,"
 Would win:—majorities would eat her.

The eagle has a bolder heart
 And wing, to scorn the hunter's quiver,
 But—oh!—upon the other part,
 Just think upon the goose's liver!

Could Strasbourg hold her point of pride
 Upon the apex of her steeple?
 No! pâté foie gras has supplied
 Her source of glory to most people.

And then the diners, "greatly daring,"
 Who gorge on goose at mighty feast,
 And prove (for decency uncaring)
 A bird can make a man a beast.

And after the profuse repast,
 Whose feathers make the needful bed?
 And (on the pliant pillow cast)
 Whose down supports the aching head?

Why, *thine*, brave goose, whose double dower
 Of savoury meat and ample feather
 Supplies, in plenitude of power,
 The ailment and the cure together.

So, let the Goose be honoured all
 Throughout the future, past, and present,
 And ever grace my Christmas hall!!!—
 (Unless some friend should send a pheasant).

SAMUEL LOVER.

Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

[I am indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. G. Routledge
 and Sons for permission to include in this volume several
 extracts from the poems of Samuel Lover.]

~~~~~  
 OLD Christmas, the magician,  
 That conjuror sublime,  
 Has worked an imposition  
 And cheated Father Time!

For lo, the arch-benumber,  
 Jack Frost, has taken wing—  
 Kind thoughts have brought the summer,  
 Fair hopes awaked the spring!

EDEN HOOPER.

~~~~~  
 SKATES AND LIFE.

THE frost was hard, the sky was clear,
 The ground like iron plates;
 I got my tin on Saturday,
 And bought a pair of skates.

I bought a pair of patent skates,
 The "Art of Skating" too;
 Which took a pretty tidy lump
 From off my weekly screw.

I took them home, and in my boots
 I drill'd a pair of holes;
 And tried the little spikes upon
 My gutta-percha soles.

Into my nobby walking-stick
 I stuck an iron nail,
 And practised walking with a chair,
 By holding on the rail.

I sat up late to read the "Art,"
 It wasn't very long;
 And when I'd learnt it off, I vowed
 Next morn to come out strong.

I went to bed, but told them first
 To call me up at six;
 I dreamt all night of flying round
 Upon the ice like bricks.

I dreamt of joining in quadrilles,
 Of cutting Figure Eight,—
 I dreamt I cut all others out,
 I went at such a rate.

But when I came to Figure Eight
 A knock came at my door;
 I found that Figure Six was come,
 And I must sleep no more.

I started up and donned my clothes,
 I comb'd and brush'd my hair;
 I didn't stop to shave myself,
 But bolted down the stair.

I bolted down my breakfast, next—
The coffee burnt my throat—
I didn't mind—I took my hat,
And button'd on my coat.

I seized my skates—unlock'd the door—
Undid the heavy chain—
Drew back the bolt—and found myself—
Where? *Standing in the rain!*

The frost was done—and so was I—
The air no more was raw ;
But all around was damp, and slush,
And mist, and fog, and thaw.

The milkman paddled through the streets,
A sack was o'er his head !
I wish'd I hadn't bought my skates,
And went upstairs to bed.

Moral.

How often in this troubled world
Of sorrow and of sin,
Short-sighted Man will buy his skates
Just as the thaw sets in !

ROBERT B. BROUGH.
A Cracker Bon-Bon. (S. French.)

~~~~~  
THE HOLLY'S TEACHING.

RUSTED are the golden leaves,  
From the blossoms trooping,  
Gone the sparrows from the eaves,  
Rooks from elm-tops swooping :  
Gleamy morns bring gloomy days,  
To lurid sunsets tending ;  
Snow-drifts whiten woods and ways,—  
So the year is ending.

But though winds despoil, and snows  
Hill and hollow deaden,  
Wide the beacon Holly glows.  
Bright its berries redden ;

Clear as with outspoken word  
Hopeful comfort lending :  
" Though the years die, hath the Lord  
Of the dead years ending ? "

WILLIAM SAWYER.  
*Legend of Phyllis.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
THE WASSAIL SONG.

HERE we come a wassailing,
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a wandering,
So fair to be seen.

Chorus.

Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you
A happy New Year.

Our wassail-cup is made
Of the rosemary tree,
And so is your beer
Of the best barley.

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbour's children
Whom you have seen before.

Good master and mistress,
As you sit by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who are wandering in the mire.

We have a little purse
Made of ratching leather skin ;
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.

Call up the Butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring ;
Let him bring us a glass of beer,
And the better we shall sing.

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth ;
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,
And some of your Christmas loaf.

God bless the Master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too ;
And all the little children
That round the table go.

Chorus.

Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you
A happy New Year.

TRADITIONAL.

~~~~~  
SANTA CLAUS.

A HEALTH to good old Santa Claus,  
And to his reindeer bold,  
Whose hoofs are shod with eider-down,  
Whose horns are tipped with gold.

He comes from utmost fairyland  
Across the wintry snows ;  
He makes the fir-tree and the spruce  
To blossom like the rose.

Over the quaint old gables,  
Over the windy ridge,  
By turret wall and chimney tall,  
He guides his fairy sledge ;

Along the sleeping house-tops  
Its silver runners trend,  
All loaded down with wonder-books  
And tales without an end.

He tells us of the yule-log  
That blazed in Saxon halls ;  
Of the marchpane and the mistletoe  
And the minstrel's merry calls ;

Of Christmas candles burning bright  
In ages long ago ;  
Those long, dark ages when the world  
Turned round so very slow.

He comes from utmost fairyland  
Across the wintry snows ;  
He makes the fir-tree and the spruce  
To blossom like the rose.

He lingers till the Christmas bells,  
With sweet and solemn chime,  
Come sounding o'er the centuries  
Through years of war and crime.

He steals upon the slumbers  
Of little rose-lipped girls,  
And lays his waxen dollies down  
Beside their golden curls.

He scatters blessings on his way  
And sugar-coated plums.  
He robs the sluggard of his rest  
With trumpets, guns, and drums.

Small feet, before the dawn of day,  
Are marching to and fro,  
Drums beat to arms through all the house  
And penny trumpets blow.

A health to brave old Santa Claus,  
And to his reindeer bold,  
Whose hoofs are shod with eider-down  
Whose horns are tipped with gold.

Ring out, ring out, sweet Christmas bells !  
Ring loud and silver clear !  
Ring peace on earth, good will to man,  
Till all the world shall hear.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

~~~~~  
COAL (D) DEFIED.

THE price of coal is very high,
And will be higher still
(At least, if doubting when to buy,
They tell me that it will) ;
Though others use them as of old,
I, certainly, for one,
Will not submit to being coaled
At forty bob the ton.

A ton, some centuries ago,
Was twenty hundredweight ;
But weights and measures are, you know,
Diminishing of late.
It takes, I fancy, something more
Than six or seven ton
To fill a cellar which of yore
Accommodated one.

When coals became absurdly dear,
And cooks were out of date,
I got a certain auctioneer
To sell my kitchen grate ;

The cook began to find it slow,
And left the other day
(She taught me salad-making though,
Before she went away).

I found it troublesome enough
To eat my dinner raw,
Because the meat was rather tough,
And hard upon the jaw.
However, suffer me to say,
It's comforting to know
That in some regions far away
They like it better so.

I've heard of men with hearts of oak
Denied to common men ;
I've seen a lion-tamer stroke
A lion in his den.
I never did a daring feat,
I am not over bold ;
And never had the pluck to eat
Australian mutton cold.

Though fuel can be done without
In summer, when it's hot,
There comes a query :—how about
The winter, when it's not ?
This query may be answered, and
The answer is—" Provide
Combustibles," you understand,
To burn at Christmas-tide.

When winter grows severe, and chills
This somewhat sultry clime,
I've quantities of little bills,
Which came from time to time ;
A boot-jack, and a broken chair,
A pair of wooden shoes,
A wooden-leg—(I've one to spare
Besides the one I use).

A paper collar is a thing,
When worn a time or two,
That people usually fling
Away : I never do.
My collars in a collar store
I scrupulously keep :
I've now a hamper full and more
(A hamper holds a heap).

I mean, at length, to burn the planks
Which constitute the floor,
And manuscript "declined with thanks,"
Some dozen reams or more ;
Besides varieties of stuff
Too numerous to state,
And amply numerous enough
To fill my parlour grate.

The price of coals is very high,
And will be higher still ;
But, individually, I,
Can smile, and smile I will.
Though others buy them as of old,
I, certainly, for one,
Will do without them till they're sold
At twenty bob the ton.

EDWIN HAMILTON.
Dublin Doggerels. (McGee, Dublin.)

CHRISTMAS GREETING FROM A FAIRY
TO A CHILD.

LADY dear, if fairies may
For a moment lay aside
Cunning tricks and elfish play,
'Tis at happy Christmas-tide.

We have heard the children say—
Gentle children whom we love—
Long ago on Christmas Day
Came a message from above.

Still as Christmas-time comes round,
They remember it again—
Echo still the joyful sound,
"Peace on earth, good will to men !"

Yet the hearts must child-like be
Where such heavenly guests abide :
Unto children in their glee
All the year is Christmas-tide !

So forgetting tricks and play
For a moment, lady dear,
We would wish you, if we may,
Merry Christmas, glad new year !

LEWIS CARROLL.
Phantasmagoria. (Macmillan.)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Lo ! a star, ye sages hoary ;
 Lo ! a wondrous star above :
 He is born, the King of Glory—
 He, our wondrous Star of Love.
 Lord of Life, Redeemer, Master !
 Loud the shepherds' welcome rolls ;
 He is born, the people's Pastor,
 He, the Shepherd of our souls.
 He, a child, and earth obeys Him ;
 Kings to Him their tributes give :
 Rise, ye dead in sin, and praise Him—
 He is born that ye may live.
 In Thy lowly manger lying,
 Prince of Might and Majestic,
 Keep, O keep us, living, dying,
 Humble, lowly, meek, like Thee.
 When from earth we fail to borrow
 Peace for heart and souls oppress'd,
 Child of sorrows, heal our sorrow ;
 Spirit, give our spirits rest.
 Let all evil past behaviour
 In Thy love forgotten be :
 May our souls, O gentle Saviour,
 Be this day new-born with Thee.

S. K. COWAN.

The Murmur of the Shells. (McCaw, Belfast.)

THE shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?
 My God, no hymn for Thee ?
 My soul's a shepherd too : a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is Thy word ; the streams, Thy grace
 Enriching all the place.

GEORGE HERBERT.

THE ROBIN.

IT was a little robin-bird.
 Who sang a song within his nest,
 The sweetest song I ever heard,
 And so I loved that robin best.
 But in my heart it was a pain
 I had not seen that robin fly ;
 Within his nest he did remain,
 And sang to the approving sky.

I knew there was a rosy light
 That nestled 'neath his russet wing,
 And I was sure his eyes were bright,
 And that he was a pretty thing.
 Alas, he ever hid from me,
 Though still he chanted sweet and strong ;
 But if I might that robin see,
 I almost could resign his song.

Through pleasant spring and summer days
 That cruel robin hid away ;
 And I could only gaze and gaze,
 And listen to his roundelay.
 But when the world was cold and white,
 And we must feed and clothe the poor,
 My heart stood still in mere delight,
 To see the robin at my door.

I took the choicest crumbs of all,
 Fearing each moment he might go ;
 With timid hand I let them fall,
 And fed the robin in the snow.
 While on his wishes I attend,
 He makes no signal to depart,
 He seems so sure I am a friend,
 And trusts in me with all his heart.

I see a promise in his eye
 That he will never give me pain ;
 And when the spring is in the sky,
 He will not hide from me again.
 He feeds so kindly from my hands,
 And he is such a faithful bird,
 That I am sure he understands
 A robin cannot break his word.

A., one of the Authors of *Poems written for a Child.*

I DEEM the rose can ne'er decay—
 Her crimson dyes, when summer's fled,
 Are used, in Nature's mystic way,
 To paint the berries fairer red :
 The soul of joy is all too bright
 To vanish, though the sun departs :
 From roses red, from berries light,
 Let this be shed on Christmas hearts !

EDEN HOOPER.

AT A PANTOMIME.

BY A BILIOUS ONE.

AN Actor sits in doubtful gloom,
His stock-in-trade unfurled,
In a damp funereal dressing-room.
In the Theatre Royal, World.

He comes to town at Christmas-time,
And braves its icy breath,
To play in that favourite pantomime,
"Harlequin Life and Death."

A hoary flowing wig his weird
Unearthly cranium caps,
He hangs a long benevolent beard
On a pair of empty chaps.

To smooth his ghastly features down
The actor's art he cribs—
A long and a flowing padded gown
Bedecks his rattling ribs.

He cries, "Go on—begin, begin!
Turn on the light of lime—
I'm dressed for jolly Old Christmas, in
A favourite pantomime!"

The curtain's up—the stage all black—
Time and the year nigh sped—
Time as an advertising quack—
The Old Year nearly dead.

The wand of time is waved, and lo!
Revealed Old Christmas stands,
And little children chuckle and crow,
And laugh and clap their hands.

The cruel old scoundrel brightens up
At the death of the Olden Year,
And he waves a gorgeous golden cup,
And bids the world good cheer.

The little ones hail the festive King—
No thought can make them sad.
Their laughter comes with a sounding ring,
They clap and crow like mad!

They only see in the humbug old
A holiday every year,
And handsome gifts, and joys untold,
And unaccustomed cheer.

The old ones, palsied, blear, and hoar,
Their breasts in anguish beat—
They've seen him seventy times before,
How well they know the cheat!
They've seen that ghastly pantomime,
They've felt its blighting breath,
They know that rollicking Christmas-time
Meant Cold and Want and Death,—

Starvation, Poor Law Union fare,
And deadly cramps and chills,
And illness—illness everywhere,
And crime, and Christmas bills.

They know Old Christmas well, I ween,
Those men of ripened age;
They've often, often, often seen
That Actor off the stage!

They see in his gay rotundity
A clumsy stuffed-out dress,
They see in the cup he waves on high
A tinselled emptiness.

Those aged men so lean and wan,
They've seen it all before,
They know they'll see the charlatan
But twice or three times more.

And so they bear with dance and song,
And crimson foil and green.
They wearily sit, and grimly long
For the Transformation Scene.

W. S. GILBERT

The "Bab" Ballads. (Routledge.)

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL.

JOSEPH was an old man,
An old man was he;
He married sweet Mary,
The Queen of Galilee.

As they went a walking
In the garden so gay,
Maid Mary spied cherries
Hanging over yon tree.

Mary said to Joseph,
With her sweet lips so mild,
"Pluck those cherries, Joseph,
For to give to my Child."

"O then," replied Joseph,
 With words so unkind,
 "I will pluck no cherries,
 For to give to thy Child."
 Mary said to cherry-tree,
 "Bow down to my knee,
 That I may pluck cherries,
 By one, two, and three."
 The uppermost sprig then
 Bowed down to her knee :
 "Thus you may see, Joseph,
 These cherries are for me."
 "O eat your cherries, Mary,
 O eat your cherries now,
 O eat your cherries, Mary,
 That grow upon the bough."
 As Joseph was a walking
 He heard Angels sing,
 "This night there shall be born
 Our heavenly King.
 He neither shall be born
 In house nor in hall,
 Nor in the place of Paradise,
 But in an ox-stall.
 He shall not be clothed
 In purple nor pall ;
 But all in fair linen,
 As wear babies all.
 He shall not be rockèd
 In silver nor gold,
 But in a wooden cradle
 That rocks on the mould.
 He neither shall be christened
 In milk nor in wine,
 But in pure spring-well water,
 Fresh sprung from Bethine."
 Mary took her baby,
 She dressed him so sweet,
 She laid him in a manger
 All there for to sleep.
 As she stood over Him
 She heard Angels sing,
 "Oh ; bless our dear Saviour,
 Our heavenly King."

TRADITIONAL

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

It chanced upon the merry merry Christmas eve,
 I went sighing past the church across the moor-
 land dreary—
 "Oh ! never sin and want and woe this earth will
 leave,
 And the bells but mock the wailing round, they
 sing so cheery.
 How long, O Lord ! how long before Thou come
 again ?
 Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland
 dreary
 The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor
 men toil in vain,
 Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christ-
 mas bells be cheery."
 Then arose a joyous clamour from the wild-fowl
 on the mere,
 Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear
 bells ringing,
 And a voice within cried—"Listen ! Christmas
 carols even here !
 Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the
 stars and snows are singing.
 Blind ! I live, I love, I reign ; and all the nations
 through
 With the thunder of my judgments even now are
 ringing ;
 Do thou fulfil thy work but as yon wild-fowl do,
 Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear
 through it angels singing."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Poems. (Macmillan.)

[My extracts from Kingsley's Poems are given by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.]

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O LOVELY voices of the sky,
 That hymned the Saviour's birth !
 Are ye not singing still on high,
 Ye that sang "Peace on earth" ?
 To us yet speak the strains
 Wherewith, in days gone by,
 Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
 O voices of the sky !

O clear and shining light ! whose beams
 That hour heaven's glory shed
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the shepherd's head ;
 Be near, through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
 O clear and shining light !

O star ! which led to Him whose love
 Brought down man's ransom free ;
 Where art thou ?—'Midst the hosts above,
 May we still gaze on Thee ?
 In heaven Thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth might not dim—
 Send them to guide us yet,
 O star which led to Him !

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

'THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
 Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring ;
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

JOHN MILTON.

Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

AT Yule-tide, as the story tells,
 There comes a gentle Angel-child,
 From far-off lands, where no man dwells,
 Across the northern waters wild.

And, passing down the sleeping street,
 It cleaves the night with noiseless tread,
 White raiment to the bare white feet,
 Gold halo round the golden head.

It bends above the sleeping heads
 Of peer and peasant, slaves and kings ;
 Sweet thoughts, and sinless slumber sheds,
 And happy dreams of heavenly things.

O never, with its angel face,
 May that sweet comer pass us by !
 O Christ-Child, look on us in grace,
 And bless us where we sleeping lie !

F. E. WEATHERLY.

IN ages past the Eastern Star
 Guided the wise men from afar ;
 We ask no star to guide us now,
 The Cross of Christ is on our brow.

No gold or spices need we bring,
 Low bending, like an eastern king ;
 We give our hearts to greet the morn
 On which the Saviour Christ was born.

In ages past the Angels sung,
 The sky with heavenly music rung ;
 We need no Angel Choir to sing,
 We Christians carol to our King.

"Glory to God ! good will to men,"
 Is Christmas music now as then ;
 What greater gift has God to give ?
 He gave His Son—that we may live.

A. CAZENOVE.

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

THE quiet day in winter beauty closes,
 And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,
 As if the blushes of our faded roses
 Came back to tint this sombre Christmas sky.

A lonely crow floats o'er the upland ranges,
 A robin carols from the chestnut-tree ;
 The voice that changes not amid our changes
 Sounds faintly from the melancholy sea.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly,
 Dies the last gleam upon the lone hill-side,
 And in the stillness, growing deep and holy,
 Our Christmas guests come in this eventide.

They enter softly ; some with baby faces
 Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on
 life ;
 We bid them welcome to their vacant places,
 They won the peace, and never knew the strife.

And some with earnest glances meet us gravely,
 Their hands point backward to the paths they
 trod ;
 Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled bravely,
 And died upon the battle-field of God !
 And some are here whose patient souls were
 riven
 By our harsh words, and looks of cold disdain ;
 Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven
 Ye come to visit our dark world again ;
 But One there is, more kind than any other,
 Whose presence fills the silent house with
 light ;
 The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother
 Comes to His birthday feast with us to-night.
 Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger,
 Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and
 rest ;
 O best Beloved, come not as a stranger,
 But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas
 guest.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

~~~~~  
 A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

OLD STYLE.

It was the calm and silent night !—  
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
 Had Rome been growing up to might,  
 And now was Queen of land and sea !  
 No sound was heard of clashing wars,—  
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;  
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night !  
 The senator of haughty Rome,  
 Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,  
 From lordly revel rolling home.  
 Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell  
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;  
 What recked the Roman what befell  
 A paltry province far away,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away  
 Went plodding home a weary boor ;  
 A streak of light before him lay,  
 Fallen through a half-shut stable door  
 Across his path. He passed—for nought  
 Told what was going on within ;  
 How keen the stars ! his only thought ;  
 The air how calm, and cold, and thin,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago !  
 Oh, strange indifference ! low and high  
 Drowsed over common joys and cares ;  
 The earth was still,—but knew not why ;  
 The world was listening—unawares !  
 How calm a moment may precede  
 One that shall thrill the world for ever !  
 To that still moment none would heed,  
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night !  
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
 The darkness, charmed and holy *Now !*  
 The night that erst no name had won,  
 To it a happy name is given ;  
 For in that stable lay, new-born,  
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago.

ALFRED DOMETT.

*Flotsam and Jetsam.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 SHE fell asleep on Christmas eve :
 At length the long-ungranted shade
 Of weary eyelids overweigh'd
 The pain nought else might yet relieve.
 Our mother, who had leaned all day
 Over the bed from chime to chime,
 Then raised herself for the first time,
 And as she sat her down, did pray.
 Her little work-table was spread
 With work to finish. For the glare
 Made by her candle, she had care
 To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin ;
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fire-shine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank ;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling
years
Heard in each hour, crept off ; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat :
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled : no other noise than that.

“Glory unto the Newly Born !”
So, as said angels, she did say ;
Because we were in Christmas Day,
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long-watched-for rest !

She stopped an instant, calm, and turned ;
But suddenly turned back again ;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word :
There was none spoken ; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept ;
And both my arms fell, and I said,
“God knows I knew that she was dead.”
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
A little after twelve o'clock,
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
“Christ's blessing on the newly born !”

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Poems. (Ellis and White.)

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SNOW on the wold it drifteth fast,
And down the ways it is ankle-deep,
And the night is dark and the wind is sore,
And under hedgerows there huddle sheep ;
But ye who wake and wassail hold,
And season yule with gossip's tale,
Unbar, for Jesu's sake, unbar,
We come to drink of your Christmas ale.

Now Goodman Hodge he snoreth bass,
Her wheezy treble snoreth Joan :
And sleepy Hugh laid up in loft,
For love of milking-maid doth groan ;
But door unbar, and chimney pile,
And roasted crab shall hiss in pail,
It lacketh yet an hour to prime,
And we come to taste of your Christmas ale.

'Twas “Glory to God !” the angels sang,
Nathless “good will to man on earth :”
And good is the psalm of praise to Him,
And good, God wot, is Christmas mirth ;
So door unbar, and have no stint,
Good cheer this night it shall prevail,
And roof-tree ring with song amain,
An ye bid us drink of your Christmas ale.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

Ten Miles from Town. (W. Freeman.)

THE MIRACLE OF THE CHRISTMAS
THORN.

THERE were three silly shepherds,
For warmth they clung together,
And for howling of the leopards,
'Mid ewe and lamb and wether :

They watched beside their sheep,
And they sung to ward the sleep,
As they lay beneath the hawthorn in the winter
night.

The bush was bare and sapless,
The sky was dark and spangled,
The earth around lay hapless
By net of frost entangled :
The thorn as they lay under
They spied a sudden wonder,
For the dry bush burgeoned in the winter night.

Ay, all the twigs grew tender
With sudden green, and flowers
Broke out as if to render
Their winter-holt spring-bowers :—
There came a sudden singing,
And a sudden noise of winging,
As the thorn broke into blossom in the winter
night.

“ All peace to peaceful liver,”
The angels sang around them,
Of giving to the givers,
And snap of cords that bound them,
Of a child that lay in manger,
Of a royal unknown stranger,
Of life that raised dead nature in the winter
night.

Oh, flower of utmost purity,
Oh, sweetness past the telling,
Oh, red drops at maturity
From wounded heart outwelling,
The which the points have torn
Of the bitter barren thorn,
That broke into his blossoming that winter night.

Good Joseph from that bower
He cut a staff to stay him,
Which yet doth bud and flower
Where British men did lay him ;
In the West you still may see
Where the hallowed Eastern tree
Grows green and white at Christmas on the very
Christmas night.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.
(Fulgencius.)

THE CAROL OF THE BABE JESUS.

In the bleak December weather,
The gust and the whirling snow,
There was born a little baby,
Long, long ago.

She was far from her own poor dwelling,
And all men she might know,
The maiden that was His mother,
Long, long ago.

She hid her head in a stable,
Where beasts were tied a-row,
And she laid the Child in the manger,
Long, long ago.

Oh, think of the bitter weather,
The gust, and the whirling snow,
And the Baby laid in the manger,
Long, long ago.

“ Now, how did they call this Baby
Was born and cradled so ? ”
It was Christ who came to save us,
Long, long ago.

He left His throne of glory,
His awful pomp and show,
For the love of us poor sinners,
Long, long ago.

He lived a life of labour,
And He died a death of woe,
For the love of us poor sinners,
Long, long ago.

Oh, think of the bitter weather,
The gust, and the whirling snow,
And the Baby laid in the manger,
Long, long ago !

But now He is King of Heaven,
Who once was poor and low ;
Yet He loves us still as He loved us
Long, long ago.

And we pray that His grace may guide us,
And make us holy grow,
As He was, working and praying,
Long, long ago.

And oh in our Christmas comfort,
As we sit in the light and glow,
We think of that houseless Baby,
Long, long ago.

And we pray for all poor outcasts,
When bitter tempests blow,
To Him who was born in the stable,
Long, long ago.

Oh, think of the bitter weather,
The gust, and the whirling snow,
And the Baby laid in the manger,
Long, long ago!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

TUNE—"God rest ye, merry gentlemen."

GOD rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you  
dismay,

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on  
Christmas Day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone  
through the gray,

When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on  
Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you  
affright,

For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this  
happy night;

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping  
lay,

When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on  
Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed  
morn

The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman  
born:

Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He  
takes away;

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on  
Christmas Day.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
GENTLEMAN."

*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

HEAVEN strews the earth with snow,  
That neither friend or foe  
May break the sleep of the fast-dying year;  
A world arrayed in white,  
Late dawns, and shrouded light,  
Attest to us once more that Christmas-tide is here.

Renew our Christmas-tide!  
Let weeping eyes be dried  
Love bloom afresh, bloodshed and frenzy cease!  
And at thy bidding reign,  
As in the heavenly strain,  
Glory to God on high! on earth perpetual peace.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

*Interludes.* (Blackwood.)

~~~~~

THERE is a joy when hearts that beat together,
Sit under blossoming trees when Spring is new;
There is a joy in Summer's sultry weather,
When leafy boughs bend over lovers true;
There is a joy, deep in the autumn heather,
To crouch with one who's all the world to you;
And joy there is, 'mid Winter nights and storms
When gleams the firelight on two happy forms.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

Madonna's Child. (Blackwood.)

~~~~~

LOVE IN WINTER.

BETWEEN the berried holly-bush.  
The Blackbird whistled to the Thrush:  
"Which way did bright-eyed Bella go"—  
"Look, speckle-breast, across the snow,—  
Are those less dainty tracks I see,  
That wind towards the shrubbery?"

The Thristle pecked the berries still:  
"No need for looking, yellow-bill;  
Young Frank was here an hour ago,  
Half-frozen waiting in the snow:  
His callow beard was white with rime,  
Tchuck,—'tis a merry pairing time!"

"What would you?" twittered in the Wren;  
 "These are the reckless ways of men.  
 I watched them bill and coo as though  
 They thought the sign of Spring was snow.  
 If men but timed their loves as we,  
 'Twould save this inconsistency!"

"Nay, gossip," chirped the Robin, "nay,  
 I like their unreflective way.  
 Besides, I heard enough to show  
 Their love is proof against the snow.  
*Why wait, he said, why wait for May,  
 When love can warm a winter's day?"*

AUSTIN DOBSON.  
*Vignettes in Rhyme.* (H. King and Co)

~~~~~

FROM FAR AWAY.

FROM far away we come to you,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 To tell of great tidings strange and true,
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

For as we wandered far and wide,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 What hap do you deem there should us betide?
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

Under a bent when the night was deep,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

"O ye shepherds what have ye seen,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 To slay your sorrow and heal your teen?"
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

In an ox-stall this night we saw,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 A Babe and a Maid without a flaw,
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

There was an old man there beside;
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 His hair was white, and his hood was wide,
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

And as we gazed this thing upon,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 Those twain knelt down to the little One,
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

And a marvellous song we straight did hear,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 That slew our sorrow and healed our care,
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

News of a fair and a marvellous thing,
The snow in the street and the wind on the door,
 Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, we sing!
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.

WILLIAM MORRIS.
The Earthly Paradise. (Ellis and White.)

~~~~~

THE FIVE STARS.

THE stars came sliding from the south,  
 By one, by two, and three;  
 Of love on earth was full great drouth,  
 And careless hand to thankless mouth  
 Set all the lewd menyie.

The stars came sliding up the sky,  
 By three, by four, by five;  
 Each seeking if it might descry  
 The palace where this king should lie:  
 The angels carolled blive.

These stars since first the stars were born  
 They clustered all together,  
 Beneath the new moon's lower horn,  
 Like bees upon a summer thorn,  
 When cloudless was the weather.

The first star was a star of red,  
 It heard an angel sing,  
 "This night a maid in oxen's bed,  
 A queen uncrowned, a wife unwed,  
 Hath borne a mighty King."

The second star was bright and blue,  
 It heard a song above,  
 "On Jesse's root drops down the dew,  
 The budding rod hath bloomed anew,  
 All peace to men of love!"

The third was yellow for to see,  
 It heard the voices tell,  
 "Now standeth in the gate the key,  
 The gates of glory open be :  
 All hail, Emmanuel !"

The fourth it listened in that steven,  
 This star it glittered green :  
 "The Wisdom hath come down from heaven,  
 Now worketh well the saving leaven."  
 Thus sang the choir unseen.

The fifth star was a little star,  
 A voice bespoke it low,  
 "Go forth into that land afar  
 Where in the cave the sleepers are,  
 To guide the sleepers, go !"

The stars they journeyed in a ring,  
 Into the north them gat ;  
 Above a cave they stayed to swing,  
 Where rested first the white dove's wing  
 On holy Ararat.

There were three sleeping in the cave,  
 The night seemed long to them,  
 All listening from their living grave,  
 The three who 'scaped the whelming wave,  
 Good Japhet, Ham, and Shem.

Then up they rose, and on they yode,  
 The stars went on before,  
 A-glittering down the western road ;  
 The stars in Bethlehem abode  
 Above the stable door.

The stars they shaped them to a tree,  
 Slid back to southern lands :  
 They bend above the Peaceful sea,  
 For head and burdened body three,  
 And two for blessing hands.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.  
*Fulgencius.* (Newman).

SING of the manger that cherished a living seed,  
 Whereby we have grown  
 To loathe the life that is lived for a passing need,  
 And by bread alone.

Sing of the hope that has grown to the height of  
 Love,  
 For tho' lowly its birth,  
 It spreads like a flower which drinks in the light  
 from above,  
 With its root in the earth.

Sing of the shepherds, who watching the stars by  
 night,  
 On the silent hill,  
 Heard their witness to order triumphant, to love  
 and delight,  
 "Peace and good-will."

Sing of the Magians who haply had wandered afar,  
 Weary and wild,  
 Ere they heard of the light, and were led by the  
 new-born star  
 To the new-born Child.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

~~~~~  
 A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

MERRILY the minster bells
 Peal upon the morn ;
 Cheerily their music tells
 "Christ to-day is born."
 'Tis the tale the angels told
 To the shepherds in the fold,
 Chanting heavenly melodies,
 While God's glory filled the skies.

Let us chant that hymn sublime
 That erst the angels sung,
 Let every race and every clime
 And every heart and tongue
 Wake a world-wide song of praise,
 As the joyful strain they raise—
 Earth, proclaim, and Heaven reply,
 "Glory be to God on high !"

Nor myrrh, nor frankincense, nor gold
 The offerings we bring,
 As royal Magians gave of old
 To Child, and God, and King.
 We give not part, we give the whole ;
 We give our body, spirit, soul.
 We love, and worship, and obey
 The Human God-King born to-day.

Minster bells, peal merrily
 On this festal morn.
 "Glory be to God on High,
 Christ to-day is born!"
 So sang the Church in ages past,
 So shall she sing while time shall last,
 Her hymn on earth in trial given;
 Her hymn triumphant yet in heaven.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

~~~~~

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP.

BEHOLD a silly tender babe,  
 In freezing winter night,  
 In homely manger trembling lies;  
 Alas! a piteous sight.

The inns are full, no man will yield  
 This little pilgrim bed;  
 But forced he is with silly beasts  
 In crib to shroud his head.

Despise him not for lying there,  
 First what he is enquire;  
 An orient pearl is often found  
 In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,  
 Nor beast that by him feed;  
 Weigh not his mother's poor attire,  
 Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a prince's court,  
 The crib his chair of state;  
 The beasts are parcel of his pomp,  
 The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire  
 His royal liveries wear;  
 The Prince Himself is come from heaven,  
 This pomp is praised there.

With joy approach, O Christian wights!  
 Do homage to thy King;  
 And highly praise this humble pomp  
 Which He from heaven doth bring.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

In the manger we have laid  
 All our worldly pomp and pride,  
 Where with beasts the Saviour made  
 His first cradle, side by side:  
 On the mountain we have heard  
 Sweeter chimes than ever rang,  
 Or Creation's silence stirred,  
 Since the stars of morning sang:  
 One bright angel told the story,  
 Myriads answered him again:  
 "Unto God in highest, glory!  
 Peace on earth, good will tow'rd men."

In our homes His blessed name  
 Brightens joy round every hearth,  
 And its meekest place doth claim  
 In the Christian's evening mirth.  
 Homes with crowded love were fair,  
 On the night when Thou wast born;  
 Fill them, Lord, with love and prayer  
 For the day of Thy return.

And as Thou, to make us Thine,  
 Stooped a mortal man to be,  
 Fill us with Thy life divine,  
 Lift our lives of love to Thee.

J. S. B. MONSELL

~~~~~

PEACE be thine, dear! bitter feud,
 Factious voices harsh and rude,
 Keep away;
 Nothing on thy peace intrude
 This Christmas day.

Peace be thine, dear! Love and rest,
 Gentle hopes and yearnings blest,
 Come and stay;
 God's dear peace enfold thy breast
 This Christmas day.

F. LANGBRIDGE

~~~~~

YULE-BELLS.

[*Extract.*]

It is not Sabbath, yet they ring;  
 Listen, dear child, to them.  
 This is the night when Christ for us  
 Was born in Bethlehem.

A great bright star shone down from heaven  
On the place where He did lie ;  
And He is born, sweet child, that we  
Might never, never die.

He was a little child like thee ;  
A child, and yet a King ;  
And He hath saved us. This, my child,  
Is the reason the Yule-bells ring.

S. K. COWAN.

*The Murmur of the Shells.* (McCaw, Belfast.)

ART Thou, weak Babe, my very God ?  
O I must love Thee then,  
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love  
Among forgetful men.

O sweet, O wakeful-hearted Child !  
Sleep on, dear Jesus, sleep ;  
For Thou must one day wake for me  
To suffer and to weep.

F. W. FABER.

*Hymns.* (Richardson and Son.)

#### CHRISTMAS HYMN.

HARK ! angel voices from the sky  
Proclaim a Saviour's birth ;  
Glory, they sing, to God on high,  
Peace and goodwill on earth !  
Catch the glad strain, ye seraphs bright !  
The glorious tidings spread ;  
Wake, wake to wonder and to light  
The dark sleep of the dead !

Let the wide earth, from shore to shore,  
One loud hosannah raise,  
Glory to God, whom we adore,  
Glory and hymns of praise !

W. L. BOWLES.

#### THE CHRIST-CHILD.

THE Christ-Child came to my bed one night,  
He came in tempest and thunder ;  
His presence woke me in sweet affright,  
I trembled for joy and wonder ;

He bore sedately His Christmas tree,  
It shone like a silver willow,  
His grave child's eyes looked wistfully  
As He laid a branch on my pillow.

And when He had left me alone, alone,  
And all the house lay sleeping,  
I planted it in a nook of my own,  
And watered it with my weeping.  
And there it strikes its roots in the earth,  
And opens its leaves to heaven ;  
And when its blossoms have happy birth,  
I shall know my sins forgiven.

JOHN TODHUNTER.

ALLOW me to present a Diary,  
A little Christmas Almanac,  
Whose page, I trust, to each inquiry  
Will give a truthful answer back !—  
December twenty-fifth, uproarious,  
Not stormy—quite the other way—  
Fair, festive, beautiful, and glorious,  
Preparing you for New Year's Day :—  
The first of January, hazy  
With nought but Fortune's coming kiss :—  
St. Valentine, the postman crazy,—  
And all the others days of bliss !

EDEN HOOPER.

PROUD I wear you in my breast,—  
Dear I hold you, every one,  
Treasure of the years possessed—  
Comfort of the years unknown ;  
Whatsoever those years may hide—  
God bless all this Christmas tide.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
GENTLEMAN."

*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

DEAREST friends of all the rest !  
Let my heart, in peace possessed,  
With its quivering wings safe furled,  
No more beat about the world—  
This strange world, so sad, so wide,  
Fly to you this Christmas tide.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
GENTLEMAN."

*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)



I SOUGHT my thoughts to telegraph,  
 And hastened to enquire.  
 The clerk replied, a Christmas laugh  
 Could not be sent by wire :  
 I therefore tried the telephone,  
 But this was little better :—  
 No other process being known,  
 I've put them in a letter.

EDEN HOOPER.

~~~~~  
 A GLEE FOR WINTER.

HENCE, rude Winter! crabbed old fellow,
 Never merry, never mellow.
 Well-a-day! in rain and snow
 What will keep one's heart aglow?
 Groups of kinsmen, old and young,
 Oldest they old friends among!
 Groups of friends so old and true,
 That they seem our kinsmen too!
 These all merry all together,
 Charm away chill Winter weather!

What will kill this dull old fellow?
 Ale that's bright, and wine that's mellow!
 Dear old songs for ever new;
 Some true love, and laughter too;
 Pleasant wit, and harmless fun,
 And a dance when day is done!
 Music—friends so true and tried—
 Whispered love by warm fireside—
 Mirth at all times all together—
 Make sweet May of Winter weather!

ALFRED DOMETT.

Flotsam and Jetsam. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 THE CHRISTMAS OF THE FOREIGN  
 CHILD.

*Translated from Friederich Rueckert.*

AMID a spacious town  
 The Christmas lights are blazing,  
 Beneath the cold night's frown  
 A foreign child is gazing  
 Sadly up and down.

In every house he sees  
 Fond fingers intertwining;  
 Through lamp-illumined trees  
 The bright warm rooms are shining:  
 Ah! bitter sights are these!

He weeping speaks, "To-night,  
 To every child is given  
 A Christmas tree and light;  
 But I by earth and heaven  
 Am now deserted quite.

"A sister's gentle hand  
 Had given me all I needed,  
 If I at home did stand;  
 But here I am unheeded,  
 In this cold foreign land.

"Will none the orphan see,  
 And let him in for pity?  
 O God; and can it be,  
 That in this crowded city  
 There is no place for me?"

"Will no kind hand relieve  
 The orphan's deep dejection?  
 Alas! I must receive  
 But only the reflection  
 Of this strange Christmas Eve!"

He taps with fingers thin  
 On window and on shutter;  
 They hear not, for the din,  
 The weak words he doth utter,  
 Nor let the orphan in.

The father's lessons mild  
 The listening boy's ear drinketh;  
 The Christmas gifts are piled  
 By mother's hands. None thinketh  
 Of that poor orphan child.

"O Christ! my Saviour dear,  
 No father and no mother  
 Have I my heart to cheer;  
 Be all to me: no other  
 Consoler have I here."

Cold, cold his small hand grows,  
 He rubs his frozen fingers;  
 He shivers in his clothes,  
 And in the white street lingers,  
 With eyes that will not close.

There cometh with a light,  
Which through the dark street breaketh,  
In robes of simple white,  
Another child, who speaketh  
These sweet words of delight :

“ Behold thy Christ in Me,  
Again a child’s form taking—  
A little child like thee ;  
Though all are thee forsaking  
By Me thou shalt not be.

“ My word’s impartial boon  
I waft o’er hill and valley ;  
I send My aid as soon  
To this poor wretched alley,  
As to yon gay saloon.

“ My hands, with light divine,  
Thy Christmas tree shall kindle ;  
Thou’lt see, compared with thine,  
All other trees shall dwindle,  
How beautiful they shine.”

To heaven His little hand  
The infant Saviour raiseth—  
There doth a great tree stand,  
Whose star-lit branch outblazeth  
All o’er the azure land.

The child’s heart bounds with glee,  
At all the starry tapers ;  
His eyes grow bright to see,  
Through heaven’s transparent vapours  
That glorious Christmas tree !

Before his wondering eyes  
A glorious vision shifted—  
A dream of Paradise !  
For Angel hands uplifted  
The orphan to the skies.

Within that blessed sphere  
A home he now hath gotten—  
Even with his Saviour dear :  
There soon all is forgotten  
That he hath suffered here.

D. F. McCARTHY.

*Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics* (McGlashan, Dublin.)

SOME say that ever ’gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :  
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,  
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow’d and so gracious is the time.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Hamlet.*

(SUNG BY THE SHEPHERDS.)

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,  
Bright dawn of our eternal day ;  
We saw thine eyes break from the east,  
And chase the trembling shades away :  
We saw thee (and we blessed the sight),  
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

WHAT sudden blaze of song  
Spreads o’er th’ expanse of heav’n.  
In waves of light it thrills along,  
Th’ angelic signal given—  
“ Glory to God ! ” from yonder central fire  
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry  
quire ;  
Like circles widening round  
Upon a clear blue river ;  
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
Is echoed on for ever :  
“ Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
And love towards men of love—salvation and  
release.”

JOHN KEBLE.

*Christian Year.*

OH little children with bright Christmas faces—  
We greet you far and wide,  
And lovingly we bid you take your places  
About the glad fireside,  
While in hushed tones we tell the wondrous story  
Of that first Christmas night,  
When all around poured floods of beaming glory,  
From some celestial height—  
When Angel hosts hung poised on shining pinions  
Above the foid—and then,

Told how their King from His own fair  
 dominions  
 Was come to reign o'er men—  
 The Saviour of the world in manger lying—  
 A hapless new-born child ;  
 Redemption thus for all creation buying—  
 And Peace and Mercy mild :  
 So for His sake we bless the children's faces  
 And greet them far and wide  
 Where'er they cluster in their fireside places  
 At holy Christmas-tide.

H. M. BURNSIDE.

Who can forget, never to be forgot,  
 The time, that all the world in slumber lies :  
 When, like the stars, the singing angels shot  
 To earth, and heaven awakèd all his eyes,  
 To see another sun at midnight rise  
 On earth ? was never sight of pareil fame:  
 For God before, man like himself did frame,  
 But God himself now like a mortal man became.

A child he was, and had not learned to speak,  
 That with his word the world before did make :  
 His mother's arms him bore, he was so weak,  
 That with one hand the vaults of heaven could  
 shake.

See how small room my infant Lord doth take,  
 Whom all the world is not enough to hold.  
 Who of his years, or of his age hath told ?  
 Never such age so young, never a child so old.

GILES FLETCHER.

ONCE in royal David's city  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
 Where a mother laid her Baby,  
 In a manger for His bed ;  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little Child.

C. F. ALEXANDER.  
*Hymns for Little Children.* (J. Masters.)

At his birth a star,  
 Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come ;  
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold.  
 His place of birth, a solemn Angel tells  
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
 Of squadroned Angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The power of the Most High : He shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the  
 Heavens.

JOHN MILTON.  
*Paradise Lost.*

#### CHRISTMAS EMBLEMS.

##### I.

##### A LOWLY THRONE.

"Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them."—Rev. xxi. 3.

Lo, God with men shall dwell !  
 The Ruler of the whirlwind and the storm,  
 The dread Controller of the billows' swell,  
 Shall wear a human form !  
 What glittering hall of Kaiser or of King  
 Shall hold the Holy Thing ?  
 O height and depth of love !  
 He in whose presence angels veil their eyes,  
 The Bearer of the Name all names above,  
 In yon rough manger lies !  
 Brother, make pure thy heart ; thy King shall deign  
 On that poor throne to reign.

##### II.

##### INCENSE, MYRRH, AND GOLD.

"When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts ; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."—Matt. ii. 11.

Hush ! before the Infant tender.  
 See the sages' hoards unrolled ;  
 Each in turn, a suppliant bender,  
 Offers gifts of royal splendour,  
 Tokens of the heart's surrender,  
 Treasures fair and manifold—  
 Heavenward incense, healing myrrh, and all-  
 compelling gold.

Where the Saviour intercedeth,  
 Earthly gifts no more are doled ;  
 Yet our offerings still He needeth—  
 Clear-eyed Faith that upward leadeth,  
 Love, to bind the heart that bleedeth,  
 Hope that nothing may withhold ;  
 Bring Him these, the spirit's gifts of incense,  
 myrrh, and gold.

~~~~~  
 III.

DONE UNTO HIM.

“Ye have done it unto Me.”—Matt. xxv. 40.

“OH, to kneel as they who knelt
 On that first sweet Christmas Day !
 Oh, to feel as Mary felt,
 At whose blissful breast He lay !
 To grace His feet, like her in later years,
 With costliest ointment and with deepest tears !”

Though the heavens hold Him now
 Whom the manger held of yore,
 Breaking heart and aching brow
 Earth shall bear for evermore.
 Bring one faint smile to weary eyes and dim—
 Brother, thou, too, hast ministered to Him.

~~~~~  
 IV.

ONE OF THE SHEPHERDS.

YEA, all is still again !  
 The keen sweet silence tingles in my brain.  
 The voice, the vision, too,  
 Have passed away into the solemn blue.  
 There lingers not a gleam  
 To tell of that—nay, nay, it was no dream,  
 Only the stars on high  
 Quiver as they would break from out the sky.  
 I tread on solid ground ;  
 This is my friend—there lie my sheep around.  
 There is no change—no change—  
 Save in my heart. Oh, beautiful and strange !  
 Come, brothers, let us go  
 And see this thing the Lord hath made us know.

V.

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

To us it is not given  
 To see the curtains fur'd,  
 The cloud-folds burst and riven  
 That veil the spirit-world ;  
 To hear and view with mortal sense and sight  
 Voices ineffable and forms of light.

Yet in our daily going,  
 Above the jar and din,  
 Angelic strains come flowing  
 The charmèd heart within ;  
 “O sorrowing soul, by sin and passion torn,  
 Good news! good news! to thee the Christ is  
 born.”

~~~~~  
 VI.

CHRISTMAS KNOCKING.

Lo! He for whom of old
 There was no room
 Stands in the deepening cold,
 The deepening gloom—
 At thy heart's door doth stand,
 With patient yearning eyes and knocking hand.

O, barred with greed and pride,
 And every sin,
 Fling, heart, thy portals wide,
 And take Him in ;
 Yea, ope this Christmas Day,
 Lest, still refused, He sadly turn away.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~  
 RING out, ye crystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so ;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time ;  
 And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow ;  
 And, with your ninefold harmony,  
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.  
 For if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;

And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering  
day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down  
steering ;  
And Heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

JOHN MILTON.

*Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity.*

~~~~~  
ANOTHER CHRIST SONG.

FROM heaven the angel-troop come near,
And to the shepherds plain appear ;
A tender little child, they cry,
In a rough manger lies hard by,
In Bethlehem, David's town of old,
As Prophet Micah has foretold ;
'Tis the Lord Jesus Christ, I wis,
Who of you all the Saviour is.

And ye may well break out in mirth,
That God is one with you henceforth ;
For he is born your flesh and blood—
Your brother is the eternal Good.

He will nor can from you go hence ;
Set you in him your confidence.
Let many battle on you make,
Defy them—he can not forsake.

What can death do to you, or sin ?
The true God is to you come in.
Let hell and Satan raging go—
The Son of God's your comrade now.

At last you must approval win,
For you are now of God's own kin.
For this thank God, ever and aye,
Happy and patient all the day. Amen.

GEORGE MACDONALD.
Exotics. (Strahan.)

AND ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
Oh ! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS.

~~~~~  
"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY  
NEW YEAR."

THE sweet-breath'd Spring we do not blame,  
Because as in the days of old  
The flow'rs peep forth the very same,  
Rosy and white and gold.  
We do not quarrel with the night  
Because upon our sins and jars  
She still rains down the same pure light  
Of all her throbbing stars.  
And love, true love will never flout  
That on returning Christmas days  
The same affection still goes out  
In just the same old phrase.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~  
A CHRISTMAS CARD FOR A CHILD.

To catch old Christmas in the morning air
A child stole out and wandered on the heath ;
And there sate Christmas, blowing foggy breath,
Cross-legged upon a stile, and cried, " Look here,
This smile's for you—a good, wide smile, my dear,
Of bright red gums, and rare plum-pudding
teeth,
And jolly old wrinkles round my holly wreath ;
Ho, ho, for Christmas and a glad New Year ! "

That child was I ; and every year, in snow
Or mist or rain, to that same heath I go,
And there sits Christmas on the self-same stile ;
And of the dear, sweet days we talk awhile,
Laughing and crying at the things we know,
But parting ever with a hug and smile.

THEODORE WATTS.
From THE ATHENEUM, by permission.

II.

WINTER PICTURES.

“Wonderful white Winter!”

POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

WINTER.

WONDERFUL white Winter !
I must clap my hands at you ;
You are old and I am cold,
And there is nothing else to do.
You and I are glad, are glad
When the snow comes creeping down,
And ice drops fair leap out of the air
To hang on the branches brown !
Wonderful white Winter !
It is when you first begin
With berries fine the churches shine—
That is how we bring you in.
Don't you love the ding-dong bells?
Don't you love the hearty cheer?
The merry blaze, the good old plays,
When you fetch the little new year?
Wonderful white Winter !
Wave your lovely snow-white hand ;
Signal make till river and lake
Form the ice that is so grand !
Oh, the ice is dear, is dear ;
Faithless friend, changed by a breath,
Smooth and sweet to gliding feet,
Gliding over grim death !
Wonderful white Winter !
I will make a league with you ;
You must know of want and woe,
Tell me what I ought to do !
I must feed your little birds ?
Shelter to the homeless lend ?
Comfort and aid the poor and afraid ?
That I will, my brave old friend !
Poems written for a Child. [A.] (Strahan.)

A WINTER JINGLE.

THE soft wind blows
Across the snows,
And turns the palest face to rose ;
The wind it goes
Where no one knows,
Like water round the world it flows ;
The sunlit air is warm and light
Though all the earth be wrapped in white.

But owlets shrill
Shriek round the hill
When twilight fades, and all is still ;
The keen gusts fill
The frozen rill
With treacherous snowdrifts deep and chill ;
The wanderer findeth small delight
In crossing there at dead of night.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.
New Poems. (K. Paul.)

HOAR-FROST.

WHAT dream of beauty ever equall'd this !
What bands from Faëryland have sallied forth,
With snowy foliage from th' abundant North,
With imagery from the realms of bliss !
What visions of my boyhood do I miss
That here are not restored ! All splendours pure,
All loveliness, all graces that allure ;
Shapes that amaze ; a paradise that is,—
Yet was not,—will not in few moments be :
Glory from nakedness, that playfully

Mimics with passing life each summer boon ;
 Clothing the ground,—replenishing the tree ;
 Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon ;
 Still as a dream !—and like a dream to flee !

WILLIAM HOWITT.

~~~~~  
 FAIRY WORKMEN.

WHEN the world is wrapped in slumber  
 Through the frosty winter night,  
 Fairy workmen without number  
 Labour till the morning light.  
 Cold they feel not, though 'tis biting,  
 Love keeps warm each tiny heart,  
 All in one bright work uniting  
 Each with gladness taking part :

Catching snowflakes earthward speeding,  
 Carving them with varied grace,  
 Every spray with pearl-drops beading,  
 Strewing gems o'er Nature's face.  
 Tracing forms of fairy bowers,  
 In which Oberon might reign,  
 Roofed with ferns, and paved with flowers,  
 Thickly o'er each lattice pane :

Dulling by their songs the river  
 To its dreamy Winter rest,  
 Till it sleeps, and not a quiver  
 Trembles on its placid breast.  
 Thus the fairies, slumber scorning,  
 Labour through the long-drawn night,  
 By their arts our world adorning,  
 Making all things fair and bright.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

~~~~~  
 FROST.

THE frost looked forth one still clear night,
 And he said, " I shall soon be out of sight,
 So through the valley, and over the height,
 In silence I'll take my way.
 I will not go on like that blustering train,
 The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
 But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its
 crest,
 He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he drest
 With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread
 A coat of mail, that it might not fear
 The downward point of many a spear,
 Which he hung on the margin far and near
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane, like a fairy, crept ;
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
 By the light of the moon were seen
 Most beautiful things ; there were flowers and trees,
 There were bebies of birds, and swarms of bees,
 There were cities, thrones, temples, and towns—
 and these

All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
 He went to the cupboard, and, finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare ;
 " Now, just to set them thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
 " This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three,
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall crack to tell I've been drinking !"

UNKNOWN.

~~~~~  
 SNOW.

I WANDER forth this chill December dawn :  
 John Frost and all his elves are out, I see,  
 As busy as the elfin world can be,  
 Clothing a world asleep with fleecy lawn.  
 'Mid the blue silence of the evening hours  
 They glimmered duskly down in silent showers,  
 And featly have they laboured all night long  
 Cheering their labour with a half-heard rhyme—  
 Low as the burthen of a milkmaid's song  
 When Echo moans it over hills of thyme.

There is a hush of music on the air—  
 The white-winged fays are faltering everywhere ;  
 And here and there,  
 Made by a sudden mingling as they fall,  
 There comes a softer lullaby than all,  
 Swept in upon the universal prayer.

Thine eyes and heart are troubled with a motion  
 Of music like the moving waves of ocean,  
 When, out of hearing, o'er the harbour bars  
 They sigh toward the moon and jasper stars.  
 The tiny squadrons waver down and thicken,  
 Gathering numbers as they fly,  
 And nearing earth their thick-set ranks they  
     quicken,  
 And swim in swarms to die !

But now the clouds are winnowed away :  
 The sky above is gray as glass ; below  
 The feeble twilight of the dreamy day  
 Nets the long landskip hushed beneath the snow.  
 The arrowy frosts sting keenly as I stray  
 Along the rutted lane or broad highway,  
 Past wind-swept hedges sighing sharp and clear,  
 Where half the sweetly changeful year  
 The scented summer loves to gleam and glow.  
 The new-lain snowy carpet, ankle-deep,  
 Crumbles beneath my footsteps as I pass,  
 Revealing scanty blades of frozen grass ;  
 On either side the chirping sparrows leap,  
 And here and there a robin, friendly now,  
 From naked bough to bough.  
 That snow-clad homestead in the river's arm  
 Is haunted with the noisy rooks that fly  
 Between its leafless beeches and the sky,  
 And hailing fast for yonder fallow farm,  
 A solitary crow is plunging by.  
 Light muffled winds arising high among  
 White mountains brooding in their winter rest,  
 Bear from the eastern winter to the West  
 The muttered diapason of a song  
 Made by the thunder on a mountain's breast.

The sun is hanging in a purple globe,  
 'Mid yellow mists that stir with silver breath ;  
 The little landskip slumbers, white as death,  
 Amid its naked fields and woody wolds,  
 Wearing the winter as a stainless robe  
 Low-trailing in a fall of fleecy folds.  
 By pasture-gates the mottled cattle swarm,  
 Thick'ning the misty air, with piteous eyes  
 Fixed ever on the tempest-breeding skies,  
 And watch the lingering traces of the storm.  
 A feeble sunbeam kisses and illumines

Yon whitened spire that hints a hidden town,  
 And flickering for a space it darkens down  
 Above the silence of forgotten tombs.

I gain the shoulder of the woodland now,  
 A fledgling's flutter from a small hill's brow.  
 I see the hamlet, half a mile below,  
 With dripping gables and with crimson panes,  
 And watch the urchins in the narrow lanes  
 Below the school-house, shouting in the snow.  
 The whitened coach comes swiftly round the  
     road

With horns to which a dozen hills reply,  
 And rattling onward with its laughing load,  
 Halts steaming at the little hostelry.  
 Hard by the lonely woodman pants and glows,  
 And, wrapt in leather stockings to the thigh,  
 Toils with an icicle beneath his nose.  
 In yonder field an idle farm-boy blows  
 His frozen fingers into tingling flame ;  
 The gaunt old farmer, as he canters by,  
 Reins in to greet the country clowns by name ;  
 That chestnut pony in the yellow fly  
 Draws the plump parson and his leaner dame.

I loiter down the road, and feel the ground  
 Like iron 'neath my heel ; the windless air  
 Seems lying in a swoon.  
 Frost follows in its path without a sound,  
 And plies his nimble fingers everywhere,  
 Under my eyelids and beneath my hair.  
 Yon mountain dons once more its helm of cloud,  
 The air grows dark and dim as if in wonder ;  
 Once more the heaven is winnow'd, and the crowd  
 Of silken fays flock murmuringly under  
 A sky that flutters like a wind-swept shroud.

Through gloomy dimbles, clad with new-fall'n  
     snow,  
 Back to my little cottage home I go.  
 But once again I roam by field and flood,  
 Stung into heat where hoar-frosts melt and bite,  
 What time the fog-wrapt sun drops red as blood,  
 And Eve's white star is tingling into sight.

ROBERT BUCHANAN,  
*Poetical Works, Vol. II.*

[By kind permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Chatto  
 and Windus, the publishers of Mr. Buchanan's works.]



## FROST IN THE HOLIDAYS.

THE time of Frost is the time for me !  
 When the gay blood spins through the heart with  
 glee,  
 When the voice leaps out with a chiming sound,  
 And the footstep rings on the musical ground ;  
 When the earth is white, and the air is bright,  
 And every breath is a new delight !

While Yesterday sank, full soon, to rest,  
 What a glorious sky !—through the level west  
 Pink clouds in a delicate greenish haze,  
 Which deepen'd up into purple grays,  
 With stars aloft as the light decreas'd,  
 Till the great moon rose in the rich blue east.

And Morning !—each pane a garden of frost,  
 Of delicate flow'ring, as quickly lost ;  
 For the stalks are fed by the moon's cold beams,  
 And the leaves are woven like woof of dreams  
 By Night's keen breath, and a glance of the Sun  
 Like dreams will scatter them every one.

Hurra ! the lake is a league of glass !  
 Buckle and strap on the stiff white grass.  
 Off we shoot, and poise and wheel,  
 And swiftly turn upon scoring heel ;  
 And our flying sandals chirp and sing  
 Like a flock of swallows upon the wing.

Away from the crowd with the wind we drift,  
 No vessel's motion so smoothly swift ;  
 Fainter and fainter the tumult grows,  
 And the gradual stillness and wide repose  
 Touch with a hue more soft and grave  
 The lapse of joy's declining wave.

Pure is the ice ; a glance may sound  
 Deep through an awful, dim profound,  
 To the water dungeons where snake-weeds hide,  
 Over which, as self-upborne, we glide,  
 Like wizards on dark adventure bent,  
 The masters of every element.

Homeward ! How the shimmering snow  
 Kisses our hot cheeks as we go !  
 Wavering down the feeble wind,  
 Like myriad thoughts in a Poet's mind,  
 Till the earth, and trees, and icy lakes,  
 Are slowly clothed with the countless flakes.

In the clasp of Home, by the ruddy fire,  
 Ranged in a ring to our heart's desire,—  
 Now who will tell some wondrous tale,  
 Almost to turn the warm cheeks pale,  
 Set chin on hands, make grave eyes stare,  
 Draw slowly nearer each stool and chair ?

The one low voice goes wandering on  
 In a mystic world, whither all are gone ;  
 The shadows dance ; little Caroline  
 Has stolen her fingers up into mine.  
 But the night outside is very chill,  
 And the Frost hums loud at the window-sill.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.  
*Songs, Ballads, and Stories.* (Bell.)

## THE COMING OF THE SNOW.

THE clouds were copper-dyed all day,  
 And struggled in each other's way,  
 Until the darkness drifted down  
 'To the summer-forsaken town.

Said people passing in the lane,  
 " It will be snow," or " 'twill be rain ;"  
 And school bairns, laughing in a row,  
 Looked through the panes, and wished for snow.

The swollen clouds let nothing fall,  
 But gath'ring gloom that covered all ;  
 Then came a wind and shook his wings,  
 And curled the dead leaves into rings.

He made the shutters move and crack,  
 And hurtled round the chimney stack ;  
 Then he swept on to shake the trees,  
 Until they moaned like winter seas.

Soon he went whistling o'er the hill,  
 And all the trees again stood still ;  
 Then through the dark the snow came down,  
 And whitened all the sleeping town.

The keen stars looked out through the night,  
 And flecked the boughs with flakes of light,  
 Then moving clouds revealed the moon  
 That made on earth a fairy noon.

Then Winter went unto his throne,  
 That with a million diamonds shone ;  
 A crown of stars was on his head,  
 And round him his great robes were spread.

At morn the bairns laughed with delight  
To see the fields and hedges white,  
And folk said as they hurried past,  
"Good morning! Winter's come at last."

GUY ROSLYN.

*Lyrics and Landscapes.*

[Reprinted from "Cassell's Family Magazine," by special permission of the publishers, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.]

~~~~~  
A WINTER PIECE.

FROST in the air, till every spray,
Stands diamond-set with rime,
That drops awhile at mid of day,
With tiny tinkling chime.
Beside the ice the ducks a-dose,
Dream of the pools to be ;
The sheep for warmth lie huddled close,
Upon the naked lea.

The grey sky's flecked with wan white gleams,
And wan and white below,
On laden trees, and locked up streams,
And roof and road, the snow.
All silent shrinks the feathered throng
That cheered spring, wood, and wold ;
Only the robin pipes his song,
The cheerier for the cold.

Dear household bird, whose gladsome strain,
Beside the window-sill,
Sounds like reproof of hearts too fain
To freeze in winter's chill !
It stings, "This bare bough once was green,
And green again will be ;
Where winter is, I've summer seen,
And summer yet shall see."

TOM TAYLOR.

Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape.

(G. Routledge.)

[By kind permission of Messrs. G. Routledge and Sons.]

~~~~~  
DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain  
peak,  
From the snow five thousand summers old ;  
On open wold and hill-top bleak  
It had gathered all the cold,

And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek ;  
It carried a shiver everywhere  
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare ;  
The little brook heard it and built a roof  
'Neath which he could house him, winter proof.  
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams  
He groined his arches and matched his beams ;  
Slender and clear were his crystal spars  
As the lashes of light that trim the stars ;  
He sculptured every summer delight  
In his halls and chambers out of sight ;  
Sometimes his tingling waters slipt  
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,  
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees  
Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;  
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew  
But silvery mosses that downward grew ;  
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief  
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;  
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear  
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and  
here

He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops  
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,  
That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,  
And made a star of every one ;  
No mortal builder's most rare device  
Could match this winter-palace of ice ;  
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay  
In his depths serene through the summer day,  
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,  
Lest the happy model should be lost,  
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
By the elfin builders of the frost.

J. R. LOWELL.

*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~  
WITHIN the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly ;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide ;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind ;

Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
 Hunted to death in its galleries blind ;
 And swift little troops of silent sparks,
 Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
 Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
 Like herds of startled deer.

J. R. LOWELL.

Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~

THE winter night sets in  
 Steely-hard, and cold :  
 Up, like spectres thin,  
 The white mists are rolled.  
 There's russet and slate in the west,  
 Where late were crimson and gold,  
 The bird to its nest,  
 And the lad to his rest  
 And the sheep to the fold.

Ah, winter's rough without,  
 But winter's right within ;  
 He brings us laugh and shout,  
 And the great log's din.  
 He loves to grace his guest  
 With best of barrel and bin.  
 The bird to its nest  
 And the heart to its rest,  
 With its kith and kin.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~

A FROSTY DAY.

GRASS afield wears silver thatch,
 Palings all are edged with rime,
 Frost-flowers pattern round the latch,
 Cloud nor breeze dissolve the clime ;
 When the waves are solid floor,
 And the clods are iron-bound,
 And the boughs are crystallised hoar,
 And the red leaf nailed a-ground.
 When the fieldfare's flight is slow,
 And a rosy vapour rim,
 Now the sun is small and low,
 Belts along the region dim.

When the ice-crack flies and flaws,
 Shore to shore, with thunder shock,
 Deeper than the evening daws,
 Clearer than the village clock.

When the rusty blackbird strips,
 Bunch by bunch, the coral thorn,
 And the pale day-crescent dips
 New to heaven a slender horn.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN.

Rehearsals. (Longmans.)

~~~~~

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

Oh ! pure pale flower, beneath thy crown of  
 leaves,  
 When we despair of beauty thou art born ;  
 Thou dawnest for the cold, grey winter's morn,  
 And for the sun that o'er yon blue hill weaves  
 Clear amber and dim gold—faint, faint, reprieves  
 Of loveliness at point to die outworn,  
 'Neath hopeless skies and cloudland racked and  
 torn,  
 And the white death that kills as it deceives !  
 But is it so, beloved ? Nay, not so.  
 Thou speak'st to us of life and not of death,  
 Not of the winter blast, nor of the snow,  
 But of the sun, the spring, the purple heath,  
 The wealth of the new year, the hope of flowers,  
 And the eternal sequence of the hours.

CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN.

*A Drama, and Lyrics.* (Gill, Dublin.)

~~~~~

WINTER WEATHER.

THE bleached snow is come, and chill winds blow ;
 Under the eaves are icicles a-row ;
 And old men wheeze ; the village milk-pails freeze,
 And school-boys slide to school along the leas.

Cold stars alight in the clear keen night,
 Stare on bleak moors with earnest eyes and bright ;
 The fire-flames leap, and thither old wives creep ;
 The cat is curled up on the hearth asleep.

GUY ROSLYN.

Village Verses.



RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[LONDON.]

"Crown'd with crystals of glitt'ning sheen,
She holds her court—the fair Frost Queen."

Page 31.



THE FROST QUEEN'S COURT.

WHERE the chilliest moonbeam shoots its ray,
Far from the realms of the dazzling day,
Crowned with crystals of glitt'ring sheen
She holds her court—the fair Frost Queen.

From the river's depth at her birth she rose
Silently e'en as the soundless snows,
Bursting the chains of the stagnant tide,
And Winter smiled as he claimed his bride.

Her robe of snow-flake, wonderful, white,
Than the lustre of diamonds gleams more bright,
Her jewels of ice—yet rarer gems
Ne'er sparkled in monarchs' diadems.

Whatever is there, her palace through,
Moonlit, dazzles with myriad hue :
By Winter 'twas reared : more luminous far
Than mortal dwellings its splendours are.

Splendour and silence both are there,
Floats an influence strange through that chilly
air,

Prisoning and deadening the life-blood's flow
In the earth's glad veins ; while to and fro

The courtier elves, a glittering band,
Silently speed their queen's command ;
There's a mystic power in her chilling breath,
For the Frost Queen's life is Nature's death.

Swift at her word, an icy spell
Seems on each living thing to dwell,
Enthralling the land, enthralling the flood,
Holding in death-like chains the wood.

She breathes, and the flowers they cease to grow—
She breathes, and the mill-stream fails to flow—
The bosom of earth is in slumber bound,
There is death above—there is death around.

From her palace her subject sprites proceed,
Eager the Frost Queen's bidding to speed,
Decking as if for funeral rite
Nature's corpse with their jewels bright.

On the dry dead branch of the withered tree
Their crystals they hang all silently :
The lifeless soil, in its shroud of snow,
They make as with diamond spark to glow.

And ever thro' Nature's wintry night,
Jewelled with splendour, cold and bright,
Proud in her beauty—chilling in mien,
She holds her court—the fair Frost Queen.

Radiance there is in that palace fair,
But 'tis not the light of life is there ;
There's a mystic spell in the Frost Queen's breath,
She breathes and straight it is Nature's death.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

III.

CHRISTMAS SEEN THROUGH MANY PAIRS OF
SPECTACLES.

“ At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.”

THOMAS TUSSER.

A CHRISTMAS CROAK.

OH, rest you, merry gentlemen !
Let nothing you dismay ;
But be prepared to meet the woes
That come with Christmas Day.
Look out ! look out ! your winter clothes,
To face the season's ills ;
And muster cash and fortitude
To meet your Christmas bills.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

Bind up, bind up your walking shoes
With list, or woollen rags ;
In case of slides, by playful boys,
Prepared upon the flags.
And mind, a respirator buy ;
A good thick shawl also ;
For, in the jolly Christmas time,
The asthma's all the go.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

File up, pile up the Christmas log,
Or scuttle full of coals ;
To melt the stuff for sticking on
Your gutta-percha soles.
And place the antibilious pills
Your dressing-table near,
In case you've been partaking of
Substantial Christmas cheer.
For 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

Then drain the draughts of gruel down,
Although the throat be sore ;
And, spite of coughs and phthisic, quaff
The mixture as before !
The nice, unwholesome Christmas breeze
In, now, has firmly set ;
And so, a jolly Christmas time
I wish you all may get.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

ROBERT B. BROUGH.

A Cracker Bon-Bon. (S. French.)

AN ANNUAL CAROL.

SEASON of turkey and sausages round,
Days of dyspepsia, waits at night,
Snow—in the picture-books—covers the ground
Story-book Christmases never come right.
Christmas is coming, and can't stay long,
Revellers rave about wassail and cheer ;
Say ! are they singing a cynical song ?
“ Christmas cometh but once a year. ”

All of us sitting at family beef,
Friends to a man for the season's sake ;
Which of the company dares turn thief
For those who lie in the street and shake !
Dives, shut in a fortunate fold,
Sighs to himself, “ Were the boy but here ! ”
Lazarus maundereth out in the cold,
“ Christmas cometh but once a year.”

Life is a snap-dragon game at best,
 For burning fingers and gaining plums ;
 But men mistaken, and maids caress'd
 Agree when an echo of Yuletide comes.
 The little ones shout when the church-bells ring,
 The lonely widower wipes a tear ;
 Isn't it strange that they all should sing,
 "Christmas cometh but once a year" ?

Tipsiness travels along with tips,
 To one and another we lend a hand ;
 'Tis human nature—we all have slips,
 'Tis custom—all of us understand !
 Tradition is silly, we all agree,
 And man's a beast when the man's in beer !
 Curious fellows, they fail to see,
 "Christmas cometh but once a year."

Story-book morals, kind friends, are sweet,
 And tales like mine are the best when old ;
 They'll-surely live, if our pulses beat,
 To warm the heart—for the world is cold !
 A holiday short in a year too long,
 A fortunate fling in a life too dear,
 Tell us if this is a cynical song ?
 "Christmas cometh but once a year !"

CLEMENT SCOTT.

Lays of a Londoner. (D. Bogue.)

~~~~~

WELL may we welcome Christmas, with song and  
 chime of bells,  
 For round the hearts of all on earth he casts his  
 mystic spells ;  
 He opens with the magic key of kindness every  
 heart,  
 And smiles to see the memory of sorrows past  
 depart ;  
 He comes with mirth and laughter, with carol and  
 with glee,  
 And the gladdest time of all the year is Christmas-  
 time to me.

I love to hear kind voices ! I love to see bright eyes ;  
 I love to hear from joyous bells the gladsome  
 pæans rise ;  
 And when the snow is on the ground, and biting  
 winds blow cold,  
 To gather round the glad fireside, where social  
 tales are told ;

To feel the blessed influence of Love and Friend-  
 ship's reign,  
 When those that long have parted been are  
 reconciled again.  
 Well may we then love Christmas, for nothing  
 seems too high,  
 And nothing seems too lowly for the love-glance of  
 his eye.  
 A true republican is he, the friend of equal  
 right,  
 Who advocates fraternity, and propagates delight :  
 And for the aged and the poor how earnestly he  
 pleads,  
 Whilst every moment of his reign is fraught with  
 kindly deeds.

Come hang, then, up the mistletoe (true olive-  
 branch), that peace  
 May bless our paths with pleasantness, and make  
 our joys increase ;  
 And let us, too, like Christmas, strive the suffering  
 world to cheer,  
 To help the poor disconsolate, to wipe the  
 mourner's tear ;  
 Yes, let us each one make a vow to do whate'er  
 we can

To solace in adversity the sufferings of man.

ROWLAND BROWN.

*Songs and Poems.* (D. Bogue.)

~~~~~

AN OLD FOGY ON CHRISTMAS.

'Tis Christmas, but changed are the fashions
 Since I first heard its clamorous bells,
 For the girls of the period have passions,
 And the boys of the period are swells ;
 Yet a charm on one's memory dwells.
 Long ago there were terrible spectres
 And marvellous riddles to guess,
 In days ere the railway directors
 Put on the Express.

'Neath mistletoe, loved by the Druid,
 You might then snatch a frolicsome kiss ;
 And the punch of that time was a fluid
 That nobody voted amiss ;
 And the snap-dragon—didn't it hiss !

Every girl in your heart was a lodger
 Who met you with mischievous glance :
 And O what a romp was Sir Roger
 De Coverley's dance !

'Mid beauties so buxom and lissom
 One forgot that the winter was cold ;
 But why does it seem that I miss 'em ?
 Perchance I'm a fogy, grown old,
 Whose life is a tale that is told.
 When a man is approaching to fifty
 He seldom breaks into his nights,
 And is apt to be studiously thrifty
 Of violent delights.

But wherefore one's age be revealing ?
 Leave that to the Registry books.
 A man is as old as he's feeling ;
 A woman, as old as she looks ;
 Don't eagles live longer than rooks ?
 Besides, in this festival season
 'Tis fit that great truths should be told :
 " Whom the gods love, die young"—for this reason,
 They cannot grow old.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

The Inn of Strange Meetings. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

HOLLY and mistletoe,  
 Coral and pearl,  
 Set in rich emerald,  
 Bought for my girl—  
 Bought for my pretty one,  
 Oh ! how her eyes,  
 Joyous with sparkles,  
 Will flash with surprise

Holly and mistletoe !  
 What—do I dream ?  
 Where are her little orbs  
 Lit with love's gleam ?  
 Where are the tiny feet  
 Dancing around ?  
 Bright eyes and nimble feet !  
 Where ?—underground.

Holly and mistletoe !  
 Visions divine,  
 Tender and beautiful,  
 Come where ye shine !  
 Visions of little lips  
 Sweeter than sweet ;  
 Safe from the snow-storm now,  
 Safe from the sleet.

Holly and mistletoe,  
 Coral and pearl,  
 Red for the rosy cheeks  
 Worn by my girl ;  
 White for the fairest face  
 Nature e'er drew ;  
 Green for the memory  
 Love keepeth new.

Holly and mistletoe,  
 Crowning her name,  
 Welcome for her sweet sake,  
 Welcome each game—  
 " Truckle the trencher," and  
 " Kiss in the ring,"  
 " Apple and candle," " Buff,"  
 " Courtier and King."

Holly and mistletoe,  
 Yes, I am blest,  
 Merry-mass comes, and lo !  
 I am possessed :  
 Up goes the kissing-bush,  
 Down cometh she,  
 Singing " Sweet merry-mass,"  
 Ever to me.

Holly and mistletoe,  
 Tears must be shed ;  
 Ye have your living ones,  
 I have my dead ;  
 Yours is a present joy,  
 Mine is a past ;  
 Clear is your sky of life,  
 Mine overcast.

Holly and mistletoe,  
 Long may it be,  
 Friends, ere my loneliness  
 Ever you see ;

But if that time shall come,  
Then you will know  
More of my text than my  
Sermon can show.

EDWARD CAPERN.  
*Sungleams and Shadows.* (Kent and Co.)

A NARROWING circle year by year  
Draws round the hearth on Christmas Day.  
Ah me for faces kind and dear  
Dispersed through regions far away,  
Or pass'd unto that shadowy shore  
Whence never echo travels o'er !  
Few, few their wonted chairs shall fill—  
His will be done—we must not weep,  
But we whom Christmas gathers still,  
Oh closer, closer let us keep,  
Knit soul to soul in union fast  
By memories of our mutual past.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

ONCE the rod of Jesse's stem  
Blossomed fair in Bethlehem,  
And in ages long ago  
God came down to man below.

Angel-lips to shepherds then  
Bore the news "Good will to men,"  
And a kingly guiding-star  
Beckoned Eastern seers from far.

Needs no star nor Angel's word  
Now to guide us to our Lord.  
Bethlehem lies everywhere !  
Seek and find !—The Child is there !

Shepherds, bring not gifts nor gold !  
Small the wealth of shepherds' fold :—  
Ye from the rich East bring thence  
Gold and myrrh and frankincense !

Lo, the Son of David doth  
In His love accept ye both ;  
Blesseth both,—nor heedeth which  
Be the poor man or the rich.

Rise and seek, ye Christians, rise !  
In the manger still He lies !  
Seek and find Him, rich and poor !  
Christ is born for evermore !

SEBASTIAN EVANS.  
*Brother Fabian's Manuscript.* (Macmillan.)

COLD Christmas? No !  
Our Christmas is not cold ;  
Although the north winds blow ;  
And pile the drifting snow,  
And the beech-trees on the freezing wold  
Rock sadly to and fro,  
Our Christmas bears a warm true heart,  
His face is red with glee ;  
And he jests and laughs,  
And he sings and quaffs.  
He was never unkind to me, my love :  
May he never be cold to thee !  
Cold Christmas? No !  
He is warm and bright,  
And he brings delight  
To the hearts both of high and low.

CHARLES MACKAY.  
*Poetical Works.* (F. Warne and Co.)

#### THE LAY OF A LAID-UP CYNIC.

"The grapes are sour."—ÆSOP.

THOSE Christmas bells ! those Christmas bells !  
Their clang of indigestion tells  
Of over-drinking, over-eating,  
Such as well deserve a beating ;  
Throbbing heads, distempered livers,  
At the thought of which one shivers ;  
Gross indulgence, loss of reason,  
Cant about the "festive season"—  
Patrist of all excuses  
For such scandalous abuses !  
Tells of houses pranked with holly,  
Fools affecting to be jolly,  
Idiotic hours keeping,  
Dancing when they should be sleeping,—  
Comfort driven out of doors  
That crowds may occupy your floors.  
Tells of giggling girls that go  
Underneath the mistletoe

Just as if their way they'd miss'd,  
Really plotting to be kiss'd ;  
With their false pretended struggling,  
Flushing, blushing, squealing, guggling,  
When some brainless bat-blind noodle,  
Cleverly as might a poodle  
Catch a cake from off his nose,  
Through the farce of kissing goes.  
Tells of beastly boys from school,  
Home to gorge and play the fool ;  
With their never-ceasing din  
Turning houses outside in ;  
With their pudding-fatten'd lips  
Ev'ry hour suggesting " tips,"  
Craving ghastly pantomimes,  
Mummeries of by-gone times,  
That kill one's temper, split one's head,  
And keep one whole nights out of bed.  
Tells of sleet and snow and ice,  
Which some fools pretend are nice, —  
" Just the thing for winter weather,"  
As if one's nerves were made of leather !  
As if sneezing were delightful,  
Chilblains anything but frightful,  
Goose-flesh quite a state to seek,  
Colds to long for by the week :  
Bah !—these blatant fools to hear,  
It ought to freeze one-half the year,  
Since nothing so the soul elates  
As writhing on a pair of skates !—  
Tells of Christmas-boxes, bills,  
As if one carried bankers' tills,  
Hand in pocket all the day,  
Voices shouting, Pay ! pay ! pay !  
Carnival of bold extortion !  
Justice turned to grim abortion !—  
Visits from one's poor relations  
With their mis'erable jobations,  
And their genteel mendicancy  
Undetected, as they fancy,  
And their petty, pointless prattle,  
Scandal, lies, and tittle-tattle,  
Judgments " quite disinterested,"  
News of people long detested,  
Sycophantic hopes and fears,  
Sickly smiles, and sick'ning tears,—  
As if one had not eyes to see  
Such lying for a legacy !

Those Christmas bells! those Christmas  
bells !—  
My breast with indignation swells,  
As I sit here and think of all  
The cant and humbug, great and small,  
Their clanging, banging will let loose :  
By Jove, I wish myself a goose !—  
One tough enough to disagree  
With all who disagree with me.

CHARLES SMITH CHELTNAM.

~~~~~  
A SONG FOR THE YOUNG AND THE
WISE.

(*Extract.*)

CHRISTMAS comes ! He comes, he comes,
Usher'd with a rain of plums ;
Hollies in the windows greet him ;
Schools come driving post to meet him ;
Gifts precede him, bells proclaim him,
Every mouth delights to name him ;
Wet, and cold, and wind, and dark,
Make him but the warmer mark ;
And yet he comes not one-embodied,
Universal's the blithe godhead,
And in every festal house
Presence hath ubiquitous.
Curtains, those snug room-enfolders,
Hang upon his million shoulders.
And he has a million eyes
Of fire, and eats a million pies,
And is very merry and wise ;
Very wise and very merry,
And loves a kiss beneath the berry.

LEIGH HUNT.

Poetical Works. (G. Routledge and Sons.)

~~~~~  
STILL, as the day comes round  
For Thee to be reveal'd,  
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,  
Abiding in the field.  
All through the wintry heaven and chill night air,  
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their  
prayer.

JOHN KEBLE.  
*Christian Year.*

SEASON of social mirth ! of fireside joys !  
 I love thy shorten'd day, when, at its close,  
 The blazing tapers, on the jovial board,  
 Dispense o'er every care-forgetting face  
 Their cheering light, and round the bottle glides.

JAMES GRAHAME.

~~~~~  
 UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

YE who have scorn'd each other,
 Or injured friend or brother,
 In this fast-fading year ;
 Ye who, by word or deed,
 Have made a kind heart bleed,
 Come gather here.

Let sinn'd against and sinning
 Forget their strife's beginning,
 And join in friendship now ;
 Be links no longer broken ;
 Be sweet forgiveness spoken
 Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
 Sister and friend and brother,
 In this fast-fading year ;
 Mother and sire and child,
 Young man and maiden mild,
 Come gather here ;
 And let your hearts grow fonder,
 As Memory shall ponder
 Each past unbroken vow ;
 Old loves and younger wooing
 Are sweet in the renewing,
 Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourish'd sadness,
 Estranged from hope and gladness,
 In this fast-fading year ;
 Ye with o'erburden'd mind,
 Made aliens from your kind,
 Come gather here.
 Let not the useless sorrow
 Pursue you night and morrow :
 If e'er you hoped, hope now ;
 Take heart,—uncloud your faces,
 And join in our embraces
 Under the Holly Bough.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Poetical Works. (F. Warne and Co.)

A SONG FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON.

BY THE FATHER OF A FAMILY.

Those Christmas bills ! those Christmas bills !
 They are the worst of human ills.
 The sight of them all pleasure kills ;
 They crush it like the stones of mills.
 With grief and fear their presence fills
 The jolliest Jacks, the gentlest Jills ;
 They haunt the drivers of the quills,
 While drawing deeds, or copying wills ;
 The toper as he sits and swills
 Scarce drowns the thought of Christmas bills.

Those Christmas bills ! those Christmas bills !
 They come from Snow and Holborn Hills,
 From Moses', Mutton's, Brown's and Brill's ;
 For boots and bonnets, tapes and twills ;
 For children's frocks, and shirts with frills ;
 For chops and steaks, and grogs and grills ;
 For fencing lessons, foils, and drills,
 For teaching Jane her runs and trills,
 For curing Freddy's cough and Will's ;
 For mending doors and window-sills ;
 For gin which Mr. H. distils ;
 For brandy sold in kegs and gills ;
 For mixtures made of salts and squills,
 For beef and blisters, beer and pills.

Those Christmas bills ! those Christmas bills !
 The thought of them my mind instils
 With apprehensions, doubts, and chills ;
 They floor me more than hunting spills.
 At Christmas time my comfort nil's ;
 My tears run down in little rills,
 Through thinking of those Christmas bills !

Once a Week.

~~~~~  
 RIGHT thy most unthrifty glee,  
 And pious thy mince-piety !

LEIGH HUNT.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

WHEN I was young, then Yule-tide came to me
 With joys known but to children sorrow-free :
 'Twas then the feast of Love, Affection's Jubilee.

Now Memory, like the frost upon the pane,
Twines her weird flowers upon the heart and
brain :
Life's passion-blasts blow chill through storm and
rain.

For though within this room I seem alone,
Spirits of dear ones, from their places gone,
Seem to be speaking as with sadden'd tone.

They lead me back again to well-known places,
Robb'd of their old, their dear familiar graces ;
And then they look so sad, these shadowy phantom
faces.

The crimson holly hangs about the room,
As it was wont before a thought of gloom
Led me in tears to weep o'er Memory's tomb.

The crimson berries still gleam bright with glee
But, oh ! their light of love is lost to me—
The holly seems a crown of thorn to be.

Yet, through the casement gleams a vision fair :
The untrampled snow, asleep in moonlight there,
Speaks of the spotless robes the angels wear.

And through the star-beams from the rosy east,
I seem to hear voices that long have ceased,
Bidding me welcome to their Christmas Feast.

ROWLAND BROWN.
Sings and Plays. (D. Bogue.)

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

O CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas !
Is it really come again ?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a murmur in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly-wreath to-night,
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas !
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song !
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow ;
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas !
This never more can be ;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of goodwill,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
Under the Surface. (Nisbet.)

[Printed by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchings and
Kemper, to whom the exclusive copyright belongs, and by
whom the words are published, arranged as a song.]

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

WHEN the short daylight in winter is dying,
And shadows outside make the landscape look
drear,
Who for an instant would think of denying
The cosiest spot in the county is here ?
Here in the drawing-room warm and unlighted,
Except by the flames that seem dancing in glee,
Here our large party is once more united,
All eager and ready for Five o'clock tea.
Amy's the priestess who pours the libations,
And we are the worshippers waiting our turn—
While for a time are left all occupations
That each one may drink to the god of the
Urn—

Some have been shooting, and some have been skating,

And fun too in snowballing some of them see,
Yet one and all without any debating
Have rushed in a body to Five o'clock tea.

Every bright eye is now flashing more brightly,
Lit up by the embers that flicker and glow,
Gay girlish laughter is echoing lightly,
In answer to words in pink ears whispered low.
Never was time more adapted for flirting
Than that which is sacred to fragrant *Bohea* ;
Cupid is always his power asserting,
But many his conquests at Five o'clock tea.

Who then would scorn the delight which it offers ?
Its laughter and whispers, its chatter and fun ?
Only a few dull unsociable scoffers
Whose domestication is little or none.
They would most probably clamour for "*Bitter*,"
Or even descend to the fast "*S. and B.*"
"Let them," say I, for such Goths these were fitter,
But we ne'er will cede from our Five o'clock tea.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

~~~~~  
THROUGH the long night, and through the hush,  
The silence just before the day,—  
Moves the great moon : a tender flush  
Commingled with her colder ray !  
Moon, thou art seen from haunts of earth  
Through pleasure's mellow atmosphere !—  
Soft be the light of peace, of mirth,  
In Christmas ! In the fair New Year !

EDEN HOOPER.

~~~~~  
A CHRISTMAS CHANT.

Now tell me what more can a man desire
Than a jolly red roaring Christmas fire,
And a ring of old friends around it !
If earth has a glimpse into paradise,
Much better than this, for mortal eyes,
I should like to know who has found it.
For, faces that all the year
Have been pleasant, how doubly dear
Do your warm looks show
In the Christmas glow
Of the red fire roaring here !

Now peace upon earth and good will to man,
That sometimes, alas ! do all that we can,
Ill-humour and sulks will smother,
Let that be our feeling and that our toast,
As here in the blaze our legs we roast,
And we warm to each one as a brother ;
For Christmas to man was given,
Forgiving and all forgiven,
That in its red glow
Our hearts might know
The love and the peace of heaven.

Oh, I verily think that the warm old soul
Of Christmas that's penn'd in log and in coal,
Is loosed when the piled fire's blazing ;
And, being too wise from its blaze to roam,
In the eyes and the hearts of us takes its home,
Our souls to its own warmth raising ;
So let its red blazing scare
Off sorrow, remorse, and care,
And our hearts in its light,
This Christmas night,
Be bright as its red heart there.

W. C. BENNETT.

~~~~~  
DON'T you love the mistletoe,  
Pretty little maiden !  
Don't your cheeks turn all a-glow  
When you see its beads of snow  
Hanging very nice and low,  
Bonny little maiden ?  
Heigho for long ago !  
And hey the merry mistletoe,  
Jolly little maiden !

F. LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~  
WINTER COMING.

I'm glad we have wood in store awhile,
For soon we must shut the door awhile,
As winterly winds may roar awhile,
And scatter the whirling snow.

The swallows have now all hied away,
And most of the flowers have died away,
And boughs, with their leaves all dried away,
Are windbeaten to and fro.

Your walks in the ashtree droves are cold,
Your banks in the timber'd groves are cold,
Your seats on the garden coves are cold,
Where sunheat did lately glow.

No rosebud is blooming red to-day,
No pink for your breast or head to-day,
O'erhanging the garden bed to-day,
Is nodding its sweet head low.

No more is the swinging lark above,
And air overclouded dark above,
So baffles the sun's last spark above
That shadows no longer show.

So now let your warm cheek bloom to-night,
While fireflames heat the room to-night,
Dispelling the flickering gloom to-night,
While winds of the winter blow.

WILLIAM BARNES.

Poems of Rural Life in common English.
(Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
CHRISTMAS.

YE wynter wynde blows loude ande chille,  
Ye twyggs are sylvern alle with rime,  
It is eneuche a manne to kylle,  
But Christmas is a merrie tyme !

It is ye season of ye bells,  
From ev'rie steeple clangs a chyme,  
I often wishe them somewhere else,  
But Christmas is a merrie tyme !

Now jigs and dances are ye rage,  
Now shynes ye starr of pantomime,  
For both I long am past ye age,  
But Christmas is a merrie tyme !

Now struts ye guse with little reck,  
That he hath cost full many a dime,  
But shortly shall they wringe hys neck,—  
For Christmas is a merrie tyme !

ROBERT REECE.

~~~~~  
CHRISTMAS DAY.

HEAR the merry prattlers shout
As, gathering the board about,
With childish glee and hearts all gay,
They frolic through the Christmas Day.

Gathers again that little band, as gathered they of
yore,
But with a mirth more softened, the childish glee
is o'er—

For from that loving company of youths and
maidens fair,
A gentle sister hath been ta'en, they mourn her
absence there.

Again, full many a mystic year hath passèd swiftly
by,
Like silvery or stormy clouds that flit across the
sky,
And after many a varied scene of joy and grief and
pain
A few of that once merry group, keep Christmas
Day again.

Still stealthily, still silently, Time holds his onward
way,
And changes strange the world hath seen since that
first Christmas Day.
A generation hath gone down since those gay chil-
dren met,
And *one* alone of all that race is spared to greet us
yet.

Oh ! epochs of our transient lives, what sadness of
the soul
Would pain our aching memories, were death alone
man's goal !
But He, the pure and Holy One, whose festival we
keep,
On such a morn as this arose and shook off death-
like sleep :

Yea, on this glorious morning, in dim ages now
long past
Rang through the world the Risen Voice, like
angel's trumpet blast,
That Voice ! that bids our hearts to brave, our
souls to bear all pain,
Saying, "On high, above the sky, ye all shall meet
again."

W. A. GIBBS.

Seven Years' Writing for Seven Days' Reading.
(E. Moxon.)

A CHRISTMAS INVITATION.

MOTTO.

COME hither Christmas-day, and dine ;
 We'll mix sobriety with wine,
 And easy mirth with thoughts Divine.
 We Christians think it holiday,
 On it no sin to feast or play ;
 Others, in spite, may fast and pray.

WALTER SCOTT, of Harden.

[Quoted in the notes to the Sixth Canto of "Marmion."
 These lines were addressed by the Author to Walter Scott,
 of Lessudden, a relative of Sir Walter Scott's. Sir Walter
 has imitated them in the Introduction.]

THE NORSEMEN'S CHRISTMAS.

HEAP on more wood !—the wind is chill ;
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
 Each age has deemed the new-born year
 The fittest time for festal cheer :
 Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
 At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;
 High on the beach his galleys drew,
 And feasted all his pirate crew ;
 Then in his low and pine-built hall,
 Where shields and axes decked the wall,
 They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;
 Caroused in seas of sable beer ;
 While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
 The half-gnawed rib, and marrow-bone ;
 Or listened all, in grim delight,
 While Scalds yelled out the joys of fight.
 Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
 While wildly loose their red locks fly,
 And dancing round the blazing pile,
 They make such barbarous mirth the while,
 As best might to the mind recall
 The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Introduction to Canto VI. of MARMION.

THE OLD ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.

AND well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,
 With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honour to the holy night :—
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
 That only night in all the year,
 Saw the stole'd priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
 The hall was dressed with holly green ;
 Forth to the wood did merry men go,
 To gather in the mistletoe.
 Then opened wide the Baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And Ceremony doffed his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner choose ;
 The Lord, underogating, share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."
 All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.
 The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,
 Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn
 By old blue-coated serving man ;
 Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
 Crested with bays and rosemary.
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
 How, when, and where, the monster fell ;
 What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
 Garnished with ribbons, bithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
 At such high tide, her savoury goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in,
 And carols roared with blithesome din ;
 If unmelodious was the song,
 It was a hearty note, and strong.
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery ;

White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
 But, oh ! what maskers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale ;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Introduction to Canto VI. of MARMION.

CHRISTMAS IN ANCIENT ROME.

AND in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow ;
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit ;
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit ;
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close ;
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume ;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom ;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

LORD MACAULAY.

Lays of Ancient Rome. (Longmans and Co.)

[By kind permission of the publishers.]

CHRISTMAS IN THE REIGN OF
 JAMES I.

So now is come our joyful'st feast ;
 Let every man be jolly ;
 Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
 And every post with holly.
 Though some churls at our mirth repine,
 Round your foreheads garlands twine,
 Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
 And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
 And Christmas blocks are burning ;
 Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
 And all their spits are turning.
 Without the door let sorrow lie ;
 And if for cold it hap to die,
 We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
 And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
 And no man minds his labour ;
 Our lasses have provided them
 A bagpipe and a tabor ;
 Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
 Give life to one another's joys ;
 And you anon shall by their noise
 Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun ;
 Their hall of music soundeth ;
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
 So all things there aboundeth.
 The country folks themselves advance,
 With crowdy-muttons out of France ;
 And Jack shall pipe and Jill shall dance,
 And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his bands from pawn,
 And all his best apparel ;
 Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
 With dropping of the barrel.
 And those that hardly all the year
 Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
 Will have both clothes and dainty fare
 And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
 With capons make their errants ;
 And if they hap to fail of these,
 They plague them with their warrants :
 But now they feed them with good cheer,
 And what they want they take in beer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year,
 And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
 The poor, that else were undone ;
 Some landlords spend their money worse,
 On lust and pride at London.
 There the roysters they do play,
 Drab and dice their lands away,
 Which may be ours another day,
 And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
 The prisoner's heart is easèd ;
 The debtor drinks away his cares,
 And for the time is pleasèd.
 Though others' purses be more fat,
 Why should we pine, or grieve at that ?
 Hang sorrow ! care will kill a cat,
 And therefore let's be merry.

Hark ! now the wags abroad do call,
 Each other forth to rambling ;
 Anon you'll see them in the hall,
 For nuts and apples scrambling.
 Hark ! how the roofs with laughter sound,
 Anon they'll think the house goes round,
 For they the cellar's depth have found,
 And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
 About the streets are singing ;
 The boys are come to catch the owls,
 The wild mare in is bringing.
 Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,
 And to the dealing of the ox
 Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
 And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor shepcotes have,
 And mate with everybody ;
 The honest now may play the knave,
 And wise men play the nobby.

Some youths will now a mumming go,
 Some others play at Rowland-bo,
 And twenty other games, boys, mo,
 Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days,
 Should we, I pray, be duller ?
 No, let us sing some roundelays,
 To make our mirth the fuller :
 And, while we thus inspired sing,
 Let all the streets with echoes ring ;
 Woods and hills, and everything,
 Bear witness we are merry.

GEORGE WITHER.

~~~~~  
 IT'S O ! TO BE IN DEVON AT THE  
 MERRY CHRISTMAS-TIME.

Now the days are dark and dreary,  
 And the year is growing weary,  
 And the leaves have left the branches  
 Of the sycamore and lime ;  
 I am thinking of thy bounty,  
 My dear old native county.

It's O ! to be in Devon at the Merry Christmas-  
 time.

Who that has seen thy daughters,  
 And the flashing of thy waters,  
 And hears thy name the music  
 Of some olden English rhyme ;  
 And pines not for thy alleys  
 And river-lighted valleys ?

It's O ! to be in Devon at the Merry Christmas-  
 time.

Here<sup>1</sup> the bough that we are lopping,  
 Here the snowflake in its dropping,  
 Here the flocks that roam the pastures,  
 Are blackened with the grime ;  
 And the cottages, and hedges,  
 And the grasses, and the sedges.

It's O ! to be in Devon at the Merry Christmas-  
 time.

There each cosy hearth is glowing,  
 And the honey-wine is flowing ;  
 While the frost-work on the lattice  
 Is melting like the rime ;

<sup>1</sup> Harborne, Staffordshire.

And the lads the moors are pacing,  
The hare and rabbit tracing.  
It's O! to be in Devon at the Merry Christmas-time.

And village waits are singing,  
And village bells are ringing ;  
From hill to hill they answer  
With the old familiar chime :  
And the holly's reddest coral  
Is smiling by the laurel.

It's O! to be in Devon at the Merry Christmas-time.

I hear each good man boasting  
Of the "round" his dame is roasting,  
From the ox or maiden-heifer,  
That was slaughtered in its prime ;  
And I see the fat geese spinning,  
And the ancient games beginning.  
It's O! to be in Devon at the Merry Christmas-time.

There's the crumpet, and the pippin,  
And the brown ale for the "flip" in,  
And the hot toast for the cider :—  
Would that envy were no crime ;  
And the ashén faggot hissing,  
And the mistletoe for kissing.

It's O! to be in Devon at the Merry Christmas-time.

O! sweet haunt of the pheasant,  
My home-land fair and pleasant ;  
Though ravishing the nightingale,  
When visiting thy clime,  
More charming is thy greeting  
Of the guest at festal meeting.

God bless thee, dear old Devon, with a merry  
Christmas-time!

EDWARD CAPERN.

*Wayside Warbles.* (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

THIS night about our cheerful hearth we gather  
once again,  
A circle of true hearts, tried links in friendship's  
firmest chain ;

The blaze leaps up, the wine is bright, the laugh is  
quick and free,  
And even home seems something more than home  
was wont to be.  
The generous glow, the swelling heart, the eye to  
tears surprised—  
The sudden pause that stills our joy, yet is but joy  
disguised—  
These speak a presence at our hearth, unseen, but  
known and dear ;  
Yes, Christmas—blessed Christmas—has surely  
entered here.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

*Ten Miles from Town.* (W. Freeman.)

ONCE A YEAR.

BACCHUS is a grand enchanter,  
Truly magical his spell:  
Pass along the full decanter ;  
Empty, is it? Ring the bell.  
Here it comes ; I'm sure I'm very,  
Very glad, indeed, I came :  
Do you think it's port or sherry?  
Never mind, it's all the same ;  
Hang your ceremony here,  
Christmas comes but once a year.

Mr. Jones! inebriated!  
Three o'clock! How dare you, sir?  
(Mrs. J. is irritated  
As you may, perhaps, infer.)  
Jones respondeth to her greeting ;—  
But, my dear, I couldn't come ;  
Been to missionary meeting,  
Had to see a lady home ;  
Too particular, my dear,  
Christmas comes but once a year.

We must give some jolly parties,  
Not those horrid stiff affairs :  
Don't forget the Moriartys,  
They invited us to theirs.  
Then, about those evening dresses,  
We must order them to-day,—  
"If your father acquiesces,"  
You may very safely say.

Pa ! you mustn't interfere ;  
 Christmas comes but once a year.

Pay my bills? perhaps I'd better.—  
 Plenty of them—let me see,  
 Four and three are seven, debtor,  
 Carried forward—£ s. d.  
 Really these "small" expenses  
 Make a formidable sum ;  
 You, perhaps, can tell me whence is  
 All this ready cash to come ?  
 Take your cheque-book, there's a dear,  
 Christmas comes but once a year.

Father Christmas' jolly face is  
 Known to all both near and far,  
 Even in the dismal places  
 Where the poorer people are :  
 Let us then examine *their* case  
 In the merry Christmas time,—  
 True it's but a shaky staircase  
 And a weary one to climb,—  
 Still they're merry even here,  
 Christmas comes but once a year.

See around the dying embers  
 How they crouch, as well they may,  
 Cold and dreary are December's  
 Nights for children such as they ;  
 Weeping sits a widowed mother,  
 Scarcely daring to foresee  
 What the consequence of other  
 Cheerless days and nights will be.  
 Courage ! brighter days are near,  
 Christmas comes but once a year.

EDWIN HAMILTON.

*Dublin Doggerels.* (McGee, Dublin.)

#### THE CHRISTMAS STORY IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

RENOUNCE, here sitting by the couch  
 Of childhood sweet, by sickness marred,  
 The "pride of life," the worldly pride,  
 That makes the human heart too hard.

These little ones in pain shall preach  
 A sermon that we fain must heed ;  
 "Blest are the merciful—the meek—  
 The kind, in thought, in word, in deed."

Thus, on the Mount, the Saviour preached,  
 Who healed the sick, and, of His grace,  
 Blessed the small children in His arms,  
 And said, "*These* see My Father's face."

His viewless presence fills this room,  
 Where gentle ladies, men of skill,  
 Soothe, as they can, each suffering babe,  
 And work, so far, the Master's will.

Nor praise, nor thanks, they ask, who here  
 The Children's Hospital attend ;  
 But spare its funds a half per cent.  
 Of gold that you may save or spend.

Then, if at Christmas you would taste  
 A pleasure, worldly minds know not,  
 Visit the Children's Hospital,  
 And muse beside an infant's cot.

Here see a Christian woman's hand  
 Bring comfort to the wasting frame,  
 While from her faithful lips is heard  
 Our common Father's holy name.

Around this nurse, this patient, crowd  
 Some other children, growing well ;  
*This* child may die or live—who knows ?  
 Of her—of us—we cannot tell.

This only have we learnt ; of all,  
 The never-dying soul is Love ;  
 On Christmas Day the Child was born,  
 Who lived and died this truth to prove.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY she repeats,  
 To cheer the weary, painful hours,  
 Has comforted all human griefs,  
 And may relieve the worst of ours.

A.

[Reprinted by kind permission from the *Illustrated London News*.]

## "TURKEY IS HOFF!"

HE has given the Housekeeper leave for her party ;  
 The Office "remembered,"—forgetting not one,—  
 In the old-fashioned manner, full-handed and hearty,  
 And now the old bachelor's day's work is done.  
 At the garrulous "Gate," this raw morning, his duties  
 Began, as he chose, with sagacity sage,  
 A corpulent barrel of Whitstable beauties,  
 And saw them despatched by the Edmonton stage.  
 Up the hill, from the Gate of mellifluous Billing—  
 From shell, scale, and fin, on to feather and fur—  
 To spend gracious guineas both eager and willing,  
 Taking care that each present was labelled *for her!*  
 'Tis his way. Why the day of all days in December'd  
 Not seem like itself were the mothers and wives  
 Of his folk, friends, and kindred, not richly  
 "remembered,"  
 By Leadenhall marking *one* day in their lives!  
 Did his duties end there? No. Bless him!  
 Though lonely  
 The whimsical, warm-hearted bachelor's lot,  
 At such times on the elders his thoughts run not only,  
 The rosy-checked youngsters are never forgot!  
 From the wonderful cherub, all dimples and crowing,  
 To the sweet little maiden, all coyness and curls—  
 Or that bold imp of mischief, more mischievous growing—  
 Each one is "remembered," boys, babies, and girls!  
 His labours are over. The time for enjoyment  
 Is come, for his lunch (like his spirits) was light ;  
 Even making folk happy 's a tiring employment ;  
 His season of solace arrives with the night.

An undisturbed hour (may be two) in the tavern,  
 Which for many dull years the old boy has dubbed "mine"—  
 In the tranquiler, cosiest, *Englishest* cavern  
 That ever beseeemed a brave turkey and chine—  
 Shall be his. As the frosty nor'-easter he faces  
 His fancy is busy, the thoughts of the day  
 Give a light to his eyes and a spring to his paces—  
 Not a heart in all Chepe is so brimmingly gay!  
 The deep bells of Bow and of Cripplegate tell him,  
 As they answer Paul's challenge, of tender "lang syne"—  
 Of dim Christmas Eves and the fates that befell him—  
 Of his loves, and his—"Now for that turkey and chine!"  
 A dive from the dark with a chuckle they know,  
 he  
 Makes straight to *his* corner ; a signal to John ;  
 A satisfied glance at the napery snowy ;  
 And he cheerily orders his "Turkey for one."  
 Ah! John, had thy words melted forth in a murmur,  
 Without the stern aspirate—*with* a suave cough—  
 His lip had not drooped and his look had been firmer,  
 At the *sentence* implacable "Turkey is hoff!"  
 Though he carve for his sisters, at Tot'nham to-morrow,  
 At the prospect his fancy doth flauntingly scoff,  
 The capon, the sirloin, the goose, are but sorrow,  
 He cannot forget, John, that "Turkey was hoff!"  
 'Tis your dinner, not his, John—'tis eating, not dining ;  
 He sips without knowledge his bottle of wine,  
 For, in spite of himself, while he eats he's repining,  
 Beset by those phantoms, the turkey and chine.

BYRON WEBBER.

[Reprinted by kind permission from the *Illustrated London News*.]

BRING in the green holly, the box and the yew,  
The fir and the laurel, all sparkling with rime;  
Hang up to the ceiling the mistletoe bough,  
And let us be jolly another Yule-time!

EDWIN WAUGH.

*Poems and Lancashire Songs.* (G. Bell.)

~~~~~

THE PEASANT'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Twas Christmas Eve, a bitter night, the snow was
on the ground,
The peasant's scanty fire was low, the children
shivered round;
Their evening meal, one little loaf, lay on the
humble board,
But one and all with thankful hearts arose and
blessed the Lord.

Hark! some one knocks! and yet again! the
peasant opes the door,
Who wanders late on such a night across the
bitter moor?
The wind is wild, the snow is deep, there at the
door he stands
— A little child with wistful eyes and frozen lifted
hands.

The peasant took him in his arms, the children
wondering gaze,
He gently wiped away the snow and warmed him
by the blaze;
Then set him in the seat they loved, the dear dead
mother's chair,
And broke the bread, and every one gave of his
scanty share.

But while upon their beds of straw that night they
sleeping lay,
The child arose and blessed them, and softly past
away;
And for every good that comes to them, when life
seems doubly drear,
They fold their hands and whisper, "The Christ
Child has been here."

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

BITTER OR SWEET.

ARE they bitter or are they sweet,
The thoughts that come and go?
As laugh and shout ring merrily out
And the dance beats to and fro?
Matron, watching the youngsters there,
Your gallant lads and your daughters fair,
I scan your face and I long to share
The thoughts that o'er it grow.
A thousand memories crowd and fleet;
And are they bitter or are they sweet?

Oh, half are bitter and half are sweet,
The thoughts that melt and glow;
For they lead me back on a quiet track
Through many a winter's snow.
And the grey old men and the lads that died
Are the warm young wooers that sue or chide,
And I am the Queen of Christmas-tide
In the Valley of Long Ago.
When the past and the present meet and greet,
Some thoughts are bitter and some are sweet.

Nay, are they bitter or are they sweet?
I know not,—who may know?
I nod and smile, but I feel the while
The warm tears softly flow.
Our roses wither, our joys grow cold,
Yet girls are winsome and lads are bold,
And a kiss will be sweet as it was of old
Though we lie cold and low.
The wizard thoughts that charm and cheat
Are sweetly-bitter and bitter-sweet.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

THE mistletoe hangs near the sea-kissed sails, and  
the waves as they follow us, fleck'd with foam,  
Are bearing a vessel from sea to shore, and a  
dozen brave hearts to their Christmas home.  
Storms and sorrows are left behind with the roar  
and rock of the endless tide,  
That speeds the son to his mother's arms, and the  
sailor's heart to his destined bride.  
There's an answer true to the midnight pray'r, and  
a prospect bright for the daylight hope:  
Give it her, boys! for the wind is true! clear the  
deck and get ready the rope!



Do you see that speck of an island there, the old  
white cliffs, and the flag that's free,  
Fluttered and fretted by favouring breeze that  
signals home to the ships at sea?  
Fortune and fate, we have followed them both in  
the hammock below and before the mast;  
But it's over now, the journey's done, and the  
weary mariner's home at last!

What shall we find when we reach the shore, with  
Christmas hearts and the bells in tune?  
Will love be true as December frost, or fickle and  
fall like the rose in June?  
Will hands be warm as our beating hearts, or home  
strike cold as the changing wave;  
Shall we sing, my lads, when the door is closed, or  
seek in sorrow a new-made grave?  
Will the wife be the same as we saw her last, kiss-  
ing her hand as the sun went down,  
When the vessel was lost in a haze of mist, and the  
lights grew less of the dear old town?  
We have been out to the far-off lands—the burning  
tropics, the blinding snows—  
And they have been snug and secure at home, pray-  
ing, forgetting,—well, goodness knows!  
A minute more, and the doubt's at rest of lover  
and father, of false and free!  
Steer hard, my lads, for the harbour-bar that sepa-  
rates home from the ships at sea!

It doesn't look well to be down in luck, when the  
Christmas bells in the frosty air  
Are filling the world with a sound goodwill, and  
freeing the heart from a blank despair.  
But I recall such a morn as this, when we'd hung  
the mistletoe made for love,  
Secure in the topmost spars, up there, and the flut-  
tering ensign waved above.  
We had sailed to port on a Christmas morn to  
greet the woman that each loved best;  
They filled my arms with a baby boy and said my  
mother had gone to rest,  
And down to the vessel they raced—but one, she  
sank with a wail on her bended knee,  
For we told the lass, as our tears ran down, we had  
buried our mate in the sad, salt sea.  
There are sorrows and smiles in a sailor's life, there  
are husbands lost and children born

To those who watch and to those who wait, when  
the ship sails home on a Christmas morn!

But cheer, my lads, as we shorten sail; put the  
little one quick in my arms to take  
A mistletoe kiss from the lips of land, and give us  
some luck for the sailor's sake.  
The dripping garments of sailors saved were the  
votive gifts in the days of Rome;  
Let ours be hope, and a sailor's prayer, when  
Christmas comes with a sight of home!

CLEMENT SCOTT.  
*Lays of a Londoner.* (D. Bogue.)

#### HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

THE church is quaint, and carved, and olden;  
The sunlight streams in wavelets golden,  
This Christmas morn,  
Through stained-glass scenes from Bible stories,  
On ancient knights whose sculptured glories  
The aisle adorn.

The rays are shed in chastened splendour  
On many a dead and gone defender  
Of Church and Crown;  
On Lancelot, the brave Crusader,  
And Guy who slew the French invader,  
And saved a town.

The manor lords in line unbroken  
Rest here begirt with sign and token  
Of ages past;  
And dames and maidens, proud and stately,  
Lie here with folded hands sedately,  
And eyes shut fast.

Among their tombs the sunlight lingers,  
Then halts between the anthem-singers  
And warriors grim.  
For there, 'midst many a warlike relic,  
Fair children sing the song angelic,  
Christ's birthday hymn.

In rev'rie wrapt, I pause and listen,  
I watch the darting sunbeams glisten  
On floor and wall;  
Then pass from dead to living graces,  
And on the children's happy faces  
In splendour fall.

This song of peace—these gentle voices,  
 These glad young hearts that life rejoices,  
     My fancy thought,  
 Are dearer homage to the Master  
 Than all the Church's foes' disaster  
     These dead knights wrought.

Gone are the days of gloom and error,  
 Love's sceptre breaks the rod of terror  
     In our fair isle ;  
 And as the children sing His message,  
 Of Peace on earth the joyful presage,  
     They win God's smile.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

~~~~~  
 A CITY CHURCH-PORCH ON CHRIST-
 MAS-EVE.

MUFFLE the roar of the wheels, thick snow ;
 Yield, heavy door, let the sound outflow—
 A wave of worship that rises here
 In the song supreme of the dying year.
 Now it surges forth on the shores of night !
 To the hearkening world as a fireside bright
 To wayfarer chill is the comforting psalm
 Now bearing abroad its message of balm—
 " Unto us a Child is Born."

Thrust utterly back that obstinate door !
 His the poor rich and the poorest poor,
 Room for the velvets and feathers and furs ;
 For this costly robe, and these jewels of hers ;
 For the gold-laced hat and the pile of books ;
 For my lady's maid with her conscious looks ;
 For—hark ! the clear bells call on the morn !
 I have no room in my heart for scorn—
 " Unto us a Child is Born."

Let Pride the mocker appraise the pride
 Of Dives, too happy to turn aside ;
 Of Dives' kith, whose arrogant feet
 Press on to pray from a cushioned seat.
 Good will unto men : in the festival glow
 There's room for the lofty and decently low ;
 If these shadows without (we're a crowded hive)
 Swarm, with a poor too poor to shrive—
 For rich and wretched the Child was born.

For us, for all. Bridge over the gulf
 'Twixt Christ and yon lad with the eyes of a
 wolf.
 He was spawned on the City for better—or
 worse ;
 He was suckled on sin and starved with a
 curse ;
 He was left to our care by his stepmother,
 Want ;
 Ours ! or what is our preaching but cant ?
 Clang louder, Bells ! the tears in your tones
 May fall, for him, on the senseless stones—
 Unto him the Christ was born.

Two women that once wore womanly charms,
 One bearing a puny life loose in her arms,
 Push rudely in front of the curious throng—
 Will nobody silence that roysterer's song ?
 " Hush ! hush ! " 'tis the younger that huskily
 speaks,
 While strange tears moisten her worn, wan
 cheeks.
 Ah, hush ! hurt memory feels for the hymn
 She sang as a child in the days that are dim—
 Unto her the Christ was born.

Those seers of old, in their wondering wise,
 The new star followed with reverent eyes,
 Nor faint nor doubting the long march stayed
 Till prone by the manger their gifts they laid.
 How little they knew—to worship and give !
 But we who are wiser, and richer, who live
 In a land all His, what have we to bring,
 For tribute to lay at the feet of the King
 Who unto us a Child is born ?

When the psalm is sung and the prayers are
 read ;
 When the ringer's greetings are blithely said ;
 When heavily, groaningly swings the door,
 And the bland pew-opener bows no more ;
 Ask yonder officer—sick of his beat !—
 The way to the alleys in Poverty Street ;
 Methinks down there a seeker might find
 A starving sinner with darkened mind
 To gladden the manger this Christmas morn.

BYRON WEBBER.

[From " Cassell's Family Magazine," by kind permission
 of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.]

CHRISTMAS INVITATION.

COME down to-morrow night ; an' mind,
Don't leäve thy fiddle-bag behind ;
We'll sheäke a lag an' drink a cup
O' eäle, to keep wold Chris'mas up.

An' let thy sister teäke thy eärm,
The walk won't do her any harm ;
There's noo dirt now to spweil her frock,
The ground's a-vroze so hard's a rock.

You won't meet any stranger's feäce,
But only naighbours o' the pleäce,
An' Stowe, an' Combe ; an' two or dree
Vrom uncle's up at Rookery.

An' thou wu'lt vind a rwozy feäce,
An' peäir ov eyes so black as sloos,
The prettiest woones in all the pleäce,—
I'm sure I needen tell thee whose.

We got a back-bran', dree girt logs
So much as dree ov us can car ;
We'll put em up athirt the dogs,¹
And meäke a vier to the bar.

An' ev'ry woone shall tell his teäle,
An' ev'ry woone shall zing his zong,
An' ev'ry woone wull drink his eäle
To love an' frien'ship all night long.

We'll snap the tongs, we'll have a ball,
We'll sheäke the house, we'll lift the ruf,
We'll romp an' meäke the maïdens squall,
A catchèn o'm at blind-man's buff.

Zoo come to-morrow night ; an' mind,
Don't leäve thy fiddle-bag behind :
We'll sheäke a lag, an' drink a cup
O' eäle, to keep wold Chris'mas up.

WILLIAM BARNES.

Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect.
(C. Kegan Paul and Co.)

KEEPEN UP O' CHRIS'MAS.

AN' zoo you didden come athirt,²
To have zome fun last night : how wer't ?
Vor we'd a-work'd wi' all our might
To scour the iron things up bright,
An' brush'd an' scrubb'd the house all drough ;

¹ Andirons.

² Athwart = to our house.

An' brought in vor a brand,³ a plock
O' wood so big's an uppèn-stock,⁴
An' hung a bough o' misseltoo,
An' ax'd a merry friend or two,
To keepèn up o' Chris'mas.

An' there wer wold an' young ; an' Bill,
Soon a'ter dark, stalk'd up vrom mill.
An' when he wer a-comèn near,
He whissled loud vor me to hear ;
Then roun' my head my frock I roll'd,
An' stood in orcha'd like a post,
To meäke en think I wer a ghost.
But he wer up to't, an' did scowld
To vind me stannèn in the cwold,
A keepèn up o' Chris'mas.

We play'd at forfeits, an' we spun
The trencher roun', an' meäde such fun !
An' had a geäme o' dree-ceärd loo,
An' then begun to hunt the shoe.
An' all the wold vo'k zittèn near,
A-chattèn roun' the vier pleäce,
Did smile in woone another's feäce,
An sheäke right hands wi' hearty cheer,
An' let their left hands spill their beer,
A keepèn up o' Chris'mas.

WILLIAM BARNES.

Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect.
(C. Kegan Paul and Co.)

[*Extract.*]

BUT lo ! through the dark cloud of evils,
A ray is beginning to peer,
Which startles the host of blue devils,
As though 'twere Ithuriel's spear.
The pulses again freely play, for
Though faster may fall the snow flakes,
Merry Christmas is coming, and hey for
Waits, turkeys, mince pies, and Twelfth cakes!
A fig for each cynical railer !
We'll keep it up early and late ;
I shall have a long bill from my tailor,
But, hang him, the rascal must wait !
Come, what shall it be, pretty lasses,
Hot cockles, pope Joan, blindman's buff ?

³ Used for Backbrand = a yule log.

⁴ A horse-block, from which to get on horseback.

It matters not how the time passes,
 So you do but make racket enough !
 Though fashion such sports has exploded,
 Its firman ne'er think upon now,
 But bring, with its pretty pearls loaded,
 The mistletoe's mystical bough ;
 Oh ! why should we forfeit such blisses,
 To follow the taste of a few ?
 Though some people may not like kisses,
 I honestly own that I do.

Round a good wassail-bowl of rich fluids,
 Would quench e'en a Tantalus' thirst,
 Libations let's pour to the Druids,
 Who gathered the mistletoe first !
 And next, to the sweet girls who've bless'd it,
 Wherever the pretty rogues be,
 Who though they must seem to detest it,
 Would live and die under the tree.

And surely it won't be deemed treason,
 Here met as we are round the hearth,
 Of one who ne'er stands upon season
 To add to our comfort or mirth,
 'To wish him and his every blessing
 Man knows in this unstable sphere,
 And all the good friends I'm addressing,
 An old-fashioned happy New Year !

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

Songs and Poems. (Chatto and Windus.)

[By kind permission of the Publishers.]

~~~~~  
 A CHRISTMAS-EVE IN ST. GILES'S.

It's Christmas, is it ?—Well, what o' that ?  
 It's a despurd sight colder, that's all ;  
 An' the chances is it comes on to freeze  
 An' the snow 'll begin to fall.  
 Cuss Christmas ! says I, when a bloke's so bad  
 He can't 'ardly walk nor crawl.

Christmas ! get out with yer rot ! says I,  
 A talkin' o' hall its mirth—  
 I a'n't got a crust to gnaw, I a'n't,  
 Nor a friend throughout all God's earth ;  
 An' I a'n't no fire, an' I a'n't no clothes,  
 So, come, what's yer Christmas worth ?

I just creeped out last night, an' I slunk  
 Along thro' the gas an' glare ;

I looked in the windows—it made me wince  
 To see all the plenty there :  
 An' I wos 'alf-dead for want of a loaf,  
 An' too weak for to groan a prayer.

I passed a church ; they wos singin' hinside  
 O' peace an' good will to men—  
 I wondered if I wos one wot they meant,  
 An' where the good-will wos then—  
 God knows, I wanted it bad enough  
 As I creeped away back to my den.

Good Heav'ns ! It is Christmus Heve to-night,  
 An' the joy o' the world is supreme ;  
 They're all so jolly an' gay an' glad,  
 My sorrer they cannot hesteem ;  
 An' yet I'm so 'ungry I cannot sleep,  
 An' I haven't the chance to dream.

There—hark ! I can hear Big Ben quite plain,  
 An' his boom is a ter'ble shock,  
 For ev'ry stroke that his clapper strikes  
 Seems my mis'able life to mock—  
 "It's Christmas day, an' you ain't gone dead ;"  
 So clangs out that awful clock.

Oh ! you that 'as time and wealth to spare,  
 And is drones in the human 'ives,  
 Do yer think, as the days goes merrily on,  
 What a change 'ood come over *your* lives  
 If 'unger and sickness was holdin' yer fast,  
 Like a pair o' ghashtly gyves ?

Don't 'ee rest, good souls, with singin' at church,  
 An' wishin' yer neighbours well ;  
 Find out who's the ones wot want yer 'elp  
 An' is sunk in a hearthly 'ell—  
 Go to 'em yourselves for to raise 'em up,  
 An' the tale of peace for to tell.

I'm goin'—I feel it—I can't last long ;  
 Death's gettin' the best of the fight—  
 It makes me shiver to think he'll come  
 An' carry me off in the night.  
 O Lord ! have mercy upon my soul !  
 An' let me live till 'tis light !

A. A. DOWTY. (O. P. Q. Philander ~~Smith~~),  
*Coster Ballads.* (Weldon and Co.)



NEW YEAR.



# REFLECTIONS, COUNSELS, AND CONGRATULATIONS.

What will thy baby hands, O Year, unfold?  
Seek not to know, knowing the Father knows.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

## A DREAM ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I DREAMED a dream :—Methought two travellers  
To an old hostel in a narrow street  
Came walking wearily, their way-worn feet  
Shod in strange sandals: and the folk said:  
“Sirs,  
“What make ye here to-night?” but on they  
went  
Unheeding, for the winter day was spent,  
And sought their chamber. As they lay awake,  
The jangling bells clanged forth a sudden peal  
Of strangest music, and they seemed to feel  
The Old Year die upon the night, and break  
The links of Past and Future; and below  
There was a noise of trampling in the snow,  
And clamorous angry voices: but they heard  
The strife all idly, turned them round and  
slept,  
Slept even in my dream, and something kept  
A watch above them that nor spoke nor stirred.  
Then one awoke, and started to his feet,  
And spoke his fellow: “Christ is in the street!”  
And forth they went to meet Him, but they found  
The street all empty, save a shivering heap  
Of frozen sack-cloth, where one seemed to weep  
Stretched by a threshold on the wintry ground.  
Then one said: “Speak, O Lord!” and bent  
him o'er  
The moaning outcast. But I dreamed no more.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

*Brother Fabian's Manuscript.* (Macmillan and Co.)

## A PARTING.

FAREWELL, old year; we walk no more together;  
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh,  
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered  
heather,  
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.  
Here in the dim light of a grey December  
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears;  
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember  
I thought thee saddest-born of all the years.  
I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden  
Under the mist that veiled thy path from sight;  
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden  
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.  
I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,  
I only heard the splash of icy rain,  
And in that winter gloom I found no token  
To tell me that the sun would shine again.  
Oh, dear old year, I wronged a Father's kindness,  
I would not trust Him with my load of care;  
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,  
And lo, He met me with an answered prayer!  
Good-bye, kind year, we walk no more together,  
But here in quiet happiness we part;  
And from thy wreath of faded fern and heather  
I take some sprays, and wear them on my heart.

SARAH DOUDNEY.



“AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD.”

THE old year goes, its faithful record taking  
Of good achieved, of evil we deplore,  
Into the silence that shall know no breaking  
Till time shall be no more.

E'en as the new year dawns, undimmed by sorrow,  
Unstained as yet by sinful thought and deed,  
We would look upward and new courage borrow,  
Sufficient for our need.

God of the years ! whose patient love designeth  
The unknown future, unto Thee we pray ;  
Our life is like a shadow that declineth,  
And we must pass away ;

We are but strangers ; there is none abiding,  
And all things whisper, “ This is not your rest ; ”  
But in Thy love unchangeable confiding,  
We cannot be unblest.

We thank Thee for the cloud and sunshine blended,  
So wisely as our portion in the past ;  
The nights of weeping that have surely ended  
In morning joy at last.

And when Thy providence had gently taken  
From our reluctant hearts some cherished dream,  
If for a little space our faith was shaken,  
Even in Thy love supreme,

We bless Thee for the patience manifested,  
Though we rebelled against Thy chastening rod ;  
For rays of light that on the darkness rested  
To lead us back to God !

Now on the threshold of the year we measure  
The present by the past, and fearless stand ;  
Leaving the future with its pain or pleasure  
To Thine all-loving hand.

We would go forth, not fearing as we enter  
Into the cloud whose end we may not know,  
If but Thy love be shining at its centre,  
To bless us as we go.

Make us, O Lord, more anxious for Thy favour  
In all the work and warfare of our life ;  
Give us the childlike trust that shall not waver  
Even in death's final strife ;

Then take us home, through faith and love  
victorious,  
To hear Thy welcome in the streets of gold ;  
Where the New Year is dawning, bright and  
glorious,  
That never shall grow old !

MARY ROWLES.

NOISELESS and fleet as a bird march on the white  
feet of the winter ;  
Lo—where her magical wand is laid on the earth as  
she passes,  
Spell-bound and silent it lies unfolded in fairy-like  
raiment—  
City, and hamlet and town, the hill-side, the plain  
and the valley  
Sparkle with gems opalesque so lavishly strewn by  
the frost king—  
Cradled at ease in her arms, unheeding the blast  
of the east wind,  
Lieth the New-born Year as fair as the fast-falling  
snowflakes.

H. M. BURNSIDE.

THE SILENT RIVER.

WITHOUT or murmur or motion,  
Ripple or surge or gleam,  
We drift on a silent river  
To a sea of dream.

Yet once in each year that passes,  
When the old year's pulse is low,  
When the clock gives warning of midnight,  
We can hear it flow.

As we bend o'er the ashy features,  
As we think, “ He too must go,”  
In the strain'd and pulsing silence,  
We can feel it flow.

'Tis the tide of thoughts and of feelings,  
The tide of laughter and tears,  
The tide of dreams and of actions—  
The River of Years.

O, hush ! I can hear it flowing—  
 It sings, and it surges free !  
 O, swiftly, swiftly it bears us  
 Down to the sea !

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE worn old year is dying hard  
 In bitter cold and wind and snow,  
 No Angels stand around to guard  
 His darkest hours from storm and woe.

His cruel breath has slain our flowers,  
 His frown has made our sunlight dim ;—  
 As he has dealt with us and ours  
 So God is dealing now with him.

A cruel year, that promised fair  
 And brought us gifts in goodly store ;—  
 Then swept our pleasant gardens bare,  
 Re-taking all he gave, and more.

A year that leaves us mourning thus,  
 What can he bring us at the last ?  
 What golden gift could comfort us  
 And still atone for all the Past ?

Behold ! a sudden Glory wakes,  
 And trembles softly far and near,  
 A sound of Angel voices breaks  
 The silence of the dying year.

And in his frozen arms behold,  
 A Child Divine, serenely bright,  
 Who smiles on us through bitter cold,  
 And makes the winter darkness light.

O Gift unspeakable, and fair,  
 O Child of Peace for souls forlorn,  
 To our poor world so chill and bare  
 We welcome Thee, this glorious morn.

Our days are brief, our nights are long,  
 The wind blows wild on land and sea ;  
 But we have heard the Angels' song,  
 And Christ is born for Victory !

The worn old year is dying hard  
 In bitter cold and wind and snow,  
 But blessèd Angels stand to guard  
 His darkest hours through storm and woe ;

And when his days are wholly past  
 Our hearts shall sing,—He robbed us sore,  
 But made us sweet amends at last,  
 Restoring all he took, and more.

AUTHOR OF "EZEKIEL  
 AND OTHER POEMS." (Nelson.)

TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.

FARE thee well, thou fitful dream !  
 Yet an hour, and all is o'er—

And to-morrow's rising beam  
 Shall light thy path no more.

Fare thee well ; yet ere we part—  
 Ere thine hours have ceased to be,  
 Take thy tribute from my heart,  
 My blessing home with thee.

Yes, my blessing ! By my tears,  
 By my heaving bosom's pain,  
 Thou hast brought what future years  
 Ne'er can bring again.  
 And though 'neath the glorious flowers,  
 Lurked the sting that pierced my breast,  
 Yet, oh ! yet, thy vanished hours—  
 I will call them blest.

Calm and peaceful were they never—  
 Theirs was many an anguish sore ;  
 Theirs it was a tie to sever  
 That earth unites no more.  
 Yet through mists of gloom and tears,  
 Dwelt *one* sunbeam on my breast—  
 Oh ! beyond all other years,  
 I will call thee blest.

Words can never, never tell  
 Half the feelings bound to thee,—  
 Half the thrilling dreams that dwell  
 With thy deathless memory.  
 Thine has been the power to raise  
 Burning spells to break my rest—  
 Yet, oh ! yet, thy parted days—  
 I *will* call them blest.

Hark ! a sound ! thou vanished year !  
 Now thy brief career is o'er :  
 Take, oh ! take my parting tear,  
 We shall meet no more.

Sleep in dust, 'mid ages gone—  
 There it rang, thy funeral knell !  
 But in my heart, while time moves on,  
 Shall live our last Farewell.

UNKNOWN.

~~~~~  
 FROM the silent bier of the dead old year
 His youthful heir upsprings ;
 And the sable pall that hideth all
 O'er the changing corse he flings.
 " Let them bury the dead out of sight," for dread
 Is that rigid face and form ;
 And the sinews that broke the strength of the oak
 Are but carrion now for the worm.
 He had wasted his health, and lavished his wealth
 In folly, and sin, and strife ;
 Through Vanity's round he had run, and found
 Himself beggared at close of life !
 With cargo lost, like a wrecked ship tossed
 On the rocks, all shattered, he lies ;
 He has left me nought, but a lesson fraught
 With a moral of worth to the wise.

FRANCIS MEREDYTH.
Arca. (Trübner.)

~~~~~  
 INTO the dismal abysses  
 Where outworn centuries lie  
 Pass not, old Year, old Friend ;  
 Pass not, we pray thee, and die.  
 Now thou art bow'd and white-hair'd  
 We behold thee in truth what thou art ;  
 An arm'd man planted between us  
 And him of the bitter dart.  
 —There is gain from desire defeated,  
 And a gem in the heart of woe :  
 But to leave the little faces,  
 To leave the heart's darling, and go ;—  
 This is the sorest evil  
 Of evils under the sky,  
 That makes us chill at the noontide,  
 And shudder as night goes by.  
 —O King, whilst thou hast ruled us  
 We have murmur'd beneath our lot :  
 Now we know that under thy sceptre  
 We were safe, and we knew it not.

Minutes of fugitive pleasure,  
 Pearls in the year's diadem,—  
 Days of delight, all golden,  
 They are gone, and we sigh not for them:—

But thine heir, the new king, we know not ;  
 Nor whether his shield be of proof  
 To guard us against the arrows  
 Of that other who watches aloof,

With a smile from his ambush darting  
 The glance of a patient eye,  
 In wait to bear us to the darkness  
 Where Arthur and Alfred lie.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.  
*Lyrical Poems.* (Macmillan and Co.)

~~~~~  
 THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Now the Night is at her prime,
 Sadly, slowly, solemnly
 Peals the iron tongue of Time ;
 And there's death upon the chime,
 For the Old Year must die.

Hark ! each peal that smites the ear,
 Hoarsely, deeply, hollowly,
 Nearer brings, and still more near,
 To his end the good Old Year,
 That passed so jollily.

Twelve notes clanged from out the tower
 Loudly, sternly, startlingly ;
 It is done !—Time's ruthless power
 Has bid the year die with the hour—
 The Old Year's pass'd away !

Let us lay him in his bier,
 Gently, kindly, reverently ;
 With a sigh and with a tear,
 With a hope and with a fear,
 In faith and charity.

Lo ! unto thy grave we bring,
 Sadly, meekly, piously,
 Many a sweet and precious thing,
 Whereunto our hearts did cling
 With strong fidelity.

Friends that we have loved in life,
 Fondly, deeply, faithfully ;
 Parent, offspring, husband, wife,
 Pleasure's dreams, Ambition's strife,—
 We lay them all with thee.

Keep these treasures for us, then,
 Surely, safely, carefully,
 Till the end of all things, when
 Thou shalt yield them up again
 As we gave them thee.

Rest in peace, thou good Old Year,
 Deeply, darkly, tranquilly—
 Oh ! when the Archangel's trump we hear,
 God grant that thou shalt not appear
 'Gainst us to testify.

Requiescat in Pace.

J. F. WALLER.

Poems. (McGlashan and Gill, Dublin.)

~~~~~

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.

HARK upon the ear of Morn  
 Quickly, gaily, cheerily,  
 Clang the jocund bells to warn  
 That the infant year is born,  
 Greet him merrily.

Hail to thee, thou fair New Year  
 Heartily, right heartily,  
 We have watched through midnight drear,  
 To give thee welcome and good cheer—  
 Benedicite.

May thy moments glide away  
 Lightly, brightly, happily—  
 May thy youth be fresh and gay,  
 Sage thy prime, and thy decay  
 Sweet and mellow be.

We will do thee homage now,  
 Freely, truly, loyally—  
 We will give our plighted vow,  
 We will swear, and so shalt thou,  
 Comrades true to be.

We will prize thee, bright New Year,  
 Dearly, wisely, carefully  
 Use thee well, and hold thee dear,  
 Till thy latest hour draws near,  
 And, like thy sire, thou die.

Thou shalt bring us, day by day,  
 Freely, fully, bounteously,  
 Every good for which we pray,  
 And hopeful lead us on the way  
 To our home on high.

So that when thy end draws near,  
 Sadly, slowly, solemnly,  
 We'll say, "God rest thee, good Old Year,  
 Thou wert the best that we knew here,—  
 Rest in eternity!"

J. F. WALLER.

*Poems.* (McGlashan and Gill, Dublin.)

~~~~~

LORD, Thou art good, we say it when
 Thy fierce east breezes blow,
 Lord, Thou art good, we still repeat
 In Thy soft summer glow,
 And let to-morrow rain or shine
 Shadow and sunshine both are thine.

The Future still is hid with Thee,
 Its secret Thou dost know,
 We cannot guess its coming bliss,
 And we would have it so,
 Content, when this year's course is o'er,
 We shall but love and trust Thee more.

As little children called to see
 Their father's gift untied,
 Are sure that whatsoe'er He send
 They will be satisfied,
 We thank Thee, ere we know Thy gift,
 And wait till Thou its veil shall lift.

ISABELLA FVIVIE MAYO.

~~~~~

THE days roll on, the years speed past,  
 The old becomes the new ;  
 The lights we loved are fading fast—  
 Into the distant blue.  
 But changeless through all changing time  
 Is that true tender Hand  
 Which leads us up the heights sublime  
 Towards the love-lit Land.

H. M. BURNSIDE.

## A NEW YEAR'S PROMISE.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Exod. xxxiii. 14.

My presence shall go with thee at the opening of the year,  
When thou steppest o'er its threshold with a mingled hope and fear ;  
When the future lies before thee in its bloom and radiance dressed,  
Then " My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

My presence shall go with thee in the sunny hours of spring,  
When life with all its thousand hopes is daily blossoming.  
As yet untried thou goest forth with dreamings unconfessed,  
Yet " My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

My presence shall go with thee in the glowing summer days,  
When all around thee seems to speak a mighty song of praise ;  
Yet if beneath the noonday heat thou art awhile oppressed,  
Still " My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

My presence shall go with thee when the autumn stealeth down,  
And the radiance of the summer giveth place to hues of brown.  
Let thy heart be steadfast, watching to obey thy Lord's behest,  
And " My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

My presence shall go with thee in the winter drear and cold,  
When the snow is falling thickly and the year is growing old.  
Let no shadow chill thy spirit, nor doubt thy heart molest,  
For " My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest "

My presence shall go with thee in the sunshine or the shade,  
In the calm or in the tempest, in the desert or the glade ;  
"Peace that passeth understanding" for my child was my bequest,  
For " My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

And if from earth I call thee before the year is done,  
Thy warfare all accomplished, and thy crown of victory won,  
Thy home shall be the courts of light, where in My presence blest,  
"The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest."

E. A. B.

ANOTHER year is swallowed by the sea  
Of sunless waves !  
Another year, thou past eternity !  
Hath rolled o'er new-made graves.

They open yet, to bid the living weep  
Where tears are vain ;  
While they, unswept into the ruthless deep,  
Storm-tried and sad, remain.

Why are we spared ? Surely to wear away  
By useful deeds  
Vile traces, left beneath the upbraiding spray  
Of empty shells and weeds.

But there are things which time devoureth not,  
Thoughts whose green youth  
Flowers o'er the ashes of the unforgot,  
And words whose fruit is truth.

Are ye not imaged in the eternal sea,  
Things of to-day ?  
Deeds which are harvest for eternity,  
Ye cannot pass away !

EBENEZER ELLIOT

[EXTRACT.]

THEN, too, the Old Year dieth,  
 And the forests utter a moan,  
 Like the voice of one who crieth  
 In the wilderness alone,  
     "Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,  
 Gathering and sounding on,  
 The storm-wind from Labrador,  
 The wind Euroclydon,  
     The storm-wind.

Howl! howl! and from the forest  
 Sweep the red leaves away!  
 Would the sins that thou abhorrest,  
 O Soul! could thus decay,  
     And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,  
 There shall be a darker day;  
 And the stars, from heaven down-cast,  
 Like red leaves be swept away!  
     Kyrie, eleyson!  
     Christe, eleyson!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.  
*Voices of the Night.* (Poetical Works.)

~~~~~

IN midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

~~~~~

"THE OLD YEAR OUT, THE NEW  
 YEAR IN."

RING then, ring loudly, merry midnight bells!  
 Peal the new lord of day's blithe welcoming  
 What though your sweet-scaled tones be also knells,  
 Be knells the while for the old fallen king  
 Resting his dying head upon the snow?  
 Ring out the old year, for the new year ring.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

THE UNWELCOME YEAR.

THE New Year steals across the snow,  
 His feet are at the door,  
 But she is weeping sad and low,  
 Upon her cottage floor.  
 The room is cold, the lamp is dim,  
 She will not rise and welcome him.

"Hast thou no feast to spread to-night  
 As thou didst for other years?  
 No song to sing of the promised light?  
 No greeting but those tears?  
 I come, the gift of God to thee,  
 Wilt thou not rise and welcome me?"

But "No," she murmurs low and sad,  
 And will not lift her face,  
 "Last year a merry welcome had  
 When he came to our poor place,  
 We made a little feast for him,  
 And the lamp shone bright, now always dim.

"But when the year was changed and old,  
 He dealt me such a blow,  
 That all my heart is faint and cold,  
 Far colder than thy snow,—  
 He took mine only one away,  
 And dashed the life-light from my day.

"No coming year shall welcome be  
 To this bare house of mine,  
 I have no song to sing to thee,  
 No wreath of hope to twine;  
 I prayed to die, ere I should hear  
 The footsteps of another year."

Unwelcome thus, the gift of God  
 Came in by that sad door,  
 Yet, as his feet her threshold trod  
 The faint heart beat once more;  
 For not alone, ah, not alone  
 The pale New Year before her shone!

She saw One enter, treading low  
 And softly, at his side,  
 She saw, by gleaming robes of snow,  
 The vesture strangely dyed,—  
 The sandalled foot that shows a scar,  
 The tender hands where nail-prints are.

Then, looking upwards from her place,  
 And trembling in the night,  
 She caught the shining of His face  
 Who makes our darkness light,  
 And with a cry of wonder sweet  
 She knelt to kiss the Master's feet.

"I knew how changed and desolate  
 This lonely house must be,  
 How faint the heart that should await  
 The gift I sent to thee,—  
 The vacant chair, the vanished light,  
 Are present to My heart to-night.

"And I am come, from cloudless skies  
 That hear no sound of woe,  
 To this poor earth that moaning lies  
 Beneath her veil of snow,—  
 I come to bid thee rise, and make  
 This New Year welcome for My sake.

"Look up, sad heart, and face the dawn,  
 Look up, and lean on Me,  
 These hours shall speed thy spirit on  
 To where thy treasures be ;  
 But every hour thy hands must move  
 In ministries of watchful love."

His voice is like the summer wind  
 That blows upon the grass,  
 The winter-time is left behind,  
 The haunting shadows pass,—  
 And Hope awakens, singing clear,  
 To bless the morning of the Year.

AUTHOR OF "EZEKIEL  
 AND OTHER POEMS." (Nelson.)

~~~~~  
 TO THE NEW YEAR.

New Year, here's a welcome to thee—
 A welcome that springs from the heart !
 Thy light reveals glories to me,
 And thou dost fresh courage impart.
 Hope shines like the star of the East
 On the birth of this infant of Time ;
 Its lustre my faith has increased,
 And made resolutions sublime.
 Like a plain of immaculate snow
 Untrodden—to mortals unknown,
 And fair as the infant year's brow,
 The Future is beauty alone.

Let us gaze on the sinless awhile,
 Nor waste idle tears on the dead ;
 For, trusting to Heaven's own smile,
 We fear not the unknown to tread.

From the Past, like a desolate shore
 With wrecks of resolve overstrewn,
 Turn away ; for the Future once more
 To the heart sings a life-stirring tune.
 It sings not of death, but of birth :
 Weep not on the grave of decay—
 Behold the new joy of the earth,
 A Phoenix arises to-day !

ROWLAND BROWN.
Songs and Poems. (D. Bogue.)

~~~~~  
 FRIEND, come thou like a friend,  
 And whether bright thy face,  
 Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend—  
 We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,  
 And trust thee to the end,  
 Knowing thou ledest onward to those spheres  
 Where there are neither days nor months nor  
 years.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
 GENTLEMAN."  
*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan and Co.)

~~~~~  
 New Year met me somewhat sad :
 Old Year leaves me tired,
 Stripped of favourite things I had,
 Baulked of much desired :
 Yet further on my road to-day
 God willing, further on my way.

New Year coming on apace,
 What have you to give me ?
 Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,
 Face me with an honest face ;
 You shall not deceive me :
 Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
 It needs shall help me on my road,
 My rugged way to heaven, please God.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.
Poems. (Macmillan and Co.)

THY path is plain and straight—that light is
given—
Onward in faith—and leave the rest to heaven.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SWIFTLY the days and the years go by,
But they never die, they never die,
Immortal as we, they pass before,
And shall meet us again on Time's further shore.
God grant they come, a gentle band,
With welcoming eyes and greeting hand:
"The spirits of bygone years are we,
And we lead thee home to eternity."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

CLANGING hoarsely, tolling softly, changeful on the
changeful wind,
Wail the bells in solemn dirges, "Dying! dying!
left behind!"
Chiming sweetly, pealing gladly, when the mid-
night turneth o'er,
Chant the joy-bells, "Living! living! press ye on
to things before!"

MRS. HENRY FAUSSETT. (*Alessie Bond.*)
The Cairns of Iona. (George Herbert, Dublin.)

THE OLD YEAR'S REMONSTRANCE.

THE Old Year lay on his death-bed lone,
And ere he died he spoke to me,
Low and solemn in undertone,
Mournfully, reproachfully.
The fading eyes in his snow-white head
Shone bright the while their lids beneath.
These were the words the Old Year said—
I shall never forget them while I breathe:—

"Did you not promise when I was born"—
Sadly he spoke, and not in ire—
"To treat me kindly—not to scorn—
And to pay the debts you owed my sire?
Did you not vow, with an honest heart,
Your unconsider'd hours to give?
And to throw no day in waste away,
Of my three hundred and sixty-five?"

"Did you not swear to your secret self,
Before my beard was a minute old,
That whatever you'd done to my fathers gone,
You'd prize my minutes more than gold?
Did you not own, with a keen regret,
That the past was a time of waste and sin?
But that with me, untainted yet,
Wisdom and duty should begin?"

"Did you not oft the vow renew,
That never with me should folly dwell?
That, however Fate might deal with you,
You'd prize me much, and use me well?
That never a deed of scorn or wrath,
Or thought unjust of your fellow-men,
Should, while I lived, obscure your path,
Or enter in your heart again?"

"Did you not fail?—but my tongue is weak,
Your sad short-comings to recall!"
And the Old Year sobb'd—'twas vain to speak—
And turn'd his thin face to the wall.
"Old Year! Old Year! I've done you wrong—
Hear my repentance ere you die!
Linger awhile!" Ding-dong, ding-dong—
The joy-bells drown'd his parting sigh.

"Old Year! Old Year!" he could not hear,
He yielded placidly his breath.
I loved him little while he was here,
I prized him dearly after death.
New Year! now smiling at my side,
Most bitterly the past I rue.
I've learned a lesson since he died,
I'll lead a better life with you.

CHARLES MACKAY.
Poetical Works. (F. Warne and Co.)

JANUARY 1, 1828.

FLEETLY hath pass'd the year. The seasons came
Duly as they are wont,—the gentle Spring,
And the delicious Summer, and the cool,
Rich Autumn, with the nodding of the grain,
And Winter, like an old and hoary man,
Frosty and stiff—and so are chronicled.
We have read gladness in the new green leaf
And in the first-blown violets; we have drunk
Cool water from the rock, and in the shade,

Sunk to the noontide slumber :—we have pluck'd
 The mellow fruitage of the bending tree,
 And girded to our pleasant wanderings
 When the cool wind came freshly from the hills ;
 And when the tinting of the Autumn leaves
 Had faded from its glory, we have sat
 By the good fires of Winter, and rejoiced
 Over the fulness of the gather'd sheaf.
 "God hath been very good !" 'Tis He whose hand
 Moulded the sunny hills, and hollow'd out
 The shelter of the valleys, and doth keep
 The fountains in their secret places cool ;
 And it is He who leadeth up the sun,
 And ordereth the starry influences,
 And tempereth the keenness of the frost—
 And therefore, in the plenty of the feast,
 And in the lifting of the cup, let HIM
 Have praises for the well-completed year.

N. P. WILLIS.

Poetical Works. (G. Routledge and Sons.)

~~~~~  
 A NEW YEAR.

"Behold, I make all things new."—Rev. xxi. 5.

BROTHER, new heart be thine  
 This year new-born—new height, new depth, new  
 scope ;  
 New faith to hold the leading Hand Divine,  
 Press on, nor pause, nor grope ;  
 New love, new hope ;  
 New pity for the weakness of thy brothers ;  
 New disregard of self, new thought for others.  
 New strength to wield the two-edged sword of God  
 'Gainst greed and cruelty and smooth deceit ;  
 New strength to follow where the Master trod,  
 Though thorns may tear thy feet ;  
 Yea, and to bless thy soul, and keep thee strong,  
 Heard in thy dreams, faint strains of that New  
 Song !

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~  
 A NEW WORLD.

"I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—Rev. xxi. 1.

IF we this new-born year
 Could live to Him—
 Love simple and sincere,
 Faith never dim—

New green should overspread
 The meadows brown ;
 New gracious skies o'erhead
 Look smiling down ;
 Our dull life kindled to a strange new worth,
 We, too, should cry, "Behold! new heaven and
 earth."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~  
 SPRAYS.

ONWARD thou flowest, silent stream of years,  
 Say, to what ocean dost thou bear my bark ?

~~~~~  
 Lo, in Thy hand I place my hand this day ;
 Lead me, my Father, lead me thro' the year.

~~~~~  
 HE gives us all—our life, our health, our hopes ;  
 Come brother, let us give this year to Him.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~  
 IF thou wouldst reap in love,
 First sow in holy fear :
 So life a winter's morn may prove
 To a bright endless year.

JOHN KEBLE.
Christian Year.

~~~~~  
 IT is a season for the quiet thought,  
 And the still reckoning with thyself. The year  
 Gives back the spirits of its dead, and time  
 Whispers the history of its vanish'd hours ;  
 And the heart, calling its affections up,  
 Counteth its wasted ingots. Life stands still  
 And settles like a fountain, and the eye  
 Sees clearly through its depths, and noteth all  
 That stirr'd its troubled waters. It is well  
 That Winter with the dying year should come !

N. P. WILLIS.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

THE strong in spiritual action need not look  
 Upon the new-found year as on a scroll,  
 The which their hands lack cunning to unroll,  
 But in it read, as in an open book,  
 All they are seeking—high resolve unshook  
 By circumstance's unforeseen control,  
 Successful striving, and whate'er the soul  
 Has recognized for duty, not forsook.  
 But they whom many failures have made tame,  
 Question the future with that reverent fear,  
 Which best their need of heavenly aid may show,  
 Will it have purer thought and loftier aim  
 Pursued more loftily? That a man might know.

R. C. TRENCH.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan and Co.)

A NEW-COIN'D year, fresh from the mint of God—  
 Spend it, O heart, in service of thy King.

F. L.

TAKE into this new year the new-born Child,  
 And He shall make thy heart and all things new.

F. L.

BEGONE, old pride, old greed, old love of self;  
 Welcome, new faith, new hope, new charity.

F. L.

Lo, a new year : forget the things behind,  
 And reach thou forth to those that are before.

F. L.

ANOTHER year begins for thee to-day ;  
 Pray that it bring thee twelve months nearer home.

F. L.

TURN thou to Him this day, and He shall turn,  
 And give thee back thy locust-eaten years.

F. L.

HELP us, O God of mercy and of might,  
 To consecrate to Thee this new-born year.

F. L.

## NEW-YEAR BELLS.

## I.

LONG years ago when Love was lord of me,  
 And all good gifts were in th' impending year,  
 At this same hour I heard them far and near,  
 These new-year bells, flood heaven with melody,  
 I home-bound through the snow, as over sea  
 Voices of dear friends hail the mariner  
 Returning, prosperous ; till in their rear  
 Saint Paul's great voice made lesser voices flee.

And now again I hear them, far-off bells,  
 Across the rushing river in the wind,  
 Fainting or rising as the tempest swells,  
 The river rushing like dark years behind,  
 Chasing dark years gone by, and these sweet spells  
 High overhead like memories intertwined.

## II.

RING out again, ye bells of Battersea,  
 Over the seaward Thames while I sit here  
 Lamplit, with moistened eyes and hungering  
 ear,  
 Hopeful of what I know not, save to be,  
 To know, love, be loved, more, for now to me  
 These wild harmonics in the waves of air,  
 Changing yet still repeating, here and there,  
 Yet truly ordered, ring life's history,—

Life's history—life's prophecy withal :—  
 Shouted the sons of God when the first ray  
 Showed them an infant world, and each new  
 day  
 Still shout they, each new year renews the call  
 To higher faiths, continuous and alway,  
 Rhythmical, storm-borne, through eternity.

W. BELL SCOTT.  
 (*From THE ATHENÆUM, by permission.*)

HE was dead. He had gone to the rest of his  
 race,  
 With a sad smile frozen upon his face.  
 Deadness clouded his eyes. And his death-bell  
 rung,  
 And my sorrowing thoughts his low requiem sung ;

F

And with trembling steps his worn body cast  
 In the wide charnel-house of the dreary Past.  
 Thus met the noble Old Year his end :  
 Rest him in peace, for he was my friend.

Time dieth ever, is ever born :  
 On the footsteps of night so treadeth the morn ;  
 Shadow and brightness, death and birth,  
 Chasing each other o'er the round earth,  
 But the spirit of Time from his tomb is springing,  
 The dust of decay from his pinions flinging ;  
 Ever renewing his glorious youth,  
 Scattering around him the dew of Truth.  
 Oh, let it raise in the desert heart  
 Fountains and flowers that shall never depart !  
 This spirit will fill us with thought sublime ;  
 For the End of God is the spirit of Time

G. MACDONALD.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)

VAIN the tale of mortal years,  
 Just a few brief hopes and fears ;  
 Just a little stir and noise,  
 Just a clutch at empty toys ;  
 Lo, life's idle sands have run—  
 Naught is new beneath the sun.

Serve thy Lord with love sincere,  
 Serve thy Lord this new-born year ;  
 Look to him each dawning day ;  
 Watch and strive, and hope and pray—  
 Life with golden sands shall run—  
 All is new beneath the sun.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE voice of Nature loudly cries,  
 And many a message from the skies,  
 That something in us never dies—  
 That on this frail, uncertain state,  
 Hang matters of eternal weight :  
 That future life in worlds unknown  
 Must take its hue from this alone ;  
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,  
 Or dark as misery's woful night.

Since then, my honour'd first of friends,  
 On this poor being all depends ;  
 Let us th' important *now* employ,  
 And live as those who never die.

ROBERT BURNS.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH FOR ALL.

Go forth ! with spirit firm and brave,  
 To meet the year, content to know  
 A Father's hand is nigh to save  
 And guard, where'er He bids thee go ;  
 By rough or smooth, it matters not,  
 If love divine ordains thy lot.

Go forth ! and when the world, unkind,  
 As frost to flowers, shall chill and bend  
 Thy blooming hope, let heart and mind  
 Be true to One unchanging Friend,  
 Whose love will lighten all thy care,  
 And make a sunshine everywhere.

L. TUTTIETT.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

FATHER, let me dedicate  
 All this year to Thee,  
 In whatever worldly state  
 Thou wilt have me be :  
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care  
 Freedom dare I claim ;  
 This alone shall be my prayer,  
 "Glorify Thy Name."

Can a child presume to choose  
 Where or how to live ?  
 Can a Father's love refuse  
 All the best to give ?  
 More Thou givest every day  
 Than the best can claim,  
 Nor withholdest aught that may  
 Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
 Joys that yet are mine ;  
 If on life, serene and fair,  
 Brighter rays may shine ;

Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
Thee in all proclaim,  
And, whate'er the future brings  
Glorify Thy Name.

If Thou callest to the Cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all my gain to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home ;  
Let me think how Thy dear Son  
To His glory came,  
And in deepest woe pray on,  
"Glorify Thy Name."

L. TUTTIETT.

~~~~~

BATTLE HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE old year's long campaign is o'er ;
Behold a new begun ;
Not yet is closed the Holy War
Not yet the triumph won ;
Out of his still and deep repose
We hear the old year say :—
"Go forth again to meet your foes,
Ye children of the day !"

"Go forth ! Firm Faith on every heart,
Bright Hope on every helm,
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm !
Go in the Spirit and the might
Of Him Who led the way ;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day !"

So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly !
Love we the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die !
We slumber not, that charge in view,
"Toil on while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day !"

Lord God, our Glory, THREE IN ONE,
Thine own sustain, defend !
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end ;

Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And infinite sweet triumph crown
Thy children of the day !

S. J. STONE.

The Knight of Intercession. (Rivingtons.)

~~~~~

[AND] we will raise to him two monuments ;  
One where he died, and one where he lies buried ;  
One in the pealing of those midnight bells,  
Their swell and fall, and varied interchange,  
The tones that come again upon the spirit  
In years far off, 'mid unshaped accidents ;—  
And one in the deep quiet of the soul,  
The mingled memories of a thousand moods  
Of joy and sorrow ;—and his epitaph  
Shall be upon him ;—"Here lie the remains  
Of one, who was less valued while he lived,  
Than thought on when he died."

HENRY ALFORD.

*Poetical Works.* (Strahan.)

~~~~~

ANACREONTIC.

COME, fill up the Bowl, for if ever the glass
Found a proper excuse or fit season,
For toasts to be honour'd, or pledges to pass,
Sure, this hour brings an exquisite reason :
For hark ! the last chime of the dial has ceased,
And Old Time, who, his leisure to cozen,
Had finish'd the Months, like the flasks at a feast,
Is preparing to tap a fresh dozen !
Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

Then fill, all ye Happy and Free, unto whom
The past Year has been pleasant and sunny,
Its months each as sweet as if made of the bloom
Of the *thyme* whence the bee gathers honey--
Days usher'd by dew-drops, instead of the tears,
May be wrung from some wretcheder cousin—
Then fill, and with gratitude join in the cheers
That triumphantly hail a fresh dozen !
Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,
And been bow'd to the earth by its fury ;
To whom the Twelve Months, that have recently
pass'd,

Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury,—
Still, fill to the Future ! and join in our chime,
The regrets of remembrance to cozen,
And having obtain'd a New Trial of Time,
Shout in hopes of a kindlier dozen !

Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

THOMAS HOOD.

Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~  
THE TWO TOASTS.

FILL your glasses ! Let us drain  
One last measure to the friend  
Who no longer can remain,  
Whose brief stay has reached its end.

He has brought us smiles and tears,  
Misery and happiness,  
Some will deem he had no peers,  
Some will his departure bless.

Fill your glasses yet once more !  
Pledge we now the coming year,  
He is almost at the door  
Hark ! the bells proclaim him here.

New Year, welcome ! Here's to thee,  
Brimming bumpers every one,  
Born amid our mirth and glee,  
Cradled in the lap of fun—

As thy coming, be thy stay,  
May glad joy for all prevail,  
Driving gloomy care away ;  
May no grief our hearts assail,

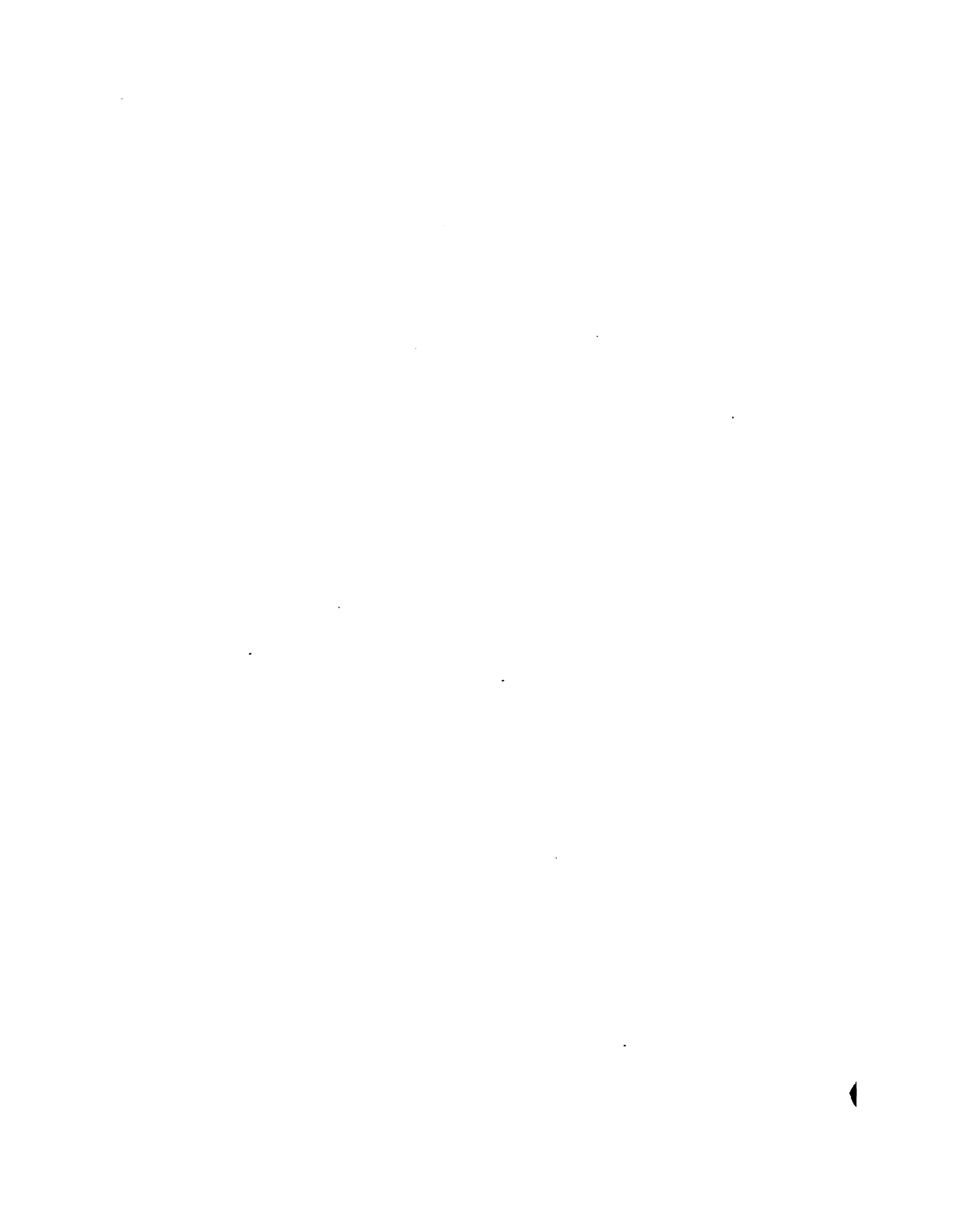
So that when at length we part,  
As the best of friends must do,  
Each may say from out his heart,  
"I have found a friend in you."

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

~~~~~  
No news of navies burnt at seas ;
No noise of late-spawn'd tittyries ;
No closet plot or open vent,
That frights men with a Parliament :

No new device or late-found trick,
To read by th' stars the Kingdom's sick ;
No gin to catch the State, or wring
The free-born nostril of the King,
We send to you ; but here a jolly
Verse crown'd with ivy and with holly ;
That tells of winter's tales and mirth
That milkmaids make about the hearth ;
Of Christmas sports, the wassail-bowl,
That toss'd up, after Fox-i'-th'-hole ;
Of Blind-man-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the Mare ;
Of twelfth-tide cakes, of pease and beans,
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes,
When as ye chuse your king and queen,
And cry out, "Hey for our town green !"—
Of ash-heaps, in the which ye use
Husbands and wives by streaks to chuse ;
Of crackling laurel, which fore-sounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds ;
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send instead of New-year's gift.
— Read then, and when your faces shine
With buxom meat and cap'ring wine,
Remember us in cups full crown'd,
And let our city-health go round,
Quite through the young maids and the men,
To the ninth number, if not ten ;
Until the fir'd chestnuts leap
For joy to see the fruits ye reap
From the plump chalice and the cup
That tempts till it be toss'd up.—
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers ;
But think on these, that are t' appear,
As daughters to the instant year ;
Sit crown'd with rose-buds and carouse,
Till *Liber Pater* twirls the house
About your ears, and lay upon
The year, your cares, that's fled and gone :
And let the russet swains the plough
And harrow hang up resting now ;
And to the bag-pipe all address,
Till sleep takes place of weariness.
And thus throughout, with Christmas plays,
Frolic the full twelve holy-days.

ROBERT HERRICK.





[RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by J. R. HERBERT, R.A.]

"Sweet herald of goodwill,
With holy songs of glory,
Brings holy gladness still."

Page 38.



Portrait of a woman
from the collection of the
British Museum

ZITTÈN OUT THE WOLD YEAR.

WHY, raïn or sheen, or blow or snow,
 I zaid, if I could stand, so's¹ ;
 I'd come, vor all a friend or foe,
 To sheäke ye by the hand, so's ;
 An' spend, wi' kinsvo'k near an' dear,
 A happy evenèn, woonce a year,
 A-zot wi' me'th
 Avore the he'th
 To zee the new year in, so's.

There's Jim an' Tom, a-grown the size
 O' men, girt lusty chaps, so's,
 An' Fanny wi' her sloo-black eyes,
 Her mother's very daps,² so's ;
 An' little Bill, so brown's a nut,
 An' Poll, a gigglèn little slut,
 I hope will shoot
 Another voot
 The year that's comèn in, so's.

An' there, upon his mother's knee,
 So peärt do look about, so's,
 The little woone ov all, to zee
 His vu'st wold year goo out, so's,
 And zoo mid God bless all o's still,
 Gwäin up or down along the hill,
 To meet in glee
 Ageän to zee
 A happy new year in, so's.

A little clwoser Poll ; ding, dong !
 There, now 'tis right all round, so's,
 The clock's a-strikèn twelve, d'ye hear ?
 Ting, ting, ding, dong ! Farewell, wold year !
 'Tis gone, 'tis gone !—
 Goo on, goo on,
 An' ring the new woone in, so's !

WILLIAM BARNES.

Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect.
 (C. Kegan Paul and Co.)

WHEN midnight came to close the year,
 We sigh'd to think it thus should take
 The hours it gave us—hours as dear
 As sympathy and love could make

¹ Souls, good folk.

² Likeness, fac-simile.

Their blessed moments ! every sun
 Saw us, my love, more closely one !
 But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh
 Which came another year to shed,
 The smile we caught from eye to eye
 Told us, those moments were not fled ;
 Oh no !—we felt, some future sun
 Should see us still more closely one !

Thus may we ever, side by side,
 From happy years to happier glide,
 And still, my Cara, may the sigh
 We give to hours that vanish o'er us,
 Be follow'd by the smiling eye,
 That Hope shall shed on scenes before us !

THOMAS MOORE.

PANSIES.

I SEND thee pansies while the year is young,
 Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night ;
 Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung
 By all the chiefest of the Sons of Light ;
 And if in recollection lives regret
 For wasted days and dreams that were not true,
 I tell thee that the "pansy freak'd with jet"
 Is still the heart's-ease that the poets knew.
 Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,
 And for the pansies send me back a thought.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

. . . IN the meantime,—speak, trump and drum !
 The Year is gone ! the Year is come !
 The fresh New Year, the bright New Year,
 That telleth of hope and joy, my dear !
 Let us model our spirit to chance and change,
 Let us lesson our spirit to hope, and range
 Through pleasures to come,—through years un-
 known ;
 But never forget the time that's flown !

BARRY CORNWALL.

English Songs. (G. Bell and Sons.)

WHAT shall I wish thee ?
 Treasures of earth,
 Songs in the spring-time,
 Pleasure and mirth ?

Flowers on thy pathway,
 Skies ever clear?
 Would these ensure thee
 A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
 What can be found,
 Bringing thee sunshine
 All the year round?
 Where is the treasure,
 Lasting and dear,
 That shall ensure thee
 A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
 Walking in light;
 Hope that aboundeth,
 Happy and bright;
 Love that is perfect,
 Casting out fear;
 These shall ensure thee
 A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,
 Rest at His feet,
 Smile of His countenance,
 Radiant and sweet!

Joy in His presence!
 Christ ever near!
 These will ensure thee
 A Happy New Year!

F. R. HAVERGAL
Under His Shadow.

~~~~~

As they who gaze with straining sight,  
 Away, away, and far away,  
 Watching one dancing mote of white  
 'Mid all the sails that stud the bay,  
 Because they know, fond child and wife,  
 That speck doth hold their dearest life.

So we athwart Time's silent wave,  
 With wistful eyes gaze out afar,  
 Watching a white-winged galley brave  
 That sings across the harbour bar;  
 God speed thee, galley of the years,  
 That hast for freight our hopes and fears!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

EASTER.



## A WREATH OF EASTER DAISIES.

“ Now is Christ risen from the dead.”—1 COR. xv. 20.

---

ALL hail, Thou Resurrection !  
All hail, Thou Life and Light !  
All hail, Thou Self-perfection,  
Sole source of grace and might !  
Thy Church, O Christ, now greets Thee,  
Uprising from the grave ;  
And every eye that meets Thee,  
Beholds Thee strong to save.

All hail, belovèd Jesus !  
For Thou, indeed, art He  
From sin Whose dying frees us,  
Whose life brings liberty.  
Hence, let our faith embrace Thee  
With warmest hand and eye,  
And then delight to trace Thee  
Ascending up on high.

O Saviour, come in glory,  
To raise Thy holy dead,  
And end Redemption's story  
With crowns upon Thy head.  
Then robed in white before Thee,  
Without one stain or tear,  
Shall all Thy saints adore Thee,  
'Midst wonder, love, and fear !

W. H. HAVERGAL.

---

“ I AM the resurrection and the Life ”—  
Yes, death the last dread enemy is slain,  
The Lord hath conquered in the bitter strife,  
And, as He said, hath risen to life again.  
They strewed the green palm branches on the  
way  
When to Jerusalem the Saviour came ;  
There were no flowers for loving hands to lay  
Along His weary path to death and shame ;

But we will take of all the buds that bloom  
In young spring's garland the most fair and  
sweet  
To make a carpet for His wounded feet  
And greet Him at the threshold of the tomb,  
For they like Him have broken Death's cold  
bond,  
And whisper of the love and light beyond.

H. M. BURNSIDE.

---

“ Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him  
that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever  
and ever.”—Rev. v. 13.

1 COR. xv. 20.

Lo, death's firstfruits are gather'd in to day ;  
Worship, my soul, and pray, with trembling  
dread,  
That when that Angel lift his voice and say,  
“ Thrust in, and reap the harvest of the dead,”  
Thou be not where, without, the grapes are trod,  
But garner'd with the holy grain of God.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

---

THE tomb is empty ; wouldst thou have it full ?  
Still sadly clasping the unbreathing clay ;—  
O weak in faith ! O slow of heart and dull,  
To dote on darkness and shut out the day !

The tomb is empty ; He who, three short days,  
After a sorrowing life's long weariness,  
Found refuge in this rocky resting-place,  
Has now ascended to the throne of bliss.

Here lay the Holy One, the Christ of God,  
He who for death gave death, and life for life ;  
Our Heavenly Kinsman, our true flesh and blood,  
Victor for us on hell's dark field of strife.

This was the Bethel, where, on stony bed,  
While angels went and came from morn till even,  
Our truer Jacob laid His wearied head ;  
This was to Him the very gate of Heaven.

The Conqueror, not the conquered, He to whom  
The keys of death and of the grave belong,  
Crossed the cold threshold of the stranger's tomb,  
To spoil the spoiler and to bind the strong.

Here Death had reigned, into no tomb like this  
Had man's fell foe aforetime found his way ;  
So grand a trophy ne'er before was his,  
So vast a treasure, so Divine a prey.

But now his triumph ends ; the rock-barr'd door  
Is opened wide, and the great Prisoner gone ;  
Look round and see, upon the vacant floor  
The napkin and the grave-clothes lie alone.

Yes, Death's last hope, his strongest fort and  
prison,  
Is shatter'd, never to be built again ;  
And He, the mighty Captive, He is risen,  
Leaving behind the gate, the bar, the chain.

Yes, He is risen who is the First and Last !  
Who was and is ; Who liveth and was dead :  
Beyond the reach of death He now has passed ;  
Of the one glorious Church the glorious Head.

Tho tomb is empty ; so, ere long, shall be  
The tombs of all who in this Christ repose ;  
They died with Him who died upon the tree,  
They live and rise with Him who lived and rose.

Death hath not slain them ; they are freed, not  
slain—

It is the gate of life, and not of death,  
That they have entered ; and the grave in vain  
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

All that was death in them is now dissolved,  
For death can only what is death's destroy ;  
And when this earth's short ages have revolved,  
The disimprisoned life comes forth with joy.

Their life-long battle with disease and pain,  
And mortal weariness, is over now ;  
Youth, health and comeliness return again ;  
The tear has left the cheek, the sweat the brow.

They are not tasting death, but taking rest  
On the same holy couch where Jesus lay,  
Soon to awake, all glorified and blest,  
When day has broke, and shadows fled away.

H. BONAR.

~~~~~  
SHARP was the wreath of thorns
Around His suffering brow ;
But glory rich His head adorns,
And Angels crown Him now.

HENRY ALFORD.

Poetical Works. (Isbister.)

~~~~~  
EASTER DAY.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise  
Of saints that sing on high,  
With His own right hand and His holy arm  
He hath won the victory !

Now empty are the courts of Death,  
And crushed thy sting, Despair ;  
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,  
For Jesus hath been there !

And He hath tamed the strength of hell,  
And dragged him through the sky,  
And captive behind His chariot-wheel  
He hath bound Captivity.

God is gone up with a merry noise  
Of saints that sing on high ;  
With His own right hand and His holy arm  
He hath won the victory !

REGINALD HEBER.

~~~~~  
ST. MARK XVI. 6.

LO, over the hearts of us all,
Scared breathers of mortal breath
There hung a shadow black as a pall
A palpable night, which men did call
The Shadow of Death.

But an angel speaks to-day ;
"The Lord is risen," he saith ;
The night is pierced by a quickening ray
And we know the shadow of Life-for-aye,
In the Shadow of Death.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

HE knew them all, the pain, the woe, the dark and
dread temptation,
He bore them all for us that day of awful desola-
tion :
What else but human grief could thus in heart
Divine awaken
The anguish of that bitter cry when Jesus hung
" forsaken " ?
From just such hours of lonely grief, He lived and
died to save us ;—
Shall we not take the comfort sweet—the life and
hope He gave us ?
A Christ both human and divine ! Thy cross—sweet
Easter token—
Is still the hope of hearts for whom Thy tender
Heart was broken.

H. M. BURNSIDE.

BLESSED morning ! all the year
Draws its light and warmth from thee ;
When thy dawning doth appear,
Night departs and shadows flee.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

CHRIST is risen ! all the sorrow
That last evening round Him lay,
Now hath found a glorious morrow
In the rising of to-day :
And the grave its first-fruits giveth,
Springing up from holy ground,
He was dead, but now He liveth,
He was lost, but He is found :
Christ is risen ! Alleluia !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! Alleluia !
Christ is risen from the dead !

J. S. B. MONSELL.

ST. JOHN XX. 19, 20.

THEY meet in secret and in fear,
With close-shut doors at eventide ;
And in their midst doth One appear,
And shows His wounded hands and side.
Doubts die and troubles cease
As Jesus murmurs, " Peace ! "

When friends are far and foes are near,
And sorrows flow in whelming tide,
Do Thou, O blessed Lord, appear,
And show Thy wounded hands and side.
Lo, every thought shall cease
At Thy sweet whisper, " Peace ! "

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

IN that cold cave with spices sweet
When Christ, our Lord, lay dead,
An Angel sat beside His feet,
An Angel by His head.

All night their eyes to heaven they raised,
(Their wings around Him spread)
All day on those dark eyelids gazed—
But not a word they said.

And when the morn sabbatical
Its Paschal light had spread,
A chrisom robe o'er Earth's dark ball,
To Heaven those Angels sped.

Keep, holy Angels, keep, O keep
Such vigil by our bed :
Calm visions from the urns of sleep,
O'er us calm visions shed !

But when we wake to morning life,
And night's pure calm is fled ;
Stay near us in our daily strife,
Or we are worse than dead !

AUBREY DE VERE.

Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred. (Burns and Oates.)

"And they found the stone rolled away from the
sepulchre."—Luke xxiv. 2.

NOT only from that grave new-made
Wherein three days the Saviour lay,
And none before was ever laid,
The stone was roll'd away.

From every grave the wide world o'er
That holds the spirit's vest of clay—
From every grave for evermore—
The stone was roll'd away.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

In the bonds of Death He lay,
 Who for our offence was slain,
 But the Lord is risen to-day,
 Christ hath brought us life again.
 Wherefore let us all rejoice,
 Singing loud with cheerful voice
 Hallelujah !

Of the sons of men was none !
 Who could break the bonds of Death,
 Sin this mischief dire had done,
 Innocent was none on earth ;
 Wherefore Death grew strong and bold,
 Death would all men captive hold.
 Hallelujah !

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
 Came at last our foe to smite,
 All our sins away hath done,
 Done away Death's power and right,
 Only the form of Death is left,
 Of his sting he is bereft ;
 Hallelujah !

'Twas a wondrous war, I trow,
 When Life and Death together fought ;
 But life hath triumph'd o'er his foe,
 Death is mock'd and set at naught ;
 Yea, 'tis as the Scripture saith,
 Christ through death has conquer'd Death.
 Hallelujah.

Now our Paschal Lamb is He,
 And by Him alone we live,
 Who to death upon the tree,
 For our sake Himself did give.
 Faith His blood strikes on our door,
 Death dares never harm us more.
 Hallelujah !

On this day most blest of days,
 Let us keep high festival,
 For our God hath show'd His grace,
 And our Sun hath risen on all,
 And our hearts rejoice to see
 Sin and night before Him flee.
 Hallelujah !

To the supper of the Lord,
 Gladly with me come to-day,
 The word of peace is now restored,
 The old leaven is put away ;
 Christ will be our food alone,
 Faith no life but His doth own.
 Hallelujah !

MARTIN LUTHER.

Translated by C. Winkworth. (*Lyra Germanica.*)

[By kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co.]

~~~~~

WELCOME, fair Easter dawn !  
 No festival in all the Christian year  
 Is consecrated by such memories dear :  
 The shade of Death is gone ;  
 From Nature's sepulchre is roll'd away  
 The stone that mark'd the season of decay.

With joy we see appear  
 Two Angels, Love and Light, rise from the tomb,  
 No more we stoop to weep o'er buried bloom—  
 Death is not here.  
 The glorious revelation, all may read  
 In grove and bower, "The Lord is risen  
 indeed !"

The Lord of Life is risen !  
 The quickening sense of resurrection-joys  
 The drear remembrances of death destroys,  
 And from the gates of Heaven  
 The Sun of Righteousness dispels the grief  
 Of those who mourn'd erewhile the fallen leaf.

Even like Mary, we  
 May think our Lord the Gardener : so sweet  
 The early blossoms scatter'd at our feet.  
 Oh ! surely they must be  
 Devised by Him who said, when death was rife,  
 "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Far up the azure skies,  
 To Him, who smiles in sunshine through the  
 cloud,  
 From worshippers in adoration bow'd  
 Not only now should rise,  
 With organ peal, the loud thanksgiving hymn  
 From consecrated aisle or cloister dim ;

But through the temple fair  
 Built without hands, whose dome, the firmament,  
 Over the floor of flowers is grandly bent,  
 A universal prayer  
 Should go to God, that human love be made  
 Worthier the gifts by Him to man convey'd.

ROWLAND BROWN.  
*Songs and Poems.* (D. Bogue.)

SPRING AND EASTER.

(Written during the prevalence of the small-pox in the East  
 End of London.)

THE room is dark, and at the door is death;  
 Sightless, and marred beyond all knowledge,  
 there  
 His victims waiting lie : their labouring breath  
 Makes the sob sound, and taints the heavy air.  
 What comfort?—Ah, my God! who doubt Thy  
 truth,  
 And mock our Easter hope, should enter here,  
 And see Thy Word in its immortal youth,  
 Serene and strong in mastery of fear.  
 Without, the changed season smiles and sings,  
 For winter's tyranny is overpast :  
 Within, is risen with healing in His wings  
 The Sun, whose sky, no death-clouds overcast ;  
 There, Springtide's promise of regenerate earth :  
 Here, Easter sunshine of the second birth.

S. J. STONE.  
*The Knight of Intercession.* (Rivingtons.)

WHO comes (my soul, no longer doubt),  
 Rising from earth's wormy sod,  
 And whilst ten thousand angels shout,  
 Ascends,—ascends to heaven, a God?  
 Saviour, Lord, I know thee now!  
 Mighty to redeem and save,  
 Such glory blazes on thy brow,  
 Which lights the darkness of the grave.  
 Saviour, Lord, the human soul,  
 Forgotten every sorrow here,  
 Shall thus, aspiring to its goal,  
 Triumph in its native sphere.

W. L. BOWLES.

HERE, where our Lord once laid His head,  
 Now the grave lies buried.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

EARLY hasten to the tomb,  
 Where they laid His breathless clay,  
 All is solitude and gloom :—  
 Who hath taken Him away?  
 Christ is ris'n ;—He seeks the skies,  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I TREAD the path where once we walked together ;  
 Old leaves and withered fir-cones strew the way,  
 And cowslips rustle in the breezy weather  
 This Easter Day.

Over the slopes the village bells are ringing,  
 A skylark's song floats downward, clear and gay ;  
 And my full heart breaks forth in joy and singing  
 This Easter Day.

My risen Lord, I feel Thy strong protection !  
 I see Thee stand among the graves to-day ;  
 "I am the Way,—the Life,—the Resurrection,"  
 I hear Thee say.

And all the burdens I have carried sadly  
 Grow light as blossoms on an April spray ;  
 My cross becomes a staff, I journey gladly  
 This Easter Day.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

OH! day of days! shall hearts set free  
 No "minstrel rapture" find for thee?  
 Thou art the Sun of other days,  
 They shine by giving back Thy rays :  
 Enthronèd in thy sovereign sphere  
 Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year ;  
 Sundays by Thee more glorious break,  
 An Easter Day in every week :  
 And weekdays, following in their train,  
 The fulness of Thy blessing gain,  
 Till all, both resting and employ,  
 Be one Lord's day of holy joy.

JOHN KEBLE.  
*Christian Year.*

I GOT me flowers to strew Thy way;  
I got me boughs off many a tree :  
But Thou wast up by break of day,  
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

The Sun arising in the East,  
Though he give light, and th' East perfume ;  
If they should offer to contest  
With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,  
Though many suns to shine endeavour ?  
We count three hundred, but we miss :  
That is but one, and that one ever.

GEORGE HERBERT.

SEE the land, her Easter keeping,  
Rises as her Maker rose,  
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,  
Burst at last from winter snows.  
Earth with heaven above rejoices ;  
Fields and gardens hail the spring ;  
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,  
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted  
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,  
Use the craft by God implanted ;  
Use the reason not your own.  
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,  
Each his Easter tribute bring—  
Work of fingers, chant of voices,  
Like the birds who build and sing.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

*Poems.* (Macmillan and Co.)

#### NOT AMONG THE DEAD.

"HE is not here!" O quickening words of grace,  
That thrilled the morning gray,  
When, stooping down, they viewed the empty place,  
Where late the Master lay !  
O saving words, what blessèd balm ye shed  
O'er the bruised spirit yearning for its dead !  
From each calm grave, to wistful memories dear,  
Your echo whispers still, "He is not here."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

#### THE GREAT STONE.

SHUTTING out light, massy and hard and cold,  
The great stone, Death, against our hearts was  
rolled.

Lo, chill and silent, breaks the Easter day ;  
Jesus hath risen—the stone is rolled away.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

#### LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

No more, no more, with loud and shuddering  
breath,

We tread thy bourn, O shadowy Vale of Death ;  
For all along thy deeps of throbbing night  
The Saviour's feet have left a track of light.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

AWAKE, glad soul! Awake! awake!  
Thy Lord hath risen long ;  
Go to His grave, and with thee take,  
Both tuneful heart and song :  
Where Spring awakens all around,  
Where vernal voices sing,  
The first bright Blossom may be found  
Of an Eternal Spring.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

CHRIST is risen! the Lord is come,  
Bursting from the sealèd tomb!  
Death and Hell, in mute dismay,  
Render up their mightier prey.

Christ is risen! but not alone!  
Death, thy kingdom is o'erthrown!  
We shall rise as He hath risen,  
From the deep sepulchral prison.

H. H. MILMAN.

*Works.* (Murray.)

[BUT] surely as our Saviour rose  
On Easter morn from Joseph's cave,  
Shall all those mounds at last unclose,  
And Christian people leave the grave.  
He died, He slept, He rose to be  
An earnest of our victory.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

*Hymns for Little Children.* (J. Masters.)

O GLORIOUS Head, Thou livest now !  
 Let us Thy members share Thy life ;  
 Canst Thou behold their need, nor bow  
 To raise Thy children from the strife  
 With self and sin, with death and dark distress,  
 That they may live to Thee in holiness ?

Earth knows Thee not, but evermore  
 Thou liv'st in Paradise, in peace ;  
 Oh fain my soul would thither soar,  
 Oh let me from the creatures cease :  
 Dead to the world, but to Thy Spirit known,  
 I live to Thee, O Prince of life, alone.

Break through my bonds whate'er it cost,  
 What is not Thine within me slay,  
 Give me the lot I covet most,  
 To rise as Thou hast risen to-day.  
 I nought can do, a slave to death I pine,  
 Work Thou in me, O Power and Life Divine !

Work Thou in me, and heavenward guide  
 My thoughts and wishes, that my heart  
 Waver no more nor turn aside,  
 But fix for ever where Thou art.  
 Thou art not far from us ; who loves Thee well,  
 While yet on earth in heaven with Thee may  
 dwell.

TERSTEEGEN.

Translated by C. Winkworth. (*Lyra Germanica*.)

[By kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co.]

LIFE, by this light's nativity,  
 All creatures have.  
 Death only by this day's just doom is forced  
 to die :  
 Nor is death forced ; for, may he lie  
 Throned in thy grave,  
 Death will, on this condition, be content to  
 die.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

MATTHEW XXVIII. 6.

WHENEVER by sense of ours  
 An angel voice is heard,  
 Like the dropping of nard of flowers  
 Is the sound of each gracious word.

But dearest, where all are dear,  
 Is the voice that speaks to-day :  
 " He is risen—He is not here:  
 Come, see the place where He lay."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

PRAISE be to God on high !  
 The triumph hour is near ;  
 The Lord hath won the victory,  
 The foe is vanquished here !  
 Dark Grave, yield up the dead ;  
 Give up thy prey, thou Earth ;  
 In death He bowed His sacred head,—  
 He springs anew to birth !

J. S. B. MONSELL.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. vii. 14.

THEY came through anguish and moan,  
 And their robes in His blood made white,  
 They are ever before God's throne,  
 And they serve Him day and night.  
 They shall hunger no more for aye,  
 On them shall no heat arise,  
 And our God shall wipe away  
 All tears from their eyes.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

A PATHWAY opens from the tomb,  
 The grave's a grave no more !  
 Stoop down : look into that sweet room,  
 Pass through the unseal'd door :  
 Linger a moment by the bed,  
 Where lay but yesterday the Church's Head.  
 What is there there to make thee fear ?  
 A folded chamber-vest,  
 Akin to that which thou shalt wear,  
 When for thy slumber drest ;  
 Two gentle angels sitting by—  
 How sweet a room, methinks, wherein to lie !  
 No gloomy vault, no charnel cell,  
 No emblems of decay,  
 No solemn sound of passing-bell,  
 To say " He's gone away ;"  
 But angel-whispers soft and clear,  
 And He, the risen Jesus, standing near.

“Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?”

’Tis not the gardener’s voice,  
But His to Whom all knees shall bow,  
In Whom all hearts rejoice;  
The voice of Him Who yesterday  
Within that rock was Death’s resistless prey.

“Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?  
The living with the dead?”

Take young spring flowers and deck thy brow,  
For life with joy is wed;  
The grave is now the grave no more;  
Why fear to pass that bridal-chamber door?

Take flowers and strew them all around  
The room where Jesus lay;  
But softly tread; ’tis hallowed ground,  
And this is Easter Day.  
“The Lord is risen,” as He said,  
And thou shalt rise with Him, thy risen Head.

ANON.

THEN wake, glad heart! awake! awake!  
And seek thy risen Lord,  
Joy in His Resurrection take,  
And comfort in His word;  
And let thy life, through all its ways,  
One long thanksgiving be,  
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,  
“Christ died, and rose for me.”

J. S. B. MONSELL.

I COR. XV. 20.

O BROTHER, think! if all were o’er  
When heart-beats cease, and eyelids close—  
If death should waken nevermore  
From cold and passionless repose—  
Our very souls would burst with woe—  
We could not let our darlings go.

But He is risen, and they shall rise;  
In certain hope, in quiet trust,  
We seal the calm and dreamful eyes—  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
In weakness sown, but raised in power  
In that tremendous harvest-hour.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

ST. MATTHEW IX. 24.

O YE that mourn the first and best,  
It is not death, but quiet rest,  
His weary eyes that steepeth.  
So speaks the voice of Easter Day;  
Your wreath of flowers above Him lay;  
Look up to Heaven, and turn away—  
He is not dead, but sleepeth.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE shade and gloom of life are fled  
This Resurrection Day,  
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,  
The grave hath no more prey;  
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,  
In Christ we wake and rise;  
And the sad tears Death makes us weep  
He wipes from all our eyes.

J. S. B. MONSELL

THE way He trod—there is no other way—  
Thro’ death to life, thro’ suffering to the crown.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

“THE servant as His Master;” tread thou on;  
Suffer with Him, with Him be glorified.

F. L.

JESUS is risen! Henceforth thou reapest, Death,  
Not for thyself, but for the floor of God.

F. L.

LET us draw nigh, and hear the angel say,  
“Seek ye no more the living with the dead.”

F. L.

THE Lord is risen, above all thrones and powers;  
Above all else beside our wants and prayers.

F. L.

I AM the Resurrection and the Life;  
Whoso hath faith in Me shall never die.

F. L.

Lo, Christ, our Passover, is slain for us ;  
Come, grateful souls, and let us keep the feast.

F. L.

RISEN ! O Grave, what victory is thine ?  
Risen, yea, risen ! O Death, where is thy sting ?

F. L.

THE pang was His ; yea, His the cross and grave ;  
But thine, my soul, the glory and the life.

F. L.

IT was for thee He died, for thee He rose ;  
Tread in His footsteps, brother ; live for Him.

F. L.

THERE is no death : death is the seed of life ;  
Thou, Grave, art but the granary of God.

F. L.

" HE is not here ! " O mourner for thy dead,  
Kneel by the grave, and say, " He is-not here."

F. L.

RISE thou, my heart, above earth's gauds and  
toys ;  
To yonder Heaven, where sits thy risen King.

F. L.

BRIEF victory was yours, O Death and Hell !  
Eternal thine, fair Life-beyond-the-Grave !

F. L.

LO, a great stone was laid at every heart ;  
'Twas death—and Easter roll'd the stone away.

F. L.

WITHIN the black grave bloom'd the flower of  
Life,  
And Jesus enter'd in, and pluck'd the flower.

F. L.

IN vain He rose, in vain He sought the skies,  
If thou, poor heart, still clingest to thine earth.

F. L.

DARK is the grave ; yet through its rayless night  
Lieth the pathway to the perfect light.

F. L.

JESUS is risen : Art thou, too, risen, O heart ?

F. L.

LOOK forth upon the hedgerows and the fields,  
And read His Resurrection everywhere.

F. L.

IN that He died, but once, for sin, He died ;  
In that He lives, He lives for evermore.

F. L.

O ALL-SUBDUING Death, thou, too, at last  
Art dragg'd in chains behind the Conqueror's car.

F. L.

LORD, thro' the grave, and thro' the gate of death,  
Grant us to pass to endless life with Thee.

F. L.

LO, when thou passest thro' Death's shadowy  
vale,

Tread in My footprints, and be bold of cheer.

F. L.

JESUS is risen ! Silent now,  
Not frantic, are the tears we weep  
O'er glazing eye, and marble brow,  
Of dear ones in the dreamless sleep.

Jesus is risen ! The fight is o'er ;  
Death to his own destruction hurled ;  
Man from the heaven is barred no more ;  
Easter hath dawned upon the world.

W. MORLEY PUNSHON.  
*Sabbath Chimes.* (Nisbet.)

EASTER.

OUR graves lie closed this Easter day,  
But from their rugged sod  
The sweet spring grass comes softly up  
With messages from God.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

## EASTER.

DEATH held our Lord in prison,  
 For sin that did undo us ;  
 But he hath up arisen,  
 And brought our life back to us.  
 Therefore we must gladsome be,  
 Praise our God, and thankful be,  
 And sing out halleluja ! Halleluja !

No man yet Death overcame—  
 All sons of men were helpless ;  
 Sin for this was all to blame,  
 For no one yet was guiltless.  
 So death came that early hour,  
 Over us took up his power,  
 Us held in his kingdom captive. Halleluja !

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,  
 Into our place descending,  
 Away with all our sins hath done,  
 And therewith from Death rending  
 Right and might, made him a jape,  
 Left him nothing but Death's shape :  
 His ancient sting—he has lost it. Halleluja !

That was a right wondrous strife  
 When Death in Life's gripe wallowed ;  
 Off victorious came Life,  
 Death he has upswallowed.<sup>1</sup>  
 The Scripture has published that—  
 How one Death the other ate.  
 Now Death is become a laughter. Halleluja !

Here is the right Easter-lamb,  
 That God said must be shared,  
 Which is on the cross's stem  
 In burning love prepared.  
 His blood on our door-post lies ;  
 Faith holds that before Death's eyes :  
 The destroyer dares not touch us. Halleluja !

So we keep high feast of grace,  
 Hearty the joy and glee is  
 That shines on us from his face :  
 The sun himself, ah ! he is,

<sup>1</sup> Certain Eastern tales of rival enchanters seem to have been present to Luther's mind when he thought of our Lord as the Death of Evil devouring the Death of Good. I have translated very closely.

Who, by his brightness divine,  
 Through and through makes our hearts shine :  
 The night of our sins is over. Halleluja !

We eat—and so we well fare—  
 Right Easter cakes sans leaven ;  
 The old leaven shall not share  
 In the new word from heaven,  
 Christ himself will be the food,  
 Alone fill the soul with good :  
 Faith will live on nothing other. Halleluja !

GEORGE MACDONALD.

[From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.]

*Exotics.* (Strahan.)

## A SONG OF PRAISE FOR EASTER.

JESUS Christ, our Saviour true,  
 He who Death overthrew,  
 Is up arisen,  
 And sin hath put in prison.  
 Kyrieleison.

Born whom Mary sinless hath,  
 Bore he for us God's wrath,  
 Hath reconciled us—  
 Favour God doth now yield us.  
 Kyrieleison.

Death and sin, and life and grace,  
 All in his hands he has.  
 He can deliver  
 All who seek the life-giver.  
 Kyrieleison.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

[From the German of MARTIN LUTHER.]

*Exotics.* (Strahan.)

THOU, whose sad heart and weeping head lyes low,  
 Whose cloudy brest cold damps invade,  
 Who never feel'st the sun, nor smooth'st thy  
 brow,  
 But sitt'st oppressed in the shade,  
 Awake ! awake !  
 And in His Resurrection partake,  
 Who on this day, that thou might'st rise as He,  
 Rose up, and cancell'd two deaths due to thee.

Awake ! awake ! and, like the sun, disperse  
 All mists that would usurp this day ;  
 Where are thy Palmes, thy branches, and thy  
 verse ?

*Hosanna !* heark ! why doest thou stay ?  
 Arise ! arise !

And with His healing bloud anoint thine eyes,  
 Thy inward eyes ; his bloud will cure thy mind,  
 Whose spittle only could restore the blind.

H. VAUGHAN.  
*Sacred Poems.*

~~~~~

THE RESURRECTION MORN.

THE winter time is past,
 THE rainfalls drear are over : now the timid flowers
 Begin to peer from leafy mantles, as the blast
 Retreateth to its northern lair ; and from their
 bowers

Of mossy shelter trills the singing of the birds,
 That hail the vernal sunshine—coo of turtle dove
 And *réveilé* of lark, and almost spoken words
 Of mavis, finch, and linnet, tremulous with love—
 Eloquent emblems of the glory and the joy
 That shall outburst upon the Resurrection Morn,
 When the recovered life, unmixed with sin's
 alloy,

(As o'er horizon's verge is cloudless radiance born,)
 Shall issue from the tomb of thousand centuries,
 The dust of hoary ages—mausoleums vast
 And "antres" mighty,—arid desert wastes, where
 flies

No wing, though once stood there proud cities of
 the past—

From battle-fields, and catacombs, and ocean
 beds,

And glacier lands, and charred extinct volcano
 slopes—

From steppes and prairies, whereon the red sun
 sheds

Its golden sheen in vain—from tracts where human
 hopes

And fears and energies had ceased, long, long
 ago

To live and move and work—from cemeteries
 quaint

Near hamlets obsolete—from ruins round which
 grow

The yew and ivy, and where wails the bittern's
 plaint,

And owl and cormorant and raven hold sad
 sway—

From every place whereon life's drama acted was,
 And death's black curtain fell, the dawning of
 the Day

Of great Account shall bring eternal gain or loss.

FRANCIS MEREDYTH.
Zarah. (S. Tinsley and Co.)

~~~~~

EASTER DAY.

"O Death, where is thy sting ? O Grave, where is thy  
 victory ?"

O BEST and brightest day,  
 When Christ, our king, arose  
 To melt our fears away,  
 And vanquish all our foes :  
 Through Heaven and earth shall ring  
 The glad triumphant cry :—  
 "O Death, where is thy sting ?  
 Where, Grave, thy victory ?"

Rejoice ! our living Head  
 Will life to us restore :  
 Where sleep the saintly dead  
 Let Pity weep no more ;  
 For they shall rise and sing,  
 Who now in darkness lie :—  
 "O Death, where is thy sting ?  
 Where, Grave, thy victory ?"

Rejoice !—the bonds of sin  
 Our God hath rent away,  
 And all may freedom win  
 Who will His Love obey :  
 So we in triumph sing,  
 And our last foe defy :—  
 "O Death, where is thy sting ?  
 Where, Grave, thy victory ?"

L. TUTTIETT.







[RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by HERBERT J. ALLCHIN.]

"Earth with heaven above rejoices ;  
Fields and gardens hail the Spring ;  
Shaugh and woodlands ring with voices,  
While the wild birds build and sing."



LOVE AND COURTSHIP.



I.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

“ And then the Lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.”

AS YOU LIKE IT, *Act II., Sc. 7.*

---

THIS done, the blossom and the fruit of all  
Was her prime truth, into each element  
Of his life's feelings and its acts, to instil :  
'Twas Love's divinest essence. In the soul,  
Central its altar's flame for ever burns  
Inviolatè, and knowing not the change  
Which time and fate o'er all else in the world  
Bring speedily, or with a creeping film  
That hides decay. Ever at peace it dwells  
With its secure desires, which are soul-fed,  
Nor on idolatrous devotion made  
Dependent, nor on will and wayward moods  
Of others ; 'tis self-centred as a star,  
And in the music of the conscious nerves,  
Finds bliss, which e'en the slightest touch or  
look  
Of this magnetic passion can create,  
And render perfect. Nor doth absence break  
The links of ecstasy, which from a heart  
By a heart are drawn ; but midst the glare of day,  
The depths of night, alone, or in a crowd,  
Imagination of love's balmy breath  
Can to the spirit fashion and expand  
Love's own pure rapture and delirium.  
To this fixed sublimation there belong  
No conflicts of pale doubts, anxieties,  
Mean jealousies, anguish of heart-crushed slaves,  
And forlorn faces looking out on seas  
Of coming madness, from the stony gaps  
Through which departed truth and bliss have  
fled ;

But high communion, and a rapturous sense  
Of passion's element, whereof all life  
Is made ; and therefore life should ne'er attain  
A mastery o'er its pure creative light.

R. H. HORNE.  
*Orion.* (Chatto and Windus.)

---

THE SELF-ENGROSSMENT OF LOVE.

AND see, the lovers go  
With lingering steps and slow,  
Over all the world together, all in all,  
Over all the world ! The empires fall ;  
The onward march of Man seems spent ;  
The nations rot in dull content ;  
The blight of war, a bitter flood,  
From continent to continent,  
Rolls on with waves of blood ;  
The light of knowledge sinks, the fire of  
thought burns low ;  
There seems scant thought of God ; but yet  
One power there is men ne'er forget,  
And still through every land beneath the  
skies,  
Rapt, careless, looking in each other's eyes,  
With lingering steps and slow,  
The lovers go.

LEWIS MORRIS.  
*The Ode of Life.* (K. Paul.)

## THE THIRTY REQUISITES.

THIRTY points of perfection each judge understands,  
The standard of feminine beauty demands.

Three white:—and, without further prelude, we know  
That the skin, hands, and teeth should be pearly  
as snow.

Three black:—and our standard departure forbids  
From dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly-  
fringed lids.

Three red:—and the lover of comeliness seeks  
For the hue of the rose in the lips, nails, and cheeks.

Three long:—and of this you, no doubt, are aware?  
Long the body should be, long the hands, long the  
hair.

Three short:—and herein nicest beauty appears,—  
Feet short as a fairy's, short teeth, and short ears.

Three large:—and remember this rule as to size  
Embraces the shoulders, the forehead, the eyes.

Three narrow:—a maxim to every man's taste,—  
Circumference small in mouth, ankle, and waist.

Three round:—and in this I see infinite charms—  
Rounded fulness apparent in leg, hip, and arms.

Three fine:—and can aught the enchantment  
eclipse,

Of fine tapering fingers, fine hair, and fine lips?

Three small:—and my thirty essentials are told—  
Small head, nose, and bosom, compact in its mould.

Now the dame who comprises attractions like these,  
Will require not the cestus of Venus to please;

While he who has met with a union so rare,  
Has had better luck than has fall'n to *my* share.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

*Ballads.* (G. Routledge and Sons.)

[This and the subsequent extracts from Ainsworth's  
Ballads are inserted by kind permission of the publishers,  
Messrs. George Routledge and Sons.]

~~~~~  
LOVE's of itself too sweet; the best of all
Is, when love's honey has a dash of gall.

ROBERT HERRICK.

A PAIR WELL MATCHED.

~~~~~  
FAIR Iris I love, and hourly I die,  
But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye;  
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,  
For I am as false and as fickle as she;  
We neither believe what either can say,  
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear, and to say things of course,  
We mean not the taking for better or worse:  
When present we love; and when absent  
agree;

I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me;  
The legend of Love no couple can find,  
So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

JOHN DRYDEN.

~~~~~  
(FROM THE FRENCH.)

"I NEVER give a kiss (says Prue)
To naughty man, for I abhor it."

She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true;
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it!

THOMAS MOORE.

NAMES.

~~~~~  
I ASKED my fair one happy day,  
What I should call her in my lay;  
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;  
Lalage, Neæra, Chloris,  
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,  
Arethusa or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,  
"Beloved, what are names but air?  
Choose thou whatever suits the line;  
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,  
Call me Lalage, or Doris,  
Only, only call me Thine."

S. T. COLERIDGE

## A LOVE-LESSON.

~~~~~  
(FROM THE FRENCH OF CLEMENT MAROT.)

A SWEET "No, no,"—with a sweet smile beneath,
Becomes an honest girl: I'd have you learn it:—
As for plain "Yes," it may be said, i'faith,
Too plainly and too oft:—pray, well discern it.

Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,
Or lose the kiss for which my lips beset you;
But that in suffering me to take it, sweet,
I'd have you say, "No, no, I will not let you."

LEIGH HUNT,

Poetical Works. (G. Routledge and Sons.)

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in.
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in :
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
 Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
 Say I'm growing old, but add,
 Jenny kiss'd me.

LEIGH HUNT.

SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears,
 In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
 At distance I gaze, and am awed by my
 fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my eye !

But when without art,
 Your kind thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes through every
 vein ;
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants
 in your heart,
 Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
 In our sex (she replied),
 And thus (might I gratify both) I would do :
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But still be a woman to you.

THOMAS PARNELL.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
 And if you nurse a flame
 That's told but to her mutual breast,
 We will not ask her name.
 Enough, while memory tranced and glad
 Paints silently the fair,
 That each should dream of joys he's had,
 Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
 From hallow'd thoughts so dear;
 But drink to them that we love most,
 As they would love to hear.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :
 So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
 Like a spruce single man, with a smart double
 knock.

Now a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
 Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-tat :
 So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
 Had question'd the stranger and answer'd the door.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;
 For the moment will come when such comers must
 go ;

So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent
 thing—

"The next time you come, love, pray come with
 a ring."

THOMAS HOOD.

Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

[Several extracts from the copyright poems by Thomas
 Hood are included in this volume through the courtesy of
 Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.]

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

THEY may talk of love in a cottage,
 And bowers of trellised vine—
 Of nature bewitchingly simple,
 And milkmaids half divine ;
 They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
 In the shade of a spreading tree,
 And a walk in the fields at morning,
 By the side of a footstep free !

But give me a sly flirtation
 By the light of a chandelier—
 With music to play in the pauses,
 And nobody very near :
 Or a seat on a silken sofa,
 With a glass of pure old wine,
 And mamma too blind to discover
 The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
 Your vine is a nest for flies—
 Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
 And simplicity talks of pies !

You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a fly in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

N. P. WILLIS.

Poetical Works. (G. Routledge and Sons.)

FRIENDSHIP is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own
tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent ; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Much Ado about Nothing.

LEARN, that if to thee the meaning
Of all other eyes be shown,
Fewer eyes can ever front thee
That are skilled to read thine own ;
And that if thy love's deep current
Many another's far outflows,
Then thy heart must take for ever

LESS THAN IT BESTOWS.

JEAN INGELOW.

Poems ; First Series. (Longmans.)

DANGEROUS PLAYTHINGS.

MAIDENS are fickle and hard to please,
Butterflies dainty in plumage gay,
Staying a moment to flirt and teaze,
Waking a longing, and then away.
Dangerous playthings for idle hours,
Seeming so harmless, but oh ! so deep,
Armed with a legion of hidden pow'rs,
Innocent only when fast asleep.

Young men are selfish, and cold, and hard,
Looking for more than they give again,
Jealous lest ought should their hopes retard,
Making the most of a lover's pain.
Dangerous playthings for idle hours,
Seeming so constant, so firm, so true,
Hiding life's thorns 'neath its gayest flowers,
Painting their passion in rosy hue.

Yet there are hearts which are all they seem,
Loyal and true to the inmost core,
Looking on Love as a sacred theme,
Not to be played with and trifled o'er.
Dangerous playthings such hearts as these,
Worthy indeed to be proudly won,
Not to be sought for to fret and teaze,
Dangerous playthings to break in fun.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

THEIR little language the children
Have, on the knee as they sit ;
And only those who love them
Can find the key to it.

The words thereof and the grammar
Perplex the logician's art ;
But the heart goes straight with the meaning,
And the meaning is clear to the heart.

So thou, my Love, hast a language
That, in little, says all to me :—
But the world cannot guess the sweetness
Which is hidden with Love and thee.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

Lyrical Poems. (Macmillan and Co.)

SPORT not with love, if thou art wise ;
Sport not with love !—a spark is pretty ;
But give it breath, and lo ! it flies
Rampant abroad, and flames a city !
If the fair maid may not be thine,
From love's luxurious pasture turn thee,
Or those fair eyes that beam benign
Shall grow a scorching flame to burn thee !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Lyrical Poems. (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

A GIRL'S LOVE-SONG.

It was an April morning
 When my true love went out ;
 The wind had never a warning ;
 The sky had never a doubt.
 Leaves and blossoms were lustres
 On oak and maple and beech ;
 Hopes were hanging in clusters
 A little out of reach.

He wandered—he and no other—
 Down by the little white brook ;
 The stones sang one to another,
 " A king is coming ; look ! "
 The brook said, laughing and leaping,
 " Peep, and you shall see."
 Through the leaves he went peeping,
 And there he saw—Me.

Saw me, took me, crowned me,
 There, as I stood in my shame ;
 I knew that he had found me,
 Before I knew his name.
 I went where I was fated,
 Dumb with fear and surprise.
 A week and a day I waited,
 Before I saw his eyes.

I gave him never a whisper
 For all the words he said ;
 The brook was a pleasant lisper,
 It talked to him instead.
 Brook, you told my emotion,
 Hearing him plight his vow !
 Brook, you have not a notion
 What I feel for him now !

M. B. SMEDLEY.
Poems. (Strahan.)

SHE was fresh and she was fair,
 Glossy was her golden hair ;
 Like a blue spot in the sky
 Was her clear and loving eye.

He was true and he was bold,
 Full of mirth as he could hold ;
 Thro' the world he broke his way
 With jest, and laugh, and lightsome lay.

Love ye wisely, love ye well ;
 Challenge then the gates of hell.
 Love and truth can ride it out,
 Come bridal song or battle shout.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.
Edwin the Fair. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

As thou hono'rest Love—so will Love honour thee.

LORD HOUGHTON.
Poetical Works.

SONG.

LOVE laid his sleepless head
 On a thorny rosy bed ;
 And his eyes with tears were red,
 And pale his lips as the dead.

And fear and sorrow and scorn
 Kept watch by his head forlorn.
 Till the night was overworn
 And the world was merry with morn.

And joy came up with the day
 And kissed Love's lips as he lay,
 And the watchers ghostly and grey
 Sped from his pillow away.

And his eyes as the dawn grew bright,
 And his lips waxed ruddy as light :
 Sorrow may reign for a night,
 But day shall bring back delight.

A. C. SWINBURNE.
Poems and Ballads ; Second Series.
 (Chatto and Windus.)

. . . Lovers in their quaintë gears,
 Now in the crop, and now down in the breres,
 Now up, now down, as bucket in a well.

G. CHAUCER.

NOT A MATCH.

KITTY, sweet and seventeen,
 Pulls my hair and calls me " Harry ;"
 Hints that I am young and green,
 Wonders if I wish to marry.

Only tell me what reply
 Is the best reply for Kitty?
 She's but seventeen—and I—
 I am forty—more's the pity.

Twice at least my Kitty's age
 (Just a trifle over maybe)—
 I am sober, I am sage;
 Kitty nothing but a baby.

She is merriment and mirth,
 I am wise and gravely witty;
 She's the dearest thing on earth,
 I am forty—more's the pity.

She adores my pretty rhymes,
 Calls me "poet" when I write them;
 And she listens oftentimes
 Half an hour when I recite them.

Let me scribble by the page
 Sonnet, ode, or lover's ditty;
 Seventeen is Kitty's age—
 I am forty—more's the pity.

HENRY S. LEIGH.
 (*Gillott and Goosequill.*)

~~~~~

LOVE that asketh love again,  
 Finds the barter nought but pain;  
 Love that giveth in full store,  
 Aye receives as much, and more.

Love, exacting nothing back,  
 Never knoweth any lack;  
 Love, compelling love to pay,  
 Sees him bankrupt every day.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
 GENTLEMAN."  
*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~

TEMPORA MUTANTUR, NOS ET
 MUTAMUR IN ILLIS.

I ONCE believed those simple folk
 Who hold love a reality;
 And marriage not a social yoke
 Of mere conventionality.

I thought the light of maidens' eyes,
 Their smiles and all the rest,
 Were *not* mere baits to catch rich flies
 And landed interest.

I once believed (which only shows
 My most refreshing greenness)
 That breaking faith and breaking vows
 Came little short of meanness.

I once believed that matrimony
 Was linking hearts and fates;
 And *not* transferring sums of money
 And joining large estates.

I once imagined (in my youth)
 That not to keep a carriage
 Was no impediment forsooth
 To any happy marriage.

I also fancied (but I own
 My verdure was delicious)
 That trampling young affections down
 Was positively vicious.

I did not think the Greeks were right—
 Before I worshipped Mammon—
 Who in declining marriage, write
 The accusative case *γάμον*.

The past ideas agree but ill
 With our enlightened present;
 The lesson must be learnt, but still
 The learning was not pleasant.

Good qualities girls don't expect,
 Or bodily or mental;
 You seldom find much intellect
 Go with a princely rental.

True love is an exploded thing,
 Fit only for romances;
 Who ever heard of marrying
 A man without finances?

In short I disbelieve them all,
 Those doctrines fundamental
 I learnt when I was very small,
 And very sentimental.

J. H. GIBBS.
The Quadrilateral. (A volume of poems by three
 Oxford friends.)

~~~~~

LOVE seeketh not itself to please,  
 Nor for itself hath any care,  
 But for another gives its ease.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THERE is travel deep in woods,  
 And travel high in air,  
 And travel over wide green seas,  
 And amid the cities fair.

You may follow the wandering swallow,  
 Or the passionate nightingale,  
 Dip for pearls with the diver,  
 Into the sunset sail.

But more than yield the wide seas,  
 More than the air above,  
 A man may find in his own heart  
 And the heart of his own true love.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*Frances.*

SONG.

GIVE me back my heart, fair child ;  
 To you as yet 'tis worth but little :  
 Half beguiler, half beguiled,  
 Be you warned : your own is brittle !  
 I know it by your redd'ning cheeks—  
 I know it by those two black streaks  
 Arching up your pearly brows  
 In a momentary laughter,  
 Stretched in long and dark repose  
 With a sigh the moment after.

" Hid it ! dropt it on the moors !  
 Lost it, and you cannot find it."  
 My own heart I want, not yours :  
 You have bound and must unbind it.  
 Set it free then from your net,  
 We will love, sweet—but not yet !  
 Fling it from you :—we are strong :  
 Love is trouble, love is folly :  
 Love, that makes an old heart young,  
 Makes a young heart melancholy.

AUBREY DE VERE.  
*Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred. (Burns and Oates.)*

TOO HOT.

CLAD in white flannel, and lolling most lazily  
 Down in the bows of our slow-drifting boat,  
 Watching the gnats as they skim about mazily  
 Over our heads, as in silence we float—

Topaz-hued cider-cup cool and delectable  
 Stands by my head (a right excellent *brew*),  
 While 'twixt my lips rests a very respectable  
 Weed, that I'm sure in Havana once grew.

Opposite me in diaphanous drapery,  
 Some one is seated pretending to steer,  
 Daintily toying with spoils from the grapery,  
 Paying small heed to our shallop's career.

Thus at our ease we float onward deliciously,  
 Thinking of nothing and hardly awake,  
 Save when a wasp all unmasked and officiously  
 Strives in his way our acquaintance to make.

When we embarked I had views matrimonial,  
 Meaning to ask my companion to wed,  
 Soon all is changed, for the heat—*Torrid-sonial*—  
 Drives such intentions right out of my head.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

THE LOVER'S DAY.

GORSE-PLAINS that flower their gold into the streams  
 Beneath the open blossom of the sky ;  
 Sea-floods that weave their blue and purple seams ;  
 White sails that lift the billows as they fly :  
 Not these in their abounding rapture vie  
 With love's diviner dreams.

Those lovers tire not when the sun is pale ;  
 No statelier awning than a bristled tree  
 With branches cedared by the salten gale,  
 Stretched back, as if with wings that cannot flee :  
 They linger, and the sun departs by sea ;  
 He spreads his crimson sail.

They watch him as he piles his busy deck  
 With golden treasure ; as his sail expands ;  
 They see him sink ; they gaze upon the wreck  
 Through the still twilight of the silvery sands.  
 One cloud is left to the deserted lands :  
 The blue-set moon's cold-fleck.

They linger though the pageant hath gone by :  
 The opal cloud is lit o'er sea and plain ;  
 The moon is full of one day's memory,  
 And tells the tale of Nature o'er again,  
 Its glory mingled in the soul's refrain  
 Under that lover's sky.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.  
*Legends of the Morrow. (Chatto and Windus.)*

## JEALOUSY.

NOR tigress freshly of her whelps bereaved,  
 NOR usurer by debtor's flight deceived,  
 NOR client in whose face great doors are slammed,  
 NOR author of a play distinctly damned,  
 NOR tenor hissed upon his favourite note,  
 NOR candidate defeated by one vote,  
 NOR débutante before a crushing "quiz,"  
 IS half so savage as a woman is,  
 WHEN, in that mean caprice which often sways her,  
 SHE bid her lover "Go!"—*and he obeys her.*

ROBERT REECE.  
*Undine.*

## LOVE'S STRESS.

ABOUT my love, oh Love, why do I sing?  
 Can'st thou by my weak words my great love  
 know,  
 Or can I hope that any words should show  
 The exquisite interchange of June with Spring,  
 That makes thy sweet soul the divine, strange thing  
 Of which no man the memory lets go  
 Once having known? What breath have I to  
 blow  
 The clarion with thy praises echoing?  
 I sing not for thy sake, nor for men's sake—  
 I do but sing to ease my soul from stress  
 Of love, and thy deep, passionate loveliness:  
 So in some great despair our hearts must break,  
 But for our bitter sobs and frantic cries,  
 Sent out against the inaccessible skies.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.  
 [From *Time*, by kind permission of Messrs. Kelly and Co.]

As taking in mind as in feature,  
 How many will sigh for her sake!  
 I wonder, the sweet little creature,  
 What sort of a wife she would make.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## AN INTERLUDE.

[EXTRACT.]

IN the greenest growth of the Maytime,  
 I rode where the woods were wet,  
 Between the dawn and the daytime;  
 The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,  
 Though the ways and the woods smelt sweet;  
 The breath at your lips that panted,  
 The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,  
 And the green grew golden above;  
 And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,  
 And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses  
 Moved soft as a weak wind blows;  
 You passed me as April passes,  
 With face made out of a rose.

A. C. SWINBURNE.  
*Poems and Ballads; First Series.*  
 (Chatto and Windus.)

## WHITE ROSES.

SHE sat by her open piano,  
 Under lavish gold of her hair,  
 And loosed the tide of her playing  
 On the stillness of evening air:  
 Like a spring-tide surging and spreading,  
 In celestial strength and grace,  
 From her magical floating fingers,  
 And the peace of her white-rose face.

Ah! what words for that saintly music,  
 With divine unconsciousness played?  
 In a trance the starlight listened,  
 And the lawns, and the laurel shade.  
 It was now like the roar of billows,  
 With a diamond spray breaking through,  
 Now tenderly soft, and wondrous  
 As the birth of the summer dew.

Too brief was that glimpse of heaven,  
 Like an angel's visit it passed;  
 Pure notes dropped, slowly and starlike,  
 And she blushed—blue-eyed—at the last.  
 But I could remember her ever  
 By that rapturous, melodied space,  
 By the sunset cloud of her tresses,  
 And the dream on her white-rose face.

WILLIAM WILKINS.  
*Songs of Study.* (K. Paul.)

DEPRECIATING HER BEAUTY.

I LOVE not thy perfections. When I hear  
Thy beauty blazoned, and the common tongue  
Cheapening with vulgar praise a lip, an ear,  
A cheek that I have prayed to ;—when among  
The loud world's gods my god is noised and sung,  
Her wit applauded, even her taste, her dress,  
Her each dear hidden marvel lightly flung  
At the world's feet and stripped to nakedness—  
Then I despise thy beauty utterly,  
Crying, " Be these your gods, O Israel !"  
And I remember that on such a day  
I found thee with eyes bleared and cheeks all pale,  
And lips that trembled to a voiceless cry,  
And that thy bosom in my bosom lay.

*Love Sonnets of Proteus.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~

WHILE roses are so red,
While lilies are so white,
Shall a woman exalt her face,
Because it gives delight ?
She's not so sweet as a rose,
A lily's straighter than she,
And if she were as red or white,
She'd be but one of three.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.
Poems. (Macmillan and Co.)

~~~~~

FALSE OR TRUE ?

TRUTH frequently lies, I've oft heard tell,  
In deepest depths of a deep, deep well :  
Can you imagine it always lies  
In fathomless depths of sweet brown eyes ?

J. ASHBY-STERRY.  
*Boudoir Ballads.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~

CROCUS-GATHERING.

COME, gather the crocus-cups with me,
And dream of the summer coming :
Saffron and purple and snowy white,
All awake to the first bee's humming.

The white is there for the maiden-heart,
And the purple is there for sorrow :
The saffron is there for the true true love,
And they'll all be dead to-morrow.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.
Brother Fabian's Manuscript. (Macmillan and Co.)

~~~~~

VIOLETS AT HOME.

O HAPPY buds of violet !  
I give them to my sweet, and she  
Puts them where something sweeter yet  
Must always be.

White violets find whiter rest :  
For fairest flowers how fair a fate !  
For me remain, O fragrant breast !  
Inviolate.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*The Inn of Strange Meetings.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~

[EXTRACT.]

LOVE, like an odour-bearing dew, distils
From her heart's flower, and with its innocence
Sweetens her soul, and all her senses fills
With the new, heavenly sense.
Soon is her face with the love-witchery lit,
But when another comes its sweets to glean
It strives with bashful veil to cover it
Lest her new thoughts be seen.

She is all love and one her love would claim,
Which 'neath his look she trembles to confess,
As if her heart had sinned and in its shame
Was stricken passionless.
As though the hills were on her eyelids piled
She stood abashed, in all her thoughts reprov'd
To feel but yesterday she was a child
In sight of him she loved.

Her thoughts are only tendril-like entwined
One with another, clinging as in play,
And dare not yet about a lover's wind,
But, shrinking, drop away.
Even thus perturbed, such love-allurements crowd
Her helpless face, no man, the least of these
Could dwell on, were he to an angel vowed,
And turn away in peace.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.
Maiden Ecstasy. (Chatto and Windus.)

SAYNTE VALENTYNE: HYS DAYE.

A CROCUS here, a snowdrop there,
 A breath of Winter in the air ;
 In windless hollows hopeful hints
 Of later Spring's transmuting tints ;
 In valley dank, on chilly down,
 The green grass climbing through the brown ;
 These, and the ever busy birds,
 Proclaim in signs and chirping words :—
 'Tis "Valentyne Hys Daye !" time
 To clothe the mating hours
 With fragrance as of Maytime,
 Or Shakespeare's sweetest flowers.

Shy boy and coyly-conscious maid—
 She knows, the elf, he's half afraid
 To ask, in borrowed, limping line,
 Her smile, "His first, best Valentine !"
 The ruthless Saynte their hearts hath ta'en
 And filled them with delicious pain,
 Hath led them on bound eyes and feet
 Into the land of Bitter-Sweet—
 Where "Valentyne Hys Daye " wears
 A very April face,
 And many a blooming spray bears
 Of tempest just a trace.

Thy custom, Saynte, it speaks the truth,
 When Manhood overtaketh Youth !
 When she, in her maturest teens,
 Feels freshly what the homage means.
 A ritual rich in murmured sounds !
 Songs whose sweet music hath no bounds !
 Come, precious Saynte, restore in rhyme
 The spirit of the knightliest time ;
 Till "Valentyne Hys Daye " hath
 Acquired the gentle glow
 That glorifies the grey path
 Which tender lovers know !

Shrive the sad soul that doth not stir
 If not a present worshipper—
 The heart that, young in feelings yet,
One dawning dear cannot forget.
 Come, father, own the tender thrill,—
 Now, mother, you've his offering still !
 "Saynte Valentyne !" Threescore and ten—
 Thy name doth make them young again !

"Saynte Valentyne Hys Daye !" time
 To clothe the passing hours
 With memories of Life's Maytime,
 And Love's undying flowers !

BYRON WEBBER.

PROPHETIC BIRDS.

ON May-morn two lovers stood
 For the first time in the wood ;
 And lip wooed lip, and heart wooed heart,
 Till words must cease, and tears must start ;
 And overhead in the rustling green
 The birds talked over their fate unseen.

"Sure," said the thrush, "we'll wed them soon ;"
 "Yea," said the turtle-dove, "in June ;"
 "They'll make fine sport ere the year is out,"
 Said the magpie between a laugh and a shout.
 And heedlessly the lovers heard
 The senseless babble of bird with bird.

"Sure," croaked the jackdaw, "in July
 They'll quarrel, or no daw am I—
 Why, let them, since they are but men ;"
 "They can make it up though," quoth the wren.
 And heedlessly the lovers heard
 A senseless babble of bird with bird.

"Love with them shall be sweet, ere sad,"
 Said the goldfinch,—"August shall make them glad."
 "Yea," said the oriole, "one rich noon
 They shall lengthen love in a golden swoon."
 And all this while the lovers heard
 But a senseless babble of bird with bird.

"My news is from Prince Popinjay,"
 Sighed the hoopoe. "Ah ! one August day
 They shall dream in the sunset, and fall asleep,
 And one shall awake from the dream to weep."
 And heedlessly the lovers heard
 This senseless babble of bird with bird.

But a nightingale in a far-off shade
 That moment silenced the chattering glade,
 And sang like an angel from above
 Some mystic song of eternal love.
 And all this singing the lovers heard
 As the senseless babble of bird with bird.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Music and Moonlight. (Chatto and Windus.)

UNDECIDED.

WHEN one thing only I can do,
 I'm fully satisfied ;
 But should there happen to be two,
 I never can decide.
 I'm very changeable ; my views
 Are never well defined ;
 I can't accept, I can't refuse,
 I can't make up my mind.

A pair of Cupid's shafts have run
 My heart completely through,
 Most people are in love with one,
 But I'm in love with two.
 I'm sure they're both in love with me,
 They're both so very kind—
 But still, to be or not to be,
 I can't make up my mind.

The one is dark, the other fair ;
 Yet both are fair to view :
 The one has lots of raven hair,
 The other's eyes are blue.
 The one is gushing (so they say),
 The other more refined ;
 Yet each is lovely in her way—
 I can't make up my mind.

I'll read the paper : what, by Jove !
 They're married ! each of them
 To some infernal happy cove,
 Whose taste I can't condemn.
 They're married ! yes, for weal or woe
 The registries are signed :
 But whether they were wise or no,
 I can't make up my mind.

EDWIN HAMILTON.

Dublin Doggerels. (W. McGee, Dublin.)

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

[EXTRACT.]

I WISH her beauty
 That owes not all its duty
 To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie ;
 Something more than
 Taffeta or tissue can,
 Or rampant feather, or rich fan ;

More than the spoil
 Of shop, or silkworms' toil,
 Or a bought blush, or a set smile.
 A face that's best
 By its own beauty drest,
 And can alone command the rest ;
 A face made up
 Out of no other shop
 Than what nature's white hand sets ope.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED.

PEACE in her chamber, wheresoe'er
 It be, a holy place :
 The thought still brings my soul such grace
 As morning meadows wear.

Whether it still be small and light,
 A maid's who dreams alone,
 As from her orchard-gate the moon
 Its ceiling showed at night :

Or whether, in a shadow dense
 As nuptial hymns invoke,
 Innocent maidenhood awoke
 To married innocence :

There still the thanks unheard await
 The unconscious gift bequeathed :
 For there my soul this hour has breathed
 An air inviolate.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

Poems. (Ellis and White.)

AMARYLLIS I did woo,
 And I courted Phyllis too ;
 Daphne for her love I chose,
 Chloris, for that damask rose
 In her cheek, I held so dear,
 Yea, a thousand liked well near ;
 And, in love with all together,
 Feared the enjoying either :
 'Cause to be of one possessed,
 Barred the hope of all the rest.

GEORGE WITHER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness ;
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distractiòn ;
 An erring lace, which here and there
 Enthral's the crimson stomacher ;
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbons to flow confusedly ;
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat ;
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility ;—
 Do more bewitch me, than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

~~~~~  
 PALINODIA.

“ *Nec meus hic sermo est, sed quem præcepit* ”—HORACE.

THERE was a time, when I could feel  
 All passion's hopes and fears ;  
 And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal  
 By smiles, and sighs, and tears.  
 The days are gone ! no more—no more  
 The cruel Fates allow ;  
 And, though I'm hardly twenty-four,—  
 I'm not a lover now.

Lady, the mist is on my sight,  
 The chill is on my brow ;  
 My day is night, my bloom is blight ;  
 I'm not a lover now !

I never talk about the clouds,  
 I laugh at girls and boys,  
 I'm growing rather fond of crowds,  
 And very fond of noise ;  
 I never wander forth alone  
 Upon the mountain's brow ;  
 I weighed, last winter, sixteen stone ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I never wish to raise a veil,  
 I never raise a sigh ;  
 I never tell a tender tale,  
 I never tell a lie :  
 I cannot kneel, as once I did ;  
 I've quite forgot my bow ;  
 I never do as I am bid ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I make strange blunders every day,  
 If I would be gallant ;  
 Take smiles for wrinkles, black for grey,  
 And nieces for their aunt :  
 I fly from folly, though it flows  
 From lips of loveliest glow ;  
 I don't object to length of nose ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I find my Ovid very dry,  
 My Petrarch quite a pill,  
 Cut Fancy for Philosophy,  
 Tom Moore for Mr. Mill.  
 And belles may read, and beaux my write,—  
 I care not who or how ;  
 I burnt my album, Sunday night ;—  
 I'm not a lover now.

I don't encourage idle dreams  
 Of poison or of ropes :  
 I cannot dine on airy schemes ;  
 I cannot sup on hopes :  
 New milk, I own, is very fine,  
 Just foaming from the cow ;  
 But yet, I want my pint of wine ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

When Laura sings young hearts away,  
 I'm deafer than the deep ;  
 When Leonora goes to play,  
 I sometimes go to sleep ;  
 When Mary draws her white gloves out,  
 I never dance, I vow,—  
 “ Too hot to kick one's heels about ! ”  
 I'm not a lover now !

I'm busy, now, with state affairs ;  
 I prate of Pitt and Fox ;  
 I ask the price of rail-road shares,  
 I watch the turns of stocks.  
 And this is life ! no verdure blooms  
 Upon the withered bough ;  
 I save a fortune in perfumes ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I may be yet, what others are,  
 A boudoir's babbling fool,  
 The flattered star of Bench or Bar,  
 A party's chief, or tool :—

Come shower or sunshine, hope or fear,  
 The palace or the plough,—  
 My heart and lute are broken here ;  
 I'm not a lover now !  
 Lady, the mist is on my sight,  
 The chill is on my brow,  
 My day is night, my bloom is blight ;  
 I'm not a lover now !

W. M. PRAED.  
*Poems.* (Ward and Lock.)

AH me ! the little tyrant thief,  
 As once my heart was playing,  
 He snatch'd it up, and flew away,  
 Laughing at all my praying.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

. . . WHAT's his intention, I wish I could know,  
 For I'd rather be married than plagued by him  
 so.

UNKNOWN.

THERE'S no extinguishing  
 Love's sturdy flame by puff of human breath,  
 Blow we hot or cold.

ALFRED AUSTIN.  
*Tower of Babel.* (Blackwood.)

LYNMOUTH.

[EXTRACT.]

I TAKE my love's hand ; looking in her eyes,  
 I strive to speak, but the thought grows too vast—  
 Lo ! a bird helps me out with it ; she sighs ;  
 Sing on, sweet bird, 'twill reach her heart at  
 last !

Oh, torrent, say thou art this heart of mine,  
 Strong, rapid, overwhelming ; I will break  
 Life's very rocks with rage akin to thine,  
 And vanquish, ever striving for her sake.

Oh, bird, sing thou art even the voice my heart  
 Will find to woo her life through day by day,  
 So that she hearing never shall depart,  
 And the long way shall seem a little way.

Oh, wandering river that my love and I  
 Behold to-day through many a leafy screen,  
 Tell her that life shall be a gliding by,  
 A course like thine through this enchanted scene.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Songs of a Worker.* (Chatto and Windus.)

[By kind permission of the Rev. A. W. Newport Deacon  
 and Messrs. Chatto and Windus.]

'GAINST male self-will there is no argument  
 That is not overborne. He would not listen.  
 A man knows all before a woman speaks.

ALFRED AUSTIN.  
*Tower of Babel.* (Blackwood.)

ALL the vows that ever men have broke,  
 In number more than ever women spoke.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THE POPLAR.

AY, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,  
 On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—  
 We carved *her* initials ; though not very lately—  
 We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaimed Georgiana ;  
 Our heart's empress then ; see, 'tis grown all  
 askew ;

And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a  
 Conviction, it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D too, that once stood  
 for Dobbin,

Her loved patronymic—ah ! can it be so ?  
 Its once fair proportions, time, too, has been  
 robbing ;

A D?—we'll be *Deed* if it isn't an O !

Alas ! how the soul sentimental it vexes,  
 That thus on our labours stern *Chronos* should  
 frown,

Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,  
 And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down !

R. H. BARHAM.  
*Ingoldsby Legends.* (Bentley.)

[Messrs. R. Bentley and Son, to whose courtesy I am  
 indebted for permission to print this and the subsequent  
 extracts from the "Ingoldsby Legends," have recently pub-  
 lished a sixpenny illustrated edition of that delightful book.]

ONE star only for Love's heaven ;  
 One rose only for Love's breast ;  
 One love only to be given.

Star that gathers all stars' glory ;  
 Rose all sweetness of the rest ;  
 Love that is all life's glad story.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

*The Auspicious Day.* (Macmillan and Co.)

~~~~~  
 TO PHŒBE.

"GENTLE, modest little flower,
 Sweet epitome of May,
 Love me but for half an hour,
 Love me, love me, little fay."
 Sentences so fiercely flaming
 In your tiny shell-like ear,
 I should always be exclaiming
 If I loved you, PHŒBE dear.

"Smiles that thrill from any distance
 Shed upon me while I sing !
 Please ecstaticize existence,
 Love me, oh, thou fairy thing !"
 Words like these, outpouring sadly,
 You'd perpetually hear,
 If I loved you fondly, madly ;—
 But I do not, PHŒBE dear.

W. S. GILBERT.

The "Bab" Ballads. (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 A TRANSCENDENTAL egotism, Love,—  
 Which deifies a dearer self, and makes  
 The heart a shrine, pure for the sake of it ;  
 Upon whose altar self by self is slain,  
 And adoration crowned by sacrifice.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

*The Tower of Babel.* (Blackwood.)

~~~~~  
 TWO KISSES.

THE weird grey light on the window
 Glimmered and glowed through the rain,
 As we watched for the hour of parting ;
 And I kissed her with kisses twain ;

Once on the brow for sorrow,
 And once on the lips for love ;
 And I passed, with a light in my heart-deeps,
 And a God in the heavens above.

ALEXANDER R. EAGAR.

~~~~~  
 A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

LOVE me, Sweet, with all thou art,  
 Feeling, thinking, seeing ;  
 Love me in the lightest part,  
 Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth  
 In its frank surrender ;  
 With the vowing of thy mouth,  
 With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,  
 Made for earnest granting ;  
 Taking colour from the skies,  
 Can Heaven's truth be wanting ?

Love me with their lids, that fall  
 Snow-like at first meeting ;  
 Love me with thine heart, that all  
 Neighbours then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out  
 Freely—open-minded :  
 Love me with thy loitering foot,  
 Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns  
 Sudden faint above me ;  
 Love me with thy blush that burns  
 When I murmur, *Love me !*

Love me with thy thinking soul,  
 Break it to love-sighing ;  
 Love me with thy thoughts that roll  
 On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,  
 When the world has crowned thee ;  
 Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,  
 With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,  
 Up the woodlands shady :  
 Love me gaily, fast and true,  
 As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,  
Further off or nigher,  
Love me for the house and grave,  
And for something higher.  
Thus, if thou wilt prove me, Dear,  
Woman's love no fable,  
I will love *thee*—half a year—  
As a man is able.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.  
*Poems.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

ALAS for hourly change! Alas for all  
The loves that from his hand proud youth lets  
fall,  
Even as the beads of a told rosary!

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.  
*Ballads and Sonnets.* (Ellis and White.)

THIS test for love;—in every kiss sealed fast  
To feel the first kiss and forebode the last.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.  
*Ballads and Sonnets.* (Ellis and White.)

THE lover, if for certain days,  
His fair one be beyond his gaze,  
Sinks not in grief and wild amaze,  
But, wiser wooer,  
He spends his time in writing lays,  
And posts them to her.

LEWIS CARROLL.  
*Phantasmagoria.* (Macmillan.)

I HAD a heart  
And a doll at five years old. I played with them  
Till I out-grew such trifles. Who can tell  
Under what dust of broken toys they lie?  
Let no man dig them out; I should not know  
them.

M. B. SMEDLEY.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)

STOP THIEF!

MY heart is yours. What can you want with *two*  
*Hearts?* oh you traitor, you!  
What can you keep a second heart to do?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

AT TWO-AND-TWENTY.

MARIAN, May, and Maud  
Have not past me by,—  
Archèd foot, and mobile mouth,  
And bronze-brown eye!

When my hair is grey,  
Then I shall be wise;  
Then, thank Heaven! I shall not care  
For bronze-brown eyes.

Then let Maud and May  
And Marian pass me by:  
So they do not scorn me now,  
What care I?

T. B. ALDRICH.  
*Cloth of Gold.* (Routledge.)

WHEN the rose of thine own being  
Shall reveal its central fold,  
Thou shalt look within and marvel,  
Fearing what thine eyes behold;  
What it shows and what it teaches  
Are not things wherewith to part;  
Thorny rose! that always costeth  
Beatings at the heart.

JEAN INGELOW.  
*Poems; First Series.* (Longmans.)

THE CROWN OF LOVE.

I WOULD be a goddess in  
The light of those dear eyes,  
Apt to hold you as to win,  
All-beautiful, all-wise.  
Pray you wherefore should you deem  
This a vain and idle dream?  
Purblind love which cannot see  
That woman still to man may be  
Whatever she can seem!

I would win your tender trust,  
But not to keep you still  
Kneeling lowly in the dust  
Obedient to my will;  
Nor to surfeit all my days  
On the nectar of your praise;

Or to hear it sung so high  
 That the idle passer-by  
 Paused to hear your lays.  
 I but ask you for your faith  
 That, wounded by the herd,  
 I may bring you healing with  
 The magic of a word ;  
 Pray you to believe me so  
 That in darkness, doubt or woe,  
 I may guide you when you grope,  
 Light you with my stronger hope,  
 Warm you with my glow.

I would have you love me well  
 That, fainting in the strife,  
 Kiss of mine should be a spell  
 To win you back to life ;  
 Love me so that day or night  
 I could shut the world from sight,  
 Keep it out with woven arms,  
 Or subdue it with my charms  
 As a goddess might !

Love ! my worth will wax or wane  
 As your light shall shine ;  
 Now a homely thing, or vain,  
 Now almost divine.  
 Lorn of love my hands hang down,  
 I am nothing when you frown ;  
 Hold me fair and keep me great,  
 With your faithfulness for state,  
 And your love for crown !

EMILY PFEIFFER.

*Sonnets and Songs.* (C. Kegan Paul and Co.)

~~~~~  
 A VALENTINE.

TO THE HON. M. C. STANHOPE.

HAIL, day of music, day of Love,
 On earth below, in air above.
 In air the turtle fondly moans,
 The linnet pipes in joyous tones ;
 On earth the postman toils along,
 Bent double by huge bales of song,
 Where, rich with many a gorgeous dye,
 Blazes all Cupid's heraldry—
 Myrtles and roses, doves and sparrows,
 Love-knots and altars, lamps and arrows.
 What nymph without wild hopes and fears
 The double rap this morning hears ?

Unnumbered lasses, young and fair,
 From Bethnal Green to Belgrave Square,
 With cheeks high flushed, and hearts loud beating,
 Await the tender annual greeting.
 The loveliest lass of all is mine—
 Good morrow to my Valentine !
 Good morrow, gentle child ! and then
 Again good morrow, and again,
 Good morrow following still good morrow,
 Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.
 And when the god to whom we pay
 In jest our homages to-day,
 Shall come to claim, no more in jest,
 His rightful empire o'er thy breast,
 Benignant may his aspect be,
 His yoke the truest liberty :
 And if a tear his power confess,
 Be it a tear of happiness.
 It shall be so. The Muse displays
 The future to her votary's gaze ;
 Prophetic rage my bosom swells—
 I taste the cake—I hear the bells !
 From Conduit Street the close array
 Of chariots barricades the way
 To where I see, with outstretched hand,
 Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,
 And half unbend his brow of pride,
 As welcoming so fair a bride.
 Gay favours, thick as flakes of snow,
 Brighten St. George's portico :
 Within I see the chancel's pale,
 The orange flowers, the Brussels veil,
 The page on which those fingers white,
 Still trembling from the awful rite,
 For the last time shall faintly trace
 The name of Stanhope's noble race.
 I see kind faces round thee pressing,
 I hear kind voices whisper blessing ;
 And with those voices mingles mine—
 All good attend my Valentine !

LORD MACAULAY.

~~~~~  
 LOVE'S CALENDAR.

TALK of love in Vernal hours,  
 When the landscape blushes  
 With the dawning glow of flowers,  
 While the early thrushes

Warble in the apple tree ;  
 When the primrose, springing  
 From the green bank, lulls the bee,  
 On its blossom swinging.

Talk of love in Summer-tide,  
 When thro' bosky shallows  
 Trills the streamlet—all its side  
 Pranked with freckled mallows ;—  
 When in mossy lair of wrens  
 Tiny eggs are warming ;  
 When above the reedy fens  
 Dragon-gnats are swarming,

Talk of love in Autumn days,  
 When the fruit, all mellow,  
 Drops amid the ripening rays,  
 While the leaflets yellow  
 Circle in the sluggish breeze  
 With their portents bitter ;  
 When between the fading trees  
 Broader sunbeams glitter.

Talk of love in Winter-time,  
 When the hailstorm hurtles,  
 While the robin sparks of rime  
 Shakes from hardy myrtles ;  
 Never speak of love with scorn,  
 Such were direst treason ;  
 Love was made for eve and morn,  
 And for every season.

CHARLES KENT.

*Aletheia, and other Poems.* (Longman and Co.)

## TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin !  
 At what age does Love begin ?  
 Your blue eyes have scarcely seen  
 Summers three, my fairy queen !  
 But a miracle of sweets,  
 Soft approaches, sly retreats,  
 Show the little archer there,  
 Hidden in your pretty hair ;  
 When didst learn a heart to win ?  
 Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin !

“ Oh ! ” the rosy lips reply,  
 “ I can't tell you if I try.  
 'Tis so long I can't remember :  
 Ask some younger lass than I ! ”

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face !  
 Do your heart and head keep pace ?  
 When does hoary Love expire,  
 When do frosts put out the fire ?  
 Can its embers burn below  
 All that chill December snow ?  
 Care you still soft hands to press,  
 Bonny heads to smooth and bless ?  
 When does Love give up the chase ?  
 Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face !

“ Ah ! ” the wise old lips reply,—  
 “ Youth may pass and strength may die ;  
 But of Love I can't foretoken :  
 Ask some older sage than I ? ”

E. C. STEDMAN.

## VALENTINE'S DAY.

OH ! I wish I were a tiny brown bird from out  
 the south,  
 Settled among the alder-holts, and twittering by  
 the stream ;  
 I would put my tiny tail down, and put up my tiny  
 mouth,  
 And sing my tiny life away in one melodious  
 dream.

I would sing about the blossoms, and the sunshine  
 and the sky,  
 And the tiny wife I meant to have in such a cosy  
 nest ;  
 And if some one came and shot me dead, why  
 then I could but die,  
 With my tiny life and tiny song just ended at  
 their best.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

## A HYMN TO BISHOP ST. VALENTINE.

[EXTRACT.]

THE day, the only day returns,  
 The true *redde letter* day returns,  
 When summer time in winter burns ;  
 When a February dawn  
 Is open'd by two sleeves in lawn  
 Fairer than Aurora's fingers,  
 And a burst of all bird singers,

And a shower of *billet-doux*,  
 Tinging cheeks with rosy hues,  
 And over all a face divine,  
 Face good-natured, face most fine,  
 Face most anti-saturnine,  
 Even thine, yea, even thine,  
 Saint of sweethearts, Valentine!

LEIGH HUNT.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

I LOVED : it was a photograph,  
 Blue eyes and golden hair :  
 An unaffected angel laugh  
 Made fairness doubly fair.  
 I wrote and offered her my hand  
 With lots of £. s. d.  
 Return of post brought answer, and  
 She had accepted me.

She came : the likeness had been good,  
 In eighteen sixty-one.  
 I almost wondered that it could  
 Have been so lately done.  
 She wished to keep her promise ; I  
 Refused, on various grounds ;  
 And still repent my folly :—why ?  
 It cost a thousand pounds.

EDWIN HAMILTON.  
*Dublin Doggerels.* (W. McGee, Dublin.)

SONG.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,  
 Sing no sad songs for me ;  
 Plant thou no roses at my head,  
 Nor shady cypress tree :  
 Be the green grass above me  
 With showers and dewdrops wet ;  
 And if thou wilt, remember,  
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
 I shall not feel the rain ;  
 I shall not hear the nightingale  
 Sing on, as if in pain :

And dreaming through the twilight  
 That doth not rise nor set,  
 Haply I may remember,  
 And haply may forget.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 If thou must love me, let it be for nought
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say
 " I love her for her smile—her look—her way
 Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
 For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
 Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so
 wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby ;
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
 (Sonnets from the Portuguese.) *Poems.*
 (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 THE clodded earth goes up in sweet-breathed  
 flowers,  
 In music dies poor human speech,  
 And into beauty blow those hearts of ours,  
 When Love is born in each.

Life is transfigured in the soft and tender  
 Light of Love, as a volume dun  
 Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathèd splendour  
 In the declining sun.

ALEXANDER SMITH.  
*A Life-Drama.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 MY Love is the Flaming Sword
 To fight through the world ;
 Thy Love is the Shield to ward,
 And the Armour of the Lord,
 And the Banner of Heaven unfurled.

JAMES THOMSON.
City of Dreadful Night. (Reeves and Turner.)

THE Wine of Love is Music,
 And the Feast of Love is Song ;
 And when Love sits down to the Banquet,
 Love sits long :
 Sits long, and ariseth drunken,
 But not with the Feast and the Wine ;
 He reeleth with His own Heart,
 That great rich Vine.

JAMES THOMSON.

City of Dreadful Night. (Reeves and Turner.)

TRUE, she might be
 A dainty partner in the game of lips,
 Sweet'ning the honeymoon ; but what, alas !
 When red hot youth cools down to iron man ?

ALEXANDER SMITH.

A Life-Drama. (Macmillan.)

TAKINGS.

HE took her fancy when he came,
 He took her hand, he took a kiss,
 He took no notice of the shame
 That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to come of afternoons,
 He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,
 He took her master's silver spoons,
 And after that he took his leave.

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER.

Poems, Humorous and Pathetic.

(Chatto and Windus.)

[By kind permission of the Publishers.]

LOVE comes unseen,—we only see it go.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Vignettes in Rhyme. (H. King and Co.)

NONE but Death loves the lips by Love forsaken.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Vignettes in Rhyme. (H. King and Co.)

YES, wine is good, but Love is better still ;
 For it assails the pulses of the heart
 With swift yet soft suffusion. Love doth fill
 Life's vacant hollows, worse than any smart,

With pleasant tumults, surging joys that thrill
 The silent soul to music. 'Tis an art
 Which maketh poets of us all ; we sing
 Like Sappho's self, when Love once tunes the string.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

Rome or Death. (Blackwood.)

FOR Love is older far than all the Gods,
 And will survive both Gods and men, and be
 The Sovereign Ruler still, when nature nods,
 And the scared stars through misty chaos flee—
 Take Love away and we are brutal clods,
 Blind, spelling out our fate without the key ;
 Love, Love is our immortal part, and they
 Who own it not are only walking clay.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

Rome or Death. (Blackwood.)

RETROSPECT.

[EXTRACT]

THERE is no life so commonplace
 But, if you search it, you shall find
 A secret chamber of the mind,
 Enshrining some fair sainted face,
 Where worship still is done with tears
 That freshen the grey dusky years.

That was its living water once,
 Sweet-singing ever by the way,
 And gleaming through its darkest day,—
 The glory of its young Romance :
 But O, the desert wastes that spread
 Where Love lives on, and Hope is dead !

WALTER C. SMITH.

Raban ; or, Life Splinters. (J. Maclehose, Glasgow.)

[By kind permission of the Author and the Publisher.]

VIOLET eyes and golden hair
 Trap a heart, it hath no chances,
 Tangled in the glossy snare,
 Blinded by the timid glances ;
 And so many ways they shape it,
 Hardly may the heart escape it ;
 If the victim seek to fly them,
 Eyes will plead, who can deny them ?
 Fear o'ercome, if he grow bold,
 Eyes will be so icy cold

He must court the danger, wiling,
 To win them back to warmth and smiling ;
 Vainly shall he seek for grace
 At the fair tormentor's face,
 She will hold without remorse,
 Hold her prey by art or force ;
 Then perchance she'll use it kindly,
 Or perchance she'll lose it blindly,
 Or she'll practise slight and wronging
 Till the poor heart breaks for longing ;
 What cares she? she had her sport,
 There are others to be caught !

But, and if another trapper
 Takes the little heart that lies
 Hidden in the violet eyes
 From the cloakings that enwrap her ;
 If he wear her in his breast,
 It may be he will have rest ;
 There is cause to fear in sooth,
 She may work him mickle ruth ;
 She may weary or deceive him,
 She may hold him light and leave him,
 And his own heart then must go
 After, if he will or no ;
 Wheresoever she may be,
 Must he follow, though she flee ;
 Though she hide her in the tomb,
 He must follow, 'tis his doom ;
 When a man's true heart is given
 From its mate 'tis vainly riven,
 Never shall it come again,
 They can never more be twain.

B. M. RANKING.

Fair Rosamond. (Provost.)

AH ! years may come, and years may bring
 The truth that is not bliss,
 But will they bring another thing
 That will compare with this ?

A. H. CLOUGH.

Poems. (Macmillan.)

THE MOON'S MINION.

(*From the Prose of C. Baudelaire.*)

THINE eyes are like the sea, my dear,
 The wand'ring waters, green and grey ;
 Thine eyes are wonderful and clear,
 And deep, and deadly, even as they ;

The spirit of the changeful sea
 Informs thine eyes at night and noon,
 She sways the tides, and the heart of thee,
 The mystic, sad, capricious Moon !

The Moon came down the shining stair
 Of clouds that fleck the summer sky,
 She kissed thee, saying, " Child, be fair,
 And madden men's hearts, even as I ;
 Thou shalt love all things strange and sweet,
 That know me and are known of me ;
 The lover thou shalt never meet,
 The land where thou shalt never be ! "

She held thee in her chill embrace,
 She kissed thee with cold lips divine,
 She left her pallor on thy face,
 That mystic ivory face of thine ;
 And now I sit beside thy feet,
 And all my heart is far from thee,
 Dreaming of her I shall not meet,
 And of the land I shall not see !

A. LANG.

XXII Ballades in Blue China.

(Kegan Paul.)

A DREAM.

BENEATH the loveliest dream there coils a fear :—
 Last night came she whose eyes are memories
 now,
 Her far-off gaze seemed all-forgetful how
 Love dimmed them once ; so calm they shone and
 clear.

" Sorrow (I said) hath made me old, my dear ;
 'Tis I, indeed, but grief doth change the
 brow,—
 A love like mine a seraph's neck might bow,—
 Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair."

Ah, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move !
 I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes,—
 I heard the wordless melodies of love
 Like murmur of dreaming brooks in Paradise ;
 And, when upon my neck she fell, my dove,
 I knew her hair though heavy of amaranth-
 spice.

THEODORE WATTS.

BROWN EYES OR BLUE EYES.

BROWN eyes, or blue eyes, hazel or grey,
 What are the eyes that I drink to, to-day?
 Some seem to mock at us, some seem to frown—
 Some, when we talk, cast their drooping lids down.
 No matter their colour, I drink to the eyes
 That weep when I weep, when I laugh laugh
 replies!

Merry or scornful, angry or kind,
 I love ev'ry mood, so the eyes be not blind!
 For man's mood is changeful, and what should
 he do,
 If woman's, in sympathy, did not change too?
 No matter their colour, I drink to the eyes
 That weep when I weep, when I laugh laugh
 replies!

Brown eyes, or grey eyes, hazel or blue,
 We watch for them, live for them, die for them
 too!

Stars of our morning, sunbeams through life,
 Beacons in darkness, and danger, and strife.
 No matter their colour, I drink to the eyes
 That weep when I weep, when I laugh laugh
 replies!

HAMILTON AIDÉ.
Songs without Music. (D. Bogue.)

VOLUPSA'S HYMN.

(After an interview with her lover, in which she sees that
 his love is departing from her.)

"Yet comes a moment, that her pangs allays:
 She sings to God, and, singing to Him, prays:"—

THE heavenly choirs to Thee belong,
 Thou hearkenest to their holy song
 Whose melody is Thine.
 Then listen to a maiden's prayer:
 The throbbings of her anguish bear,
 That beat against Thy shrine.

Though far he wander from my heart,
 Let not his love from me depart;
 For Thou art distant too,
 And fetchest me when I would pray,
 And teachest me what words to say,
 With contrite heart and true.

When all is told beyond the sky,
 Then can he not the love deny
 That from his bosom springs,
 As doth Thy holy bird, the Dove,
 When it the message of Thy love
 To my lone sorrow brings.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

[This passage occurs in an unpublished poem, "The
 Serpent Play: a Divine Pastoral."]

II.

PRO AMORE: IN AMOREM.

“Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.”

THOMAS TUSSER.

THE OLD STORY OVER AGAIN.

WHEN I was a maid,
Nor of lovers afraid,
My mother cried, “Girl, never listen to men.”
Her lectures were long,
But I thought her quite wrong,
And said I, “Mother, whom should I listen to, then?”

Now teaching, in turn,
What I never could learn,
I find, like my mother, my lessons all vain ;
Men ever deceive,
Silly maidens believe,
And still 'tis the old story over again.

So humbly they woo,
What can poor maidens do,
But keep them alive when they swear they must
die?

Ah ! who can forbear,
As they weep in despair,
Their crocodile tears in compassion to dry ?

Yet, wedded at last,
When the honeymoon's past,
The lovers forsake us, the husbands remain ;
Our vanity's check'd,
And we ne'er can expect
They will tell us the old story over again.

JAMES KENNY.

~~~~~  
“WITH every pleasing, every prudent part,  
Say, what can Chloe want ?”—She wants a heart.

ALEXANDER POPE.

MY LOVE AND MY HEART.

OH, the days were ever shiny  
When I ran to meet my love ;  
When I press'd her hand so tiny  
Through her tiny tiny glove.  
Was I very deeply smitten ?  
Oh, I loved like *anything* !  
But my love she is a kitten,  
And my heart's a ball of string.  
She was pleasingly poetic,  
And she loved my little rhymes,  
For our tastes were sympathetic,  
In the old and happy times.  
Oh, the ballads I have written,  
And have taught my love to sing !  
But my love she is a kitten,  
And my heart's a ball of string !  
Would she listen to my offer,  
On my knees I would impart  
A sincere and ready proffer  
Of my hand and of my heart.  
And below her dainty mitten  
I would fix a wedding ring—  
But my love she is a kitten,  
And my heart's a ball of string !  
Take a warning, happy lover,  
From the moral that I show ;  
Or too late you may discover  
What I learn'd a month ago.  
We are scratch'd or we are bitten  
By the pets to whom we cling.  
Oh, my love she is a kitten,  
And my heart's a ball of string.

H. S. LEIGH.

*Gillott and Goosequill.* (Brit. and Col. Pub. Co.)

SONG.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?  
 Prithee, why so pale ?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail ?  
 Prithee, why so pale ?  
 Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?  
 Prithee, why so mute ?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do't ?  
 Prithee, why so mute ?  
 Quit, quit for shame ! this will not move,  
 This cannot take her ;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her—  
 The devil take her !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

I'M no slave to such, as you be ;  
 Neither shall that snowy brest,  
 Rowling eye, and lip of ruby,  
 Ever robb me of my rest :  
 Goe, goe display  
 Thy beautie's ray  
 To some more-soone enamour'd swaine ;  
 Those common wiles  
 Of sighs and smiles  
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

GEORGE WITHER.

CUPID.

TRUST him not : his words, though sweet,  
 Seldome with his heart doe meet :  
 All his practice is deceit ;  
 Everie gift is but a bait ;  
 Not a kiss but poison beares ;  
 And most treason's in his teares.

BEN JONSON.

HERE may ye see, that women be  
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable ;  
 Late never man reprove them than,  
 Or call them variable ;

But, rather, pray God that we may  
 To them be comfortable ;  
 Which sometyme proveth such as he loveth,  
 Yf they be charytable.  
 For syth men wolde that women sholde  
 Be meke to them each one ;  
 Moche more ought they to God obey,  
 And serve but hym alone.

*The Not-Browne Mayd.*

LEAN not to Love's enchanting snare ;  
 His songs, his words, his looks beware.

MARK AKENSIDE.

A LOVER is, the more he's brave,  
 To his mistress, but the more a slave ;  
 And whatsoever she commands,  
 Becomes a favour from her hands ;  
 Which he's obliged t' obey, and must,  
 Whether it be unjust or just.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

*Hudibras.*

FOR 'tis in vain to think to guess  
 At women by appearances ;  
 That paint and patch their imperfections  
 Of intellectual complexions ;  
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes  
 As artificial as their faces ;  
 Wear, under vizard masks, their talents  
 And mother-wits, before their gallants ;  
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,  
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

*Hudibras.*

WOMAN.

AWAY, away—you're all the same,  
 A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng !  
 Oh ! by my soul, I burn with shame  
 To think I've been your slave so long !  
 Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,  
 More joy it gives to woman's breast  
 To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,  
 Than one true manly lover blest !

Away, away—your smile's a curse—  
 Oh ! blot me from the race of men,  
 Kind, pitying Heaven ! by death or worse,  
 Before I love such things again !  
 THOMAS MOORE.

GIVE o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er ;  
 She might have poison'd all thy life ;  
 Such wayward mind had bred thee more  
 Of sorrow, had she proved thy wife :  
 Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,  
 And bless thyself that so art freed.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

BUT, oh, beware her witching smile,—  
 'Tis but a fowler's snare ;  
 She's fickle as the mountain wind  
 That frolics with her hair !

EDWIN WAUGH.  
*Poems.*

WERE her tresses angel gold,  
 If a stranger may be bold,  
 Unrebukèd, unafraid,  
 To convert them to a braid,  
 And, with little more ado,  
 Work them into bracelets, too ;  
 If the mine be grown so free,  
 What care I how rich it be ?

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I, wasting in dispaire,  
 Dye because a woman's faire ?  
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
 'Cause another's rosie are ?  
 Be shee fairer than the day,  
 Or the flow'ry meads in may ;  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how faire shee be ?

GEORGE WITHER.

SHALL I, like a love-lorn swain,  
 Die because a woman's plain ?  
 Shall my locks grow grey with care  
 Just because she dyes her hair ?

Be she hideous as a dream—  
 Waking sick men with a scream—  
 If she look not plain to *me*,  
 What care I how plain she be ?

H. S. LEIGH.

THE REASON WHY.

ASK why I love the roses fair,  
 And whence they come and whose they were ;  
 They come from her, and not alone,  
 They bring her sweetness with their own.

Or ask me why I love her so,  
 I know not, this is all I know,  
 These roses bud and bloom, and twine  
 As she round this fond heart of mine.

And this is why I love the flowers,  
 Once they were hers, they're mine—they're ours !  
 I love her, and she; soon will die,  
 And now you know the reason why.

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

IF the apple grow  
 On the apple-tree ;  
 And the wild wind blow  
 O'er the wild wood free ;  
 And the deep stream flow  
 To the deeper sea ;  
 And they cannot help growing,  
 And blowing, and flowing,  
 I cannot help loving thee.

CHARLES MACKAY.  
*Poetical Works.* (F. Warne and Co.)

FOR though that ever virtuous was she,  
 She was increased in such excellence  
 Of thewës good, yset in high bounty,  
 And so discreet, and fair of eloquence,  
 So benign, and so digne of reverence,  
 And couldë so the people's heart embrace,  
 That each her lov'th that looketh on her face.

G. CHAUCER.

**MEN** call you fair, and you do credit it,  
 For that yourself ye daily such do see ;  
 But the true fair, that is the gentle wit,  
 And virtuous mind, is much more prais'd of me :  
 For all the rest, however fair it be,  
 Shall turn to nought and lose that glorious hue ;  
 But only that is permanent and free  
 From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.  
 That is true beauty : that doth argue you  
 To be divine, and born of heavenly seed ;  
 Deriv'd from that fair Spirit, from whom all true  
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed ;  
 He only fair, and what he fair hath made ;  
 All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

EDMUND SPENSER.

REASON masters every sense,  
 And her virtues grace her birth :  
 Lovely as all excellence,  
 Modest in her most of mirth :  
 Likelihood enough to prove  
 Only worth could kindle love.

W. BROWNE.

I WOULD give up my bachelor life,  
 Could I meet with a girl to adore me.  
 With riches—a home—and a wife—  
 What a life would be open before me !  
 My bliss would be triply secure,  
 And my future unclouded and sunny ;  
 She'd love me for love, I am sure,  
 Or—if not—she could love me for money !

H. S. LEIGH.

*Carols of Cockayne.* (Chatto and Windus.)

UNFADING BEAUTY.

HEE that loves a rosie cheek,  
 Or a corall lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seeke  
 Fuell to maintaine his fires,  
 As old time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.  
 But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calme desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
 Kindle never-dying fires :  
 Where these are not I despise  
 Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold  
 Why Love must needs be blind,  
 But this the best of all I hold—  
 His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are  
 He guesseth but in part ;  
 But what within is good and fair  
 He seeth with the heart.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

'Tis not the lily brow I prize,  
 Nor roseate cheeks nor sunny eyes,  
 Enough of lilies and of roses !  
 A thousandfold more dear to me  
 The look that gentle Love discloses,—  
 That look which Love alone can see.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

She's blooming as May,  
 Brisk, lively and gay,  
 The Graces play all round about her ;  
 She's prudent and witty,  
 Sings wondrously pretty,  
 And there is no living without her.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

MY reason bends to what thy eyes ordain ;  
 For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE breezes love the blossom  
 That gives them sweet perfume ;  
 The roses love the bosom  
 Whereon they blush and bloom.  
 The winter loves the robin,  
 Because it is so true,  
 And I love you, my darling,  
 Because—because I do !

F. E. WEATHERLY.

*Dresden China.* (Diprose and Bateman.)

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among  
 On women do complayne ;  
 Affyrmyng this, how that it is  
 A labour spent in vayne,  
 To love them wele ; for never a dele  
 They love a man agayne :  
 For late a man do what he can,  
 Theyr favour to attayne,  
 Yet, yf a newe do them persue,  
 Theyr first true lover than  
 Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought  
 He is a banysheed man.  
 I say not nay, but that all day  
 It is bothe writ and sayd  
 That womans faith is, as who sayth,  
 All utterly decayd ;  
 But, neverthesse, ryght good wytnesse,  
 In this case might be layd,  
 That they love true, and continuè ;  
 Recorde the Not-browne Mayde :  
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,  
 To her to make his mone,  
 Wolde not depart, for in her heart  
 She loved but hym alone.

*The Not-Browne Mayd.*

BESHREW me, but I love her heartily ;  
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;  
 And fair she is, it that mine eyes be true ;  
 And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;  
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
 Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Merchant of Venice.*

THE time of lovers is brief ;  
 From the fair first joy to the grief  
 That tells when love is grown old,  
 From the warm wild kiss to the cold,  
 From the red to the white-rose leaf,  
 They have but a season to seem  
 As roseleaves lost on a stream  
 That part not and pass not apart  
 As a spirit from dream to dream,  
 As a sorrow from heart to heart.

A. C. SWINBURNE.  
*Poems and Ballads ; Second Series.*  
 (Chatto and Windus.)

### LOVE.

LOVE is a thing of frail and delicate growth ;  
 Soon checked, soon fostered ; feeble, and yet  
 strong :  
 It will endure much, suffer long, and bear  
 What would weigh down an angel's wing to earth,  
 And yet mount heavenward ; but not the less,  
 It dieth of a word, a look, a thought ;  
 And when it dies, it dies without a sign  
 To tell how fair it was in happier hours :  
 It leaves behind reproaches and regrets,  
 And bitterness within affection's well,  
 For which there is no healing.

L. E. LANDON.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

O GREAT mystery of love,  
 In which absorbed, loss, anguish, treason's self  
 Enlarges rapture—as a pebble dropt  
 In some full wine-cup over-brims the wine !

E. B. BROWNING.  
*Aurora Leigh.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

LOVE'S ailing that love only cures.  
 ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

### LOVE'S UNIVERSAL EMPIRE.

HIS realms are all the lands that lie  
 Beyond yon distant unknown sky—  
 Where only freed souls go unseen  
 To different dooms : his are the green  
 Of grass, the blue of seas, the red  
 Of passionate roses,—each frail life  
 Of rose and bird and slight thing rife  
 With sunlight is but sweetly led  
 By him to its sweet life and death.  
 But, more than all, while ye have breath  
 And rosy relic of the rose  
 Born with you—men and women, lo  
 Your rich eternal hearts that grow  
 Like widening flowers that cannot close  
 Their leaves—are Love's, to turn and use,  
 And work upon as he may choose.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

LADIES and lovers, will ye see  
 How gold hair hath its perjury?  
 And how the lip may twice or thrice  
 Undo the soul ; and how the heart  
 May quite annul the heart's own price  
 Given for many a goodly part  
 Of heaven? How one love shall be fair,  
 And whole and perfect in the rare  
 Great likeness of an angel,—yea,  
 And how another, golden-miened,  
 With lovely seeming and sweet way,  
 Shall come and be but as a fiend  
 To tempt and drag the soul away—  
 And all for ever? Listen well :  
 This is a lay of heaven and hell :  
 Listen, and think how it shall be  
 With you in love's eternity.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~

OF all the things a man may have
 Before he cometh to the grave—
 Of all the joys that he may win,
 Through any toil or any sin,
 This is the richest : to possess
 One yearned-for hour in loneliness,
 Beside one's love, in some fair clime,
 In some fair purple Autumn-time.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.
Lays of France. (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~

GOD, in all things that He hath made,  
 Full many a jewel hath inlaid ;  
 For first He hath set all on high  
 That fair enamel of the sky,  
 Brilliant of blue and eke of white ;  
 Then He hath shed the pearl of light,  
 And made that jewel-work the seas :  
 Nor less a gem indeed than these  
 I count His miracle the Rose,  
 'To love more precious than all those :  
 But how—a fairer jewel yet—  
 In every woman He hath set,

Her heart, some sort of precious stone ;  
 He shall know perfectly alone  
 —Who all the stars of heaven can call—  
 The worth and number of them all.  
 Most are they given away, or sold  
 For so much love or so much gold,  
 Yea, no man knoweth of their cost ;  
 But well I ween that some are lost,  
 And some are of small worth I say,  
 And some are broken and cast away.

It is the fairest thing you can,  
 Ladies, to give this to a man,  
 This precious jewel that God gave :  
 One such is all a man may crave.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~

I THINK the world, though dark it be,
 Has aye one rapturous pleasure
 Concealed in life's monotony,
 For those who seek the treasure ;
 One planet in a starless night,
 One blossom on a briar,
 One friend not quite a hypocrite,
 One woman not a liar.

W. M. PRAED.
Poems. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~

I THINK that Love is like a play,  
 Where tears and smiles are blended,  
 Or like a faithless April day,  
 Whose shine with shower is ended ;  
 Like Colnbrook pavement, rather rough,  
 Like trade, exposed to losses,  
 And like a Highland plaid,—all stuff,  
 And very full of crosses.

W. M. PRAED.  
*Poems.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~

HENCE it is we have not an hour of life
 In which our pleasures relish not some pain,
 Our sours some sweetness. Love doth taste of
 both.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

WHAT IS LOVE ?

LOVE is not memory,
 Though on all memories nursed—
 Love is not fantasy,
 Though of all fancies first—
 'Tis not self-interest,
 'Tis gift all bribe above :
 Sweet riddle never guessed,
 I know but "Love" is "Love."

EDEN HOOPER.

~~~~~  
 LOVE is for no planet and no race.  
 The summer of the heart is late or soon,  
 The fever in the blood is less or more ;  
 But while the moons of time shall fill and wane,  
 While there is earth below and heaven above,  
 Wherever man is true and woman fair,  
 Through all the circling cycles Love is Love !

SYDNEY DOBELL.

*Poetical Works, Vol. II.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 IN peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above :
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

~~~~~  
 ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 Are all but ministers of Love,  
 And feed his sacred flame.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

~~~~~  
 OVER the mountains,
 And over the waves ;
 Under the fountains,
 And under the graves ;
 Under floods that are deepest,
 Which Neptune obey,
 Over rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

UPON LOVE :

BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I BRING ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?
Ans. Like, and dislike ye.
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?
Ans. Stroke ye, to strike ye.
 I bring ye love, *Ques.* What will love do ?
Ans. Love will be-fool ye.
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?
Ans. Heat ye, to cool ye.
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?
Ans. Love gifts will send ye.
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?
Ans. Stock ye, to spend ye.
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?
Ans. Love will fulfil ye.
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?
Ans. Kiss ye, to kill ye.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LOVE, WHAT IT IS.

~~~~~  
 LOVE is a circle, that doth restless move  
 In the same sweet eternity of Love.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## A SONG.

~~~~~  
 To dream by day more than by night—
 To see but one sweet face ;
 To chafe at Time's too rapid flight—
 To curse his limping pace ;
 Be faint with joy—be wild with woe,
 Be raised the stars above—
 To fall as deep the earth below,
 This, this it is to love !

~~~~~  
 As from a fevered sleep to start,  
 Your eyes around to cast,  
 In search of aught which to the heart  
 May realize the past ;  
 A tress of hair—a withered flower—  
 The fragment of a glove—  
 Alone remain in that dark hour  
 Of all your dream of love !

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

*Songs and Poems.* (Chatto and Windus.)

**THOUGH** love be all the world's pretence,  
**Money's** the mythologic sense,  
**The** real substance of the shadow,  
**Which** all address and courtship's made to.

SAMUEL BUTLER.  
*Hudibras.*

EROS.

**THE** sense of the word is short,  
**Long** and various the report,—  
**To** love and be beloved ;  
**Men** and gods have not outlearned it ;  
**And**, how oft soe'er they've turned it,  
**'Tis** not to be improved.

R. W. EMERSON.

LOVE'S MUTUAL COMPLEMENT.

**HE** sees within her eyes  
**That** which his nature needs to be complete—  
**The** grace, the pureness, the diviner sweet,  
**Which** to rude souls and strong our Life denies ;  
**The** vision of his nightly dream ;  
**More** pure than e'er did seem  
**The** Nymphs of old, by wood, or hill, or stream.

**She** views in him the strong  
**Deep** note which adds the fulness to life's song ;  
**High** aims and thoughts that glow,  
**She** does not dream, she cannot know  
**What** turbid forces rude and wild,  
**Sully** his youth's tumultous flow ;  
**She**, full of virgin fancies, pale and mild.

LEWIS MORRIS.  
*The Ode of Life.* (K. Paul.)

**O LOVE!** what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,  
**Trumping** earth's kings and queens, and all its  
 suits ;  
**A** player, masquerading many parts  
 In life's odd carnival ;—a boy that shoots,  
**From** ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts ;  
**A** gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots ;  
**The** Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—  
**A** marriageable maiden's " beau ideal."

**O** Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,  
 Making green misses spoil their work at school ;  
**A** melancholy man, cross-gartering ?  
 Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool ?  
**A** youngster, tilting at a wedding-ring ?  
 A sinner, sitting on a cuttie-stool ?  
**A** Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,  
 Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel ?

**O** Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad  
 With palpitations of the heart—like mine—  
**A** poor bewilder'd maid making so sad  
 A necklace of her garters—fell design !  
**A** poet, gone unreasonably mad,  
 Ending his sonnets with a hempen line ?  
**O** Love—but whither, now? forgive me, pray ;  
 I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

**SWEETEST!** you know, the sweetest of things  
 Of various flowers the bees do compose ;  
 Yet no particular taste it brings  
 Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose ;  
 So love the result is of all the graces  
 Which flow from a thousand sev'ral faces.

EDMUND WALLER.

**LOVE** :—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a  
 tear,  
**A** seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a  
 sigh,  
**The** lightning in a touch, a millennium in a  
 moment,  
**What** concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted  
 love !

MARTIN F. TUPPER.  
*Proverbial Philosophy.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

**How** dear the pressure of her warm young breast  
**Against** my own, her home ; how proud and  
 blessed

I stood and felt her trickling tears,  
 While proudly murmuring in her ears  
 The hopes of distant years.

THOMAS WOOLNER.  
*My Beautiful Lady.* (Macmillan.)

Ask not of me, love, what is love !  
 Ask what is good of God above—  
 Ask of the great sun what is light—  
 Ask what is darkness of the night—  
 Ask sin of what may be forgiven—  
 Ask what is happiness of Heaven—  
 Ask what is folly of the crowd—  
 Ask what is fashion of the shroud—  
 Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss—  
 Ask of thyself what beauty is ;  
 And, if they each should answer, I !  
 Let me, too, join them with a sigh.  
 Oh ! let me pray my life may prove,  
 When thus, with thee, that I am love.

P. J. BAILEY.  
*Festus.* (Longmans.)

NOTHING is true but love, nor aught of worth ;  
 Love is the incense which doth sweeten earth.

R. C. TRENCH.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

TRUE love's the gift which God has given  
 To man alone beneath the heaven :  
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;  
 It liveth not in fierce desire,  
 With dead desire it doth not die ;  
 It is the secret sympathy,  
 The silver link, the silken tie,  
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
 In body and in soul can bind.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

WE scarcely wish to speak or move,  
 But just to feel each other there,  
 And sense of presence is like love,  
 And silence more than prayer.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.  
*New Poems.* (K. Paul.)

## SONG.

THE stars are with the voyager  
 Wherever he may sail ;  
 The moon is constant to her time ;  
 The sun will never fail ;  
 But follow, follow round the world,  
 The green earth and the sea ;  
 So love is with the lover's heart,  
 Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars  
 Must daily lose their light ;  
 The moon will veil her in the shade ;  
 The sun will set at night.  
 The sun may set, but constant love  
 Will shine when he's away ;  
 So that dull night is never night,  
 And day is brighter day.

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

WHO hath not felt that breath in the air,  
 A perfume and freshness strange and rare,  
 A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,  
 When young hearts yearn together ?  
 All sweets below, and all sunny above,  
 Oh, there's nothing in life like making love,  
 Save making hay in fine weather !

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

SINCE the sweet knowledge I possess  
 That she I love is mine,  
 All nature throbs with happiness,  
 And wears a face divine.  
 The woods seem greener than they were,  
 The skies are brighter blue ;  
 The stars shine clearer, and the air  
 Lets finer sunlight through,  
 Until I loved, I was a child,  
 And sported on the sands ;  
 But now the ocean opens out,  
 With all its happy lands.

CHARLES MACKAY.  
*Poetical Works.* (Warne.)

I LOVE the sex, and sometimes would reverse  
The tyrant's wish that "mankind only had  
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might  
pierce :"

My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,  
And much more tender on the whole than fierce ;  
It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)  
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,  
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

LORD BYRON.

O CLASP me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,  
And do not take my tears amiss ;  
For tears must flow to wash away  
A thought that shows so stern as this :  
Forgive, if somehow I forget,  
In woe to come, the present bliss ;  
As frightened Proserpine let fall  
Her flowers at the sight of Dis :  
Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss—  
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,  
And there is even a happiness  
That makes the heart afraid !

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

THE BRACELET.

WHY I tie about thy wrist,  
Julia, this my silken twist,  
For what other reason is't

But to show thee how, in part,  
Thou my pretty captive art ?—  
But thy bond-slave is my heart.

'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,  
Knap the thread and thou art free ;  
But 'tis otherwise with me :

I am bound, and fast bound, so  
That from thee I cannot go ;  
If I could, I would not so !

ROBERT HERRICK.

THERE is dew for the flow'ret,  
And honey for the bee,  
And bowers for the wild bird,  
And love for you and me.

There are tears for the many,  
And pleasures for the few ;  
But let the world pass on, dear,  
There's love for me and you.

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

SWEET to roam beneath a shady cliff, of course  
with some young lady,  
Lalage, Neæra, Haidee, or Elaine, or Mary Ann :  
Love, you dear delusive dream, you ! Very sweet  
your victims deem you,  
When, heard only by the seamew, they talk all the  
stuff one can.

Sweet to haste, a licensed lover, to Miss Pinkerton  
the glover,  
Having managed to discover what is dear Neæra's  
"size :"

P'raps to touch that wrist so slender, as your tiny  
gift you tender,  
And to read you're no offender, in those laughing  
hazel eyes.

Then to hear her call you "Harry," when she  
makes you fetch and carry—

O young men about to marry, what a blessed  
thing it is !

To be photograph'd—together—cased in pretty  
Russia leather—

Hear her gravely doubting whether they have  
spoilt your honest phiz !

Then to bring your plighted fair one first a ring—a  
rich and rare one—

Next a bracelet, if she'll wear one, and a heap of  
things beside ;

And serenely bending o'er her, to inquire if it  
would bore her

To say when her own adorer may aspire to call  
her bride !

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Fly Leaves.* (Bell.)

ALAS! for the love that's linked with gold!  
 Better—better a thousand times told—  
 More honest, happy, and laudable,  
 The downright loving of pretty Cis,  
 Who wipes her lips, though there's nothing amiss,  
 And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,  
 In which her heart is audible!

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,  
 Who loves—as she labours—with all her might,  
 And without any sordid leaven!  
 Who blushes as red as haws and hips,  
 Down to her very finger-tips,  
 For Roger's blue ribbons—to her, like strips  
 Cut out of the azure of Heaven!

THOMAS HOOD.

*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,  
 By every word and smile deceived.  
 Another man would hope no more;  
 Nor hope I what I hoped before:  
 But let not this last wish be vain;  
 Deceive, deceive me once again!

WALTER S. LANDOR.

[My extracts from Landor's Poems are given by kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall.]

My heart is like a singing bird  
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
 My heart is like an apple-tree  
 Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;  
 My heart is like a rainbow shell  
 That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
 My heart is gladder than all these  
 Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
 Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
 In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys;  
 Because the birthday of my life  
 Is come, my love is come to me.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

NEEDS not these lovers' joys to tell:  
 One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, LET me once more rest  
 My soul upon that dazzling breast!  
 Let once again these aching arms be placed,  
 The tender gaolers of thy waist!  
 And let me feel that warm breath here and there  
 To spread a rapture in my very hair,—  
 O, the sweetness of the pain!  
 Give me those lips again!  
 Enough! enough! it is enough for me  
 To dream of thee!

JOHN KEATS.

AH! sweet, if now so pure and fair  
 This love that binds us fast,  
 What face of beauty shall it wear  
 When perfected at last?

MARY ROWLES.

O BEAR a little yet and wait:  
 Ere God hath ceased from you and furled  
 Away from you the great fair blue,  
 That paints eternity,—your true,  
 Your dreamed-of love shall come to you.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

#### LOVE'S FOLLOWERS.

THERE was an evil in Pandora's box  
 Beyond all other ones, yet it came forth  
 In guise so lovely, that men crowded round  
 And sought it as the dearest of all treasure.  
 Then were they stung with madness and despair;  
 High minds were bowed in abject misery.  
 The hero trampled on his laurell'd crown,  
 While genius broke the lute it waked no more.  
 Young maidens, with pale cheeks, and faded eyes,  
 Wept till they died. Then there were broken  
 hearts—  
 Insanity—and Jealousy that feeds  
 Unto satiety, yet loathes its food;  
 Suicide digging its own grave; and Hate,  
 Unquenchable and deadly; and Remorse—  
 The vulture feeding on its own life-blood.  
 The evil's name was Love—these curses seem  
 His followers for ever.

L. E. LANDON.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

I HAVE lived on ladies' eyes,  
 Dined on kisses, supped on sighs ;  
 I have warmed me by their smiles,  
 I have been wet through with tears ;  
 They've half-slain me with their wiles—  
 Charming, cheating, pretty dears ;  
 They have scratched me in their play,  
 Sighed and sucked the wound away ;  
 They have squeezed me black and blue,  
 Roughéd my hair, and boxed my ears,  
 Laughed and looked me through and through ;  
 Oh, the cruel angel dears !

P. J. BAILEY.

*Festus.* (Longmans.)

AND life is like a pipe,  
 And love is the fusee ;  
 The pipe draws well, but bar the light,  
 And what's the use to me ?  
 So light it up, and puff away  
 An empty morning through,  
 And when it's out—why love is out,  
 And life's as well out too !

THEO. MARZIALS.

*Gallery of Pigeons.* (K. Paul.)

LOVE thou thy love, brave youth !  
 Cleave to thy love, fair maid ! it is the law  
 Which dominates the world, that bids ye use  
 Your nature.

LEWIS MORRIS.

*Epic of Hades.* (K. Paul.)

O LADIES, when you will begin  
 With love, you know scarce on what dark  
 And eddy stream you do embark  
 A skiff so frail and rudderless  
 As this poor heart ! nor can you guess  
 How soon, and in what subtle way,  
 Love will procure you for his prey.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

THE LADIES.

"AREN'T they the sources of our sweetest joy ?"  
 "When they've got all they want, they *are*, dear  
 boy !"

ROBERT REECE.

YOUNG men and maids, for love  
 Seek, till ye find it,  
 And, having found, win Heaven above,  
 About your hearts to bind it.

A. P. GRAVES.

*Irish Songs and Ballads.* (Ireland, Manchester.)

THE ELEVATING INFLUENCE OF LOVE.

OH, wondrous bond that binds  
 In one sweet concord separate minds,  
 And from their union gives  
 To the rapt gazer's eye  
 A finer essence and more high,  
 A young and wingèd god, who lives  
 In purer air and seeks a loftier sky !  
 If growing cares and lower aims should banish  
 All thought of heavenly hopes and higher things,  
 While we can mount upon thy soaring wings  
 They shall not wholly vanish.  
 Thou art the immortal part of man, the soul,  
 Which, scorning earth's control,  
 Lifts us from selfish thought and grovelling gains.  
 Thou always, whilst thy power remains,  
 Canst pierce the dull dead weight of cloud,  
 By which our thought is bowed,  
 And raise our clear and cleansèd eyes  
 To the eternal skies.

LEWIS MORRIS.

*The Ode of Life.* (K. Paul.)

LOVE is too great a happiness  
 For wretched mortals to possess ;  
 For, could it hold inviolate  
 Against those cruelties of Fate,  
 Which all felicities below  
 By rigid laws are subject to,  
 It would become a bliss too high  
 For perishing mortality,  
 Translate to earth the joys above ;  
 For nothing goes to Heav'n but love

SAMUEL BUTLER.

FOR what can Earth produce but love,  
 To represent the joys above ?  
 Or who, but lovers, can converse,  
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?

SAMUEL BUTLER.

*Hudibras.*

## CHILD'S SONG.

WHAT is gold worth, say,  
Worth for work or play,  
Worth to keep or pay,  
Hide or throw away,  
    Hope about or fear?  
What is love worth, pray?  
    Worth a tear?

Golden on the mould  
Lie the dead leaves rolled  
Of the wet woods old,  
Yellow leaves and cold,  
    Woods without a dove;  
Gold is worth but gold;  
    Love's worth love.

A. C. SWINBURNE.  
*Poems and Ballads; Second Series.*  
(Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
OH, lovers, cling together! the old world
Is full of Hate. Sweeten it; draw in one
Two separate chords of Life; and from the bond
Of twin souls lost in Harmony create
A Fair God dwelling with you—Love, the Lord!

LEWIS MORRIS.
Epic of Hades. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
THEN radiant all my daily life  
With richest fancies grew:  
All saw and wondered at the change,  
But none its causes knew.  
A halo o'er my being hung;  
Joy made all objects fair;  
The meanest things seemed beautiful—  
For love was painter there.

J. A. LANGFORD.  
*Poems of the Fields and the Town.*  
(Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

~~~~~  
THERE is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing enduring, which else
Would break the heart.

W. WORDSWORTH.

ROCOCO.

STRAIGHT and swift the swallows fly
To the sojourn of the sun;
All the golden year is done,
All the flower-time flitted by;
Through the boughs the witch-winds sigh:
But heart's summer is begun;
Life and love at last are one;
Love-lights glitter in the sky.
Summer-days were soon outrun,
With the setting of the sun;
Love's delight is never done.
Let the turn-coat roses die;
We are lovers, Love and I:
In Love's lips my roses lie.

JOHN PAYNE.
Intaglios. (Pickering, 1871.)

~~~~~  
THE cloud is hence, the time is come, the old  
Delight begun!  
Shine Heaven, and listen Earth, because once  
more two hearts are one,  
Once more the world grows beautiful in Love's  
unsetting sun.  
O faces, can you be the same? Was all this light  
concealed?  
O eyes, what have you looked upon? What  
founts have been unsealed?  
O world, art thou created fresh? or art thou but  
revealed?

M. B. SMEDLEY.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)

## LOVE OPENS THE HEART.

~~~~~  
ONLY, but this is rare!
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in the breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,



HAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.

[Painted by ALICE SQUIRE.]

“Some one I know is now waiting for me,
Prettily shy!
Yet when I'm near her, with half-timid glee
Sparkles her eye.”



And what we mean, we say, and what we would,
we know!

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.
Poems, Vol. II. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
COULEUR DE ROSE.

SOME ONE I know is now waiting for me,  
Prettily shy,  
Yet when I'm near her, with half timid glee  
Sparkles her eye.

When in the words that my heart bids me speak  
Love's fervour glows,  
Daintily blushes each soft dimpled cheek  
*Couleur de rose.*

Life is thrice joyous when passed by her side,  
Banished is care,

While in her presence no troubles betide,  
Love only there—

Quickly her smiles every trial subdue,  
All is repose,

Life seems aglow with her cheek's dainty hue,  
*Couleur de rose.*

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

~~~~~  
DAWN.

O LILY, with the sun of heaven's
Prime splendour on thy breast!
My scattered passions toward thee run,
Poising to awful rest.

The darkness of our universe
Smothered my soul in night;
Thy glory shone; whereat the curse
Passed molten into light.

Raised over envy; freed from pain;
Beyond the storms of chance:
Blessed king of my own world I reign,
Controlling circumstance.

THOMAS WOOLNER.
My Beautiful Lady. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
I HAVE no words—alas!—to tell  
The loveliness of loving well.

E. A. POE.

O, HUMAN love! thou spirit given  
On Earth of all we hope in Heaven!  
Which fall'st into the soul like rain  
Upon the Siroc-wither'd plain,  
And, failing in thy power to bless,  
But leav'st the heart a wilderness!

~~~~~  
E. A. POE.

If angels love above in heaven,
Then death must be too oversweet;
For this dear love thy lips have given,
Has made this life, my love, replete.

THEO. MARZIALS.
The Gallery of Pigeons. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
THERE are tones that will haunt us, tho' lonely  
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;  
There are looks that will part from us only  
When memory ceases to be;  
There are hopes which our burthen can lighten,  
Tho' toilsome and steep be the way;  
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten  
With a light that is clearer than day.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

~~~~~  
I SHALL see her to-day,
No wonder the skies are blue,—
No wonder the world in its best array
Flaunts as fashioned anew:
No wonder the world is at play, at play,
In green and purple and gold;
For I shall see her to-day, to-day,
Who is all my joy to behold.

WILLIAM WILKINS.
Songs of Study. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
NAV, more! yet more, for my lips are fain;  
No cups for a babe; I ask the whole  
Deep draught that a God could hardly drain,  
—Wine of your soul.

Pour! for the goblet is great I bring,  
Not worthless, rough with youths at strife,  
And men that toil and women that sing,  
—It is all my life.

EDWARD DOWDEN.  
*Poems.* (K. Paul.)

AND when the world is born again,  
 And with some fair love, side by side,  
 Thou wanderest 'twixt the sun and rain,  
 In that fresh love-begetting tide ;  
 Then, when the world is born again,  
 And the sweet year before thee lies,  
 Shall thy heart think of coming pain,  
 Or vex itself with memories ?

WILLIAM MORRIS.

*Life and Death of Jason.* (Ellis and White.)

~~~~~  
 FRUITION.

SOME women's faces are like flowers half-blown,
 For winter's martyrdom ;
 Or springs, from which the redwing is not flown,
 Although the wryneck's come.

But let love touch them with his fiery wand,
 And as a June rose, then,
 They flame forth happy, blooming like a land
 The sun brings heat again.

Their eyes burn on you like the dew dawn-lit,
 And set your pulse adance ;
 There spreads strange peace,—no man can fathom
 it,—
 O'er each fair countenance.

And all the spheres for them in music clash,
 Their bliss to antedate ;
 And phosphorescent to the horizon flash
 The sunless seas of fate.

T. ASHE.

III.

FIRST LOVE.

“. . . There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.”

THOMAS MOORE.

FIRST LOVE.

BRIGHT thro' the valley gallops the brooklet ;
Over the clear sky travels the cloud ;
TOUCH'D by the zephyr, dances the harebell ;
Cuckoo sits somewhere, singing so loud ;
TWO little children, seeing and hearing,
Hand-in-hand wander, shout, laugh, and sing ;
LO, in their bosoms, wild with the marvel,
Love, like the crocus, is come ere the Spring.
YOUNG men and women, noble and tender,
Yearn for each other, faith truly plight,
PROMISE to cherish, comfort, and honour ;
Vow that makes duty one with delight.
OH, but the glory, found in no story,
Radiance of Eden unquench'd by the Fall ;
FEW may remember, none may reveal it,
This the first first-love, the first love of all !

COVENTRY PATMORE.

The Angel in the House. (G. Bell.)

A PAIR OF LOVERS.

'**NEATH** vistas green and shady,
I watch them wandering now—
As sweet a knight and lady
As ever whispered vow ;
A youth with eager flashes
From blue, undaunted eyes ;
A maid 'neath whose long lashes
A tender dream-world lies.
The air with love is laden—
This luscious eve of May ;
Well may he urge the maiden
To speed the bridal day.

Shall caution's cold upbraiding
Two loving souls dispart
Till spring is past, and fading
The bloom of cheek and heart ?

He argues well and bravely,
With swift impulsive tongue ;
She answers, smiling gravely,
“ We're both so very young.
You know I love you dearly,
But, darling, we must wait,
For I'm not seven nearly,
And you are only eight ! ”

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Gaslight and Stars. (Marcus Ward.)

FIRST LOVE.

My long first year of perfect love,
My deep new dream of joy ;
She was a little chubby girl,
I was a chubby boy.
I wore a crimson frock, white drawers,
A belt, a crown was on it ;
She wore some angel's kind of dress,
And such a tiny bonnet,
Old-fashioned, but the soft brown hair
Would never keep its place ;
A little maid with violet eyes,
And sunshine in her face.
O, my child-queen, in those lost days
How sweet was daily living !
How humble and how proud I grew,
How rich by merely giving !

She went to school, the parlour-maid
 Slow stepping to her trot ;
 That parlour-maid, ah, did she feel
 How lofty was her lot !

Across the road I saw her lift
 My Queen, and with a sigh
 I envied Raleigh ; my new coat
 Was hung a peg too high.

A hoard of never-given gifts
 I cherished—priceless pelf ;
 'Twas two whole days ere I devour'd
 That peppermint myself.

In church I only prayed for her—
 " O God, bless Lucy Hill ;"
 Child, may his angels keep their arms
 Ever around you still.

But when the hymn came round, with heart
 That feared some heart's surprising
 Its secret sweet, I climb'd the seat
 'Mid rustling and uprising ;

And there against her mother's arm
 The sleeping child was leaning,
 While far away the hymn went on,
 The music and the meaning.

Oh I have loved with more of pain
 Since then, with more of passion,
 Loved with the aching in my love
 After our grown-up fashion ;

Yet could I almost be content
 To lose here at your feet
 A year or two, you murmuring elm,
 To dream a dream so sweet.

EDWARD DOWDEN.
Poems. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 THE PASSIONATE SCHOOLBOY TO HIS  
 LOVE.

SEE, here on the gravel I'm kneeling,  
 The fondest and truest of beaux ;  
 When carried away by his feeling,  
 A fellow can't think of his clo'es.

Oh, Emily, pity my sorrow !  
 Dear Emily, smile and be kind !  
 D'ye think you could wed me to-morrow ?  
 D'ye think you would very much mind ?  
 The ants have got under my stocking,  
 It's horrid to kneel on a stone ;  
 Have done, then, with mincing and mocking,  
 And say you'll be always my own.

You cannot be thinking of Harry,  
 A cry-baby, coddle, and pet ;  
 And Dicky's too childish to marry—  
 He's not in two-syllables yet.  
 And I say to all others aspiring,  
 Come forth with your shooter and ball,  
 And meet me, receiving and firing,  
 Till one or the other shall fall.  
 The ants have got under my stocking,  
 It's horrid to kneel on a stone ;  
 Have done, then, with mincing and mocking,  
 And say you'll be always my own.

I've mustard and radishes growing,  
 I've rabbits and guinea-pigs, too ;  
 My rocking-horse—splendid at going—  
 Shall have a side-saddle for you.  
 And twopence a week, if we're steady,  
 Will do very well for a start ;  
 So, dearest, at ten I'll be ready  
 To draw you to church in my cart.  
 I laugh at the ants in my stocking,  
 I'd kneel for a week on a stone ;  
 For Emmy repents of her mocking,  
 And says she'll be always my own.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

*Songs in Sunshine.* (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

[From *Time*, by kind permission of Messrs. Kelly and Co.]

~~~~~  
 TO MY FIRST LOVE.

I REMEMBER
 Meeting you
 In September
 Sixty-two.
 We were eating,
 Both of us ;
 And the meeting
 Happened thus :—

Accidental,
 On the road ;
 (Sentimental
 Episode.)
 I was gushing,
 You were shy,
 You were blushing,
 So was I.
 I was smitten,
 So were you.
 (All that's written
 Here is true.)
 Any money ?
 Not a bit.
 Rather funny,
 Wasn't it ?
 Vows we plighted,
 Happy pair !
 How delighted
 People were !
 But your father
 To be sure
 Thought it rather
 Premature ;
 And your mother,
 Strange to say,
 Was another
 In the way.
 What a heaven
 Vanished then !
 (You were seven,
 I was ten.)
 That was many
 Years ago,
 Don't let any-
 body know.

EDWIN HAMILTON.

Dublin Doggerels. (W. McGee, Dublin.)

FIRST-LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

FIRST-love will with the heart remain
 When its hopes are all gone by ;
 As frail rose-blossoms still retain
 Their fragrance when they die :
 And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
 With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
 As summer leaves the stems behind
 On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
 I've lost that right so long ;
 Yet once again I vex thine ear
 With memory's idle song.
 I felt a pride to name thy name,
 But now that pride hath flown,
 And burning blushes speak my shame
 That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,
 Had we two used to be ;
 At sunset, with what eager feet
 I hastened unto thee !
 Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
 In spring, nay, wintry weather ;
 Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
 Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
 Thyself so often nigh,
 A moment's memory when alone
 Would bring thee in mine eye ;
 But now my very dreams forget
 That witching look to trace ;
 Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
 It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle check I prest,
 And heard thee feign adieu,
 I little thought that seeming jest
 Would prove a word so true !
 A fate like this hath oft befell
 Even loftier hopes than ours ;
 Spring bids full many buds to swell
 That ne'er can grow to flowers.

JOHN CLARE.

LOVE-DRIFT.

TURNING over papers,
 Dead-leaf drift of years,
 In the midst a letter,
 Blurr'd and dim with tears.
 Face of any dead one
 Scarce had moved me so ;
 There my First Love lying,
 Buried long ago !

Darling love of boyhood,
What glad hours we knew !
Tears so sweet in shedding,
Vows that were so true.

Dear face, round and dimpled,
Voice of chirping bird,
Scarcely then for heart-throb,
Any word I heard.

But to know she loved me,
Know her kind as fair,
Was in joy to revel,
Was to walk on air !
Happy, happy love-time,
Over-budded Spring,
Never came the Summer,
With its blossoming.

WILLIAM SAWYER.
Ten Miles from Town. (W. Freeman.)

IV.

LOVE-MAKING SIMPLIFIED.

“With pretty young maidens who can choose,
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos,
As the gallant's *way* of wooing!”

W. S. GILBERT. *The “Bab” Ballads.*

MY SWEETHEART

My heart of hearts—my sweet of sweets—
I love the words to twine.
That breathe such truths 'twixt thee and me,
And sympathies divine!
Wert thou a queen, and I a king—
To raise thee to my throne,
I'd woo thee with no other words—
My sweetheart, and mine own!

CHARLES MACKAY.
Poetical Works. (Warne.)

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody.
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

ROBERT BURNS.

FOR nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Sonnets.

THOU hast more music in thy voice
Than to the spheres is given,
And more temptations on thy lips
Than lost the angels Heaven.

P. J. BAILEY.
Festus. (Longmans.)

MUSIC lives within thy lips
Like a nightingale in roses.

P. J. BAILEY.
Festus. (Longmans.)

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

(From the German of Heinrich Heine.)

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
Are melting away with love!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another ;
 No sister flower would be forgiven
 If it disdained its brother :
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
 What are all these kissings worth,
 If thou kiss not me ?

P. B. SHELLEY.

AN hundred thousand oaths your fears
 Perhaps would not remove ;
 And if I gazed a thousand years,
 I could not deeper love.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

To call it Love would be absurd,—
 The sentiment I feel
 By such a short and common word
 I never could reveal.
 To tell you how—and when—and where—
 My passion grew and grew
 This pen and ink would hardly dare ;—
 But if you only knew !

H. S. LEIGH.

TO AMORET.

AMORET ! the Milky Way
 Framed of many nameless stars !
 The smooth stream where none can say
 He this drop to that prefers !
 Amoret ! my lovely foe !
 Tell me where thy strength does lie ?
 Where the pow'r that charms us so ?
 In thy soul, or in thy eye ?

By that snowy neck alone,
 Or thy grace in motion seen,
 No such wonders could be done ;
 Yet thy waist is straight and clean
 As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod,
 And pow'rful, too, as either god.

EDMUND WALLER.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
 In eyes that would not look on me ;
 I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
 But where my own did hope to sip.
 Has the maid who seeks my heart
 Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art ?
 I will own their colour true,
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?
 I must press it to be sure ;
 Nor can I e'en be certain then,
 Till it grateful press again.
 Must I, with attentive eye,
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
 I will do so—when I see
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

A SIGH or tear perhaps she'll give,
 But love on pity cannot live.
 Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid.

JOHN DRYDEN.

FOR every star a drop of dew—
 For every sun a sky of blue—
 For every heart a heart as true.

P. J. BAILEY.

Festus. (Longmans.)

BE mine, and only mine ; take care
 Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
 To me alone ; nor come so far
 As liking any youth beside :
 What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe
 They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE cold calm kiss which cometh as a gift,
 Not a necessity, is not for me,
 Whose bliss, whose woe, whose life, whose all is
 love.

P. J. BAILEY.

Festus. (Longmans.)

I HELD her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew ;
She bent her head before my kiss . .
My heart was sure that hers was true.

Scarce have I told her we must part,
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss . . alas ! my heart,
Hers never was the heart for you.

W. S. LANDOR.

Works. (Chapman and Hall.)

[The extracts from Landor's Poems contained in this volume are inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.]

HINTS TO A WOOER.

You must not spare expense, but wear gay clothes,
And you may be, too, prodigal of oaths,
To win a mistress' favour ; not afraid,
Seeking access, to bribe her chambermaid.
You may present her gifts, and of all sorts,
Feast, dance, and revel ; they are lawful sports ;
The choice of suitors you must not deny her,
Nor quarrel though you find a rival by her ;
Build on your own deserts, and ever be
A stranger to love's enemy, jealousy.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

LOVE'S ASSEVERATION.

By those eyes of dazzling brown,
With their liquid mirth and gladness ;
By that brow without a frown,
Or a fleeting cloud of sadness ;
By that lip of vermeil red,
Breathing such a gentle voice ;
By that smile which never fled
While it could my gaze rejoice ;
By those curls of chestnut hue
Streaming down in rich profusion ;
By those cheeks where blushes strew
Rosy colours of confusion ;
By that face that, though a dream,
I would worship with devotion ;
By that bosom, fair as cream,
Heaving with untold emotion ;
By that silken hand of thine,
Pure as virgin alabaster ;

By that hand to make which mine
I would brave the worst disaster ;
By the pulses of thy heart,
Fond as ever poet sung ;
By these simple words that start,
Faltering from my truthful tongue ;
My love for thee, like delicious pain,
Throbs in the core of my heart and brain.

CHARLES KENT.

Poems. (Longman and Co.)

GO, LOVELY ROSE !

Go, lovely Rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee ;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 Slippers lined choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs ;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

[I omit stanza 6, as in all probability an interpolation of
 Izaak Walton's.]

THE world's wise men from north to south
 Can never cure my pain ;
 But one kiss from her honey mouth
 Would make me whole again.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

Lays of the Western Gael. (Bell.)

MY love,—my chosen,—but not mine ! I send
 My whole heart to thee in these words I write ;
 So let the blotted lines, my soul's sole friend,
 Lie upon thine, and there be blest at night.

OWEN MEREDITH.

The Wanderer. (Chapman and Hall.)

I LIVE but to see thee, to hear thee ;
 I count but the hours where thou art ;
 I ask—only ask—to be near thee,
 Albeit so far from thy heart.

OWEN MEREDITH.

The Wanderer. (Chapman and Hall.)

AN HONEST VALENTINE.

Returned from the Dead-Letter Office.

THANK ye for your kindness,
 Lady fair and wise,
 Though love's famed for blindness,
 Lovers—hem ! for lies.

Courtship's mighty pretty,
 Wedlock a sweet sight ;—
 Should I (from the city,
 A plain man, Miss —) write,
 Ere we spouse-and-wive it,
 Just one honest line,
 Could you e'er forgive it,
 Pretty Valentine ?

Honey-moon quite over,
 If I less should scan
 You with eye of lover
 Than of mortal man ?
 Seeing my fair charmer
 Curl hair spire on spire,
 All in paper armor,
 By the parlor fire ;
 Gown that wants a stitch in
 Hid by apron fine,
 Scolding in her kitchen,—
 O fie, Valentine !

Should I come home surly
 Vexed with fortune's frown,
 Find a hurly-burly,
 House turned upside down,
 Servants all a-snarl, or
 Cleaning steps or stair :
 Breakfast still in parlour,
 Dinner—anywhere :
 Shall I to cold bacon
 Meekly fall and dine ?
 No,—or I'm mistaken
 Much, my Valentine.

What if we should quarrel ?
 —Bless you, all folks do :—
 Will you take the war ill
 Yet half like it too ?
 When I storm and jangle,
 Obstinate, absurd,
 Will you sit and wrangle
 Just for the last word,—
 Or, while poor Love, crying,
 Upon tiptoe stands,
 Ready plumed for flying,—
 Will you smile, shake hands,

And the truth beholding,
With a kiss divine
Stop my rough mouth's scolding?—
Bless you, Valentine!

If, should times grow harder,
We have lack of pelf,
Little in the larder,
Less upon the shelf;
Will you, never tearful,
Make your old gowns do,
Mend my stockings, cheerful,
And pay visits few?
Crave nor gift nor donor
Old days ne'er regret,
Seek no friend save Honour,
Dread no foe but Debt;
Meet ill-fortune steady,
Hand to hand with mine,
Like a gallant lady,—
Will you, Valentine?

Then, whatever weather
Come, or shine, or shade,
We'll set out together,
Not a whit afraid.
Age is ne'er alarming,—
I shall find, I ween,
You at sixty charming
As at sweet sixteen:
Let's pray, nothing loath, dear,
That our funeral may
Make one date serve both, dear,
As our marriage day.
Then, come joy or sorrow,
Thou art mine,—I thine.
So we'll wed to-morrow,
Dearest Valentine.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
GENTLEMAN."
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

[So] they that are to love inclined,
Swayed by chance, not choice or art,
To the first that's fair, or kind,
Make a present of their heart;
'Tis not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.
EDMUND WALLER.

EXCELLENT wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Othello.

SONG.

As drooping fern for dewdrops,
For flowers the bee,
Wave-weary birds for woodlands,
Long I for thee.

As rivers seek the ocean,
Tired things their nest,
As storm-worn ships their haven,
Seek I thy breast.

JOHN TODHUNTER.
Forest Songs. (K. Paul.)

I HEAR thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair;
Ah! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

CALIFORNIA MADRIGAL.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

OH, come, my beloved! from thy winter abode,
From thy home on the Yuba, thy ranch over-
flowed;
For the waters have fallen, the winter has fled,
And the river once more has returned to its bed.

Oh, mark how the spring in its beauty is near!
How the fences and tules once more reappear!
How soft lies the mud on the banks of yon
slough
By the hole in the levee the waters broke through!

All Nature, dear Chloris, is blooming to greet
The glance of your eye, and the tread of your feet;
For the trails are all open, the roads are all free,
And the highwayman's whistle is heard on the lea.

Again swings the lash on the high mountain trail,
And the pipe of the packer is scenting the gale ;
The oath and the jest ringing high o'er the plain,
Where the smut is not always confined to the grain.

Once more glares the sunlight on awning and roof,
Once more the red clay's pulverized by the hoof,
Once more the dust powders the "outsides" with
red,

Once more at the station the whiskey is spread.

Then fly with me, love, ere the summer's begun,
And the mercury mounts to one hundred and one ;
Ere the grass now so green shall be withered and
sear,
In the spring that obtains but one month in the
year.

BRET HARTE.

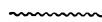
Poetical Works. (Routledge.)



Now gallants gay in pride of youth,
Say, would you win the fair one's ear?
Your votive pray'r be short and sooth,
And whisper low, and she *will* hear.
The matin bell may loudly tell
The bridal morn, when all may hear ;
But at the time of vesper chime—
Oh ! whisper low in beauty's ear.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Poetical Works. (Routledge.)



A TALK.

(*He*) THOUGH the summer goes too soon,
And the winter comes too quick,
Yet the bird sings out a tune,
Up above the thatched rick,
And 'tis dry below the tree.
So a little longer yet,
Even though the sun be set,
You can rove up in the grove
Along with me.

(*She*) No. 'Tis too damp in the dell
When the colder sun is gone,
Where the streams begin to swell
With the rains acoming on.
On the air now floats no bee
For the honey he may get,
And the weather is too wet
Over head, or where I tread,
To go with thee.

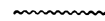
(*He*) Oh ! then when we shall have lost
All the rainless nights and days,
May there come the icy frost
That shall harden all the ways,
And the path o'er hill and lea,
So that when the moon may show
Us the way we have to go,
You at whiles may climb the stiles
Along with me.

(*She*) No. For when the icy side
Of the knap is hard as steel,
Then I fear that I may slide,
And fall back from on my heel,
Though for all that, we may see
That with shoes more roughly soled,
And with steps that better hold
You some night, when it is light,
May come to me.

(*He*) Oh ! As if I wished to rub
My two elbows in a crowd,
And would seek a talking club
To hear voices high and loud.
'Tis but you I care to see.

(*She*) I might see you at the gate,
And it might not be too late,
By the green old ivy screen,
To talk with me.

WILLIAM BARNES.



LOVE me, lady, dearly,
If you'll be so good ;
Though I don't see clearly
On what ground you should.

C. S. CALVERLEY.
Fly Leaves. (Bell.)

TO DIANEME.

GIVE me one kiss,
And no more :
If so be, this
Makes you poor,
To enrich you,
I'll restore
For that one, two-
Thousand score.

ROBERT HERRICK.

~~~~~  
SELF-EVIDENT.

WHEN other lips and other eyes  
Their tales of love shall tell,  
Which means the usual sort of lies  
You've heard from many a swell ;  
When, bored with what you feel is bosh,  
You'd give the world to see  
A friend whose love you know will wash,  
O, then remember me !

When Signor Solo goes his tours,  
And Captain Craft's at Ryde,  
And Lord Fitzpop is on the moors,  
And Lord knows who beside ;  
When to exist you feel a task,  
Without a friend at tea,  
At such a moment I but ask  
That you'll remember me.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.  
*Songs and Poems.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
LET ME LOOK INTO THINE EYE!

LET me look into thine eye,
Through thine eye into thy soul,
Draw the curtain from the sky,
Where the living pictures roll !
I am weary of smooth faces,
Looks that play a pretty part,
Shallow smiles and gay grimaces ;
Show me, show me, maid, thy heart !

When in gay saloon I found thee
Sailing proudly, like a queen,
With a host of fops around thee,
Through the fair and flaunting scene ;

Sure, I thought, this stately maiden
Struts her hour with dainty art,
But behind this masquerading
Keeps, I'll swear, a guileless heart.

Let me look into thine eye,
Through thine eye into thy soul,
Of deep thoughts and fancies high
The living-ciphered book unroll !
I am sick of polished faces,
Smiles tricked out for fashion's mart ;
Worth a thousand practised graces,
Show me, show me, maid, thy heart !

J. S. BLACKIE.
Lyrical Poems. (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

~~~~~  
YOUR eyes, my love, are brightly blue,  
And brightly golden are your tresses,  
Your very looks are *billets doux*,  
That go at once to their addresses.

H. S. LEIGH.  
*Gillott and Goosequill.*  
(British and Colonial Publishing Co.)

~~~~~  
LOVE AND NURSING.(From "*The Widow Mysie.*")

O HEAVEN ! in what strange Enchanter's den
Learnt she the spells wherewith she conquer'd
men ?

When to that chamber she had won her way,
The old man's cheeks grew brighter every day ;
She smooth'd the pillows underneath his head,
She brought sweet music round about his bed ;
She made the very mustard-blisters glow
With fire as soft as youthful lovers know ;
The very physic bottles lost their gloom
And seem'd like little fairies in the room ;
The very physic, charm'd by her, grew fine,
Rhubarb was nectar, castor-oil was wine.
Half darkly, dimly, yet with secret flame,
That titillated up and down his frame,
The grim old man lay still, with hungry eye
Watching her thro' the room on tiptoe fly ;—
She turn'd her back—his cheek grew dull and dim !
She turn'd her face—its sunshine fell on him !

Better and better every day grew he,
Colder and colder grew his nurse to me,
Till up he leapt, with fresh new life astir,
And only sank again—to kneel to *her*!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.
Poetical Works, Vol. II.

I LOVE the broad bright world of snow,
And every strange device
Which makes the woods a frozen show,
The rivers hard and still; but oh,
Ne'er loved a heart of ice!

T. B. READ.

UPON A DELAYING LADY.

COME, come away,
Or let me go;
Must I here stay
Because you're slow,
And will continue so;
—Troth, lady, no.

I scorn to be
A slave to state;
And since I'm free,
I will not wait,
Henceforth at such a rate,
For needy fate.

If you desire
My spark should glow,
The peeping fire
You must blow;
Or I shall quickly grow
To frost, or snow.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LET not you and I inquire
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled;
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

EDMUND WALLER.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOUR-
TEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

ERE the morn the East has crimsoned,
When the stars are twinkling there,
(As they did in Watts's hymns, and
Made him wonder what they were :)
When the forest-nymphs are beading
Fern and flower with silvery dew—
My infallible proceeding
Is to wake, and think of you.

When the hunter's ringing bugle
Sounds farewell to field and copse,
And I sit before my frugal
Meal of gravy-soup and chops :
When (as Gray remarks) "the moping
Owl doth to the moon complain,"
And the hour suggests eloping—
Fly my thoughts to you again.

May my dreams be granted never?
Must I aye endure affliction
Rarely realized, if ever,
In our wildest works of fiction?
Madly Romeo loved his Juliet;
Copperfield began to pine
When he hadn't been to school yet—
But their loves were cold to mine.

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest,
Ere I drain the poisoned cup :
Tell me I may tell the chymist
Not to make that arsenic up!
Else the heart must cease to throb in
This my breast; and when, in tones
Hushed, men ask, "Who killed Cock Robin?"
They'll be told, "Miss Clara J——s."

C. S. CALVERLEY.
Verses and Translations.
(Deighton, Bell, and Co.)

[By kind permission of the Author, and of Messrs.
Deighton, Bell, and Co.]

LOVE me, dearest! Dearest, love me!
Brighter days may shine,
When thou shalt call me all thine own,
And thou'lt be only mine!

But should that bliss be still denied,
 Still fortune frown above me,
 Thou'lt be my choice—though not my bride,
 Then love me, dearest! Love me!

SAMUEL LOVER.
Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 "L ove not! love not!" ah, false song!  
 O h, but 'tis the spelling's wrong!  
 V iewed with K before the N  
 E verything is altered then!  
 K left out, the "not," you'll find,  
 N ever could be one to bind!  
 O h, these words of ours! why not  
 T urn the "love not!" to "love-knot"?

EDEN HOOPER.

~~~~~  
 YOUR kisses were so embalmed
 With spices of beech and fir,
 That they haunt my lips in the dead o' the night,
 If the night-winds do but stir.

EMILY PFEIFFER.
Sonnets and Songs. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 RADIANT PROSPECTS.

*Pluto.* IF, therefore, dearest, you would have me  
 paint  
 My residence exactly (*aside*) as it aint,—  
 (*Aloud*) I would entreat you, Proserpine, to come  
 where  
 A palace lifting to eternal—somewhere—  
 With marble halls invites us—  
*Proserpine.* By-the-bye,  
 Where is this palace?

*Pluto (embarrassed).* In the Isle of Skye.  
 Thy days all cloudless sunshine shall remain,  
 For on our pleasure we will ne'er draw rein:  
 At noon we'd sit beneath the vine-arched bowers,  
 And, losing all our calculating powers,  
 Think days but minutes—reckoning by *ours*;  
 Darkness shall be at once with light replaced,  
 When my hand lights on that light taper waist;  
 Our friends should all true constant lovers be  
 (So we should not be bored with company);  
 Love's Entertainments only would we seek,  
 And sending up to Mudie's once a week,  
 No tales that were not Lover's we'd bespeak,

No sentiments in which we were not sharers  
 (Think what a host of rubbish that would spare us);  
 The summer months no milder than the rest are,  
 For e'en when winter comes, no cold nor'-wester  
 Shall roughly visit that soft cheek, sweet girl,  
 No air e'er brush that ere hair out of curl;  
 Whereof, perhaps, the wonder's not so great,  
 Because there is no heir to the estate.  
 Dost like the picture, love, or are you bored?

F. TALFOURD.  
*Pluto and Proserpine.* (French.)

~~~~~  
 A SENSIBLE LOVER.

I NEVER—never did desire
 A maiden blest with "eyes of fire";
 Because such flaming things mayhap
 Might singe, if not consume, a chap.

I never did a liking show
 For maid whose "bosom was of snow";
 Because frost-bitten one might be,
 From hugging such a girl as she.

The maid with lips "like cherries ripe"
 Has never been my passion's type;—
 Because, when autumn time had come,
 You'd have to pick 'em—which is rum!

Nor is the maid, who boasts a cheek
 "Just like a peach," the one I seek:
 I never—be the truth revealed—
 Enjoy a peach that isn't peeled.

The maid whose brow is "ivory white"
 Would never give my heart delight:
 Although its good for paper-knives,
 I don't like ivory in wives.

One taste I with the poets share—
 I like a maid "with golden hair";—
 But would she let me—deuce is in't!—
 Shave it, and send it to the Mint!

My notion of a girl is this—
 A girl that one may hug and kiss;
 No ivory, or gold, or snow,
 Or fire, or peach, or cherry!—No!
 But just a girl—as girls now go.

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER.
Poems Humorous and Pathetic.
 (Chatto and Windus.)

MY VALENTINE.

[EXTRACT.]

I LOVE not the sweetest of love protestations
 Emblazoned by artists on paper of snow ;
 The amorous glances and forced suspirations,
 You purchase for money from Cupid & Co.

Those pink chubby boys, with their impudent faces,
 Their hearts and their darts and their old stock-
 in-trade,
 Bedizened with tinsel, embowered in laces,
 Shan't bear my love-song to my tender-eyed maid.

Shall hireling muses e'er sing of her splendour,
 Or trumpety poets at twopence a line ?
 Shall e'er be a bookseller's shopman the vendor
 Of pæan of praise to my sweet Valentine ?

I strike my own harp when I sing to my treasure,
 I'll sing my own song or for ever be still ;
 And watch her eyes sparkle with exquisite pleasure
 At soft-spoken words which so easily thrill !

I won't bring a harp, and I won't speak in numbers ;
 We'll sit as of yore in the snug-curtained room ;
 When old folks are taking post-prandial slumbers,
 We'll dream by the fire 'twixt the glow and the
 gloom !

When sunny-brown tresses, in firelight, gleam
 golden,
 And ripple down soft o'er a bosom of snow ;
 When a dear little waist is more closely enfolden—
 There's sweetness in silence we both of us know !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

Boudoir Ballads. (Chatto and Windus.)

GEORGIE'S GIRDLE.

AH ! your supple slender waist
 Should be never tightly laced,
 So leave each Nature's charm, sweet—
 As you found it :

If you want a tighter zone,
 Some day, darling, when alone,
 I'll wind a loving arm, sweet—
 Around it !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

Boudoir Ballads. (Chatto and Windus.)

[By kind permission of the Author.]

WHY I LOVE YOU.

I LOVE you—not because your face is fair,
 And not because your voice is soft and sweet—
 Not for the sunny glory of your hair,
 Not for the merry music of your feet ;
 But you are like the sunshine and the flowers
 That please and soothe the mind unconsciously—
 Or like the bird-song in the morning hours,
 Or brooklet dancing through a golden lea ;
 So, when I see fair things I think of you,
 And love you for the fresh and guileless grace—
 For all the subtle sunshine in your face,
 When that sweet heart of yours is beaming through.
 May never cloud float o'er the summer skies,
 To dim the gladness of my darling's eyes !

H. M. BURNSIDE.

PRETTY, BUT NOT TO THE POINT.

[EXTRACT.]

I SEIZED the note—I flew upstairs—
 Flung-to the door, and locked me in—
 With panting haste I tore the seal—
 And kissed the B in Benjamin !

'Twas full of love—to rhyme with dove—
 And all that tender sort of thing—
 Of sweet and meet—and heart and dart—
 But not a word about a ring !

THOMAS HOOD.

Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

LOVE LETTER.

[EXTRACT.]

YES, letter, on thy cover
 My love shall kiss her name,
 And, thinking of her lover,
 Shall flush with joyful shame ;
 And I will kiss you, letter,
 Before I let you go :
 And so my lips will greet her,
 And nobody will know.

Yea, all this while I miss her
 With exquisite, sweet pain,
 Until I shall re-kiss her
 And clasp her shape again,

O my verses—be her lover
And kiss her day by day,
And she will repeat you over
When I am far away.

WILLIAM WILKINS.
Songs of Study. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
LOVE'S TIMIDITY.

I do not ask to offer thee  
A timid love like mine ;  
I lay it as the rose is laid  
On some immortal shrine.  
I have no hope in loving thee,  
I only ask to love ;  
I brood upon my silent heart,  
As on its nest the dove.  
But little have I been beloved,  
Sad, silent, and alone :  
And yet I feel, in loving thee,  
The wide world is mine own.  
Thine is the name I breathe to Heaven,  
Thy face is on my sleep ;  
I only ask that love like this  
May pray for thee and weep.

L. E. LANDON.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile ;
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.
No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be,
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissèd thee.

~~~~~  
ROBERT HERRICK.

~~~~~  
LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOUR-
TEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

DARKNESS succeeds to twilight :
Through lattice and through skylight
The stars, no doubt, if one looked out,
Might be observed to shine :
And sitting by the embers
I elevate my members
On a stray chair, and then and there
Commence a Valentine.

Yea ! by St. Valentinus,
Emma shall not be minus
What all young ladies, whate'er their grade is
Expect to-day no doubt :
Emma the fair, the stately—
Whom I beheld so lately,
Smiling beneath the snow-white wreath
Which told that she was "out."

Wherefore fly to her, swallow,
And mention that I'd "follow,"
And "pipe and trill," et cetera, till
I died, had I but wings :
Say the North's "true and tender,"
The South an old offender ;
And hint, in fact, with your well-known tact,
All kinds of pretty things.

Say I grow hourly thinner,
Simply abhor my dinner—
Tho' I do try and absorb some viand
Each day, for form's sake merely :
And ask her, when all's ended,
And I am found extended,
With vest blood-spotted, and cut carotid,
To think on Hers sincerely.

C. S. CALVERLEY.
Verses and Translations. (Deighton, Bell, and Co.)

~~~~~  
STILL, I love thee dearly :  
Though I make (I feel)  
Love a little queerly,  
I'm as true as steel.

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Fly Leaves.* (Bell.)

~~~~~  
IMITATED FROM THE WELSH.

IF, while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O place your hand upon my heart—
Feel how it throbs for you.
Ah no ! reject the thoughtless claim
In pity to your Lover !
That thrilling touch would aid the flame,
It wishes to discover.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THY sweet words drop upon the ear as soft
As rose-leaves on a well : and I could listen,
As though the immortal melody of Heaven
Were wrought into one word—that word a whisper,
That whisper all I want from all I love.

P. J. BAILEY.

Festus. (Longmans.)

SONG.

I PRAY thee send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain ;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ?
Oh, love ! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our hearts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out ;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine ;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

IF SHE BUT KNEW.

IF she but knew that I am weeping
Still for her sake,
That love and sorrow grow with keeping
Till they must break,
My heart that breaking will adore her,
Be hers and die ;
If she might hear me once implore her,
Would she not sigh ?

If she but knew that it would save me,
Her voice to hear,
Saying she pitied me, forgave me,
Must she forbear ?

If she were told that I was dying,
Would she be dumb ?
Could she content herself with sighing ?
Would she not come ?

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Songs of a Worker. (Chatto and Windus.)

LOVE ne'er can place thy hand in mine,
Thou art so high above me—
Yet might I plead with eyes like thine,
I think that thou would'st love me.

AUBREY DE VERE.

THINK not of it, sweet one, so ;—
Give it not a tear ;
Sigh thou mayst, and bid it go
Any—any where.

Do not look so sad, sweet one,—
Sad and fadingly ;
Shed one drop then—it is gone—
Oh ! 'twas born to die !

Still so pale ? then, dearest, weep ;
Weep, I'll count the tears,
And each one shall be a bliss
For thee in after-years.

Brighter has it left thine eyes
Than a sunny rill ;
And thy whispering melodies
Are tenderer still.

Yet—as all things mourn awhile
At fleeting blisses ;
Let us too ; but be our dirge,
A dirge of kisses.

JOHN KEATS.

NIGHT SONG.

OH ! do you wake, or do you sleep
With window to the full-moon'd sky ?
Or have you lost, or do you keep
A thought of all the day gone by ?
Or are you dead to all you knew
Of life, the while I live to you ?

May air o'er wallside roses brought,
 Of charming gardens give you dreams ;
 May rustling leaves beguile your thought
 With dreams of walks by falling streams.
 And on your lids be light that yields
 Bright dream-clouds over daisied fields.

Our meeting hour of yesterday
 To me, now deep in waning night,
 Seems all a glory pass'd away
 Beyond a year-time's longsome flight.
 Though night seems far too short to weigh
 Your words and deeds of yesterday.

While rise or sink the glittering stars
 Above dim woods, or hillock brows,
 There, out within the moonpaled bars,
 In darksome bunches, sleep your cows.
 So sweetly sleep, asleep be they
 Until you meet the opening day.

WILLIAM BARNES.

HER beauty was as sweet a thing
 As is the primrose in the spring.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.
Lays of France. (Chatto and Windus.)

FAIR is my love, when her fair golden hairs
 With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark ;
 Fair, when the rose in her red cheeks appears ;
 Or in her eyes the fire of love does spark.
 Fair, when her breast, like a rich-laden bark
 With precious merchandise she forth doth lay ;
 Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
 Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
 But fairest she, when so she doth display
 The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight ;
 Through which her words so wise do make their
 way
 To bear the message of her gentle sprite.
 The rest be works of Nature's wonderment ;
 But this the work of heart's astonishment.

EDMUND SPENSER.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer.
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair ;
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

EDMUND WALLER.

I'd like to be the lavender
 That makes her linen sweet,
 And swoon and sweeten in her breast,
 And faint around her feet.

She'd hardly think of me at all,
 And shake out lawn and sheet ;
 And yet I'd be the lavender,
 And make her linen sweet.

THEO. MARZIALS.

The Gallery of Pigeons. (K. Paul.)

GERTRUDE'S GLOVE.

SLIPS of a kid-skin deftly sewn,
 A scent as through her garden blown,
 The tender hue that clothes her dove,
 All these, and this is Gerty's glove.

A glove but lately dofft, for look—
 It keeps the happy shape it took
 Warm from her touch ! What gave the glow ?
 And where's the mould that shaped it so ?

It clasp'd the hand, so pure, so sleek,
 Where Gerty rests a pensive cheek,
 The hand that when the light wind stirs,
 Reproves those laughing locks of hers.

You fingers four, you little thumb !
 Were I but you, in days to come
 I'd clasp, and kiss,—I'd keep her—go !
 And tell her that I told you so.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

London Lyrics. (K. Paul.)

A VOW TO VENUS.

HAPPILY I had a sight
Of my dearest dear last night ;
Make her this day smile on me,
And I'll roses give to thee !

ROBERT HERRICK.

PURE lip coralline, slightly stirred ;
Thus stir ; but speak not ! Love can see
On you the syllables unheard
Which are his only melody.

Pure, drooping lids ; dark lashes wet
With that unhopèd-for, trembling tear ;
Thus droop, thus meet ; nor give me yet
The eyes that I desire, yet fear.

Hands lightly clasped on meekest knee ;
All-beauteous head, as by a spell
Bent forward ; loveliest form, to me
A lovely soul made visible :—

Speak not ! move not ! More tender grows
The heart, long musing. Night may plead,
Perhaps, my part ; and, at its close,
The morning bring me light indeed.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Poems, Meditative and Lyrical. (K. Paul.)

THE forward violet thus did I chide ;—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,
If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Sonnets.

CHERRY-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry ;
Full and fair ones ; come, and buy !

If so be you ask me where
They do grow ? I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile ;
There's the land or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show,
All the year, where cherries grow.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LOVE'S WISHES.

WOULD I were Erin's apple-blossom o'er you,
Or Erin's rose in all its beauty blown,
To drop my richest petals down before you,
Within the garden where you walk alone ;
In hope you'd turn and pluck a little posy,
With loving fingers through my foliage pressed,
And kiss it close and set it blushing rosy
To sigh out all its sweetness on your breast.

Would I might take the pigeon's flight towards you,
And perch beside your window-pane above,
And murmur how my heart of hearts it hoards you,
O hundred thousand treasures of my love ;
In hope you'd stretch your slender hand and take
me,
And smooth my wildly-fluttering wings to rest,
And lift me to your loving lips and make me
My bower of blisses in your loving breast.

A. P. GRAVES.

Irish Songs and Ballads. (Ireland, Manchester.)

[FOR] in her beauty was the clear revealing
Of Truth ; and with the sight a man grew pure,
And all his life and thinking steadfast, sure,
As one before a shrine of Godhead kneeling.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Songs of a Worker. (Chatto and Windus.)

SHE'S a virgín
Happy in all endowments which a poet
Could fancy in his mistress ; being herself
A school of goodness, where chaste maids may
learn,

Without the aids of foreign principles,
By the example of her life and pureness,
To be as she is, excellent. I but give you
A brief epitome of her virtues, which
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,
Would make an ample story.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

~~~~~

STRANGE that one lightly-whispered tone  
Is far, far sweeter unto me  
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,  
Or breathe along the sea!  
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,  
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

O lady! there be many things  
That seem right fair, below, above;  
But sure not one among them all  
Is half so sweet as love;—  
Let us not pay our vows alone,  
But join two altars both in one.

O. W. HOLMES.

~~~~~

ONE LOVING SMILE.

O, WHITE and red,
Above your head
The arbutus flowers and berries grow;
And underneath
The blushing heath
I've found for luck the heath of snow;
And sure 'tis fine
The foaming line
That laughs across the purple bay;
But, ah, let slip
From your ripe lip
One loving smile, and where are they?

A. P. GRAVES.

Irish Songs and Ballads. (Ireland, Manchester.)

~~~~~

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,  
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.—  
“What! love no more? Oh! why this altered  
vow?”

Because I *cannot* love thee *more*—than *now*!

THOMAS MOORE.

HER stature comely, tall; her gate  
Well gracèd; and her wit,  
To marvell at, not meddle with,  
As matchless I omit.

A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,  
A forehead smooth and hie,  
An even nose; on either side  
Did shine a grayish eie.

Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,  
White just-set teeth within;  
A mouth in meane; and underneath  
A round and dimpled chin.

WILLIAM WARNER.  
*Albion's England.*

~~~~~

THE MESSAGE.

OH all things fond and free,
Bear a message to my love;
I am like a wind-blown cloud,
She is like the blue above.

She wanders 'mid the flowers
As a flower cool and sweet,
While my heart is as the droughty grass
That bends beneath her feet.

Tell her, ye sapient birds and bees,
The secret of that spring
She calmly smiles upon and holds,
A light and fleeting thing;

Tell her that autumn is not rich
For all its golden grain;
That but for joyance of the spring
Its garnered stores were vain.

Say the fruit is for the flower,
Not the flower for the fruit;
As the lute is for the music,
Not the music for the lute.

Say the tree is for the blossom,
Not the blossom for the tree;
And I am made for love and her,
As she for love and me.

EMILY PFEIFFER.
Sonnets and Songs. (K. Paul.)

A MAID

That paragons description and wild fame ;
 One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
 And in the essential vesture of creation
 Does bear all excellency.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Othello.

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

WHEN you love—as all men will—
 Sing the theme of your devotion,
 Sue—and vow—and worship still—
 Overflow with deep emotion,
 Bow to Cupid's sweet decrees,
 Lightly wear the happy fetter,
 Bend the knee and plead! But, please,
 Do not write your love a letter!

Ah! most tempting it may be :
 Ink flows free—and pens *will* write,
 And your passion fain you'd see
 Plainly mapped in black and white.
 Yet refrain from shedding ink,
 If you can :—'tis wiser—better.
 Ere you pen a sentence, think!
 Do not write your love a letter!

Hearts may cool, and views may change—
 Other scenes may seem inviting,
 But a heart can't safely range
 If committed 'tis to writing.
 What you've written is a writ,
 Holds you closely as a debtor.
 Will she spare you? Not a bit!
 Do not write your love a letter!

Think of Breach of Promise cause,
 Think of barristers provoking
 Leading you to slips and flaws,
 Turning all your love to joking.

If you've written aught, they'll be
 Safe to find it as a setter—
 Then you'll wish you'd hearkened me—
 Do not write your love a letter!

Oh, those letters read in Court!
 How the tender things seem stupid!
 How deep feeling seems but sport!
 How young Momus trips up Cupid!
 Take my warning then—or soon,
 O'er your folly you'll be fretter,
 Saying, "Why, poor foolish spoon,
 Did I write my love a letter?"

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER.
Poems Humorous and Pathetic.
 (Chatto and Windus.)

[By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.]

THE DOUBLE PAIN.

(Translated from "*El Visconde de Altamira.*")

My heart doth own a double fear,
 A double pain, a double sigh ;
 The one when you are absent, dear ;
 The other when you're by.

At seeing you, my heart doth mourn
 With love that cannot find relief ;
 At missing you, my heart is torn
 With all the bitter pangs of grief.

And now I shed the burning tear,
 And now I heave the useless sigh :
 The one when you are absent, dear ;
 The other when you're by!

D. F. MCCARTHY.
Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics.
 (McGlashan, Dublin.)

V.

LOVE LOYAL.

“Such as I was, such will I be,
Your own; what would ye more of me?”

EARL OF SURREY.

KEATS'S LAST SONNET.

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task,
Of pure ablation round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEATS.

I GATHERED it wet for my own sweet Pet
As we whisper'd and walk'd apart:
She gave me that rose, it is fragrant yet,—
And oh, it is near my heart.

FREDERICK LOCKER.
London Lyrics. (K. Paul.)

LET others praise, as others prize,
The witching twilight of your eyes—
I cannot praise you: I adore,
And that is praise—and something more.

FREDERICK LOCKER.
London Lyrics. (K. Paul.)

COME, my love, while my heart is in the south,
While youth is about my ways—
I will run to meet you and kiss your mouth,
And bless you for all my days.

GUY ROSLYN.
Village Verses. (Moxon and Co.)

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

LORD BYRON.

“THE bliss which woman's charms bespeak,
I've sought in many, found in none!”
“In many 'tis in vain you seek
What only can be found in one.”

COVENTRY PATMORE.
The Angel in the House. (G. Bell and Sons.)

THAT DREAM OF OURS.

O, THE young love was sweet, dear,
That dainty dream of ours,
When we could not keep our feet, dear,
From dancing through the flow'rs;
When hopes and gay romances
Were thick as leaves in spring,
And cares were old folks' fancies,
And joy the solid thing.
Of all youth's visions blest, dear,
Of all its golden dow'rs,
O, the young love was best, dear,
That dainty dream of ours!

O, the old love is sweet, dear,
 These chill October days,
 When we tread with falt'ring feet, dear,
 The sear and silent ways.
 When earth has lost its glory,
 And heav'n has lost its blue,
 And life's a sober story,
 And care a comrade true.
 Though hopes no longer cheat, dear,
 And dreams have lost their sway,
 O, the old love is sweet, dear,
 That gilds the autumn day !

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.
Songs in Sunshine. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

I LOVE YOU BEST.

YOUR face, the fairest I have seen,
 Is now a part of life to me :
 It smiles down sorrows that have been,
 And speaks of pleasures that may be ;
 But though you have my heart in thrall,
 I cannot meet you like the rest,
 And yet I know, above them all,
 I love you best.

Your life, the truest I have known,
 Not very sad nor very gay,
 Has given guidance to my own,
 That might apart have gone astray :
 So much of good has come to me
 From you that I would now be blest—
 Am I unworthy? Am I free
 To love you best ?

I cannot flatter in your sight,
 Nor boldly speak as others do ;
 But I could suffer, or could fight,
 Or forfeit life for love of you ;
 Or I could toil for all my days
 To shield you from the world's unrest,
 And prove to you, in simple ways,
 I love you best.

Now hopes and fears within me fight,
 As I await the deepest woe,
 Or else the richest of delight
 That any youth or man may know ;

Soon happiness my heart must fill,
 Or I must turn from peace and rest,
 To live a life alone, and still
 To love you best.

GUY ROSLYN.
Lyrics and Landscapes. (Arthur H. Moxon.)

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 Oh, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 taken ;
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Sonnets.

I LOVE thee—I love thee !
 'Tis all that I can say ;—
 It is my vision in the night,
 My dreaming in the day ;
 The very echo of my heart,
 The blessing when I pray :
 I love thee !—I love thee !
 'Tis all that I can say.

THOMAS HOOD.
Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

ROOT AND LEAF.

THE love that deep within me lies
 Unmoved abides in conscious power ;
 Yet in the heaven of thy sweet eyes
 It varies every hour.

A look from thee will flush the cheek :
 A word of thine awaken tears :
 And, ah ! in all I do and speak
 How frail my love appears !

In yonder tree, Belov'd, whose boughs
Are household both to earth and heaven,
Whose leaves have murmur'd of our vows
To many a balmy even,

The branch that wears the liveliest green,
Is shaken by the restless bird ;
The leaves that nighest heaven are seen,
By every breeze are stirr'd :

But storms may rise, and thunders roll,
Nor move the giant roots below ;
So, from the bases of the soul,
My love for thee doth grow.

It seeks the heaven, and trembles there
To every light and passing breath ;
But from the heart no storm can tear
Its rooted growth beneath.

OWEN MEREDITH.

The Wanderer. (Chapman and Hall.)

SHE is not dead, and she is not wed !
But she loves me now, and she loved me then !
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

OWEN MEREDITH.

The Wanderer. (Chapman and Hall.)

THE world may smile, the world may sneer—
It's all the same to me ;—
I've double-locked my heart, my dear,
And given you the key.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Gaslight and Stars. (Marcus Ward.)

MINE to the core of the heart, my beauty !
Mine, all mine, and for love, not duty :
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love for love's sake—as mine to thee.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
GENTLEMAN."

Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why ;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.

To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none ;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won.
This is love, careless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchill'd, unmoved ;
To love, in wintry age, the same
As first in youth we loved ;
To feel that we adore,
To such refined excess,
That, though the heart would break with *more*,
We could not live with *less*.
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

THOMAS MOORE.

~~~~~  
THE HEART'S EVIDENCE.

TIDES that encroach and make the plain a sea,  
Tides that recede and make the sea a plain,  
Loud cities that where once waved grass and  
grain  
Send up your towers and flags, ye tendrils free—  
Ivy and vine—that unrebukedly  
The stones that once were cities clasp and  
chain ;  
Preach, if ye will, that all things change and  
wane,  
And that Man's spirit soon no more shall be ;  
But though the world from which Columbus  
sailed,  
The world he sailed to and the seas between,  
Should cry—the dreams of life to come deceive ;  
I, sweet, remembering thy faith serene  
And quenchless love, should there find counter-  
vailed  
The witness of both worlds, and still believe.  
WESTLAND MARSTON.  
*Dramatic and Poetical Works.*  
(Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
LOVE me little—love me long,
Is the burden of my song ;
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.

Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold ;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

UNKNOWN.

FROM HEINE.

THOSE azure, azure eyes
Gaze on me with their love ;
And I am lost in dream,
And cannot speak or move.
Those azure, azure eyes
Stay with me when we part :
A sea of azure thoughts
Overflows my heart.

JAMES THOMSON.

City of Dreadful Night. (Reeves and Turner.)

KEEPING A HEART.

To M—— D——.

If one should give me a heart to keep,
With love for the golden key,
The giver might live at ease or sleep ;
It should ne'er know pain, be weary, or weep,
The heart watched over by me.
I would keep that heart as a temple fair,
No heathen should look therein ;
Its chaste marmoreal beauty rare
I only should know, and to enter there
I must hold myself from sin.
I would keep that heart as a casket hid
Where precious jewels are ranged,
A memory each ; as you raise the lid,
You think you love again as you did
Of old, and nothing seems changed.
How I should tremble day after day,
As I touched with the golden key,
Lest aught in that heart were changed, or say
That another had stolen one thought away
And it did not open to me.
But ah ! I should know that heart so well,
As a heart so loving and true,
As a heart that I held with a golden spell,
That so long as I changed not I could foretell
That heart would be changeless too.

I would keep that heart as the thought of heaven,
To dwell in a life apart,
My good should be done, my gift be given,
In hope of the recompense there ; yea, even
My life should be led in that heart.

And so on the eve of some blissful day,
From within we should close the door
On glimmering splendours of love, and stay
In that heart shut up from the world away,
Never to open it more.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Songs of a Worker. (Chatto and Windus.)

A MATCH.

[EXTRACT.]

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief ;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon ;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together,
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath ;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

Poems and Ballads ; First Series.
(Chatto and Windus.)

THOUGH Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever ;
heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

THOMAS MOORE.

To love is but to live, my fair,—
You would not surely have me die?
So tangle my soul here tight in your hair,
Till I and you are only I.

THEO. MARZIALS.
The Gallery of Pigeons. (K. Paul.)

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

MY bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Romeo and Juliet.

I LOVE thee, I love thee, my darling, my queen ;
I will love thee in life, I will love thee to death,
While the sea-spray is white, while the olive is
green,
While the lip hath its redness, the body its breath.

G. F. ARMSTRONG.
Poems : Lyrical and Dramatic. (Longmans.)

SINCE WE PARTED.

SINCE we parted yester-eve,
I do love thee, love, believe,
Twelve times dearer, twelve hours longer,
One dream deeper, one night stronger,
One sun surer,—thus much more
Than I loved thee, love, before.

OWEN MEREDITH.
The Wanderer. (Chapman and Hall.)

ALL glorious dreams that beautified and blest
My fervent youth were realized in Thee ;
Young longings, nobler far in their unrest
Than later moods of scornful stagnancy,
Again could heave and agitate my breast :
My mind, long world-filled, was empowered to
see
That Life has sacred mysteries unrevealed,
And grander trusts than Earth and Time can yield.

JAMES THOMSON.
Vane's Story. (Reeves and Turner.)

I'VE thought of thee—I've thought of thee,
Through change that teaches to forget ;
Thy face looks up from every sea,
In every star thine eyes are set.
Though roving beneath Orient skies,
Whose golden beauty breathes of rest,
I envy every bird that flies
Into the far and clouded West :
I think of thee—I think of thee !
Oh, dearest ! hast thou thought of me?

N. P. WILLIS.
Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

THE sun
Smiles on the earth, and the exuberant earth
Returns the smile in flowers—'twas so with me :
I love thee as a fountain leaps to light—
I can do nothing else.

ALEXANDER SMITH.
A Life-Drama. (Macmillan)

ON HIS FORTUNE IN LOVING HER.

I DID not choose thee, dearest. It was Love
That made the choice, not I. Mine eyes were blind
As a rude shepherd's who to some lone grove
His offering brings and cares not at what shrine
He bends his knee. The gifts alone were mine ;
The rest was Love's. He took me by the hand,
And fired the sacrifice, and poured the wine,
And spoke the words I might not understand.
I was unwise in all but the dear chance
Which was my fortune, and the blind desire
Which led my foolish steps to love's abode,
And youth's sublime unreasoned prescience
Which raised an altar and inscribed in fire
Its dedication "to the unknown god."

Love Sonnets of Proteus. (K. Paul.)

ABSENT, YET PRESENT.

As the flight of a river
That flows to the sea,
My soul rushes ever
In tumult to thee.

A twofold existence
I am where thou art ;
My heart in the distance
Beats close to thy heart.

Look up, I am near thee,
I gaze on thy face ;
I see thee, I hear thee,
I feel thine embrace.

As a magnet's control on
The steel it draws to it,
Is the charm of thy soul on
The thoughts that pursue it.

And absence but brightens
The eyes that I miss,
And custom but heightens
The spell of thy kiss.

It is not from duty,
Though that may be owed,—
It is not from beauty,
Though that be bestowed ;

But all that I care for,
And all that I know,
Is that, without wherefore,
I worship thee so.

Through granite as breaketh
A tree to the ray,
As a dreamer forsaketh
The grief of the day,

My soul in its fever
Escapes unto thee ;
O dream to the griever,
O light to the tree !

A twofold existence
I am where thou art ;
Hark, hear in the distance
The beat of my heart !

LORD LYTTON.
Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

ON heaven's steps of beryl, poised for flight,
An angel stood ; but ere his wings he spread
Close to his side did his twin angel light,
Who from the darkening earth had newly sped ;
Thy guardian spirit, seeing that thy head
Was bent in prayer, so knew thee safe from harm,
Homesick to heaven awhile he quickly fled,
Longing for native peace and love and calm.
So spake each angel of his human charge,
Telling of hopes and fears, of joy and woe,
Then parting, he who left the shining marge
To watch o'er me, his care, swift sped below,
And as I slept, he in my sleeping ear
Whispered of thee, and straight I dreamt thee
near.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.
Fulgencius. (Newman.)

I SPOKE to you with all my soul, and when
I look at you 'tis still my soul you see.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.
Songs of a Worker. (Chatto and Windus.)

FAREWELL, and yet again farewell ; and yet
 Never farewell,—if farewell mean to fare
 Alone and disunited. Love hath set
 Our days, in music, to the selfsame air ;
 And I shall feel, wherever we may be,
 Even tho' in absence and an alien clime,
 The shadow of the sunniness of thee,
 Hovering, in patience, through a clouded time.

OWEN MEREDITH.

The Wanderer. (Chapman and Hall.)

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
 That thou dost love me. Though the word re-
 peated
 Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat it.
 Remember, never to the hill or plain,
 Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain
 Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed.
 Belovèd, I, amid the darkness greeted
 By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
 Cry, "Speak once more—thou lovest !" Who can
 fear
 Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll,
 Too many flowers, though each shall crown the
 year ?
 Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
 The silver iterance !—only minding, dear,
 To love me also in silence with thy soul.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Sonnets from the Portuguese.
Poems. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

ACROSS the surging blue, love,
 Across the seething white,
 My heart flies home to you, love,
 As birds fly home at night.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

COMING BACK FROM THE DIGGINGS.

"I GATHERED the gold I had hid in the earth,
 Hid over the door and hid under the hearth :
 Hoarded and hid, as the world went over,
 For the love of a blonde by a sun-browned lover.
 And I said to myself, as I set my face
 To the East, and afar from the desolate place,

'She has braided her tresses, and through her tears
 Looked away to the West, for years, the years
 That I have wrought where the sun tans brown.
 She has waked by night, she has watched by day,
 She has wept and wondered at my delay,
 Alone and in tears, with her head held down,
 Where the ships sail out, and the seas swirl in,
 Forgetting to knit and refusing to spin.
 She shall lift her head, she shall see her lover,
 She shall hear his voice like a sea that rushes,
 She shall hold his gold in her hands of snow,
 And down on his breast she shall hide her blushes,
 And never a care shall her true heart know,
 While the clods are below, or the clouds are above
 her.' "

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Songs of the Sierras. (Longmans.)

AND when she turn'd on me
 The sorrowing light of desolate eyes divine,
 I knew in a moment what our lives must be
 Henceforth. It lighten'd on me then and there.
 How she was irretrievably all mine,
 I hers,—thro' time, become eternity.
 It could not ever have been otherwise,
 Gazing into those eyes.

OWEN MEREDITH.

The Wanderer. (Chapman and Hall.)

WE are pledged with scarce an endeavour,
 Even to death, sweet dove ;
 I am thine, thou art mine, evermore.
 God on His throne above
 Witness our pledges of love !

G. F. ARMSTRONG.

Poems : Lyrical and Dramatic. (Longmans.)

[FOR] since creation's dawn, love,
 No other law might be ;
 But like to like is drawn, love,
 As I am drawn to thee !

J. S. BLACKIE.

Lyrical Poems. (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

. . . . THE only She,
And, in one girl, all womanhood to me.
FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.
Lyrical Poems. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
"I KNOW thee, lovely maiden!" then he cried;  
"I know thee, and of thee I have been told:  
Been told by all the roses of the vale,  
By hermit streams, by pale sea-setting stars,  
And by the roaring of the storm-tost pines:  
And I have sought for thee upon the hills,  
In dim sweet dreams, on the complacent sea,  
When breathless midnight, with her thousand  
hearts,  
Beats to the same love-tune as my own heart.  
I've waited for thee many seasons through,  
Seen many autumns shed their yellow leaves  
O'er the oak-roots, heard many winters moan  
Thorough the leafless forests drearily.  
Now am I joyful, as storm-battered dove  
That finds a perch in the Hesperides,  
For thou art found. Thou, whom I long have  
sought,  
My other self! Our blood, our hearts, our souls,  
Shall henceforth mingle in one being, like  
The married colours in the bow of heaven."

ALEXANDER SMITH.  
*A Life-Drama.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
LOVE.
(RONDEAU.)

If love be true,—not bought at mart,
Tho' night and darkness hide from view,
What harshest of harsh things can part
The loved-one from the lover's heart,
Or stay the dreams that flit thereto?
If love be true, dreams need no chart
To gain the goal for which they're due,
For Love will guide them with love's dart,
If love be true!

If love be true, if thou be true,
Sweet love, as fair thou surely art,
Night shall not hide your eyes of blue
From my heart's eyes the long night thro',
Though in sweet sadness tears may start,
If love be true!

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

POWER, office, title . . . up they fly
Against one light and sunny curl,
That plays above thine azure eye,
My mild and modest country girl!
W. S. LANDOR.
Works. (Chapman.)

~~~~~  
THOU art my Heaven; my Sun and Moon  
Are the mere light within thine eyes;  
Nature, that gave the world those orbs,  
Gave me the light within thine eyes;—  
I, and I only, can repose  
Within the light within thine eyes;  
Oh! Leila, what would be my gloom,  
Without the light within thine eyes?  
LORD HOUGHTON.  
*Poetical Works.* (Murray.)

~~~~~  
WON'T YOU.

Do you remember when you heard
My lips breathe love's first faltering word?
You do, sweet,—don't you?
When, having wandered all the day,
Linked arm in arm, I dared to say,
"You'll love me—won't you?"
And when you blushed, and could not speak,
I fondly kissed your glowing cheek;
Did that affront you?
Oh, surely not; your eye exprest
No wrath—but said, perhaps in jest,
"You'll love me—won't you?"
I'm sure my eyes replied, "I will;"
And you believe that promise still;
You *do*, sweet—don't you?
Yes, yes! when age has made our eyes
Unfit for questions or replies
"You'll love me—won't you?"

T. H. BAYLY
Poetical Works. (Bentley.)

~~~~~  
IN EXTREMIS.

I LOVE to feel your hand, beloved,  
I love to feel your hand;  
Then hold me fast until we part  
Upon the gloomy strand,  
And I upon the silent sea  
Go forth alone from love and thee!

I love to see your smile, which says  
 What else you dare not say :  
 It gilds for me the murky shore,  
 It seems to light my way.  
 Brave love, keep back your tears awhile,  
 That parting I may see you smile !  
 Oh, let me hear your voice, beloved—  
 Your face I see no more !  
 That tender voice will sound above  
 The breakers of the shore ;  
 And for a space may follow me  
 Out, out upon the silent sea.

One kiss upon my lips, sad lips  
 That cannot kiss thee back,  
 Let love proclaim his bitter truth—  
 Bear witness on the rack !  
 One kiss, the longest and the last,  
 Resuming all the sacred past.

Oh love that seems to rise, as rise  
 The waters of that sea,  
 To rise and overflow, and float  
 My soul, O God, to Thee !  
 Thy smile, thy voice, thy kiss, thy breath,  
 Beloved, have rapt my soul from death !

EMILY PFEIFFER.  
*Sonnets and Songs.* (K. Paul.)

O TOUCH that rosebud ! it will bloom—  
 My lady fair !  
 A passionate red in dim green gloom,  
 A joy, a splendour, a perfume  
 That sleeps in air.

You touched my heart ; it gave a thrill  
 Just like a rose  
 That opens at a lady's will ;  
 Its bloom is always yours until  
 You bid it close.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*Frances.*

A MA FUTURE.

WHERE waitest thou,  
 Lady I am to love? Thou comest not ;  
 Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot—  
 I looked for thee ere now !

It is the May,  
 And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother,  
 Only we two seek fondly each the other,  
 And seeking still delay.

Where art thou, sweet ?  
 I long for thee as thirsty lips for streams !  
 O gentle promised angel of my dreams,  
 Why do we never meet ?

Thou art as I,  
 Thy soul doth wait for mine as mine for thee ;  
 We cannot live apart, must meeting be  
 Never before we die ?

Dear soul, not so,  
 That time doth keep for us some happy years,  
 That God hath portioned us our smiles and tears,  
 Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet !  
 And therefore let our searching be the stronger ;  
 Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,  
 Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet.

Therefore I bear  
 This winter-tide as bravely as I may,  
 Patiently waiting for the bright spring day  
 That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May light  
 That crimsons all the quiet college gloom,  
 May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room,  
 And so, dear wife, good night.

EDWIN ARNOLD.  
*Griselda, and other Poems.* (D. Bogue.)

My thoughts are happier oft than I,  
 For they are ever, love, with thee ;  
 And thine, I know, as frequent fly  
 O'er all that severs us, to me ;  
 Like rays of stars that meet in space,  
 And mingle in a bright embrace.

P. J. BAILEY.  
*Festus.* (Longmans.)

HE is coming—tho' you little wot,—  
 You are waiting—yet he knows it not !

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)



## WAITING.

A YOUNG fair girl among her flowers,  
 And, as to blossoms born in May,  
 Her morrows still brought sunnier hours  
 Than made up sunny yesterday.  
 She did but wait: "Hope is so sweet;  
 We love so well, my love and I;  
 The hours that come, the hours that fleet,  
 End all in one glad by and by."

A pale worn woman, scarcely sad,  
 But tired, like those who, too long pent,  
 Forget the joy they have not had  
 Of the free winds, and droop content.  
 She did but wait: "Ah, no, to me  
 The silent hope is never dead;  
 What are the days that are to be  
 But part of the dear days long fled?"

He came: "The wealth we need is mine;  
 And now?" "Alas!" she said, "in vain.  
 The love I love is no way thine,  
 I wait who never comes again.  
 Oh, for my lover of old days,  
 We two from all the world apart!  
 I must go lone on earth's bleak ways,  
 He is not now save in my heart."

He wed another. She, alone,  
 Patient and weary, toiled for bread.  
 And bygone still was never gone,  
 The silent hope was never dead.  
 She did but wait: "I have the past;  
 The new days live the old days o'er,  
 And there abides until the last  
 The by and by that was before."

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.  
*A Book of Rhyme.* (Macmillan.)

LADY, I fain would tell how evermore  
 Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor  
 Thee from myself, neither our love from God.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.  
*Ballads and Sonnets.* (Ellis and White.)

## LOVE'S TRICOLOR.

A BLUEBELL on her baby lap I threw  
 When first we were together,  
 Couch'd 'neath the meadow-hedge near which  
 grew—

That showery, sunbright weather!  
 All April in the skies,  
 May gleaming thro' her eyes;  
 Sweet birds singing,  
 Blossoms springing—  
 Buds upon the heather!

A purpling Rose I placed within her hand—  
 That young life's summer token!—  
 Her girlish soul *my* soul could understand—  
 The maiden spell was broken—  
 Soft love-light on her face  
 Revealed its dimpling grace:  
 Warm heart-flushes  
 In her blushes  
 Told the words just spoken.

A waxen-white Camellia on her breast—  
 Ah, well do I remember!—  
 My love laid down where calm *she* lay at rest:  
 'Twas in the bleak December:  
 Dead, dead her heart's love-fire—  
 Mine only will expire  
 With death's sleeping:  
 Lifelong weeping  
 Shall not quench its ember.

CHARLES KENT.  
*Poems.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
 If I had but two little wings,
 And were a little feathery bird,
 To you I'd fly, my dear!
 Eut thoughts like these are idle things,
 And I stay here.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

~~~~~  
 It was a pain one bliss to lose  
 Changing it for another bliss;  
 It was a pain one kiss to lose,  
 Yea, one kiss for another kiss.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)





My love o'er the water bends dreaming ;  
It glideth and glideth away :  
She sees there her own image gleaming  
Through shadow and ripple and spray.

Oh, tell her, thou murmuring river,  
As past her your light wavelets roll,  
That thus to that image for ever  
Shines pure in pure depths of my soul.

JAMES THOMSON.  
*City of Dreadful Night.* (Reeves and Turner.)

~~~~~  
A TRUE LOVER'S DITTY.

O PLEASANT bevy of bright gay girls
Who with silver laughter and sheeny curls,
And arch sweet glances, and gracious words,
Have soothed my journeying hitherto—
O fair sweet friends, I have done with you ;
The nightingale sings in the woods alone
And who taketh note of the other birds :
The glades being thrilled by her glorious bars
Piped through the leaves when the round pure moon
Has arisen, chasing the sparkling stars.

WILLIAM WILKINS.
Songs of Study. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
My tongue's a very beggar in her praise,  
It cannot gild her gold with all its words.

ALEXANDER SMITH.  
*A Life-Drama.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
LET fair or foul my mistress be,
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me ;
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
The posture's hers, I'm pleased with it ;
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Graceful is everything from her ;
Or let her grant, or else deny,
My love will fit each history.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LET not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my belovèd as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope
affords.

Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Sonnets.

~~~~~  
BUT when I look on her and hope  
To tell with joy what I admire,  
My thoughts lie cramp'd in narrow scope,  
Or in the feeble birth expire ;  
No skill'd complexity of speech,  
No simple phrase of tenderest fall,  
No liken'd excellence can reach  
Her, the most excellent of all,  
The best half of creation's best,  
Its heart to feel, its eye to see,  
The crown and complex of the rest,  
Its aim and its epitome.

COVENTRY PATMORE.  
*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell and Sons.)

~~~~~  
THAT out of sight is out of mind
Is true of most we leave behind ;
It is not sure, nor can be true,
My own and only love, of you.

A. H. CLOUGH.
Poems. (Macmillan.)

VI.

A M A N T I U M I R Æ.

“ . . . We had our first great quarrel (within a week of our betrothal), and . . . Dora sent me back the ring, enclosed in a despairing cocked-hat note, wherein she used the terrible expression that ‘our love had begun in folly, and ended in madness!’ which dreadful words occasioned me to tear my hair, and cry that all was over!”

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

THE LAST QUARREL.

THE last time that we quarrell'd, love,
It was an April day,
And through the gushing of the rain
That beat against the window pane
We saw the sunbeams play.
The linnet never ceased its song.
Merry it seem'd, and free ;—
“Your eyes have long since made it up
And why not lips?” quoth he.
You thought—I thought—and so 'twas done,
Under the greenwood tree.

The next time that we quarrel, love,—
Far distant be the day
Of chiding look or angry word !—
We'll not forget the little bird
That sang upon the spray.
Amid your tears, as bright as rain,
When Heaven's fair bow extends,
Your eyes shall mark where love begins,
And cold estrangement ends.
You'll think—I'll think—and, as of old,
You'll kiss me, and be friends.

CHARLES MACKAY.
Poetical Works. (Warne.)

~~~~~  
WITH all my soul, then, let us part,  
Since both are anxious to be free ;  
And I will send you home your heart,  
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,  
But joy must often change its wing ;  
And spring would be but gloomy weather,  
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find  
A more devoted, fond, and true one,  
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—  
Enough for me that she's a new one.

THOMAS MOORE.

~~~~~  
SO THEY SAY.

SHE in tears, he pained at heart,
Thus, alas ! the lovers part
Each a different way—
Just a look the strife began,
Jealousy the flame did fan ;
True love's course ne'er smoothly ran,
So they say.

After many days they met,
Both agreeing to forget
All about their fray.
Little need had he to sue,
She to him was ever true ;
Lovers' quarrels love renew,
So they say.

Trouble now has taken wing,
He has gladly bought the ring,
She has named the day ;

Love hath laid on them his spell,
 What remaineth then to tell?
 All is well that endeth well,
 So they say.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

~~~~~  
 HER WILL!

(A YOUNG LADY'S LETTER.)

HE's false! and the world's at an end!  
 (I wonder I'm living here still!)  
 So I'm writing to *you*, my dear friend,  
 This letter, enclosing my Will;  
 In health (but despairing) I sign  
 The deed under cover you'll see,  
 With the few last bequests that are mine,  
 And I leave you my only trustee!

To that hateful Miss Jones I bequeath,  
 With humour that's cynical, grim,  
 The poor little violet wreath  
 I wore when I last danced with *him*!  
 To Aunt Jane, who was cross as could be,  
 Because she'd been losing at cards,  
 And called him "a worthless *parti*,"  
 I reluctantly leave—my regards!

To *you*, dear, who never were cross  
 Because I outshone you in beauty,  
 I leave (with a tear for his loss)  
 My pug, free of legacy duty!  
 To Harry (my brother), whose heart  
 Will, seeing this, turn to Stonehenge,  
 And take, with all vigour, my part,  
 I leave my best treasure—revenge!

To dear old Sir Thomas, whose house  
*You* know was the scene of our loves,  
 I leave, with best love, my white mouse,  
 And the poor little Barbary doves!  
*He'll* trace the allusion, no doubt,  
 And, in case he should meet with success,  
 And things should turn pleasantly out,  
 I leave him, besides, my address!

To HIM, who, I'm certain, must grieve  
 That thus he has caused us to part,  
 With fifty fond wishes, I leave  
 What the wretch has already—my heart!

But *what's* this! a letter! *all right*?  
 He's true! and we're happy again!  
 Then I leave, dear ('twas only a fright!),  
 I leave—by the very next train!

R. REECE.

~~~~~  
 TU QUOQUE:

(AN IDYLL IN THE CONSERVATORY.)

" — Romprons-nous,
 Ou ne romprons-nous pas?"
Le D pit Amoureux.

Nellie.

IF I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
 Beckon and nod a melodrama through,
 I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
 If I were you!

Frank.

IF I were you, when persons I affected
 Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
 I would at least *pretend* I recollected,
 If I were you!

Nellie.

IF I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
 Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
 I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish,
 If I were you!

Frank.

IF I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
 Whiff of the best, the mildest "honey-dew,"
 I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
 If I were you!

Nellie.

IF I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
 Even to write the *Cynical Review* :—

Frank.

NO, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
 If I were you!

Nellie.

Really! you would! Why, Frank, you're quite
 delightful;
 Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;—
 Borrow my fan—I would not look so *frightful*,
 If I were you!

Frank.

"It is the cause,"—I mean, your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu !
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you !

Nellie.

Go, if you will—at once—and by express, sir !
Where shall it be ? To China, or Peru ?—
Go ! I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you !

Frank.

No, I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do.
Ah ! you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you :

Nellie.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted.

Frank.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue.

Nellie.

If I confess that I a wee bit pouted?—

Frank.

I should admit that I was *piqué* too.

Nellie.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you !

(*Waltz—excut.*)

AUSTIN DOBSON.

~~~~~  
WHEN I loved you, I can't but allow  
I had many an exquisite minute ;  
But the scorn that I feel for you now  
Hath even more luxury in it !

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,  
Some witchery seems to await you ;  
To love you is pleasant enough,  
And, oh ! 'tis delicious to hate you !

THOMAS MOORE.

~~~~~  
A SONG OF THE WINTER OF LOVE.

BARBED blossom of the guarded gorse,
I love thee where I see thee shine :
Thou sweetener of our common-ways,
And brightener of our wintry days.

Flower of the gorse, the rose is dead,
Thou art undying, O be mine !
Be mine with all thy thorns, and prest
Close to a heart that asks not rest.

I pluck thee, and thy stigma set
Upon my breast and on my brow ;
Blow, buds, and plenish so my wreath
That none may know the thorns beneath.

O crown of thorns that seemest of gold,
No festal coronal art thou ;
Thy honied blossoms are but hives
That guard the growth of wingèd lives.

I saw thee in the time of flowers
As sunshine spilled upon the land,
Or burning bushes all ablaze
With sacred fire ; but went my ways ;

I went my ways, and as I went
Plucked kindlier blooms on either hand ;
Now of those blooms so passing sweet
None lives to stay my passing feet.

And still thy lamp upon the hill
Feeds on the autumn's dying sigh,
And from thy midst comes murmuring
A music sweeter than in spring.

Barbed blossom of the guarded gorse,
Be mine to wear until I die,
And mine the wounds of love which still
Bear witness to his human will.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

Sonnets and Songs. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
OH, benefit of ill ! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better ;  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far  
greater.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Sonnets.*

~~~~~  
In love there are no wrongs,
And out of it no rights ; so, if you love me,
Sue not for pardon—we are heart to heart,
And should you wound me, 'tis an accident,

Which to resent were most ungenerous ;
 But if you love me not you cannot wound me,
 For I am covered with that greater wrong
 And do not feel the blow.

M. B. SMEDLEY.
Poems. (Strahan.)

~~~~~

AMANTIUM IRÆ.

AM I forgiven? You smile through your tears,  
 love ;  
 May I return to your favour again?  
 Tell me, O quickly, and quiet my fears, love—  
 Yours be the task, dear, to lighten my pain ;  
 No more wet lashes, nor sobbing and pouting,  
 Feelings of anger can't dwell in your breast—  
 Banish all sadness, all sorrow and doubting,  
 Try to forget, when my fault is confest.  
 Grieved beyond measure, O say that I'm shriven,  
 Tell me, my treasure, now—Am I forgiven?

Am I forgiven? Now dry your eyes, dearest,  
*You'd* ne'er be hurt by Kate Calloner's wiles ;  
 Look in my face now, your kindest and clearest,  
 Dimples look better, love, brimming with  
 smiles :

Where was the harm in that least bit of flirting?  
 Chatting with Kate as she sat on the stair—  
 Could you imagine I meant to be hurting,  
 Trifling, or trying to cause you a care?  
 Man is but mortal, and hard have I striven,  
 Tell me, my pretty one—Am I forgiven?

Am I forgiven? A sin one confesses,  
 Surely, my darling, is almost atoned—  
 Pitying glances and tender caresses,  
 Show me already my fault is condoned :  
 Sunshine at last, and of tears no more traces,  
 Sweet smiles are striving to drive away sighs,  
 Pleasure o'erflushes the fairest of faces,  
 Love is aglow in the brightest of eyes !  
 Faith nursed by charity ever has thriven—  
 What do you say, darling?—Am I forgiven?

J. ASHBY-STERRY.  
*Boudoir Ballads.* (Chatto and Windus.)

VII.

“NO, THANK YOU, JOHN.”

“ Much adoe there was, God wot ;  
He wold love, and she wold not.”

NICHOLAS BRETON.

I BLAME thee not !—this heart, I know,  
To be long loved was never framed ;  
For something in its depths doth glow  
Too strange, too restless, too untamed.

And women—things that live and move  
Mined by the fever of the soul—  
They seek to find in those they love  
Stern strength, and promise of control.

They ask not kindness, gentle ways ;  
These they themselves have tried and known ;  
They ask a soul which never sways  
With the blind gusts that shake their own.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.  
*Poems, Vol. II.* (Macmillan.)

THE old, old tale ! ay, there's the smart :  
Her heart, or what she call'd her heart,  
Was hard as granite :  
Who breaks a heart, and then omits  
To gather up the broken bits,  
Is heartless, Janet.

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

WHEN late I attempted your pity to move,  
What made you so deaf to my prayers ?  
Perhap ; it was right to dissemble your love,  
But—why did you kick me downstairs ?

UNKNOWN.

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,  
Is all that I claim,  
To pause and look back when thou hearest  
The sound of my name.  
Another may woo thee, nearer,  
Another may win and wear ;  
I care not though he be dearer,  
If I am remembered there.

GERALD GRIFFIN.  
*Poems and Plays.* (J. Duffy, Dublin.)

AND evermore I'm whistling or liltling what you  
sung,  
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside  
my tongue ;  
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on  
both your hands,  
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger  
stands.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.  
*Songs, Ballads, and Stories.* (G. Bell and Sons.)

WE were apart ; yet, day by day,  
I bade my heart more constant be.  
I bade it keep the world away,  
And grow a home for only thee ;  
Nor fear'd but thy love likewise grew,  
Like mine, each day, more tried, more true.  
The fault was grave ! I might have known,  
What far too soon, alas ! I learn'd—  
The heart can bind itself alone,  
And faith may oft be unreturn'd.

Self-sway'd our feelings ebb and swell—  
 Thou lov'st no more ;—Farewell ! Farewell !  
 Farewell !—and thou, thou lonely heart,  
 Which never yet without remorse  
 Even for a moment didst depart  
 From thy remote and spherèd course  
 To haunt the place where passions reign—  
 Back to thy solitude again !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.  
*Poems, Vol. II.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 SHE IS NOT FAIR.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
 As many maidens be ;
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me.
 Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—
 To mine they ne'er reply ;
 And yet I cease not to behold
 The love-light in her eye :
 Her very frowns are sweeter far
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

~~~~~  
 WHEN passion's trance is overpast,  
 If tenderness and truth could last  
 Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep  
 Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,  
 I should not weep, I should not weep !

It were enough to feel, to see  
 Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,  
 And dream the rest—and burn and be  
 The secret food of fires unseen,  
 Could'st thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year,  
 The woodland violets reappear,  
 All things revive in field or grove,  
 And sky and sea, but two, which move,  
 And for all others, life and love.

P. B. SHELLEY.

I'M IN LOVE.

I'm in love, there's no denying,  
 As deep as deep can be ;  
 And I'm sighing ! sighing ! sighing !  
 For a girl who loves not me.  
 From my heart still vainly trying  
 Her sweet image out to blot ;  
 Ever dying ! dying ! dying !  
 For a girl who loves me not.

There is nought I prize above her,  
 None on earth like her I see ;  
 And I love her ! love her ! love her !  
 Though I know she loves not me.  
 Scenes and sounds in memory floating  
 Which can never be forgot,  
 Keep me doating ! doating ! doating !  
 On a girl who loves me not.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.  
*Songs and Poems.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
 SONG.

HAS summer come without the rose,
 Or left the bird behind ?
 Is the blue changed above thee,
 O world ! or am I blind ?
 Will you change every flower that grows,
 Or only change this spot,
 Where she who said, I love thee,
 Now says, I love thee not ?

The skies seemed true above thee,
 The rose true on the tree ;
 The bird seemed true the summer through,
 But all proved false to me.
 World ! is there one good thing in you,
 Life, love, or death—or what ?
 Since lips that sang, I love thee,
 Have said, I love thee not ?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
 Into one flower's gold cup ;
 I think the bird will miss me,
 And give the summer up.
 O sweet place ! desolate in tall
 Wild grass, have you forgot
 How her lips loved to kiss me,
 Now that they kiss me not ?

Be false or fair above me,
 Come back with any face,
 Summer!—do I care what you do?
 You cannot change one place—
 The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
 The grave I make the spot—
 Here, where she used to love me,
 Here, where she loves me not.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Music and Moonlight. (Chatto and Windus.)

'Tis cracked through and through or 'tis broken,
 This heart that still tenants my breast ;
 Since the words that may ne'er be unspoken
 Were breathed by my brightest and best.
 The most wretched of men you behold me,
 With Hope newly torn from his clutch ;
 For the lips of my Lucy have told me
 She loves me "a little—not much."

H. S. LEIGH.

Gillot and Goosequill. (Brit. and Col. Pub. Co.)

BUT oh! that heart which loves
 And is despised, while through in-reaching gloom
 The vengeful spirit moves,
 Champing in bridled hate the bit of doom.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

Maiden Ecstasy. (Chatto and Windus.)

YES, the boy may clear his brow,
 Though she thinks to say him nay,
 When she sighs, "I cannot now—
 Come again some other day."

JEAN INGELOW.

Poems ; First Series. (Longmans.)

THE LADY'S YES.

"YES," I answered you last night ;
 "No," this morning, sir, I say :
 Colours seen by candle-light
 Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
 Lamps above and laughs below,
Love me sounded like a jest,
 Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

Call me false or call me free,
 Vow, whatever light may shine,
 No man on your face shall see
 Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both ;
 Time to dance is not to woo ;
 Wooing light makes fickle troth,
 Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith
 Nobly, as the thing is high,
 Bravely, as for life and death,
 With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
 Point her to the starry skies ;
 Guard her, by your truthful words
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
 Ever true, as wives of yore ;
 And her *yes*, once said to you,
 Shall be *yes* for evermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Poems. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

YET sorry wit one uses,
 Who loves, and thinks he loses
 Because a maid refuses.

Love prospers in the making
 By help of all its aching
 And quaking and heart-breaking.

A woman's first denying
 Betokens her complying
 Upon a second trying.

THEODORE TILTON.

SONG.

DID you e'er ask a maiden to give you a kiss,
 Who, pouting and frowning, said, "Prythee, give
 o'er,
 For, if you do not, I shall take it amiss" ?
 Ah! that is the signal to press it the more ;

For the contrary rule is the game she does play,
 And her sweet pretty face in false colours she'll
 dress ;
 But she'll think you a fool if you hasten away,
 For while she says "No," all the time she
 means "Yes."

Did you e'er ask a pretty girl with you to wed,
 Whose soft bosom heaved with a timid delight,
 And who, blushing in modesty, hung down her head,
 And silent remained in embarrassment quite ?
 That consent is in silence, all willingly own ;
 Then why need the lover his suit further press ?
 The maid has already her willingness shown ;
 For though she said nothing, of course she
 meant "Yes."

THOMAS MEAD.

The Lady of the Rose. (Tinsley Bros.)

SHE is kind to all about her,
 For her heart is pity's throne ;
 She has smiles for all men's gladness,
 She has tears for every sadness,
 She is hard to me alone.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Poetical Works. (Warne.)

LET us strike hands as hearty friends ;
 No more, no less ; and friendship's good :
 Only don't keep in view ulterior ends,
 And points not understood
 In open treaty. Rise above
 Quibbles and shuffling off and on :
 Here's friendship for you, if you like ; but love,—
 No, thank you, John.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Poems. (Macmillan.)

O NEAREST, furthest ! can there be
 At length some hard-earned heart-won home,
 Where,—exile changed for sanctuary,—
 Our lot may fill indeed its sum,
 And you may wait and I may come ?

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

Ballads and Sonnets. (Ellis and White.)

I TOLD her that my heart was true,
 And constant as the river :
 I said, "I'll love you as I do,
 'For ever and for ever.'
 Oh ! let me hear thy voice divine"—
 I stopped a bit and listened ;
 I murmured then, "Be mine, be mine."
 She said, "I won't!"—and isn't.

EDWIN HAMILTON.

Dublin Doggerels. (W. McGee, Dublin.)

SHE kissed me on the forehead,
 She spoke not any word,
 The silence flowed between us.
 And I nor spoke nor stirred.

So hopeless for my sake it was,
 So full of ruth, so sweet,
 My whole heart rose and bless'd her,
 —Then died before her feet.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

Poems. (K. Paul.)

VIII.
PARTED.

"Two are walking apart for ever."
JEAN INGELOW.

PARTED.

WITH thine my soul hath ceased its strife.
Thy part is fill'd ; thy work is done ;
Thy falsehood buried in my life,
And known to none.

Yet still will golden memories frame
Thy broken image in my heart,
And love for what thou wast shut blame
From what thou art.

In Life's long galleries, haunting-eyed,
Thy pictured face no change shall show ;
Like some dead queen's who lived and died
An age ago !

OWEN MEREDITH.
The Wanderer. (Chapman and Hall.)

THEY meet, but they never have spoken since
that ;

He hopes she is happy,—he knows she is fat.

FREDERICK LOCKER.
London Lyrics. (K. Paul.)

A WISE DEATH.

(*From the French.*)

'Tis done ; I yield ; adieu, thou cruel fair ;
Adieu, th' averted face, th' ungracious check ;
I go to die, to finish all my care,
To hang.—To hang?—Yes,—round another's
neck.

LEIGH HUNT.
Poetical Works. (Routledge)

I CANNOT fret ;—
I'm not as yet
Completely broken-hearted ;
I *do* regret
That we have met,
But not that we have parted.

H. S. LEIGH.
Gillott and Goosequill. (Brit. and Col. Pub. Co.)

How cruel it should come to pass,
We meet as thus we do,
Now I am fifty-six, alas !
And you are fifty-two.
Too fast the rapid years have run :—
Reflect what might have been
If I were only twenty-one
And you but seventeen.

H. S. LEIGH.

I WAS just nineteen when I first fell in love,
And I scribbled a deal of rhyme ;
And I talked to myself in a shady grove,
Till I thought I was quite sublime.
I was torn from my love !—'twas a dreadful blow
And the lady she wiped her eye ;
But I didn't die of grief—oh, dear me, no !—
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

T. H. BAYLY.
Poetical Works. (Bentley.)

SONG.

Dost thou think I captive lie
To a gracious, glancing eye?
Dost thou think that I'm not free?
Nay, I am; thou freëst me.

All the world could not undo
Chains which bound me fast to you;
Only at your touch they fly,—
Freër than before am I.

I care nought for eyes of blue;
I loved truth and thought it you;
If you charm but to deceive
All your charms I well can leave.

Ah, my once well lovèd one,
Do no more as thou hast done;
She that makes true hearts to ache
Last of all, her own will break.

HON. MRS. O. N. KNOX.
Sonnets, and other Poems. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

CHANGED! There the epitaph of all the years
Was sounded! I am changed too. Let it be.
Yet it is sad to know my latest tears
Were faithful to a memory,—not to thee.

OWEN MEREDITH.
The Wanderer. (Chapman and Hall.)

ONE DAY.

I WILL tell you when they met:
In the limpid days of Spring,
Elder boughs were budding yet,
Oaken boughs looked wintry still,
But primrose and veined violet
In the mossful turf were set,
While meeting birds made haste to sing,
And build with right good will.

I will tell you when they parted:
When plenteous Autumn sheaves were brown,
Then they parted heavy-hearted;
The full rejoicing sun looked down
As grand as in those days before;
Only they had lost a crown;
Only to them those days of yore
Could come back never more.

When shall they meet? I cannot tell
Indeed when they shall meet again,
Except some day in Paradise:
For this they wait, one waits in pain.
Beyond the sea of death love lies
For ever, yesterday, to-day;
Angels shall ask them, "Is it well?"
And they shall answer "Yea."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.
Poems. (Macmillan and Co.)

BUT tho' first love's impassion'd blindness
Has pass'd away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

T. L. PEACOCK.
Collected Works. (Bentley.)

O MY earliest love, still unforgotten,
With your downcast eyes of dreamy blue!
Never, somehow, could I seem to cotton
To another as I did to you!

C. S. CALVERLEY.
Fly Leaves. (Deighton, Bell, and Co.)

O MY own, my beautiful, my blue-eyed!
To be young once more, and bite my thumb
At the world and all its cares with you, I'd
Give no inconsiderable sum.

C. S. CALVERLEY.
Fly Leaves. (Deighton, Bell, and Co.)

—BUT why did we two disagree?
Our tastes, it may be, did not dovetail:
All I know is, we ne'er shall be
Hero and heroine of a love-tale.

C. S. CALVERLEY.
Fly Leaves. (Deighton, Bell, and Co.)

So Love's gladness flees,
And its sweets turn bitter ;
But the memories
Of its hours of sorrow,
Holier and fitter,
In the winter morrow,
Turn to gems and glitter.

JOHN PAYNE.
Songs of Life and Death.
(Henry S. King and Co., 1872.)

~~~~~

HALF of a ring of gold,  
Tarnish'd and yellow now,  
Broken in days of old,  
Where is thy fellow now ?  
Upon the heart of *her* ?  
Feeling the sweet blood stir,  
Still (though the mind demur)  
Kept as a token ?  
Ah ! doth her heart forget ?  
Or, with the pain and fret,  
Is *that*, too, broken ?

Thin threads of yellow hair,  
Cleft from the brow of her,  
Lying so faded there,—  
Why whisper *now* of her ?  
Strange lips are pressed unto  
The brow o'er which ye grew,  
Strange fingers flutter through  
The loose long tresses.  
Doth she remember still,  
Trembling, and turning chill  
From his caresses ?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.  
*Poetical Works, Vol. I.*

~~~~~

REGRET.

WHEN I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout ;
It makes me sigh to think on it,—but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser we no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow ;
When I remember this, I mourn,—but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

JEAN INGELOW.
Poems ; Second Series. (Longmans.)

~~~~~

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,  
Many long weary days I have outworn ;  
And many nights, that slowly seemed to move  
Their sad protract from evening until morn.  
For, whenas day the heaven doth adorn,  
I wish that night the noyous day would end :  
And, whenas night hath us of light forlorn,  
I wish that day would shortly reascend.  
Thus I the time with expectation spend,  
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,  
That further seems his term still to extend,  
And maketh ev'ry minute seem a mile.  
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last ;  
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

EDMUND SPENSER.

~~~~~

A PRECIOUS URN.

THE great effulgence of the early days
Of one first summer, whose bright joys, it seem:
Have been to all my songs their golden themes
The rose-leaves gathered from the faded ways
I wandered in when they were all a-blaze
With living flowers and flame of the sunbeams ;
And, more than all, that ending of my dreams
Divinely, in a dream-like thing,—the face
Of one belovèd lady once possess
In one long kiss that made my whole life burn :
What of all these remains to me?—At best,
A heap of fragrant ashes now, that turn
My heavy heart into a funeral urn
Which I have buried deep within my breast.

ARTHUR W. F. O'SHAUGHNESSY.
An Epic of Women. (Chatto and Windus.)

LOVE'S EPITAPH.

BRING wreaths and crown the golden hours !
 Pile up the scented snows of spring !
 If Love be dead of sorrow's sting,
 Shall we make dark this day of ours,
 This day of scents and silver showers
 And lilt of linnets on the wing ?
 Sing out, and let the shadow ring
 And all the grave run o'er with flowers !
 If Love, you say, indeed be dead,
 We will not spare to turn the leaf :
 Spring is as sweet as aye, and red
 And sweet as ever is the rose ;
 He was so fickle, Love ! who knows ?
 He might arise and mock our grief !

JOHN PAYNE.

Intaglios. (Pickering, 1871.)

SEVERED.

ACROSS the shadows that lie between,
 Oh, love, my spirit leans forth to thee ;
 In all the glow of love's sunlit sheen
 Must there be no whisper of light for me ?
 On the sullen gloom of the tempest tossed
 There breaks no cadence of hope fulfilled ;
 Shall the night ne'er find what the morn hath lost ?
 The sea's low murmur no more be stilled ?
 For the hollow waters are cold and dread,
 Though the ripples smile as they pass the shore,
 Yet my soul unconquered their depths would tread
 If thus it might hasten to thine once more.
 So widely parted ! Oh, love, I stand
 While darkness cradles the restless deep,
 And crave one touch of thy clasping hand,
 One whispered word ere I fall asleep.
 I watch the ships on their outward course
 Just meet one moment, then sail apart ;
 While the mocking tides, with resistless force,
 The spaces widen from heart to heart ;
 So far asunder our paths diverge,
 Perchance no meeting for us may be,
 Till the yearning eddies of life shall merge
 In the summer calm of a crystal sea !

MARY ROWLES.

SUNDERED.

O WHY are we sunder'd so soon in our summer,
 Ere bees find their blossoms all dried from the storm,
 While the lark sings her sweetest of songs o'er the
 uplands,
 Ere clotes¹ are in bloom, or the streams are full
 warm ?
 O why are we sunder'd so soon in our summer,
 Ere mown grass is sweet, by the path of your feet ?
 Full fair among fairest of things I have seen you ;
 And here on the rock by the old castle wall,
 While the light shot from ivy, and clear waves
 below you,
 Ere leaves floated down them, all sear'd by the
 Fall,
 O why are we sunder'd so soon in our summer,
 While summer is bright, but not come to a height ?
 Or up by the door-porch, forthlooking at sunset,
 And smiling with thoughts of your all-hopeful
 mind,
 While the rosebuds beside you out-open'd in still-
 ness,
 Their sweetness and hues with the woodbine en-
 twined,
 O why are we sunder'd so soon in our summer,
 While boughs are behung with their rosebuds so
 young ?
 Or else on the slopes, by the oaks newly leafing,
 With larks whistling o'er you, I oft saw you pass,
 While the ground-sweeping wind, flitting playfully
 by you,
 Enlivened your way with the quivering grass.
 O why are we sunder'd so soon in our summer,
 Our life-summer bright, but not come to its height ?

WILLIAM BARNES.

LEAVE-TAKING.

MAKE haste to go lest I should bid thee stay,
 Yet leave thy lingering hand in mine, and turn
 Those dark pathetic eyes of thine away,
 Lest when I see the passion in them burn,
 My heart may faint, and through the broken door
 Love enter to pass out again no more.

¹ Yellow waterlilies.

Yet tremble not, sweet veined hand and soft,
 And press not mine with such a cold farewell,
 Lest I remember, now too late, how oft
 My heart has moved thee with its ebb and swell,
 Lest I should take those fingers frail and white,
 And kiss them warm in mine own will's despite.

Farewell ! farewell ! ah ! had we only known
 How hard it is to rend one life in twain,
 We might have wandered through the world alone,
 And never felt so sharp a thrill of pain ;
 Go hence in silence, or thy last reply
 Will haunt my weary memory till I die.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.
New Poems. (K. Paul.)

L'ABBANDONATA.

WE sat together on the bank :
 No human thing was near ;
 The sun above us rose and sank,
 The sky was sunny clear.

It was the middle month of May ;
 The thrushes sang for glee ;
 The flowers upon that holyday
 Seemed made for him and me.

I would that I had died that day
 With his head on my knee,
 For year by year the merry May
 Brings less of love to me.

J. A. SYMONDS.
Many Moods. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

PARTING.

THE pale tiny stars in the sky
 Look down from their pure summer height,
 The ocean glides on with a sigh,
 And fades the dim shore from my sight ;
 I look, with hot tears, as I hold
 The one prize of home I may save,
 A treasure more precious than gold,
 The last little flower that you gave.

I know, as I look o'er the sea,
 The cruel heart-struggle has past,
 For ever the parting must be,
 I have gazed on my loved ones my last :

But when I have gone to my rest,
 An exile far over the wave,
 Some kind hand will lay on my breast
 The last little flower that you gave.

ROBERT REECE.

DID the lost love die and depart ?
 Many times since we have met ;
 For I hold the years in my heart,
 And all that was—is yet.

JEAN INGELOW.
Poems ; Second Series. (Longmans.)

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

ALL through the golden weather
 Until the autumn fell,
 Our lives went by together
 So wildly and so well.—

But autumn's wind uncloses
 The heart of all your flowers,
 I think as with the roses,
 So hath it been with ours.

Like some divided river
 Your ways and mine will be,
 —To drift apart for ever,
 For ever till the sea.

And yet, for one word spoken,
 One whisper of regret,
 The dream had not been broken
 And love were with us yet.

RENNELL RODD.
Songs in the South. (D. Bogue.)

A LITTLE CLOUD.

A LITTLE cloud, a little cloud,
 That scarce might tell of storms to be ;
 Blue happy skies, that laughing bow'd
 Across a quiet summer sea.
 A little cloud, a tiny form :
 Yet winds came up along the main,
 And all the waves were ridged with storm,
 And all the lands were dark with rain.

A little word, a little word,
 And joy in two young hearts was dead !
 Alas, that it was ever heard !
 Alas, that it was ever said !
 A little word ; the sun went down ;
 Then fell the ruin and the rain ;
 Love's happy fields were bare and brown,
 And life was never bright again !

F. E. WEATHERLY.

Dresden China. (Diprose and Bateman.)



A "WOMAN with a past !" What happier omen
 Could heart desire for mistress or for friend ?
 Phœnix of friends, and most divine of women,
 Skilled in all fence to venture or defend.
 And with love's science at your fingers' end,
 No tears to vex, no ignorance to bore,
 A fancy ripe, the zest which sorrows lend !—
 I would to God we had not met before.
 —I would to God ! and yet to God I would
 That we had never met. To see you thus
 Is grief and wounds and poison to my blood.
 Oh, this is sacrilege and foul abuse.
 You were a thing for honour not vile use,
 Not for the mad world's wicked sinks and stews.

Love Sonnets of Proteus. (K. Paul.)



I WOULD not have that love of ours revive
 (If I could backward tread the years again),
 Much as I prized it : life could scarce survive
 A second access of the old sweet pain.
 I would not, if I could ; and in this strife
 I cannot ; for our man's heart has but room
 For one short life : and Love itself is life,
 And can have but one summer and one bloom.
 Is it so short, this love and life of ours ?
 Short in its sweetness, in its sadness long ;
 And yet we find, among its fleeting hours,
 Some that are perfect as a linnet's song.
 Dear, it was brief, and left the sweeter peace :
 The thought of true love lives, though loving cease.

JOHN PAYNE.

Songs of Life and Death.
 (Henry S. King and Co., 1872.)

A FRAGMENT.

COME not to wake again
 The old sad dream of pain,
 To smile and weep :
 Your melancholy eyes,
 Your soft remembered sighs,
 Oh, let them sleep.

J. A. SYMONDS.

Many Moods. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)



GOOD-BYE.

KISS me, and say good-bye ;
 Good-bye, there is no word to say but this,
 Nor any lips left for my lips to kiss,
 Nor any tears to shed, when these tears dry ;
 Kiss me, and say good-bye.

Farewell, be glad, forget :
 There is no need to say "forget," I know,
 For youth is youth, and time will have it so.
 And though your lips are pale, and your eyes wet,
 Farewell, you must forget.

You shall bring home your sheaves,
 Many, and heavy, and with blossoms twined
 Of memories that go not out of mind ;
 Let this one sheaf be twined with poppy leaves
 When you bring home your sheaves.

In garnered loves of thine,
 The ripe good fruit of many hearts and years,
 Somewhere let this lie, grey and salt with tears ;
 It grew too near the sea wind, and the brine
 Of life, this love of mine.

This sheaf was spoiled in spring,
 And over-long was green, and early sere,
 And never gathered gold in the late year
 From autumn suns, and moons of harvesting,
 But failed in frosts of spring.

Yet was it thine, my sweet,
 This love, though weak as young corn withered,
 Whereof no man may gather and make bread ;
 Thine, though it never knew the summer heat ;
 Forget not quite, my sweet.

A. LANG.

Ballads and Lyrics of Old France. (Longmans.)

ONCE those eyes, full sweet, full shy,
 Told a certain thing to mine;
 What they told me I put by,
 O, so careless of the sign.
 Such an easy thing to take,
 And I did not want it then;
 Fool! I wish my heart would break,
 Scorn is hard on hearts of men.

JEAN INGELOW.

Poems; Second Series. (Longmans.)

You loved me too when first we met;
 Your tender kisses told me so.
 How changed you are from what you were
 In life and love—one year ago!

ADAH MENKEN.

Infelicia. (J. C. Hotten.)

FOR all the while there grew, and grew
 A germ,—a bud, within my bosom:
 No flower, fair Eve!—for thanks to you,
 It never came to blossom.

OWEN MEREDITH.

The Wanderer. (Chapman and Hall.)

OUR love was like most other loves;—
 A little glow, a little shiver,
 A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
 And "Fly not yet"—upon the river;
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
 A miniature, a lock of hair,
 The usual vows,—and then we parted.

WINTHROP M. PRAED.

Poems. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

THE PINCHBECK RING.

NAE, never fear for me, mother,
 I am na going to dee,
 For sic a cause I winna let
 A tear-drop dim my e'e.
 And yet I could hae lo'ed him weel,
 Had he been gude and true;
 But as he's left me and forgot,
 Why, I'll forget him too.

I ga'ed him back the ribbon blue;
 I ga'ed him back the ring;
 'Twas only pinchbeck after a',
 The little paltry thing.
 And sure his love was just the same,
 Deceitful, and untrue;
 And so, as he's forgot me now,
 I'll just forget him too.

Now take my warning, maidens fair,
 And listen while I sing;
 All is not gold that glitters bright,
 Like little Katie's ring:
 And when your lovers faithless prove,
 I'll tell you what to do,—
 Be sure they're only pinchbeck ones,
 And just forget them too.

KENNETT LEA.

Poemata Melica. (Macintosh.)

TO A LOST LOVE.

COLD snowdrops which the shrinking new-born
 year
 Sends like the dove from out the storm-tost
 ark;

Sweet violets which may not tarry here
 Beyond the earliest flutings of the lark;

Bright celandines which dot the tufted brake
 Before the speckled thrush her nest has made;
 Fair frail anemones which star-like shake
 And twinkle by each sunny bank and glade;

Pale primroses wherewith the virgin spring,
 As with a garland, binds her comely head;
 No eyes have I for you, nor voice to sing.
 My love is dead!

For she was young and pure and white as you,
 And fairer and more sweet, and ah! as frail.
 I dare not give to her the honour due,
 Lest, for a strain so high, my voice should fail.

Like you, she knew the springtide's changefu
 hours;

Like you, she blossomed ere the coming leaf;
 Like you, she knew not summer's teeming showers
 Like you, as comely, and, alas! as brief.

You may not see the roses, nor might she ;
Such swift short beauty is its only fruit ;
So a sweet silence is her eulogy,
And praise is mute.

LEWIS MORRIS.

Songs of Two Worlds ; Second Series. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
A SONG FOR THE GIRL I LOVE.

A SONG for the girl I love—  
God love her !

A song for the eyes of tender shine,  
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine ;  
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled  
That clasp her neck with tendril gold ;  
The blossom mouth and the dainty chin,  
And the little dimples out and in :

The girl I love—  
God love her !

A song for the girl I loved—  
God love her !

A song for the eyes of faded light,  
And the cheek whose red rose waned to white ;  
The quiet brow, with its shadow and gleam,  
And the dark hair drooped in a long deep dream ;  
The small hands crossed for their churchyard rest,  
And the lilies dead on her sweet dead breast.

The girl I loved—  
God love her !

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

*Gaslight and Stars.* (Marcus Ward.)

~~~~~  
PARTED LOVE.

I.—THE PAST.

METHINKS I have passed through some dreadful
door,

Shutting off summer and its sunniest glades,
From a dank waste of marsh and ruinous
shades :

And in that sunlit past, one day before
All other days is crimson to the core ;
That day of days when hand in hand became
Encircling arms, and with an effluent flame
Of terrible surprise, we knew love's lore.

The rose-red ear that then my hand caressed,
Those smiles bewildered, that low voice so
sweet,

The truant threads of silk about the brow
Dishevelled, when our burning lips were pressed
Together, and the temple-pulses beat !

All gone now—where am I, and where art
thou ?

II.—THE PRESENT.

No cypress-wreath nor outward signs of grief ;
But I may cry unto the morn, and flee
After the god whose back is turned to me,
And touch his wings and plead for some relief ;
Draw, it may be, a black shaft from his sheaf :
For now I know his quiver harbours those
Death mixed with his, as the old fable shows,
When he slept heedless on the red rose leaf.

And I may open Memory's chamber-door
To grope my way around its noiseless floor,
Now that, alas ! its windows give no light,
Nor gentle voice invites me any more ;
For she is but a picture faintly bright
Hung dimly high against the walls of night.

III.—MORNING.

Last night,—it must have been a ghost at best,—
I did believe the lost one's slumbering head
Filled the white hollows of the curtained bed,
And happily sank again to sound sweet rest,
As in times past with sleep my nightly guest,
A guest that left me only when the day
Showed me a fairer than Euphrosyne,—
Day that now shows me but the unfilled nest.

O night ! thou wert our mother at the first,
Thy silent chambers are our homes at last ;
And even now thou art our bath of life.
Come back ! the hot sun makes our lips athirst ;
Come back ! thy dreams may recreate the past ;
Come back ! and smooth again this heart's long
strife.

IV.—BY THE SEA-SIDE.

Rest here, my heart, nor let us further creep ;
Rest for an hour, I shall again be strong,
And make for thee another little song :
Rest here, and look down on the tremulous deep

Where sea-weeds like dead Mænad's long locks
sweep

Over that dreadful floor of stagnant green,
Strewed with the bones of lovers that have been,
Nor even yet can scarce be said to sleep.

Beyond that sea, far o'er that wasteful sea,
The sunset she so oft hath watched with me
Flames up with all the arrogance of gold,
Scarlet, and purple, while the west-wind falls

Upon us with its deadliest winter-cold ;—
Shall we slide down ? I think the dear one calls !

V.—EVENING.

As in a glass at evening, dusky-grey,
The faces of those passing through the room
Seem like ghost-transits thwart reflected gloom,
Thus, darling image ! thou, so long away,
Visitest sometimes my darkening day :

Other friends come ; the toy of life turns round,
The glittering beads change with their tinkling
sound,

Whilst thou in endless youth sitt'st silently.

How vain to call time back, to think these arms
Again may touch, may shield, those shoulders
soft

And solid, never more my eyes can see :
But yet, perchance—(*speaking low*)—beyond all
harms,

I may walk with thee in God's other croft,
When this world shall the darkling mirror be.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

Poems : Illustrated. (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
YOUTH AND ART.

It once might have been, once only :

We lodged in a street together,  
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,  
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,  
You thumbed, thrust, patted, and polished,  
Then laughed, " They will see some day  
Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song ;  
I chirped, cheeped, trilled, and twittered,  
" Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,  
And Grisi's existence embittered !"

I earned no more by a warble  
Than you by a sketch in plaster ;  
You wanted a piece of marble,  
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,  
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,  
For air, looked out on the tiles,  
For fun, watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,  
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard too ;  
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth  
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find  
Weak points in the flower-fence facing,  
Was forced to put up a blind  
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm ! It was not my fault,  
If you ne'er turned your eyes tail up,  
As I shook upon E *in alt.*,  
Or ran the chromatic scale up :

For spring bade the sparrows pair,  
And the boys and girls gave guesses,  
And stalls in our street looked rare  
With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower  
In a pellet of clay and fling it ?  
Why did not I put a power  
Of thanks in a look, or sing it ?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,  
(And yet the memory rankles),  
When models arrived, some minx  
Tripped upstairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good !  
" That foreign fellow,—who can know  
How she pays, in a playful mood,  
For his tuning her that piano ? "

Could you say so, and never say,  
" Suppose we join hands and fortunes,  
And I fetch her from over the way,  
Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes ? "



No, no; you would not be rash,  
Nor I rasher and something over :  
You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,  
And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,  
I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,  
I've married a rich old lord,  
And you're dubbed Knight and an R.A.

Each life's unfulfilled, you see ;  
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy :  
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,  
Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,  
And people suppose me clever :  
This could but have happened once,  
And we missed it—lost it for ever.

ROBERT BROWNING.  
*Dramatis Personæ. Poetical Works.*  
(Smith, Elder, and Co.)

BETTER by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

REMEMBER OR FORGET.

I SAT beside the streamlet,  
I watched the water flow,  
As we together watched it  
One little year ago ;  
The soft rain pattered on the leaves,  
The April grass was wet.  
Ah ! folly to remember ;—  
'Tis wiser to forget.

The nightingales made vocal  
June's palace paved with gold ;  
I watched the rose you gave me  
Its warm red heart unfold ;  
But breath of rose and bird's song  
Were fraught with wild regret.  
'Tis madness to remember ;  
'Twere wisdom to forget.

I stood among the gold corn,  
Alas ! no more, I knew,  
To gather gleaner's measure  
Of the love that fell from you.  
For me, no gracious harvest—  
Would God we ne'er had met !  
'Tis hard, Love, to remember, but  
'Tis harder to forget.

The streamlet now is frozen,  
The nightingales are fled,  
The cornfields are deserted,  
And every rose is dead.  
I sit beside my lonely fire,  
And pray for wisdom yet—  
For calmness to remember,  
Or courage to forget.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.  
*Songs without Music.* (D. Bogue.)

SUMMER'S ENDING.

THE flags below the shadowy fern  
Shine like spears between sun and sea,  
The tide and the summer begin to turn,  
And ah, for hearts, for hearts that yearn,  
For fires of autumn that catch and burn,  
For love gone out between thee and me.

The wind is up, and the weather broken,  
Blue seas, blue eyes, are grieved and grey,  
Listen, the word that the wind has spoken,  
Listen, the sound of the sea,—a token  
That summer's over, and troths are broken,—  
That loves depart as the hours decay.

A love has passed to the loves passed over,  
A month has fled to the months gone by ;  
And none may follow, and none recover  
July and June, and never a lover  
May stay the wings of the Loves that hover,  
As fleet as the light in a sunset sky.

A. LANG.  
*Ballads and Lyrics of Old France.* (Longmans.)

## AN OLD LOVE.

As when the outward tide retiring pours  
 Along the low sand spaces,  
 The parting waves slip back to clasp the shores  
 With lingering embraces ;

So in the tide of life that carries me  
 From where thy true heart dwells,  
 My thoughts and memories ripple back to thee  
 With lessening farewells :

Waving of hands ; dreams which the day forgets ;  
 A care half lost in cares ;  
 The saddest of my verses ; dim regrets ;  
 A name among my prayers.

Haply the day may come thou waitest for  
 And hast so long besought,  
 When I, returning, should console once more  
 Thy desolated thought,

And fill thy loneliness that lies apart  
 In still, persistent pain.  
 Shall I come back to thee, O patient heart,  
 As the tide comes again,

And brims the little sea-shore lakes, and sets  
 Seaweeds afloat, and fills  
 The silent pools, rivers, and rivulets  
 Among the inland hills ?

ALICE MEYNELL.

*Preludes.* (C. Kegan Paul and Co.)

## IX.

## WOODED AND WON.

“ We who are married, let us own  
 A bachelor's chief thought in life  
 Is, or the fool's not worth a groan,  
 To win a woman for his wife.”

COVENTRY PATMORE. *The Angel in the House.*

## COURTSHIP.

It chanced, they say, upon a day,  
 A furlong from the town,  
 That she was strolling up the way  
 As he was strolling down—  
 She humming low, as might be so,  
 A ditty sweet and small ;  
 He whistling loud a tune, you know,  
 That had no tune at all.  
 It happened so—precisely so—  
 As all their friends and neighbours know.  
 As I and you perhaps might do,  
 They gazed upon the ground ;  
 But when they'd gone a yard or two  
 Of course they both looked round.  
 They both were pained, they both explained  
 What caused their eyes to roam ;  
 And nothing after that remained  
 But he should see her home.  
 It happened so—precisely so—  
 As all their friends and neighbours know.  
 Next day to that 'twas common chat,  
 Admitting no debate,  
 A bonnet close beside a hat  
 Was sitting on a gate.  
 A month, not more, had bustled o'er,  
 When, braving nod and smile,  
 One blushing soul came through the door  
 Where two went up the aisle.  
 It happened so—precisely so—  
 As all their friends and neighbours know.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

*Songs in Sunshine.* (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

WERE life to last for ever, love,  
 We might go hand in hand,  
 And pause and pull the flowers that blow  
 In all the idle land,  
 And we might lie in sunny fields  
 And while the hours away  
 With fallings-out and fallings-in  
 For half a summer day.

But since we two must sever, love,  
 Since some dim hour we part,  
 I have no time to give thee much,  
 But quickly take my heart,  
 “ For ever thine,” and “ thine, my love,”—  
 O Death may come apace,  
 What more of love could life bestow,  
 Dearest, than this embrace ?

EDWARD DOWDEN.  
*Poems.* (K. Paul.)

OCH ! then you coquettes unthru,  
 To one lad at last be list'nin',  
 Whilst your rose of beauty blows—  
 Whilst like goold your hair is glist'nin';  
 Yes ! your charms into our arms  
 Yield, whilst you can still be patrons,  
 Or too late you'll mourn your fate,  
 Poor ould maids among the matrons.

A. P. GRAVES.

*Irish Songs and Ballads.* (Ireland, Manchester.)

EDWIN TO ANGELINA.

In thinking of  
 Requited love  
 I've come to the conclusion,  
 That if we are  
 To "ask papar"  
 It may create confusion.  
 You see, I guess  
 He won't say "yes,"  
 Indeed it's more than guessing ;  
 It's very plain  
 We won't obtain  
 His patriarchal blessing.

If he went in  
 For rank or tin  
 My claims he would consider,  
 And you would be  
 My property,  
 As I'm the highest bidder.  
 But this is not  
 Precisely what  
 He seems to think about it ;  
 He won't bestow  
 His sanction, so  
 We'll have to do without it.

I can't agree  
 That such as he  
 Should figure in a love-tale,  
 The reason is  
 My tastes and his  
 Do not exactly dove-tail.  
 Make up your mind—  
 I'm not inclined  
 To meet him for the future,  
 I'd rather slope  
 Beyond the scope  
 Of his paternal blucher.

EDWIN HAMILTON.  
*Dublin Doggerels.* (W. McGee, Dublin.)

BIENTÔT.

LET it be soon ! Life was not made to long  
 For distant hours of dim futurity ;  
 Thy presence soothes me like some far-off song.  
 Oh ! where my heart has rested let it lie !  
 Hope is the morning : love the afternoon.  
 Let it be soon !

Let it be soon ! The treasured daylight dies  
 And changes sadly to the chill of night,  
 But Summer reigns for ever in thine eyes.  
 And at thy touch Grief stealeth out of sight.  
 After sad years of longing, Love must swoon.  
 Let it be soon !

Let it be soon ! Love cannot live like this,  
 Lost in a maze of wild expectancy :  
 Life can endure if solaced by a kiss,  
 But Faith, if unrewarded, it must die.  
 Thou art cold Winter : I am now in June.  
 Let it be soon !

CLEMENT SCOTT.  
*Lays of a Londoner.* (D. Bogue.)

BIDE YE YET.

GIN I had a wee house and a canty wee fire,  
 A bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,  
 A bonnie wee yardie beside a wee burn,  
 Farewell to the bodies that yammer and mourn.  
 Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what will betide me yet,  
 Some bonnie wee body may be my lot,  
 And I'll aye be canty wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang a-field and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean ;  
 And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,  
 That will cry papa or daddy to me.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

I carena a button for sackfu's o' cash,  
 Let wizened auld bachelors think o' sic trash ;  
 Gie me my wee wifie upon my knee,  
 A kiss o' her mou' is worth thousands to me.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be  
 A difference atween my wifie an' me,  
 In hearty good humour, although she be teased,  
 I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

UNKNOWN.  
*Fugitive Poetry.* (Warne.)

SONG.

GATHER the rose-buds, while ye may,  
 Old Time is still a-flying ;  
 And this same flower that smiles to-day  
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer ;  
But being spent, the worse and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And, whilst ye may, go marry ;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrong you're doing  
In my cheek's pale hue ?  
All my life with sorrow strewing,  
Wed, or cease to woo.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A LITTLE LECTURE.

(From "The Parish Register.")

DISPOSED to wed, e'en while you hasten, stay ;  
There's great advantage in a small delay :—  
Thus Ovid sang, and much the wise approve  
This prudent maxim of the priest of Love ;  
If poor, delay for future want prepares,  
And eases humble life of half its cares ;  
If rich, delay shall brace the thoughtful mind  
T' endure the ills that e'en the happiest find :  
Delay shall knowledge yield on either part,  
And show the value of the vanquish'd heart ;  
The humours, passions, merits, failings prove,  
And gently raise the veil that's worn by Love ;  
Love, that impatient guide !—too proud to think  
Of vulgar wants, of clothing, meat, and drink,  
Urges our amorous swains their joys to seize,  
And then, at rags and hunger frighten'd, flees :—  
Yet not too long in cold debate remain ;  
Till age refrain not—but if old, refrain.

G. CRABBE.

So, marry at once—and you'll ne'er repent,  
When you live in my heart and pay no rent.

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

"AND must ye bide, yet waiting's long, and love is  
strong, and love is strong ;

And O ! had I but served the time, that takes so  
long to flee, O !

And thou, my lass, by morning's light wast all in  
white, wast all in white,

And parson stood within the rails, a-marrying me  
and thee, O."

JEAN INGELOW.

*Poems ; Second Series.* (Longmans.)

DON'T YOU THINK SO ?

DON'T you, don't you think, my dear,

If I tied a piece of string  
Round this darling finger here,

Just to counterfeit a ring,  
That would make the measure right  
If I bought the ring to-night ?

If we got this very hour

Cloudy tulle, a yard or less,  
And a bit of orange-flower,

And a flowy, snowy dress,  
Wouldn't you be sweet to see,  
Walking down the aisle with me ?

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

PENELOPE.

So you've kem 'yer agen,  
And one answer won't do ?  
Well, of all the derved men  
That I've struck, it is you.

O Sal ! 'yer's that derved fool from Simpson's,  
cavortin' round 'yer in the dew.

Kem in, ef you *will*.

Thar,—quit ! Take a cheer.

Not that ; you can't fill

Them theer cushings this year,—

For that cheer was my old man's, Joe Simpson,  
and they don't make such men about 'yer.

He was tall, was my Jack,  
 And as strong as a tree.  
 Thar's his gun on the rack,—  
 Just you heft it, and see.  
 And *you* come a courtin' his widdler. Lord! where  
 can that critter, Sal, be?

You'd fill my Jack's place?  
 And a man of your size,—  
 With no baird to his face,  
 Nor a snap to his eyes,—  
 And nary—Sho! thar! I was foolin',—I was, Joe,  
 for sartin,—don't rise.

Sit down. Law! why, sho!  
 I'm as weak as a gal,  
 Sal! Don't you go, Joe,  
 Or I'll faint,—sure, I shall.  
 Sit down;—*anywher*, where you like, Joe,—in that  
 cheer, if you choose,—Lord, where's Sal!

BRET HARTE.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

THE KEEPSAKE.

[EXTRACT.]

THERE, in that bower where first she owned her love,  
 And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy  
 From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretched  
 The silk upon the frame, and worked her name  
 Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not—  
 Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair!  
 That forced to wander till sweet spring return,  
 I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,  
 Her voice (that even in her mirthful mood  
 Has made me wish to steal away and weep,)  
 Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss  
 With which she promised that, when spring returned,  
 She would resign one half of that dear name,  
 And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Do with me as you will, for I am yours;  
 Forgive me all my faults; deceive me not.  
 I think I never won a heart till now,  
 And am afraid to touch it. I must weep,  
 Because there is no virtue in myself

Whereby to hold you. Are you sure you love me?  
 O! say it not, unless you are so sure  
 That what you love not, being found in me,  
 Shall draw you closer.

M. B. SMEDLEY.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)

WON.

Two lovers stood 'neath a star-lighted sky,  
 Half-fearfully touching enchanted ground:  
 One lover was Harry, and one was I,  
 And the world went merrily round and round.

Souls rushing together from distant parts,  
 Vows uttered that cannot be ever undone;  
 A minute ago two lives and two hearts,  
 Through time and eternity now but one.

O foolish butterflies! chattering birds!  
 Instinct in vain with humanity strives;  
 You can't understand the wonderful words  
 Or magical kisses that changed two lives!  
 AUTHOR OF "MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL"  
*Harry.* (Macmillan.)

COME, MARY, LINK THI ARM I' MINE.

COME, Mary, link thi arm i' mine,  
 An' lilt away wi' me;  
 An' dry that tremblin' drop o' brine,  
 Fro th' corner o' thi e'e;  
 There's a little cot beside yon spring,  
 An' iv thae'll share't wi' me,  
 Aw'll buy tho th' prattist gowden ring  
 That ever theaw did see!

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

My feyther's gan mo forty peawnd,  
 I' silver an' i' gowd;  
 An' a bonny bit o' garden greawnd,  
 O' th' mornin' side o' th' fowd  
 An' a honsome Bible, clen an' new,  
 To read for days to come;—  
 There's lyevs for writin' names in, too,  
 Like th' owd un at's awhoam.

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi' arm i' mine.

Eawr Jenny's bin a-buyin' in,  
 An' every day hoo brings  
 Knives an' forks, an' pots ; or irons  
 For smoothin' caps an' things ;  
 My gronny's sent a kist o' drawers,  
 Sunday clooas to keep ;  
 An' little Fanny's bought a glass,  
 Where thee an' me can peep.

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Eawr Tum has sent a bacon-flitch ;  
 Eawr Jem a load o' coals ;  
 Eawr Charlie's bought some pickters, an'  
 He's hanged 'em upo th' woles ;  
 Owd Posy's white-washed th' cottage through ;  
 Eawr Matty's made it sweet ;  
 An' Jack's gan me his Jarman flute,  
 To play by th' fire at neet !

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi' arm i' mine.

There's cups an' saucers ; porritch-pons,  
 An' tables, greyt an' smo' ;  
 There's brushes, mugs, an' ladin'-cans ;  
 An eight days clock an' o' ;  
 There's a cheer for thee, an' one for me,  
 An' one i' every nook ;  
 Thi mother's has a cushion on't—  
 It's the nicest cheer i' th' rook.

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

My mother's gan me th' four-post bed,  
 Wi' curtains to 't an' o' ;  
 An' pillows, sheets, an' bowsters, too,  
 As white as driven snow ;  
 It isn't stuffed wi' fither-deawn,  
 But th' flocks are clen an' new ;  
 Hoo says there's honest folk i' th' teawn,  
 That's made a warse un do.

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Aw peeped into my cot last neet ;  
 It made me hutchin' fain ;  
 A bonny fire were winkin' breet  
 I' every window-pane ;  
 Aw marlocked upo th' white hearth-stone,  
 An' drummed o' th' kettle lid ;  
 An' sung, " My nest is snug an' sweet ;  
 Aw'll go and fotch my brid ! "

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

EDWIN WAUGH.

*Poems and Lancashire Songs.* (G. Bell.)

(From " Sunday at Hampstead.")

DAY after day of this azure May  
 The blood of the Spring has swelled in my veins ;  
 Night after night of broad moonlight  
 A mystical dream has dazzled my brains.

A seething might, a fierce delight,  
 The blood of the Spring is the wine of the world ;  
 My veins run fire and thrill desire,  
 Every leaf of my heart's red rose unfurled.

A sad sweet calm, a tearful balm,  
 The light of the moon is the trance of the world ;  
 My brain is fraught with yearning thought,  
 And the rose is pale and its leaves are furled.

Oh speed the day, thou dear, dear May,  
 And hasten the night I charge thee, O June,  
 When the trance divine shall burn with the wine  
 And the red rose unfurl all its fire to the moon !

JAMES THOMSON.

*City of Dreadful Night.* (Reeves and Turner.)

#### THE COURTIN'.

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,  
 An' peeked in thru the winder,  
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimibly crooknecks hung,  
 An' in amongst 'em rusted  
 The ole Queen's arm that gran'ther Young  
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out  
 Towards the pootiest, bless her !  
 An' leetle fires danced all about  
 The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wus in,  
 Looked warm from floor to ceilin',  
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
 Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,  
 Araspin' on the scraper,—  
 All ways to once her feelins flew  
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
 Some doubtfle o' the seekle ;  
 His heart kep' goin' pitypat,  
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk,  
 Ez though she wished him furder,  
 An' on her apples kep' to work  
 Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I spose?"  
 "Wal, no ;—I come designin'—"  
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es,  
 Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot, fust,  
 Then stood a spell on tother,  
 An' on which one he felt the wust  
 He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin ;"  
 Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister* ;"  
 The last word pricked him like a pin,  
 An'—wal, he up and kist her !

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
 All kind o' smily round the lips,  
 An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide  
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
 An' all I know is they wuz cried  
 In meetin', come nex Sunday.

J. R. LOWELL.

*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~

THE MATTER ENDED THERE.

WHEN the lavish Spring had squandered
 All her wealth of bloom and shade,
 Down a leafy lane I wandered,
 And I met a little maid.
 Oh, she set my bosom burning
 With her modest, winsome air !
 But she left me at the turning—
 And the matter ended there.

But I grew a frequent comer
 In that little lonely lane,
 And, ere Spring joined hands with Summer,
 I had met the maid again.
 But, O tranquil sky above me,
 You beheld a life's despair,
 For she said she could not love me—
 And the matter ended there.

There were dainty frost-flowers freighting
 Every blade of churchyard grass,
 And the village-girls were waiting
 For a bridal train to pass.
 And they had not long to linger
 Ere there came a blushing pair ;
 And the ring was on her finger—
 And the matter ended there.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Gaslight and Stars. (Marcus Ward.)

~~~~~

[BUT] we must not hurry or fret,  
 Or think of ourselves alone ;  
 Love waits for love, though the sun be set,  
 And the stars come out, and the dews are wet,  
 And the night winds moan.

WALTER C. SMITH.

*Raban.* (J. Maclehose, Glasgow.)

~~~~~

MY OWN GIRL.

FIFTEEN shillings—no more, sir—
 The wages I weekly touch.
 For labour steady and sore, sir,
 It isn't a deal too much ;
 Your money has wings in the city,
 And vanishes left and right ;
 But I hand a crown to Kitty
 As sure as Saturday night.
 Bless her, my own, my wee,
 She's better than gold to me !

She lives in a reeking court, sir,
 With roguery, drink, and woe ;
 But Kitty has never a thought, sir,
 That isn't as white as snow—
 She hasn't a thought or feeling
 An angel would blush to meet ;
 I love to think of her kneeling
 And praying for me so sweet.
 Bless her, my own, my wee,
 She's better than gold to me !

I must be honest and simple,
 I must be manly and true,
 Or how could I pinch her dimple,
 Or gaze in her frank eyes' blue ?

I feel, not anger, but pity,
 When workmates go to the bad ;
 I say, "They've never a Kitty—
 They'd all keep square if they had."
 Bless her, my own, my wee.
 She's better than gold to me!

One day she will stand at the altar,
 Modest, and white, and still,
 And forth from her lips will falter
 The beautiful low, "I will."
 Our home shall be bright and pretty
 As ever a poor man's may,
 And my soft little dove, my Kitty,
 Shall nest in my heart for aye.
 Bless her, my own, my wee,
 She's better than gold to me!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Songs in Sunshine. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

"DEAR child, in three plain words thy mind
 express :
 Wilt thou have this good youth?" "Dear
 Father! yes."

GEORGE CRABBE.

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS.

GOOD night! I have to say good night
 To such a host of peerless things!
 Good night unto that fragile hand
 All queenly with its weight of rings;
 Good night to fond, uplifted eyes,
 Good night to chestnut braids of hair,
 Good night unto the perfect mouth,
 And all the sweetness nestled there,—
 The snowy hand detains me, then
 I'll have to say Good night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
 When, if I read our stars aright,
 I shall not linger by this porch
 With my adieus. Till then, good night!
 You wish the time were now? And I.
 You do not blush to wish it so?
 You would have blushed yourself to death
 To own so much a year ago,—
 What, both these snowy hands! ah, then
 I'll have to say Good night again!

T. B. ALDRICH.

Cloth of Gold. (Routledge.)

SHE is mine, she is mine! Let the lightnings
 make
 Their nests in the downy clouds.
 She is mine, She is mine! Let the thunders
 quake,
 As they crouch in the whirlwind's shrouds.
 At heights where the eagle's wing would flag,
 Where the skylark's note would pine,
 I circle as tern round a sea-scourged crag,
 And I cry, She is mine! She is mine!

I am hers, I am hers! Let the dimpling wave
 Creep up to the waiting land;
 I am hers, I am hers! Let them kiss, and crave
 One couch on the smooth soft sand.
 There's a love by which never the shore was rent,
 And a want which no ocean stirs;
 'Tis the want and the love which my wings tor-
 ment,
 Till I feel I am hers, I am hers!

We are one, we are one! Let the planets roll,
 Each on his own bright car,
 From the lazulite gates to the vermeil goal,
 Singly, alone, afar!
 We, we will revolve in the selfsame sphere,
 In one orbit our lives shall run,
 And from round to round, and from year to year,
 Will we sing, We are one, we are one!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

The Tower of Babel. (Blackwood.)

O MELLOW moonlight warm,
 Weave round my Love a charm;
 O countless starry eyes,
 Watch from the holy skies;
 O ever-solemn night,
 Shield her within thy might:
 Watch her, my Little One;
 Shield her, my Darling.

Now my heart shrinks with fear
 Nightly to leave thee, Dear,
 Lonely and pure within
 Vast glooms of woe and sin;

Our wealth of love and bliss
Too heavenly perfect is :
Good-night, my Little One ;
God keep thee, Darling.

JAMES THOMSON.
The City of Dreadful Night.
(Reeves and Turner.)

~~~~~

FOR Love's own voice has owned her love is mine ;  
And Love's own palm has pressed my palm to  
hers ;  
Love's own deep eyes have looked the love she  
spoke :  
And Love's young heart to mine was fondly beat-  
ing  
As from her lips I sucked the sweet of life.

THOMAS WOOLNER.  
*My Beautiful Lady.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~

IN silence we parted, for neither could speak,
But the tremulous lip and the fast-fading cheek
To both were betraying what neither could tell—
How deep was the pang of that silent farewell !

There are signs—ah ! the slightest—that love
understands,
In the meeting of eyes,—in the parting of hands—
In the quick breathing sighs that of deep passion
tell :
Oh ! such were the signs of our silent farewell !

There's a language more glowing love teaches the
tongue
Than poet e'er dreamed or than minstrel e'er sung,
But oh, far beyond all such language could tell,
The love that *was* told in that silent farewell !

SAMUEL LOVER.
Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

~~~~~

GOLDEN FETTERS.

“ FOR thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,  
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,  
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,

Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—  
Fetters and warder for the Græme ! ”  
His chain of gold the King unstrung,  
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,  
Then gently drew the glittering band,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
*Lady of the Lake.*

~~~~~

I CANNOT tell you of my joy that night,
But I remember that the stars were bright,
And lilacs swung
To cooling wind with gentle rise and fall,
In moonlit clusters by the orchard wall,
Where roses hung ;
And I remember with new lease of life
I had a precious gift and called it—wife !

GUY ROSLYN.
Village Verses. (Moxon and Co.)

~~~~~

AH, soon, thine own confest, ecstatic thought !  
That hand shall strew thy summer path with  
flowers ;  
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,  
Gild the calm current of domestic hours !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

~~~~~

. . . ANYWHERE in the sun and rain
To have loved and been beloved again,
Is loftiest realm of Hope's bright wings.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.
Ballads and Sonnets. (Ellis and White.)

~~~~~

THE happy bells shall ring,  
*Marguerite* ;  
The summer birds shall sing,  
*Marguerite* ;—  
You smile, but you shall wear  
Orange-blossoms in your hair,  
*Marguerite.*

T. B. ALDRICH.  
*Cloth of Gold.* (Routledge.)

MY brow with blossoms will be bound,  
 And from my fears I shall be free ;  
 O tardy Time, bring quickly round  
 The merriest month of all for me !  
 That I may hear the church boys sing,  
 And on my finger see the ring !

GUY ROSLYN.  
*Lyrics and Landscapes.* (Arthur H. Moxon.)

SHE whom I think of thinks of me,  
 And finds the thought enough.  
 ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Songs of a Worker.* (Chatto and Windus.)

BRIDAL EVE.

HALF-ROBED, with gold hair dropped on shoulders  
 white,

She sits as one in trance with eyes that gaze  
 Upon the mirrored beauties of her face,  
 And o'er the distances of dark and bright  
 She hears faint music of the coming night,  
 She hears the murmur of receding days  
 Her future life is veiled in such a haze  
 As hides on sultry morns the sun from sight.  
 Upon the brink of imminent change she stands,  
 Glad yet afraid to look beyond the verge,  
 She starts as at the touch of unseen hands,  
 Love's music sounds half anthem and half dirge ;  
 Strange sounds and shadows round her spirit fall,  
 But stranger to herself she seems than all.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.  
*Song-Tide.* (Chatto and Windus.)

BRIDAL FLOWERS.

BIND the white orange-flowers in her hair ;  
 Soft be their shadow ; soft and somewhat pale—  
 For they are omens. Many anxious years  
 Are on the wreath that bends the bridal veil.

The maiden leaves her childhood and her home,  
 All that the past has known of happy hours—  
 Perhaps her happiest ones. Well may there be  
 A faint wan colour on those orange-flowers :

For they are pale as hope, and hope is pale  
 With earnest watching over future years ;  
 With all the promise of their loveliness,  
 The bride and morning bathe their wreath with  
 tears.

I. E. LANDON.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge)

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL

Now, what shady wreath wilt wear,  
 Maiden,—Maiden ?  
 Bid them bind the veil with care,  
 'Round the sunshine of thy hair !  
 Let thy brow be free from scorn ;  
 Let thine eye have gentle light,  
 On the gentle marriage morn ;  
 And so—Good Night !

It is now the youth of May,  
 Maiden,—Maiden !  
 Choose thou, then, at blush of day,  
 Buds and blossoms, not too gay ;  
 And, behind their veiling sweets,  
 Bashful be, 'midst all their light,  
 When the tender lover greets ;  
 And so,—Good Night !

Soon To-morrow will be here,  
 Maiden,—Maiden !  
 Then,—as hopes aye mix with fears,  
 Mix thou smiles with pearlèd tears ;  
 So shall he who loves thee feel  
 Thrice his first sweet pure delight,  
 And nearer to thy bosom steal ;  
 And so,—Good Night !

BARRY CORNWALL.  
*English Poems.* (G. Bell.)



# MARRIAGE.



I.

“ALL YE THAT INTEND.”

“Women *are* better than men, and when a man marries he gets better.”

MORTIMER COLLINS. *Sweet and Twenty.*

*Proserpine.* ON every hand you'll find the opinion  
rife,  
That marriage is the end of woman's life ;  
And being the end, there can be no great sin in  
Wishing the end came nearer the beginning.

*Diana.* Well, to such views I give denial flat,  
I'm vowed to single blessedness—

*Proser.* What's that ?  
'Tis a concoction it takes two to mingle ;  
Blessedness, like misfortunes, ne'er comes single.

F. TALFOURD.  
*Pluto and Proserpine.* (French.)

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

“Enfin, monsieur, un homme aimable ;  
Voilà pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer.”

SCRIBE.

You tell me you're promised a lover,  
My own Araminta, next week ;  
Why cannot my fancy discover  
The hue of his coat and his cheek ?  
Alas ! if he look like another,  
A vicar, a banker, a beau,  
Be deaf to your father and mother,  
My own Araminta, say “No !”

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,  
If he comes to you riding a cob,  
If he talks of his baking or brewing,  
If he puts up his feet on the hob,  
If he ever drinks port after dinner,  
If his brow or his breeding is low,  
If he calls himself “Thompson” or “Skinner,”  
My own Araminta, say “No !”

If he studies the news in the papers  
While you are preparing the tea,  
If he talks of the damps or the vapours  
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,  
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,  
If he has not a musical “Oh !”  
If he does not call Werther delicious,—  
My own Araminta, say “No !”

If he ever sets foot in the City  
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,  
If he has not a heart full of pity,  
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,  
If his lips are not redder than roses,  
If his hands are not whiter than snow,  
If he has not the model of noses,—  
My own Araminta, say “No !”

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,  
If he does not look grand on his knees,  
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,  
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,  
If he dotes not on desolate towers,  
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,  
If he knows not the language of flowers,—  
My own Araminta, say “No !”

He must walk—like a god of old story  
Come down from the home of his rest ;  
He must smile—like the sun in his glory  
On the buds he loves ever the best ;  
And oh ! from its ivory portal  
Like music his soft speech must flow !—  
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,  
My own Araminta say “No !”

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,  
 Don't hear what they say of his birth,  
 Don't look at his seat in the county,  
 Don't calculate what he is worth ;  
 But give him a theme to write verse on,  
 And see if he turns out his toe ;  
 If he's only an excellent person,—  
 My own Araminta, say " No ! "

W. M. PRAED.

*Poems, Vol. II.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

I WANT a wife, I want a wife—  
 " What, are you weary of your life ? "   
 St. Valentine made answer—  
 " Or, maybe, you are seeking pelf,  
 You idle foolish careless elf,  
 Who think of nothing but yourself—  
 You are a wicked man, sir."

Responded I, with dolorous croon,  
 " The very man within the moon  
 Must lead a dreary life, Saint.  
 Although he's mounted up sky-high,  
 He always looks about to cry—  
 'Tis plain enough, the reason why—  
 He hasn't got a wife, Saint.

" If I could find a lassie—mild,  
 Woman in wit, in heart a child ;  
 Blithe—just to sweeten sorrow :  
 Sedate enough to temper mirth—  
 Meek-hearted, rich in household worth—  
 Not quite the ugliest girl on earth,—  
 I'd marry her to-morrow."

AUTHOR OF " JOHN HALIFAX,  
 GENTLEMAN."

*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

#### JENNY'S SOLILOQUY.

O THAT my braw wooers would study their battle,  
 A face of more meekness belike I might show  
 them ;  
 But now they rush on with a reasonless rattle,  
 And forget that before we can love we must  
 know them.

These hot-bloods, they think that we women are  
 pikes,  
 To devour a red rag, or a leaf of white metal ;  
 But a sensible maiden will look ere she likes,  
 As the bee smells the flower in the breeze ere it  
 settle.

There's huge-whiskered Harry came swashing from  
 town,  
 On a pair of stout legs that full bravely did  
 carry him ;  
 He thought a red coat with the fair must go down,  
 So that very night he besought me to marry him.  
 Quoth I, I can't tell, you might do very well,  
 You have whiskers and legs, and your brave  
 name is Harry,  
 But my husband must know me, and Harry must  
 show me  
 His soul, if he has one, before I can marry !

Then Tommy the student, a smooth-polished man,  
 Who soon on his shoulders a surplice will carry,  
 He thought a good wife should be part of his  
 plan,  
 So fresh from his Greek books he asked me to  
 marry.  
 Quoth I, You look sleek, and you're well-read in  
 Greek,  
 And a logical thrust you can decently parry ;  
 But whether your soul's a man's or a mole's,  
 I must know, learnèd Tommy, before I can  
 marry.

Next barrister Bobby came flouncing about,  
 As keen as a hawk that will pounce on a quarry ;  
 He thought I must read my Lord Bob on his snout,  
 So he said a few smart things, and asked me to  
 marry.  
 Quoth I, That you're clever no man doubted ever,  
 With you for an answer no question needs  
 tarry ;  
 But if you claim a part, learnèd sir, in my heart,  
 You must show me your own first, then ask me  
 to marry !

And so they go bouncing and blundering on,  
 The metal before it is hot always striking ;  
 And thus in the end I'll be left quite alone,  
 Where no fancy has leisure to grow to a liking.



But of one thing I'm sure, no mate I'll endure,  
 Who thinks I can wed his mere beef and his  
 bone ;  
 But he who would win me must first reign within  
 me,  
 By the right of a soul, the born lord of my own !

J. S. BLACKIE.

*Lyrical Poems.* (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

~~~~~

WHEN a lover loves a lass,
 When she loves him so,
 That at length it comes to pass,
 Both the secret know ;
 Hand in hand, as heart to heart,
 When they both are true,
 Is it right that they should part ?
 What are they to do ?

Churchward side by side,
 Bridegroom and his bride,
 Let them go ! let them go !

F. E. WEATHERLY.

Dresden China. (Diprose.)

~~~~~

TO MY BRIDE.

(WHOSOEVER SHE MAY BE.)

OH ! little maid !—(I do not know your name  
 Or who you are, so, as a safe precaution,  
 I'll add)—oh, buxom widow ! married dame !  
 (As one of these must be your present portion)  
 Listen, while I unveil prophetic lore for you,  
 And sing the fate that Fortune has in store for  
 you.

You'll marry soon—within a year or twain—  
 A bachelor of *circa* two and thirty :  
 Tall, gentlemanly, but extremely plain,  
 And, when you're intimate, you'll call him  
 "BERTIE."

Neat—dresses well ; his temper has been classified  
 As hasty ; but he's very quickly pacified.

You'll find him working mildly at the Bar,  
 After a touch at two or three professions,  
 From easy affluence extremely far,  
 A brief or two on Circuit—"soup" at Sessions ;  
 A pound or two from whist, and backing horses,  
 And, say three hundred from his own resources.

Quiet in harness ; free from serious vice,  
 His faults are not particularly shady,  
 You'll never find him "*shy*"—for, once or twice  
 Already, he's been driven by a lady,  
 Who parts with him—perhaps a poor excuse for  
 him—  
 Because she hasn't any further use for him.

Oh ! bride of mine—tall, dumpy, dark, or fair !  
 Oh ! widow—wife, maybe, or blushing maiden,  
 I've told *your* fortune ; solved the gravest care  
 With which your mind has hitherto been laden.  
 I've prophesied correctly, never doubt it ;  
 Now tell me mine—and please be quick about it !

You—only you—can tell me, an' you will,  
 To whom I'm destined shortly to be mated,  
 Will she run up a heavy *modiste's* bill ?  
 If so, I want to hear her income stated.  
 (This is a point which interests me greatly).  
 To quote the bard, "Oh ! have I seen her lately ?"

Say, must I wait till husband number one  
 Is comfortably stowed away at Woking ?  
 How is her hair most usually done ?  
 And tell me, please, will she object to smoking ?  
 The colour of her eyes, too, you may mention ;  
 Come, Sibyl, prophesy—I'm all attention.

W. S. GILBERT.

*The "Bab" Ballads.* (Routledge.)

[A complete edition of Mr. Gilbert's fascinating ballads  
 now forms a volume of "Routledge's Sixpenny Series."]

~~~~~

NOT FAR TO GO.

As upland fields were sunburnt brown,
 And heat-dried brooks were running small,
 And sheep were gather'd, panting all,
 Below the hawthorn on the down ;
 The while my mare, with dipping head,
 Pull'd on my cart, above the bridge ;
 I saw come on, beside the ridge,
 A maiden, white in skin and thread,
 And walking, with an elbow load,
 The way I drove, along my road.

As there, with comely steps, uphill
 She rose by elm-trees, all in ranks,
 From shade to shade, by flow'ry banks,
 Where flew the bird with whistling bill,

I kindly said, "Now won't you ride,
This burning weather, up the knap?
I have a seat that fits the trap,—
And now is swung from side to side."
"O no," she cried, "I thank you, no.
I've little further now to go."

Then up the timber'd slope, I found
The prettiest house, a good day's ride
Would bring you by, with porch and side,
By rose and jessamine well bound,
And near at hand, a spring and pool,
With lawn well sunn'd and bower cool :
And while the wicket fell behind
Her steps, I thought, if I would find
A wife, I need not blush to show,
I've little further now to go.

WILLIAM BARNES.

Poems of Rural Life in Common English.
(Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
CHOOSE nobly—choose at once !  
Your equal, lest men scorn you in your choice ;  
Your master, lest you scorn yourself in him ;  
Your slave—but that is sure. And, having  
chosen,  
Make love the centre of your days, and leave  
All else upon the verge.

M. B. SMEDLEY.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)

~~~~~  
A BENEDICK'S APPEAL TO A BACHELOR.

DEAR Charles, be persuaded to wed—
For a sensible fellow like you,
It's high time to think of a bed
And muffins and coffee for two !
So have done with your doubt and delaying—
With a soul so adapted to mingle,
No wonder the neighbours are saying
'Tis singular you should be single !
Don't say that you haven't got time—
That business demands your attention ;
There's not the least reason nor rhyme
In the wisest excuse you can mention.
Don't tell me about "other fish"—
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—
And you never will relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em !

Don't listen to querulous stories
By desperate damsels related,
Who sneer at connubial glories
Because they've known couples mismated.
Such people, if they had their pleasure,
Because silly bargains are made,
Would deem it a rational measure
To lay an embargo on trade !

You may dream of poetical fame,
But your wishes may chance to miscarry ;
The best way of sending one's name
To posterity, Charles, is to marry !
And here I am willing to own,
After soberly thinking upon it,
I'd very much rather be known
For a beautiful son than a sonnet !

To Procrastination be deaf—
(A homily sent from above)—
The scoundrel's not only "the thief
Of time," but of beauty and love !
O delay not one moment to win
A prize that is truly worth winning—
Celibacy, Charles, is a sin,
And sadly prolific of sinning !

Then pray bid your doubting Good-bye,
And dismiss all fantastic alarms,
I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye
'Tis your duty to have in your arms !
Some trim little maiden of twenty,
A beautiful, azure-eyed elf,
With virtues and graces in plenty,
And no failing but loving yourself.

Don't search for "an angel" a minute,
For granting you win, in the sequel
The deuce, after all, would be in it,
With a union so very unequal.
The angels, it must be confessed,
In *this* world are rather uncommon ;
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest
You'll be better content with a *woman* !

I could furnish a bushel of reasons
For choosing a conjugal mate—
It agrees with all climates and seasons,
And gives you a "double estate !"

To one's parents 'tis gratefully due—
Just think what a terrible thing
'Twould have been, sir, for me and for you,
If *ours* had forgotten the ring!

Then there's the economy—clear,
By poetical algebra shown—
If your wife has a grief or a fear,
One half, by the law, is your own!
And as to the joys—by division,
They're nearly quadrupled, 'tis said,
(Though I never could see the addition
Quite plain in the item of bread).

Remember, I do not pretend
There's anything perfect about it,
But this I'll aver to the end,
Life's very imperfect without it!
'Tis not that there's "poetry" in it—
As, doubtless, there may be to those
Endowed with a genius to win it—
But I'll warrant you excellent prose!

Then, Charles, be persuaded to wed—
For a sensible fellow like you,
It's high time to think of a bed
And muffins and coffee for two!
So have done with your doubt and delaying—
With a soul so adapted to mingle,
No wonder the neighbours are saying
'Tis singular you should be single.

J. G. SAXE.
Poems. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

LET them rail on. I think a wedding-day
Looks best, as mountains do, some miles away.

W. H. MALLOCK.
Poems. (Chatto and Windus.)

"FIRST, God's love."

"And next," he smiled, "the love of wedded souls,
Which still presents that mystery's counterpart.
Sweet shadow-rose, upon the water of life,
Of such a mystic substance, Sharon gave
A name to! human, vital, fructuous rose,
Whose calyx holds the multitude of leaves,
Loves filial, loves fraternal, neighbour-loves
And civic—all fair petals, all good scents,

All reddened, sweetened from one central Heart!

Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born."

E. B. BROWNING.
Aurora Leigh. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
WED not for gold. Seek California's shore,  
Contend with thousands for the glittering ore;  
Toil while the sun beats on thy fevered head;  
Toil till thy fainting heart is almost dead;  
Toil till thy worn-out limbs refuse to stand;  
Dig till the pickaxe drop from out thy hand;  
Till frosted head and heart proclaim thee old,—  
Ay more—till death! but oh, *wed not for gold.*

UNKNOWN.  
*Fugitive Poetry.* (Warne.)

~~~~~  
SURE marriages were never so well fitted,
As when to matrimony men were committed,
Like thieves by justices, and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life.

SAMUEL BUTLER.
Satire upon Marriage.

~~~~~  
WHICH is of greater value, prythee, say,  
The Bride or Bridegroom?—Must the truth be  
told?

Alas, it must! The Bride is given away—  
The Bridegroom often regularly sold.

PUNCH.

~~~~~  
THIS foolish zeal of lip for lip,
This fond, self-sanction'd, wilful zest,
Is that elect relationship
Which forms and sanctions all the rest;
This little germ of nuptial love,
Which springs so simply from the sod,
The root is, as my song shall prove,
Of all our love to man and God.

COVENTRY PATMORE.
The Angel in the House. (G. Bell.)

MOST virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce,
Before they've wit to understand
The bold attempt they take in hand ;
Or, having stay'd, and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

MAID, choosing man, remember this :
You take his nature with his name.
Ask, too, what his religion is,
For you will soon be of the same.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

The Angel in the House. (G. Bell.)

WEDLOCK, indeed, hath oft comparèd been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.

SIR JOHN DAVIS.

YET Wedlock's a very awful thing !
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,
Which requires good nerve to do it—
When one of a "Grand Equestrian Troop"
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting through it.

THOMAS HOOD.

Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

MARY AND JOHN.

IF John marries Mary, and Mary alone,
'Tis a very good match between Mary and John.
Should John wed a score, oh, the claws and the
scratches !

It can't be a match—'tis a bundle of matches.

WILLIAM COWPER.

. . . MARRIAGE of all states
Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.

H. VAUGHAN.

LOVE in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is, Love, forgive us ! cinders, ashes, dust.

JOHN KEATS.

MISSES ! the tale that I relate—
This lesson seems to carry,—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A WIFE WITH TACT.

SHE, who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys.

ALEXANDER POPE.

YES, can she make a pie, my lad ?
For fairy forms grow stout,
And rosebud lips (it's quite too sad)
Can cutting things rap out.
The wife whose charms resist the shock
Of rude years jostling by
Can nurse a cold, and darn a sock,
And make a wholesome pie.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Gaslight and Stars. (Marcus Ward.)

WOULD YOU CHOOSE A WIFE.

WOULD you choose a wife for a happy life,
Leave the court, and the country take,
Where Susan and Doll, and Nancy and Moll,
Follow Harry and John, whilst harvest goes on,
And merrily, merrily rake.

Leave the London dames—be it spoke to their
shames—

To lie in their beds till noon,
Then get up and stretch, then paint, too, and
patch,
Some widgeon to catch, then look to their watch,
And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea, both green and bohea,
Is served to their tables in plate ;
Where their rattles do run as swift as the sun,
Of what they have won, and who is undone,
By their gaming and sitting up late.

The lass give me here, though brown as my beer,
That knows how to govern her house ;
That can milk her cow, or farrow her sow,
Make butter and cheese, or gather green peas,
And values fine clothes not a sous.

This is the girl, worth rubies and pearl ;
This is the wife that will make a man rich ;
We gentlemen need no quality breed
To squander away what taxes would pay,
In troth we care for none such.

UNKNOWN.
Fugitive Poetry. (Warne.)

THOUGH matches are all made in Heaven, they say,
Yet Hymen (who mischief oft hatches)
Sometimes deals with the house t'other side of the
way,
And there they make Lucifer matches.

SAMUEL LOVER.
Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

MARRYING IN HASTE.
(From "The Parish Register.")

THESE are the happier pairs, their life has rest,
Their hopes are strong, their humble portion blest,
While those more rash to hasty marriage led,
Lament th' impatience which now stints their
bread ;
When such their union, years their cares increase,
Their love grows colder, and their pleasures cease ;

In health just fed, in sickness just relieved ;
By hardships harass'd, and by children grieved :
In petty quarrels and in peevish strife
The once fond couple waste the spring of life ;
But when to age mature their children grown,
Find hopes and homes and hardships of their own,
The harass'd couple feel their lingering woes
Receding slowly till they find repose.

GEORGE CRABBE.

~~~~~  
LOVE in an attic, on dry bread to feed,—  
That's one view of the "upper crust" indeed.  
HENRY J. BYRON.  
*Aladdin.* (French.)

~~~~~  
FOR now the world is grown so wary
That few of either sex dare marry.
SAMUEL BUTLER.
Hudibras.

~~~~~  
[AND] hence I courted Nobody,  
And said Nobody's I'd be,  
And asked to marry Nobody,  
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudge along with Nobody,  
And Nobody cheers my life,  
And I have a love for Nobody,  
Which nobody has for his wife.  
UNKNOWN.

~~~~~  
His genius and his prospects? Well ;
Can you eat prospects? Will they sell?
And will his trumpery genius be
A dinner—or only a dinner bell?
WALTER C. SMITH.
Olig Grange. (Maclehose, Glasgow.)

II.

THOUGHTS, FANCIES, AND HOMILIES.

“ But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time)
To make a happy fireside clime
 To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.”

ROBERT BURNS.

A FAITHFUL maid, and then a loving wife,
May give the poorest man the richest life.

GUY ROSLYN.

Village Verses. (Moxon and Co.)

~~~~~  
BUT oh, what pity 'tis to find  
Such beauties both of form and mind,  
By modern breeding much debased,  
In half the female world at least !  
Hence I with care such lotteries shun,  
Where, a prize missed, I'm quite undone ;  
And ha'n't, by venturing on a wife,  
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

MATTHEW GREEN.

~~~~~  
“DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED ?”

MADAM, you are very pressing,
And I can't decline the task ;
With the slightest gift of guessing,
You would scarcely need to ask !

Don't you see a hint of marriage
In his sober-sided face,
In his rather careless carriage,
And extremely rapid pace ?

If he's not committed treason,
Or some wicked action done,
Can you see the faintest reason
Why a bachelor should run ?

Why should he be in a flurry ?
But a loving wife to greet
Is a circumstance to hurry
The most dignified of feet !

When afar the man has spied her,
If the grateful, happy elf
Does not haste to be beside her,
He must be beside himself !

It is but a trifle, maybe,—
But observe his practised tone
When he calms your stormy baby,
Just as if it were his own.

Do you think a certain meekness
You have mentioned in his looks
Is a chronic optic weakness
That has come of reading books ?

Did you ever see his vision
Peering underneath a hood,
Save enough for recognition,
As a civil person should ?

Could a Capuchin be colder
When he glances, as he must,
At a finely-rounded shoulder,
Or a proudly-swelling bust ?

Madam ! mark his every feature,
And deny it if you can,—
He's a fond connubial creature,
And a *very* married man !

J. G. SAXE.

Poems. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

I WOULD be married, but I'd have no wife ;
I would be married to a single life.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

~~~~~  
WORLDLY WISDOM.

WHAT'S the use of loving in  
Such a world as this is,  
Where they say that love's a sin  
Deep in sin's abysses?

Toil and strive, and thereby thrive,  
Shun whate'er is sunny :  
If you're fool enough to wive,  
Mind you marry money.

May the God who made the sun,  
Trees, birds, woman's beauty,  
Scourge the fools who have begun  
Thus to teach men duty.

While my lady's heart's astir  
'Neath its milk-white cover,  
All the birds shall sing of her,  
All who see shall love her.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*Thoughts in my Garden.*

~~~~~  
HAPPY and free are a married man's reveries ;
Cheerily, merrily, passes his life ;
He knows not the bachelor's revelries, devilries ;
Caressed by, and blessed by, his children and
wife.

From lassitude free, too, his home still to flee to,
A pet on his knee, too, his kindness to share,
A fireside so cheery, the smiles of his deary,—
Oh, this, boys, this is the married man's fare.

UNKNOWN.

~~~~~  
OUR grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,  
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblest'd,  
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,  
And wander'd in the solitary shade.  
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd  
Woman, the last, the best, reserved of God.

ALEXANDER POPE.

WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE.

LAZILY, lazily,  
Here sit I,  
Why should I bother me,  
Tell me why.  
Lazily, lazily,  
Here I spy  
The smoke-rings mazily  
Curl on high.

Once I was tender and soft, I know,  
But that was a very long time ago ;  
Tender and soft and foolish, I fear,  
With a sweetheart for every month in the year.  
The smoke curls upward—like fancy, free,  
And in every ring a face I see,  
And every maid might have been my wife,  
If I hadn't preferred a bachelor's life.

Lazily, lazily,  
Here sit I,  
Why should I marry me,  
Tell me why.  
Lazily, lazily,  
Here I spy  
The smoke-rings mazily  
Curl on high.

There was Annie and Nannie, and Dolly and May,  
All very sweet in their own little way ;  
Alice and Nellie, and Fanny and Jess,  
And shy sober Lucy whose *no* meant *yes*.  
Some now are married, and one is dead,  
And the rest are old maids, who never will wed.  
I suppose 'tis true I was hard to please,  
But when a man's single he lives at his ease.

What would they say if they saw me now,  
Without one line in my threescore brow.  
I, if I met them tomorrow morn,  
Should scarcely remember them, I'll be sworn.  
The smoke rings rise, and the faces fade,  
Then here's a song to each sweet maid.  
As I could not wed all, 'twas best to wed none,  
But I love them—at distance—every one.

Lazily, lazily,  
Here I spy  
The smoke-rings mazily  
Curl on high.

Lazily, lazily,  
Here sit I.  
Why should I marry me,  
Tell me why.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

LUCKY JONATHAN.

HAPPY man, he has an Eden  
Blest and brightened by an Eve—  
Garden-plots that need no weeding ;  
Hoeing, delving, watering, seeding,  
Ne'er his placid spirit grieve—  
Lucky Jonathan !

Wretched I, too, have an Eden,  
But it lacks a helpmate Eve.  
Wearing work this thankless weeding,  
Hoeing, delving, watering, seeding,—  
While you chuckle in your sleeve,  
Lucky Jonathan !

E. J. ARMSTRONG.

*Poetical Works.* (Longmans.)

ON A VERY OLD WEDDING RING.

I LIKE that ring, that ancient ring  
Of massive form, and virgin gold,  
As firm, as free from base alloy,  
As were the sterling hearts of old.  
I like it—for it wafts me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men, and other days,  
The men and days of deeds sublime.  
But most I like it as it tells  
The tale of well-requited love ;  
How youthful fondness persevered  
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove ;—  
How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,  
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,  
Till, soften'd and subdued, at last,  
He won his fair and blooming bride ;—  
How, till the appointed day arrived,  
They blamed the lazy-footed hours ;—  
How then the white-robed maiden train  
Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers ;—  
And how, before the holy man,  
They stood in all their youthful pride,

And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows  
Which bind the husband to his bride ;  
All this it tells ;—the plighted troth,  
The gift of every earthly thing,  
The hand in hand, the heart in heart,—  
For this I like that ancient ring,  
I like its old and quaint device ;  
Two blended hearts—though time may wear them,  
No mortal change, no mortal chance,  
“ Till death,” shall e'er in sunder tear them.  
Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,  
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,  
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,  
These two, the world's rough pathways trod.  
Age might impair their youthful fires,  
Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weather,  
Still, hand in hand, they travell'd on,—  
Kind souls ! they slumber now together.  
I like its simple posy too ;  
“ Mine own dear love, this heart is thine ! ”—  
Thine, when the dark storm howls along,  
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.  
“ This heart is thine, mine own dear love ! ”—  
Thine, and thine only, and for ever ;  
Thine, till the springs of life shall fail,—  
Thine, till the chords of life shall sever.—  
Remnant of days departed long,  
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,  
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,  
Of heartfelt, holy love, the token,—  
What varied feelings round it cling !  
For these, I like that ancient ring.

G. W. DOANE.

THE death of nuptial love is sloth :  
To keep your mistress in your wife,  
Keep to the very height your oath,  
And honour her with arduous life.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

ONE of us two must rule, and one obey ;  
And since in man right reason bears the sway,  
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.

ALEXANDER POPE.



As unto the bow the cord is,  
 So unto the man is woman,  
 Though she bends him she obeys him,  
 Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
 Useless each without the other.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.  
*Hiawatha.*

MAN, nerved by Love, can cheerily sustain  
 Clash of opposing interests ; perplexed web  
 Of crosses that distracting clog advance :  
 In thickest storm of contest waxes stronger  
 At momentary thought of Home, of Her,  
 His gracious Wife, and bright-faced Joys.

THOMAS WOOLNER.  
*My Beautiful Lady.* (Macmillan.)

I OWN a fondly faithful wife,  
 And eke a lively boy ;  
 But things there are in wedded life  
 That yield me little joy.  
 My spouse is crying half the day,  
 My baby half the night.  
 (And yet the married state, they say,  
 Is one of calm delight.)  
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :  
 Britons never will be slaves !

H. S. LEIGH.

THE gentle wife, who decks his board  
 And makes his day to have no night,  
 Whose wishes wait upon her lord,  
 Who finds her own in his delight,  
 Is she another now than she  
 Who, mistress of her maiden charms,  
 At his wild prayer, incredibly  
 Committed them to his proud arms ?  
 Unless her choice of him's a slur  
 Which makes her proper credit dim,  
 He never enough can honour her  
 Who past all speech has honour'd him.

COVENTRY PATMORE.  
*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell)

A HUMAN heart should beat for two,  
 Whate'er may say your single scorners ;  
 And all the hearths I ever knew  
 Had got a pair of chimney-corners.

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

#### THE DEVONSHIRE LANE.

IN a Devonshire lane as I trotted along  
 T'other day, much in want of a subject for song ;  
 Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain,—  
 Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long, and when once you are  
 in it,  
 It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet ;  
 For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,  
 Drive forward you must, since there's no turning  
 round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,  
 For two are the most that together can ride ;  
 And e'en there 'tis a chance but they get in a  
 pother,  
 And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.

Old Poverty greets them with mendicant looks,  
 And Care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,  
 And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,  
 Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and  
 right,  
 That they shut up the beauties around from the  
 sight ;  
 And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,  
 That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But, thinks I, too, these banks within which we are  
 pent,  
 With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly besprent,  
 And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam,  
 Looks lovely, when deck'd with the comforts of  
 home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,  
 The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,  
 And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife  
 Smooths the roughness of care—cheers the winter  
 of life.

Then long be the journey and narrow the way ;  
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay ;  
And, whate'er others think, be the last to complain,  
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

UNKNOWN.

~~~~~

LET still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart,
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Then women's are.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Twelfth Night.

~~~~~

A WIFE ! ah, gentle deities ! can he  
That has a wife e'er feel adversity ?  
Would men but follow what the sex advise,  
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.

ALEXANDER POPE.

~~~~~

Now this is the sum of the matter: if ye will be
happy in marriage,
Confide, love, and be patient: be faithful, firm,
and holy.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.
Proverbial Philosophy. (Longmans.)

~~~~~

REMEMBER, few wed whom they would.  
And this, like all God's laws, is good ;  
For nought's so sad, the whole world o'er,  
As much love which has once been more.

COVENTRY PATMORE.  
*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

~~~~~

ON THE WEDDING RING.

THIS precious emblem well doth represent
'Tis evenness that crowns us with content,
Which, when it wanting is, the sacred yoke
Becomes uneasy, and with ease is broke.

UNKNOWN.

A MELANCHOLY CHANGE.

The weeds she used to "like so" when you smoked,
Are seized and safely in some cupboard poked ;
Decanters, after "just two glasses," stoppèd,
The little drop at night discreetly dropped,
Your boots and hat and gloves in closets shut,
Your latch-key chucked into the water-butt ;
No friend of jollier days allowed to call,
While rod and gun lie mouldering in the hall ;
No ! marriage is no state to rush on madly,
It begins *bridal-y*, but ends so *saddle-y* !

ROBERT REECE.
Rip Van Winkle. (French.)

~~~~~

Now wedlock is a sober thing,  
No more of chains or forges !  
A plain young man, a plain gold ring,  
The curate, and St. George's.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

#### A WIFE'S LECTURE TO WIVES.

~~~~~

THY husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sov'reign ; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts ?

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Taming of the Shrew.

III.

SOME WEDDING PICTURES.

“Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells !”

E. A. POE.

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
How the handsome Yennadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing ;
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous storyteller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gaily,
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting ;
And the wedding guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis,
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,

Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, “ O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented !”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

OPEN the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view :
Of her, ye virgins ! learn obedience,

When so ye come into these holy places,
 To humble your proud faces.
 Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make ;
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,
 The whiles with hollow throats
 The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo
 ring.

Behold whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And blesses her with his two happy hands,
 How red the roses flush up in her cheeks,
 And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
 Like crimson dy'd ingrain,
 That even the angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar do remain,
 Forget their service, and about her fly,
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
 The more they on it stare ;
 But her sad eyes, still fast'ned on the ground,
 Are governèd with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glance awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.
 Why blush ye, Love ! to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band ?
 Sing, ye sweet angels ! Alleluia sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo
 ring.

Now all is done : bring home the bride again,
 Bring home the triumph of our victory :
 Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
 With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
 Never had man more joyful day than this,
 Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
 Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day ;
 This day for ever to me holy is ;
 Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
 Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full :
 Pour out to all that wull,
 And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine ;
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withal :
 Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
 And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine ;

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
 For they can do it best ;
 The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and their echo
 ring.

Now cease, ye damsels ! your delights forepast,
 Enough it is that all the day was yours ;
 Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
 Now bring the bride into the bridal bowers ;
 Now night is come, now soon her disarray,
 And in her bed her lay ;
 Lay her in lilies and in violets,
 And silken curtains over her display,
 And odour'd sheets, and arras coverlets.
 Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
 In proud humility ;
 Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
 In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,
 'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
 With bathing in the Acidalian brook :
 Now, it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
 And leave my love alone,
 And leave likewise your former lays to sing ;
 The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

EDMUND SPENSER.
Epithalamion.

~~~~~  
 JACK'S WEDDIN'.

THE waves ha' got their coats o' white  
 The winds are blowin' strong,  
 An' fill the canvas trim and tight,  
 An' drive the ship along.  
 Then gather roun' the capstan, boys,  
 We'll sing the best we know,  
 The mermaids fair our song shall hear,  
 An' Davy Jones below.  
 Let every man, then, fill his can,  
 An' drink a toast wi' me,  
 For jolly, jolly boys, jolly, jolly boys,  
 Jolly, jolly boys are we.

My gal she lives in Portsmouth town,  
 Her bright eyes shot me so,  
 She made me haul my colours down,  
 An' took me straight in tow.

When I was called away to sea,  
 She piped her pretty eyes,  
 A lock o' hair she gave to me,  
 An' a 'bacco box likewise.  
 Then every man shall fill his can,  
 An' drink her health wi' me,  
 For jolly, jolly boys, jolly, jolly boys,  
 Jolly, jolly boys are we.  
 At Christmas time when we gets home,  
 My bonny wife she'll be,  
 An' every mate as likes may come,  
 An' drink her health wi' me.  
 She'll fill your pipes, your grog she'll pour,  
 Upon the weddin' day,  
 We'll dance a hornpipe on the shore,  
 An' fiddler Dick shall play.  
 Let every man, then, fill his can,  
 An' drink to her an' me,  
 For a jolly, jolly pair, a jolly, jolly pair,  
 A jolly, jolly pair we'll be.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

~~~~~  
 WITH the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
 Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelst of
 men?

When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
 Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

THOMAS HOOD.

Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

THE bride cam' out o' the byre,  
 And, O, as she dighted her cheeks!  
 "Sirs, I'm to be married the night,  
 And have neither blankets nor sheets;  
 Have neither blankets nor sheets,  
 Nor scarce a coverlet too;  
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,  
 Has e'en right muckle ado."  
 Woo'd, and married, and a',  
 Married, and woo'd, and a'!  
 And was she nae very weel off,  
 That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,  
 As he cam' in frae the plough:  
 "O, haud your tongue my dochter,  
 And ye'se get gear enough;

The stirk stands i' the tether,  
 And our braw bawsint yade,  
 Will carry ye hame your corn—  
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?"

Out spake the bride's mither:  
 "What deil needs a' this pride?  
 I had nae a plack in my pouch  
 That night I was a bride;  
 My gown was linsey-woolsey,  
 And ne'er a sark ava;  
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,  
 Mae than ane or twa."

Out spake the bride's brither,  
 As he cam' in wi' the kye:  
 "Poor Willie wad ne'er had ta'en ye,  
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;  
 For ye're baith proud and saucy,  
 And no for a poor man's wife;  
 Gin I canna get a better,  
 I'se ne'er take ane i' my life."  
 Woo'd, and married, and a',  
 Married, and woo'd, and a'!  
 And was she nae very weel off,  
 That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

ALEXANDER ROSS.

~~~~~  
 HAVE you seen an heiress
 In her jewels mounted,
 Till her wealth and she seem'd one,
 And she might be counted?

Have you seen a bosom
 With one rose betwixt it?
 And did you mark the grateful blush,
 While the bridegroom fix'd it?

LEIGH HUNT.

Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 BRIDAL BELLS.

WHO shall say  
 How happy Charlotte is to-day?  
 She goes to church with blossoms white,  
 And to-night is her bridal night.  
 For her the village children go  
 To line the churchyard path, and throw

Fair forest favours at her feet :  
 For her, flags flutter in the street :  
 There is sunlight under the leaves,  
 And the bride in her fancy weaves  
 Long pleasures for after days,  
 In summer's pleasant ways.  
 The night of waiting is done,  
 And love is crowned in the sun :  
 The glad bells ring ding, ding-a-dong,  
 And laugh in the bridal song.

Who shall say  
 How sad Lucinda is to-day?  
 At her window with eye-lids wet,  
 She remembers what others forget.  
 Summer may come, and south wind blow  
 Seeds from the grass, and bees may go  
 Home with pilfered honey at eve,  
 And she forget it all to grieve.  
 She was won in an idle day,  
 Worn a little and thrown away ;  
 And he who wooed forgets it now  
 In church at his marriage vow.  
 The day of her hope is done,  
 And her love lies dead in the sun.  
 The sad bells ring ding dong, ding dong,  
 And weep in the wedding song.

GUY ROSLYN.

*Lyrics and Landscapes.* (Arthur H. Moxon.)

THE bells are ringing. As is meet,  
 White favours fascinate the street,  
 Sweet faces greet me, rueful-sweet  
 'Twi't tears and laughter :  
 They crowd the door to see her go,  
 The bliss of one brings many woe ;  
 Oh, kiss the bride, and I will throw  
 The old shoe after.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

#### THE SMITH'S SONG.

[EXTRACT.]

" DING DONG, didilium ! the big sledge is swinging,  
 Ding dong, didilium ! the little hammer's ringing,  
 Ding dong, didilium ! set the bellows snoring :  
 Ding dong, didilium ! the red fire is roaring."

" Hush, boys, and hark, boys, I hear a pair  
 eloping,  
 Hush, boys, and hark, boys, they'll go free, I'm  
 hoping,  
 Ding dong, didilium ! I hear a shoe clinking,  
 Ding dong, didilium ! there's need of nails, I'm  
 thinking."

" For Heaven's sake, a shoe, smith ! " " Your,  
 honor, here 'tis ready ;  
 Woa, mare, and so, mare, and steady, girl, steady !  
 Ding dong, didilium ! off goes the carriage,  
 Ding dong, didilium ! good luck be with the mar-  
 riage."

A. P. GRAVES.

*Irish Songs and Ballads.* (Ireland, Manchester.)

#### A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY groomsmen, all in a row ;  
 Four-and-twenty dandies dressed from top to toe ;  
 Twenty-four grimaces, four-and-twenty smiles,  
 And the carriages extending four-and-twenty miles,  
 Four-and-twenty bridesmaids dressed in hoop and  
 feather,

Eight-and-forty flunkies standing all together,

The bride ringed and jewelled,  
 The groom gloved and glum,  
 And both of them look foolish,  
 And both of them are dumb ;

A thousand spectators  
 To see the pretty match,  
 A thousand tongues to whisper,  
 " He's made quite a catch."

Eight-and-forty ninnies  
 Marching out of church,  
 Like so many schoolboys  
 Running from the birch.

A silly sight to look upon as ever I did see,  
 The world makes a great fuss for nothing, seems to  
 me.

UNKNOWN.

THEY were wedded. 'Twas a wedding  
 That had far and high renown,  
 And from morning until even  
 Rang the bells of London town.

MARY HOWITT.

## A HIGHLAND WEDDING.

A BLITHESOME rout, that morning tide,  
 Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.  
 Her troth Tombea's Mary gave  
 To Norman, heir of Armandave,  
 And, issuing from the Gothic arch,  
 The bridal now resumed their march.  
 In rude, but glad procession, came  
 Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ;  
 And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
 Which snooded maiden would not hear ;  
 And children, that, unwitting why,  
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;  
 And minstrels, that in measures vied  
 Before the young and bonny bride,  
 Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose  
 The tear and blush of morning rose.  
 With virgin step, and bashful hand,  
 She held the kerchief's snowy band ;  
 The gallant bridegroom by her side  
 Beheld his prize with victor's pride,  
 And the glad mother in her ear  
 Was closely whispering word of cheer.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
*Lady of the Lake.*

## THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

[EXTRACT.]

AT noon a distant murmur thro' the crowd,  
 Rising and rolling on, announced their coming ;  
 And never from the first was to be seen  
 Such splendour or such beauty. Two and two,  
 (The richest tapestry unrolled before them)  
 First came the Brides in all their loveliness ;  
 Each in her veil, and by two bride-maids followed,  
 Only less lovely, who behind her bore  
 The precious caskets that within contained  
 The dowry and the presents. On she moved,  
 Her eyes cast down, and holding in her hand  
 A fan, that gently waved, of ostrich-feathers.  
 Her veil, transparent as the gossamer,  
 Fell from beneath a starry diadem ;  
 And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,  
 Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst ;  
 A jewelled chain, in many a winding wreath,  
 Wreathing her gold brocade.

Before the Church,

That venerable Pile on the sea-brink,  
 Another train they met, no strangers to them,  
 Brothers to some and to the rest still dearer ;  
 Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume,  
 And, as he walked, with modest dignity  
 Folding his scarlet mantle, his tabarro.

They join, they enter in, and, up the aisle,  
 Led by the full-voiced choir in bright procession,  
 Range round the altar. In his vestments there  
 The Patriarch stands ; and, while the anthem flows,  
 Who can look on unmoved—mothers in secret  
 Rejoicing in the beauty of their daughters,  
 Sons in the thought of making them their own ;  
 And they—arrayed in youth and innocence,  
 Their beauty heightened by their hopes and fears ?

At length the rite is ending. All fall down  
 In earnest prayer, all of all ranks together ;  
 And, stretching out his hands, the holy man  
 Proceeds to give the general benediction.

SAMUEL ROGERS.  
*Italy.*

## A HINDOO WEDDING.

THEREFORE the maid was given unto the Prince  
 A willing spoil ; and when the stars were good—  
 Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven—  
 The marriage feast was kept, as Sākya's use,  
 The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,  
 The wedding garlands hung, the arm-threads tied,  
 The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,  
 The two straws floated on the reddened milk,  
 Which, coming close, betokened "love till death ;"  
 The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,  
 The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms  
 And temple-offerings made, the mantras sung,  
 The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.  
 Then the gray father spake : "Worshipful Prince,  
 She, that was ours, henceforth is only thine ;  
 Be good to her who hath her life in thee."  
 Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasódhara,  
 With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,  
 And love was all in all.

EDWIN ARNOLD.  
*The Light of Asia.* (Trübner.)

## THE CID'S WEDDING.

[The following ballad, which contains some curious traits of rough and antique manners, is not included in Escobar's collection. There is one there descriptive of the same event, but apparently executed by a much more modern hand.]

WITHIN his hall of Burgos the King prepares the feast ;

He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.  
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,  
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away ?

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate,  
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state ;  
The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go ;—  
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,  
From house to house all over, in the way where they must march ;  
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,  
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,  
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet ;  
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,  
To do his bridal honour, their walls the burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them all covered o'er with trappings ;  
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings ;  
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,  
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter.

They fill the streets of Burgos—and The Devil he comes after ;  
For the King has hired the horned fiend for sixteen maravedis,  
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.

Then comes the bride Ximena—the King he holds her hand ;  
And the Queen, and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land ;  
All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,  
But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it (his thought you understand),  
" 'Tis a fine thing to be a King ; but Heaven make me a Hand !

The King was very merry, when he was told of this,  
And swore the bride ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.

The King went always talking, but she held down her head,  
And seldom gave an answer to anything he said ;  
It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,  
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.

J. G. LOCKHART.  
*Spanish Ballads.* (Warne.)

## THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west-country,  
And a clearer one never was seen ;  
There is not a wife in the west-country  
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,  
And behind does an ash tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.



A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne ;  
 Pleasant it was to his eye,  
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling  
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.  
 He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
 For thirsty and hot was he,  
 And he sat down upon the bank,  
 Under the willow tree.  
 There came a man from the neighbouring town  
 At the well to fill his pail,  
 On the well-side he rested it,  
 And bade the stranger hail.  
 Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ? quoth he,  
 For an if thou hast a wife,  
 The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
 That ever thou didst in thy life.  
 Or has your good woman, if one you have,  
 In Cornwall ever been ?  
 For an if she have, I'll venture my life  
 She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.  
 I have left a good woman who never was here,  
 The stranger he made reply ;  
 But that my draught should be better for that,  
 I pray you answer me why.  
 St. Keyne, quoth the countryman, many a time  
 Drank of this crystal well,  
 And before the angel summoned her,  
 She laid on the water a spell.  
 If the husband of this gifted well  
 Shall drink before his wife,  
 A happy man thenceforth is he ;  
 For he shall be master for life.  
 But if the wife should drink of it first,  
 God help the husband then !  
 The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,  
 And drank of the waters again.  
 You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes ?  
 He to the countryman said.  
 But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,  
 And sheepishly shook his head.  
 I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,  
 And left my wife in the porch,  
 But i' faith she had been wiser than me,  
 For she took a bottle to church.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A NUTSHELL NOVEL.  
 (FOR A MINIATURE MUDIE.)

VOL. I.

A WINNING wile,  
 A sunny smile,  
 A feather :  
 A tiny talk,  
 A pleasant walk,  
 Together !

VOL. II.

A little doubt,  
 A playful pout,  
 Capricious :  
 A merry miss,  
 A stolen kiss,  
 Delicious !!

VOL. III.

You ask mamma,  
 Consult papa,  
 With pleasure :  
 And both repent,  
 This rash event,  
 At leisure !!!

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

*Boudoir Ballads.* (Chatto and Windus.)

A ROYAL WEDDING IN ISRAEL.

HEARKEN, O daughter, and consider, and incline  
 thine ear ;  
 Forget also thine own people, and thy father's  
 house ;  
 So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty :  
 For he is thy Lord ; and worship thou him ;  
 And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a  
 gift ;  
 Even the rich among the people shall intreat thy  
 favour.  
 The king's daughter is all glorious within :  
 Her clothing is of wrought gold.  
 She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of  
 needlework :  
 The virgins her companions that follow her shall  
 be brought unto thee.  
 With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought :  
 They shall enter into the King's palace.

Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,  
Whom thou mayest make princes in all the  
earth.

I will make thy name to be remembered in all  
generations :

Therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and  
ever.

PSALM XLV. 10-17.

THE DEAD NUPTIAL.

It was a nuptial of the dead,  
Hope was a corse when she was wed ;  
Her loathèd bridegroom was Decay,  
And Sorrow gave the bride away ;  
And the wedding-priest was Care,  
And the bride-bed's fruit Despair.

JOHN TODHUNTER.  
*Forest Songs.* (K. Paul.)

IV.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

“So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.”

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE. *Romeo and Juliet.*

SIGNING THE NAMES.

How fair these names, how much unlike they look  
To all the blurr'd subscriptions in my book :  
The bridegroom's letters stand in row above,  
Tapering yet stout, like pine-trees in his grove ;  
While free and fine the bride's appear below,  
As light and slender as her jasmines grow.  
Mark now in what confusion stoop or stand  
The crooked scrawls of many a clownish hand ;  
Now out, now in, they droop, they fall, they rise,  
Like raw recruits drawn forth for exercise ;  
Ere yet reform'd and modell'd by the drill,  
The free-born legs stand striding as they will.

Much have I tried to guide the fist along,  
But still the blunderers placed their blottings wrong ;  
Behold these marks uncouth ! how strange that men  
Who guide the plough should fail to guide the pen ;  
For half a mile the furrows even lie ;  
For half an inch the letters stand awry.

GEORGE CRABBE.  
*The Parish Register.*

A WEDDING BREAKFAST.

(From “*The Wedding-Day.*”)

THERE'S a breakfast, they know—  
There always is so  
On occasions like these, wheresoever you go.  
Of course there are “lots” of beef, potted and  
hung,  
Prawns, lobsters, cold fowl, and cold ham, and  
cold tongue,

Hot tea, and hot coffee, hot rolls, and hot toast,  
Cold pigeon-pie (rook ?) and cold boil'd and cold  
roast,  
Scotch marmalade, jellies, cold creams, colder  
ices—  
*Blancmange*, which young ladies say, so very nice  
is,—  
Rock-melons in thick, pines in much thinner  
slices,—  
Char, potted with clarified butter and spices,  
Renewing an appetite long past its crisis—  
Refined barley-sugar, in various devices,  
Such as bridges, and baskets, and temples, and  
grottoes—  
And nasty French lucifer snappers with mottoes.  
—In short, all those gimcracks together were met  
Which people of fashion tell Gunter to get  
When they give a *grand déjeuner à la fourchette*—  
(A phrase which, though French, in our language  
still lingers,  
Intending a breakfast with forks and not fingers.)  
And see ! what a mountainous bride-cake !—a  
thing

By itself—with small pieces to pass through the ring !

R. H. BARHAM.  
*Ingoldsby Legends.* (R. Bentley and Son.)

CUPID'S ARROWS

Were useless there ; for of necessity,  
Their years and dispositions do accord so,  
They must wound one another.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## MY MARRIAGE MORN.

As souls new-born, who hear their funeral knells  
 Tolled upon earth, wake, and rejoice on high,  
 I woke, and heard, clear-echoing thro' the sky,  
 The distant chiming of my marriage-bells.  
 Surely, dear God of Love, Thine own voice swells  
 With that sweet marriage-music, seeing that I  
 Love her with all my soul, that cannot die,  
 And Thou art He with whom love ever dwells.  
 Come with me, God, into Thy temple now ;  
 Stand at the altar when we twain do meet ;  
 Hear Thou, and judge our mutual marriage-vow,  
 Sworn there, O God, before Thy judgment seat :  
 Hear, judge, smile, bless us in that holy place—  
 She, Thou, and I, together, face to face.

S. K. COWAN.

*The Murmur of the Shells.* (McCaw, Belfast.)

*Composed on the Eve of the Marriage of a Friend,  
 in the Vale of Grasmere.*

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribbons gay,  
 These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace ?  
 Angels of love, look down upon the place,  
 Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day !  
 Even for such omen would the bride display  
 No mirthful gladness. Serious is her face,  
 Modest her mien ; and she, whose thoughts keep  
 pace  
 With gentleness, in that becoming way  
 Will thank you. Faultless does the maid appear,  
 No disproportion in her soul, no strife :  
 But, when the closer view of wedded life  
 Hath shown that nothing human can be clear  
 From frailty, for that insight may the wife  
 To her indulgent lord become more dear.

W. WORDSWORTH.

MAY each breathed sigh, each sob that swells  
 Be lost in chimes of marriage-bells.

S. K. COWAN.

*The Murmur of the Shells.* (McCaw, Belfast.)

## THE WEDDING MORN.

STILL on the cushion'd altar-step she knelt ;  
 And I, the elected lover, knelt beside.  
 She in her heart a little flutter felt,  
 Knowing so many eyes look'd on the bride.  
 Embroidery fell loose o'er her flower-crown'd head,  
 And show'd her cheeks a little white and pale ;  
 Yet sweetly touch'd with blush of lingering red,  
 Like new rose-leaves. Her courage did not fail.  
 " I will " ; and then " I will " ; and so we seal'd  
 The sacred bond, and we shall grow one heart ;  
 And truth to two twin spirits be reveal'd,  
 Which baffled one. Now on the road we start.  
 God help us onward, for the years are long !  
 'Twill be keen fighting : yes : the foe is strong.

T. ASHE.

*Poems.* (Knights, Ipswich.)

## THE BRIDE'S WREATH.

PRESENTED BY A CHILD.

*(From the German of Mahlman.)*

To bind the rich twine of thy waving hair  
 Innocence brings thee a chaplet fair,  
 Where the leaf of the Myrtle darkly glows  
 Through buds of the white and crimson Rose ;  
 Take the bright garland, young Bride ! from Me,  
 'Thus Love should be crowned by Purity !

With Summer the bud of the Rose will fall,  
 But the leaf of the Myrtle is green through all ;  
 We liken thee, Rose ! to Life's changeful show,  
 To its joys that come lightly and so depart ;  
 Sweet Myrtle ! we liken thy steadfast glow  
 To the Love of the faithful, unchanging heart !

DORA GREENWELL.

## EPITHALAMIUM.

I SAW two clouds at morning  
 Tinged with the rising sun,  
 And in the dawn they floated on,  
 And mingled into one :  
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,  
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents  
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
 And join their course with silent force,  
 In peace each other greeting :  
 Calm was their course through banks of green,  
 While dimpling eddies play'd between.  
 Such be your gentle motion,  
 Till life's last pulse shall beat ;  
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,  
 Float on in joy, to meet  
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,  
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

J. G. C. BRAINARD.

~~~~~  
 A BRIDAL SONG.

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
 Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their hue ;
 Maiden-pinks, of odour faint ;
 Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
 And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
 Merry spring-time's harbinger,
 With her bells dim ;
 Oxlips in their cradles growing,
 Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
 Lark-heels trim ;

All dear Nature's children sweet,
 Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
 Blessing their sense !
 Not an angel of the air,
 Bird melodious, or bird fair,
 Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
 The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
 Nor chattering pie,
 May on our bride-house perch or sing,
 Or with them any discord bring,
 But from it fly !

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

~~~~~  
 OUR lot is cast on pleasant days,  
 In not unpleasant places ;  
 Young ladies now have pretty ways,  
 As well as pretty faces ;

So never sigh for what has been,  
 And let us cease complaining  
 That we have loved when our dear Queen  
 VICTORIA was reigning.

Oh yes, young love is lovely yet,  
 With faith and honour plighted :  
 I love to see a pair so met,  
 Youth—Beauty—all united.  
 Such dear ones may they ever wear  
 The roses fortune gave them :  
 Ah, know we such a BLESSED PAIR ?  
 I think we do ! GOD SAVE THEM !

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 FULL many an age old Hymen had not spied
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.

ALEXANDER POPE.

~~~~~  
 I've greeted many a bonny bride  
 On many a bridal day,  
 In homes serene and summer-skied,  
 Where Love's spring-buds, with joy and pride,  
 Had blossomed into May ;  
 But ne'er on lovelier bride than thine  
 Looked these delighted eyes of mine,  
 And ne'er in happier bridal bower  
 Than hers smiled rose and orange-flower  
 Through green leaves glad and gay,  
 When bridesmaids, grouped around her room  
 In youth's, in truth's, in beauty's bloom,  
 Entwined, with merry fingers fair,  
 Their garlands in her sunny hair ;  
 Or bosomed them, with graceful art,  
 Above the beatings of her heart.

J. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

~~~~~  
 BLESSED is the bridegroom under shower or sun ;
 Blessed is the bride whom love's light shines on.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
 GENTLEMAN."
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

BRIDE and bridegroom, pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together,
 In this the beginning of your journey, neglect not the favour of heaven :
 Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers,
 And at even-tide kneel ye together, that your joy be not unhallowed :
 Angels that are round you will be glad, those loving ministers of mercy,
 And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on his favoured children.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.
Proverbial Philosophy. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

BLESSED is the bridegroom without crown or lands ;
 Blessed is the bride with her heart in her hands.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
 GENTLEMAN."
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

GOD, the best maker of all marriages,
 Combine your hearts in one !

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Henry V.

WEDDING WORDS.

A JEWEL for my lady's ear,
 A jewel for her finger fine,
 A diamond for her bosom dear,
 Her bosom that is mine.

Dear glances for my lady's eyes,
 Dear looks around her form to twine,
 Dear kisses for the lips I prize,
 Her dear lips that are mine.

Dear breathings to her, soft and low,
 Of how my lot she's made divine,
 Dear silences my love that show
 For her whose love is mine.

Dear cares no cloud shall shade her way,
 That gladness only on her shine,
 That she be happy as the May
 Whose lot is one with mine.

Dear wishes hovering round her life
 And tending thoughts, and dreams divine,
 To feed with perfect joy the wife
 Whose happiness is mine.

W. C. BENNETT.
Baby May, &c. (K. Paul.)

A CONTRACT of eternal bond of love,
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
 Attested by the holy close of lips,
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.¹

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Twelfth Night.

EPITHALAMIA.

I.

E. N. AND A. H.

PURE is the Temple wherein Love doth dwell,
 Founded in Truth and reared in Charity,
 And through its windows open to the sky
 Evening and Morn their wondrous tale should tell ;
 And clearer light, by men invisible,
 Should lead the pilgrims through the columned aisle,
 Or bid them stay their course and rest awhile,
 As He shall will who orders all things well.
 Into that Temple ye, young hearts and true,
 Have found your way with steps sedate and calm ;
 And Love shall guide you, making all things new,
 Content to bear the cross, or wear the palm,
 And, should the years be many or be few,
 Still through its vaults shall ring your clear melodious psalm.

II.

A. N. AND E. H.

YES, take your way upon the path of life,
 And do your work while yet 'tis called to-day,
 And, as ye start, shall friends devoutly pray,
 That God may bless the husband and the wife.
 Linked are ye now for no ignoble strife,
 Conflict with many a foe without, within,
 Tempters that oft their subtle victory win,
 And mar the joy wherewith the dawn was rife.

¹ Formerly, in betrothals or espousals, the man received as well as gave a ring.

Yet fear ye not ; for they that be with you
 Are more and mightier than the powers of ill,
 And if ye walk with vision clear and true,
 The Peace of God your hearts and souls shall fill ;
 And as the Evening falls and shadows lengthen,
 New light and hope the thoughts of age shall
 strengthen.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

So the lass was made a wife, and so the song was
 ended.

JEAN INGELOW.

Poems ; Second Series. (Longmans.)

Who saw his wife might well have thought—
 “God loves this man. He chose a wife for
 him—
 The true one !”

JEAN INGELOW.

Poems ; Second Series. (Longmans.)

THE kindest and the happiest pair
 Will find occasion to forbear ;
 And something every day they live
 To pity, and perhaps forgive.

WILLIAM COWPER.

ORANGE-FLOWERS.

'Tis said, the orange-flowers thou wilt wear ;
 That from the home of childhood thou wilt pass,
 To prove thy chosen *one* heart of the world,
 Whose smile of love to thee is all in all.

Go forth, O maiden ; bud of promise fair,
 On which in fondness beams a mother's eye,
 Watching each leaf of loveliness expand—
 Go forth, and blossom as the perfect wife !

Go forth, O blessèd flower of womanhood !
 With all the graces Virtue calls her own,
 And keep their fragrance pure as sanctity,
 Wherewith to sweeten ever heart and home.

Go forth, O maiden ! as a Heaven-blest bride,
 And, for each kiss of those thou bidd'st farewell,
 May from the heart of thy Beloved spring up
 Joys of affection, fadeless as the stars.

Be Love the guardian-angel of thy life !
 In whose bright footprints evermore shall spring
 Blossoms that ripen into Angel-fruits,
 And be Thy ways the paths of perfect peace !

For a fond mother's glance, a sister's voice,
 A brother's strong affection, mayst thou find,
 Concentrated in one true, trusting heart,
 All that is known in heaven and earth by love.

Go forth ; and may the blessing of the bard,
 And sacred benediction of the priest,
 And prayers that fall from lips of those that love,
 Be heard, and answer'd by a sign from God !

ROWLAND BROWN.

Songs and Poems. (D. Bogue.)

GOD be with them !—while they stand,
 Heart in heart as hand in hand,
 Breathing first to Heav'n above
 Holy vows of faith and love.

God be with them !—when they go,
 By the path His love will show,
 Each to work with ready will
 What they must for Him fulfil.

God be with them !—while they share
 All He gives of toil and care ;
 Making glad whate'er they do
 With affection kind and true.

God be with them !—while they sing
 'Mid the blessings time may bring !
 Rising then on wings of praise
 To the Light of all their days.

God be with them !—while they pray
 Through a dark and troubled day ;
 Learning then in pain and loss
 How to share their Master's cross.

God be with them !—when they know
 All that this world can bestow ;
 Looking then for deathless Love
 In a better Home above.

L. TUTTIETT.

P

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."—
Ps. xxxvii. 7.

REST in the Lord—from harps above
The music seems to thrill—
Rest in his everlasting love,
Rest and be still.

Rest thou, who claimest for thine own
Thy chosen bride to-day,
Affianced in his faith alone
Thy bride for aye.

And thou, whose trustful hand is given
Avouching here thy spouse,
Rest, for a Father seals in heaven
His children's vows.

Rest ye, who cluster round them both
To mingle praise and prayers ;
Your God affirms the plighted troth,
Your God and theirs.

Rest, for the Heavenly Bridegroom here
Is standing by your side,
And in this union draws more near
His mystic bride.

Rest in the Lord—thrice Holy Dove,
In us thy word fulfil—
Rest in his everlasting love,
Rest and be still.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

"Being heirs together of the grace of life."—I Pet. iii. 7.

ERE the words of peace and love
Breathed on earth are borne above,
While their echo, soft and clear,
Lingers on the trancèd ear,—
Catch upon your lips the strain,
Swell the notes of prayer again,
Prayer with benedictions fraught,
Passing words and passing thought :
Co-eternal Three in One,
Seal the nuptial benison.

Blessings from the earth beneath,
Fruits and flowers in woven wreath ;
Balmy dews that heaven distils
On the everlasting hills ;

Angel wings, a guard of light
O'er the peaceful home by night ;
Angels' steps to tend the way
Onward, heavenward, day by day :
Co-eternal Three in One,
Seal the nuptial benison.

Hear our prayer : this union be
Ratified, O God, by thee ;
This another link entwined
Hearts and homes and heaven to bind
In that mystic chain of love,
Holding us, but held above ;
Knitting all that world to this,
Eden's bloom to glory's bliss :
Co-eternal Three in One,
Seal the nuptial benison.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Blessedness is blessing thee ;
While we pour in chant and hymn
Full hearts, flowing o'er the brim,—
Water by thy power benign
Blushing as celestial wine,—
Till within the golden gates,
Where the Lamb his bridal waits,
We with all the white-robed throngs
Sing the heavenly Song of Songs.

E. H. BICKERSTETH

ONLY kneel on, nor turn away
From the pure shrine, where Christ to-day
Will store each flower, ye duteous lay,
For an eternal wreath.

JOHN KEBI

Christian Year. (Parke

'Tis He who clasps the marriage band,
And fits the spousal ring,
Then leaves ye kneeling, hand in hand,
Out of His stores to bring
His Father's dearest blessing, shed
Of old on Isaac's nuptial bed,
Now on the board before ye spread
Of our all-bounteous King.

JOHN KEBI

Christian Year. (Parke

1



RAFAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by PAOLO FATTOLO.

“Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day.”



NUPTIAL GRACE.

"Holy Matrimony. . . instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his Church ; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence, and first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee."

To be sung by all the Guests.—Tallis, C. M.

O THOU, whose presence beautified
 Poor Cana's nuptial board,
 By Thee let ours be sanctified,
 And THOU shalt be adored.
 Thyself to us, ourselves to Thee
 In mystic union join ;
 And grant us greater things to see
 Than water turned to wine.

Thy glory show, our faith make strong,
 Like rivers be our peace :
 And seat us where THY Marriage Song
 Shall never, *never* cease !

To Him who wove the marriage tie
 In Eden's thornless bower,
 To Him, the Christ of God Most High,
 Be glory, praise, and power !

W. H. HAVERGAL.

[“This unique idea, for wedding guests to find this hymn on the plates, and all stand and sing it, originated with the Rev. W. H. Havergal.” Miss Maria Havergal has kindly sent me this unpublished hymn, with the above note concerning it.—F. L.]

V.

“AFTER YEARS OF LIFE TOGETHER.”

“Woman is designed to be neither man’s idol nor his rival, but his best and most intimate friend—
his completion.”—MORTIMER COLLINS. *Pen Sketches.*

MAIDEN FREEDOM.

O, SWEET to flutter ’mid the grass,
In charming dews the wise condemn,
And when the busy swallows pass
To nod my friendly head at them !

It did the little squirrels good
To see a thing as gay as I,
When I came running through the wood
To hide from the delighted sky ;

The quaint old cuckoo said his say,
I mock’d him with my artful word ;
I think he knows not to this day
Whether I am a girl or bird !

’Twas “cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,” he ;
And “cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,” I ;—
It was the grandest sight to see
That puzzled cuckoo round me fly !

In ev’ry bird I found a friend—
A confidante in ev’ry leaf ;
The little breezes would attend,
The robins knew I was their chief.

The good old trees would rustle so,
In stately gossip, when I came ;
The grass that kissed my feet, I know,
Kissed no one else’s quite the same.

Life was a most triumphant fact !—
What could my ecstasy destroy ?
I did not care to think or act—
Just to be living was a joy !

O lovely earth ! O lovely sky !—
I was in love with nature, I ;
And nature was in love with me ;—
O, lovely life—when I was free !

Mrs. Jerningham’s Journal. (Macmillan.)



PROPOSED FOR AND MARRIED.

AND when I found how fair I am,
I felt a new delight in life,
Nor guessed that Mr. Jerningham
Had asked me from Papa as wife.

How vexed I was when I was told,
I hardly could my patience keep ;
And then Papa began to scold,
And then poor I began to weep.

But one thing’s pleasant, I confess ;
Marriage a trousseau doth entail ;
I had to choose a satin dress,
And was allowed to wear a veil !

The wedding day came all too soon—
I’d rather it had not been mine—
But still I liked the Honeymoon
At Paris and the pretty Rhine.

And now I’ve not a thing to do,
And nobody to say a word ;
I’ve got to keep my house, ’tis true,—
I keep a house !—it’s too absurd !

Mrs. Jerningham’s Journal. (Macmillan.)

FIRST ESSAYS IN HOUSEKEEPING.

SHE'S such a clever woman, Cook,
 I heartily dislike her look ;
 She really seems to fancy I
 Know nothing useful 'neath the sky,
 And with her stuck up chin and head,
 Her silence is a thing to dread !
 And then when she begins to speak,
 She asks such dreadful questions—O !
 How many quarts of milk a week
 Shall I require ? how *should* I know ?
 And what may be the price of coals ?
 How many tons will be enough ?
 Shall she take quartern loaves, or rolls ?
 And do I want the kitchen stuff ?
 I've ordered dinner—'tis a fact
 That I was frightened at the act !
 Says I, " A leg of lamb you'll get,"
 Says she, " It's not in season yet ;"
 So turning somewhere for relief,
 I said, " Then get a leg of beef :"
 She looked so keenly in my face
 She made me feel the whole disgrace,
 And so I cried, " Get anything,"
 And ran upstairs to play and sing :—
 I hope we'll have *some* dinner, though,
 Or John may be displeased, you know.

Mrs. Jerningham's Journal. (Macmillan.)

I, WHILE the shop-girl fitted on
 The sand-shoes, look'd where, down the bay,
 The sea glow'd with a shrouded sun.
 " I'm ready, Felix ; will you pay ?"
 That was my first expense for this
 Sweet stranger whom I call'd my Wife.
 How light the touches are that kiss
 'The music from the chords of life !

COVENTRY PATMORE.
The Angel in the House. (G. Bell.)

A WIFE WITH A WILL OF HER OWN.

LONG ago (in the days of my bachelor life)
 When I suffer'd few sorrows or cares,
 I became a young Cœlebs, in search of a wife
 With a turn for domestic affairs.

People told me that women were thoughtless and
 weak,
 And unfit to be trusted alone ;
 So I made up my mind that the treasure I'd seek
 Was a wife with a will of her own.

For decision and firmness I hunted about,
 Among spinsters of ev'ry degree ;
 Till I singled a strong-minded ladylove out
 As exactly the treasure for *me*.
 I prepared for refusal, but gain'd the reverse,
 And felt proud as a king on his throne,
 When I found myself wedded for better or worse
 To a wife with a will of her own.

But the honeymoon scarcely was over and past,
 When I slowly began to suspect
 That I'd made my decision a little too fast,
 Without taking my time to reflect.
 I was bullied and snubb'd till I said with a sigh,
 " How I wish I could only have known
 What it is to be bound, till you happen to die,
 To a wife with a will of her own !"

I'm dull as an owl and as meek as a mouse,
 While my wife has her will and her way :
 Of an evening I cannot stir out of the house,
 Though I'm awfully fond of the play.
 There's a moral, no doubt, in our cat and dog life ;
 And that moral I've carefully shown :
 You should never look out, if in want of a wife,
 For a wife with a will of her own !

HENRY S. LEIGH.
Gillott and Goosequill.
 (British and Colonial Publishing Company.)

WHEN an ugly and elderly bachelor marries
 A maiden as girlish as fair,
 'Tis a crime which, according to Sheridan, carries
 A punishment heavy to bear.
 In a whisper I fain would have breathed my con-
 fession,
 Though here I reveal it aloud.
 Let me own, with a sorrow that baffles expression,
 My honeymoon's under a cloud !

HENRY S. LEIGH.

A BRIDAL RACE.

SIR HUBERT mounted his little brown barb,
Her jennette of Spain his bride ;
" My winsome Isabelle, my wife,"
Quoth he, " Let's a wager ride !"

Quoth he, " Sweet wife, let us ride a race,
And this shall be the play,
Whoever wins first to yon haw-tree,
Shall do even as they may.

" And whether we live in the country,
Or in town as I would still,
Whoever wins first to yon haw-tree
Shall have it as they will."

" Done !" said she with a light high laugh,
" I'm pleased with such as this ;
Let us sign the 'pact !" She leant across,
As if she meant to kiss.

He thought to catch her limber waist,
And really a kiss repay,
But she gave her jennette the rein at once ;
She was off, she was away.

The little brown barb he shied aside,
On galloped she merrilie,
The race was short and she was first,
First by the red haw-tree.

" Now fie upon you, winsome wife !"
Cried he, " you ride unfair,
For with that feint, that start too soon,
You took me unware."

" What's fair," quoth she, with her light high laugh,
" I do not care three straws !
Oh, I shall rule, yes, I shall rule,
But you, love, shall make the laws !"

W. BELL SCOTT.

Poems by a Painter. (Longmans.)

BETHINK thee, then, how, in the hours that first
together drew
Our hearts, from light acquaintance' germ familiar
converse grew,
From converse sweet by gentle change how potent
friendship rose,
Till perfect love within our breasts both flower and
fruitage shows.

And this, bethink, what woven web of blest
emotions grew,
Phase after phase of various love, the same but
ever new !

And learn to enjoy the hour ! pure love still
upward strives to float

To that high sphere where wish to wish, and
thought responds to thought,

Where feeling blent with feeling, raptures thrilled
with raptures rare,

In bonds of a diviner life, unite the blissful pair.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Lyrical Poems. (D. Douglas.)

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many Summers, love,
Have I been thine ?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine ?
Time, like the winged wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours !

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves ;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves ;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known ;
Sweet looks we half forget ;—
Ail else is flown !

Ah ! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing !
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden Spring !
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time !

BARRY CORNWALL.

English Songs. (G. Bell and Sons.)

YEAR AFTER YEAR.

YEAR after year the cowslips fill the meadow,
Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,
Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we were.

Year after year, as sure as birds' returning,
Or field-flowers' blossoming above the wintry
mould ;
Year after year, in work, or mirth, or mourning,
Love we with love's own youth, that never can
grow old.

Sweetheart and ladye-love, queen of boyish passion,
Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun ;
Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different
fashion,
Yet loved supremely, solely, as we never love
but one.

Dearest and bonniest ! though blanched those
curling tresses,
Though loose clings the wedding-ring to that
thin hand of thine,—
Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses !
Sweetest of all lips the lips long since kissed
mine !

So let the world go round with all its sighs and
sinning,
Its mad shout o'er fancied bliss, its howl o'er
pleasures past :
That which it calls love's end to us was love's
beginning :—
I clasp my arms about thy neck and love thee
to the last.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
GENTLEMAN."
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

A YEAR AND A DAY.

A YEAR and a Day is the period named
When, according to Custom, the FLITCH may be
claimed ;—
Provided the parties can swear and can prove,
They have lived the whole time in true conjugal
love.

'Tis a very old Custom of ours at Dunmow,—
Fitzwalter established it ages ago :
Its antiquity, sure, can be doubted by no man,
Since 'tis mentioned by Chaucer, and trusty Piers
Plowman.

That it is a good Custom, as well as an old—
Our custom of Dunmow—you needn't be told,—
A prize matrimonial—claim it we may—
Nell and I have been married a Year and a Day.

With all the conditions we've duly complied—
And our love and fidelity well have been tried ;
Kneeling down at the Church-door, we dare to
confess
That not e'en in thought, did we ever transgress.

No woman, save Nell, has attractions for me ;
And as I feel, I needn't assure you, feels she :
No man in the world, be he ever so big,
Can say Nelly cares for his nonsense a fig.

I'm a pattern to husbands, as she is to wives,—
We teach all transgressors to alter their lives.
We show how much better it is to be true,
Than each other neglect, as some married folks do.

In short, we're as happy as couple can be,—
No long curtain lectures sweet Nell reads to me ;
By no silly squabbles are we ever put out,
Nor do I ever scold, nor does she ever pout.

As to wishing that we were unmarried again,—
A notion so stupid ne'er enter'd our brain :—
Far rather,—we give you our honour,—we would
Be married twice over again, if we could !

Three times did I marry the FLITCH to obtain—
Three times unsuccessful—the fourth time I gain :
Blest with Nelly, sweet Nelly, they can't say me
nay,—
We've not had a wrong word for a Year and a
Day !

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.
Ballads. (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
AH ! thou art no more thine own.  
Mine, mine, O love ! Tears gather 'neath my lids,—  
Sorrowful tears for thy lost liberty,  
Because it was so sweet. Thy liberty,  
That yet, O love, thou would'st not have again.  
No ; all is right. But who can give, or bless,  
Or take a blessing, but there comes withal  
Some pain ?

JEAN INGELow.  
*Poems ; Second Series.* (Longmans.)

## TO HIS WIFE.

FAST falls the snow, O lady mine,  
 Sprinkling the lawn with crystals fine,  
 But by the gods we won't repine  
 While we're together,  
 We'll chat and rhyme, and kiss and dine,  
 Defying weather.

So stir the fire and pour the wine,  
 And let those sea-green eyes divine  
 Pour their love-madness into mine :  
 I don't care whether  
 'Tis snow or sun or rain or shine  
 If we're together.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*Letters and Friendships.*

## THE HOME ALTAR.

WHY should we seek at all to gain  
 By vigils, and in pain,  
 By lonely life and empty heart,  
 To set a soul apart  
 Within a cloistered cell,  
 For whom the precious, homely hearth would serve  
 as well ?

There, with the early breaking morn  
 Ere quite the day is born,  
 The lustral waters flow serene,  
 And each again grows clean  
 From sleep, as from a tomb,  
 Born to another dawn of joy, and hope, and doom.

There through the sweet and toilsome day  
 To labour is to pray ;  
 There love with kindly beaming eyes  
 Prepares the sacrifice ;  
 And voice and innocent smile  
 Of childhood do our cheerful liturgies beguile.

There, at his chaste and frugal feast,  
 Love sitteth as a Priest ;  
 And with mild eyes and mien sedate,  
 His deacons stand and wait ;  
 And round the holy table  
 Paten and chalice range in order serviceable.

And when ere night, the vespers said,  
 Low lies each weary head,  
 What giveth He who gives them sleep,  
 But a brief death less deep ?  
 Or what the fair dreams given  
 But ours who, daily dying, dream a happier heaven ?

Then not within a cloistered wall  
 Will we expend our days ;  
 But dawns that break and eves that fall  
 Shall bring their dues of praise.  
 This best befits a Ruler always near,  
 This duteous worship mild, and reasonable fear.

LEWIS MORRIS.  
*Songs of Two Worlds ; Third Series.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 ONE time there is, one only time,
 'Twixt birth and death, from sorrow free,
 And that, O lady of my rhyme !
 I passed with thee.

MORTIMER COLLINS.
Frances.

TO HIS WIFE,

*On the Anniversary of her Wedding-day, which
 was also her Birthday, with a ring.*

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed"—
 So, fourteen years ago, I said.—
 Behold another ring !—"For what ?"
 "To wed thee o'er again ?"—Why not ?
 With that first ring I married youth,
 Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth ;
 Taste long admired, sense long revered,
 And all my Molly then appeared.
 If she, by merit since disclosed,
 Prove twice the woman I supposed,
 I plead that double merit now,
 To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day, with faith as sure,
 With ardour as intense, as pure,
 As when, amidst the rites divine,
 I took thy troth, and plighted mine,
 To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
 A token and a pledge I bring :
 With this I wed, till death us part,
 Thy riper virtues to my heart ;

Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride :
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.
And why? They show me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

~~~~~  
WEDDED LOVERS.

. . . . FRIEND, counsellor, companion, wife,  
Cherished for Love, in this, and after, life :  
Reflective, prudent, wise, and sweetly kind :  
A generous heart, a liberal hand and mind :  
Giving a ready help to each who needs :  
Though to her "household" first, as wise and just ;  
Yielding with grace, and not because she must :  
While she, of greater troubles, takes her share,  
She treats the lesser as the garden weeds,  
To be removed, and yet with gentle care,  
That flowers as well are not uprooted there.  
Thus Love endures through all a chequered life,  
In calm, in sunshine, or when tempest-tost :

THE HUSBAND FOUND, A LOVER IS NOT LOST,  
THE SWEETHEART STILL REMAINS—A SWEETHEART  
WIFE !

S. C. HALL.  
*Rhymes in Council.* (Griffith and Farran.)

~~~~~  
SONG.

I LOOK into the eyes I love,
And watch the old love beaming,
And call from out the buried years
The old, old lover's dreaming.

Just here and there one line of grey
Divides the raven tresses,
I sigh :—Youth fades apace—I smile,
The love that blest, still blesses !

SEBASTIAN EVANS.
Brother Fabian's Manuscript. (Macmillan.)

AFTER MARRIAGE.

AND then I slept, and all day dreamed of her,
And waked, and lo ! my dream beside me lay :
As one who prays, and rising trancedly,
Sees the fulfilment of his holy prayer
Glimmering before him in the mystic air.
I heard in sleep her soft lips move and sigh,
Murmuring in dreams some last night's memory,
And once, in love, she clasped her own long hair.
There, like some soul that lieth near to death,
Waiting the opening of its native skies,
I lay, and watched her death-like fluttering breath,
Waiting the opening of her living eyes.
O deep deep eyes, wherein all glad things dwell,
Thou art my sea, and I thy murmuring shell !

S. K. COWAN.
The Murmur of the Shells. (McCaw, Belfast.)

~~~~~  
THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife ; ah,  
summers not a few,  
Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er  
me and you ;  
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares  
and pleasures, too—  
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old  
ring was new.

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my  
life,  
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes"  
made you my loving wife ;  
Your heart will say the same, I know ; that day's  
as dear to you,—  
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this  
old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet  
face that day ;  
How fair you were—how dear you were—my  
tongue could hardly say ;  
Nor how I doated on you ; ah, how proud I was  
of you ;  
But did I love you more than now, when this old  
ring was new ?

No—no ; no fairer were you then than at this hour  
to me,  
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you  
dearer be ?  
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is,  
'tis true,  
But did I know your heart as well when this old  
ring was new ?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief  
is there,

For me you would not bravely face, with me you  
would not share ?

O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,  
Wanting the love that God made mine when this  
old ring was new !

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife,—young  
voices that are here,

Young faces round our fire that make their mother's  
yet more dear,

Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes  
yet more like to you,

More like the loving heart made mine when this  
old ring was new.

And, bless'd be God ! all He has given are with  
us yet ; around

Our table, every little life lent to us still is found ;  
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts  
the worst we've struggled through ;

Bless'd be His name for all His love since this  
old ring was new.

The past is dear ; its sweetness still our memo-  
ries treasure yet ;

The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would  
not now forget ;

Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart  
still true,

We'll share as we have shared all else since this  
old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daugh-  
ters to grow old,

We know His goodness will not let your heart or  
mine grow cold ;

Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still  
shown to you,

And mine in yours all they have seen since this  
old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me  
to my rest,

May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on  
that breast ;

O, may my parting gaze be bless'd with the dear  
sight of you,

Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this  
old ring was new.

W. C. BENNETT.

*Baby May, &c.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
LOVE WRECKED IN CALM WATER.

ALAS—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love !
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied ;

That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,

Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When Heav'n was all tranquillity !

A something, light as air—a look,

A word unkind or wrongly taken—

Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,

A breath, a touch like this has shaken.

And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin ;

And eyes forget the gentle ray

They wore in courtship's smiling day ;

And voices lose the tone that shed

A tenderness round all they said ;

Till fast declining, one by one,

The sweetnesses of love are gone,

And hearts, so lately mingled, seem

Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,

That smiling left the mountain's brow,

As though its waters ne'er could sever,

Yet, ere it reach the plain below,

Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

THOMAS MOORE.

Lalla Rookh ; The Light of the Haram.

~~~~~  
THE SUMMIT.

Now on life's crest we breathe the temperate air ;

Turn either way—the parted paths o'erlook !

Dear, we shall never bid the Sphinx despair,

Nor read in Sibyl's book.

The blue bends o'er us ; good are night and day ;  
Some blissful influence of the starry seven  
Thrilled us ere youth took wing ; wherefore essay  
The vain assault on heaven ?

And what great word Life's singing lips pronounce,  
And what intends the sealing kiss of Death,  
It skills us not ; yet we accept, renounce,  
And draw this steadfast breath.

Enough one thing we know ; haply anon  
All truths, yet no truth better or more clear  
Than that your hand holds my hand. Therefore  
on !

The downward pathway, dear !

EDWARD DOWDEN.

~~~~~  
SOMETHING WANTING.

PERCHANCE 'twas the fault of the life that they led ;
Perchance 'twas the fault of the novels they read ;
Perchance 'twas a fault in themselves ; I am bound
not

To say : this I know—that these two creatures
found not

In each other some sign they expected to find
Of a something unnamed in the heart or the
mind ;

And, missing it, each felt a right to complain
Of a sadness which each found no word to
explain.

Whatever it was, the world noticed not it
In the light-hearted beauty, the light-hearted wit.
Still, as once with the actors in Greece, 'tis the
case,

Each must speak to the crowd with a mask on his
face.

Praise follow'd Matilda wherever she went.
She was flatter'd. Can flattery purchase content ?
Yes. While to its voice, for a moment she
listen'd,

The young cheek still bloom'd, and the soft eye
still glisten'd ;

And her lord, when, like one of those light vivid
things

That glide down the gauzes of summer with wings
Of rapturous radiance, unconscious she moved
Through that buzz of inferior creatures, which
proved

Her beauty, their envy, one moment forgot
'Mid the many charms there, the one charm that
was not :

And when o'er her beauty enraptured he bow'd,
(As they turned to each other, each flush'd from
the crowd),

And murmur'd those praises which yet seem'd
more dear

Than the praises of others had grown to her ear,
She, too, ceased awhile her own fate to regret :
" Yes ! . . . he loves me," she sigh'd ; " this is
love, then—and yet—!"

Ah, that *yet* ! fatal word ! 'tis the moral of all
Thought and felt, seen or done, in this world since
the Fall !

It stands at the end of each sentence we learn ;
It flits in the vista of all we discern ;
It leads us, for ever and ever, away
To find in to-morrow what flies with to-day.
'Twas this same little fatal and mystical word
That now, like a mirage, led my lady and lord
To the waters of Ems from the waters of Marah ;
Drooping pilgrims in Fashion's blank, arid Sahara !

OWEN MEREDITH.

Lucile. (Chapman and Hall.)

~~~~~  
TO HIS WIFE.

OH ! hadst thou never shared my fate,  
More dark that fate would prove,  
My heart were truly desolate  
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,  
Whilst this relief I found,  
Like fearless lips that strive to take  
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,  
Then judge of my regret,  
To think more happy thou hadst been  
If we had never met !

And has that thought been shared by thee ?  
Ah, no ! that smiling cheek  
Proves more unchanging love for me  
Than laboured words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight  
Of sorrow summons forth ;  
Though known in days of past delight,  
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have professed  
So much in Friendship's name,  
Yet calmly pause to think how best  
They may evade her claim.

But ah ! from them to thee I turn,  
They'd make me loathe mankind,  
Far better lessons I may learn  
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,  
I feel they cannot take :  
We'll pray for happier years to come,  
For one another's sake.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.  
*Poetical Works.* (Bentley.)

~~~~~  
LEASES FOR WIVES ;
OR, WHAT WE'RE COMING TO.

A PARTNERSHIP for life—absurd !!
How droll—a wedding ring ! . . .
Somehow we don't perceive the fun ;
" For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one "
Is now the style of thing.

We meet our charmer in the Row ;
One glance—'tis love at sight—
We meet again at rout or hop,
A valse, two ices, and then pop,—
Boulogne to-morrow night.

No trousseau cumpers up the fair
With heaps of costly trash ;
No wedding breakfast makes her ill,
Nor speeches that won't pay the bill,
Nor " settlements " of cash.

We register no fees on earth,
No vows record in heaven ;
A sheet of cream-laid note—'tis done !
For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one . . .
Suppose we try for *seven* ?

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.
Pegasus Re-saddled. (Kegan Paul.)

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

(THE WIFE SPEAKS.)

CAN you recall the life we led
Before our meeting-day,
The day that we were wed,
As I may say ?
I often do,
And wish I knew

If it is the same with you.
I was not sad, I was not gay,
It was my lifetime clad in grey :
A continuous December,
As I remember,
Looking out for Christmas-day,
Like a child for cakes and play,
With my brother,
And my mother,

And my sisters in a row :
We were sheltered from the snow,
I was happy in a way,
Before that blessed waking day,
But now my life's bound up with thine,
You're my perennial cakes and wine.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.
A Poet's Harvest Home. (Elliot Stock.)

~~~~~  
A TEN YEARS' CHARACTER.

TEN years, *amie* ! ten years ago,  
It seems like yesterday,  
You whispered that mysterious vow—  
" Love—honour—and obey."  
And, darling, you have done your part,  
And kept your promise, sweet—  
You have full-filled an empty heart  
And made a life complete. . . .  
I testify that you have been  
The household sunshine, fairy, queen,—  
A cool oasis ever green  
Along life's deserts sandy,—  
As good as gold,  
As true as steel,  
And as sweet as sugar candy !

We've shared some joy, sweetheart, some pain,  
We've met some ups and downs :  
And would you tie the knot again  
Tho' all the smiles were frowns ?

Tho' all the joys were griefs, I say,  
 And dimmed each brighter spot,  
 This girl would face them all with me,—  
 You would, sweet, would you not?  
 And still would be what you have been,  
 My household fairy, sunshine, queen—  
 A cool oasis ever green  
 Amidst life's deserts sandy,—  
 As good as gold,  
 As true as steel,  
 And as sweet as sugar candy !

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.  
*Pegasus Re-saddled.* (Kegan Paul.)

~~~~~

TO MY DEAR WIFE.

My love, I cannot call thee fair :
 'Twere difficult, methinks, to trace
 One feature that the world will dare
 To call good-looking in thy face.
 But Love is blind, and sets aside
 Thy faults of countenance and limb :
 Thy husband feels with proper pride
 That thou art fairly fond of him.

I cannot call thee rich, my dear :
 'Twould scarce be true, in any sense,
 To call thy twenty pounds a-year
 Profuse and princely opulence.
 And yet a maxim thou canst find—
 A sentiment in which I join—
 Which says that a contented mind
 Is better far than current coin.

My own, I cannot call thee wise,
 For, oh ! far otherwise thou art ;
 In Learning's race to take a prize,
 'Tis requisite to make a start.
 It grieves me not that thou hast got
 No farther than thy A B C ;
 For thou hast master'd (happy lot !)
 The science of adoring *me!*

HENRY S. LEIGH.
Gillott and Goosequill.
 (British and Colonial Publishing Company.)

WE TWO.

WE two, we two ! the children's smiles are dear—
 Thank God how dear the bonny children's
 smiles !—
 But 'tis we two among our own ones here,
 We two along life's way through all the whiles.
 To think if we had passed each other by ;
 And he not he apart, and I not I !
 And oh to think if we had never known ;
 And I not I and he not he alone !

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.
A Book of Rhyme. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~

THE DAUGHTER.

Go forth, my darling, in the wreath and veil ;  
 My hand shall place them for thee ; so good-  
 bye.  
 Thou hast Love's rose, and tend it without fail ;  
 It withers, dear, if lovers let it lie.  
 Go, my own singing bird, and be his now ;  
 And I am more than half as glad as thou.  
 Ah me ! the singing birds that were our own  
 Fly forth and mate : and 'tis long life alone.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.  
*A Book of Rhyme.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~

"MAKING UP."

(From "*How Betsey and I made up.*")

AND I told her in the future I wouldn't speak
 cross or rash
 If half the crockery in the house was broken all to
 smash ;
 And she said in regard to *heaven*, we'd try and
 learn its worth
 By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it
here on earth.
 And so we sat a-talkin' three quarters of the night ;
 And open'd our hearts to each other until they
 both grew light ;
 And the days when I was winnin' her away from
 so many men
 Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over
 again.

WILL CARLETON.
Farm Ballads. (Routledge.)

THAT MERRY, MERRY MAY.

AH! 'tis like a tale of olden
 Time, long, long ago;
 When the world was in its golden
 Prime, and Love was lord below!
 Every vein of earth was dancing
 With the Spring's new wine!
 'Twas the pleasant time of flowers,
 When I met you, love of mine.
 Ah! some spirit sure was straying
 Out of heaven that day,
 When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying,
 In that merry, merry May.
 Little heart! it shyly open'd
 Its red leaves' love-lore,
 Like a rose that must be ripen'd
 To the dainty, dainty core.
 But its beauties daily brighten,
 And it blooms so dear,—
 Tho' a many Winters whiten,
 I go Maying all the year.
 And my proud heart will be praying
 Blessings on the day,
 When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying,
 In that merry, merry May.

GERALD MASSEY.

Poems. (Routledge.)

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.
 I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller betwixt life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

W. WORDSWORTH.

A NARROW WORLD.

IN privacy we dwelt—a wedded pair,
 Companions daily, often all day long;
 Not placed by fortune within easy reach
 Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught
 Beyond the allowance of our own fireside,
 The twain within our happy cottage born
 Inmates, and heirs of our united love;
 Graced mutually by difference of sex,
 By the endearing names of nature bound,
 And with no wider interval of time
 Between their several births them served for one
 To establish something of a leader's sway;
 Yet left them join'd by sympathy in age;
 Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.
 On these two pillars rested as in air
 Our solitude.

W. WORDSWORTH.

The Excursion; Book III.

WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce ardours burns,
 When I come home, when I come home;
 Over me Heaven with its starry heart yearns,
 When I come home, when I come home.
 For a feast of Gods garnisht, the palace of Night
 At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light.
 London makes mirth! but I know God hears
 The sobs in the dark, and the dropping of tears;
 For I feel that he listens down night's great dome
 When I come home, when I come home;
 Home, home, when I come home;
 Far i' the night when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,
 When I come home, when I come home ;
 Exulting with life like a Conqueror's march,
 When I come home, when I come home.
 I pass by the rich-chambered mansions that shine,
 O'erflowing with splendour like goblets with wine :
 I have fought, I have vanquish't the dragon of Toil,
 And before me my golden Hesperides smile !
 And O but Love's flowers make rich the gloam,
 When I come home, when I come home !
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

O the sweet, merry mouths up-turned to be kist,
 When I come home, when I come home !
 How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,
 When I come home, when I come home !
 My weary, worn heart into sweetness is stirred,
 And it dances and sings like a singing Bird,
 On the branch nighest heaven,—a-top of my life :
 As I clasp my winsome, wooing Wife !
 And her pale cheek with rich, tender passion doth
 bloom,
 When I come home, when I come home ;
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my life,
 When I come home, when I come home,
 And leave heaven bare on her bosom, sweet Wife,
 When I come home, when I come home.
 With her brave smiling Energies,—Faith warm and
 bright,—
 With love glorified and serenely alight,—
 With her womanly beauty and queenly calm,
 She steals to my heart with a blessing of balm ;
 And O but the wine of Love sparkles with foam,
 When I come home, when I come home !
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

GERALD MASSEY.
Poems. (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 DAISY'S DIGIT.

O FINGER with the circlet slight,  
 That keeps it warm and cosy,  
 Wee winsome third left-handed doight  
 So white and warm and rosy,—

More taper digits there may be,  
 More lips may kiss and cling on,  
 This tiny finger's best to me—  
 The one I put the ring on.  
 Some fingers may perhaps proclaim  
 A precedence of *status*,  
 To point the shaft of praise or blame,  
 Or scorn at those that hate us ;  
 Lay down the law, you counsel small !—  
 Your barbèd arrows string on !  
 To me this finger's best of all—  
 The one I put the ring on.

*My* finger has not worked a bit  
 In caligraphics dainty,  
 The busy thimble dares not fit  
 The type of Suzerainty,—  
 Such weapons of bewild'ring art  
 I have no wit to sing on,  
 This fairy finger holds my heart—  
 The one I put the ring on.

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.  
*Pegasus Re-saddled.* (Kegan Paul.)

~~~~~  
 AN UNMARKED FESTIVAL.

THERE's a feast, undated, yet
 Both our true lives hold it fast,—
 The first day we ever met.
 What a great day came and passed !
 —Unknown then, but known at last.

And we met ; you knew not me,
 Mistress of your joys and fears ;
 Held my hand that held the key
 Of the treasure of your years,
 Of the fountain of your tears.

For you knew not it was I,
 And I knew not it was you.
 We have learnt, as days went by.
 But a flower struck root and grew
 Underground, and no one knew.

Day of days ! Unmarked it rose,
 In whose hours we were to meet,
 And forgotten passed. Who knows,
 Was earth cold, or sunny, sweet,
 At the coming of your feet ?

One mere day, we thought ; the measure
Of such days the year fulfils.
Now, how dearly would we treasure
Something from its fields, its rills,
And its memorable hills ;

—But one leaf of oak or lime,
Or one blossom from its bowers
No one gathered at the time.
Oh, to keep that day of ours
By one relic of its flowers !

Alice MEYNELL.
Preludes. (Kegan Paul.)

DOMESTIC LOVE.

O ! LOVE of loves !—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key.
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee ;
And thine the voice, that, on the midnight sea,
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit ! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume.

GEORGE CROLY.

In an instant I was thine,
And thou wert mine ; no vows we plighted,
Two halves by mystic law divine
Were made one whole, when we united.
And I no greater bliss can know
From God, of all good things ; the Giver,
Than that our mingled lives may flow
In love, and truth, and joy for ever !

J. S. BLACKIE.
Lyrical Poems. (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

ON A MINIATURE OF MY WIFE.

YES—there's the cheek—the placid eye,
The softly shaded hair,
The smile, the lip—yet tell me why
Seems something wanting there ?
Ah needless question ! wherefore ask ?
How can the pencil trace
The fond affection, the calm love,
That sanctifies her face ?

Oh, Art is strong from time and death
The outward charm to win,
But vainly does it strive with Life
To paint the heart within !

W. C. BENNETT.
Baby May, &c. (K. Paul.)

SOLE partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all.

JOHN MILTON.
Paradise Lost.

THRICE happy pair ! of whom we cannot know
Which first began to love, or loves most now ;
Fair course of passion ! where two lovers start,
And run together, heart still yoked with heart.

EDMUND WALLER.

[THERE] Joan meets him smiling, the Young Ones
are there ;

His coming is bliss to the half-dozen wee Things ;
The dog and the cat have a greeting to spare,
And Phyllis, neat-handed, is laying the tea-
things.

East wind, sob eerily ! Sing, kettle, cheerily !
Baby's abed, but its father will rock it ;—
His little ones boast their permission to toast
That cake the good fellow brings home in his
pocket.

FREDERICK LOCKER.
London Lyrics. (K. Paul.)

To be a loved and loving wife :
Measureless rapture—height of height !
Mrs. Jeruingham's Journal. (Macmillan.)

I THINK this wedded life of mine
The best of all things not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

TO MY WIFE.

[EXTRACT.]

O WHAT a priceless gift, dear wife,
 Thy love has been to me ;
 And what a bliss our married life,
 In its sweet purity.
 Vain worldlings sneer at married joys,
 And witlings scorn its peace ;
 But angels bless its sacred ties,
 And God gives them increase.
 Thus year by year, have ours, dear wife,
 In depth and beauty grown,
 O'er grief, and pain, and struggling cares,
 In brightening splendour shone.
 Trust throws its power around our lives ;
 Hope makes them beautiful ;
 Love pours its heart-refreshing showers,
 And fills our goblet full.
 And now our one united prayer
 Is for prolonged life,
 To see each boy a noble man,
 Each girl a noble wife.
 Nor would we hasten then away
 To Death's sweet mystery,
 But still would linger here, to dance
 Some grandchild on the knee.
 God's will be done. In this, as all,
 We welcome his command ;
 Yet might our prayer be heard, we'd tread
 The Unknown hand in hand.
 So dear to us our wedded life,
 So sweet to us its ties ;
 Together we would die, and share
 The life beyond the skies.
 Dear darling wife ! upon this day,
 Above all days most blest,
 The gentle spirit of the past
 Her lips to mine has prest.
 And like a picture I behold
 Our ten years' life appear,
 And without effort thus recall
 Its every memory dear.
 One kiss, dear wife ; one blessing more
 On Love's fair altar lay ;
 One dear old smile, one dear old look,
 To consecrate this day.

The season has not many flowers,
 To gather, Love, so see
 A wreath of hope, and trust, and love,
 Heart-flowers, I bring to thee.

J. A. LANGFORD.

Poems of the Fields and the Town. (Simpkin.)

MY SOLE PROPRIETOR.

WHAT *can* she do but love me,
 That little wife of mine ?
 Her brains are far above me,
 For brains are in her line.
 I lack the airs of fashion.
 The lordling's lofty tone ;
 But she returns my passion
 Because I'm all her own.

I spell and cypher badly,
 My aspirates I drop :
 My talk—I feel it sadly—
 Is not at all tip-top.
 I fear my faults distress her,
 But she has never shown
 The least annoyance, bless her !
 Because I'm all her own.

My face is not Apollo's,
 My nose is hardly straight ;
 My right eye rarely follows
 The movements of its mate.
 My form presents unduly
 A prominence of bone ;
 And yet she loves me truly
 Because I'm all her own.

The signs of youth diminish,
 And on my bullet head
 The curls get gray and thinnish
 That once grew thick and red.
 But why at age be snarling
 When youth's for ever flown ?
 She loves me still, the darling,
 Because I'm all her own.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

Gillott and Goosequill.

(British and Colonial Publishing Company.)

TEN YEARS AGO.

TEN years ago, ten years ago,
 Life was to us a fairy scene ;
 And the keen blasts of worldly woe
 Had sear'd not then its pathway green.
 Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,
 Feelings we ne'er can know again ;
 Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,
 And frames unworn by mortal pain :
 Such was the bright and genial flow
 Of life with us—ten years ago !

Time has not blanch'd a single hair
 That clusters round thy forehead now ;
 Nor hath the cankering touch of care
 Left even one furrow on thy brow.
 Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
 In love's deep truth, in earlier years,
 Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
 Though sometimes stain'd by secret tears ;
 But where, oh where's the *spirit's* glow,
 That shone through all—ten years ago ?

I too am changed—I scarce know why—
 Can feel each flagging pulse decay ;
 And youth and health, and visions high,
 Melt like a wreath of snow away ;
 Time cannot sure have wrought the ill ;
 Though worn in this world's sickening strife,
 In soul and form, I linger still
 In the first summer month of life ;
 Yet journey on my path below,
 Oh ! how unlike—ten years ago !

But look not thus :—I would not give
 The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
 To bid those joyous hours revive
 When all around me seem'd so fair.
 We've wander'd on in sunny weather,
 When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
 And hand in hand have kept together,
 And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom ;
 Endear'd by ties we could not know
 When life was young—ten years ago !

Has fortune frown'd ? Her frowns were vain,
 For hearts like ours she could not chill ;
 Have friends proved false ? Their love might wane,
 But ours grew fonder, firmer still.

Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
 Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried ;
 In concert still our fate we'll brave,
 Together cleave life's fitful tide ;
 Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
 Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago !

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
 And watch'd our first-born blossom die ?
 Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
 Then wept till feeling's fount was dry ?
 Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,
 To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
 Our bud had left its earthly bower,
 And burst to bloom in Paradise ?
 What to the thought that soothed that woe
 Were heartless joys—ten years ago ?

Yes, it *is* sweet, when heaven is bright,
 To share its sunny beams with thee ;
 But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
 To have thee near to weep with me.
 Then dry those tears,—though something
 changed

From what we were in earlier youth,
 Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
 Hath left us love in all its truth ;
 Sweet feelings we would not forego
 For life's best joys—ten years ago.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

AND I have lived to kiss the tears away
 From those sweet eyes—to see them on me shine,
 Melting with love ! to hear thee fondly say,
 “ My darling,” lived to be thy darling ! thine !
 Nay more, thy husband ! oh my own, my wife,
 This 'tis indeed to live ! without thee what we
 life ?

J. R. PLANCHÉ
Songs and Poems. (Chatto and Windus.)

COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN
 ME.

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob ;
 Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon,
 There's some nice bacon-collops o' th hob,
 An' a quart o' ale posset i' th oon ;

Aw've brought thi top-cwot, does ta know,
 For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree ;
 An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow ;—
 Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
 Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer ;
 So, aw kissed th' little thing, an' aw said
 Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair ;
 An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
 An' a nice little white cotton bo' ;
 An' aw kissed her again ; but hoo said
 At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sick wark wi' him,
 Afore aw could get him upstairs ;
 Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,
 He said, when he're sayin' his prayers ;
 Then he looked i' my face, an' he said,
 " Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad ? "

An' he cried till his e'en were quite red ;—
 He likes thee some weel, does yon lad !

At th' lung-length, aw geet 'em laid still ;
 An' aw hearken't folk's feet at went by ;
 So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,
 An' aw hanged 'em o' th maiden to dry ;
 When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
 Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
 An' aw rayley did feel rather hurt,—
 Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer.

" Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick ;
 Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal ;
 Aw've a book full o' babs ; an' a stick
 An' some 'bacco an' pipes for mysel ;
 Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—
 Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see* ;
 An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—
 But, aw olez bring summat for *thee* !

God bless tho, my lass ; aw'll go whoam,
 An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd ;
 Thae knows, that wheerever aw roam,
 Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd.

Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass ;
 Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree ;
 But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
 Except wi' yon childer an' thee ! "

EDWIN WAUGH.

Works: Poems. (Heywood.)

WHEN WE ARE OLD AND GRAY, LOVE !

WHEN we are old and gray, love,
 When we are old and gray,
 When at last 'tis all, all over,
 The turmoil of the day,
 In the still soft hours of even,
 In our life's fair twilight time,
 We'll look upon the morn, love,
 Upon our early prime.
 " Thank God for all the sweet days,"
 We'll whisper, while we may,
 When we are old and gray, love,
 When we are old and gray.

When we were young and gay, love,
 When we were young and gay,
 When distant seemed December,
 And all was golden May,
 Amid our life's hard turmoil,
 Our true love made us brave,
 We thought not of the morrow,
 We recked not of the grave.
 So far seemed life's dim twilight,
 So far the close of day,
 When we were young and gay, love,
 When we were young and gay.

Now we are old and gray, love,
 Now we are old and gray,
 The night-tide shadows gather,
 We have not long to stay.
 The last sere leaves have fallen,
 The bare bleak branches bend,
 Set your dear hands in mine, love,
 Thus, thus, we'll wait the end.
 " Thank God for all the gladness,"
 In peaceful hope we'll say,
 Now we are old and gray, love,
 Now we are old and gray.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

Dresden China. (Diprose and Bateman.)

ON A SILVER WEDDING.

OUR silver wedding, our silver wedding !
 Has old Time unnoticed treading,
 Stamped out five-and-twenty years ?

Brought us all these girls and boys,
Household sorrows, household joys,
Hopes and fears—

And a silver wedding?

Our silver wedding, our silver wedding,
Shall we still, life's current heading,
Some day safely drift ashore,
After more years—twenty and five—
Living, glad to be alive,
As of yore,

At our golden wedding?

This silver wedding, this silver wedding,
We the merry dances treading,
In our fireside circle stand.
Then, mayhap, we'll stand alone,
Nest all empty, nestlings flown—
Hand-in-hand,

At our golden wedding.

That golden wedding, that golden wedding,
May it find us, without dreading,
At the foot of the dark stair
Which leads up, as earth's sounds cease,
Into silence, into peace :
Love still there,

Waiting eternal wedding.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
GENTLEMAN."

Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
FOR A SILVER WEDDING.

TWENTY-FIVE years since! That morn in May,  
Dearest, seems near as yesterday,

Hallowed by love and sacred sorrow ;  
So be our years till life's downward light  
Fades in the dusk, so pure and brief,  
In which Faith reaches her hand to Grief,  
And scarce the mourner has sighed—" 'tis night!"  
Than angels cry—" 'Tis morrow!"

WESTLAND MARSTON.

*Dramatic and Poetical Works.*  
(Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

YES! fifty years of troubles—come and gone—
I count, since first I gave thee hand and heart!
But none have come from thee, dear Wife—not one!
In griefs that sadden'd me thou hadst no part—

Save when, accepting more than woman's share
Of pain and toil, despondency and care,
My comforter thou wert, my hope, my trust :
Ever suggesting holy thoughts and deeds
Guiding my steps on earth, through blinding dust
Into the Heaven-lit path that Heaven-ward leads
So has it been, from manhood unto age,
In every shifting scene of Life's sad stage,
Since—fifty years ago—a humble name
I gave to thee—which thou hast given to fame—
Rejoicing in the wife and friend to find
The woman's lesser duties—all—combined
With holiest efforts of creative mind.

And if the world has found some good in me,
The prompting and the teaching came from thee!

God so guide both that so it ever be!

So may the full fount of affection flow ;
Each loving each as—fifty years ago!

We are going down the rugged hill of life,
Into the tranquil valley at its base ;
But, hand in hand, and heart in heart, dear Wife :

With less of outer care and inner strife,
I look into thy mind and in thy face,
And only see the Angel coming nearer,
To make thee still more beautiful and dearer,
When from the thrall and soil of earth made free
Thy prayer is heard for me, and mine for thee!

S. C. HALL.

~~~~~  
LINES ON "A GOLDEN WEDDING."

THRICE-HAPPY fate! with blessing rife,—  
'Mid calm and peaceful weather,  
Thro' half-a-hundred years of life'  
To love, and live together!

Gay flowers were blooming in the dell,  
And all the fields adorning,—  
When bravely rang each wedding-bell  
Upon their marriage-morning.

As fairy fountains, far and near,  
Their streams of music flinging,  
In fancy's realm methinks I hear  
Those bells still blithely ringing.

Each heart was joyous then,—and now,  
 (Just half-a-century after),—  
 We banish care from every brow,  
 We welcome mirth and laughter.

Life's spring may be a season meet  
 For love, and lovers' kisses ;  
 Yet autumn joys are doubly sweet  
 On such a day as this is !

When Past and Present, linked-in-one,  
 Their goodly stores out-spreading,  
 Bring back the days long past and gone  
 To bless a Golden Wedding.

For bride and bridegroom be our prayer,  
 So far as fate may spare them,—  
 That each the other's griefs may bear ;  
 Their joys—that both may share them.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

~~~~~  
 TILL DEATH.

Two hands held in one clasp,
 Two hearts bound in one chain,
 Two bosoms beating warm,
 Loving, beloved again.

Two smiles of fervent faith
 On each caressing cheek,
 Two voices soft and low,
 As whispering angels speak.

Two figures kneeling glad
 Before the sacred shrine,
 Two vows of mutual love
 Exchanged in sight divine.

Two coffins, side by side,
 Beneath the daisied sod,
 Two spirits dwelling in
 The perfect rest of God.

Once a Week.

~~~~~  
 YES ! we go gently down the hill of life,  
 And thank our God at every step we go ;  
 The husband-lover and the sweetheart-wife.  
 Of creeping age what do we care or know ?  
 Each says to each, " Our fourscore years, thrice told,  
 Would leave us young : " the Soul is never old !

What is the Grave to us ? can it divide  
 The destiny of two by God made one ?  
 We step across and reach the other side,  
 To know our blended Life is but begun.  
 These fading faculties are sent to say  
 Heaven is more near to-day than yesterday.

S. C. HALL.

[Written by Mr. Hall to commemorate the fifty-sixth anniversary of his wedding-day, and jointly signed on that day by himself and Mrs. Hall.]

~~~~~  
 LISTEN ! I'll tell you what I think is best,
 Who've dream'd all dreams for which men laugh
 or weep :—
 Arms round you wrapp'd, a head upon your breast,
 Of one that loves you, nestling half-asleep.

T. ASHE.

BIRTH AND BABYHOOD.

I.

ACT I. SCENE I.

“. . . At first, the Infant.”

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE. *As You Like It, Act II. Sc. 7.*

INTO this world we come like ships,
Launch'd from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal ;
And one little craft is cast away
In its very first trip in Babbicombe Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord !
This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a Lord !
And that to be shunn'd like a leper !
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,
Another, like Colchester native, born
To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is litter'd under a roof
Neither wind nor water proof—
That's the prose of Love in a Cottage—
A puny, naked, shivering wretch,
The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,
Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,
The bid of “a mess of pottage.”

Born of Fortunatus's kin,
Another comes tenderly usher'd in
To a prospect all bright and burnish'd ;
No tenant he for life's back slums—
He comes to the world, as a gentleman comes
To a lodging ready furnish'd.

THOMAS HOOD.

Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

[By kind permission of the Publishers.]

~~~~~  
A BABE in a house is a well-spring of pleasure,  
a messenger of peace and love :  
A resting-place for innocence on earth ; a link  
between angels and men :

Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered  
back with interest ;  
A delight, but redolent of care ; honey-sweet,  
but lacking not the bitter.  
For character groweth day by day, and all things  
aid it in unfolding,  
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in  
the hours of infancy :  
Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly  
twist it in the soil,  
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for  
centuries to come ;  
Even so mayst thou guide the mind to good, or  
lead it to the marrings of evil,  
For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of  
first impressions :  
Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction  
waiteth for the ear of reason,  
Yet with his mother's milk the young child  
drinketh Education.  
Patience is the first great lesson ; he may learn it  
at the breast :  
And the habit of obedience and trust may be  
grafted on his mind in the cradle ;  
Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak  
knees their kneeling ;  
Let him see thee speaking to thy God ; he will  
not forget it afterward ;  
When old and grey will he feelingly remember  
a mother's tender piety,  
And the touching recollection of her prayers shall  
arrest the strong man in his sin.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

*Proverbial Philosophy.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

FOUR years I've wed ; not one has passed in vain ;  
Behold the fifth ! behold a babe again !  
My wife's gay friends th' unwelcome imp admire,  
And fill the room with gratulation dire.

GEORGE CRABBE.

*The Parish Register: Baptisms.*

MY FIRST-BORN.

"HE shan't be their namesake, the rather  
That both are such opulent men ;  
His name shall be that of his father,  
My Benjamin, shorten'd to *Ben*.  
"Yes, *Ben*, though it cost him a portion  
In each of my relatives' wills :  
I scorn such baptismal extortion—  
(That creaking of boots must be Squills).  
"It is clear, though his means may be narrow,  
This infant his Age will adorn ;  
I shall send him to Oxford from Harrow,—  
I wonder how soon he'll be born !"  
A spouse thus was airing his fancies  
Below, 'twas a labour of love,  
And was calmly reflecting on Nancy's  
More practical labour above ;  
Yet, while it so pleased him to ponder,  
Elated, at ease, and alone ;  
That pale, patient victim up yonder  
Had budding delights of her own :  
Sweet thoughts, in their essence diviner  
Than paltry ambition and pelf ;  
A cherub, no babe will be finer !  
Invented and nursed by herself ;  
At breakfast, and dining, and teaing,  
An appetite nought can appease,  
And quite a Young-Reasoning-Being  
When call'd on to yawn and to sneeze.  
What cares that heart, trusting and tender,  
For fame or avuncular wills ?  
Except for the name and the gender,  
She's almost as tranquil as Squills.  
That father, in reverie centred,  
Dumfounder'd, his thoughts in a whirl,  
Heard Squills, as the creaking boots enter'd,  
Announce that his Boy was—a Girl.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

MOTHER, on my returning home  
Last night, I went to my wife's room,  
Who, whispering me that our alarms  
Were over, put into my arms  
Your Grandson. And I give you joy  
Of what, I'm told, is a fine boy.  
Their notion that he's just like me  
Is neither fact nor flattery !  
To you I'll own the little wight  
Fill'd me, unfatherly, with fright,  
So grim it gazed, and, out of the sky,  
There came, minute, remote, the cry,  
Piercing, of original pain.  
I put the wonder back to Jane,  
Who proffer'd, as in kindly course,  
Untried amends for strange divorce.  
It guess'd at once, by great good luck,  
The clever baby, how to suck !  
Yet Jane's delight seem'd dash'd, that I,  
Of strangers still by nature shy,  
Was not familiar quite so soon  
With her small friend of many a moon.

But when the new-made Mother smiled,  
She seem'd herself a little child,  
Dwelling at large beyond the law  
By which, till then, I judged and saw,  
And that fond glow which she felt stir  
For it, suffused my heart for her ;  
To whom, from the weak babe, and thence  
To me, an influent innocence,  
Happy, reparative of life,  
Came, and she was indeed my wife,  
As there, lovely with love she lay,  
Brightly contented all the day  
To hug her sleepy little boy  
In the reciprocated joy  
Of touch, the childish sense of love,  
Ever inquisitive to probe  
Its strange possession, and to know  
If the eyes' report be really so.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

BABY BELL.

[EXTRACT.]

SHE came and brought delicious May,  
The swallows built beneath the eaves ;  
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves

The robins went, the livelong day ;  
 The lily swung its noiseless bell ;  
     And o'er the porch the trembling vine  
     Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.  
 How sweetly, softly, twilight fell !  
 O, earth was full of singing-birds  
     And opening springtide flowers,  
 When the dainty Baby Bell  
     Came to this world of ours !

O Baby, dainty Baby Bell,  
 How fair she grew from day to day !  
 What woman-nature filled her eyes,  
 What poetry within them lay,—  
 Those deep and tender twilight eyes,  
     So full of meaning, pure and bright  
     As if she yet stood in the light  
 Of those oped gates of Paradise.  
 And so we loved her more and more :  
 Ah, never in our hearts before  
     Was love so lovely born !  
 We felt we had a link between  
 This real world and that unseen,—  
     The land beyond the morn ;  
 And for the love of those dear eyes,  
 For love of her whom God led forth,  
 (The mother's being ceased on earth  
 When Baby came from Paradise,)—  
 For love of Him who smote our lives,  
     And woke the chords of joy and pain,  
 We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down  
     Like violets after rain.

T. B. ALDRICH.  
*Cloth of Gold.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 THE FIRST-BORN.

NEVER did music sink into my soul
 So "silver sweet," as when thy first weak wail
 On my rapt ear in doubtful murmurs stole,
 Thou child of love and promise!—What a tale
 Of hopes and fears, of gladness and of gloom,
 Hung on that slender filament of sound !
 Life's guileless pleasures, and its griefs profound
 Seem'd mingling in thy horoscope of doom.
 Thy bark is launch'd, and lifted is thy sail
 Upon the weltering billows of the world ;

But oh ! may winds far gentler than have hurl'd
 My struggling vessel on, for thee prevail :
 Or, if thy voyage must be rough,—may'st thou
 Soon 'scape the storm and be—as bless'd as I am
 now !

ALARIC A. WATTS.

~~~~~  
 SONG : TO E. P.

WHEN our little Queen was born,  
 Winter first with furious pother  
 Flew to fix his icy scorn  
     On the infant and the mother.

But in such a loving fashion  
 Side by side he found them laid,  
 That to pity all his passion  
 Melting quite, he softly said :

"Child and mother sleep unharmed !  
 See how vanquished by your beauty  
 Winter's dreadful self disarmed  
     Kneels to do you dearest duty."

Then a courser blast bestriding,  
 Winter waved his wild adieu,  
 And the gentle spring came guiding  
     To the couch her zephyrs blue.

Leaning there, the imperial maid  
 From the crystal car that bore her,  
 Lightly her flower-sceptre laid  
     On the lovely babe before her,

Whisp'ring, "Since thy wiles have driven  
 Winter from my budding bowers,  
 Every grace I e'er have given,  
     Mortal maiden, shall be yours.

"See ! I touch with violets two  
 Lisa's lids, in token tender  
 Of the eyes of modest blue  
     That shall most enchantment lend her.

"Next I lay these mountain daisies,  
 Clustering close with crimson tips  
 Round their petals' pearly graces,  
     For a sign on Lisa's lips.

" Now her tiny cheek I tint  
 With this trailing apple blossom,  
 And these snowdrops for a hint  
 Drop into her dainty bosom.

" Last for Lisa's heart this pansy !"  
 Here she stooped and whispering spoke,  
 Ere she sped, so fond a fancy  
 That our Lisa smiling woke.

ALFRED P. GRAVES.  
*Irish Songs and Ballads.* (Ireland, Manchester.)

~~~~~  
 TO ASCANIO C. H. TEALDI.

'Tis eighty years since I was born,
 Thy life does but begin,
 But there are realms where eve and morn
 May claim to be akin ;
 The sunset lights, the break of day,
 In one great glory lost,
 Where all may give their hearts away
 Nor ever count the cost ;
 And we, though far apart on earth,
 May blend glad greetings at thy second birth.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

~~~~~  
 ON AN INFANT WHO WAS BORN, WAS  
 BAPTIZED, AND DIED ON THE  
 SAME DAY.

How wast thou made to pass,  
 By short transition, from the womb  
 Unto that other darkness of thy tomb,  
 O Babe, O brother to the grass !  
 For like the herb, so thou art born  
 At early morn ;  
 And thy little life has flowed away  
 Before the flowing day ;  
 Thy willing soul hath struggled, and is free ;  
 And all of thee that dieth  
 A white and waxen image lieth  
 Upon the knee.

" O whither hast thou fled,  
 From the warm joyous world removed ?"  
 Might one of old have questionèd  
 Of his dear and dead ;

Panting and straining for relief  
 Unto a passionate and hopeless grief :  
 " Whither, O thou in vain beloved,  
 Whither hast thou borne  
 The smiles and kisses, that were gathered up  
 In thee, for her that bare thee, now forlorn,  
 As sweets in the wild rose's cup  
 Before the morn ? "

" Is that thy feeble cry  
 But just beyond the threshold of the grave ?<sup>1</sup>  
 Art thou yet waiting in the voiceless hall  
 Of Dis, or hear'st the mourning waters fall ?  
 Thou canst not sure be nigh  
 Where mad and shrieking spirits rave.  
 Or dost thou slumber take  
 By the deep glassy and translucent lake,  
 Through a chill exhaustless night,  
 Apart from woe, yet senseless of delight ? "

There was no audible reply,  
 Only a faint far echo, to that cry  
 Of natural yearning. But our task  
 Is lighter far : and when we ask—  
 " Is all thy fate as dark  
 As is the pall upon thy limbs ?  
 Is there no Sun above, no saviour ark,  
 That on the black sea swims,  
 And bears the children, loved of God and blest,  
 Unto the land of rest ? "  
 We hear a voice, from the high seats of bliss,  
 That answers, " Yes."

Yes ! narrow was the space  
 Where thy life ran its hurried race,  
 Like one affrighted by the far-off glare  
 Of the world's pleasures and alarms,  
 That from the sin, the sorrow, and the care  
 Fled, to seek shelter in the arms  
 Of his first Father ; and had rest  
 Upon His breast.

O joy, that on that narrow space  
 There is no spot of acted sin ;  
 No burning trace,  
 As where evil thoughts have been.  
 Thou hast not known how hard it is to kill  
 The inveterate strength of self-desire,

<sup>1</sup> Æneid vi. 428.

To quench the smouldering and tenacious fire ;  
And never did thine unexpanded will  
Gather its conscious energies, to move  
Against the God of love.

The volume of this life was soon unrolled ;  
But the hours of thy small earthly store,  
Although they were no more  
Than might be numbered, at the dawn of sense,  
By a child's first intelligence,  
Yet were their single moments told  
To them that stood around  
By a faint moaning sound,  
Repeated with that labouring breath  
That ever ushers Death,  
Instead of the serene and soft pulsation  
Of an infant's respiration.

How small the tribute, then, of human pain  
The Eternal Wisdom did ordain  
Thy migrant spirit should be bound to pay  
Upon its way  
Unto fruition of the immortal prize,  
Purchased for thee by rain of scalding tears,  
By agony indign,  
By woes how heavier far than thine  
Through more protracted years,  
And deeper sighs.

One evening, thou wert not.  
The next, thou wert ; and wert in bliss ;  
And wert in bliss for ever. And is this  
So desolate a lot,  
To be the theme of unconsolèd sorrow,  
Because, thy first to-morrow,  
Thou wert ordained a vest to wear,  
Not made like ours of clay,  
But woven with the beams of clearest day,  
A cherub fair ?

For on that one, that well-spent morn,  
Unconscious thou wert borne  
To wash in the baptismal stream ;  
To gain thy title to the glorious name  
Which doth unbar the Gates of Paradise :  
And thou wert taken home  
Before the peril that might come  
By thy parents' human pride  
In thy soft beaming eyes ;

But not before  
Their blessings on thee they might pour,  
And pray that, if so early doom betide,  
Yet God might speed thee on thy path  
Through the void realms of Death,  
And Christ reserve thee in His bosom-peace  
Till pain and sin shall cease ;  
Till earthly shows shall fly, and they  
Shall wake to life, with thee, from clay.

We are amid the tumult and the stress  
Of a fierce eddying fight ;  
And, to our mortal sight,  
Our fate is trembling in the balances,  
And even it hath seemed  
The Tempter at the nether scale  
Might over Love prevail :  
But thy dear Faith can never fail,  
Thou art redeemed !  
The shadowy forms of doubt and change  
Athwart thy tranquil fate no more may range,  
Nor speck its lucid path  
With tokens and remembrances of Death.

Then flow, ye blameless tears, a while,  
A little while ye may :  
The natural craving to beguile,  
This task is yours ; with you  
Shall peace be born anew,  
And sorrow glide away.  
O happy they, in whose remembered lot  
There should appear no darker spot  
Than this, of holy ground,  
This, where within the short and narrow bound,  
From morn to eventide,  
In quick successive train,  
An infant lived and died  
And lived again.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

[From "Good Words," by kind permission of Messrs.  
Isbister and Co.]

#### A THOUGHT OVER A CRADLE.

I SADDEN when thou smilest to my smile,  
Child of my love ! I tremble to believe  
That o'er the mirror of that eye of blue  
The shadow of my heart will always pass ;—

A heart that, from its struggle with the world,  
Comes nightly to thy guarded cradle home,  
And, careless of the staining dust it brings,  
Asks for its idol! Strange, that flowers of earth  
Are visited by every air that stirs,  
And drink in sweetness only, while the child  
That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,  
May take a blemish from the breath of love,  
And bear the blight for ever.

I have wept  
With gladness at the gift of this fair child!  
My life is bound up in her. But, O God!  
Thou know'st how heavily my heart at times  
Bears its sweet burthen; and if Thou hast given  
To nurture such as mine this spotless flower,  
To bring it unpolluted unto Thee,  
*Take Thou its love*, I pray Thee! Give it light—  
Though, following the sun, it turn from me!—  
But, by the chord thus wrung, and by the light  
Shining about her, draw me to my child!  
And link us close, O God, when near to heaven!

N. P. WILLIS.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

#### A MOTHER'S DOMAIN.

WOMEN know

The way to rear up children, (to be just)  
They know a simple, merry, tender knack  
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,  
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,  
And kissing full sense into empty words,  
Which things are corals to cut life upon,  
Although such trifles: children learn by such,  
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,  
And get not over-early solemnised,  
But seeing, as in a rose-bush, Love Divine  
Which burns and hurts not,—not a single bloom,—  
Become aware and unafraid of Love.  
Such good do mothers. Fathers love as well  
—Mine did, I know,—but still with heavier brains,  
And wills more consciously responsible,  
And not as wisely, since less foolishly;  
So mothers have God's licence to be missed.

E. B. BROWNING.

*Aurora Leigh.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

#### THE WOES OF BABYHOOD.

(From "A Parthian Glance.")

WHAT a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,  
On a dimity lap of true nursery make!  
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song  
That was meant to compose me, but kept me  
awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,  
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—  
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,  
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving  
them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as  
weak—

But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note;  
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"  
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your  
throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?  
Did you ever come down to the floor with the  
same?

Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pro-  
nounce  
"Head or tail's" with a child, an unpleasantish  
game!

THOMAS HOOD.

*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

#### TO MY DAUGHTER.

THOU hast the colours of the Spring,  
The gold of kingcups triumphing,  
The blue of wood-bells wild;  
But winter-thoughts thy spirit fill,  
And thou art wandering from us still,  
Too young to be our child.

Yet have thy fleeting smiles confessed,  
Thou dear and much-desired guest,  
That home is near at last;  
Long lost in high mysterious lands,  
Close by our door thy spirit stands,  
Its journey well-nigh past.



Oh sweet bewildered soul, I watch  
The fountains of thine eyes, to catch  
New fancies bubbling there,  
To feel our common light, and lose  
The flush of strange ethereal hues  
Too dim for us to share !

Fade, cold immortal lights, and make  
This creature human for my sake,  
Since I am nought but clay ;  
An angel is too fine a thing  
To sit beside my chair and sing,  
And cheer my passing day.

I smile, who could not smile, unless  
The air of rapt unconsciousness  
Passed, with the fading hours ;  
I joy in every childish sign  
That proves the stranger less divine  
And much more meekly ours.

I smile, as one by night who sees,  
Through mist of newly-budded trees,  
The clear Orion set,  
And knows that soon the dawn will fly  
In fire across the riven sky,  
And gild the woodlands wet.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.  
*New Poems.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
BABY EYES.

BLUE baby eyes, they are so sweetest sweet,
And yet they have not learned love's dear replies ;
They beg not smiles, nor call for me, nor greet,
But clear, unshrinking, note me with surprise.
But, eyes that have your father's curve of lid,
You'll learn the look that he keeps somewhere hid :
You'll smile, grave baby eyes, and I shall see
The look your father keeps for only me.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.
A Book of Rhyme. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
I STOOD before the veil of the unknown,  
And round me in this life's dim theatre  
A great dim crowd was gathered, all astir  
With various interludes : I watched alone,

And saw a great hand lift the veil, then shone,  
Descending from the innermost expanse,  
A goddess to whose eyes my heart at once  
Flew up with awe and love, a love full blown.  
Naked and white she was, her fire-girt hair  
Eddied on either side her straight high head,  
Swaddled within her arms in lambent flame,  
An unborn life, a child-soul, did she bear,  
And laid it on a young wife's breast and fled,  
Yet no one wonder'd whence the strange gift came !

W. B. SCOTT.

*Poems : Illustrated.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

WHEN all the Summer flowers were gone,
And leaves began to fall,
Heaven sent us one fair Autumn dawn
A lovelier flower than all.
Fresh as from Eden's tree of life
Seem'd that wee pearl-white blossom,
Dropt, as by some good angel's hand,
Upon my darling's bosom.

Oh, joy no heart could e'er forget,
The hour of peril past,
When first my gaze the Mother's met,
Upon our first-born cast !
Her look, that woke a thousand thoughts,
But one all thoughts above,
Revealing that blest miracle,
A Mother's wondrous love.

For dearer grew those tender eyes,
And dearer that dear face,
And that new smile, Madonna-wise
That fill'd with light the place.
And then Life's sweetest words uprose
Upon my raptured ear ;
The words " our child," breathed sweet and low,
Made us to each more dear.

Oh, words of deep significance,
Stirring the inmost heart ;
Pleading the soul, with purer faith,
To choose the better part :
For what but leading our dear babe
The way the Saviour trod,
Should teach us more to lean on Him,
Our Father and our God ?

We see with reverence our wee flower
 Its little life begin,
 Fresh from the great Creator's hand,
 Untainted yet by sin :
 And cannot wonder at the words
 Of Christ, in comfort given—
 "Suffer ye them to come to Me,
 For even of such is Heaven !"

And so, though Summer flowers were gone,
 And leaves began to fall,
 The blossom of that Autumn dawn
 Still compensates for all :
 And we would praise the gracious Power
 That did the gift impart,
 Brightening, with Love's most precious flower,
 The garden of the Heart.

ROWLAND BROWN.
Songs and Poems. (D. Bogue.)

AH, lucky tyrant! Happy lot!
 Fair watchers without number,
 Who sweetly sing beside his cot,
 And hush him off to slumber ;
 White hands in wait to smooth so neat
 His pillow when it's rumped—
 A couch of rose leaves soft and sweet,
 Not one of which is crumpled !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.
Boudoir Ballads. (Chatto and Windus.)

A CHILD of brighter than the morning's birth,
 And lovelier than all smiles that may be smiled
 Save only of little children undefiled,
 Sweet, perfect, witless of their own dear worth,
 Live rose of love, mute melody of mirth,
 Glad as a bird is when the woods are mild,
 Adorable as is nothing save a child,
 Hails with wide eyes and lips his life on earth,
 His lovely life with all its heaven to be.

A. C. SWINBURNE.
Studies in Song. (Chatto and Windus.)

INFANT JOY.

I HAVE no name—
 I am but two days old.
 What shall I call thee
 I happy am,
 Joy is my name.—
 Sweet joy befall thee !
 Pretty joy !
 Sweet joy but two days old.
 Sweet joy I call thee.
 Thou dost smile,
 I sing the while,
 Sweet joy befall thee !

WILLIAM BLAKE.
Songs of Innocence and Experience. (Pickering.)

A BABY'S THOUGHTS.

WHO can tell what a baby thinks ?
 Who can follow the gossamer links
 By which the mannikin feels his way
 Out from the shore of the great unknown,
 Blind, and wailing, and alone,
 Into the light of day ?—
 Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
 Tossing in pitiful agony—
 Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
 Specked with the barks of little souls—
 Barks that were launched on the other side,
 And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide !
 What does he think of his mother's eyes ?
 What does he think of his mother's hair ?
 What of the cradle roof that flies
 Forward and backward through the air ?
 What does he think of his mother's breast ;
 Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
 Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
 Cup of his life and couch of his rest ?
 What does he think when her quick embrace
 Presses his hand and buries his face
 Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
 With a tenderness she can never tell,
 Though she murmur the words
 Of all the birds—
 Words she has learned to murmur well ?
 Now he thinks he'll go to sleep !
 I can see the shadow creep

Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
 Over his brow, and over his lips,
 Over his little finger tips !
 Softly sinking, down he goes !
 Down he goes ! Down he goes !
 [Rising and carefully retreating to her seat.]
 See ! He is hushed in sweet repose.

J. G. HOLLAND.

~~~~~  
 ONLY A BABY SMALL.

ONLY a baby small,  
 Dropt from the skies ;  
 Only a laughing face,  
 Two sunny eyes ;  
 Only two cherry lips,  
 One chubby nose ;  
 Only two little hands,  
 Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,  
 Curly and soft ;  
 Only a tongue that wags  
 Loudly and oft ;  
 Only a little brain,  
 Empty of thought ;  
 Only a little heart,  
 Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower,  
 Sent us to rear,  
 Only a life to love  
 While we are here ;  
 Only a baby small,  
 Never at rest ;  
 Small, but how dear to us  
 God knoweth best.

MATTHIAS BARR.  
*Little Willie, &c.* (Longmans.)

[Reprinted from "Cassell's Family Magazine," by kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.]

~~~~~  
 O TENDER eyes ! O beauty strange !
 When childhood shall depart,
 O that thou, babe, through every change
 May'st keep that infant heart !

O gracious God ! O this make sure,
 That, of no grace beguiled,
 The woman be in soul as pure
 As now she is, a child !

W. C. BENNETT.
Baby May, &c. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 AN INFANT'S SWAY.

WHAT strange mysterious power is this,  
 That links thy tender life with mine—  
 That makes of thee a source of bliss,  
 Than aught I've known still more divine ;  
 That makes thy will, so weak, so strong,  
 A law to which I freely bow,  
 And day and night with ardour long  
 Some sacrifice for thee to show ;

That makes me watch with anxious care  
 The slightest change thy looks express ;  
 And feel there's naught to do or dare  
 My heart would shrink from, thee to bless ;

That offers life a new career,  
 And raises e'en the slightest things  
 To be the source of hope or fear,  
 Whence unimagined pleasure springs !

Sweet darling child, a power is thine,  
 Which in thy very weakness lies—  
 A strength we never can divine  
 Beams ever from those tender eyes.

And with deep rapture we obey  
 The varied changes of thy will :  
 We gladly own an infant's sway,  
 Whose power remains a myst'ry still.

J. A. LANGFORD.  
*The Lamp of Life.* (Simpkin.)

~~~~~  
 HIS sweet unmeaning accents come—
 His little prattlings thrill the heart,
 And with a music fill our home,
 More dear than ever flowed from Art.

And love to every sound has given
 A meaning that is all her own ;
 Each cometh, like a sound from heaven,
 A soft, celestial undertone.

J. A. LANGFORD.
The Lamp of Life. (Simpkin.)

“WHAT’S IN A NAME?”

THOUGH Shakespeare asks us, “What’s in a name?”
(As if cognomens were much the same),

There’s really a very great scope in it.
A name?—why, wasn’t there Doctor Dodd,
The servant at once of Mammon and God,
Who found four thousand pounds and odd,
A prison—a cart—and a rope in it?

A name?—if the party had a voice
What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?
As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?
Or any such nauseous blazon?

Not to mention many a vulgar name,
That would make a door-plate blush for shame,
If door-plates were not so brazen!

A name?—it has more than nominal worth,
And belongs to good or bad luck at birth—
As dames of a certain degree know.
In spite of his Page’s hat and hose,
His Page’s jacket, and buttons in rows,
Bob only sounds like a page in prose
Till turned into Rupertino.

THOMAS HOOD. *Miss Kilmansegg.*
Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

II.

BAPTISMAL HYMNS AND THOUGHTS.

“Suffer the little children to come unto Me.”—MARK X. 14.

THIS will we name thy better birth-day, child,
Oh born already to a sin-worn world,
But now unto a Kingdom undefiled,
Where over thee love's banner is unfurled.

R. C. TRENCH.
Poems. (Macmillan.)

THE CHRISTENING.

ARRAYED—a half-angelic sight—
In vests of pure baptismal white,
The mother to the Font doth bring
The little helpless nameless thing,
With hushes soft and mild caressing,
At once to get—a name and blessing.
Close by the Babe the Priest doth stand,
The Cleansing Water at his hand,
Which must assoil the soul within
From every stain of Adam's sin.
The Infant eyes the mystic scenes,
Nor knows what all this wonder means ;
And now he smiles, as if to say,
“ I am a Christian made this day ; ”
Now frightened clings to Nurse's hold,
Shrinking from the water cold,
Whose virtues, rightly understood,
Are as Bethesda's waters good.
Strange words—the World, the Flesh, the Devil—
Poor Babe, what can it know of Evil ?
But we must silently adore
Mysterious truths, and not explore.
Enough for him, in after-times,
When he shall read these artless rhymes,
If, looking back upon this day,
With quiet conscience he can say,

“ I have in part redeemed the pledge
Of my Baptismal privilege ;
And more and more will strive to flee
All which my Sponsors kind did then renounce
for me.”

CHARLES LAMB.
Poems and Essays : Chandos Classics. (Warne.)

GOD of that glorious gift of grace
By which thy people seek thy face,
When in thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

Confiding in thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure thou hast given,
To be received and rear'd for heaven.

Lent to us for a season, we
Lend him for ever, Lord, to thee ;
Assured that, if to thee he live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon his head ;
And on his soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon his face.

Make him and keep him thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled ;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of heaven above.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

TABLETS OF THE HEART.

In token that thou shalt not fear,
Christ crucified to own ;
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch,
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

HENRY ALFORD.

Poetical Works. (Strahan.)

III.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

“ For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

“ Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

FLOWERS ON THE BANK.

FLOWERS on the bank—we pass and call them gay :
The primroses throw pictures to the mind,
The buttercups lag dazzlingly behind,
And daisy-friends we spy but do not say
A word of joy ; thoughts of them follow not,
And soon are they forgot.

What care we for wild flowers except their name ?
Bright maidens at the sight in rapture start,
Which, as our smiles say, comes not from the
heart.

Flowers dance not, sing not, all their ways are tame ;
They love not, neither love in us inspire ;
Nor blush when we admire.

Yet stay, the fingers of that panting child
Have culled for us the choice ones,—many a
gem,—

Have set their lovely colours stem to stem ;
In her fond hands they are not tame or wild,
Nestled in fringy fern so changed appears
The little gift she bears !

She gives herself, and she can dance and sing,
And she can love inspire and blush at praise ;
The flowers are part of her, have caught her ways ;
She gives herself who gives so sweet a thing.
And she is gone, with other thoughts than ours
Gathering fresh love and flowers.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

Legends of the Morrow. (Chatto and Windus.)

TO AMY—MY YOUNGEST.

(AFTER HERRICK.)

A LITTLE grave Bopeep know I,
As discursive as a fly :
Hither, thither lightly wandering,
Ever some sly mischief pondering !
Hints as of a past grimace
Glimmering on her roguish face !
Plots that counterplots defy
In each sparkle of her eye !
Jests, though tight her mouth she clips,
Playing 'round her mobile lips :
As, where dimples come and go,
Tripped dumb laughter on tiptoe !
'Round her elf-like, ruffled tresses,
Memories of fond caresses
Weave a nimbus o'er her head
As by Love engarlandèd.

Ask you, Who this wee trot may be ?—
Listen !—One we still call baby !

CHARLES KENT.

A RHYME OF ONE.

You sleep upon your mother's breast,
Your race begun,
A welcome, long a wish'd-for Guest,
Whose age is One.

A Baby-Boy, you wonder why
 You cannot run ;
 You try to talk—how hard you try !
 You're only One.

Ere long you won't be such a dunce ;
 You'll eat your bun,
 And fly your kite, like folk, who once
 Were only One.

You'll rhyme and woo, and fight and joke,
 Perhaps you'll pun !
 Such feats are never done by folk
 Before they're One.

Some day, too, you may have your joy,
 And envy none ;
 Yes, you, yourself, may own a Boy,
 Who isn't One.

He'll dance, and laugh, and crow, he'll do
 As you have done.
 (You crown a happy home, though you
 Are only One)

But when he's grown shall you be here
 To share his fun,
 And talk of times, when he (the Dear !)
 Was hardly One ?

Dear Child, 'tis your poor lot to be
 My little Son ;
 I'm glad, though I am old, you see,—
 While you are One.

FREDERICK LOCKER.
London Lyrics. (K. Paul.)

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

A YEAR—an age shall fade away,
 (Ages of pleasure and of pain),
 And yet the face I see to-day
 For ever will remain,—
 In my heart and in my brain !
 Not all the scalding tears of care
 Shall wash away that vision fair ;
 Not all the thousand thoughts that rise,
 Not all the sights that dim mine eyes,
 Shall e'er usurp the place
 Of that little angel face !

But here it shall remain,
 For ever ; and if joy or pain
 Turn my troubled winter gaze
 Back unto my hawthorn days,
 There,—amongst the hoarded past,
 I shall see it to the last ;
 The only thing, save poet's rhyme,
 That shall not own the touch of Time !

BARRY CORNWALL.
English Songs. (G. Bell.)

LITTLE ELFIE.

I HAVE an elfish maiden child ;
 She is not two years old ;
 Through windy locks her eyes gleam wild,
 With glances shy and bold.

Like little imps, her tiny hands
 Dart out and push and take ;
 Chide her—a trembling thing she stands,
 And like two leaves they shake.

But to her mind a minute gone
 Is like a year ago ;
 So when you lift your eyes anon,
 They're at it, to and fro.

Sometimes, though not oppressed with thought,
 She has her sleepless fits ;
 Then to my room in blanket brought,
 In round-backed chair she sits ;

Where, if by chance in graver mood,
 A hermit she appears,
 Seated in cave of ancient wood,
 Grown very still with years.

Then suddenly the pope she is,
 A playful one, I know ;
 For up and down, now that, now this,
 Her feet like plash-mill go.

Why like the pope ? She's at it yet,
 Her knee-joints flail-like go :
 Unthinking man ! it is to let
 Her mother kiss each toe.

But if I turn away and write,
Then sudden look around,
I almost tremble ; tall and white
She stands upon the ground.

In long night-gown, a tiny ghost,
She stands unmoving there ;
Or if she moves, my wits were lost
To meet her on the stair !

O Elfie, make no haste to lose
Thy lack of conscious sense ;
Thou hast the best gift I could choose,
A God-like confidence.

GEORGE MACDONALD.
Poems. (Strahan.)

~~~~~  
BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches,  
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches  
Poppies paleness—round large eyes  
Ever great with new surprise,  
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,  
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,  
Happy smiles and wailing cries,  
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,  
Lights and shadows swifter born  
Than on the wind-swept Autumn corn,  
Ever some new tiny notion  
Making every limb all motion—  
Catchings up of legs and arms,  
Throwings back and small alarms,  
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,  
Twining feet whose each toe works,  
Kickings up and straining risings,  
Mother's ever new surprisings,  
Hands all wants and looks all wonder  
At all things the heavens under,  
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings  
That have more of love than lovings,  
Mischiefs done with such a winning  
Archness, that we prize such sinning,  
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,  
Graspings small at all that passes,  
Pullings off of all that's able  
To be caught from tray or table ;  
Silences—small meditations,  
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,

Breakings into wisest speeches  
In a tongue that nothing teaches,  
All the thoughts of whose possessing  
Must be wooed to light by guessing ;  
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings,  
That we'd ever have such dreamings,  
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,  
And we'd always have thee waking ;  
Wealth for which we know no measure,  
Pleasure high above all pleasure,  
Gladness brimming over gladness,  
Joy in care—delight in sadness,  
Loveliness beyond completeness,  
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,  
Beauty all that beauty may be—  
That's May Bennett, that's my baby.

W. C. BENNETT.  
*Baby May, &c.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
TO ADELAIDE.

CHILD of my heart ! My sweet, below'd First-
born !
Thou dove who tidings bring'st of calmer hours !
Thou rainbow who dost shine when all the showers
Are past,—or passing ! Rose which hath no
thorn,—
No spot, no blemish,—pure, and unforlorn !
Untouched, untainted ! O, my Flower of flowers !
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
To stranded seamen life-assuring morn !
Welcome,—a thousand welcomes ! Care, who
clings
'Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold :
New hope springs upward ; and the bright World
seems
Cast back into a youth of endless springs !
Sweet mother, is it so ?—or, grow I old,
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams ?

BARRY CORNWALL.
English Songs. (G. Bell.)

~~~~~  
A DUPLICATE.

MABEL, how old are you ? But six !  
Why is it fancy plays me tricks ?  
Upon my honour, I declare  
I saw you, Mabel, sitting there

The same blue eyes, the same gold hair,  
 O long ago ! years more than that !  
 And in that very chair you sat,  
 Swinging the same prim little feet !  
 It couldn't be, you say ? why, true !  
 And, now I think, it wasn't you :  
 No, it was your mamma, my sweet.

T. ASHE.

~~~~~  
 THE MAID I LOVE.

I LOVE a maid whose eyes are blue,
 Who never walks but runs,
 Whose voice is shrilly-clear and who
 Is very fond of buns.
 You'll not be shocked if you behold
 Her seated on my knee,—
 The maid I love is six years old,
 And I am thirty-three !

She thinks I'm very old, I know,
 She treats me like her slave,
 She laughs in mockery when I show
 Her how she should behave.
 She pulls my whiskers when I scold,
 And dances round in glee—
 But then—she's only six years old,
 And I am thirty-three !

I fear she's rather fickle, too,
 She's many other flames,—
 She makes them tell her tales untrue,
 And play at noisy games.
 In search of crumbs, like robin bold,
 She hops from knee to knee—
 But then, she's only six years old,
 And I am thirty-three !

And when my back is bent with years,
 And I no longer sing,
 And she hath known the cares and tears
 That life must surely bring,
 I know her loving heart will hold
 A tender thought of me,
 In days when she was six years old,
 And I was thirty-three.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

Songs Without Music. (D. Bogue.)

PARABLE SONNETS.

[Among the Bedouins, a father in enumerating his children never counts his daughters, for a daughter is considered a disgrace.]

I.

ILYàs the prophet, lingering 'neath the moon,
 Heard from a tent a child's heart-withering wail,
 Mixt with the sorrow of the nightingale,
 And, entering, found, sunk in mysterious swoon,
 A little maiden dreaming there alone :—
 She babbled of her father sitting pale
 'Neath wings of Death—'mid sights of sorrow
 and bale—
 And pleaded for his life in piteous tone.

"Poor child, plead on," the succouring prophet
 saith,
 While she, with eager lips, like one who tries
 To kiss a dream, stretches her arms and cries
 To Heaven for help—"Plead on ; such pure love-
 breath,
 Reaching the Throne, might stay the wings of
 Death
 That, in the Desert, fan thy father's eyes."

II.

The drouth-slain camels lie on every hand ;
 Seven sons await the morning vultures' claws ;
 'Mid empty water-skins and camel-maws
 The father sits, the last of all the band.
 He mutters, drowsing o'er the moonlit sand,
 "'Sleep fans my brow : Sleep makes us all
 pashas ;' ¹
 Or, if the wing's are Death's, why Azrael draws
 A childless father from an empty land."
 "Nay," saith a Voice, "the wind of Azrael's wings
 A child's sweet breath hath stilled ; so God
 decrees :"—
 A camel's bell comes tinkling on the breeze,
 Filling the Bedouin's brain with bubble of springs
 And scents of flowers and shadow of wavering
 trees,
 Where, from a tent, a little maiden sings.

THEODORE WATTS.

[Reprinted from *The Athenæum*, by permission.]

¹ Bedouin proverbial saying.

FRIENDSHIP.

I.

DEFINITIONS, DESCRIPTIONS, AND
DISSERTATIONS.

“Friendship is a sheltering tree.”

S. T. COLERIDGE.

FRIENDSHIP! mysterious cement of the soul ;
Sweetener of life, and solder of society !
I owe thee much : thou hast deserved from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.

ROBERT BLAIR.
The Grave.

FRIENDSHIP is not like Jonah's gourd, that grew
And withered in a night : no sudden birth
May bring assurance of desert and worth.
On Virtue based it gathers force on Earth ;
The strength that Time will test and Heaven renew.
Friends are not quickly made—though quickly lost ;
Friends are well worth the largest price they cost.

S. C. HALL.
Rhymes in Council. (Griffith and Farran.)

KEEP thy friend
Under thy own life's key.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
All's Well that Ends Well.

LOVE is a sudden blaze which soon decays ;
Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays :
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame,—
It still is giving, and still burns the same.

JOHN GAY.

IN companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

FRIENDSHIP is no plant of hasty growth.
Though planted in esteem's deep-fixèd soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

CHOOSE your COMPANIONS carefully : for they
Will tell us what you are or soon will be ;
They make you slaves to habits—bond or free—
As artist hands will mould the potter's clay.

S. C. HALL.
Rhymes in Council. (Griffith and Farran.)

I HAD a friend that loved me :
I was his soul : he lived not but in me.
We were so close within each other's breast,
The rivets were not found that joined us first,
That do not reach us yet.

JOHN DRYDEN.

WHAT A LETTER TO A FRIEND OUGHT
TO BE.

(From “*A Familiar Epistle to a Friend.*”)

ALIKE I hate to be your debtor,
Or write a mere perfunctory letter ;
For letters, so it seems to me,
Our careless quintessence should be,
Our real nature's truant play
When consciousness looks t'other way,

Not drop by drop, with watchful skill,
Gathered in Art's deliberate still,
But life's insensible completeness
Got as the ripe grape gets its sweetness,
As if it had a way to fuse
The golden sunlight into juice.

J. R. LOWELL.
Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~  
SONG FOR A FAMILY PARTY.

YE whose veins are like your glasses,  
From the same old vineyard fed  
With a racy generous liquor  
Which may Time keep running red !  
Come, old friends and near relations,  
Take the oath we couch in song ;  
Hand-in-hand, come pledge it fairly,  
All who've known each other long !

Green heads, grey heads, join in chorus,  
All who can or cannot sing ;  
Put your hearts into your voices  
Till we make the old house ring !  
Let us swear by all that's kindly,  
All the ties of old and young,  
We will always know each other  
As we've known each other long !

By the house we oft have shaken—  
House where most of us were born—  
When the dance grew wild and romping,  
And we kept it up till morn !  
By the old convivial table  
Where we oft have mustered strong ;  
By the glasses we have emptied  
To each other's health so long !

By our schoolboy freaks together,  
In old days with mischief rife—  
Fellowship when youth on pleasure  
Flung away redundant life !  
By bereavements mourned in common ;  
By the hopes, a fluttering throng,  
We have felt when home returning,  
Parted from each other long !

By the fathers, who, before us,  
Silver-haired together grew,  
Who so long revered each other—  
Let us swear to be as true !  
Swear no selfish jealous feeling  
E'er shall creep our ranks among,  
E'er make strangers of the kinsmen  
Who have known each other long !

No ! whate'er our creed or party,  
Riches, rank, or poverty,  
*With a second* home—without one,  
True and trusty still we'll be !  
Still we'll drink and dance together,  
Gather still in muster strong,  
And for ever know each other,  
As we've known each other long !

ALFRED DOMETT.  
*Flotsam and Jetsam.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
LET thy soul strive that still the same
Be early friendship's sacred flame.
The affinities have strongest part
In youth, and draw men heart to heart :
As life wears on and finds no rest,
The individual in each breast
Is tyrannous to sunder them.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.
Ballads and Sonnets. (Ellis and White.)

~~~~~  
A PICTURE OF GIRL-FRIENDSHIP.

O, AND is all forgot ?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence ?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crownèd with one crest.

And will you rend our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

~~~~~  
EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came, and went ;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent
In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways ;
The vague, but manly, wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends ; whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze—
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature ;
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure ;—
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which shall
last endure.

HON. STEPHEN E. SPRING RICE.

[Printed, with other sonnets by the same Author, in Mr.
Aubrey de Vere's volume, "Antar and Zara." (K. Paul
and Co.)]

~~~~~  
CHUMS.

(From "Gemini and Virgo.")

AND three fair summers did we twain  
Live (as they say) and love together ;  
And bore by turns the wholesome cane  
Till our young skins became as leather :  
And carved our names on every desk,  
And tore our clothes, and inked our collars ;  
And looked unique and picturesque,  
But not, it may be, model scholars.  
We did much as we chose to do ;  
We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy ;  
All the theology we knew  
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday ;  
And all the general truths, that cakes  
Were to be bought at four a penny,  
And that excruciating aches  
Resulted if we ate too many :

And seeing ignorance is bliss,  
And wisdom consequently folly,  
The obvious result is this—  
That our two lives were very jolly.

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Verses and Translations.* (Deighton, Cambridge.)

~~~~~  
FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

ALAS, dear friends, we do each other wrong ;
For we long years in love conjoined have been ;
Many vicissitudes, and strange, have seen ;
Joyed oft, wept oft, outgrown our grief ere long :
Yet what we were, still are we. Love is strong,
Through vigilant hate of all things base and mean,
To raise her votaries, and with fire make clean ;
But we her awful aids away have flung.
Over complacent Friendship weakly doted
On virtues, oft through dim tears magnified,
Till Friendship, o'er-indulgent, scarcely noted
The faults hard-by ; or, noting, feared to chide ;
Therefore dishonoured Friendship asks too late,
"My seat inglorious must I abdicate ?"

AUBREY DE VERE.

Poems Meditative and Lyrical. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
And constancy lives in realms above ;  
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother :  
They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between ;—  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

*Christabel.*

## COMPANIONSHIP.

Nor with the light and vain,  
 The man of idle feet and wanton eyes ;  
 Not with the world's gay, ever-smiling train ;  
 My lot be with the grave and wise.

Not with the trifler gay,  
 To whom life seems but sunshine on the wave ;  
 Not with the empty idler of the day ;  
 My lot be with the wise and grave.

Not with the jesting fool,  
 Who knows not what to sober truth is due,  
 Whose words fly out without or aim or rule ;  
 My lot be with the wise and true.

Not with the man of dreams,  
 In whose bright words no truth nor wisdom lies,  
 Dazzling the fervent youth with mystic gleams ;  
 My lot be with the simply wise.

With them I'd walk each day ;  
 From them time's solemn lessons would I learn,  
 That false from true, and true from false, I may  
 Each hour more patiently discern.

HORATIUS BONAR.

*Hymns of Faith and Hope ; First Series.* (Nisbet.)

## SYMPATHY.

" Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them  
 that weep."—Rom. xii. 15.

We bless Thee for the darkness, Lord,  
 That shows us worlds of light.  
 We bless Thee for life's griefs that bring  
 Life's virtues into sight.

We bless Thee for all human love ;—  
 The kindly deed and word,  
 The sympathy of faithful friends  
 Whose griefs by ours are stirred.

We bless Thee for love's gentle sighs  
 That tell us others feel  
 For stricken hearts, and fain would stanch  
 The wounds too fresh to heal.

We bless Thee for the loving hands  
 That wipe our tears away,  
 When, mourning earthly treasures gone  
 We can but weep and pray.

We bless Thee for all brave kind words,  
 Though tremulously spoken,  
 As if the heart that uttered them  
 Itself were well-nigh broken.

We bless Thee for the tears that fall  
 For others' pain and loss :  
 Compared with these, the brightest gems  
 Are but as worthless dross.

We bless Thee for Thine own sweet smile ;  
 Though clouds oft veil Thy face,  
 The very clouds, illumed by Thee,  
 Are ministers of grace.

Yes ; but for darkness, none would see  
 The stars in heaven above ;  
 And, but for griefs, there would not be  
 Life's star-lit heaven of love.

G. WASHINGTON MOON.

*Poetical Leaflets.* (Hatchards.)

## FRIENDSHIP.

NOR unremembered is the hour when friends  
 Met ; friends, but few on earth, and therefore  
 dear :

Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain ;  
 Yet always sought ; so native to the heart,  
 So much desired, and coveted by all  
 Nor wonder thou—thou wonderest not, nor need'st!  
 Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair  
 Was seen beneath the sun ; but nought was seen  
 More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,  
 Than face of faithful friend ; fairest when seen  
 In darkest day ; and many sounds were sweet,  
 Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear ;  
 But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend ;  
 Sweet always, sweetest, heard in loudest storm.  
 Some I remember, and will ne'er forget ;  
 My early friends, friends of my evil day ;  
 Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too ;  
 Friends given by God in mercy and in love ;  
 My counsellors, my comforters, and guides ;  
 My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ;  
 Companions of my young desires ; in doubt,  
 My oracles ; my wings in high pursuit.

ROBERT POLLOK.

*The Course of Time ; Book V.*



I ONLY say that he to me,  
 Whatever he to others was,  
 Was truer far than any one  
 That I have known beneath the sun,  
 Sinner, saint, or pharisee,  
 As boy or man, for any cause.  
 I simply say he was my friend  
 When strong of hand and fair of fame :  
 Dead and disgraced, I stand the same  
 To him, and so shall to the end.

JOAQUIN MILLER.  
*Songs of the Sierras.* (Longmans.)

THERE are gold-bright Suns in worlds above,  
 And blazing gems in worlds below,  
 Our world has Love and only Love,  
 For living warmth and jewel glow :  
 God's Love is sunlight to the good,  
 And Woman's pure as diamond sheen,  
 And Friendship's mystic brotherhood  
 In twilight beauty lies between.

LORD HOUGHTON.  
*Poetical Works.* (Murray.)

FRIENDSHIP ! I place no faith in thee,  
 Tho' flourishing so fair in fable,  
 Or seated with mythology,  
 Or with a bumper-glass at table.  
 Since first my razor ranged for beard,  
 Friendship ! in many another place  
 Thy voice (and loud enough) I've heard,  
 But never have beheld thy face.

W. S. LANDOR.  
*Works.* (Chapman and Hall)

I DO not tremble when I meet  
 The stoutest of my foes,  
 But heaven defend me from the friend  
 Who comes—but never goes.

J. G. SAXE.  
*Poems.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

#### MY FRIEND.

My friend ! my friend ! who is my friend ?  
 He that would borrow or he that would lend ?

He that is high or low in degree ?  
 He that has pelf or poverty ?  
 Men are many, but friends are rare,  
 Friends are few in the world's great fair,  
 But what care I, what their fortune be ;  
 He is my friend, who is true to me.

He that comes to my open door,  
 Be I rich or be I poor ;  
 He that asks not if my board  
 Be fit for peasant or for lord.  
 He that stands at my side always,  
 Nor waits to see what the world will say,  
 Caring not what my fortune be,  
 He is the friend, the friend for me !

He that loves and guards my name  
 Spotless as his own fair fame ;  
 Chides my faults whate'er they be ;  
 Praises, but not flatters me.  
 He who fails not, in my needs ;  
 Spurs me on to noble deeds ;  
 With his life would mine defend ;  
 --That is he ! he is my friend !

F. E. WEATHERLY.  
*Dresden China.* (Diprose and Bateman.)

MORE brave, more beautiful, than myself must be  
 The man whom truly I can call my Friend ;  
 He must be an Inspirer, who can draw  
 To higher heights of Being, and aye stand  
 O'er me in unreach'd beauty, like the moon ;  
 Soon as he fail in this, the crest and crown  
 Of noble friendship, he is nought to me.

ALEXANDER SMITH.  
*A Life-Drama.* (Macmillan.)

#### FRIENDSHIP.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood  
 The surging sea outweighs,  
 The world uncertain comes and goes,  
 The lover rooted stays.  
 I fancied he was fled,—  
 And, after many a year,  
 Glow'd unexhausted kindness,  
 Like daily sunrise there.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,  
Unless to one you stint the flame.

'Tis thus in friendships ; who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend.

JOHN GAY.  
*Fables.*

THEN judge yourself, and prove your man  
As circumspectly as you can,  
And, having made election,  
Beware no negligence of yours,  
Such as a friend but ill endures,  
Enfeeble his affection.

WILLIAM COWPER.

I AM no sworn friend  
Of half-an-hour, as apt to leave as love ;  
Mine are no mushroom feelings which spring up  
At once without a seed and take no root,  
Wiseliest distrusted. In a narrow sphere,  
The little circle of domestic life,  
I would be known and loved ; the world beyond  
Is not for me.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

#### CATO'S ADVICE.

WHAT Cato advises most certainly wise is,  
Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,  
To mingle sweet pleasure with thirst after treasure,  
Indulging at night for the toils of the day :

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser  
His bags to increase, while his health does  
decay,  
Our souls we enlighten, our fancy we brighten,  
And pass the long evenings in pleasure away.

All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party,  
With some tender fair the bright bumper is  
crown'd ;  
'Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus delights us,  
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd.

See here's our physician,—we know no ambition  
But where there's good wine and good company  
found ;  
Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,  
'Tis sunshine and summer with us all the year  
round !

HENRY CAREY.

KEEP your undrest, familiar style  
For strangers, but respect your friend,  
Her most, whose matrimonial smile  
Is and asks honour without end.  
'Tis found, and needs it must so be,  
That life from love's allegiance flags,  
When love forgets his majesty  
In sloth's unceremonious rags.

COVENTRY PATMORE.  
*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

No—Friendship does not always sleep,  
Though sometimes she may mourn alone,  
Nor sympathy less kindly weep,  
Though oft her tears have fallen unknown.

GERALD GRIFFIN.  
*Poems and Plays.* (J. Duffy, Dublin.)

BUT since friends grow not thick on every bough,  
Nor every friend unrotten at the core ;  
First, on thy friend deliberate with thyself ;  
Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in the choice,  
Nor jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix ;  
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

EDWARD YOUNG.  
*Night Thoughts : Night Second.*

WITH an honest old friend and a merry old song,  
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,  
And laugh at the malice of those who repine  
That they must drink porter whilst I can drink  
wine.

I envy no mortal tho' ever so great,  
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;  
But what I abhor and esteem as a curse,  
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,  
 Let us merrily pass life's remainder away ;  
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,  
 For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

HENRY CAREY.

~~~~~

BUT he who takes his wine in measure,
 Mingling wit and sense with pleasure,
 Who likes good wine for the joy it brings,
 And merrily laughs and gaily sings :
 With heart and bumper always full,
 Never maudlin, never dull,
 Your friend let him be,
 'Tween you and me,
 That man is excellent company.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Poems and Plays. (J. Duffy, Dublin.)

THE man that hails you Tom or Jack,
 And proves by thumps upon your back
 How he esteems your merit,
 Is such a friend, that one had need
 Be very much his friend indeed
 To pardon or to bear it.

WILLIAM COWPER.

~~~~~

THY friend put in thy bosom : wear his eyes  
 Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.  
 If cause require, thou art his sacrifice ;  
 Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear ;  
 But love is lost ; the way of friendship's gone ;  
 Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John.

GEORGE HERBERT.

*The Temple : The Church Porch.*

## II.

# GREETINGS, CONGRATULATIONS, AND VALEDICTIONS.

“ Whatever fate  
Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,  
And bear thy memory with me to the grave.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. *Michael.*

THOUGH laid aside the lute, its thrill  
But waits the wakening fingers—  
Within the heart of memory still  
Its olden music lingers !  
And oh, how blithe around it rings  
When hopes are added to its strings !

EDEN HOOPER.

BE thine a warm and open heart,  
Be thine unnumbered friends ;  
A life, held precious while it lasts,  
And wept for when it ends.

W. C. BENNETT.

*Baby May, &c.* (K. Paul.)

“ My peace I give unto you.”—John xiv. 27.

PEACE crown thy outward lot !  
Tumult and jar,  
Fierce breath of passion hot,  
Pass by and harm thee not ;  
Hate keep afar.  
No harsh or harmful thing  
Draw near thy peace to sting.  
Peace brood upon thy heart !  
Yea, peace within—  
Peace conquering grief and smart ;  
Choose thou the better part,  
And flee from sin—  
The Saviour’s peace profound  
Shall fold thee round and round.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

## MOMENTS.

[EXTRACT.]

WHEN a sudden gust hath tumbled  
Hope’s bright architecture down ;  
When some prouder fair hath humbled  
Thy proud passion with a frown ;  
When thy dearest friends deceive thee,  
And cold looks thy love repel,  
And the bitter humours grieve thee,  
That make God’s fair earth a hell ;  
O these are moments, trying moments  
Meant to try thee—use them well !

When a flash of truth hath found thee,  
Where thy foot in darkness trod ;  
When thick clouds dispart around thee,  
And thou standest nigh to God ;  
When a noble soul comes near thee,  
In whom kindred virtues dwell,  
That from faithless doubts can clear thee,  
And with strengthening love compel ;  
O these are moments, rare fair moments  
Sing and shout, and use them well !

J. S. BLACKIE

*Lyrical Poems.* (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

FLOWERS of joy for thee,  
Fair of fairest faces ;  
May no grief or care  
Leave by thee their traces :

Sunlight, round thee shining,  
Glad with fancies free,  
Angel-fingers lining  
Silver clouds for thee.

ROWLAND BROWN.

~~~~~

"NEATH happy stars!" still runs, as ran
In heathen days, the augury—
Instinctively the gaze of man
Looks Heavenward for his destiny!
"Neath happy stars!" Few words are they,
But find in them all heart can say!

EDEN HOOPER.

~~~~~

ALONE.

WHERE art thou, friend?—Day after day,  
Youth like a river flows away;  
And forth we fare to meet decay:—  
Where art thou?

Where art thou, friend?—Beneath the sun  
Man hath one life, but only one;  
And Life to Death doth hourly run:—  
Where art thou?

Where art thou, friend?—Must our own will  
Combine with chance and change to chill  
The hearts that once were wont to thrill?—  
Where art thou?

Where art thou, friend?—Stretch forth thine hand  
Across the waste to where I stand,  
Let love not fade like fires unfanned:—  
Where art thou?

Where art thou, friend?—Can love secure  
In gloom and solitude endure?  
Oblivion's wound what skill can cure?—  
Where art thou?

Where art thou, friend?—In vain I wail.  
Let me not spread my spirit's sail  
Alone, to drift before the gale!—  
Where art thou?

J. A. SYMONDS.

*Many Moods.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

BRUTUS hath riv'd my heart:  
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Julius Cæsar.*

~~~~~

SONG.

THERE's a sleek thrush sits in the apple-tree
When it blooms all over with rosy snow,
And hark! how he opens his heart to me,
Till its inmost hopes and desires I know!
Blow, wind, blow,
For the thrush will fly when the bloom must go.

O a friend I had, and I loved him well,
And his heart was open and sang to mine,
And it pains me more than I choose to tell,
That he cares no more if I laugh or pine.
Friend of mine,
Can the music fade out of love like thine!

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

New Poems. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~

THE dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Merchant of Venice.*

~~~~~

WISH me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy
danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

~~~~~

*Proteus.* ALL happiness bechance to thee in  
Milan!  
*Valentine.* As much to you at home! and so,  
farewell.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

INTO mid-heaven's azure deeps  
 The gold-shot shadows often pass !  
 They rest upon the fairest flowers,  
 They kiss the moss and waving grass ;  
 A life of smiles would weary all ;  
 Shadows throw out the brightest rays ;  
 And I'll not wish an idle wish,  
 A life of rainless, cloudless days,  
 But I will wish that very bright,  
 And good, and fair, thy lot may be,  
 Few ills to cure, few fights to fight,  
 And God's great love to shadow thee !

FANNIE ROCHAT.

~~~~~  
 COUNSELS.

LIFE, and light, and joy are found
 In the presence of the Lord,—
 Life with richest blessings crown'd,
 Light from many fountains pour'd ;—
 Life, and light, and holy joy,
 None can darken or destroy.
 Bring to Him life's brightest hours,
 He will make them still more bright ;
 Give to Him your noblest powers,
 He will hallow all your might :
 Come to Him with eager quest,
 You shall hear His high behest.
 All your questions large and deep,
 All the open thought of youth,
 Bring to Him ; and you shall reap
 All the harvest of His truth ;—
 You shall find, in that Great Store,
 Largest love and wisest lore.
 Then, when comes life's wider sphere,
 And its busier enterprise,
 You shall find Him ever near ;—
 Looking, with approving eyes,
 On all honest work and true
 His dear servants' hands can do.
 And, if care shall dim your eye,
 And life's shadows come apace,
 You shall find Him ever nigh
 In the glory of His grace :—
 Changing sorrow's darkest night
 Into morning clear and bright !

C. E. MUDIE.

Stray Leaves. (Macmillan.)

BLOSSOMS bright and gay, dear,
 Snow upon the ground,
 Wintertime and May, dear—
 So the year goes round.

Yet take a wish to-day, dear,
 For life with garlands crowned,
 And song from every spray, dear,
 The whole year round.

For hearts where love hath sway, dear,
 And sunny hopes abound,
 Will make the seasons May, dear,
 The glad year round.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~  
*Cassius.* You love me not.

*Brutus.* I do not like your faults.

*Cassius.* A friendly eye could never see such  
 faults.

*Brutus.* A flatterer's would not, though they could  
 appear

As huge as high Olympus.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Julius Cæsar.*

~~~~~  
 MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

AND you had wrongly read me, friend,
 And I had read you wrongly,
 And so the hearts grew cold, and dead
 The souls that loved so strongly.

How blest we lived in olden days !
 How glad the moments flew !
 One gush of merry laughter, friend,
 And life begins anew !

G. F. ARMSTRONG.

Poems : Lyrical and Dramatic. (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
 AMONG THE VIPERS.

THEN, let them babble while they list,  
 And gulp their fill of lies ;  
 There's *one* will look into thy face  
 With trustful cloudless eyes ;

And here's a hand to help thee,  
And here's a heart to guide—  
My friend, my friend of olden days,  
Come closer to my side.

G. F. ARMSTRONG.

*Poems : Lyrical and Dramatic.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
WHAT soul could dream of better bliss,
Of richer happiness than this—
To act its simple natural part,
All unconstrained and light of heart,
And yet to know its voice, its air,
Its very presence, anywhere,
Was redolent of joy and hope
To all that breathed within its scope?
Ah, bliss like that is owned by few,
But oh ! dear heart, 'tis owned by you.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~  
TO A FRIEND LEAVING ENGLAND FOR A YEAR'S  
RESIDENCE IN AUSTRALIA.

As parting now he goes  
From snow-time back to snows,  
So back to spring from summer may next year  
Restore him, and our hearts receive him here,  
The best good gift that spring  
Had ever grace to bring  
At fortune's happiest hour of star-blest birth,  
Back to love's homebright earth,  
To eyes with eyes that commune, hand with hand,  
And the old warm bosom of all our mother-land.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

*Studies in Song.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
FORGET me slowly, youthful Friend !
I dare not say "remember"—
Then slowly, slowly let me glide
Adown the unreverting tide
Of those memorial thoughts that blend
Thy May with my November!

AUBREY DE VERE.

Poems : Meditative and Lyrical. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
I GIVE my hand ; the world is wide ;  
Then farewell memories of yore,  
Between us let strife be no more ;  
Turn as you choose to either side ;

Say Fare-you-well, shake hands, and say—  
Speak loud, and say with stately grace,  
Hand clutching hand, face bent to face—  
Farewell for ever and a day.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

*Songs of the Sierras.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
A COMPLAINT.

THERE is a change—and I am poor ;
Your love hath been, nor long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow ;
And flow it did ; not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count !
Bless'd was I then, all bliss above !
Now, for this consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I—shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden WELL.

A well of love—it may be deep ;
I trust it is,—and never dry ;
What matter ? if the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity.
—Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

W. WORDSWORTH.

~~~~~  
BE mine thy mantle ; and impart  
Thy spirit, patient and serene,  
Thine own pure singleness of heart,  
And make me all that thou hast been :  
Teach me to know, and feel, and see  
Thy worth,—the paths which thou hast trod—  
My beacon on life's ocean be,  
To lead my trembling steps to God.

UNKNOWN.

~~~~~  
COME, here's a health to thee and thine !
Trust me, whate'er we may be told,
Few things are better than old wine,
When tasted with a friend that's old.

UNKNOWN.

TO A PRETENDED FRIEND AND
REAL ENEMY.

THY hesitating tongue and doubtful face
Show all thy kindness to be mere grimace.
Throw off the mask ; at once be foe or friend ;
'Tis base to soothe when malice is the end.
The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread,
But double terror that which hides its head.

UNKNOWN.

SWEET maid, thy budding time is fair ;
So may thy blooming be ;
And never blighting blast of care
Untimely wither thee.

Flower on, in gladness, free from stain ;
Until the autumn's past ;
And, like a fading rose, retain
Thy sweetness to the last.

EDWIN WAUGH.

Poems and Lancashire Songs. (G. Bell.)

OH may your life be like the beam
Of morning on a summer stream,
Without a cloud to shade its hours,
Without a blight to scathe its flowers :
May every thought by love be nurst,
And every moment like the first ;
And age, when youth hath passed away,
The twilight of a summer-day.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

Songs and Poems. (Chatto and Windus.)

My own friend, my old friend !
Time's a soldier bold, friend !
Of his lofty prowess
Many a tale is told, friend !
Nations are his puppets,
To be bought and sold, friend !
He can mock the conqueror,
Raze his strongest hold, friend !
Fool the stern philosopher,
Win the miser's gold, friend !
But though earthly nature
Has so frail a mould, friend !
What the tyrant cannot do
Is to make *us* cold, friend !

LORD HOUGHTON.

Poetical Works. (Murray.)

WHAT shall preserve thee, beautiful child ?
Keep thee as thou art now ?
Bring thee a spirit undefiled
At God's pure throne to bow ?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim—
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up to Him ?
He who Himself was "undefiled" ?
With Him we trust thee, beautiful child !

N. P. WILLIS

Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

OUR hands in one, we will not shrink
From life's severest due,—
Our hands in one, we will not blink
The terrible and true ;
What each would feel a heavy blow
Falls on us both as autumn snow.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Poetical Works. (Murray.)

TAKE my greeting, friend.
By the Summers laid to sleep,
By their memories green for aye—
Holy memories, hoarded deep—
By the friends whose love we keep,
By the low mounds where we weep
Over dear ones passed away ;
By our sweetly-blended youth,
By our present trust and truth,
By our mutual pray'rs that meet
At the Father's mercy-seat,
Take, O friend, to-day,
Take all greeting true and tender
Loving heart to heart may render—
Take my greeting, friend.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

BELOVED ! amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path—
(Drear path, alas ! where grows
Not even one lonely rose),
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
 Like some enchanted far-off isle
 In some tumultuous sea—
 Some ocean, throbbing far and free
 With storms—but where meanwhile
 Serenest skies continually
 Just o'er that one bright island smile.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.
Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

~~~~~

PEACE be thy gentle guest,  
 Peace holy and divine ;  
 God's blessed sunlight still  
 Upon thy pathway shine.

His Spirit fill thy soul,  
 And cast out every sin,  
 His own deep joy impart,  
 And make a heaven within.

H. BONAR.  
*Hymns of Faith and Hope ; First Series.*  
 (Nisbet.)

~~~~~

DANCING and dreaming, darkling and gleaming,
 Floweth Life's wonderful river along,
 And, oceanward going, the sound of its flowing
 Is sometimes a wail and sometimes a song.

Sunbeams enchanting across it come slanting,
 And thrill it with joy to its crystalline deeps,
 And over it nightly, strangely and whitely,
 Whitely and weirdly, the pale moon sleeps.

Through deeps where the lily sleeps greenly and
 stilly,
 Through flickering shadows it wanders along ;
 But, oceanward going, the sound of its flowing
 To thee, dear, be ever and only a song.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

~~~~~

I AM glad you are happy, Mary !  
 These tears, could you see them fall,  
 Would show, though you have forgotten,  
 I have remembered all.

And though my cup may be empty,  
 While yours is all running o'er,  
 Heaven keep you its sweetness, Mary,  
 Brimming for evermore.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
 GENTLEMAN."  
*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~

A FAREWELL.

THO' far apart be cast thy lot from mine,
 Nor time nor distance can obliterate
 From mem'ry's page that moment in our fate,
 When all my soul leapt up to welcome thine,
 Then clung, as cling the tendrils of the vine.
 Each day, in thee I saw new beauties rise,
 And fresh thought look from out thy speaking
 eyes,

Alas ! so soon on me no more to shine.
 How much we'll miss thee, I can never tell !
 Thy quick, familiar tread upon the stair
 Which on our listening ear like music fell ;
 Thy tender greeting and thy smile so rare ;
 To all, we must now bid a long Farewell,
 And nought is left to brighten daily care.

MARY A. ROBERTS.

~~~~~

FRIEND of my heart, the hours are gone,  
 Perchance, when our twin currents rolled  
 With blended murmurs ; yet in one  
 Our souls are linked with chains of gold.

Though in life's fiery-surgings flood,  
 By gusts of conflict madly whirled—  
 Like that old Titan who withstood  
 The fragments of a shattered world—

Still by a never-loosening tie  
 Our souls henceforth are bound. Let none  
 This union sever ! Thou and I  
 Are one,—for ever we are one.

E. J. ARMSTRONG.  
*Poetical Works.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~

THOU wouldst be loved ?—then let thy heart
 From its present pathway part not ;
 Being everything which now thou art,
 Be nothing which thou art not.

So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.
Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

BUT for thy friends, and they are mony,
Both honest men and lasses bonnie,
May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glee,
Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny,
Bless them and thee !

ROBERT BURNS.

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

OUR hands have met, but not our hearts ;
Our hands will never meet again.
Friends if we have ever been,
Friends we cannot now remain :
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I loved in vain ;
Our hands have met, but not our hearts ;
Our hands will never meet again !

Then farewell to heart and hand !
I would our hands had never met :
Even the outward form of love
Must be resign'd with some regret.
Friends we still might seem to be,
If I my wrong could e'er forget ;
Our hands have join'd, but not our hearts ;
I would our hands had never met.

THOMAS HOOD.
Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

A SONG IN ABSENCE.

SOME future day when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams
away,
We'll meet again upon some future day.
When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way
We'll meet again,—we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed,—ye winds and waters, say !—
Meet yet again upon some future day ?

A. H. CLOUGH.
Poems. (Macmillan.)

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted ;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted !

Oh ! if regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away !

Long be the flame of memory found
Alive within your social glass,
Let that be still the magic round
O'er which oblivion dares not pass !

THOMAS MOORE.

GOD bless thee ! May thy blameless life be hung
With garlands of delight ! May Peace, the dove
Dwell in thine heart, thro' long and prosperous days
May Truth e'er warn thee with an angel's tongue
May Earth's best children meet thy love with love
And Heaven smile on thee, in a thousand ways !

BARRY CORNWALL.
English Songs. (G. Bell.)

PAST TIMES.

OLD Acquaintance ! shall the nights
You and I wore out together,
Be forgot like common things,—
Like some dreary night that brings
Nought, save foul weather ?

We were young, when you and I
Talked of golden things together,—
Of love and rhyme, of books and men :
Ah ! our hearts were buoyant *then*
As the wild-goose feather !

Twenty years have fled, we know,
Bringing care and changing weather ;
But hath th' heart no *backward* flights,
That we again may see those nights,
And laugh together ?

Jove's eagle, soaring to the sun,
Renews the past year's mouldering feather :
Ah, why not you and I, then, soar
From age to youth,—and dream once more
Long nights together ?

BARRY CORNWALL.
English Songs. (G. Bell.)

LITTLE gossip, set apart
But one small corner of thy heart ;
Still there is one not quite employ'd,
So let me find and fill that void ;
Run then, and jump, and laugh, and play,
But love me though I'm far away.

FREDERICK LOCKER.
London Lyrics. (K. Paul.)

NONE here is happy but in part ;
Full bliss is bliss divine ;
There dwells some wish in every heart,
And doubtless one in thine.
That wish on some fair future day,
Which fate shall brightly gild
('Tis blameless, be it what it may),
I wish it all fulfill'd.

WILLIAM COWPER.

TO A YOUNG LADY,
ON HER RECOVERY FROM A
FEVER.

BELIEVE me, while in bed you lay, !
Your danger taught us all to pray :
You made us grow devouter !
Each eye looked up and seemed to say,
How can we do without her ?

Besides, what vexed us worse, we knew
They have no need of such as you
In the place where you were going :
This world has angels all too few,
And Heaven is overflowing !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend !
What would ye wish for mair, man ?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man ?

ROBERT BURNS.

FRIEND of my bosom, thou more than a brother !
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

For some they have died, and some they have
left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.
Poems and Essays : Chandos Classics. (Warne.)

KEEP CLOSE.

KEEP close to Jesus, dear one,
Nestle beneath His wing !
" In all thy ways acknowledge Him,"
Then courage take and sing.

Keep close to Jesus, dear one,
Confiding in His love ;
Remember, He thy weakness knows,
He shields thee from above.

Keep close to Jesus, dear one,
Though dreary be thy way ;
He feels thine utter loneliness,
He is thy mighty stay.

Keep close to Jesus, dear one,
Amid the raging storm :
He rules e'en thy life's troublous waves,
They hush before His Form.

Keep close to Jesus, dear one,
 When stung by careless dart
 Of friends who speak against thy Lord :
 He knows thy wounded heart.

Keep close to Jesus, dear one,
 As every hour flits by ;
 Give diligence to learn of Him
 While yet He standeth nigh.

Keep close to Jesus, dear one,
 In bright and joyous days,
 He gives such true, deep happiness
 With His soul-gladdening rays.

Keep close to Jesus, dear one,
 Hold fast, and never fear ;
 In joy or sorrow, peace or strife,
 Thy Lord is ever near !

CECILIA HAVERGAL.

~~~~~

A GARLAND for the hero's crest,  
 And twined by her he loves the best :  
 To every lovely lady bright,  
 What can I wish but faithful knight ?  
 To every faithful lover too,  
 What can I wish but lady true ?  
 And knowledge to the studious sage ;  
 And pillow soft to head of age.  
 To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay  
 Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
 Light task, and merry holiday !  
 To all, to each, a fair good night,  
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
*Marmion : L'Envoy.*

#### THE ABIDING FRIEND.

“Lo, I am with you alway.”

STILL year by year our friends depart  
 To distant worlds or distant lands,  
 Leaving us with an aching heart,  
 Or hands that long to touch their hands ;  
 For time and space hold all things fast,  
 And death is with us to the last.

New love may blossom in our path,  
 Like many a daisy, blushing deep  
 For golden treasure that it hath  
 'Mid petals folded as in sleep :  
 But new love still the old endears  
 That grew for us in vanished years.

New friends about our way we meet,  
 New voices call our presence blest ;  
 But never more down the dull street  
 Will come the face we love the best.  
 I do not weep—I only say  
 Life's morning-time has gone away.

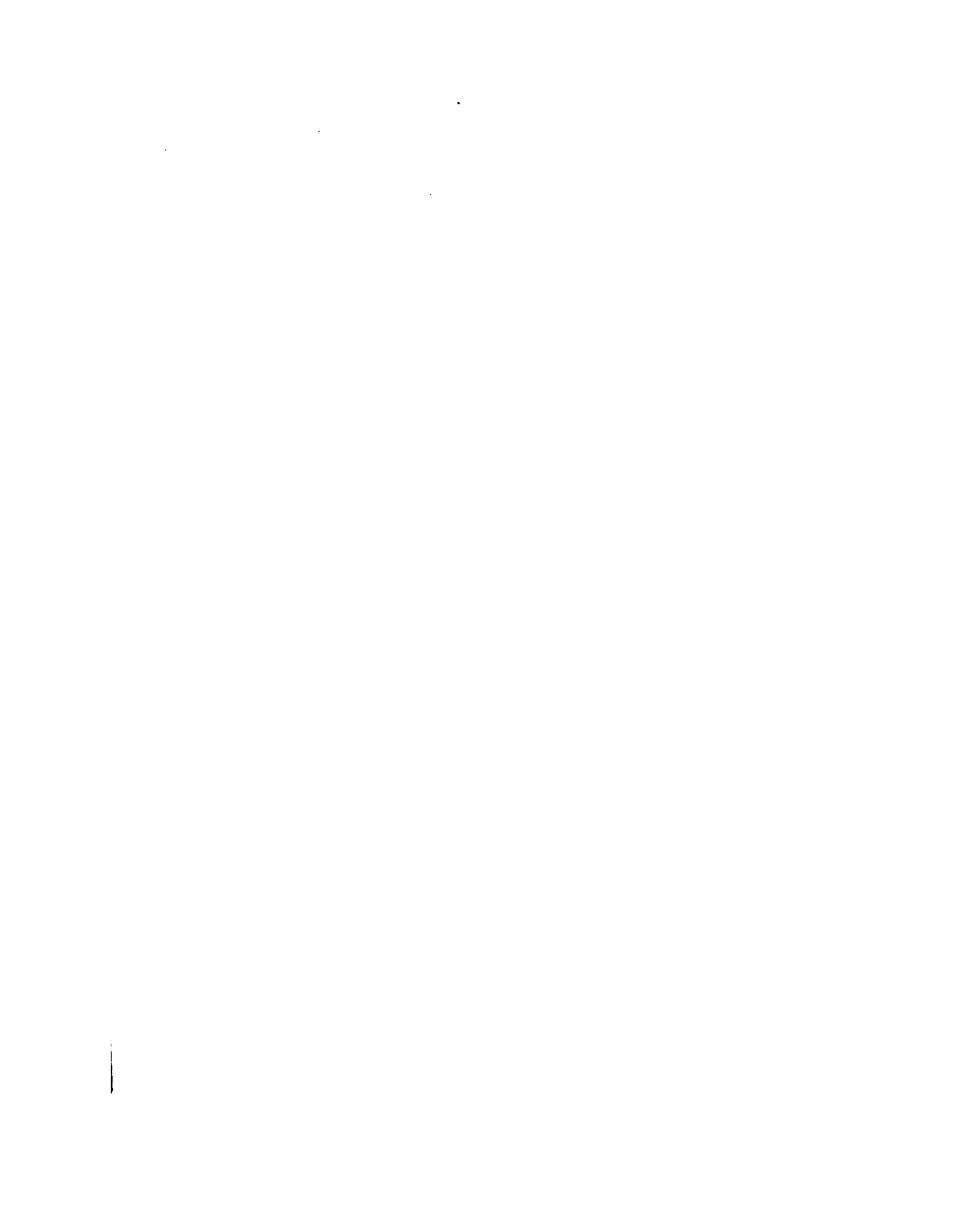
Yet while we say it, lo ! there stands  
 One Friend beside us, who will stay.  
 He takes our hands in His strong hands,  
 Saying, “I will not go away.”  
 His love is ours, in death, in life,  
 Through every joy, and care, and strife.

We have not looked upon His face,  
 The bonds of sense still hold us fast,  
 Yet He will vanquish time and space  
 And we shall see Him at the last.  
 Ev'n now through Him our hearts draw near  
 To those far off whom we hold dear.

A. MATHESON.

[From “Good Words” by permission of Messrs. Isbister and C.]

BIRTHDAYS.



## A GARLAND OF GREETINGS.

“ Could love make worthy music of you,  
And match my Master's powers,  
Had even my love less heart to love you,  
A better song were ours ;  
With all the rhymes like stars above you,  
And all the words like flowers.”

A. C. SWINBURNE. *Studies in Song.*

### PAST AND FUTURE.

O PAST, old Past, fair life and sweet, long ended,  
Why backward wilt thou draw my face, and  
twine  
My love with that from which my feet have  
wended,  
And whence I should go onward, nor repine ?

Drear are these moors, and yonder, high upheaping  
Their brown bleak heads, the mountains fold my  
way ;  
But still in sunlight is that sweet plain sleeping,  
And thither backward still my heart will stray.

Farewell—alas, farewell, old life lived over !  
I face yon track through night's uncertainty.  
Take me, dark heights, black mists that wheel and  
hover—  
I must tramp on, or here lie down and die.

G. F. ARMSTRONG.

LONG for my birthday I've waited,  
All of a sudden it's here !  
Then I am petted and fêted,  
One royal day in the year !  
Lessons no more are imparted,  
Pleasure each moment must bring ;  
No one is half so hard-hearted  
As to refuse me a thing !  
*Poems Written for a Child.* [A.] (Strahan.)

### ONE-AND-TWENTY.

LONG-EXPECTED one-and-twenty,  
Lingering year, at length is flown :  
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,  
Great . . . , are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,  
Free to mortgage or to sell,  
Wild as wind, and light as feather,  
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the Betsies, Kates, and Jennies,  
All the names that banish care ;  
Lavish of your grandsire's guineas,  
Show the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice and folly  
Joy to see their quarry fly :  
There the gamester, light and jolly ;  
There the lender, grave and sly.

Wealth, my lad, was made to wander,  
Let it wander as it will ;  
Call the jockey, call the pander,  
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,  
Pockets full, and spirits high—  
What are acres ? what are houses ?  
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

Should the guardian friend or mother  
Tell the woes of wilful waste ;  
Scorn their counsel, scorn their pother,  
You can hang or drown at last.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## MY BIRTHDAY.

"My birthday!"—What a different sound  
That word had in my youthful years!  
And now, each time the day comes round,  
Less and less white its mark appears.  
When first our scanty years are told,  
It seems like pastime to grow old;  
And, as youth counts the shining links  
That time around him binds so fast,  
Pleased with the task he little thinks  
How hard that chain will press at last!  
Vain was the man, and false as vain,  
Who said—"Were he ordain'd to run  
His long career of life again,  
He would do all that he *had* done."  
Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells  
In sober birthdays speaks to me;  
Far otherwise—of time it tells  
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—  
Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made  
Haply for high and pure designs,  
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid  
Upon unholy, earthly shrines!  
All this it tells, and could I trace  
The imperfect picture o'er again,  
With power to add, retouch, efface,  
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,  
How little of the past would stay!  
How quickly all should melt away.  
All but that freedom of the mind  
Which hath been more than wealth to me,—  
Those friendships in my boyhood twin'd,  
And kept till now unchangingly;  
And that dear home, that saving ark,  
Where Love's true light at last I found,  
Cheering within, when all grows dark,  
And comfortless, and stormy round!

THOMAS MOORE.

## THIRTY-FIVE.

"The years of a man's life are threescore and ten."  
OH, weary heart! thou'rt half-way home!  
We stand on life's meridian height—  
As far from childhood's morning come,  
As to the grave's forgetful night.

Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—  
Look onward with a placid brow—  
Hope promised but to bring us here,  
And Reason takes the guidance now—  
One backward look—the last—the last!  
One silent tear—for Youth is past!

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?  
Who comes with me and Memory on?  
Oh, lonely looks the downward track—  
Joy's music hush'd—Hope's roses gone!  
To Pleasure and her giddy troop  
Farewell, without a sigh or tear!  
But heart gives way, and spirits droop,  
To think that Love may leave us here!  
Have we no charm when Youth is flown—  
Midway to death left sad and lone!

Yet stay!—as 'twere a twilight star  
That sends its thread across the wave,  
I see a brightening light, from far,  
Steal down a path beyond the grave!  
And now—bless God!—its golden line  
Comes o'er—and lights my shadowy way—  
And shows the dear hand clasp'd in mine!  
But, list what those sweet voices say!  
"The better land's in sight,  
And, by its chastening light,  
All love from life's midway is driven  
Save hers whose clasped hand will bring thee on to  
heaven."

N. P. WILLIS.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

I ASK and wish not to appear  
More beautiful, rich, or gay:  
Lord, make me wiser every year,  
And better every day.

CHARLES LAMB.  
*Poems and Essays: Chandos Classics.* (Warne.)

A BIRTHDAY AWAY FROM HOME.  
DEAR mother! dost thou love me yet?  
Am I remember'd in my home?  
When those I love for joy are met,  
Does some one wish that I would come?



Thou *dost*—I *am* beloved of these !  
 But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er  
 Night after night the Pleiades,  
 And finds the stars he found before—  
 As turns the maiden oft her token—  
 As counts the miser aye his gold—  
 So, till life's silver cord is broken,  
 Would I of thy fond love be told.  
 My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—  
 Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost  
 wanderer yet ?

N. P. WILLIS.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 "Certainly I will be with thee."—Exod. iii. 12.

"CERTAINLY I will be with thee!" Father, I
 have found it true :
 To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would set my
 seal anew.
 All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou my
 help indeed hast been,
 Marvellous the loving-kindness every day and hour
 hath seen.

"Certainly I will be with thee!" Let me feel it,
 Saviour dear,
 Let me know that Thou art with me, very precious,
 very near.
 On this day of solemn pausing, with Thyself all
 longing still,
 Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence, let Thy peace
 my spirit fill.

"Certainly I will be with thee!" Blessèd Spirit,
 come to me,
 Rest upon me, dwell within me, let my heart Thy
 temple be ;
 Through the trackless year before me, Holy One,
 with me abide !
 Teach me, comfort me, and calm me, be my ever-
 present Guide.

"Certainly I will be with thee!" Starry promise
 in the night !
 All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away before
 its light.

"Certainly I will be with thee!" He hath
 spoken : I have heard !
 True of old, and true this moment, I will trust
 Jehovah's word.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
Songs of Grace and Glory. (J. Nisbet and Co.)

~~~~~  
 TO HIS MOTHER.

GOOD morrow to the golden morning,  
 Good morrow to the world's delight—  
 I've come to bless thy life's beginning,  
 Since it makes my own so bright !

I have brought no roses, sweetest,  
 I could find no flowers, dear,—  
 It was when all sweets were over  
 Thou wert born to bless the year.

But I've brought thee jewels, dearest,  
 In thy bonny locks to shine,—  
 And if love shows in their glances,  
 They have learned that look of mine !

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 WHEN Time was entwining the garland of years,
 Which to crown my beloved was given,
 Though some of the leaves might be sullied with
 tears,

Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heaven !
 And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
 May its verdure for ever be new !
 Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
 And Pity shall nurse it with dew !

THOMAS MOORE.

~~~~~  
 TO MRS. THRALE,  
 ON HER COMPLETING HER THIRTY-  
 FIFTH YEAR.

OFF in danger, yet alive,  
 We are come to thirty-five ;  
 Long may better years arrive,  
 Better years than thirty-five.  
 Could philosophers contrive  
 Life to stop at thirty-five,  
 Time his hours should never drive  
 O'er the bounds of thirty-five.

High to soar, and deep to dive,  
 Nature gives at thirty-five ;  
 Ladies, stock and tend your hive,  
 Trifle not at thirty-five ;  
 For, howe'er we boast and strive,  
 Life declines from thirty-five ;  
 He that ever hopes to thrive,  
 Must begin by thirty-five ;  
 And all who wisely wish to wive,  
 Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

~~~~~  
 TO A YOUNG LADY.

MAY this returning day for ever find
 Thy form more lovely, more adorn'd thy mind ;
 All pains, all cares, may favouring Heaven remove,
 All but the sweet solitudes of love !

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

~~~~~  
 MANY a greeting glad  
 Will come to thee To-day ;  
 Many a kindly voice  
 Will speed thee on thy way ;  
 Many a heart will pray,  
 Life's sun may shine on thee.  
 Take Greeting, Wish, and Hope,  
 Alike, dear Friend, from me !

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

~~~~~  
 How many between east and west
 Disgrace their parent earth,
 Whose deeds constrain us to detest
 The day that gave them birth !
 Not so when Stella's natal morn
 Revolving months restore ;
 We can rejoice that she was born,
 And wish her born once more !

WILLIAM COWPER.

~~~~~  
 LET joy or ease, let affluence or content,  
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,  
 Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,  
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.

Let day improve on day, and year on year,  
 Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;  
 Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,  
 In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,  
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,  
 And wake to raptures in a life to come.

ALEXANDER POPE

~~~~~  
 DAY of my Darling's birth ! be thou
 The brightest day of all the year—
 With laughing eyes, and flower-wreathed brow
 To her, my best beloved, appear !
 Through her dear chamber softly peep—
 Her lovely, drowsy eyelids kiss.
 O watch and guard her balmy sleep !
 And fill her waking hours with bliss !

FANNY FORRESTE

~~~~~  
 WHO guards your Birthday more than I ?  
 For mine is coming by-and-by.  
 And if on yours a shade there were,  
 Then mine would be a poor affair.  
 So self's the motive—I confess it—  
 Which prompts the wish, " Your Birthday, bless

EDEN HOOP

~~~~~  
 ROSE'S BIRTHDAY.

TELL me, perverse young year !
 Why is the morn so drear ?
 Is there no flower to twine ?
 Away, thou churl, away !
 'Tis Rose's natal day,
 Reserve thy frowns for mine.

WALTER S. LAND

Works. (Chapman and H:)

~~~~~  
 IF any white-wing'd Power above  
 My joys and griefs survey,  
 The day when thou wert born, my love—  
 He surely bless'd that day.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

~~~~~  
 I HAIL your day of birth, dear friend,
 And bid God bless you while I pray
 The Giver of all good to send
 To you His holiest joys to-day.





RAFAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by KATE SADLER.]

"Your birthday! Take the flowers I bring:
They make of every season Spring."

Page 275

and soul I send
of birth, dear friend!
S. C. HALL.

THY Birthday is :-



Faint, illegible text, possibly a signature or title.

May friends increase ; may none betray ;
 May love perpetual give you light,
 And hope bring days that fear no night ;
 While peace of mind makes all things bright.
 Such prayers of heart and soul I send
 To greet your day of birth, dear friend !

S. C. HALL.

~~~~~  
 TO MY DAUGHTER.

So may'st thou live, dear ! many years,  
 In all the bliss that life endears,  
 Not without smiles, nor yet from tears  
 Too strictly kept :  
 When first thy infant littleness  
 I folded in my fond caress,  
 The greatest proof of happiness  
 Was this—I wept.

THOMAS HOOD.

*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 YOUR birthday ! Take the flowers I bring :
 They make of every season Spring.
 And let the buds and blossoms tell
 Of friends, dear friends, who love you well :
 Then choose the flower you love the best,
 And let it speak for all the rest.
 And this is what the flower will say,
 We come to WISH YOU JOY, to-day.

S. C. HALL.

~~~~~  
 MAIDEN, when such a soul as thine is born,  
 The morning stars their ancient music make,  
 And, joyful, once again their song awake,  
 Long silent now with melancholy scorn ;  
 And thou, not mindless of so blest a morn,  
 By no least deed its harmony shalt break,  
 But shalt to that high chime thy footsteps take,  
 Through life's most darksome passes unforlorn ;  
 Therefore from thy pure faith thou shalt not fall,  
 Therefore shalt thou be ever fair and free,  
 And in thine every motion musical  
 As summer air, majestic as the sea,  
 A mystery to those who creep and crawl  
 Through Time, and part it from Eternity.

J. R. LOWELL.

*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

MAY your morning of life be fresh and fair,  
 Your noonday be radiant with love—  
 Your evening of years bring no sorrow or tears,  
 Your night—be your Birthday above !

FANNIE ROCHAT.

~~~~~  
 THY Birthday is it, Friend ? Well, art thou sad
 That thou art hasting o'er the road of life ?
 Or do the cares, the turmoil and the strife,
 So chafe thy gentle soul, that thou art glad
 So much of earth's drear desert has been trod,
 And that thou art far nearer than before
 The Heights of Bliss, the Dwelling-Place of God,
 Where weary pilgrims rest for evermore ?
 Is the way rough and thorny to thy feet,
 And sinks thy fainting heart with many a fear ?
 Hark ! thro' the gloom there comes a whisper
 sweet,

“ Be not afraid, for I thy Lord am near,
 'To guide and guard thee till thy journey's o'er,
 Then lead thee joyful to th' eternal shore.”

M. A. ROBERTS.

Life and Work. (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

~~~~~  
 A BIRTHDAY SONG.

WHAT shall I say to my dearest dear,  
 On the sweetest day of the whole sweet year ?  
 Shall I tell her how dainty she is and sweet,  
 From her golden head to her silver feet ?  
 Love of my loves, shall I say to her—  
 Till the breeze catch tune and the birds repeat  
 The chime of my song—thou art bright and rare,  
 (Eyes of the gray and amber hair)  
 Who is so white as my love, my sweet ?  
 Who is so sweet and fair ?

Ah, no ! for my song would faint and die,  
 Faint with a moan and a happy sigh,  
 For a kiss of her lips so clear and red,  
 For a touch of her dainty gold-wrought head,  
 And a look of her tender eye !  
 And even the words, if words there were said,  
 Would fail for the sound of her lovely name,  
 Till the very birds should flout them to shame,  
 That they strove to render silver with lead,  
 To image with snow the flame !

So e'en I must sing her over again  
 The old, old song with its one refrain,  
     The song that in Spring, like the cooing dove,  
     Has nothing for burden but just "I love."  
 Go, my songs, like a silver rain,  
     And flutter her golden head above,—  
 Sing in her walks and her happy day,  
 Fill all her dreams with the roundelay,  
     "I love" and "I love her," again and again,  
     "I love her," sorry or gay!

Is she thinking of me, my lady of love?  
 (Heart of my heart, is the day enough  
     For the thought and the wish of her daintiness  
     And the memory of the last caress?)  
 Do her lips seek mine, my gold-plumaged dove—  
 My little lady, with glass-gray eyne—  
     In long sweet dreams of the night to press  
 From the grapes of delight Love's golden wine?  
     Does thought seem more and the world seem  
     less,  
     While her hand strays, seeking mine?

Fly to her, fly, O my little song!  
 (Fly to her quickly; the way is long,  
     And your little dove-coloured wings are weak)  
 Whisper the things that I cannot speak,  
 Say what I would, if *my* wings were strong  
     And the heaven were near to seek:  
 Take all the tender fancies that lie  
 And flower in my heart so silently;  
 Sing her the love I can never speak  
     Wholly, but in a sigh!

JOHN PAYNE.

*Songs of Life and Death.*

(Henry S. King and Co., 1872.)

## TO STELLA.

1721-22.

WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise  
 The Muse her annual tribute pays,  
 While I assign myself a task  
 Which you expect, but scorn to ask;  
 If I perform this task with pain,  
 Let me of partial fate complain;  
 You every year the debt enlarge,  
 I grow less equal to the charge:  
 In you each virtue brighter shines,  
 But my poetic vein declines,

My harp will soon in vain be strung,  
 And all your virtues left unsung;  
 For none among the upstart race  
 Of poets dare assume my place,  
 Your worth will be to them unknown,  
 They must have Stellas of their own;  
 And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,  
 I dying leave the debt unpaid,  
 Unless Delany, as my heir,  
 Will answer for the whole arrear.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1724-25.

[EXTRACT.]

BEAUTY and wit, too sad a truth!  
 Have always been confined to youth;  
 The god of wit and beauty's queen,  
 He twenty-one and she fifteen,  
 No poet ever sweetly sung,  
 Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;  
 Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,  
 Unless, like Venus, in her prime:  
 At fifty-six, if this be true,  
 Am I a poet fit for you?  
 Or, at the age of forty-three,  
 Are you a subject fit for me?  
 Adieu, bright wit and radiant eyes!  
 You must be grave and I be wise.  
 Our fate in vain we would oppose:  
 But I'll be still your friend in prose:  
 Esteem and friendship to express  
 Will not require poetic dress;  
 And if the Muse deny her aid  
 To have them sung, they may be said.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

## TO B. W. ON HER BIRTHDAY.

CHILD of the whole year's floweriest time,  
 Sister to all the sunniest hours,  
 Daughter of June, whose each year's chime  
 Is rung by choirs of birds and flowers;  
 The Summer's queen of the days is near,  
 Like a rose the Summer opens and swells.  
 Listen a moment! Pause and hear  
 How the richest roses of all the year  
 Once more are ringing thy birthday bells.



Soft be my words. Thou hast others near  
 With words and wishes and gifts more dear ;  
 And as for me, may'st thou only hear  
     My words as a whisper borne by the breeze  
     From dwelling to dwelling across the trees—  
 A half-articulate voice that says,  
 Though the rose-scent dies and the rose decays,  
     The rose of the spirit never is sere.  
 Soft as roses be all thy ways,  
 And thou, may'st thou through all thy days  
     Open and greaten even as these,  
     Petal by petal, and year by year.

W. H. MALLOCK.  
*Poems.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
 TO MDLLE. A. DE B.

WHAT shall the humble verse express
 I dare to-day to breathe to thee ?
 Levity, or tenderness ?
 It's all the same to me.

Shall I say your charming dresses
 Have a subtler charm than fashion ?
 Shall I say your glance expresses
 Something more than passion ?

Shall I tell you that your face is
 Something more than pretty ?
 Shall I call your wayward phrases
 Something more than witty ?

Shall I tell you that you bring
 A joy where'er you enter,
 That's warm as summer, fresh as spring,
 And stops as long as winter ?

No—I'll say no word of this :
 It's all so plain, although so true.
 I'll only wish you half the bliss
 We all receive from you.

W. H. MALLOCK.
Poems. (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
 SHALL I bring thee sweetest flowers  
 Which but last a few brief hours ?  
 Shall I offer gems, or gold,  
 Which so soon may quit thy hold ?  
 Shall I send thee grateful rhymes  
 Which but ring as festal chimes ?—  
 No ; my only gift shall be  
 Friendship's heart all true to thee.

L. TUTTIETT.



BEREAVEMENT AND  
AFFLICTION.



I.

THE GREAT RIDDLE, AND HOW IT HAS BEEN  
ANSWERED.

*SOME TYPICAL VIEWS OF DEATH AND THE HEREAFTER.*

“To die,—to sleep :—  
To sleep ! perchance, to dream.”

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE. *Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 1.*

I. JEWISH.

[The conception of Death, as collected from the Old Testament, hardly admits of being precisely formulated. Sometimes the Hebrew mind, especially in its earlier days, was prone to dwell on Death in its sadder aspect as the dark close of the day of life : sometimes (and with increasing clearness as the coming of the Christ drew near), to look through it with a trustful longing, as the entrance into an unknown Future of bliss beyond.

The following passages are accordingly arranged under two heads :—

(i.) “In Death there is no remembrance of Thee.”—Ps. vi. 5.

(ii.) “The righteous hath hope in his death.”—Prov. xiv. 32.]

(1.)

ARE not my days few ? cease then :  
Let me alone that I may take comfort a little,  
Before I go whence I shall not return :  
Even to the land of darkness and the shadow of  
death ;

A land of darkness, as darkness itself ;  
And of the shadow of death, without any order,  
And where the light is as darkness.

JOB x. 20-22.

As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away :  
So he that goeth down to the grave shall come up  
no more.

He shall return no more to his house :  
Neither shall his place know him any more.

JOB vii. 9, 10.

THE living know that they shall die :

But the dead know not anything,  
Neither have they any more a reward ;  
For the memory of them is forgotten.

ECCLESIASTES ix. 5.

THOU hast in love to my soul delivered it from the  
pit of corruption :

For thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.  
For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot  
celebrate thee :

They that go down into the pit cannot hope for  
thy truth.

The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do  
this day :

The father to the children shall make known thy  
truth.

ISAIAH xxxviii. 17-19.

(II.)

I KNOW that my redeemer liveth,  
And he will rise over the dust at the last :  
And after they have thus destroyed my skin,  
Yet out of my flesh shall I see God :  
Whom I shall see for myself,  
And mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

JOB xix. 25-27.

(As rendered by CANON COOK in THE SPEAKER'S  
COMMENTARY.)

AND many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake :  
Some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.  
And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament :  
And they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

DANIEL xii. 2, 3.

BUT the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God :

And there shall no torment touch them.  
In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die :  
And their departure is taken for misery,  
And their going from us to be utter destruction :  
But they are in peace.  
For though they be punished in the sight of men :  
Yet is their hope full of immortality.

WISDOM iii. 1-4.

JESUS saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again.

Martha saith unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.

St. JOHN xi. 23-24.

~~~~~  
II. BUDDHIST.

NIRVÂNA.

[After having passed through various stages of self-conquest, and having acquired all the spiritualization of which it is capable while in the flesh, the soul leaves the body and undergoes further refining processes, until at length, purged of all impurities, it is fit to be absorbed in the soul of all things.]

THE Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life

The outcome of his former living is ;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields !
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew !
So is a man's fate born.

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth ;
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar
Him and the aching earth.

If he shall labour rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where th
grew,
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,
And rich the harvest due.

If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and Truth always ;

If making none to lack, he throughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood ;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good ;

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true ; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end :

He—dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and qu
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life ;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished : he hath wrought the purpose throug
Of what did make him Man.

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace ; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

Unto Nirvâna. He is one with Life
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
Om, Mani Padme, om ! The Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea.

. . . . Seeking nothing, he gains all ;
Foregoing self, the Universe grows " I " :
If any teach Nirvâna is to cease,
Say unto such they lie.

If any teach Nirvâna is to live,
Say unto such they err ; not knowing this,
Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamp
Nor lifeless, timeless bliss.

Enter the Path! There is no grief like Hate!
 No pains like passions, no deceit like sense!
 Enter the Path! far hath he gone whose foot
 Treads down one fond offence.

Enter the Path! There spring the healing streams
 Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal
 flowers
 Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng
 Swiftest and sweetest hours!

EDWIN ARNOLD.
The Light of Asia. (Trübner.)

III. GREEK:—HOMERIC.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

HE ceas'd. The fates suppress his lab'ring
 breath,
 And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,
 (The manly body left a load of clay)
 And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
 A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost.

Pope's Homer's Iliad, Book XXII.

III.

Achilles says:—

"OH Heaven, there are then, in the realms below,
 Spirits and spectres, unsubstantial all;
 For all night long Patroclus' shade hath stood,
 Weeping and wailing, at my side, and told
 His bidding; the image of himself it seemed."

Lord Derby's Homer's Iliad, Book XXIII.

III.

(From "*The Meeting of Odysseus and Achilles
 in Hades.*")

TALK not of death to me, in mercy, glorious
 Odysseus,
 For on the Earth's green sod I'd rather toil as the
 hireling
 Of some inglorious wight, and of one as poor as
 inglorious,
 Than over all the dead in Hades reign as a
 Monarch.

GEORGE BORROW.
Targum.

IV. GREEK:—VARIOUS.

TARTARUS.

[It is necessary to remind the reader that Mr. Lewis
 Morris's beautiful lines are strongly impregnated with
 Christian sentiment.]

. . . . I SEEMED to move
 Thro' that weird land, Hellenic fancy feigned,
 Beyond the fabled river and the bark
 Of Charon; and forthwith on every side
 Rose the thin throng of ghosts.

First thro' the gloom
 Of a dark grove I strayed—a sluggish wood,
 Where scarce the faint fires of the setting stars,
 Or some cold gleam of half-discovered dawn,
 Might pierce the darkling pines. A twilight drear
 Brooded o'er all the depths, and filled the dank
 And sunken hollows of the rocks with shapes
 Of terror,—beckoning hands and noiseless feet
 Flitting from shade to shade, wide eyes that stared
 With horror, and dumb mouths which seemed to
 cry,

Yet cried not. An ineffable despair
 Was over them and that dark world and took
 The gazer captive, and a mingled pang
 Of grief and anger, grown to fierce revolt
 And hatred of the Invisible Force which holds
 The issue of men's lives and binds us fast
 Within the net of Fate, as the fisher takes
 The little quivering sea-things from the sea
 And flings them panting down to die on the shore,
 Then spreads his net for more. And then again,
 I knew myself and those, creatures who lie
 Within the strong grasp of Unchanging Law,
 Which binds them round with hands unseen, and
 chains

Which do support the feeble life which else
 Were spent on barren space; and thus I came
 To look with less of horror, more of thought,
 And bore to see the sight of pain that yet
 Should grow to healing, when the concrete stain
 Of life and act were purged, and the cleansed soul,
 Renewed by the slow wear and waste of time,
 Soared after æons of days.

LEWIS MORRIS.
Epic of Hades. (K. Paul.)

IV.

HADES.

THEN from those dark
 And dreadful precincts passing, ghostly fields
 And voiceless took me. A faint twilight veiled
 The leafless, shadowy trees and herbless plains.
 There stirred no breath of air to wake to life
 The slumbers of the world. The sky above
 Was one gray, changeless cloud. There looked
 no eye
 Of Life from the veiled heavens ; the realm of Death
 Was round me everywhere. And yet no fear
 Nor horror took me here, where was no pain
 Nor dread, save that strange tremor which assails
 One who in life's hot noontide looks on death
 And knows he too shall die. The ghosts which rose
 From every darkling copse showed thin and pale—
 Thinner and paler far than those I left
 In agony, even as Pity seems to wear
 A thinner form than Fear.

Not caged alone

Like those the avenging Furies purged were these,
 Nor that dim land as those black cavernous depths
 Where no hope comes. Fair souls were they and
 white

Whom there I saw, waiting as we shall wait,
 The Beatific End, but thin and pale
 As the young faith which made them, touched a
 little

By the sad memories of the earth ; made glad
 A little by past joys ; no more, and wrapt
 In musing on the brief play played by them
 Upon the lively earth, yet ignorant
 Of the long lapse of years, and what had been
 Since they too breathed Life's air, or if they knew,
 Keeping some echo only ; but their pain
 Was fainter than their joy, and a great hope
 Like ours possessed them dimly.

LEWIS MORRIS.

Epic of Hades. (K. Paul.)

IV.

HADES.

(From "The Waking of Eurydice.")

ONCE I was thy bride ; it may be ; I am now the
 bride of Death,
 Vexed no more with throbbing pulses, led by no
 mad mortal breath ;

Vain those hands that stretch to seize me ;
 those pleading lips and eyes,
 I am but the shade of shadows and a wand
 wind of sighs.
 In the urn of brass that moulders in our gar
 year by year,
 There is more of me to echo to thine ecstasy t
 here ;
 And the dying grasp that gathered close aro
 thy answering hand
 Said farewell, farewell for ever, if thy heart ca
 understand.

EDMUND W. GOSSÉ
New Poems. (K. Paul.)

IV.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE.

HERE, where the world is quiet,
 Here, where all trouble seems
 Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
 In doubtful dreams of dreams ;
 I watch the green field growing
 For reaping folk and sowing,
 For harvest-time and mowing,
 A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
 And men that laugh and weep ;
 Of what may come hereafter
 For men that sow to reap :
 I am weary of days and hours,
 Blown buds of barren flowers,
 Desires and dreams and powers
 And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
 And far from eye or ear
 Wan waves and wet winds labour,
 Weak ships and spirits steer ;
 They drive adrift, and whither
 They wot not who make thither ;
 But no such winds blow hither,
 And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
 No heather-flower or vine,
 But bloomless buds of poppies,
 Green grapes of Proserpine,

Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born ;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell ;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes ;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands ;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born ;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn ;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings ;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things ;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure ;
To-day will die to-morrow ;
Time stoops to no man's lure ;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever ;
That dead men rise up never ;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light :
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight :
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal ;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.
Poems and Ballads ; First Series.
(Chatto and Windus.)

V. GREEK :—PHILOSOPHICAL.

PYTHAGOREAN.

(From "Pythagoras.")

'Twas not the hour of death the Master feared :
He oft had died before, his soul had passed
Through many moulds, as each new cycle neared
Hoping the Golden Day had come at last.

But like a giant 'neath the weight of age
Hope was bowed down, and oft he ceased to see
Among the spheres the looked-for heritage
Where he might rest from earth's illusions free.

Whither doth this metempsychosis tend ?
Doubt stirs the heavy question in his breast.
All that begins is toiling towards its end ;
Oblivion hath for all its day of rest.

And when a universe of death absorbs
 Into its hungry vortex all that is :
 The compact colonies of settled orbs,
 The untamed meteors of the free abyss ;

And when, at length, the lamp of day is spent,
 And the charred air of night supplants the skies,
 What were the soul without its tenement,—
 Without these feeling hands, these seeing eyes ?

Even the blest dawn he once had hoped to find
 May rise while he in darkness dwells below ;
 Yes, all may fail him now ; the troubled mind
 May end at last, and not its ending know.

Such were the thoughts that while his death-hour grew
 Had pressed into his heart such poignant pangs
 As even the lordliest intellect subdue
 When life, yet wavering, in the balance hangs.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.
New Symbols. (Chatto and Windus.)

v.

Gratiano. OH, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !
 And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
 Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Merchant of Venice, Act IV., Sc. 1.

v.

Clown. WHAT is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl ?

Malvolio. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion ?

Malvolio. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.
Twelfth Night, Act IV., Sc. 2.

VI. GREEK :—PHILOSOPHICAL.

EMPEDOCLEAN.

BUT no, this heart will glow no more ! thou art
 A living man no more, Empedocles !
 Nothing but a devouring flame of thought—
 But a naked, eternally restless mind !

After a pause,—

To the elements it came from
 Every thing will return.

Our bodies to earth,
 Our blood to water,
 Heat to fire,
 Breath to air.

They were well born, they will be well entomb'd
 But mind ? MATHEW ARNOLD.
Poems, Dramatic and Lyric. (Macmillan.)

VII. GREEK :—PHILOSOPHICAL.

PLATONIC.

ANTE-NATAL EXISTENCE.

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar ;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

W. WORDSWORTH.
Intimations of Immortality.

VIII. GREEK :—PHILOSOPHICAL.
EPICUREAN.

(From "*The Death of Epicurus.*")

VERY SOON

I shall be as a voice upon the wind.
Then think not of me as of one in dole,
Nor sigh for me, saying, *Alas, our friend,*
Alas, our master! but remember me—
Long as ye may remember—as a man
Who sucked the honey of the flower of life,
And now hath found the best thing possible,
The perfect sleep. Nor do I fear the end,
The spirit's little transient agony,
The sinking in deep waters, and the grasping
At things that fly the hand, which men call death.
Far greater pangs I have known, and for their ease
Found but a *broken* slumber. In that hour,
Amid the drifting darkness I shall think,
When death's cool palm is laid upon my lids,
No nightmare shall unseal them, no sharp sound
O' the night snatch all my senses back to life,
Wrenching the nerves, and making the poor heart
Ache with unreasonable dread; the dawn
Will lay not at my doors its burthen huge
Of duties and of cares; and I shall need
Never again the straining of the will
To force back tyrannous sorrow. I shall call
Once more to the mind's succour mine old skills,
My quencher of the Present and its pangs,
The calm, the inner life the poet loves,
The privilege of gods in listless ease,
Supreme Imagination that can build
World upon world, and shatter them to spray,
Nor tire on foot or palm; and I shall dream
No armed enemy behind me lurks
To drag me from my home, but some dear hand
To lead me to as sweet a couch as this,
And pillow me for slumber without end.

G. F. ARMSTRONG.

A Garland from Greece. (Longmans.)

[I can only, in illustration of another aspect of the Epicurean theory, refer my readers to the magnificent conclusion of Mr. Tennyson's *Lucretius*.—F. L.]

IX. SCANDINAVIAN.

(From "*Frithiof beside his Father's Grave.*")

"HERE rests my father: if a hero sleeps;
Thither whence none returneth he is gone;

Mead-quaffing in the starry tent, he keeps
Glad revel, joyous in his armour's tone;
Guest of the gods! glance downwards through the
deep,

Thine offspring calls thee, Thorsten, Viking's son;
With spells of deep enchantment come not I;
How shall I Balder please? is all my cry.

"Giveth the grave no answer? For a sword,
Angantyr, long-departed, spoke not he?

Tirfing was good, yet little worth such word,
I ask for more, no sword contenteth me;

Battle can weapons plentiful afford,

Bring thou, O father, peace from heaven with
thee;

Be thou the pleader of my sorrowing prayer;
No noble heart can Balder's anger bear.

"No sound, my father? hark! the ocean sings,

In its sweet voice, oh! speak a word to me,—

The storm-wind flies, hang thee upon its wings,

And whisper to me as its swift gusts flee;

The western sky hangs full of golden rings,

Let one of thy dear counsel herald be.

What! For thy son's despair no sign, no breath?

How poor, my father, is the sleep of death!"

ESAIAS TEGNÉR.

The Frithiof Saga.

(Translated by W. LEWERY BLACKLEY.)

(Marcus Ward and Co.)

IX.

HELA.

BUT northward Hermod rode, the way below;
And o'er a darksome tract, which knows no sun,
And by the blotted light of stars, he fared.
And he came down to Ocean's northern strand,
At the drear ice, beyond the giants' home.
Thence on he journey'd o'er the fields of ice
Still north, until he met a stretching wall
Barring his way, and in the wall a grate.
Then he dismounted, and drew tight the girths,
On the smooth ice, of Sleipner, Odin's horse,
And made him leap the grate, and came within.
And he beheld spread round him Hela's realm,
The plains of Nifheim, where dwell the dead,
And heard the thunder of the streams of Hell.
For near the wall the river of Roaring flows,

Outmost ; the others near the centre run—
 The Storm, the Abyss, the Howling, and the Pain ;
 These flow by Hela's throne, and near their spring.
 And from the dark flock'd up the shadowy tribes ;—
 And as the swallows crowd the bulrush-beds
 Of some clear river, issuing from a lake,
 On autumn-days, before they cross the sea ;
 And to each bulrush-crest a swallow hangs
 Swinging, and others skim the river-streams,
 And their quick twittering fills the banks and
 shores—

So around Hermod swarm'd the twittering ghosts.
 Women, and infants, and young men who died
 Too soon for fame, with white ungraven shields ;
 And old men, known to glory, but their star
 Betray'd them, and of wasting age they died,
 Not wounds ; yet, dying, they their armour wore,
 And now have chief regard in Hela's realm.
 Behind flock'd wrangling up a piteous crew,
 Greeted of none, disfeatured and forlorn—
 Cowards, who were in sloughs interr'd alive ;
 And round them still the wattled hurdles hung
 Wherewith they stamp'd them down, and trod them
 deep,

To hide their shameful memory from men.
 But all he passed unhail'd, and reach'd the throne
 Of Hela, and saw, near it, Balder crown'd,
 And Hela set thereon with countenance stern.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Balder Dead : Poems, Vol. I. (Macmillan.)

IX.

VALHALLA.

(*The Gods and Heroes are sad at Balder's Death.*)

BUT in Valhalla all the Gods went back
 From around Balder, all the Heroes went ;
 And left his body stretch'd upon the floor.
 And on their golden chairs they sat again,
 Beside the tables, in the hall of Heaven ;
 And before each the cooks who served them placed
 New messes of the boar Serimner's flesh,
 And the Valkyries crown'd their horns with mead.
 So they, with pent-up hearts and tearless eyes,
 Wailing no more, in silence ate and drank,
 While twilight fell, and sacred night came on.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Balder Dead : Poems, Vol. I. (Macmillan.)

IX.

VALHALLA.

FORTH from the east, up the ascent of Heaven,
 Day drove his courser with the shining mane ;
 And in Valhalla, from his gable-perch,
 The golden-crested cock began to crow.
 Hereafter, in the blackest dead of night,
 With shrill and dismal cries that bird shall crow,
 Warning the Gods that foes draw nigh to Heaven
 But now he crew at dawn, a cheerful note,
 To wake the gods and Heroes to their tasks.
 And all the Gods and all the Heroes woke.
 And from their beds the Heroes rose, and donn'd
 Their arms, and led their horses from the stall,
 And mounted them, and in Valhalla's court
 Were ranged ; and then the daily fray began.
 And all day long they there are hacked and hewn
 'Mid dust, and groans, and limbs lopp'd off, and
 blood ;

But all at night return to Odin's hall
 Woundless and fresh ; such lot is theirs in Heaven

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Balder Dead : Poems, Vol. I. (Macmillan.)

X. NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

[Chibiabos, recalled from his grave, returns "To th
 Kingdom of Ponemah, To the land of the Hereafter."]

FROM the village of his childhood,
 From the homes of those who knew him,
 Passing silent through the forest,
 Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,
 Slowly vanished Chibiabos !
 Where he passed, the branches moved not ;
 Where he trod, the grasses bent not,
 And the fallen leaves of last year,
 Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed onward,
 Down the pathway of the dead men ;
 On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,
 Crossed the melancholy river,
 On the swinging log he crossed it,
 Came unto the Lake of Silver,
 In the Stone Canoe was carried,
 To the Islands of the Blessèd,
 To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly,
 Many weary spirits saw he,

Panting under heavy burdens,
Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,
Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,
And with food that friends had given
For that solitary journey.

"Ah! why do the living," said they,
"Lay such heavy burdens on us?
Better were it to go naked,
Better were it to go fasting,
Than to bear such heavy burdens
On our long and weary journey!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Hiawatha: Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
XI. PAGAN:—VARIOUS.

Lo,

A long life gone, and nothing more they know,  
Why they should live to have desire and foil,  
And toil, that, overcome, brings yet more toil,  
Than that day of their vanished youth, when first  
They saw Death clear, and deemed all life accurst  
By that cold, overshadowing threat,—the End.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

*Earthly Paradise.* (Ellis and White.)

~~~~~  
XI.

DEATH have we hated, knowing not what it
meant;
Life have we loved, through green leaf and through
sere,
Though still the less we knew of its intent:
The Earth and Heaven through countless year on
year,
Slow changing, were to us but curtains fair,
Hung round about a little room, where play
Weeping and laughter of man's empty day.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Earthly Paradise. (Ellis and White.)

~~~~~  
XII. CHRISTIAN:—NEW TESTAMENT.

BUT we would not have you ignorant, brethren,  
concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow  
not, even as the rest, which have no hope. For if  
we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so

them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God  
bring with him. For this we say unto you by the  
word of the Lord, that we that are alive, that are  
left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in no wise  
precede them that are fallen asleep. For the Lord  
himself shall descend from heaven, with a shout,  
with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump  
of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:  
then we that are alive, that are left, shall together  
with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the  
Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the  
Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these  
words.—1 THESS. iv. 13—18.

(Revised Version.)

~~~~~  
XII.

AND I saw a great white throne, and him that sat
upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven
fled away; and there was found no place for them.
And I saw the dead, the great and the small,
standing before the throne; and books were
opened: and another book was opened, which is
the book of life: and the dead were judged out of
the things which were written in the books, ac-
cording to their works. And the sea gave up the
dead which were in it; and death and Hades gave
up the dead which were in them: and they were
judged every man according to their works. And
death and Hades were cast into the lake of fire.
This is the second death, even the lake of fire.
And if any was not found written in the book of
life, he was cast into the lake of fire.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for
the first heaven and the first earth are passed away;
and the sea is no more. And I saw the holy city,
new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from
God, made ready as a bride adorned for her
husband. And I heard a great voice out of the
throne saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is
with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they
shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be
with them, and be their God: and he shall wipe
away every tear from their eyes; and death shall
be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor
crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are
passed away.—REV. xx. 11—xxi. 4.

(Revised Version.)

XIII. CHRISTIAN :—ANGLO-SAXON.

HELL.

Satan speaks :—

HERE is a vast fire,
 Above and underneath.
 Never did I see
 A loathlier landscape.
 The flame abateth not
 Hot over hell.
 Me hath the clasping of these rings,
 This hard-polished band,
 Impeded in my course,
 Debarred me from my way.
 My feet are bound,
 My hands manacled ;
 Of these hell-doors are
 The ways obstructed,
 So that with aught I cannot
 From these limb-bonds escape.
 About me lie
 Huge gratings
 Of hard iron,
 Forged with heat,
 With which me God
 Hath fastened by the neck.
 Thus perceive I that he knoweth my mind,
 And that he knew also,
 The Lord of hosts,
 That should us through Adam
 Evil befall,
 About the realm of heaven,
 Where I had power of my hands.

CAEDMON.
 (Died 680.)

XIII.

WOE is to that man who shall, through wicked malice, thrust his soul into the fiery abyss, have no comfort to expect, nor change in anything ; [but] good shall be to him who may, after his death-day, seek the Lord, and desire a peaceful refuge in the Father's bosom.

"THOU art the last scion of our kindred the Wægsmundings ; fate has swept away all my kindred to their doom, the earls in their might : I must after them." That was the last word of the aged [king] from the thoughts of his heart, ere he

chose the pyre, the hot fiercely blazing flam from his breast departed his soul to seek the do of the soothfast.

Beowulf: A Heroic Poem of the Eighth Cent
 (Translated by THOMAS ARNOLD)

The two foregoing passages may be rendered into n and ready verse as follows :—

WOE to that wight and grievous dole
 Who into the red abyss and hot
 By wicked malice shall thrust his soul,
 To hope no comfort nor change of lot.
 But blessèd that man, when his eyes shall close
 Who after the Lord shall straight make quest
 Desiring a refuge of kind repose
 In the Father's breast.

"OF all the Wægsmundings last wert thou,
 Our kindred swept to their doom away,
 The earls in their might : I follow them now."
 Last words were these that the king did say—
 True words from the heart—ere the pyre he cho
 Where the flame in its fury flares and rolls.
 Lo, forth from his breast his spirit goes
 To seek the doom of the soothfast souls.

XIII.

(*The Words of Beowulf, Son of Egtheof.*)

EVERY one beneath the heaven
 Should of death expect the day,
 And let him, whilst life is given,
 Bright with fame his name array.

For amongst the countless number
 In the clay-cold grave at rest,
 Lock'd in arms of iron slumber,
 He most happy is and blest.

GEORGE BORROW.
Targum.

XIV. CHRISTIAN :—MEDIÆVAL.

CHARON'S FERRY.

. . . . AND lo ! toward us in a bark
 Comes on an old man hoary white with eld,
 Crying, " Woe to you wicked spirits ! hope not

Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across,
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice."

Then all together sorely wailing drew
To the curs'd strand, that every man must pass
Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beck'ning, and each, that lingers, with his oar
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
One still another following, till the bough
Strews all its honours on the earth beneath ;
E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
Cast themselves one by one down from the shore,
Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.

Thus go they over through the umber'd wave,
And ever they on the opposing bank
Be landed, on this side another throng
Still gathers.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

The Vision : Cary's Translation. (Warne.)

~~~~~

XIV.  
HELL.

MARVELLOUS darkness shadow'd o'er the place.  
In the Venetians' arsenal as boils  
Through wintry months tenacious pitch, to smear  
Their unsond vessels : for th' inclement time  
Sea-faring men restrains, and in that while  
His bark one builds anew, another stops  
The ribs of his, that hath made many a voyage ;  
One hammers at the prow, one at the poop ;  
This shapeth oars, that other cables twirls,  
The mizen one repairs and main-sail rent :  
So not by force of fire but art divine  
Boil'd here a glutinous thick mass, that round  
Lim'd all the shore beneath. I that beheld,  
But therein nought distinguish'd, save the surge,  
Rais'd by the boiling, in one mighty swell  
Heave, and by turns subside and fall. While  
there  
I fix'd my ken below, " Mark ! mark ! " my guide  
Exclaiming, drew me towards him from the place  
Wherein I stood. I turn'd myself as one,  
Impatient to behold that which beheld

He needs must shun, whom sudden fear unmans,  
That he his flight delays not for the view.  
Behind me I discern'd a devil black,  
That running up advanc'd along the rock.  
Ah ! what fierce cruelty his look bespake !  
In act how bitter did he seem, with wings  
Buoyant outstretch'd and feet of nimblest tread !  
His shoulder proudly eminent and sharp  
Was with a sinner charg'd ; by either haunch  
He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.  
" Ye of our bridge ! " he cried, " Keen-talon'd  
friends !

Lo ! one of Santa Zita's elders ! Him  
Whelm ye beneath, while I return for more.  
That land hath store of such. All men are there,  
Except Bonturo, barterers ; of ' no '  
For lucre there an ' aye ' is quickly made."  
Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he turn'd,  
Nor ever after thief a mastiff loos'd  
Sped with like eager haste. That other sank  
And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.  
But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,  
Cried, " Here the hallow'd visage saves not : here  
Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave.  
Wherefore if thou desire we rend thee not,  
Take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch."

This said,

They grappled him with more than hundred  
hooks,  
And shouted, " Cover'd thou must sport thee  
here ;  
So, if thou canst, in secret may'st thou filch."  
E'en thus the cook bestirs him, with his grooms,  
To thrust the flesh into the caldron down  
With flesh-hooks, that it float not on the top.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

*The Vision : Cary's Translation.* (Warne.)

~~~~~

XIV.
PURGATORY.

THUS for themselves and us good speed imploring,
Those spirits went beneath a weight like that
We sometimes feel in dreams, all, sore beset,
But with unequal anguish, wearied all,
Round the first circuit, purging as they go,
The world's gross darkness off. In our behoof

If *there* vows still be offer'd—what can here
For them be vow'd and done by such whose wills
Have root of goodness in them? Well beseems
That we should help them wash away the stains
They carried hence, that so, made pure and light,
They may spring upward to the starry spheres.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

The Vision : Cary's Translation. (Warne.)

~~~~~

XIV.

PARADISE.

IN fashion as the snow-white rose, lay then  
Before my view the saintly multitude,  
Which in his own blood Christ espous'd. Mean-  
while,  
That other host, that soar aloft to gaze  
And celebrate his glory whom they love,  
Hover'd around, and, like a troop of bees,  
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,  
Now clustering where their fragrant labour glows,  
Flew downward to the mighty flow'r, or rose  
From the redundant petals, streaming back  
Unto the stedfast dwelling of their joy.  
Faces they had of flame, and wings of gold ;  
The rest was whiter than the driven snow ;  
And as they flitted down into the flower,  
From range to range, fanning their plummy loins,  
Whisper'd the peace and ardour which they won  
From that soft winnowing. Shadow none, the vast  
Interposition of such numerous flight  
Cast, from above, upon the flower, or view  
Obstructed aught. For, through the universe,  
Wherever merited, celestial light  
Glides freely, and no obstacle presents.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

*The Vision : Cary's Translation.* (Warne.)

~~~~~

XV. CHRISTIAN :—AVERAGE PROTESTANT.

HELL.

A DUNGEON horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed ; yet from those flames
No light ; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell ; hope never comes

That comes to all ; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed :
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious ; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.

JOHN MILTON.

Paradise Lost : Book I.

~~~~~

XV.

HEAVEN.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all  
The multitude of Angels, with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung  
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd  
The eternal regions : Lowly reverent  
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold ;  
Immortal amarant, a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence  
To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there  
grows,  
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,  
And where the river of bliss, through midst of  
Heaven,  
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;  
With these that never fade the Spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreath'd with  
beams ;  
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.  
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took  
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
Like quivers hung, and, with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony, they introduce  
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high ;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

JOHN MILTON.

*Paradise Lost : Book III.*



XVI. CHRISTIAN:—ROMAN CATHOLIC.  
PURGATORY.

WEEP not for me, when I am gone,  
Nor spend thy faithful breath  
In murmurs at the spot or hour  
Of all-enfolding death ;  
Nor waste in idle praise thy love,  
On deeds of head or hand,  
Which live within the living Book,  
Or else are writ in sand ;  
But let it be thy best of prayers,  
That I may find the grace  
To reach the holy house of toll,  
The frontier penance-place,—  
To reach that golden palace bright,  
Where souls elect abide,  
Waiting their certain call to Heaven,  
With angels at their side ;  
Where hate, nor pride, nor fear torments  
The transitory guest,  
But in the willing agony  
He plunges, and is blest.  
And, as the fainting patriarch gained  
His needful halt mid-way,  
And then, refreshed, pursued his path,  
Where up the mount it lay :  
So pray, that, rescued from the storm  
Of Heaven's eternal ire,  
I may lie down, then rise again,  
Safe, and yet saved by fire.

J. H. NEWMAN.

*Verses on Religious Subjects.* (Burns and Oates.)

XVII. MAHOMETAN.

A PERSIAN'S Heaven is easily made,  
'Tis but—black eyes and lemonade.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Twopenny Post-bag: Letter VI.*

XVII.

. . . . FROM behind

Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen  
The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen  
Waving embroidered scarves, whose motion gave  
A perfume forth—like those the Houris wave  
When beckoning to their bowers the immortal Brave.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

XVII.

. . . THAT pure wine the Dark-eyed Maids above  
Keep, sealed with precious musk, for those they  
love.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

XVII.

A HEAVEN too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—  
A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must :  
That Prophet ill sustains his holy call  
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all ;  
Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,  
And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.

THOMAS MOORE.

*Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

XVII.

“ Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—  
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won !  
Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am—  
To thee, sweet Eden ? how dark and sad  
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,  
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad !  
“ Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die  
Passing away like a lover's sigh ;—  
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,  
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity !  
“ Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone,  
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief ;—  
Oh ! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,  
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,  
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf ?  
Joy, joy for ever !—my task is done—  
The Gates are passed, and Heaven is won !”

THOMAS MOORE.

*Lalla Rookh: Paradise and the Peri.*

XVII.

DEATH.

(From the Arabic.)

GRIM Death in his shroud swatheth mortals each  
hour,  
Yet little we reckon of what's hanging us o'er ;  
O would on the world that ye laid not such stress,  
That its baubles ye lov'd not, so gaudy and poor ;  
O where are the friends we were wont to caress,  
And where are the lov'd ones who dwelt on our  
floor ?

They have drank of the goblet of death's bitterness,  
 And have gone to the deep, to return never more ;  
 Their mansions bewail them in tears and distress ;  
 Yet has paradise lovelier mansions in store ;  
 Of the worth of the plume the dove strips from its dress  
 Were their views, save in memory heaven they bore.

GEORGE BORROW.

*Targum.*

XVIII. MODERN SPECULATIVE :—ANNIHILATION.

(From " *To One Dead.* ")

LET be. Let earth, and sun, and eager air  
 Consume thee. Let the grasses take their gloss  
 Fed from thy breast. Let the old elms arise  
 Refreshed with thee. The children thou shalt bear  
 Are now the roses pinker than thy blushes,  
 And the sweet gentians bluer than thine eyes.  
 Earth in our ruin suffereth slender loss :  
 As the sea draws his waves into the deep,  
 So are we hers, and with her palm she crushes  
 The life she yields. Sleep in thy narrow cell :  
 And in a little hour I too shall sleep.  
 The worlds shall roll unwearying, year on year ;  
 Thy dust shall know not mine, nor feel, nor hear.

Farewell, farewell, for evermore farewell !

G. F. ARMSTRONG.

*Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic.* (Longmans.)

XVIII.

THE dead are gods ! seeing they lie and sleep,  
 Folded within the mantle of the night,  
 Ay, more than gods ! For lo, the heavy might  
 Of Death enrouns them ! Never do they weep,  
 Nor smile sad smiles, nor strain against the sweep  
 Of rugged Doom. There is no Fate for them,  
 Lying, close-companied, within the hem  
 Of the pale fateful god ; the long years creep  
 Over their heads, and may not break their rest.

JOHN PAYNE.

*Songs of Life and Death.*

(Henry S. King and Co., 1872.)

XVIII.

BALLADE OF LIFE.

" 'Dead and gone,'—a sorry burden of the *Ballad of Life*  
*Death's Jest Book*

SAY, fair maids, maying  
 In gardens green,  
 In deep dells straying,  
 What end hath been  
 Two Mays between  
 Of the flowers that shone  
 And your own sweet queen ?—  
 " They are dead and gone ! "

Say, grave priests, praying  
 In dule and teen,  
 From cells decaying  
 What have ye seen  
 Of the proud and mean,  
 Of Judas and John,  
 Of the foul and clean ?—  
 " They are dead and gone ! "

Say, kings, arraying  
 Loud wars to win,  
 Of your manslaying  
 What gain ye glean ?  
 " They are fierce and keen,  
 But they fall anon,  
 On the sword that lean,—  
 They are dead and gone ! "

ENVOY.

Through the world's mad scene,  
 We are drifting on,  
 To this tune, I ween,  
 " They are dead and gone ! "

A. LANG.

*XXII Ballades in Blue China.* (K. Paul.)

XVIII.

DARKLING I listen ; and for many a time  
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;  
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
 In such an ecstasy !  
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain  
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

JOHN KEATS.

*Ode to a Nightingale.*

XVIII.

DAY.

WAKING one morning  
In a pleasant land,  
By a river flowing  
Over golden sand :—

Whence flow ye, waters,  
O'er your golden sand?  
We come flowing  
From the Silent Land.

Whither flow ye, waters,  
O'er your golden sand?  
We go flowing  
To the Silent Land.

And what is this fair realm?  
A grain of golden sand  
In the great darkness  
Of the Silent Land.

JAMES THOMSON.  
*Vane's Story.* (Reeves and Turner.)

~~~~~

XVIII.

STANZAS.

SWEET Death,
If you do love me, as I think you do,
Come as the sun comes when he drinks the dew,
And suck my breath.

No tears
Should mar our union who have been betrothed
So long—so long. Ah, me! how I have loathed
These twenty years.

No scar
Be left by Pain, the shroud will fail to hide;
There should the face of a so-willing bride
Be nought to mar.

One kiss,
Cold—cold! because such fever fills my heart
And in that kiss we meet, no more to part,
Oh restful bliss!

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER.
Poems, Humorous and Pathetic.
(Chatto and Windus.)

XVIII.

REPOSE AND FORGETFULNESS.

(From "For Annie.")

I HAVE drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst :—
Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And oh! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept,
In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting or never
Regretting its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

~~~~~

XVIII.

EPITAPH.

OH, Mother Earth! thou sendest forth  
All fair young things to see the light,  
And common is thy counter work  
Of hiding in thy bosom all  
Dead things and useless—foul remains :  
Thy first fond office was fulfilled,  
When, fresh and young, a babe was born ;  
Failing, out-worn, to thee I turn,  
Then exercise thy second care  
And hide me—for I die that I  
May sink into thy bosom and be hid.

HON. MRS. O. N. KNOX.  
*Sonnets and other Poems.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

## xviii.

## KING DEATH.

KING Death was a rare old fellow !  
 He sate where no sun could shine ;  
 And he lifted his hand so yellow,  
 And poured out his coal-black wine.  
*Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !*

There came to him many a Maiden,  
 Whose eyes had forgot to shine ;  
 And Widows, with grief o'erladen,  
 For a draught of his sleepy wine.  
*Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !*

The Scholar left all his learning ;  
 The Poet his fancied woes ;  
 And the Beauty her bloom returning,  
 As the beads of the black wine rose.  
*Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !*

All came to the royal old fellow,  
 Who laugh'd till his eyes dropped brine,  
 As he gave them his hand so yellow,  
 And pledged them in Death's black wine.  
*Hurrah ! for the coal-black Wine !*

BARRY CORNWALL.

*English Songs.* (G. Bell and Sons.)

## xviii.

## YOUTH AND CALM.

'Tis death ! and peace, indeed, is here,  
 And ease from shame, and rest from fear.  
 There's nothing can disarm now  
 The smoothness of that limpid brow.  
 But is a calm like this, in truth,  
 The crowning end of life and youth ?  
 And when this boon rewards the dead,  
 Are all debts paid, has all been said ?  
 And is the heart of youth so light,  
 Its step so firm, its eye so bright,  
 Because on its hot brow there blows  
 A wind of promise and repose  
 From the far grave, to which it goes ;  
 Because it has the hope to come,  
 One day, to harbour in the tomb ?  
 Ah no, the bliss youth dreams is one  
 For daylight, for the cheerful sun,

For feeling nerves and living breath—  
 Youth dreams a bliss on this side death !  
 It dreams a rest if not more deep,  
 More grateful than this marble sleep ;  
 It hears a voice within it tell :  
*Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well !*  
 'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,  
 But 'tis not what our youth desires.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*Poems, Vol. I.* (Macmillan.)

## xviii.

HERE for the living, and the dead,  
 The weepers and the friends they weep,  
 Hath been ordained the same cold bed,  
 The same dark night, the same long sleep ;  
 Why shouldest thou writhe, and sob, and rave  
 O'er those, with whom thou soon must be ?  
 Death his own sting shall cure—the grave  
 Shall vanquish its own victory.

T. B. MACAULAY.

*Sermon in a Churchyard.*

## xviii.

His life is a watch or a vision  
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

*Atalanta in Calydon.* (Chatto and Windus.)

## xviii.

## DEATH'S REQUITAL.

How fast around us two Death's arrows fly.  
 The old and young, the fair and brave, go down  
 Age's white wreath and youth's bright gold  
 crown  
 Hurl'd in the dust together equally ;  
 And over all rings out his hunting cry,  
 So loud it doth my songs and lute-playing drown  
 And ever falls the shadow of his frown  
 Where we stand clasped together, thou and I.  
 O Love, thy cheek is pale, yet fear him not :  
 Without him surely life would lack its zest,  
 Love lose with half its bitter all its sweet  
 His solemn touch gives godhead to our lot,  
 Else poor and trivial, and I love thee best  
 Knowing he shall but make our love com-  
 ple'.

HERBERT E. CLARKE.

## XVIII.

## WINTER AND DEATH.

Lo, between Spring and Winter once I stood,  
 And sang as bade the season, Love, I pray  
 Clasp hands with April or link arms with May,—  
 Come,—for without thee Spring lacks half its good.  
 And they came forth in exquisite maidenhood  
 Fair Love and Spring, and we were blithe and  
 gay  
 Together :—wherefore have they passed away?  
 Why whirl the yellowing leaves about the wood?  
 What is that trumpet cry upon the wind?  
 Whence come these mists on field and hill and  
 mere?  
 Is it that second Winter whereon Spring  
 Doth never follow? Lo, I have lived and sinned,  
 Repented, wept, made merry,—without fear  
 Come forth, O Death and Winter,—now I  
 sing.

HERBERT E. CLARKE.

## XVIII.

## SEA-SHELL MURMURS.

THE hollow sea-shell which for years hath stood  
 On dusty shelves, when held against the ear  
 Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear  
 The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.  
 We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood  
 In our own veins, impetuous and near,  
 And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear  
 And with our feelings' every shifting mood.  
 Lo! in my heart I hear, as in a shell,  
 The murmur of a world beyond the grave,  
 Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.  
 Thou fool; this echo is a cheat as well,—  
 The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave  
 A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

*The New Medusa.* (Elliot Stock.)

## XVIII.

## A CRY.

Lo, I am weary of all,  
 Of men and their love and their hate;  
 I have been long enough Life's thrall  
 And the toy of a tyrant Fate.

I would have nothing but rest,  
 I would not struggle again;  
 Take me now to thy breast,  
 Earth, sweet mother of men.

Hide me and let me sleep,  
 Give me a lonely tomb,  
 So close and so dark and so deep  
 I shall hear no trumpet of doom.

There let me lie forgot  
 When the dead at its blast are gone,  
 Give me to hear it not,  
 But only to slumber on.

This is the fate I crave,  
 For I look to the end and see  
 If there be not rest in the grave  
 There will never be rest for me.

HERBERT E. CLARKE.

*Storm-Drift.* (David Bogue.)

## XVIII.

## THE PHANTOM SHIP.

WE touch Life's shore as swimmers from a wreck  
 Who shudder at the cheerless land they reach,  
 And find our comrades, gathered on the beach,  
 Watching a fading sail, a small white speck,—  
 The phantom ship upon whose ample deck  
 There seemed awhile a homeward place for each;  
 The crowd still wring their hands and still be-  
 seech,  
 But see, it fades, in spite of prayer and beck.

Let those who hope for brighter strands no more,  
 Not mourn; but turning inland bravely seek  
 What rude resources mark the scapeless shore.  
 The strong must build stout cabins for the weak,  
 Must plan and stint, must sow and reap and store,  
 For grain takes root, though all seems bare and  
 bleak.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

## XIX. MODERN SPECULATIVE :—PANTHEISTIC.

DUST to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow  
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,  
 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow  
 Through time and change, unquenchably the  
 same.

He is made one with Nature ; there is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;  
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear  
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress  
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there  
All new successions to the forms they wear ;  
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight  
To its own likeness, as each mass they bear ;  
And bursting in its beauty and its might  
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

P. B. SHELLEY.  
*Adonais.*

XX. MODERN SPECULATIVE :—AGNOSTIC.  
(KING SOLOMON *speaks*) :—

BUT soon the tranquil mood—which, if not best  
Of all things good earth-draggled wisdom wins,  
Is better than the worst, being not pain—  
With the mild pulse returned. Mine eyes are clear

To see wherein I stand, as far as eye  
Of man may see, and mind of man may know,  
The brain not shaken, jerking its poor freight  
Like wine i' the drunkard's goblet. For, in sooth,  
Dear friend, this sultry air wherein we breathe,  
And act, and perish, wraps us from the truth,  
The very truth, as the green waters case  
The broods of ocean in his narrow caves.  
And as these know not us, the vaster life  
We know not : the universal element  
It breathes would choke and blind us, as our air  
Dense ocean's children, and his billows earth's.  
Alas, the vaster life ! Nay, when I speak  
Of deeper truth and loftier life, I know not  
Of what I speak ; and of the unseen cause,  
Or mind, or will, or essence, none may know.

Only within a little round I seek  
To see perturbèd nature as she is,  
Or is to these mine eyes of frenzy free,  
Myself even as I am, and death my doom ;  
And, seeing all, bear all.

G. F. ARMSTRONG.  
*The Tragedy of Israel : King Solomo*  
(Longmans.)

XX.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice ;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts  
Imagine howling !—'tis too horrible !  
The weariest and most loathèd worldly life  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.  
*Measure for Measure, Act III., Sc. 1.*

XX.

*Balder.* IF to the long mysterious trance of  
death

There be immortal waking, he who lifts  
His head from the clay pillow, and doth stretch  
Eternal life thro' all his quickening limbs,  
And conscious on his opening orbs receives  
Remembered light, and rises to be sure  
He hath revived indeed, tastes in that first  
Best moment what the infinite beyond  
Can never give again.

SYDNEY DOBELL.  
*Balder : Poetical Works, Vol. I.*  
(Smith, Elder, and Co.)

XX.

A BABY'S GRAVE.

*Balder.* WAS it a door  
From this most ordered world into the waste  
Of all things ? Have we shut thee forth, poor  
child,

And wist not of thy journey, nor the end  
 And exit of that gloomy subterrene  
 Which thou didst enter, and whose unknown  
 mouth

May be in Chaos? This, the upper gate,  
 Was fair, and, hanging o'er, the flowers looked  
 down

After thee going, shedding many dews  
 That went as falling stars into the gulph,  
 A moment bright like thee. But, oh thou babe,  
 What of the nether port, which thou hast reached  
 Who wert so swift to go? We shut thee in  
 As to a chamber of rest, and did confirm  
 The outer bars, and on the adit set  
 The seal of Hermes, and o'er all dispread  
 The cheerful turf, and sowed it round with spring.  
 Mad faith!—false father!—customary fool!—  
 Tool of low instinct and obsequious use!—  
 Curse thee, blind slave! why didst thou leave her  
 thus

In her worst need? Who, who shall certify  
 Her rest? And thou, oh mother, that didst  
 plunge

So boldly into the vexed flood of life,  
 Holding thy babe aloft, with thy right hand,  
 Braving the billows; what unseen sea-scourge  
 Had struck thee, that thou too didst bow thine  
 head

A-sudden succourless, and hast gone down  
 As others? Doth no voice out of the ground  
 Up thro' the music of the grasshoppers  
 Smite thee? Whence, mother, had thy nursling  
 child

This gift to sleep alone? Whence knowest thou,  
 O mother, who in its long dying swoon  
 Didst warm it in thy bosom, and forfend  
 The summer wind, and kiss the tenderness  
 Of years upon its momentary brow,  
 And with the wild haste of thy maddened eyes  
 Course heaven and earth, as to glean anywhere  
 One help forgotten; and at the last breath  
 Distaught and bending over it didst break  
 Thy life upon it, if perchance that balm  
 Might heal; and ere it died wert as one dead  
 With dread of ill, whence knowest thou what  
 change

Absolves thy care? What thunder or what bush  
 Of burning spake to thee when thou didst rise

And veil thy face, and, unresisting, feel  
 Thy child go forth from thee out into the rains  
 And dews, and didst kneel silent while we threw  
 Cold earth upon it, and piled up that wall  
 Which late compunction and awakening throes,  
 Pangs of reproach and passion of despair,  
 And starting eyes mocked by the empty world,  
 And famished breasts convulsed when nights are  
 chill,

And stretched-forth arms that waste with  
 vacancy,

And all the tumult of the desperate heart  
 That leaps to the impossible desire,  
 And unsundered bliss, can pass no more?

SYDNEY DOBELL

*Balder: Poetical Works, Vol. II.*

(Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 xx.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor;
 When skies are sweet as a psalm,
 At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
 In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.
 And when over breakers to leeward
 The tattered surges are hurled,
 It may keep our head to the tempest,
 With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
 What help in its iron thews,
 Still true to the broken hawser,
 Deep down among sea-weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulf of sorrow,
 When the helpless feet stretch out
 And find in the deeps of darkness
 No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,
 One broken plank of the Past,
 That our human heart may cling to,
 Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
 To the flesh its sweet despair,
 Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
 With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in his race,
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most drearly true ;
But, since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it ;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath ;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan ; but wait till you feel it,—
That jar of our earth, that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit ! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

J. R. LOWELL.

Under the Willows : Poetical Works.

(Ward, Lock, and Co.)



xx.

A DEAD CHILD.

VERY, very still,
With close-shut lips and eyes,
Sweet and white and chill,
Our little Alice lies.
While the night breathed heavy and deep,
How we prayed that she might sleep !
Now a slumber wraps her round
All too peaceful and profound.
Touch her—she will not speak ;
Call her—she will not rise ;
Rain kisses on her cheek—
She will not ope her eyes.

Little happy elfish thing,
Once she was wild as a bird on the wing ;
How she would laugh and dance and sing
And now how still she lies !

Over her form I bow,
My darling dead and sweet.
My heart is beating now
Just where her heart would beat ;
My clinging lips are pressed to hers ;
And yet she never speaks or stirs.
Mouth to mouth, heart to heart,
And yet, O God, how wide apart !

My Alice, yesternight
At the least of my caresses,
If I but touched your ringlets bright—
Those poor shorn tumbled tresses—
You knew me, darling, all the while,
And in your anguish tried to smile ;
And now your cold heart presses mine,
Oh, won't you give one little sign ?

My Alice, is it you,
This cold and callous clay ?
Or is it the weed which aside you threw
For comelier array ?
O Alice, down in the deepest deeps,
Or aloft in some shining star,
Give, give some sign to my soul that weeps
To tell me where you are.

Nay, God, if Thou dost hear,
Let my dead darling speak !
Let but one flush of warm blood rush
Across the chilly cheek ;
Let her but lift a moment's space
Her sweet eyes' fringed pall—
A token blest that this grim rest
Is not the end of all.

Lo, black eclipse,
Senseless, dumb ;
From those pallid lips
Ne'er will answer come.
From the chaos void and black
Throbs my prayer unheeded back.
Yea, that secret dread and vast,
None may know it till the last,
When he lies with pulseless brow,
As my little one lies now.

O God, that dim Hereafter,
 It crushes the world's soul !
 'Tis discord in our laughter,
 'Tis poison in our bowl.
 It presses round us in our dreams ;
 The year-old baby wakes and screams,
 Because the horror of that night
 Hath swooped across his veiled sight.
 All the tears of all the years,
 All their prayers and groans and fears,
 Daring Science, soaring Thought—
 All are naught, and less than naught ;
 None hath thrown a ray of light
 O'er that blackness infinite.
 At the graveyard's cypress-gloom,
 At the threshold of the tomb,
 Trembling Knowledge stops afraid,
 Fancy staggers back dismayed.

And yet if we could know
 This life our being's whole,—
 That the kiss of death, which steals the breath,
 Quenches alike the soul—
 Then life should merrily float apace
 On tides of love and song,
 And we would meet that chill embrace
 With courage calm and strong.

Or did we know this life
 One chord of a full strong strain,
 Little we'd reck of its calm or strife,
 Its pleasure or its pain ;
 For the anthem would be ringing
 For ever in our ears
 That the mighty dead were singing
 Beyond the spheres.
 Ah woe ; ah woe !
 If we could only know !
 Idle hope ! vast despair !
 Outer darkness everywhere !

And lo ! your childish eyes,
 My little simple maid,
 Behold that sight for which the wise
 Have vainly wrought and prayed.
 You stand beyond the curtain
 That shuts our vision out,
 And all to you is certain,
 Where all to us is doubt,

Oh speak, my little one, speak,
 Cry out from the mid-eclipse,
 And the mouth divine shall breathe through thine
 A true apocalypse.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.
Gaslight and Stars. (Marcus Ward and Co.)

~~~~~  
 xx.

PITIFUL DEATH !

(From "Walker in Nicaragua.")

[FOR] life is but a beggar's lie,  
 And, as for death, I grin at it ;  
 I do not care one whiff or whit  
 Whether it be or that or this.

JOAQUIN MILLER.  
*Songs of the Sierras.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
 xx.

WHENCE come we ? Whither do we go ?
 What is the subtle sense whereby
 We feel the touch of joy or woe
 Whose life being lost, *we* die ?
 None twice have passed the self-same stream ;
 None twice have seen the self-same face :
 Change is the echo of our dream—
 The burden of our race.

MORTIMER COLLINS.
Summer Songs.

~~~~~  
 xx.

SONNET.

ONE saith, 'The world's a stage : I took my seat ;  
 I saw the show ; and now 'tis time to rise.'  
 Another saith, 'I came with eager eyes  
 Into life's banquet-hall to drink and eat :  
 The hour hath struck, when I must shoe my feet.  
 And gird me for the way that death-ward lies.'  
 Another saith, 'Life is a bird that flies  
 From dark through light to darkness, arrowy-fleet'  
 One show ; one feast ; one flight ;—must that be all ?  
 Could we unlearn this longing, could we cry,  
 'Thanks for our part in life's fair festival !  
 We know not whence we came, we know not why  
 We go, nor where ; but God is over all !'  
 It would not then be terrible to die.

J. A. SYMONDS.  
*Many Moods.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

XX.

## A LETTER.

[Received after the writer's death by his friend.]

I BEGGED hard for an hour of grace  
 From that grim Ferryman who plies  
 His wherry to the fore-doomed place  
 Of all the foolish and all the wise.  
 But not an hour the churl will give,  
 Nor deigns to answer me, though I,  
 Who always was in haste to live,  
 Would rather take my time to die.

Another sun, and I shall know  
 The secret Death has kept so well :  
 What wonders in a day or so  
 A letter writ by me could tell!  
 And yet who knows? I've mostly found  
 That secrets are but sorry stuff ;  
 And those that lie beneath the ground  
 Perchance are commonplace enough.

I've lived my life ; it has not been  
 What once I hoped, nor what I feared ;  
 And why should that we have not seen  
 Be other than has yet appeared ?  
 There are no breaks in God's large plan,  
 But simple growth from less to more ;  
 And each to-morrow brings to man  
 But what lay in the day before.

The river has its cataract,  
 And yet the waters down below  
 Soon gather from the foam, compact,  
 And just like those above it flow :  
 And so the new life may begin  
 Where this one stopt, with finer powers,  
 Perhaps, the subtle thread to spin,  
 And years to work instead of hours.

What has my life been that my heart  
 Should be so tranquil at this time,  
 So free to ply the careless art  
 Of guessing, and of tagging rhyme ?  
 Here on this solemn brink of doom  
 I seem not much to fear or care,  
 But peer into the gathering gloom,  
 And mostly wonder what is there.

WALTER C. SMITH.

*Raban, or Life-Splinters.* (J. Maclehose, Glasgow.)

[By kind permission of Dr. Smith and Mr. James Maclehose.]

XX.

## "THE UNDISCOVER'D COUNTRY."

(From "Old Age's Inheritance.")

BEFORE him these dead years and joys repasse  
 Watching the sun go down. His thoughts at last  
 Brooded upon his spirit's imminent flight  
 From life, when unto him the eclipsing night  
 Would come with shrouds impenetrably dark.  
 Yet death he feared not : whether his soul's barc  
 Should sail the infinite deeps knowing no end,  
 Or to some far, far strand its course should tend  
 Whereon at last to rest and voyage no more,  
 Or whether it should founder ere the shore  
 Of any goal be seen, be cover'd o'er  
 For ever by the waves of death,—not less  
 Would he thank God for the great happiness  
 Of having lived at all. Why should man seek  
 That which his soul might find itself too weak  
 To bear—God's own supreme eternity ?  
 Shall not the cycles or the æons be  
 Enough for him,—his spirit find a goal  
 At last? Nay, whether the tried human soul  
 Lives out new lives on earth again alone,  
 Or speeds triumphant far beyond the zone  
 Of that which we call Time till, æons pass'd,  
 It finds its ultimate goal and rest at last ;  
 Or whether it eternal is, with Him  
 Whom we half think we see, our eyes being dim,  
 It still is well. In each alone His breath  
 Would be the Lord of life, the Lord of death.

Such were his thoughts this last day of the year  
 Waning 'mid summer heats instead of clear  
 Cold skies and frost and icy northern wind.  
 At last the sun's flames burned right out behind  
 The furthest range ; a strange delicious blue  
 Hung o'er the south and west, as spirits drew  
 Thin filmy veils of azure gossamer  
 Out of the depths of heav'n and trailed them wh  
 The great gums spread their branches thro' the

WILLIAM SHARP

*The Human Inheritance.* (Elliot Stock)

XX.

TO SLEEP! PERCHANCE TO DREAM  
*Hamlet.* To be, or not to be,—that is the qu  
 tion :—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—  
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—  
 To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the  
 rub;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may  
 come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause: there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life;  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-  
 tumely,  
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,—  
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 1.*

~~~~~  
 xx.

NIGHT, AND, PERCHANCE, A STAR.

NOR shall they feel or fear, whose date is done,
 Aught that made once more dark the living sun
 And bitterer in their breathing lips the breath
 Than the dark dawn and bitter dust of death.
 For all the light, with fragrance as of flowers,
 That clothes the lithe live limbs of separate hours,

More sweet to savour and more clear to sight
 Dawns on the soul death's undivided night.
 No vigils has that perfect night to keep,
 No fever-fits of vision shake that sleep.
 Nor if they wake, and any place there be
 Wherein the soul may feel her wings beat free
 Through air too clear and still for sound or strife;
 If life were haply death, and death be life;
 If love with yet some lovelier laugh revive,
 And song relume the light it bore alive,
 And friendship, found of all earth's gifts most
 good,
 Stand perfect in perpetual brotherhood;
 If aught indeed at all of all this be,
 Though none might say nor any man might see,
 Might he that sees the shade thereof not say
 This dream were trustier than the truth of day.
 Nor haply may not hope, with heart more clear,
 Burn deathward, and the doubtful soul take
 cheer,
 Seeing through the channelled darkness yearn a
 star
 Whose eyebeams are not as the morning's are,
 Transient, and subjugate of lordlier light,
 But all unconquerable by noon or night,
 Being kindled only of life's own inmost fire,
 Truth, stablished and made sure by strong desire,
 Fountain of all things living, source and seed,
 Force that perforce transfigures dream to deed,
 God that begets on time, the body of death,
 Eternity: nor may man's darkening breath,
 Albeit it stain, disfigure or destroy
 The glass wherein the soul sees life and joy
 Only, with strength renewed and spirit of youth,
 And brighter than the sun's the body of Truth
 Eternal, unimaginable of man,
 Whose very face not Thought's own eyes may scan,
 But see far off his radiant feet at least,
 Trampling the head of Fear, the false high priest,
 Whose broken chalice foams with blood no more,
 And prostrate on that high priest's chancel floor,
 Bruised, overthrown, blind, maimed, with blood-
 less rod,
 The miscreation of his miscreant god.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

Tristram of Lyonesse: The Sailing of the Swan.
 (Chatto and Windus.)

XX.

POSSIBILITIES.

As day doth live beyond the sunset skies
 So life may wait us at the silent grave :
 Not windless is the sea because there rave
 Not always the great storm-wind's harmonies.
 There may be light too strong for earthly eyes ;
 There may be hands to succour and to save
 From Death's indifferent o'erwhelming wave ;
 Nay, Death may lift to some divine surprise !
 There may be music beyond instruments,
 And Spring for ev'ry frost-nipt shapeless clod,
 There may be mightier love sacraments
 Than e'er were seen on consecrated sod ;
 A man there may be with Christ's lineaments,
 And mid the wheels of Fate a living God !

WILLIAM SHARP.

The Human Inheritance. (Elliot Stock.)

XXI. MODERN SPECULATIVE :—VARIOUS.

DEATH'S REVIEW OF LIFE.

WHEN Death with moth-like wing and indrawn breath
 Hovers above a dying brain of power,
 And the soul knows the moment of its flight
 Is surely near, there floats a crowding train
 Of passions, thoughts, actions, events, and hopes—
 Tenderest affections, and those storms and calms
 Wherein the man each complex scene reviews,
 And in swift visions lives his course again.
 Then sigh the vain regrets o'er wasted days,
 And wasted efforts, bred of ignorance,
 Pride, folly, vanity—or the world's gross wrongs,
 Exasperating once—now pitied. Then—
 No casuist baseness making ill acts good—
 Hurried self-questionings dart to and fro,
 If this or that were right, or wrong—or kind,
 Mean, or magnanimous—forgiving—hard—
 Generous, or selfish ;—if the sum of all,
 Balanced in fairness, were the heart's best aim ?
 Nor less the painful sense of means yet strong—
 The consciousness of so much power to do,
 And no more time for doing. How they float
 Away in mist, all those rare plans, designs,
 Clear-outlined fabrics reared on solid truths,
 Doomed to resolve themselves into the brain
 That bred them, and be lost for evermore !

R. H. HORNE.

Orion : Canto III. (Chatto and Windus.)

XXI.

FAITH AND SUPERSTITION.

(From "The Prisoner of Mount Saint Michael")

O DEATH, I fear thee—fear thee ! What am I
 That I should crouch before thee in my prime
 What evil have I done ? What deadly sin
 Hath stained me, that I wither in the blast
 Blown from thine iron portal ? . . . Yet, be br
 Sad heart ! Have courage ; rise, and learn to f
 The Shadow with the Spear, who darkens all .
 Ah, yet I fear thee, fear thee, awful change !
 My faith is weak, and comes in gusts, and dies
 Like summer wind upon a thirsty land.
 I shudder in my sleep, and when I wake
 I shudder, for a dismal doubt is mine—
 Dead ! dead ! the shroud, the grave ! Three d
 will gleam,

Three nights will lour, and I shall gaze no mor
 Through these grim bars upon the smiling sea
 And our loved shores ; but, like a shrivelling sc
 The world shall perish from me. Even now
 The fear that many a time has made me sad
 Runs through my frame and curdles all my blo
 For, what know I ? These fibres, each a world
 A little world of life, in death may live,
 Each grain of dust may feel the torturing fires
 Of never-ceasing change . . . a childish thoug
 Bred from a nurse's stories . . . ay, but still
 An absolute terror creeping round my heart
 With superstition's chill unutterable,
 Freezing my faith, and quenching reason's lam
 In clouds of tenfold darkness . . . Ah, my Go
 Have mercy ! Give me back my peace of min
 That I may look upon the Inevitable
 With eyes undimmed by craven tears ! My lif
 Hath been one cry of fear—even as a child
 Tossing in throes of fever ; for these nerves,
 Quivering to love as an Æolian lyre,
 Were strung too finely for a world of deeds.

EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG

Poetical Works. (Longmans)

XXI.

THE DREAM OF THE WORLD WITHO
 DEATH.

[EXTRACT.]

THE world was very quiet. Men in traffic
 Cast looks over their shoulders ; pallid seamen
 Shivered to walk upon the decks alone ;

And women barred their doors with bars of iron ;
In the silence of the night ; and at the sunrise
Trembled behind the husbandmen afield.

I could not see a kirkyard near or far ;
I thirsted for a green grave, and my vision
Was weary for the white gleam of a tombstone.

But hearkening dumbly, ever and anon
I heard a cry out of a human dwelling,
And felt the cold wind of a lost one's going.

One struck a brother fiercely, and he fell,
And faded in a darkness ; and that other
Tore his hair, and was afraid, and could not perish.

One struck his aged mother on the mouth
And she vanished with a gray grief from his hearth-
stone.

One melted from her bairn, and on the ground
With sweet unconscious eyes the bairn lay smiling.
And many made a weeping among mountains,
And hid themselves in caverns, and were drunken.

I heard a voice from out the beauteous earth,
Whose side rolled up from winter into summer,
Crying, " I am grievous for my children."

I heard a voice from out the hoary ocean,
Crying, " Burial in the breast of me were better,
Yea, burial in the salt flags and green crystals."

I heard a voice from out the hollow ether,
Saying, " The thing ye cursed hath been
abolished—

Corruption, and decay, and dissolution !"

And the world shrieked, and the summer-time was
bitter,

And man and women feared the air behind them ;
And for lack of its green graves the world was
hateful.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.
Book of Orm. Poetical Works, Vol. III.

~~~~~  
XXI.

'Tis the purblind

Dim sense of after-years that makes our monsters.  
The earth hath none to children and to angels.  
Eyes weak with vigil, sear'd with scalding tears,  
Betray us, and we start at death and phantoms  
Because they are pale. And the still-groping  
heart

Incredulous by over-much believing—  
Walking by sight, dreads the unknown, and clings  
Even to familiar sorrow, and loves more  
The seen earth than the unseen God.

SYDNEY DOBELL.  
*The Roman: Poetical Works, Vol. I.*  
(Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
XXI.

BROTHER DEATH.

WHEN thou would'st have me go with thee, O
Death,

Over the utmost verge, to the dim place,
Practise upon me with no amorous grace
Of fawning lips, and words of delicate breath,
And curious music thy lute uttereth ;
Nor think for me there must be sought-out ways
Of cloud and terror ; have we many days
Sojourned together, and is this thy faith ?
Nay, be there plainness 'twixt us ; come to me
Even as thou art, O brother of my soul ;
Hold thy hand out and I will place mine there ;
I trust thy mouth's inscrutable irony,
And dare to lay my forehead where the whole
Shadow lies deep of thy purpleal hair.

EDWARD DOWDEN.
Poems. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
XXI.

POSITIVIST IMMORTALITY.

(From " *Contra Mundum.*" )

O TRUE of heart and tried,  
Be glad when men deride,  
Be glad of worldly scorn !  
And doubt not nor despair,  
For night breaks everywhere,  
For night is over-worn,  
And heaven is on your side,  
And all things free and fair,  
And love and light and morn.

And though the night be long  
We hear the choral song  
Faint if it be and far ;  
And know the end is near  
Of slavish faith, and fear,  
And custom's chains that mar

The life of man with wrong :  
The morning song we hear,  
    We see the morning star.

Hate, lust, and cruelty  
Are nightmare forms that flee  
    As night's dark veils divide,  
Letting for ever through  
High heaven's serenest blue  
    That none again shall hide.  
And ye, beloved, ye,  
Faithful, and tried, and true,  
    Fear not, be strong, abide.

'Tis but a little space  
Ye tread these worldly ways,  
    And rest beyond is sure ;  
And in the years to come,  
Though ye be dead and dumb,  
    Your life-work shall endure,  
And spread and grow apace  
Till wrong be overcome,  
    And earth be purged and pure,

And men be wise and free ;  
Ye know these things shall be,  
    Ye know ye haste their day,  
Ye lose your life to give  
To millions yet to live,  
    Way, Truth, Life, all things. Yea,  
The Truth ye only see,  
The Life restorative,  
    And Freedom's peaceful way.

So ye indeed shall have  
A life beyond the grave,  
    More blest by far than theirs  
Who see past earthly days  
A heaven of hymns and praise,  
    A paradise of prayers.  
As Life could not enslave,  
So Death shall not abase  
    The soul that all things dares.

Yea, brothers, thus shall ye  
Win immortality ;  
    In lives by you made fair,  
In minds by you made blest —  
And ye yourselves shall rest  
    Free from all cark and care,

From pain and sorrow free,  
In the All-mother's breast  
    With the great and good that were.

HERBERT E. CLARKE  
*Storm-Drift.* (David Bogue.)

~~~~~  
XXI.

THE DEAD.

THE dead abide with us ! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still
They have forged our chains of being for good
 or ill ;

And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are in the mould
 In which their strong imperishable will—
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death
As a star's travelling light survives its star !
So let us hold our lives that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment-bar,
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

MATHILDE BLIND
Sonnets of Three Centuries. Edited by T. H. CAISE
(Elliot Stock.)

[By kind permission of the Author and the Publisher.]

~~~~~  
XXII. CHRISTIAN :—VARIOUS.

DEATH ! what is death,—at whose pale picture  
men

Shake, and the blood grows cold ? Is he *one* thing  
Dream ? Substance ? Shadow ? or is Death  
    more vague,—

Made up of many fears, which band together  
And overthrow the soul ? Give me reply !  
Is Death so terrible ? Why, we do know  
Philosophy, Religion, Fame, Revenge,  
Despair, Ambition, Shame, all conquer it.  
The Soldier who doth face it every day,—  
The feathered Savage, and the Sailor, tossing  
All night upon the loose uncertain deep,  
Laugh it to scorn. The fish, the bird, the brute.  
(Though each doth apprehend the sense of pain.  
Never dread death. It is a weakness bred

Only in man. Methinks, if we build up  
Our proud Distinction, sole supremacy,  
Upon so slight foundation as our fears,  
Our fame may totter.

BARRY CORNWALL  
*English Songs.* (G. Bell.)

~~~~~  
XXII.

IN LOVE WITH DEATH.

Ursula.—THOU speakest carelessly of death,
And yet thou knowest not what it is.

Elsie.—'Tis the cessation of our breath.

Silent and motionless we lie ;

And no one knoweth more than this.

I saw our little Gertrude die ;

She left off breathing, and no more.

I smoothed the pillow beneath her head ;

She was more beautiful than before.

Like violets faded were her eyes ;

By this we knew that she was dead.

Through the open window looked the skies

Into the chamber where she lay,

And the wind was like the sound of wings,

As if angels came to bear her away.

Ah ! when I saw and felt these things,

I found it difficult to stay ;

I longed to die as she had died,

And go forth with her side by side.

The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,

And Mary, and our Lord ; and I

Would follow in humility

The way by them illuminèd !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.
The Golden Legend : Act II.

~~~~~  
XXII.

A BLANK ETERNITY.

(From "*The Vision of the Isles of Immortality and  
Death.*")

[AND] never doubt perplexes ; never care

Furrows the brow ; to seek is straight to find :

No task for toiling hand or eager mind ;

No fear of lurking sickness in its lair ;

No danger in darkness ; for the foot no snare.

Here is no mystery for the mind to pierce,

For all is open as the vault of day ;

Here are no bended knees, or lips that pray,

Or any temple that the hand uprears,

Or sound of sigh, or track of any tears.

Slow roll the languid ages, hour on hour,

Night on sweet day, sweet day on dreamless night,

Season fair season following, with no blight

Of frost or fly delaying ; year with dower

For new-year, moving up with ancient power—

Time limitless, a blank Eternity !

O giddy depth of ages, gazing down,

Sick grows my heart, all hope is overthrown !

Remorseless tyrant, who shall strive with thee,

Who wrestle with thy countless hours to be ?

How many an age of years since first I woke

On this soft shore has slowly drifted by !

And then was the beginning. Where doth lie

The end of all ? When cometh the keen stroke

Like that which loosed the soul from fleshly yoke ?

There is no end : there lies the white, blank page :

There is no end, there is no pause, no end :

Into the trackless void my eyes I bend,

I peer around, above—long age on age,

The quenchless spirit's awful heritage !

G. F. ARMSTRONG.  
*Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
XXII.

PAIN and death

Seem to me now but flickering shadows, flung

Athwart the mortal field by joy and life.

Look down, the shade is an abyss of gloom,

Yawning to gulf us ; but look up, we see

The sun that casts it ; and that sun is—nay,

I dare not call it Love ; yet it is love

That draws our eyes to it.

JOHN TODHUNTER.
Alcestris. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
XXII.

DEATH.

WHEN, like a garment flung aside at night,

This body lies, or sculpture of cold rest ;

When through its shaded windows comes no light,

And the white hands are folded on its breast ;

How will it be with Me, its tenant now?  
 How shall I feel when first I wander out?  
 How long on tears from loved eyes falling? How  
 Look forth upon dim mysteries round about?

Shall I go forth, slow-floating like a mist,  
 Over the city with its crowded walls?  
 Over the trees and meadows where I list?  
 Over the mountains and their ceaseless falls?

Over the red cliffs and fantastic rocks;  
 Over the sea, far down, fleeting away;  
 White sea-birds shining, and the billowy shocks  
 Heaving unheard their shore-besieging spray?

Or will a veil, o'er all material things  
 Slow-falling, hide them from the spirit's sight;  
 Even as the veil which the sun's radiance flings  
 O'er stars that had been shining all the night?

And will the spirit be entranced, alone,  
 Like one in an exalted opium-dream—  
 Time, space, and all their varied dwellers gone;  
 And sunlight vanished, and all things that seem;

Thought only waking; thought that doth not own  
 The lapse of ages, or the change of place;  
 Thought, in which only that which *is*, is known;  
 The substance here, the form confined to space?

Or as a child that sobs itself to sleep,  
 Wearied with labour which the grown call play,  
 Waking in smiles as soon as morn doth peep,  
 Springs up to labour all the joyous day,

Shall we lie down, weary; and sleep, until  
 Our souls be cleansed by long and dreamless rest;  
 Till of repose we drink our thirsting fill,  
 And wake all peaceful, smiling, pure, and blest?

I know not—only know one needful thing:  
 God is; I shall be ever in His view;  
 I only need strength for the travailing,  
 Will for the work Thou givest me to do.

GEORGE MACDONALD.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)

~~~~~  
 XXII.

OH THOU OF LITTLE FAITH.

SAD-HEARTED, be at peace: the snowdrop lies
 Under the cold, sad earth-clods and the snow;
 But spring is floating up the southern skies,
 And the pale snowdrop silent waits below.

O loved if known! in dull December's day
 One scarce believes there is a month of June
 But up the stairs of April and of May
 The dear sun climbeth to the summer's noon

Dear mourner! I love God, and so I rest;
 O better! God loves thee, and so rest thou
 He is our Spring-time, our dim-visions Best,
 And He will help thee—do not fear the *Ho*

GEORGE MACDONALD
Poems. (Strahan)

~~~~~  
 XXII.

#### NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent kne  
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name  
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?

Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting star  
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
 And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay  
 Cealed

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could  
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st  
 Blind!

Why do we then shun death with anxious strife  
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHIT

~~~~~  
 XXII.

Afræd.

WHAT IS TO DIE?

Noema. It is to bid adieu to joy and pain,
 And never meet them more: to sleep with Ni
 Nor to awake from her cold-clutching arms;
 Never to see the sun again, nor greet
 The rising moon with rapture, and the stars
 With eyes o'erbrimming with delicious tears
 For the quick-flowing senses to become
 A stagnant pool, fetid and nauseous,
 Whence is no issue, and the very hands
 Which stream of their own being called it
 Fill up with earth, lest it should poison them.
 And bring them level with itself. That's *de*

ALFRED AUSTIN
The Tower of Babel. (Blackwood.)

XXII.

"DEATH AS A FRIEND."

(On the Picture "Der Tod als Freund.")

[EXTRACT.]

HE is Death who standeth there.

"O, king of terrors, is it thou?"

"Tis I :—

But not the king of terrors, the abhorred,
The minister of ill. This am I not,
Not thus I come, to such as him thou seest
Beloved of God : and if thou namest me,
This am I, Death the Friend !"

"O Death, O friend,
Grant me such grace that when thou callest me
It shall be thus, in peace !"

"Thou mayst not choose,
Nor is it mine to give, for I am sent :
This be content to know—if thou art His,
Thy summons shall be surely unto peace,
If not in peace. Ever to each true soul
Patient in love, the end shall be the same
Though be the calling not as this. To some
It comes abruptly, like a trumpet blast
Pealing at midnight when the streets are still :
To some as out of seeming wasted toil
And purpose unfulfilled, like that which called
Up Nebo's height the prophet from the tribes ;
Or there it comes to close a long hard strife,
The war with will and pride, a still small voice
After the wind, the earthquake, and the fire :
Or there to end the body's agonies,
The pangs of want, or torture, or disease,
An 'It is finished' whispered down from Heaven
In pain's supreme remission. But not thus
It came to him before thee, but in peace
As unto peace. Behold, his eyes are closed ;
I called his spirit, and it passed, in sleep ;
And brighter angels—for I cannot rise
In that pure air—bore it to final rest,
To larger knowledge of the Lord he loved,
And gladder service.

S. J. STONE.

The Knight of Intercession. (Rivingtons.)

XXII.

SUSPIRIA.

OUT of Earth's weariness, trial, and sorrow,
Out of its hopes and its fears for the morrow,
Out of its restless unsatisfied yearnings,
Out of the fever of human heart-burnings,
Out of the dangers of doubt and temptations,
Out of the griefs of deplored separations,
Out of the pain of night-watching, removed
Into the sleep that God gives His Beloved :
Into the dawn of a glad Resurrection,
Into the home of unbroken affection,
Into the joy of the Lord, thence confessing
Death in disguise is His Angel of Blessing.

ROWLAND BROWN.
Songs and Poems. (D. Bogue.)

XXII.

WHEN Death removes the Soul from homes of clay,
And we in spirit-homes our lives renew,
When earth's dark hours are changed to perfect
day,
Be sure our God will give us work to do :
Continued work—of mind, heart, tongue, or pen.
We may be teaching still our fellow-men—
And fellow-men the words of truth may read,
Where He who lights the lamp, the flame will feed.
No life apart from labour can be blest :
NOR USELESS IDLENESS be HAPPY REST.

S. C. HALL.
Rhymes in Council. (Griffith and Farran.)

XXII.

WHO shrinks from Death? come when he will or
may,
The night he brings, will bring the risen day ;
His call, his touch, we neither seek nor shun,
His life is ended when his work is done.
Our spear and shield no cloud of Death can dim,
He triumphs not o'er us—we conquer him !

S. C. HALL.
Rhymes in Council. (Griffith and Farran.)

XXII.

DEATH.

THOUGH since thy first sad entrance by
 Just Abel's blood,
 'Tis now six thousand years well-nigh,
 And still thy sovereignty holds good ;
 Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease,
 As a tryed thing ;
 And every one can slight his lease,
 As if it ended in a Spring,
 Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go.
 But there was *One*,
 Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
 And then, returning like the sun,
 Discover'd all that there is done.

And since *His* death we throughly see
 All thy dark way ;
 Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
 Which His first looks will quickly fray :
 Mists make but triumphs for the day.

As harmless violets, which give
 Their virtues here
 For salves and syrups while they live,
 Do after calmly disappear,
 And neither grieve, repine, nor fear :

So die His servants ; and as sure
 Shall they revive.
 Then let not dust your eyes obscure,
 But lift them up, where still alive,
 Though fled from you, their spirits live.

H. VAUGHAN.
Sacred Poems.

XXII.

REST.

THERE is a dearer, warmer bed,
 Where one all day may lie,
 Earth's bosom pillowing the head,
 And let the world go by.
 Instead of mother's love-lit eyes,
 The church's storied pane,
 All blank beneath cold starry skies,
 Or sounding in the rain.

The great world, shouting, forward fares :
 This chamber, hid from none,
 Hides safe from all, for no one cares
 For those whose work is done.
 Cheer thee, my heart, though tired and slow,
 An unknown grassy place
 Somewhere on earth is waiting now
 To rest thee from thy race.

GEORGE MACDONALD.
Poems. (Strahan.)

XXII.

I THINK poor beggars court St. Giles,
 Rich beggars court St. Stephen ;
 And Death looks down with nods and smiles,
 And makes the odds all even.

W. M. PRAED.
Poems. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

XXII.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain ;
 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unclouded eyes !
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

XXII.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

(From "Near Shore.")

IF God be God, then heaven is real :
 We need not lose ourselves and Him
 In some vast sea of the ideal,
 Dreamy and dim.
 He cheats not any soul. He gave
 Each being unity like His ;
 Love, that links beings, he must save ;
 Of Him it is.
 Dear friend, we will not drift too far
 'Mid billows, fogs, and blinding foam,
 To see Christ's beacon-light,—the star
 That guides us home.
 Moving towards heaven, we'll meet half-way
 Some pilot from that unseen strand ;
 Then, anchoring safe in perfect day,
 Tread the firm land.

LUCY LARCOM.

XXII.

DEATH is the crown of life :

Were death denied, poor man would live in vain ;
 Were death denied, to live would not be life ;
 Were death denied, even fools would wish to die.
 Death wounds to cure ; we fall ; we rise ; we reign !
 Spring from our fetters ; fasten in the skies ;
 Where blooming Eden withers in our sight :
 Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ?
 When shall I die ?—When shall I live for ever ?

EDWARD YOUNG.

Night Thoughts: Night Third.

XXII.

ADDRESS NOT KNOWN.

(From "Quince.")

WHETHER I ought to die or not,
 My Doctors cannot quite determine ;
 Its only clear that I shall rot,
 And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
 My debts are paid :—but Nature's debt
 Almost escaped my recollection ;
 Tom !—we shall meet again ;—and yet
 I cannot leave you my direction.

W. M. PRAED.

Poems: Vol. II. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

XXII.

PROSPICE.

FEAR death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe ;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be
 gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
 forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worse turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute 's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of
 pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !

ROBERT BROWNING.

Dramatis Personæ: Poetical Works.

(Smith, Elder, and Co.)

XXII.

HEAVEN.

WEEP not for me ;—
 Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
 The stream of love that circles home,
 Light hearts and free !
 Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;
 Nor miss my face, dear friends.

I still am near ;—
 Watching the smiles I prized on Earth,
 Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
 Now, too, I hear,
 Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
 Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
 The Throne is spread ; its pure, still glass
 Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.

We, on its shore,
 Share, in the bosom of our rest,
 God's knowledge, and are blest.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Verses on Religious Subjects. (Burns and Oates.)

~~~~~  
 XXII.

LIFE LIGHTS.

HE hath set in His heaven two lights,  
 Our Father on whom we cry,  
 For all the days have their nights,  
 And each hath his hour to die ;  
 These are the moon and the sun of life,  
 That brace men's hearts for the daily strife.

Our God hath given us sleep,  
 And given us surety of death,  
 To close the eyes that weep,  
 To ease the labouring breath ;  
 Our God hath given these two great gifts,  
 To shed their light through the black cloud-rifts.

He gave us sleep at the first,  
 Ere bliss had any alloy,  
 Ere this sweet earth was curst ;  
 For man grew faint with joy,  
 And the night breeze wooed his heart to rest,  
 As the red moon dipped in the mellow west.

And when man learned to mourn,  
 The dear God gave him death,  
 That each might look to a bourne,  
 And each might hope for a wreath,  
 A cool green wreath to bind his brows  
 So aching and hot with the world's carouse ;

A sun to dispel the mists  
 That cumber the vale of life,  
 To shine on the weary lists  
 Where all night long in strife  
 The sons of God with fiends have striven,  
 When the life-long cloud by its light is riven.

Some of us conquerors crowned,  
 Some forfoughten and sore,  
 Some of us beaten and bound,  
 Some who can strive no more ;  
 Surely we all shall feast at last  
 In our Father's house, when the night is past

B. MONTGOMERY RANKIN  
*Fulgencius.* (Newm.)

~~~~~  
 XXII.

AT the last, tenderly,
 From the walls of the powerful, fortified ho
 From the clasp of the knitted locks—
 keep of the well-closed doors,
 Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth ;
 With the key of softness unlock the locks—
 whisper,
 Set ope the doors, O Soul !
 Tenderly ! be not impatient !
 (Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh !
 Strong is your hold, O love !)

WALT WHITMAN

~~~~~  
 XXII.

DEATH'S CHANGED FACE.

SWEET Saviour, since the time Thy human fe  
 Trod thirty years our parched and dusty w  
 How hath the wilderness of life grown sweet  
 With flowers and warbled praise !

How hath the heavy mist that wrapt us round  
 The weary mist of tears and hopeless sighs  
 Lifted and bared to us the blue profound  
 Of God's far, quiet skies !

And, more than all, how hath a gracious char  
 To poor scared men that slunk with flut  
 breath,  
 Passed o'er the face, that erst was stern  
 strange,  
 Of Thy strong angel, Death !

Lo, in the twilight of a tangled wood,  
 Nowhither bound, we groped through  
 dim,  
 While shadow-like amid the shadows stood  
 Old Death, the archer grim.





[RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by G. S. WALTERS.]

“Our graves lie closed this Easter-day,  
But from their rugged sod,  
The sweet spring grass comes softly up,  
With messages from God.”

Page 10

—

—

1

2



We deemed his face was pitiless and blind ;  
 Shot all at random seemed each whirring dart,  
 Yet none did fail a resting-place to find  
     In some wrung quivering heart.

And there, with writhen limbs and sightless stare,  
 Down in the drenchèd grass the victim lay,  
 What erst was man, erect and tall and fair,  
     Now shrunk and fading clay.

And over him, in dull and hopeless pain,  
 The mourners stood, sore stricken and perplex ;  
 " He lieth low, he will not rise again ;  
     And who shall fall the next ? "

O sweet changed face ! we see, we know him  
 now—  
 Rent the thick mist that blurred our straining  
 ken—  
 Death, of all angels round the Throne that bow  
     Most pitiful to men.

Through the dusk chamber where the watchers  
 weep  
 Slowly he moves, with calm and noiseless tread,  
 And o'er the weary one that longs for sleep  
     He bends his gracious head.

" Poor eyes," he saith, " long have ye watched  
 and waked ;  
 I come to bring your vigils glad surcease ;  
 Poor heart," he saith, " long hast thou yearned and  
 ached ;  
 I come to give thee peace.

" Be of good cheer," he saith, " world-weary waif ;  
 One short swift step, and all the way is trod.  
 Through the heaped darkness I will lead thee safe  
     To the great light of God."

A sharp sweet silence smites the tingling ears.  
 How snowlike falls the peace upon his brow !  
 Hark ! happy mourners, smiling through their tears,  
     Whisper, " He sleepeth now."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE  
*Gaslight and Stars.* (Marcus Ward.)

~~~~~  
 XXII.

THE GRAVE.

'Tis fenced all round with fears, like triple brass ;
 Rocks of despair stand round it : Seas of woe
 Shut out that region from the sunny world ;

And diabolic Ghosts, (whose care it is,
 And penalty, to keep that silent land
 Untroubled until Doom,) like ghastly giants,
 Stand armed beside rebellious bones, and scare
 The restless back to slumber.

BARRY CORNWALL
English Songs. (G. Bell.)

~~~~~  
 XXII.

DEATH CAROL.

[EXTRACT.]

FROM me to thee glad serenades,  
 Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adorn-  
 ments and feastings for thee ;  
 And the sights of the open landscape, and the  
 high-spread sky, are fitting,  
 And life and the fields, and the huge and thought-  
 ful night.

The night, in silence, under many a star ;  
 The ocean shore, and the husky whispering wave,  
 whose voice I know ;  
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-  
 veiled Death,  
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song !  
 Over the rising and sinking waves—over the  
 myriad fields, and the prairies wide ;  
 Over the dense-packed cities all, and the teeming  
 wharves and ways,  
 I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death !

WALT WHITMAN.

~~~~~  
 XXII.

PRISON-BURSTING Death !
 Welcome be thy blow !
 Thine is but the forfeit of my breath,
 Not the spirit, nor the spirit's glow.
 Spheres of beauty—hallowed spheres,
 Undefaced by time, undimmed by tears,
 Henceforth hail ! Oh, who would grovel,
 In a world impure as this ?
 Who would weep, in cell or hovel,
 When a palace might be his ?
 Wouldst thou have me the bright lot forego ?
 Ah ! no ! no !

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

XXII.

YE our dead, for whom we pray not :
 Unto whom wild words we say not,
 Though we know not but ye hear,
 Though we often feel ye near,
 Go ye into eternal light ;
 You we stay not, and betray not
 Back into our dim half night.

Well we trow ye fain would teach us,
 And your spirit hands would reach us
 Tenderly from farthest heaven,—
 But to you this is not given :
 Humble faith the lesson sole
 Ye can preach us, all and each, us
 Travellers to the self-same goal.

Lesson strange, hard of discerning !
 Dimly caught with awful yearning
 At grave-sides, or taught in throes
 Of our utmost joys and woes.
 But one day will come the call,
 And thus earning the last learning,
 Like our dead we shall know all.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,
 GENTLEMAN."
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

XXII.

. . . . THE world of Life,
 The world of Death, are but opposing sides
 Of one great orb, and the Light shines on both.

LEWIS MORRIS.
Epic of Hades. (K. Paul.)

XXII.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"The blessed shall hear no vain words, but only the
 word—Peace."—KURAN, chap. xix. v. 63.

PEACE is God's direct assurance
 To the souls that win release
 From this world of hard endurance—
 Peace—He tells us—only Peace.
 There is Peace in lifeless matter—
 There is Peace in dreamless sleep—
 Will then Death our being shatter
 In annihilation's deep ?

Ask you this? O mortal trembler !
 Hear the Peace that Death affords—
 For your God is no dissembler,
 Cheating you with double words :—
 To this life's inquiring traveller,
 Peace of knowledge of all good ;
 To the anxious truth-unraveller,
 Peace of wisdom understood ;—
 To the loyal wife, affection
 Towards her husband, free from fear,—
 To the faithful friend, selection
 Of all memories kind and dear :—
 To the lover, full fruition
 Of an unexhausted joy,—
 To the warrior, crowned ambition,
 With no envy's base alloy :—
 To the ruler, sense of action,
 Working out his great intent,—
 To the prophet, satisfaction
 In the mission he was sent :—
 To the poet, conscious glory
 Flowing from his Father's face ;—
 Such is Peace in holy story,
 Such is Peace in heavenly grace.

LORD HOUGHTON.
Poetical Works. (Murray.)

XXII.

ST. JOHN V. 4.

I HAVE thought of Death as the angel
 That troubles the pool of life,
 For healing follows that trouble,
 And rest comes after the strife.
 The watchers may shrink and tremble
 To come to the shadow'd waves,
 But blest is the Christian spirit
 Whom their solemn cleansing laves.
 He doth rise from those troubled waters,
 Their brief, chill baptism o'er,
 And leave in them mortal weakness,
 To feel it, ah, nevermore !
 And well may they wait in patience
 Where their precious ones go down,
 Who have Jesus walking among them,
 And the hope of a heavenly crown.
 MRS. HENRY FAUSSETT (ALESSIE BOND)
The Cairns of Iona. (Herbert, Dublin.)

XXII.

. . . WHAT is Death but Life
Suspended, as in sleep?

LEWIS MORRIS.
Epic of Hades. (K. Paul.)

XXII.

DEATH is a gate of dreariness and gloom,
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies
And happy regions of eternal hope.

P. B. SHELLEY.

XXII.

YEA, it is finished ! Death, whose throne of glory
Unshaken stood amid creation's throes ;
Thou Grave, whose world-dominion waxed not
hoary
Though Babel-empires tottered and arose ;
Ye great twin-brethren, at whose name of might
The proud knee bent, the valiant cheek grew
white,

No terror now on your black brows is set—
The frailest saint smiles at your empty threat
Whose reign is finished.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.
Gaslight and Stars. (Marcus Ward.)

XXII.

BEAUTY, and peace, and love, have fixed their
dwelling
Among these graves, and sanctified the sod ;
Bright-visioned Hope, of happier regions telling,
Breathes from the turf, and wafts our thoughts
to God.

NICHOLAS MITCHELL.
London in Light and Darkness. (Tegg.)

XXII.

THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

THE Land beyond the Sea !
When will life's task be o'er ?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar ?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea ?

The Land beyond the Sea !
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams ;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and
dreams !
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere ;
We seem half-way to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
Oh how the lapsing years,
'Mid our not unsubmitive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
How dark our present home !
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
When will our toil be done ?
Slow-footed years ! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun !
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
Why fadest thou in *light* ?
Why art thou better seen towards night ?
Dear Land ! look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !
 Sweet is thine endless rest,
 But sweeter far that Father's Breast
 Upon thy shores eternally possesst ;
 For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
 Calm Land beyond the Sea ! F. W. FABER.

Hymns. (Richardson.)

[I have to thank Messrs. Richardson and Son of Derby, the proprietors of Faber's Hymns, for the very generous permission which they have given me to avail myself of those exquisite gems.]

~~~~~  
 XXII.

DEATH.

AND I have read, in the book of one  
 Of the Spirits that served King Solomon,  
 That Death himself was so kind and fair  
 That none would avoid him by pains or prayer,—  
 That he bore away men in arms of bliss,  
 And drank in their souls in one glorious kiss ;  
 Till he once saw Life at the throne of God,  
 And forgot his beauty, and walked abroad  
 Smiting and blighting the earth with woe,  
 Cursing and cursed by all below.

ALEXANDER R. EAGAR.

~~~~~  
 XXII.

IN LOVE'S ECLIPSE.

No. II.

O YE elect of sorrow and of love,
 Who bear for others' weal a double strain,
 And share the surplus of love's costly gain
 With hearts his presence doth more feebly move,
 Count not your grief's excess too far above
 The worth of those you serve, nor all disdain
 The lesser pressure of the barren pain
 The light of love in love's surcease may prove.
 Pity the poor who are by God's decree
 Your pensioners, and fear not for your part
 To harbour Love how dear soe'er he be ;
 O Love that cometh, Love that may depart,
 The gates of life are set so wide by thee,
 The lord of Love can enter where thou art !

EMILY PFEIFFER.

~~~~~  
 XXII.

'Tis well ! Now strew the flowers upon the grave.  
 Why weep you, friends ? On graves like this me-  
 thinks,

On graves so still and sweet, the rainbow rests ;  
 A blessed arc spanning our watery glens !  
 Once more, why weep ye ?

AUBREY DE VIRE

~~~~~  
 XXII.

MY soul is very sorrowful, and yet
 My soul is very glad :
 Who does not know the minor chord between
 The joyful and the sad ?

For when we dare to feel how all joys wait
 In our Eternal Home,
 We dare to think on tender days gone by,
 And human tears may come.

As the glad bride amid her greater bliss
 Dreams of her childish joys,
 And sees amid her lover's wedding gifts
 Ghosts of her broken toys.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills
 Whereon my new life lies,
 That Life which arches o'er this life below
 As, o'er the Earth, the skies.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

~~~~~  
 XXII.

O DEATH, what art thou ! a Lawgiver that nev  
 altereth,  
 Fixing the consummating seal, whereby the de  
 of life become established :  
 O Death, what art thou ? a stern and silent ush  
 Leading to the judgment for Eternity, after t  
 trial-scene of Time :  
 O Death, what art thou ? the Husbandman, th  
 reapeth always,  
 Out of season, as in season, with a sickle in h  
 hand :  
 O Death, what art thou ? the shadow unto eve  
 substance,  
 In the bower as in the battle, haunting night ar  
 day :  
 O Death, what art thou ? Nurse of dreamle  
 slumbers  
 Freshening the fevered flesh to a wakefulne  
 eternal :

O Death, what art thou? strange and solemn  
 Alchemist,  
 Elaborating life's elixir from these clayey crucibles:  
 O Death, what art thou? Antitype of Nature's  
 marvels,  
 The seed and dormant chrysalis bursting into  
 energy and glory.  
 Thou calm safe anchorage for the shattered hulls  
 of men,—  
 Thou spot of gelid shade, after the hot-breathed  
 desert,—  
 Thou silent waiting-hall, where Adam meeteth with  
 his children,—  
 How full of dread, how full of hope, loometh in-  
 evitable Death:  
 Of dread, for all have sinned; of hope, for One  
 hath saved:  
 The dread is drowned in joy, the hope is filled  
 with immortality!  
 —Pass along, pilgrim of life, go to thy grave un-  
 fearing,  
 The terrors are but shadows now, that haunt the  
 vale of Death.

M. F. TUPPER.

*Proverbial Philosophy.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 XXII.

COME, lovely and soothing Death,
 Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,
 In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
 Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
 For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge
 curious,
 And for love, sweet love.—But praise! praise!
 praise!
 For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding
 Death.

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
 Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest
 welcome?
 Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all;
 I bring thee a song that, when thou must indeed
 come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong Deliveress!
 When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I
 joyously sing the dead,
 Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
 Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

WALT WHITMAN.

~~~~~  
 XXII.

RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY.

SOULE.

POORE querulous handfull! was't for this  
 I taught thee all that is?  
 Unbowel'd nature, shew'd thee her recruits,  
 And change of suits,  
 And how of death we make  
 A meere mistake;  
 For nothing can to nothing fall, but still  
 Incorporates by skill,  
 And then returns, and from the wombe of things  
 Such treasure brings,  
 As Phenix-like renew'th  
 Both life, and youth;  
 For a preserving spirit doth still passe,  
 Untainted through this Masse,  
 Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all  
 That to it fall;  
 Nor are these births, which we  
 Thus suffering see,  
 Destroy'd at all; But when time's restless wave  
 Their substance doth deprave,  
 And the more noble Essence finds his house  
 Sickly and loose,  
 He, ever young, doth wing  
 Unto that spring,  
 And source of spirits, where he takes his lot  
 Till time no more shall rot  
 His passive Cottage; which (though laid aside,)  
 Like some spruce Bride,  
 Shall one day rise, and, cloth'd with shining light,  
 All pure and bright,  
 Re-marry to the soule, for 'tis most plaine  
 Thou only fall'st to be refin'd againe.

H. VAUGHAN.  
*Sacred Poems.*

## XXII.

## A FRAGMENT.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met,  
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we have been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, or tear;—  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not good night,—but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good morning.

A. L. BARBAULD.

## XXII.

## RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,  
Amid these earthly damps;  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from Sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep untbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her,  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

*The Seaside and the Fireside: Poetical Works*  
(Routledge.)

## DEATH.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for the joys  
Thou hast given on earth to man;  
Though too fast his pleasure cloy,  
And his days are but a span:  
We thank Thee for Love and Strife,  
And the glancing of happy eyes,  
For the burning bliss of Life,  
And Reason, that never lies.  
We thank Thee for Friends that are dear;  
We thank Thee for living breath;  
For our Knowledge and Pleasure here;—  
But we thank Thee most for Death!

A. R. EAGAR.

*Prometheus.* (Ponsonby, Dublin.)

XXII.

## WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway, built up in years gone by,  
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,  
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet  
wood and lea,

I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.  
The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's  
flight,

A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the  
night ;

I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant  
more,

And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of  
day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold,  
now,

There steps a weary one with a pale and furrow'd  
brow ;

His count of years is full, his allotted task is  
wrought ;

He passes to his rest from a place that needs him  
not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour  
Of human strength and action, man's courage and  
his power.

I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the  
golden day,

And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing,  
throws

A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes ;  
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,  
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and  
fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays !  
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we  
gaze !

Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless  
air

Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know  
not where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and  
then withdrawn ;

But still the sun shines round me : the evening  
bird sings on,

And I again am sooth'd, and, beside the ancient  
gate,

In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and  
wait.

Once more the gates are open'd ; an infant group  
go out,

The sweet smile quench'd for ever, and still'd the  
sprightly shout.

Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the green-  
sward strows

Its fair young buds unopen'd, with every wind that  
blows !

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,  
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men  
of pride.

Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those  
pillars gray,

And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the  
way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are  
blank with fear,

And some whose temples brighten with joy in draw-  
ing near,

As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious  
eye

Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror, yet these, within my  
heart,

Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to  
depart ;

And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and  
lea,

I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

W. C. BRYANT.  
*Poems.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
XXII.

No : I shall pass into the Morning Land
As now from sleep into the life of morn ;
Live the new life of the new world, unshorn
Of the swift brain, the executing hand ;
See the dense darkness suddenly withdrawn,
As when Orion's sightless eyes discerned the dawn.

I shall behold it : I shall see the utter
 Glory of sunrise heretofore unseen,
 Freshening the woodland ways with brighter
 green,
 And calling into life all things that flutter,
 All throats of music and all eyes of light,
 And driving o'er the verge the intolerable night.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

The Inn of Strange Meetings. (K. Paul)

XXII.

DEATH.

"OH autumn fires, that in the forest glow
 Stealing the life therefrom with open theft,
 Till under every tree the warp and weft
 Wrought by the summer, lies despoiled and low ;
 Oh winds that lift those fading leaves, and blow
 Across the shorn and empty fields bereft
 Of harvest treasure, Is there nothing left
 Of joy or comeliness that will not show
 Sooner or later traces of decay ?
 Must all our summers blossom but to fade ?"
 And the low wind replies with wailing breath,
 Drifting the leaves apart that yesterday
 Dwelt side by side, " There is no respite made.
 The only certainty of life is death ! "

MARY ROWLES.

XXII.

LIFE.

"OH happy sunbeams, weaving on the hills
 And in the vales so lately bare and cold,
 Your far-spread tapestries of green and gold ;
 Oh new sweet music of the birds and rills
 That, wedded to the silence, now fulfil
 And utters all its yearnings manifold—
 What profiteth your joyance, since of old
 Its end was fixed, and death all gladness stills ?"
 The dimpled leaves swung lightly, zephyr-stirred,
 The cadence of the waters sweeter rose,
 And from the hill-top where, in pain and strife
 Last summer perished, came the fearless word,
 " Yea death is sure, but joy beyond it goes,
 For the great afterward of death is life ! "

MARY ROWLES.

XXII.

WHAT we call life is twilight : when 'tis done,
 A door is opened and we see the sun.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

Frances.

XXII.

A PALINODE.

Lux est umbra Dci.

NAV, Death, thou art a shadow ! Even as light
 Is but the shadow of invisible God,
 And of that shade the shadow is thin Night,
 Veiling the earth whereon our feet have trod ;
 So art Thou but the shadow of this life,
 Itself the pale and unsubstantial shade
 Of living God, fulfilled by love and strife
 Throughout the universe Himself hath made :
 And as frail Night, following the flight of earth,
 Obscures the world we breathe in, for a while,
 So Thou, the reflex of our mortal birth,
 Veilest the life wherein we weep and smile :
 But when both earth and life are whirled away,
 What shade can shroud us from God's deathless
 day ?
 J. A. SYMONDS.
Many Moods. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

XXII.

O VIRGIN world ! O marvellous far days !
 No more with dreams of grief doth love grow
 bitter,
 Nor trouble dim the lustre wont to glitter
 In happy eyes. Decay alone decays :
 A moment—death's dull sleep is o'er ; and we
 Drink the immortal morning air, Earine.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

The Inn of Strange Meetings. (K. Paul.)

XXII.

OLD AGE.

OLD Age ! The sound is harsh and grates :
 Yet well the old might say, " In sooth
 Younger we grow when near the gates
 Of everlasting youth ! "

ALEXANDER R. EAGAR.

XXII.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. BRYANT.

XXII.

THE PATH OF DEATH.

WHERE Christ hath gone, why should'st thou dread
to go?

Why dread the cold, cold stream,—
Its icy flow?

Lighted its ripples are by many a gleam.
Where love hath trodden and left the pathway sweet,
Why should'st thou tread with timid, halting feet?

Poets have trodden all the path ere this :
The valiant kings of song

Death's lips must kiss ;
Yea, thou shalt know death's strange embrace
ere long ;

Where Keats and Shelley trod, art thou afraid
To tread,—through sweet death's genius-lighted
glade ?

Women have died and made the pathway sweet.
Fair women have not quailed

Death's gaze to meet,—
Have bravely met the sword-thrust that assailed.
Art thou afraid, where these have gone, to go ?
To tread the darkling vale where roses blow ?

For surely in the valley of death they shine :
These have not passed away,

But still they twine
Love's tender blossoms as in earth's glad day.
Where woman is, must life and love prevail ;
Not even at Death's kiss doth her cheek turn pale !

Thousands have trodden the weird path along ;
The mystic way gleams bright

With flowers the throng
Have wildly, fiercely, scattered in their flight.
Blossoms past numbering on the path behold !
Some white, some flame-flushed ; some of burning
gold.

Art thou afraid when all the path thus teems
With human love and thought,
With human dreams,
And with the works the hands of men have
wrought ?

Be not afraid : the path is dark to tread,—
Yet is it sweeter than thy bridal bed.

GEORGE BARLOW.

XXII.

[From "To David in Heaven."]

MUST it last for ever,
The passionate endeavour,
Ay, have you, there in heaven, hearts to throb and
still aspire ?

In the life you know now,
Render'd white as snow now,
Doth a fresh mountain-range arise, and beckon
higher—higher ?

Are you dreaming, dreaming,
Is your Soul still roaming,
Still gazing upward as we gazed, of old, in the
autumn gloaming !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.
Poetical Works, Vol. I.

XXII.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EZEKIEL, AND OTHER POEMS."

ONLY to stand on the Threshold
Of the holy and beautiful home,
To hear the rush of the music
Under the crystal dome,
When the radiant saints and the angels
Are standing to bless the King,
And the glorious tones of their anthem
Through all the gateways ring.

Or to hear in the heavenly silence,
Silence as sweet as song,
The still small voice that floweth
The golden streets along ;
The voice of Him that liveth,
And once was dead for me,
The voice that in old time sounded
By the waves of Galilee.

Only to stand on the Threshold,
 Though I see not the Master's face :
 At the gate of His holy Palace
 To have my name and my place ;
 From my post I shall never wander,
 At my watch I shall never sleep,
 And my heart shall sing for gladness
 At the door I am set to keep.

Only to see them bringing
 The ransomed people home,
 With voice of joy and triumph,
 Never again to roam ;
 To bid them welcome joyful
 From all the weary lands,
 To the shelter and the sweetness
 Of the house not made with hands.

Only to hear the greetings
 Of the spirits robed in white,
 When those who parted in darkness
 Are met again in the light ;
 And sing, for the tender rapture
 Of loved ones sheltered there,
 The sweetest songs of heaven
 To the Master's loving care.

He knows the light and the darkness,
 The gladness of love, and the pain,
 For his own heart glows in the sunlight
 That shineth after rain ;
 And ever His joy grows deeper,
 And ever His smile more bright,
 When those who parted in darkness
 Are met again in the light.

Only to see, when the twilight
 Grows dark beneath my feet,
 That the falling stars are the angels
 Going down to the shadowy street ;
 Going down to smooth the pathways
 That weary feet have trod ;
 And to kiss the sleeping children,
 And give them dreams of God.

Only to stand on the Threshold !
 Ah, this were heaven to me,
 After the dreary desert,
 After the wintry sea ;
 But I hear Him call me higher,
 In accents low and sweet,—
 I shall not stand on the Threshold,
 But sit at the Master's feet. B. M.

XXII.

THERE is a bond of brotherhood in tears.
 Ah, pale dead face close-curtained in the past,
 Another's tears have drawn the veil at last,
 And oped the heart-wounds closed—how many
 years ?

Ah, pale dead face close-curtained in the past,
 All newer griefs are strong, recalling thee,
 Strong heart with more than brother's love
 me ;
 Another's tears have drawn the veil at last.
 All newer griefs are strong, recalling thee,
 Strong linkings of the life we lead no more
 To our next hand-grip on the further shore,
 Strong heart with more than brother's love to me

ALEXANDER R. EAGAR.

XXII.

I HAD a vision, and I saw the glory
 Behind the cloudy veil of Life and Breath,
 Where reigns the Mother, merciful and hoary,
 Whose name, for us who know her not, is Death

O Mother Death ! I shall not hate or fear thee ;
 Lo, I have seen thee, and thou art not sad ;
 And I shall hear thy voice when thou art near
 And fly to thy white bosom, and be glad.

ALEXANDER R. EAGAR.

XXII.

It is not here, it is not now,
 That hearts are knit, no more to sever ;
 Grief's wrinkles razed from cheek and brow,
 And life's long blanks filled up for ever,

H. BONAR.

Hymns of Faith and Hope, First Series
 (Nisbet.)

XXII.

So passeth our life away,
 Like a footprint on the shore ;
 To the dust, that is Life, returns
 To the dust, that was Death before ;
 And the place that knew us of old
 Soon remembereth us no more.

S. K. COWAN.

The Murmur of the Shells. (McCaw, Belfast.)

XXII.

LIFE lies in embryo,—never free
Till Nature yields her breath,
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And Man is born in Death.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

~~~~~

XXII.

NOR fear thou death. God's law is gain in loss :  
Growth and decay obey a common law,  
The starry blossom and the seed are one.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

*The Legend of Phyllis.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~

XXII.

DEATH.

WHY fear we Death? In ancient days, we know
The Slave was raised to Freedman by a blow ;
Thy prison-house, not thee, the hand of Death lays
low.

ALEXANDER R. EAGAR.

~~~~~

XXII.

WEARY.

"Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet  
tender."—BUNYAN.

SOME grave is known to God,  
Some green sequestered sod,  
Wrapped in whose fragrant fold  
I shall no more grow cold.

And God hath saints who sing,  
And holy hands which bring  
Offerings and gifts more meet  
Than mine, who clasp His feet,

And ask to toil no more,  
But, on the golden shore,  
To rest, and dream, and be  
As God's dead men are, free.

Yet, since He frees me not,  
I wait and wonder what  
Undreamed-of thing God hath,  
Better to give than death.

GEORGE A. CHADWICK.

*As One that Serveth.* (Elliot Stock.)

XXII

THE RAINBOW.

THE rain-clouds slowly trail from the dun hills,  
And the grey mists retreat from the grey seas,  
And a fresh wind comes forth and shakes the  
trees

And blows the foam from the o'erflooded rills,  
And softly then the sun the wet sky fills  
With chastened lights, and a long shimmer flees  
From cloud to cloud until from the drench'd leas  
A Rainbow curves its arc and glows and thrills :

The soul of unborn Spring doth dwell therein ;  
And so when o'er the wastes of human days  
Hope bends her bow above the o'erwhelming  
strife,

We see the token of the goal we'd win,  
And know that having passed through death's  
dim ways  
The Spring shall greet us of immortal Life.

WILLIAM SHARP.

~~~~~

XXII.

GIANT DESPAIR.

I. HIS DEATH.

SAD is the plight of Giant Despair,
In Doubting Castle sick lies he !
The castle is built on a headland bare,
And looks on the wash of a whirling Sea.

With the noise in his ears and the gleam in his eyes
Of the breaking waves that beneath him beat,
Propt on pillows the Giant lies,
Pillowed, too, are his gouty feet.

In and out the Leeches of Souls
Run and chatter and prate and pray—
But the great wind wails and the thunder rolls :
None may banish his gloom away.

With parchment cheek and lack-lustre eye
He looketh out on the stormy scene—
Cruel is he and bloody and sly,
Lustful and bad his life hath been.

O Priests who stand and whisper there,
While he groans and curses and shrinks for fear,
What can ye say to Giant Despair
To comfort him now his end is near !

Y 2

Fat and oily and sweet, cries one :—

“ Comfort, O comfort ! for heaven is sure—
There the believer shall revel in fun,
And all delight that is plump and pure.

“ Nothing delicious the Lord denies,
Rosy wine he shall drink in bliss ”—

“ Add, moreover,” another cries,
“ Waists to encircle and lips to kiss.”

With parchment cheek and lack-lustre eye
The Giant lies and makes no sign :
Women’s falsehood has made him sigh,
He is sick of the very sight of wine.

“ Comfort ! ” another crieth loud,
“ Full of music shall be thy breast,
Thou shalt sit full proud on a rosy cloud,
Happy and idle, amongst the blest—

“ All shall be stainless and sweet and fair ;
All shall be merry from night to morn.”
Giant Despair stirred in his chair,
Scowled at the speaker and grunted scorn.

Then one said this and one said that,
And all were full of the world to be :
Yet dull and bitter the Giant sat
Scowling out at the sullen Sea.

And all the storm of the wind and rain,
And all the rage of the wrathful wave,
Flowed in and out of the Giant’s brain
As the surge in and out of a dank sea-cave.

Forth, at last, stept a shape so grey,
Crown’d with poppy, and shrouded deep ;
He touch’d the Giant with hand of clay,
And held a goblet—“ Drink this, and sleep.

“ Over thy grave the grass shall grow—
Roses too, the white and the red—
The generations shall come and go,
But *thou* shalt slumber,” the spirit said.

“ Many a year shall blossom and fade,
Many a life be given and taken,
Ere from thy sleep in the silent shade
Thou, with a thrill of new life, shalt waken.”

The Giant smiled. Still loud and strong
Sounded the sob of the weary Sea.

“ My ears are sick !—may my sleep be long !
For ever and ever, if that may be.”

II. AFTER.

WHO on the Giant’s tomb
Sits in the twilight gloom,
With white hands folded ?
Her breath comes fresh and warm,
Silent she waits, a form
Divinely moulded.

Maiden she is ; with eyes
That search the dark still skies
She sits in shadow ;
Strewn scented at her feet
Are rue and lilies sweet,
And flowers o’ the meadow.

And in her wild black hair
Are wild weeds passing fair,
Pluck’d from dark places—
Dumb, dead, her sweet lips are,
And fixèd as a star
Her marble face is.

Under God’s starless cope,
Vestured in white sits Hope,
A musing maiden ;
Under a yew sits she,
Watching most silently
The gates of Eden.

Afar away they shine !
While up those depths divine
Her eyes are turning—
And one by one on high
The strange lamps of the sky
Are dimly burning.

Such sounds as fill’d with care
The dark heart of Despair
Disturb her never,—
Tho’ close to her white feet
That mighty Sea doth beat,
Moaning for ever.

She sees the foam-flash gleam,
She hears, in a half dream,
The muffled thunder.
The salt dew fills her hair ;
Her thoughts are elsewhere,
Watching in wonder.

There let her sit alone,
Ev’n as a shape of stone
In twilight gleaming ;

Despair's pale monument,
There let her sit, content,
Waiting and dreaming.

Ah! which were sweetest, best?
With dead Despair to rest
In sleep unbroken;
Or with that marble Maid
To watch, to sit in the shade,
Waiting a token?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.
Ballads of Life, Love, and Humour.
(Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
XXII.

HOMESICK IN HEAVEN.

(From "The Poet at the Breakfast Table.")

THE DIVINE VOICE.

Go seek thine earth-born sisters,—thus the Voice  
That all obey,—the sad and silent three;  
These only, while the hosts of Heaven rejoice,  
Smile never: ask them what their sorrows be:

And when the secret of their griefs they tell,  
Look on them with thy mild, half-human eyes;  
Say what thou wast on earth; thou knowest well;  
So shall they cease from unavailing sighs.

THE ANGEL.

—Why thus, apart—the swift-winged herald spake—  
Sit ye with silent lips and unstrung lyres,  
While the trisagion's blending chords awake  
In shouts of joy from all the heavenly choirs?

THE FIRST SPIRIT.

—Chide not thy sisters—thus the answer came;—  
Children of earth, our half-weaned nature clings  
To earth's fond memories, and her whispered name  
Untunes our quivering lips, our saddened strings;  
For there we loved, and where we love is home,  
Home that our feet may leave, but not our  
hearts,  
Though o'er us shine the jasper-lighted dome:—  
The chain may lengthen, but it never parts!

Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling by,  
And then we softly whisper,—*can it be?*  
And leaning toward the silvery orb, we try  
To hear the music of its murmuring sea;

To catch, perhaps, some flashing glimpse of green,  
Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance, wafted  
through  
The opening gates of pearl, that fold between  
The blinding splendours and the changeless blue.

THE ANGEL.

—Nay, sister, nay! a single healing leaf  
Plucked from the bough of yon twelve-rooted  
tree,  
Would soothe such anguish,—deeper-stabbing grief  
Has pierced thy throbbing heart—

THE FIRST SPIRIT.

Ah! woe is me!  
I from my clinging babe was rudely torn;  
His tender lips a loveless bosom pressed;  
Can I forget him in my life new-born?  
O that my darling lay upon my breast!

THE ANGEL.

—And thou?—

THE SECOND SPIRIT.

I was a fair and youthful bride,  
The kiss of love still burns upon my cheek,  
He whom I worshipped, ever at my side,—  
Him through the spirit-realm in vain I seek.

Sweet faces turn their beaming eyes on mine;  
Ah! not in these the wished-for look I read;  
Still for that one dear human smile I pine;  
*Thou and none other!*—is the lover's creed.

THE ANGEL.

—And whence *thy* sadness in a world of bliss  
Where never parting comes, nor mourner's tear?  
Art thou, too, dreaming of a mortal's kiss  
Amid the seraphs of the heavenly sphere?

THE THIRD SPIRIT.

—Nay, tax not me with passion's wasting fire;  
When the swift message set my spirit free,  
Blind, helpless, lone, I left my gray-haired sire;  
My friends were many, he had none save me.

I left him, orphaned, in the starless night;  
Alas for him no cheerful morning's dawn!  
I wear the ransom'd spirit's robe of white,  
Yet still I hear him moaning, *She is gone!*

## THE ANGEL.

—Ye know me not, sweet sisters?—All in vain  
 Ye seek your lost ones in the shapes they wore;  
 The flower once opened may not bud again,  
 The fruit once fallen finds the stem no more.

Child, lover, sire,—yea, all things loved below,—  
 Fair pictures damasked on a vapour's fold,—  
 Fade like the roseate flush, the golden glow,  
 When the bright curtain of the day is rolled.

*I* was the babe that slumbered on *thy* breast.  
 — And, sister, mine the lips that called *thee* bride.  
 — Mine were the silvered locks *thy* hand caressed,  
 That faithful hand, my faltering footsteps' guide!

Each changing form, frail vesture of decay,  
 The soul unclad forgets it once hath worn,  
 Stained with the travel of the weary day,  
 And shamed with rents from every wayside thorn.

To lie, an infant, in *thy* fond embrace,—  
 To come with love's warm kisses back to *thee*,—  
 To show *thine* eyes thy gray-haired father's face,  
 Not Heaven itself could grant; this may not be!

Then spread your folded wings, and leave to earth  
 The dust once breathing ye have mourned so long,  
 Till Love, new risen, owns his heavenly birth,  
 And sorrow's discords sweeten into song!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

[I am glad to call the attention of my readers to this excellent popular edition of Dr. Holmes's Poems.—F. L.]



XXII.

## AT LAST.

LET me at last be laid  
 On that hillside I know which scans the vale,  
 Beneath the thick yews' shade,  
 For shelter when the rains and winds prevail.  
 It cannot be the eye  
 Is blinded when we die,  
 So that we know no more at all  
 The dawns increase, the evenings fall;  
 Shut up within a mouldering chest of wood  
 Asleep, and careless of our children's good.

Shall I not feel the spring,  
 The yearly resurrection of the earth,  
 Stir thro' each sleeping thing  
 With the fair throbbings and alarms of birth,  
 Calling at its own hour  
 On folded leaf and flower;  
 Calling the lamb, the lark, the bee,  
 Calling the crocus and anemone,  
 Calling new lustre to the maiden's eye,  
 And to the youth love and ambition high?

Shall I no more admire  
 The winding river kiss the daisied plain?  
 Nor see the dawn's cold fire  
 Steal downward from the rosy hills again?  
 Nor watch the frowning cloud,  
 Sublime with mutterings loud,  
 Burst on the vale, nor eves of gold,  
 Nor crescent moons, nor starlights cold,  
 Nor the red casements glimmer on the hill  
 At Yule-tides, when the frozen leas are still?

Or should my children's tread  
 Through Sabbath twilights, when the hymns are  
 done,  
 Come softly overhead,  
 Shall no sweet quickening through my bosom run,  
 Till all my soul exhale  
 Into the primrose pale,  
 And every flower which springs above  
 Breathes a new perfume from my love;  
 And I shall throb, and stir, and thrill beneath  
 With a pure passion stronger far than death?

Sweet thought! fair, gracious dream,  
 Too fair and fleeting for our clearer view!  
 How should our reason deem  
 That those dear souls, who sleep beneath the blue  
 In rayless caverns dim,  
 'Mid ocean monsters grim,  
 Or whitening on the trackless sand,  
 Or with strange corpses on each hand  
 In battle-trench or city graveyard lie,  
 Break not their prison-bonds till time shall die?

Nay, 'tis not so indeed.  
 With the last fluttering of the failing breath  
 The clay-cold form doth breed  
 A viewless essence, far too fine for death;

And ere one voice can mourn,  
 On upward pinions borne,  
 They are hidden, they are hidden, in some thin air,  
 Far from corruption, far from care,  
 Where through a veil they view their former scene,  
 Only a little touched by what has been.

Touched but a little ; and yet,  
 Conscious of every change that doth befall,  
 By constant change beset,  
 The creatures of this tiny whirling ball,  
 Filled with a higher being,  
 Dowered with a clearer seeing,  
 Risen to a vaster scheme of life,  
 To wider joys and nobler strife,  
 Viewing our little human hopes and fears  
 As we our children's fleeting smiles and tears.

Then, whether with fire they burn  
 This dwelling-house of mine when I am fled,  
 And in a marble urn  
 My ashes rest by my beloved dead,  
 Or in the sweet cold earth  
 I pass from death to birth,  
 And pay kind Nature's life-long debt  
 In heart's-ease and in violet—  
 In charnel-yard or hidden ocean wave,  
 Where'er I lie, I shall not scorn my grave.

LEWIS MORRIS.

*Songs of Two Worlds : Third Series.*

(Kegan Paul and Co.)

[It is good news to the lovers of poetry that Mr. Lewis Morris's Poetical Works are now published in a cheap uniform edition.]

## II.

### FUNERAL PICTURES,

#### AND MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS ABOUT DEATH AND THE DEAD.

“ Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.”—ECCLES. xiii. 5.

THE earth, save here and there where stones  
May turn the edge of sexton's spade,  
Is a receptacle for bones,—  
A grotto for the wayworn made.  
One key unlocks its doors—the steel  
Under the sexton's heavy heel.

What marvel if the sexton's talk  
Ran in trite sayings of the dead?  
If in their midst his daily walk,  
Their annals needs must crowd his head.  
His path in life at best was dull,—  
Just here a rib, just there a skull.

“ At once to bed proceeds my guest ;  
He lies not down by candlelight.  
To get for once a thorough rest,  
He fixes on the longest night.  
He cares not where his head is laid,  
Nor bears in mind the chambermaid.”

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.  
*Parables and Tales.* (Chapman and Hall.)

#### THE COMMUNISM OF THE GRAVE.

STRANGE medley here !  
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;  
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,  
Whose every day was made of melody,  
Hears not the voice of mirth. The shrill-tongued  
shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.  
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;  
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane ;  
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;  
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean.  
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;  
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,  
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

ROBERT BLAIR.  
*The Grave.*

#### A CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.

BUT ever there a sunbeam waits,  
And ever there a shadow falls—  
The gleam is from the pearly gates,  
The shadow from the golden walls.

W. ALEXANDER.  
*Specimens.*

GOD'S-ACRE ! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life—alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)



## DIRGE.

[For one who fell in Battle.]

Room for a Soldier ! lay him in the clover ;  
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover ;  
Make his mound with hers who called him once  
her lover :

Where the rain may rain upon it,  
Where the sun may shine upon it,  
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,  
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches ;  
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,  
Where the whippoorwill shall mourn, where the  
oriole perches :

Make his mound with sunshine on it,  
Where the bee will dine upon it,  
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,  
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the busy bee, his rest should be the clover ;  
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be  
his cover ;

Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow  
over :

Where the rain may rain upon it,  
Where the sun may shine upon it,  
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,  
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full  
often,  
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften ;  
He never could look cold till we saw him in his  
coffin.

Make his mound with sunshine on it,  
Where the wind may sigh upon it,  
Where the moon may stream upon it,  
And Memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or Colonel,"—whatever invocation  
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—  
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a  
mighty nation !

Long as the sun doth shine upon it,  
Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,  
Long as the stars do gleam upon it,  
Shall Memory come to dream upon it.

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

## THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.

Blue gulf all around us,  
Blue sky overhead—  
Muster all on the quarter,  
We must bury the dead !

It is but a Danish sailor,  
Rugged of front and form ;  
A common son of the forecastle,  
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name and the strand he hail'd from  
We know—and there's nothing more !  
But perhaps his mother is waiting  
In the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still as he lay there dying,  
Reason drifting, a wreck,—  
" 'Tis my watch ! " he would mutter—  
" I must go upon deck ! "

Ay, on deck—by the foremast !—  
But watch and look-out are done ;  
The Union Jack laid o'er him,  
How quiet he lies in the sun !

Slow the ponderous engine !  
Stay the hurrying shaft !  
Let the roll of the ocean  
Cradle our giant craft !  
Gather around the grating,  
Carry your messmate aft !

Stand in order, and listen  
To the holiest page of prayer ;  
Let every foot be quiet,  
Every head be bare !  
The soft trade-wind is lifting  
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service  
(A little spray on his cheeks)—  
The grand old words of burial,  
And the trust a true heart seeks,—  
" We therefore commit his body  
To the deep ! "—and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather-railing,  
Swift as the eye can mark,  
The ghastly, shotted hammock  
Plunges, away from the shark,  
Down, a thousand fathoms,  
Down into the dark !

A thousand summers and winters  
 The stormy Gulf shall roll  
 High o'er his canvas coffin,—  
 But, silence to doubt and dole!  
 There's a quiet harbour somewhere  
 For the poor a-weary soul.  
 Free the fetter'd engine!  
 Speed the tireless shaft!  
 Loose top-gallant and topsail!  
 The breeze is fair abaft.  
 Blue sea all around us,  
 Blue sky bright o'erhead,—  
 Every man to his duty!  
 We have buried our dead.

H. H. BROWNELL.

~~~~~  
 THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round
 trot;
 To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
 The road it is rough and the hearse has no springs,
 And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings:—
 "Rattle his bones over the stones,
 He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"
 Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are
 none,
 He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone,
 Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man—
 To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can.
 "Rattle his bones over the stones,
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"
 What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and
 din;
 The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they
 spin!
 How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is
 hurled!
 The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.
 "Rattle his bones over the stones,
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"
 Poor pauper, defunct, he has made some approach
 To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach,
 He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
 But it will not be long if he goes on so fast.
 "Rattle his bones over the stones,
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

You bumpkin who stare at your brother conveyed
 Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid,
 And be joyful to think when by death you're laid
 low,
 You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go
 "Rattle his bones over the stones,
 He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain for my soul it is sad,
 To think that a heart in humanity clad
 Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end
 And depart from the light without leaving a friend
 Bear softly his bones over the stones,
 Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker
 yet owns.

T. NOEL.

Rhymes and Roundelays.

~~~~~  
 BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,  
 The shadowed light of evening fell;  
 And, where the maple's leaf was brown,  
 With soft and silent lapse came down  
 The glory that the wood receives,  
 At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light  
 Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,  
 Around a far uplifted cone,  
 In the warm blush of evening shone;  
 An image of the silver lakes,  
 By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard  
 Where the soft breath of evening stirred  
 The tall, grey forest; and a band  
 Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,  
 Came winding down beside the wave,  
 To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers  
 He stood, in the last moon of flowers,  
 And thirty snows had not yet shed  
 Their glory on the warrior's head;  
 But, as the summer fruit decays,  
 So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin  
Covered the warrior, and within  
Its heavy folds the weapons, made  
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;  
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,  
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain ;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came ; and oft that eye so proud  
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief—they freed  
Beside the grave his battle-steed ;  
And swift an arrow cleaved its way  
To his stern heart ! One piercing neigh  
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,  
The rider grasps his steed again.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.  
*Earlier Poems : Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
THE DEAD.

UNDERNEATH the nodding plumes,
Black in dolorous pride,
All along the busy streets
Curiously eyed ;
While anon the mourners follow
In feigned calmness, grief as hollow,
Some few idly glancing wide—
How quietly *they* ride !

Underneath the artillery's tramp
Charging, fiend-possess,
Storms of rattling fiery hail
Sweeping each safe breast,
Till the kind moon—battle over—
Kiss their faces like a lover,
Calm boy-faces, earthward prest—
How quietly *they* rest !

Underneath the pitiless roar
Of the hungry deep,
Crossed the gulf from life to—life,
In a single leap ;
Hundreds in a moment knowing
The one secret none is showing,
Though the whole world rave and weep—
How quietly *they* sleep !

Life, this hard and painful Life,
With a yearning tongue
Calls unto her brother Death :
“ Brother, dear, how long ? ”
Lays her head upon his shoulder—
Softer than all clasps, scarce colder !—
In his close arms, safe and strong,
Slips with him from the throng.

Author of “ JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
THE LEAF.

We all do fade as a leaf.—ISAIAH lxiv. 6.

SEE the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and wither'd to the ground ;  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound.

Sons of Adam, once in Eden,  
Blighted when like us he fell,  
Hear the lecture we are reading,  
'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much presuming  
On your boasted white and red,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Number'd now among the dead.

Gripping misers, nightly waking,  
See the end of all your care ;  
Fled on wings of our own making,  
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,  
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,  
Lo ! the fickle air, that raises,  
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sophs, in systems jaded,  
Who for new ones daily call,  
Cease, at length, by us persuaded,  
Ev'ry leaf must have its fall.

Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,  
 Gay in health and manly grace,  
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you,  
 Summer gives to Autumn place

Venerable sires, grown hoary,  
 Hither turn th' unwilling eye.  
 Think, amidst your falling glory  
 Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,  
 Messengers of shortest stay,  
 Thus we preach, this truth concerning,  
 "Heaven and earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,  
 Man, let all thy hope be staid,  
 Which alone, for ever vernal,  
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

GEORGE HORNE.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie,  
 With his many pretty wiles ;  
 Worlds of wisdom in his look,  
 And quaint, quiet smiles.  
 Hair of amber touch'd with  
 Gold of heaven so brave ;  
 All lying darkly hid  
 In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie,  
 Fair and funny fellow ! he  
 Sprang like a lily  
 From the dirt of poverty.  
 Poor little Willie !  
 Not a friend was nigh,  
 When from the cold world  
 He crouch'd down to die.

In the day we wander'd foodless,  
 Little Willie cried for "bread ;"  
 In the night we wander'd homeless,  
 Little Willie cried for "bed."  
 Parted at the workhouse door,  
 Not a word we said ;  
 Ah ! so tired was poor Willie,  
 And so sweetly sleep the dead.

'Twas in the dead of winter  
 We laid him in the earth ;  
 The world brought in the new year  
 On a tide of mirth.  
 But, for lost little Willie  
 Not a tear we crave ;  
 Cold and hunger cannot wake him  
 In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful ;  
 Felt it hard to part ;  
 We loved him dutiful ;  
 Down, down poor heart !  
 The storms they may beat,  
 The winter winds may rave ;  
 Little Willie feels not  
 In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie ;  
 In the world he had no part ;  
 On him stared the gorgon-eye  
 Through which looks no heart.  
 "Come to me," said heaven ;  
 And if heaven will save,  
 Little matters though the door  
 Be a workhouse grave.

GERALD MASSEY  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

THE CHURCHYARD.

You may enter softly  
 At the wicket gate :  
 The moon is overclouded,  
 And the night grows late.  
 Even on the blackness  
 Black the steeple looms.  
 You may go and wander  
 All about the tombs.

Do not care to listen,  
 Stop, or hold your breath :  
 Do not fear to waken  
 Those that lie beneath.  
 Death has dull'd their ears to  
 Sound of wedding bell ;  
 Death has, with his poppies,  
 Seal'd their eyelids well.

Go, if you delight in  
 Lonely sight or sound ;  
 You may wander softly  
 On from mound to mound.  
 In the yew-tree darkness  
 You may sit and sigh :  
 Heed not, if about you  
 Bats and owlets fly. T. ASHE.  
*Poems.* (Knights, Ipswich.)

~~~~~  
 TO THE DEAD.
 (*A Paraphrase.*)

GONE art thou ? gone, and is the light of day
 Still shining, is my hair not touched with grey ?
 But evening draweth nigh, I pass the door,
 And see thee walking on the dim-lit shore.

Gone art thou ? gone, and weary on the brink
 Of Lethe waiting there. O do not drink ;
 Drink not, forget not, wait a little while,
 I shall be with thee ; we again may smile.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.
A Poet's Harvest Home. (Elliot Stock.)

~~~~~  
 WHERE thou hast touched, O wondrous Death !  
 Where thou hast come between,  
 Lo ! there for ever perisheth  
 The common and the mean.  
 No little flaw, or trivial speck  
 Doth any more appear,  
 And cannot from this time, to fleck  
 Love's perfect image clear.  
 Clear stands Love's perfect image now,  
 And shall do evermore ;  
 And we in awe and wonder bow  
 The glorified before. R. C. TRENCH.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 LADY MARY.

THOU wert fair, Lady Mary,
 As the lily in the sun :
 And fairer yet thou mightest be,
 Thy youth was but begun :
 Thine eye was soft and glancing,
 Of the deep bright blue ;
 And on the heart thy gentle words
 Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 Even as thou hadst been praying,
 At thine hour of rest :
 The cold pale moon was shining
 On thy cold pale cheek ;
 And the morn of the Nativity
 Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
 All of pure white stone,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 In the chancel all alone :
 And I saw thee when the winter moon
 Shone on thy marble cheek,
 When the morn of the Nativity
 Had just began to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 Among the perfect spirits,
 In the land of rest :
 Thou art even as they took thee
 At thine hour of prayer,
 Save the glory that is on thee
 From the Sun that shineth there,

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
 On that shore unknown,
 A pure and happy angel
 In the presence of the throne ;
 We shall see thee when the light divine
 Plays freshly on thy cheek,
 And the resurrection morning
 Hath just begun to break.

HENRY ALFORD.
Poetical Works. (Isbister.)

~~~~~  
 AT HER GRAVE.

I HAVE stayed too long from your grave, it seems,  
 Now I come back again.  
 Love, have you stirred down there in your dreams  
 Through the sunny days or the rain ?  
 Ah, no ! the same peace ; you are happy so ;  
 And your flowers, how do they grow ?

Your rose has a bud : is it meant for me ?  
 Ah, little red gift put up  
 So silently, like a child's present, you see  
 Lying beside your cup !  
 And geranium leaves—I will take, if I may,  
 Two or three to carry away.  
 I went not far. In yon world of ours  
 Grow ugly weeds. With my heart,  
 Thinking of you and your garden of flowers  
 I went to do my part,  
 Plucking up where they poison the human wheat  
 The weeds of cant and deceit.  
 'Tis a hideous thing I have seen, and the toil  
 Begets few thanks, much hate ;  
 And the new crop only will find the soil  
 Less foul, for the old 'tis too late.  
 I come back to the only spot I know  
 Where a weed will never grow.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Songs of a Worker.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
 THE GRAVEYARD.

THEY sleep here well who have forgotten to-day,
 They weep not while we weep, nor wake each
 morn
 To bitter new surprise, as mourners may
 That knew not in their rest they were forlorn.
 Calm graveyard, 'tis more pleasant to sit here
 Than where loud life pretends its eager cheer :
 Calm graveyard, where he waits and I shall be,
 Thou hast the spot of earth most dear to me.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.
A Book of Rhyme: English Stornelli.
 (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 WE TWO.

WE two that could not part are parted long ;  
 He in the far-off Heaven, and I to wait.  
 A fair world once, all blossom-time and song ;  
 But to be lonely tires, and I live late.  
 To think we two have not a word to change :  
 And one without the other here is strange !  
 To think we two have nothing now to share :  
 I wondering here, and he without me there !

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.  
*A Book of Rhyme: English Stornelli.*  
 (Macmillan.)

WE TWO.

WE two, we two ! we still are linked and nigh :  
 He could not have forgotten in any bliss ;  
 Surely he feels my being yet ; and I,  
 I have no thought but seems some part of his  
 Oh love gone out of reach of yearning eyes,  
 Our hearts can meet to gather-in replies :  
 Oh love past touch of lip and clasp of hand,  
 Thou canst not be too far to understand.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER  
*A Book of Rhyme: English Stornelli.*  
 (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 MY TOMB.¹

(*Written on a proposal made during Béranger's lifetime, to raise a subscription for a tomb for him.*)

WHAT ! bury Béranger in state—
 Rear a tomb where these old bones are laid ?
 No, leave to the proud and the great
 The farce of funereal parade.
 Bronze and marble be casings too fine
 For dust whence the spirit has past ;
 Go, buy me a cellar of wine,
 To gladden our lives while they last.

The pile you're so anxious to rear,
 Will cost you some thousands of pounds ;
 With which money we'll hire for a year
 Some snug little mansion with grounds ;
 And then, when our cash is all spent,
 In dinner, in concert, and ball,
 Down I'll lay me, resigned and content,
 Without any tombstone at all !

Then, my worthy kind friends, though I'm old,
 Here's a maid has a fancy for me ;
 Girls sometimes like presents, I'm told,
 And my pockets are empty, you see.
 If the price of a shawl could be found
 In this sum you've amassed—I'm not proud—
 'Twill do her more good, I'll be bound,
 Than the tomb would do me in my shroud.

¹ From *Kottabos*, the Trinity College, Dublin, term magazine.

There's a play that's called "Pallida Mors,"
 With corpses for audience grim,
 And it soon must be *my* turn, of course,
 To visit this theatre dim.
 But a tomb for a tier-box of state
 Is more than I wished or expected,
 So no more of this pomp which I hate,
 But do this with the cash you've collected.

Here's an honest old fellow, you see,
 Without friends, without cash, without food ;
 He'll be gone to the play before me,
 Still this money might do him some good.
 Yes, in comfort, poor soul, you shall die,
 And when in Death's playhouse you sit,
 I'm sure that beside you you'll try
 To keep me a place in the pit !

What care I though my name be renowned,
 When deaf to all praise I shall be—
 Though my statue with garlands be crowned,
 When their sweets shall be scentless to me ?
 No, no, at some far distant day,
 My tomb should posterity seek,
 Go tell them I squandered away,
 It's price, ere I died, in a week !

HUBERT J. DE BURGH.
Songs and Ballads from the French of
 P. J. De Béranger. (W. McGee, Dublin.)

HIS LADY FRIENDS DEPLORE THE
 DEAN'S DEPARTURE.

(From "On the Death of Dr. Swift.")

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learned to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps :
 "The Dean is dead. (Pray, what is trumps ?)
 Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !
 (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole,)
 Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall.
 (I wish I knew what king to call.)
 Madam, your husband will attend
 The funeral of so good a friend ?
 No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight ;
 And he's engaged to-morrow night :

My Lady Club will take it ill,
 If he should fail her at quadrille.
 He loved the Dean—(I lead a heart)—
 But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 His time was come : he'd run his race ;
 We hope he's in a better place."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

GROWING ON A GRAVE.

LOVE, on your grave in the ground
 Sweet flowers I planted are growing ;
 Lilies and violets abound,
 Pansies border it round,
 And cowslips, all of my sowing ;
 A creeper is trying to cover
 Your name with a kiss like a lover.

Dear, on your grave, in my heart,
 Grow flowers you planted when living,
 Memories that cannot depart,
 Faith in life's holier part,
 Love, all of your giving ;
 And Hope, climbing higher, is surer
 To reach you as life grows purer.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.
Songs of a Worker. (Chatto and Windus.)

A VERY worthless rogue may dig the grave,
 But hands unseen will dress the turf with daisies.

FREDERICK LOCKER.
London Lyrics. (K. Paul.)

VEIL we the dead, and close the open door.
 Perhaps the spirit, ere it soar above,
 Would watch its clay alone, and hover o'er
 The face it once had kindled into love ;
 Commune we hence, O friend, this wakeful night,
 Of death made lovely by so blest a sight.

HENRY W. PARKER.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
 My tears might well be shed,
 To think I was not near to keep
 One vigil o'er thy bed ;

To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,
 Uphold thy drooping head;
 And show that love, however vain,
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.
 Yet how much less it were to gain,
 Though thou hast left me free,
 The loveliest things that still remain,
 Than thus remember thee!
 The all of thine that cannot die
 Through dark and dread Eternity
 Returns again to me,
 And more thy buried love endears
 Than aught, except its living years.

LORD BYRON.

~~~~~  
 QUIET WATERS.

O RAINBOW, Rainbow, on the livid height,  
 Softening its ashen outlines into dream,  
 Dewy yet brilliant, delicately bright  
 As pink wild-roses' leaves, why dost thou gleam  
 So beckoningly? Whom dost thou invite  
 Still higher upward on the bitter quest?  
 What dost thou promise to the weary sight  
 In that strange region whence thou issuest?  
 Speakest thou of pensive runlets by whose side  
 Our dear ones wander sweet and gentle-eyed,  
 In the soft dawn of some diviner Day?  
 Art thou a promise? Come those hues and dyes  
 From heavenly Meads, near which thou dost arise,  
 Iris'd from Quiet Waters, far away?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

*Coruisken Sonnets: Poetical Works, Vol. III.*

~~~~~  
 A PRAYER.

GOD! do not let my loved one die,
 But rather wait until the time
 That I am grown in purity
 Enough to enter thy pure clime;
 Then take me, I will gladly go,
 So that my love remain below!
 O, let her stay! She is by birth
 What I through death must learn to be,
 We need her more on our poor earth
 Than thou canst need in heaven with thee:
 She hath her wings already, I
 Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.

Then, God, take me! We shall be near,
 More near than ever, each to each;
 Her angel ears will find more clear
 My heavenly than my earthly speech;
 And still, as I draw nigh to thee,
 Her soul and mine shall closer be.

J. R. LOWELL

Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 A NAMELESS EPITAPH.

ASK not my name, O friend!  
 That Being only, which hath known each man  
 From the beginning, can  
 Remember each unto the end.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

CIRCLES are praised, not that abound
 In largeness, but th' exactly round:
 So life we praise that does excel
 Not in much time, but acting well.

EDMUND WALLER.

~~~~~  
 SONG.

'Tis sweet to think the pure ethereal being,  
 Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,  
 Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,  
 Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed!  
 She comes in dreams, a thing of light and lightness  
 I hear her voice, in still, small accents tell  
 Of realms of bliss, and never-fading brightness;  
 Where those who lov'd on earth, together dwell  
 Ah! yet awhile, blest shade, thy flight delaying,  
 The kindred soul with mystic converse cheer;  
 To her rapt gaze, in visions bland displaying,  
 The unearthly glories of thy happier sphere!  
 Yet, yet remain! till freed like thee, delighted,  
 She spurns the thralldom of encumbering clay;  
 Then, as on earth, in tend'rest love united,  
 Together seek the realms of endless day!

R. H. BARHAM.

*Ingoldsby Legends.* (R. Bentley and Son.)



III.

THE ACHING VOID.

“ Nothing speaks our grief so well  
As to speak nothing.”

RICHARD CRASHAW.

O FRIEND, whose loss is mine in part,  
Your grief is mine in part, although  
I cannot measure in my heart  
The immeasurable woe.

JOHN J. PIATT.

REGRET.

[EXTRACT.]

My heart within me frets and burns  
This trivial round of days to bear ;  
My spirit from old habit turns  
To where thou wert ; a void is there.

I take my laugh and bear a hand  
In what the busy neighbours strive ;  
Ah, could they come to understand  
The heart is dead, the man alive.

A dreamy life without a will,  
I move as friends would have me go ;  
I hardly heed, if yonder hill  
Be gentian-clad or crisp with snow.

I've dried my tears, as gossips say ;  
And shall be merry then they know.  
My trivial tears are done away,  
Precursors to the deeper woe.

J. LEICESTER WARREN.  
*Rehearsals.* (Longmans.)

GONE.

O IT was sweet ! O it was sweet  
To watch in the dance those gay young feet--  
And to hear the laughter ringing wild  
From the merry lips of that darling child--  
That girl serene, who scarce seventeen  
Happy summers on earth had seen.

O it was rare ! O it was rare  
To smooth the folds of her chestnut hair,  
While she murmured some old ballad rhyme,  
In the summer eve, which is love's own time,  
Her head at rest on my loving breast,  
And the sunset dying athwart the west.

O it is sad ! O it is sad  
To think of the joys that once I had :  
To wander lone over land and sea,  
And know that she waits no more for me.  
This tress of her fair soft chestnut hair  
Is all that the cruel grave would spare.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*The Inn of Strange Meetings.* (K. Paul.)

I MOURN for thee, sweet sister,  
When the wintry hours are here ;  
But when the days grow long and bright,  
And skies are blue and clear --  
Oh, when the summer's banquet  
Among the flowers is spread,  
My spirit is most sorrowful  
That thou art with the dead.  
We laid thee in thy narrow bed  
When autumn winds were high--  
Thy life had taught us how to live,  
And then we learned to die.

ALICE CAREY.

ONLY A YEAR.

ONE year ago,—a ringing voice,  
A clear blue eye,  
And clustering curls of sunny hair,  
Too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile,  
 No glance of eye,  
 No clustering curls of golden hair,  
 Fair but to die.

One year ago, what loves, what schemes  
 Far into life!  
 What joyous hopes, what high resolves,  
 What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,  
 The burial-stone,  
 Of all that beauty, life, and joy,  
 Remain alone.

One year, one year, one little year,  
 And so much gone!—  
 And yet the even flow of life  
 Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,  
 Above that head;  
 No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray  
 Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds  
 That sing above  
 Tells us how calmly sleeps below  
 The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?  
 What hast thou seen?  
 What visions fair, what glorious life,  
 Where thou hast been!

The veil, the veil,—so thin, so strong—  
 'Twixt us and thee!  
 The mystic veil, when shall it fall,  
 That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;  
 But present still,  
 And waiting for the coming hour  
 Of God's sweet will!

Lord of the living and the dead,  
 Our Saviour dear,  
 We lay in silence at Thy feet  
 This sad, sad year.

H. B. STOWE.

~~~~~  
 IN the dreams of my lonely bed,
 Ever thy form before me seems;

All night long I talk with the dead,
 All day long I think of my dreams.

This deep wound that bleeds and aches,
 This long pain, a sleepless pain—
 When the Father my spirit takes
 I shall feel it no more again.

W. C. BRYANT.
Poems. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 GONE.

[EXTRACT.]

WE miss her in the place of prayer,  
 And by the hearth-fire's light;  
 We pause beside her door to hear  
 Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,  
 Her smile no longer cheers;  
 A dimness on the stars of night,  
 Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will  
 One thought hath reconciled;  
 That He whose love exceedeth ours  
 Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,  
 And let her henceforth be  
 A messenger of love between  
 Our human hearts and thee.

J. G. WHITTIER.  
*Poetical Works.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 BUT, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!

JOHN MILTON.
Lycidas.

~~~~~  
 DARK to-day, and dark to-morrow!  
 Ah! the silence and the sorrow!

HON. RODEN NOEL.  
*A Little Child's Monument.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 No later light has lightened up my heaven,
 No second morn has ever shone for me;
 All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given
 All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

EMILY BRONTË
Poems by Charlotte, Emily, and Ann Bro
 (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

A CHAIR is vacant at our hearth,
And toys unused hang on the wall ;
No little voice excites our mirth ;
No little sports from sorrow call.

And up and down the house I go,
His dear familiar face to greet ;
Still seeking, though, in sooth, I know
That I no more that face shall meet.

Oft in the night a well-known cry
Breaks on my scarcely-wakened ear ;
And in the dark, unconsciously,
I reach his place—find nothing there.

And from the loved one at my side,
I hear the whispered prayer ascend ;
A prayer to GOD her grief to guide—
A prayer for strength until the end.

And she is calm : though oft I see
A large round tear in either eye :
Her sorrow's soothed in love for me,
And trust in GOD : but I, ah, I

Still ask for Time's all-blessed hand
To soothe my bitterness of woe :
I cannot thus my heart command,
Nor with my grief so friendly grow.

J. A. LANGFORD.
The Lamp of Life. (Simpkin.)

. . . SHE is in her grave, and, ah,
The difference to me !

W. WORDSWORTH.

OH that they would not comfort me !
Deep grief cannot be reached ;
Wisdom, to cure a broken heart,
Must not be wisdom preached.

Deep grief is better let alone ;
Voices to it are swords ;
A silent look will soothe it more
Than the tenderness of words.

F. W. FABER.
Hymns. (Richardson.)

TEARS driven back upon the fountain-head,
And Sorrow's voice suppress,
Heave, while in quiet sleep repose the dead. . .
Ah ! when will they too rest !

W. S. LANDOR.
Works. (Chapman and Hall.)

O MY lost friends ! why were ye once so dear !
And why were ye not fewer, O ye few !
Must winter, spring, and summer, thus return,
Commemorating some one torn away,
Till half the months at last shall take, with me,
Their names from those upon your scatter'd graves !

W. S. LANDOR.
Works. (Chapman and Hall.)

Amy.—My heart is shivered as a fallen cup,
And all the golden wine is in the earth.

My heart is stricken, and it cannot heal.
Tho' thou art but a little grave I know,
O little grave, it will bleed into thee
For evermore, and thou wilt not be filled.

SYDNEY DOBELL.
Balder : Poetical Works, Vol. II.
(Smith, Elder, and Co.)

FRIEND of my youth ! though younger yet my guide,
How much by thy unerring insight clear
I shaped my way of life for many a year,
What thoughtful friendship on thy deathbed died
Friend of my youth, whilst thou wast by my side
Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath ;
How like a charm thy life to me supplied
All waste and injury of time and tide,
How like a disenchantment was thy death !

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.
A Sicilian Summer. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

WE garland the urn with white roses,
Burn incense and gums on the shrine,
Play old tunes with the saddest of closes,
Dear tunes that were thine !
But in vain, all in vain ;
Thou art gone—we remain !

R. H. STODDARD.

(From "Deep Grief.")

DEEP grief is not a past event,
It is a life, a state,
Which habit makes more terrible,
And age more desolate.

But am I comfortless? Oh no!
Jesus this pathway trod;
And deeper in my soul than grief
Art Thou, my dearest God!

Good is that darkening of our lives,
Which only God can brighten:
But better still that hopeless load,
Which none but God can lighten.

F. W. FABER.

Hymns. (Richardson.)

~~~~~  
NEVER again. Oh, dearest, do you know  
All the long mournfulness of such a word?  
And even you who smile now on my pain  
May seek some day for love lost long ago,  
And sigh to the long echo faintly heard,  
Never again, never again.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

~~~~~  
ALICE.

CLEAR, truthful eyes, whose sunny radiance made
The light of life to those who loved her best;—
Though often-times unconsciously a shade
Of wistful pathos filled them when at rest,
As if they saw far off, in mist arrayed,
Some vision of the blest;

A pleading childlike mouth, whose curves unbent
Most readily for smiles or girlish glee;
Where never grieving line of discontent
Disturbed the dimples we so loved to see;
Sweet lips, whose speech seemed dearer as it went,
Than others' song could be;

A nature quick to praise, and slow to blame,
But full of generous impulse for the right;
A heart whose deep affections were the same
For all she loved, in darkness as in light;—
Such was our darling when the shadow came
And hid her from our sight.

Lilies of peace bloomed on her upward path,
The rose of love unfolded where she trod;
And all of brightness that existence hath
Seemed purposed for her in the thoughts of God,
Springtime of bloom, and lingering aftermath
Upon the autumn sod!

Alas, we knew not! chilling mists arose
And touched our dear one ere the noontide heat;
In wondering dread we saw the blossoms close,
The meek pale lilies droop beside her feet;
While she went calmly on, the last of foes
Unflinchingly to meet.

Her pathway narrowed to that darkened vale
Within whose shade the most fine gold is dim;
But she could hear already, through the veil,
The thrilling chant of sweet-voiced seraphim;
For One was there whose guidance could not fail,
And she was safe with Him.

The shadows we so dreaded for her sake,
Were but soft outlines as of angels' wings;
She did not see the moaning river break
In troubled eddies, where the amaranth clings;
For with a smile she fell asleep, to wake
Amid eternal things.

But oh, for us, between this darkened now
And all the golden past that went before,
There lies, unchanged by stormy ebb and flow,
An aching sea of silence evermore;
Where freighted ships of memory come and go,
But never reach the shore!

At times the yearning of our dreams is crossed
By some brief glimpse of her, serene and strong,
And then our love, so lately sorrow-tossed,
In happy chiding that implies no wrong,
Can only murmur, "Oh, beloved and lost,
Where have you been so long?"

"From the far outlook of the heavenly hill
What have you learned of mysteries sublime?
Hath the bright spirit opened to fulfil
Its earthly promise in celestial prime?
'Mid speech of angels, do you cherish still
The songs of olden time?"

Oh, child of peace, with tender, earnest eyes,
 Watch for us still amid the glories vast ;
 Stronger than death or sorrow love shall rise
 Rejoicing in your journey overpast,
 Our night is waning, and beyond the skies,
 The morning comes at last ! MARY ROWLES.

~~~~~  
 YOUR life lies out before you like a field  
 Wherein you have but paced a little way ;

What matter if you stumbled ? Stand upright,  
 Pass by the grave where you have wept enough,  
 Pass it, and leave your tender thoughts upon it,  
 Your faithful memories, your gracious flowers ;  
 But not your hopes, but not your living self !  
 Go on to better joys.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

*Lady Grace, Act II., Sc. 5 :—Poems. (Strahan.)*

IV.

GATHERED SNOWDROPS.

POEMS ON THE DEATH OF CHILDREN AND THE YOUNG.

“Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HERE Spring's tenderest nurslings set,  
Wind-flowers and the violet ;  
Here the white-drooped snowdrop frail,  
And the lily of the vale ;  
All of sweetness passing soon,  
Withering ere the year be noon ;  
For the little rest here,  
Like these infants of the year,  
Was, O grief! as fair as they,  
And as quickly fled away.

W. C. BENNETT.  
*Baby May, &c.* (K. Paul.)

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

I'd a dream to-night  
As I fell asleep,  
Oh! the touching sight  
Makes me still to weep :  
Of my little lad,  
Gone to leave me sad,  
Aye, the child I had,  
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,  
I my child did seek,  
There, in train, came by  
Children fair and meek,  
Each in lily white,  
With a lamp alight ;  
Each was clear to sight,  
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,  
Came my child in turn,  
But the lamp he had,  
Oh! it did not burn ;  
He, to clear my doubt,  
Said, half turned about,  
“Your tears put it out ;  
Mother, never mourn.”

WILLIAM BARNES.  
*Poems of Rural Life in Common English*  
(Macmillan.)

TO A MOURNING MOTHER.

ONCE when in Judah's coasts the Saviour taught,  
Lo, growing bold beneath the tender smile,  
Mothers to Him their little children brought,  
That those kind hands might rest on each  
awhile.

And when officious zeal began to chide  
The wistful love that to His presence led,  
He would not have the children thrust aside,  
But kissed them oft, and blest each baby-head.

Kneel, empty heart, beside the empty cot !  
Smile up to God, meek eyes that overbrim !  
Christ's arms are round the child ; forbid it not ;  
Suffer the little one to go to Him.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.  
*Gaslight and Stars.* (Marcus Ward.)

## OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

ALL in our marriage garden  
 Grew, smiling up to God,  
 A bonnier flower than ever  
 Suckt the green warmth of the sod ;  
 O beautiful unfathomably  
 Its little life unfurled ;  
 And crown of all things was our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom  
 Our bud of beauty grew :  
 It fed on smiles for sunshine ;  
 On tears for daintier dew :  
 Aye nestling warm and tenderly,  
 Our leaves of love were curled,  
 So close and close, about our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance  
 Our house of life she filled —  
 Revealed each hour some fairy tower  
 Where wingèd hopes might build !  
 We saw—though none like us might see—  
 Such precious promise pearled  
 Upon the petals of our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo  
 Of Angel-light increased,  
 Like the mystery of moonlight  
 That folds some fairy feast.  
 Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,  
 Our darling bud up-curved,  
 And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom ;  
 Our life was but in spring ;  
 When down the solemn midnight  
 We heard the Spirits sing—  
 " Another bud of infancy  
 With holy dews imperaled !"  
 And in their hands they bore our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing  
 Could leave a loss so large ;  
 Her little light such shadow fling  
 From dawn to sunset's marge.

In other springs our life may be  
 In bannered bloom unfurled,  
 But never, never match our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

GERALD MASSEY.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 HERE a pretty baby lies
 Sung asleep with lullabies ;
 Pray be silent, and not stir
 Th' easy earth that covers her.

ROBERT HERRICK.

~~~~~  
 WHY, madam, will ye longer weep,  
 When as your baby's lull'd asleep,  
 And, pretty child, feels now no more  
 Those pains it lately felt before ?  
 All now is silent ; groans are fled ;  
 Your child lies still, yet is not dead ;  
 But rather like a flower hid here,  
 To spring again another year.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## ON AN INFANT.

ON Life's wild ocean, sorrowful and pained,  
 How many voyagers their course perform !  
 This little bark a kinder fate obtained,  
 It reached the harbour ere it met the storm.

UNKNOWN.

## ON AN INFANT WHICH DIED BEFORE BAPTISM.

~~~~~  
 " *Be* rather than *be called* a child of God,"
 Death whispered !—with assenting nod,
 Its head upon its mother's breast
 The baby bowed without demur—
 Of the kingdom of the Blest
 Possessor, not inheritor.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

~~~~~  
 ERE Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,  
 Death came with friendly care ;  
 The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,  
 And bade it blossom there.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

HITHER come, at close of day,  
And o'er this dust, sweet Mothers, pray !  
A little infant lies within,  
Who never knew the name of sin ;  
Belovèd,—bright,—and all our own ;  
Like morning fair,—and sooner flown !

BARRY CORNWALL.  
*English Poems.* (G. Bell.)

SHE came in Spring, when leaves were green,  
And birds sang blithe in bower and tree,  
And flowers sprang up and bloomed between  
Low branches and the quickening lea.

The greenness of the leaf is gone,  
The beauty of the flower is riven,  
The birds to other climes have flown,  
And there's an angel more in heaven.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

(From "*The Three Sons.*")

I KNOW that we shall meet our babe, (his mother  
dear and I,)—  
When God for aye shall wipe away all tears from  
every eye.  
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can  
never cease ;  
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is  
certain peace.  
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from  
bliss may sever,  
But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours  
for ever.  
When we think of what our darling is, and what  
we still must be,—  
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and  
*this* world's misery,—  
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel  
this grief and pain,—  
Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him  
here again.

JOHN MOULTRIE.

(From "*Dirge of a Child.*")

No bitter tears for thee we shed,  
Blossom of being ! seen and gone !  
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,  
O blest departed one !  
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,  
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes ! thou art fled, ere guilt had power  
To stain thy cherub-soul and form,  
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower  
That never felt a storm !  
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,  
All that it knew from birth to death.

F. D. HEMANS.  
*Poetical Works.*

THEN thou, the mother of so sweet a child,  
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,  
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;  
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
And render Him with patience what He lent

JOHN MILTON.  
*On the Death of a Fair Infant.*

(From "*In God's-Acre.*")

"WHOM the gods love die early."

Our Father knoweth best !  
And we are wrong to censure  
The supreme behest.  
Sleep softly ! bonnie blossom,  
On Fate's auspicious breast.

We need the consolation,  
Whether we live or die :  
Were Death no benefactor,  
Laden with blessings high ;  
Sad, sad were we survivors,  
Under the awful sky !

CHARLES MACKAY.  
*Poetical Works.* (Warne.)

(From "*Christus Consolator.*")

A MOTHER there  
Lays down her silent burden at His feet—  
Her little one, her lost one, her beloved,  
The darling of a life so bare of joys ;  
How can she lose it ? Oh, it is not lost.  
She comes and lays it there, and He, she knows—  
The great good Shepherd of the heavenly fold—  
Will stoop and take it up within His arms,  
And keep it there from all that might befall,  
Safe—safe for ever. Let His will be done,  
Whose perfect knowledge works with perfect love  
And orders well. "It is well with the child,"  
Amidst her tears she murmurs, at the feet



Of Him Who wept for Lazarus, till they said,  
 "Lo, how He loved him!" Who will comfort her,  
 Despising not her tears, because of love.

S. J. STONE.

*The Knight of Intercession.* (Rivingtons.)

~~~~~  
 ONLY a little child!
 Who sleeps upon God's heart!
 Jesus blessed our undefiled
 Whom no power avails to part
 From the life of Him who died
 And liveth, whatso'er betide!
 Whose are eyes
 Tranquiller than starlit skies!

Only a little child!
 For whom all things are:
 Spring and summer, winter wild,
 Sea and earth, and every star,
 Time, the void, pleasure and pain,
 Hell and heaven, loss and gain!
 Life and death are his, and he
 Rests in God's eternity.

Arise, arise!

Love is holy, true, and wise,
 Mirrored in the tranquil skies.

HON. RODEN NOEL.

A Little Child's Monument. (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 CHILD of a day, thou knowest not  
 The tears that overflow thine urn,  
 The gushing eyes that read thy lot;  
 Nor, if thou knewest, could'st return!

And why the wish! the pure and blest  
 Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep:  
 O peaceful night! O envied rest!  
 Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

W. S. LANDOR.

*Works.* (Chapman and Hall.)

~~~~~  
 SHORT here thy date,—for souls of holiest birth
 Dwell but a moment with the sons of earth,
 To this dim world by God's indulgence given;
 Their friends are angels, and their home is heaven.

JOHN WILSON.

(From "Threnodia.")

FULL short his journey was; no dust
 Of earth unto his sandals clave;
 The weary weight that old men must,
 He bore not to the grave.
 He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
 And wandered hither, so his stay
 With us was short, and 'twas most meet
 That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
 To stand before his God:
 O blest word—Evermore!

J. R. LOWELL.

Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,  
 Lately made of flesh and blood,  
 Who as soon fell fast asleep,  
 As her little eyes did peep.  
 Give her strewings, but not stir  
 The earth that lightly covers her!

ROBERT HERRICK.

~~~~~  
 WHENCE didst come and whither take thy journey,
 Little soul, of me and mine created?
 Must thou lose us, and we thee, for-ever,
 O strange life, by minutes only dated?
 Or new flesh assuming, just to prove us,
 In some other babe return and love us?

Idle questions all: yet our beginning
 Like our ending, rests with the Life-sender,
 With whom naught is lost, and naught spent
 vainly:

Unto Him this little one I render.
 Hide the face—the tiny coffin cover:
 So, our first dream, our first hope—is over.

Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 EARLY PRIMROSE.

THERE was a paly primrose,  
 Budding very early  
 In the little garden,  
 When he lay so ill.

"Do you think I may be  
Well enough to go there  
When the flower opens,  
Papa?" he asked of me.  
But only a day after  
Our little Sunshine left us,  
And the primrose opened  
The very day he died.

I wonder if he saw it,  
Saw the flower open,  
Went to pay the visit  
Yonder after all!  
I know we laid the flower  
On a stilly bosom  
Of an ivory image;  
But I want to know  
If indeed he wandered  
In the little garden,  
Or noted on the bosom  
Of his fading form  
The paly primrose open;  
How I want to know!

HON. RODEN NOEL.

*A Little Child's Monument.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
EPITAPH ON A LITTLE CHILD.

PURE, sweet, and fair, ere thou could'st taste of ill,
God will'd it, and thy baby breath was still.
Now 'mong his lambs thou liv'st thy Saviour's care,
For ever as thou wert pure, sweet, and fair.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

Lyrical Poems. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
HER life was like the life of birds,  
When birds in May are met;  
Her language, when she spake, was words  
To music set.

To tripping song she tripped along;  
And Death that stilled the nest  
Came sweetly, in her life's mid-song,  
A bar of rest—

The bar of rest that comes betwixt  
A bird's last lullaby,  
And that first song, with morning mixt,  
It sings on High.

S. K. COWAN.

*The Murmur of the Shells.* (McCaw, Belfast.)

~~~~~  
MY EPITAPH.

BELOW lies one whose name was traced in sand.
He died, not knowing what it was to live:
Died, while the first sweet consciousness of man
hood

To maiden thought electrified his soul,
Faint heatings in the calyx of the rose.
Bewildered reader! pass without a sigh,
In a proud sorrow! There is life with God
In other kingdom of a sweeter air.
In Eden every flower is blown: Amen.

DAVID GRAY.

The Luggie. (Maclehose, Glasgow.)

[By kind permission of Messrs. James Maclehose and Sons.]

~~~~~  
O STAR! untimely set!  
Why should we weep for thee?  
Thy bright and dewy coronet  
Is rising o'er the sea.

JOHN WILSON.

V.

F A R B E T T E R.

“ . . . To depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.”—PHIL. i. 23.

“ Decease. Release. Dum Morior, Orior.”

*Title of a Poem by Robert Southwell.*

WE felt in the lonesome midnight,  
As we sat by the silent dead,  
What a light on the path going downward  
The feet of the righteous shed ;  
When we thought how with faith unshrinking  
She came to the Jordan's tide,  
And, taking the hand of the Saviour,  
Went up on the heavenly side.

PHŒBE CAREY.

O SAVIOUR of the faithful dead,  
With whom Thy servants dwell,  
Though cold and green the turf is spread  
Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,  
We doubt and fear no more,  
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way  
Which Thou hast trod before.

REGINALD HEBER.  
*Poetical Works.*

AT A FUNERAL.

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not de-  
plore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb ;  
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before  
thee,  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through  
the gloom !

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold  
thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy  
side ;  
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold  
thee,  
And Sinners may die, for the Sinless has died !

Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion for-  
saking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long :  
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy  
waking,  
And the sound which thou heardst was the  
seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not de-  
plore thee,  
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and  
Guide ;  
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore  
thee,

And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

REGINALD HEBER.  
*Poetical Works.*

GONE BEFORE.

KISS her gently, fold her hands—  
Fold them on her guileless breast ;  
Cut a lock of shining tresses,  
Let her rest.

Kneel beside her little bed—  
Humbly, meekly, bow ye down ;  
God has set another jewel  
In His crown.

Such a crown made up of these,  
As shall pierce the darkest soul ;  
Gathering glory from the dead years  
As they roll.

Lay each little thing aside,  
Hide them, hide them from the sight ;  
Only when the heart is hardest,  
Bring to light

All the treasures she has loved ;  
And the clouds of your despair,  
Like the mists, shall melt and vanish  
Into air.

They will keep the chain unbroken,  
Stretching from the lowly sod,  
Through affliction, pain, and sorrow,  
Up to God.

MATTHIAS BARR.  
*Little Willie.* (Longmans.)

Ah! Darling, I know thou art waiting for me,  
And watching in silent wonder,  
And looking with joy in each happy face  
That comes from the bleak world under ;  
And yearning and longing with outstretched hands,  
And pausing to hark and listen  
For the sound of my voice, while up in thine eyes  
The old thoughts rise and glisten.

MATTHIAS BARR.  
*Little Willie.* (Longmans.)

THEN shall our never-mores be made as sweet  
As they are bitter now to this fond heart ;  
And all our partings, when we there shall meet,  
Be changed to meetings which shall never part ;  
And never more to meet on earth be given  
For never more to part again in Heaven—  
No, never more.

T H. CHIVERS.

WE must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that love  
life is only given,  
And that the calm and sainted dead will me  
estranged and cold in heaven :—  
Oh, Love were poor and vain indeed, based on  
harsh and stern a creed.

Just for the very shadow thrown upon its swe  
ness here below,  
The cross that it must bear alone, and bloo  
baptism of woe,  
Crowned and completed through its pain, we kn  
that it shall rise again.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.  
*Legends and Lyrics.* (G. Bell and Sons.)

[My extracts from Miss Procter's poems are given by hi  
permission of the Publishers of her works.]

I SHALL find them again, I shall find them again,  
Though I cannot tell when or where,  
My earthly own, gone to worlds unknown,  
But never beyond Thy care.

Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."  
*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

(From "The Memory of the Dead.")

YES, they are more our own,  
Since now they are God's only ;  
And each one that has gone  
Has left our heart less lonely.  
He mourns not seasons fled,  
Who now in Him possesses  
Treasures of many dead  
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead ! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us ;  
And distant heaven like home,  
Through them begins to woo us ;  
Love, that was earthly, wings  
Its flight to holier places ;  
The dead are sacred things  
That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth  
 Attract us now to heaven ;  
 Who shared our grief and mirth  
 Back to us now are given.  
 They move with noiseless foot  
 Gravely and sweetly round us,  
 And their soft touch hath cut  
 Full many a chain that bound us.

F. W. FABER.  
*Hymns.* (Richardson.)

~~~~~  
 REQUIESCAT.

STREW on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew !
 In quiet she repôses ;
 Ah ! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required ;
 She bathed it in smiles of glee.
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of heat and sound ;
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
 It flutter'd and fail'd for breath ;
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty hall of death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.
Poems, Vol. I. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 THUS lived, thus died she ; never more on her  
 Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made  
 Through years or moons the inner weight to bear  
 Which colder hearts endure till they are laid  
 By age in earth : her days and pleasures were  
 Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid  
 Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well  
 By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

LORD BYRON.  
*Don Juan : Canto IV.*

HERE she lies, in bed of spice,  
 Fair as Eve in paradise ;  
 For her beauty, it was such,  
 Poets could not praise too much.  
 Virgins come, and in a ring  
 Her supremest *requiem* sing ;  
 Then depart, but see ye tread  
 Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

ROBERT HERRICK.

~~~~~  
 HERE a solemn fast we keep,
 While all beauty lies asleep ;
 Hush'd be all things, no noise here
 But the toning of a tear ;
 Or a sigh of such as bring
 Cowslips for her covering.

ROBERT HERRICK.

~~~~~  
 REST from thy labour, rest,  
 Soul of the just set free !  
 Blest be thy memory, and blest  
 Thy bright example be.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.  
*Poetical Works.* (Warne.)

~~~~~  
 GENTLE Lady, may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have ;
 After this thy travail sore,
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore.

JOHN MILTON.
Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.

~~~~~  
 LAY her i' the earth :  
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
 May violets spring !

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Hamlet, Act V., Sc. 1.*

~~~~~  
 HEAVEN keep thee :
 Nevermore above the ground
 Be one relic of thee found :
 Lay the turf so smooth, we crave,
 None would guess it was a grave,
 Save for grass that greener grows,
 Or for wind that gentlier blows
 All the earth o'er, from this spot
 Where thou wert—and thou art not.
 Heaven keep thee !
 Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

DIRGE.

WHAT shall we do now, Mary being dead,
Or say, or write, that shall express the half?
What can we do but pillow that fair head,
And let the spring-time write her epitaph?

And it will soon in snowdrop; violet,
Wind-flower, and columbine, and maiden's tear,—
Each letter of that pretty alphabet
That spells in flowers the pageant of the year.

She was a maiden for a man to love,
She was a woman for a husband's life,
One that had learn'd to value far above
The name of Love the sacred name of Wife.

Her little life-dream, rounded so with sleep,
Had all there is of life,—except grey hairs;
Hope, love, trust, passion, and devotion deep,
And that mysterious tie a Mother bears.

She hath fulfill'd her promise and hath past.
Set her down gently at the iron door!
Eyes! look on that loved image for the last:
Now cover it in earth—her earth no more!

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

REQUIESCAT.

HE had the poet's eyes,
—Sing to him sleeping,—
Sweet grace of low replies,
—Why are we weeping?—

He had the gentle ways,
—Fair dreams befall him!—
Beauty through all his days,
—Then why recall him?—

That which in him was fair
Still shall be ours:
Yet, yet my heart lies there
Under the flowers.

RENNELL RODD.
Songs in the South. (D. Bogue.)

SOON and for ever!

Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust;
Soon—and for ever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er;
Its pangs and its partings
Remember'd no more;
When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever.

J. S. B. MONSKILL.

“EARTH to earth,” and “dust to dust,”
The solemn Priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest?

H. H. MILMAN.
Works. (Murray.)

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamp'd upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.
The Seaside and the Fireside: Poetical Works
(Routledge.)

SHALL I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flowers revive ?

JAMES BEATTIE.
The Minstrel.

How shall we mourn thee ? With a lofty trust,
Our life's immortal birthright from above !
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of
love,

And yet can weep !—for nature thus deplores
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores.

F. D. HEMANS.
Poetical Works.

THUS in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell :
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

Softly within that peaceful resting-place
We lay their weary limbs ; and bid the clay
Press lightly on them, till the night be past,
And the far east give note of coming day.

HORATIUS BONAR.
Hymns of Faith and Hope, First Series. (Nisbet.)

HER QUIET RESTING-PLACE.

HER quiet resting-place is far away ;
None dwelling there can tell you her sad story.
The stones are mute. The stones could only say,
“ *A humble Spirit pass'd away to glory.* ”

She loved the murmur of this mighty town ;
The lark rejoiced her from its lattice prison ;
And now her grave is green—her bird has flown,
Some dust is waiting—a glad Soul has risen.

No city smoke to stain the heather bells ;
Sigh, gentle winds, around my lone love
sleeping ;—

She bore her burthen here, but now she dwells
Where scorners cannot come, and none are
weeping.

My name was falter'd with her parting breath ;
These arms were round my Darling at the latest.
All scenes of death are woe, but painful death
In those we dearly love is woe the greatest.

I could not die : HE will'd it otherwise ;
My lot is here, and sorrow, wearing older,
Weighs down the heart, but does not fill the eyes,—
Even my friends may think that I am colder.

But when at times I steal away from these,
To find her Grave, and pray to be forgiven,
And when I watch beside her on my knees,
I think I am a little nearer Heaven.

FREDERICK LOCKER.
London Lyrics. (K. Paul.)

“NUMBERED WITH THY SAINTS, IN GLORY EVERLASTING.”

“ Her Sun is gone down while it was yet day. ”—JER. xv. 9.

IN early morn, long ere the noontide heat,
While hope, returning, seemed her path to crown,
And gladden her young life with visions sweet ;
Her Sun went gently down !

No lingering hours of pain, no slow decay,
No pangs of sharp disease, no weary strife,
No bitter suffering as she passed away
From death to endless life.

Yet tears will fall beside that quiet grave,
And hearts seem breaking with the sense of loss.
O, Man of Sorrows ! who didst come to save,
Lead us to Thy dear Cross ;

Show us Thy tomb, within the garden ground,
Thine empty tomb, Thou Victor in the strife,
And pour Thine Easter sunlight all around,
Dear Lord of light and life.

She is not dead, for death Thou hast destroyed,
She sleeps in Thee, her short course swiftly o'er,
Then, risen Jesus ! fill each aching void,
And bid us weep no more.

Lift up our hearts where our Beloved has gone,
And all in Thy dear mercy safely bring
Where she is waiting for the Easter dawn,
And coming of the King !

R. H. BAYNES.

LET them sleep on, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And th' eternal morrow dawn ;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light,
Whose day shall never die in night.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

A DIRGE.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now !
Even while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !—
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone ;
But oh !—a brighter home than ours
In heaven is now thine own.

F. D. HEMANS.

Poetical Works.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Poetical Works.

DAILY the tides of life go ebbing and flowing
beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at
rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-
pleted their journey !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Evangeline : Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

FADE, fade away, ye mists of pain !
I stand above my silent dead,
Through glistening tear-drops of the rain
The sunbeam gilds the grassy bed ;

And see ! where one white blossom lies,
Nestling amidst the mosses deep,
And whispers with its starry eyes,
“ God giveth His beloved sleep.”

E. A. WASHBURN

HE roamed half round this world of woe,
Where toil and labour never cease ;
Then dropped one little span below,
In search of Peace.

And now to him mild beams and showers,
All that he needs to grace his tomb,
From loneliest regions, at all hours,
Unsought-for come.

AUBREY DE VERE

COUCH of the tranquil slumber
For the weary brow ;
Rest of the faint and toiling,
Take this loved one now.

Turf of the shaded churchyard,
Warder of the clay,
Watch the toil-worn sleeper,
Till the awaking day.

Watch the well-loved sleeper,
Guard that placid form,
Fold around it gently,
Shield it from alarm ;

Clasp it kindly, fondly,
To cherish, not destroy ;
Clasp it as the mother
Clasps her nestling joy.

Guard the precious treasure,
Ever faithful tomb ;
Keep it all unrifled
Till the Master come.

H. BONAR.

Hymns of Faith and Hope, First Series. (Nisbe)

GOOD NIGHT, and draw the curtains close :
Rise, soul new-born ;
Sweet body, sink to kind repose,
Until the morn.

Author of “ JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)



Painted by Baroness Marie von Drogobokoffe.

" Into the dawn of a glad Resurrection,
Into the home of unbroken affections.

BARNARD, TUCK AND BROS.,

FROM the withering and the blight,
From the shadow of its night,
Into God's pure sunshine bright.

R. C. TRENCH.
Poems. (Macmillan.)

HAPPY flight thy sprite has taken,
From its plumes earth's last dust shaken :
On the earth is passionate weeping,
Round thy bier lone vigils keeping,—
In the heaven triumphant songs,
Welcome of angelic throngs,
As thou enterest on that day,
Which no tears nor fears allay,
No regrets or pangs affray,
Hemmed not in by yesterday,
By to-morrow hemmed not in.
Weep not for her—she doth win
What we long for ; now is she
That which all desire to be.

R. C. TRENCH.
Poems. (Macmillan.)

(From "*Burial of the Dead.*")

FAR better they should sleep awhile
Within the Church's shade,
Nor wake, until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth
For their abiding-place be made,
Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering, from every loss and grief,
Hope of new spring and endless home.
Then cheerly to your work again
With hearts new-brac'd and set
To run, untir'd, love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met.

JOHN KEBLE.
Christian Year. (Parker.)

AT REST.

AFTER long days of sad and weary pain,
Borne bravely 'neath the shadow of the Cross,
The rest has come—for her the endless gain,
For us—the life-long and the bitter loss.

At last, the discipline of trial was o'er,
And won, through suffering, the glorious prize,
And One came softly through the unopened door,
With piercéd Hand, and gently closed her eyes !

And she has joined the bright and shining throng
Who came from tribulation sad and sore,
And she has learned the new victorious song
That echoes round the Throne for evermore.

Rest, dear one, wife so tender and so true !
Mother, with all thy wealth of anxious love !
Thy Saviour all thy pain and sorrow knew,
And He has called thee to His Home above !

Though bitter tears our streaming eyes will dim,
Thank God for all His kind and gentle care,
In perfect bliss she safely rests with Him,
And now we long to go and meet her there !

R. H. BAYNES.

(From "*Magdalen's Hymn.*")

DIM is the light of vanish'd years
In the glory yet to come ;
O idle grief ! O foolish tears !
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
That weep themselves to rest ;
We part with life—awake ! and there
The jewel in our breast.

JOHN WILSON.

THOU art gone—thou art gone from the Cross to
the Crown,
From the glammers of time to the glory of light—
Lord of Hosts ! on thy still-battling soldiers look
down,
And like victory grant in this red field of fight.

FRANCIS MEREDYTH.
Arca. (Trübner.)

BUT thou, dear glorious child, art fled,
And on thy Saviour's breast
Dost for the resurrection-morn
In holy quiet rest.

Oh, never would we change this hour,
With blessed hope so bright,
For that sad day of fainting prayers,
For that last anxious night.

The earth and all that is therein
Are hallowed to us now :
In work, at rest, at home, abroad,
Where'er we turn, art thou.

Thou blessed child in Paradise,
Safe fled from sin and pain ;
Oh, not for all thy life could give
Shouldst thou be here again.

H. ALFORD.

Poetical Works. (Isbister.)

~~~~~  
THEN fell upon the house a sudden gloom—  
A shadow on those features fair and thin :  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
Two Angels issued, where but one went in.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

~~~~~  
BUT far beyond all sound of earthly strife,
Or silent slumber 'neath this long, green sod,
Thou hast passed, triumphant, into perfect life,
The soul's true life in God.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I SHINE in the light of God,  
His likeness stamps my brow,  
Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,  
And I reign in glory now !

No breaking heart is here,  
No keen and thrilling pain,  
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear  
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,  
I am one of the angel-band ;  
To my head a crown of gold is given,  
And a harp is in my hand !

I have learnt the song they sing  
Whom Jesus hath set free ;  
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring  
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain !  
Safe in my happy home !  
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,  
My hour of triumph come.

O friends of mortal years,  
The trusted and the true,  
Ye are walking still in the vale of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget?—Oh, no !  
For memory's golden chain  
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below  
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,  
And love's electric flame  
Flows freely down, like a river of light,  
To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out from a glittering sky ?  
Do you weep when the raging voice of war  
And the storms of conflict die ?

Then why should your tears run down,  
And your hearts be sorely riven,  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
Another soul in heaven ?

UNKNOWN.

~~~~~  
(From "Below and Above.")

Down below cold sunlight on the tombstones,
And the green wet turf with faded flowers,
Winter roses, once like young hopes burning,
Now beneath the ivy dripp'd with showers.

And the new-made grave within the churchyard,
And the white cap on that young face pale,
And the watcher ever as it dusketh
Rocking to and fro with that long wail.

Up above a crown'd and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years,
Who shall grow in love and light for ever
Order'd in his place among his peers.

O the sobbing of the winds of autumn,
And the sunset streak of stormy gold,
And the poor heart thinking in the churchyard,
"Night is coming, and the grave is cold."

O the pale and plash'd and sodden roses,
And the desolate heart that grave above,
And the white cap shaking as it darkens
Round that shrine of memory and love.

O the rest for ever, and the rapture,
And the hand that wipes the tears away,
And the golden homes beyond the sunset,
And the hope that watches o'er the clay!

W. ALEXANDER.
Specimens.

~~~~~  
(From "Brothers and a Sermon.")

"YEA, thus the old man spake:  
These were the last words of his aged mouth—  
BUT ONE DID KNOCK. One came to sup with him,  
That humble, weak old man; knocked at his door  
In the rough pauses of the labouring wind.  
I tell you that One knocked while it was dark,  
Save when their foaming passion had made white  
Those livid seething billows. What He said  
In that poor place where He did talk awhile,  
I cannot tell: but this I am assured,  
That when the neighbours came the morrow morn,  
What time the wind had bated, and the sun  
Shone on the old man's floor, they saw the smile  
He passed away in, and they said, 'He looks  
As he had woke and seen the face of Christ,  
And with that rapturous smile held out his arms  
To come to Him!'"

JEAN INGELOW.  
*Poems: First Series.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
HUSH! blessèd are the dead
In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on his breast.

O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

For them the wild is past
With all its toil and care;
Its withering midnight blast,
Its fiery noonday glare.

Them the Good Shepherd leads,
Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads
Beside the Fount of Life.

Ours only are the tears,
Who weep around their tomb,
The light of bygone years
And shadowing years to come.
Their voice, their touch, their smile,—
Those love-springs flowing o'er,—
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

But soon at break of day
His calm Almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake,—arise,—rejoice.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

~~~~~  
How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!  
Straight to our Father's Home;  
All loss were gain that gained us this,  
The sight of God, that single bliss  
Of the grand world to come.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!  
Ever from toil to rest,—  
Where a rim of sea-like splendour runs,  
Where the days bury their golden suns,  
In the dear hopeful west!

F. W. FABER.  
*Hymns.* (Richardson.)

~~~~~  
We sail the sea of life—a *calm* one finds,
And one a *tempest*—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE LITTLE WHILE.

"What is this that He saith, A little while?"—JOHN xvi. 18.

OH for the peace which floweth as a river,
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
 Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"
 Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

"A little while," for patient vigil-keeping,
 To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong:
 "A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
 Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

"A little while," to wear the weeds of sadness,
 To pace, with weariness, through mairy ways;
 Then—to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
 And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"A little while," midst shadow and illusion,
 To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell:
 Then—read each dark enigma's bright solution;
 Then—hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

"A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
 To wayside brooks, from far-off mountains fed;
 Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking,
 Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

"A little while," to keep the oil from failing;
 "A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim;
 And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
 hailing,
 To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He, who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
 The future glory and the present smile;
 With the bright promise of the glad "for ever,"
 Will light the shadows of the "little while."

MRS. T. D. CREWDSON.
The Little While, &c. (F. B. Kitto.)

"NAY, wish not back from her paternal heavens
 This pure ghost, self-congratulative ere now,
 Of its translated life."

P. J. BAILEY.
Festus. (Longmans.)

NOW AND AFTERWARD.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
 Wounded heart, unequal strife;
 Afterward, the triumph given,
 And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,
 Unexplained and tedious now;
 Afterward, the service holy,
 And the Master's "Enter thou!"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
Under the Surface. (Nisbet.)

"I KNOW no beauty, bliss, or worth,
 In that which we call Life on earth,
 That we should mourn its loss or dearth:
 That we should sorrow for its sake,
 If God will the imperfect take
 Unto Himself, and perfect make."

LORD HOUGHTON.
Poetical Works. (Murray.)

WHAT though, with eyes that yet can weep,
 The sinner trembles into sleep!
 Thou know'st he yet shall wake, and rise
 To gaze on mercy's brightest skies.

Lord! when our brother wakes, may they
 Who watch beneath Thy footstool say,
 "Another wanderer is forgiven!
 Another child is born in heaven."

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

"FROM grief and groan to a golden throne
 Beside the King of Heaven."

E. A. POE.

REST without broken dreams,
 Or wakeful fears,
 Or hidden tears;
 That shall be thine!
 All well with thee;
 Oh, would that it were mine!

Life that shall fear no death;
 God's life above,
 Of light and love;
 That shall be thine!
 All well with thee;
 Oh, would that it were mine!

Morn that shall light the tomb,
 And call from dust
 The slumbering just ;
 That shall be thine !
 All well with thee ;
 Oh, would that it were mine !

H. BONAR.

Hymns of Faith and Hope : First Series. (Nisbet.)

~~~~~

WHAT then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim ;  
 And then a deep and darkly rolling river ;  
 And then a flood of light—a seraph hymn—  
 And God's own smile for ever and for ever !

MRS. T. D. CREWDSON.

*The Little While, &c.* (F. B. Kitto.)

~~~~~

SOME are resigned to go: might we such grace
 attain

That we should need our resignation to remain.

THOMAS KEN.

~~~~~

A REQUIEM.

[1858.]

THOU hast lived in pain and woe,  
 Thou hast lived in grief and fear ;  
 Now thine heart can dread no blow,  
 Now thine eyes can shed no tear :  
 Storms round us shall beat and rave ;  
 Thou art sheltered in the grave.

Thou for long, long years hast borne,  
 Bleeding through Life's wilderness,  
 Heavy loss and wounding scorn ;  
 Now thine heart is burdenless :  
 Vainly rest for ours we crave ;  
 Thine is quiet in the grave.

We must toil with pain and care,  
 We must front tremendous Fate,  
 We must fight with dark Despair ;  
 Thou dost dwell in solemn state,  
 Couched triumphant, calm and brave,  
 In the ever-holy grave.

JAMES THOMSON.

*Vane's Story.* (Reeves and Turner.)

THE pains of death are past,  
 Labour and sorrow cease,  
 And life's long warfare closed at last,  
 His soul is found in peace.  
 Soldier of Christ ! well done,  
 Praise be thy new employ ;  
 And while eternal ages run,  
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

*Poetical Works.*

~~~~~

I WAS not happy, but I prayed,
 At heart, that I might *not* be
 As he who in that grave was laid,
 Till I had lived as he.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Poetical Works. (Murray.)

~~~~~

HE has outsoared the shadow of our night ;  
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
 Can touch him not and torture not again ;  
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
 He is secure, and now can never mourn  
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

*Adonais.*

~~~~~

HE lived in love ; and God, whose son he was,
 Not willing that the spirit pure should pass
 Into the dim and damping atmosphere
 Of these our earthly haunts and scenes of care,
 While yet the hills and skies and common sights
 O'erflowed his soul with joy, and wondrous thoughts
 Sprung burning in his heart, fetched him away
 To the unwithering banks and deep-green glades
 Where flows the River of Eternal Truth.

HENRY ALFORD.

Poetical Works. (Isbister.)

VI.

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

“ . . . Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”—ST. MATT. vi. 21.

(From “*She’s gone to dwell in Heaven.*”)

SHE’S gone to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
She’s gone to dwell in heaven :
Ye’re owre pure, quo’ the voice o’ God,
For dwelling out o’ heaven !
O what’ll she do in heaven, my lassie ?
O what’ll she do in heaven ?
She’ll mix her ain thoughts wi’ angels’ sangs,
An’ make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a’, my lassie,
She was beloved by a’ ;
But an angel fell in love wi’ her,
An’ took her frae us a’.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ON A BEAUTIFUL AND VIRTUOUS
YOUNG LADY.

SLEEP soft in dust, wait the Almighty’s will,
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still.
UNKNOWN.

BRETHREN, arise,

Let us go hence !
The new Jerusalem,
Like a resplendent gem,
Sends down its heavenly light,
Attracting our dull sight.
I see the bright ones wait
At each fair pearly gate ;
I hear their voices call ;
I see the jasper wall,
The clear translucent gold,
The glory all untold !

Brethren, arise,

Let us go hence !
What are earth’s joys and gems ?
What are its diadems ?
Our crowns are waiting us
Within our Father’s house.
Our friends above the skies
Are bidding us arise ;
Our Lord, He calls away
To scenes of sweeter day
Than this sad earth can know.
Let us arise and go !

HORATIUS BONAR.

Hymns of Faith and Hope: First Series. (Nisbet)

THE INFLUENCE OF THE DEAD.

Who are the Spirits watching by the dead ?
Faith, from whose eyes a solemn light is shed ;
And Hope, with far-off sunshine on the head.
The influence of the dead is that of Heaven ;
To it a majesty of power is given,
Working on earth with a diviner leaven.
To them belongs all high and holy thought ;
The mind whose mighty empire they have wrought ;
And Grief, whose comfort was by angels brought.
And gentle Pity comes, and brings with her
Those pensive dreams that their own light confer ;
While Love stands watching by the sepulchre.

L. E. LANDON.

Poetical Works. (Routledge.)

DEATH IN CHILDBIRTH.

SWEET Martyr of thine Infant and thy Love,
O what a death is thine !

Is this to die? Then Love! henceforth approve
 This, this of all thy gifts the most divine.
 Grave she needs not: Matrons, cover
 Her white bed with flowers all over;
 With the dark, cool violets swathing
 A full bosom mother-hearted;
 Under lily shadows bathing
 Brows whose anguish hath departed.
 Life with others, Death with thee
 Plays a grave game smilingly—
 O Death not Death! through worlds of bliss
 The happy new-born Soul is straying!
 O Death not Death! thy Babe in this,
 An Angel on the earth is playing!

AUBREY DE VERE.

WITH the mild light some unambitious star
 Illumes her pathway through the heavenly blue,—
 So unobtrusive that the careless view
 Scarce notes her where her haughtier sisters are,—
 So ran thy life. Perhaps, from those afar,
 Thy gentle radiance little wonder drew,
 And all their praise was for the brighter few.
 Yet mortal vision is a grievous bar
 To perfect judgment. Were the distance riven,
 Our eyes might find that star so faintly shone
 Because it journeyed through a higher zone,
 Had more majestic sway and duties given,
 For loftier station on the heights of heaven,
 Was next to God, and circled round his throne.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

AND She, my lost adored One, where is She?
 Where has She been throughout these dragging years
 Of labour?

She has been my light of life!
 The lustrous dawn and radiance of the day
 At noon: and She has burned the colours in
 To richer depths across the sun at setting:
 And my tired lids She closes: then, in dreams,
 Descends a shaft of glory barred with stairs
 And leads my spirit up where I behold
 My dear ones lost. And thus through sleep, not
 death,
 Remote from earthly cares and vexing jars,
 I taste the stillness of the life to come.

THOMAS WOOLNER.

My Beautiful Lady. (Macmillan.)

THOU wert not form'd for living here,
 For thou wert kindred with the sky;
 Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
 We thought thou wert not form'd to die!

THOMAS MOORE.

“SHE was a love-gift Heaven once gave to earth,
 And took again, because unworthy of her.”

P. J. BAILEY.

Festus. (G. Bell.)

THERE is no headstone; for we deemed it vain
 To carve her record in a mouldering slab,
 Whose name is written in the Book of Life.

HENRY ALFORD.

Poetical Works. (Strahan.)

O, THOUGH oft depressed and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

OUR DEAD.

NOTHING is our own: we hold our pleasures
 Just a little while, ere they are fled:
 One by one life robs us of our treasures;
 Nothing is our own except our dead.

Only the dead Hearts forsake us never;
 Death's last kiss has been the mystic sign
 Consecrating Love our own for ever,
 Crowning it eternal and divine.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Legends and Lyrics. (G. Bell.)

To our places in the vineyard of our God return
 we now,
 With kindled eye, with onward step, with hand
 upon the plough:
 Our hearts are safer anchored; our hopes have
 richer store;
 One treasure more in Heaven is ours; one bright
 example more.

HENRY ALFORD.

Poetical Works. (Isbister.)

SORROW NOT WITHOUT HOPE.

NOT lost, but gone before,
 Still in our Father's care,
 Let this thought fill our souls
 And save us from despair.
 Let not distrustful fear,
 Now make us faithless prove,
 Deem not our fondest care
 Could e'er exceed God's love.
 Check not the pious prayer,
 That from thine heart doth rise
 For those, on earth so dear,
 Now passed beyond the skies.
 Who knows where now they wait,
 In what far distant star?
 Or if a thought of us
 Doth draw them from afar,
 Bringing them near us yet
 Though—unperceived by sense—
 We feel for them in vain,
 Hindered by vision dense?
 Can those who loved us here
 Hereafter careless prove?
 Or can death make them now
 Forgetful of our love?
 No—for the love they gave
 Was their *immortal* part;
 God only could have poured
 That love into man's heart.
 Affection, strong and pure,
 Can neither change nor die;
 Death but asserts anew
 Its immortality!
 We shall behold them yet,
 Purged from the dross of sin,
 When, through the gate of death,
 Our new life shall begin.
 Oh, let us strive to keep
 Their mem'ry fresh and green,
 Not drive them from our thoughts
 In life's vain changeful scene.
 Surely if grief *be* felt
 By souls from earth released,
 They feel it when they know
 Our thought of them hath ceased.

Rather let us now strive
 To train our souls to love,
 All that in them we trust
 Is perfecting above;
 That when we meet again,
 Beyond earth's furthest shore,
 We still may converse hold,
 And love on more and more.

ETA.

Echoes. (Shrimpton, Oxford.)

OH, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes
 Are blinded by their tears, or thou would'st see
 Thy treasures wait thee in the far-off skies,
 And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Legends and Lyrics. (G. Bell.)

OUR God, to call us homeward,
 His only Son sent down:
 And now, still more to tempt our hearts,
 Has taken up our own.

THOMAS WARD.

THUS heaven is gathering, one by one, in its
 capacious breast,
 All that is pure and permanent, and beautiful and
 blest;
 The family is scatter'd yet, though of one home
 and heart,
 Part militant in earthly gloom, in heavenly glory
 part.
 But who can speak the rapture, when the circle is
 complete,
 And all the children sunder'd now around our
 Father meet?
 One fold, one Shepherd, one employ, one ever-
 lasting home:
 "Lo! I come quickly." "Even so, Amen! Lord
 Jesus, come!"

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

O SOOTHE us, haunt us, night and day,
 Ye gentle spirits far away,

With whom we shar'd the cup of grace,
Then parted; ye to Christ's embrace,
We to the lonesome world again,
Yet mindful of th' unearthly strain
Practis'd with you at Eden's door,
To be sung on, where Angels soar,
With blended voices evermore.

JOHN KEBLE.
Christian Year. (Parker.)

AND we shall fold and clasp again
In arms of love the love we miss,
And end all greetings with a kiss
That shall seal up the gates of pain.

MATTHIAS BARR.
Little Willie. (Longmans.)

BUT to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
Witness of faith, that never shall be dead;
Sent for our health, but not received so.

EARL OF SURREY.

FRIEND of my youth, farewell!
To thee, we trust, a happier life is given;
One tie to earth for us hath loosed its spell,
Another formed for heaven.

WILLIAM J. PABODIE.

DOWN through our crowded lanes, and closer air,
O friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were;
When through the fever's waves of fire they trod,
A form was with thee like the Son of God.
'Twas but one step for those victorious feet
From their day's walk unto the golden street;
And they who watched that walk, so bright and
brief,
Have mark'd this marble with their hope and grief.

W. ALEXANDER
Specimens.

THE garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:

All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE ONE HOPE.

WHEN vain desire at last and vain regret
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
What shall assuage the unforgetten pain
And teach the unforgetful to forget?
Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet,—
Or may the soul at once in a green plain
Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-
fountain,
And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet?

Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air
Between the scripted petals softly blown
Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown;
Ah! let none other written spell so'er
But only the one Hope's one name be there,—
Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

D. G. ROSSETTI.
Poems. (Ellis and White.)

A REQUIEM.

Ay, pale and silent maiden,
Cold as thou liest there
Thine was the sunniest nature
That ever drew the air,
The wildest and most wayward,
And yet so gently kind,
Thou seemed'st but to body
A breath of summer wind.

Into the eternal shadow
That girds our life around,
Into the infinite silence
Wherewith Death's shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth, beloved!
And I were mean to weep,
'That thou hast left Life's shallows,
And dost possess the Deep.

Thou liest low and silent,
 Thy heart is cold and still,
 Thine eyes are shut for ever,
 And Death has had his will ;
 He loved and would have taken,
 I loved and would have kept,
 We strove,—and he was stronger,
 And I have never wept.

Let him possess thy body,
 Thy soul is still with me,
 More sunny and more glad some
 Than it was wont to be :
 Thy body was a fetter
 That bound me to the flesh,
 Thank God that it is broken,
 And now I live afresh !

Now I can see thee clearly ;
 The dusky cloud of clay,
 That hid thy starry spirit,
 Is rent and blown away :

To earth I give thy body,
 Thy spirit to the sky,
 I saw its bright wings growing,
 And knew that thou must fly.

Now I can love thee truly,
 For nothing comes between
 The senses and the spirit,
 The seen and the unseen ;
 Lifts the eternal shadow,
 The silence bursts apart,
 And the soul's boundless future
 Is present in my heart.

J. R. LOWELL.
Poetical Works. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
 Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
 How grows in Paradise our store.

JOHN KEEL.
Christian Year. (Parker.)

VII.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

“O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.”

ST. MATT. xxvi. 42.

TRUST IN GOD.

OFF on the various-chequered Earth,
When dulled with care or flushed with mirth,
This feeble thought will force its birth,
 Tainting the heart with weariness—
Why should weak mortals toil and sweat
For goods, that vex the few who get,
Why for light baubles vainly fret,
 That gleam through wastes of dreariness?
Then the old Tempter, standing nigh,
Mutters, our staggering faith to try,
Go, Sinner, curse thy GOD and die,
 And leave this world of weariness!

Father supreme, whose sleepless might
Guides the vast planets in their flight,
Who dost alternate stated night
 With light, and joy, and cheerfulness;
Who mak'st thy verdurous grass to grow
On hills, where sky-fed fountains flow,
Still bringing Summer's glorious show
 From bleak-browed Winter's fearfulness!
Thou, when such peevish thoughts intrude,
Teach me to wait in mute mild mood,
Till in my soul thee seemeth good
 To ope new founts of cheerfulness!

J. S. BLACKIE.

Lyrical Poems. (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

TO THE MOURNERS OF LOVE.

COME sit thee down and rest at Death's pale feet,
Learn of his silence, in his shadow lie,
And never shade more false will come thee nigh;
Nay, think not shame of sorrow,—it is meet,

Think shame of idle love that words can cheat,
So love who looks on death and cannot die,
Will bear Death's message with his parting sigh,
And find for thee erewhile a loftier seat.

O fire of love that makes the soul athirst
For life, eternal as thou seemest to be!
Or thou art deathless in us, or the worst
Fiend of a hell that but exists by thee,—
And thou wilt die from off the earth accurst,
Or, newly armed, from death will set us free.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

IN LOVE'S ECLIPSE.

WHEN death—the dreadful shadow of the earth—
Rests on the mortal face of Love's twin star,
Love turns dismayed, as if that shadowy bar
Could shut him off for ever in his dearth;
He turns within, and lo! a shy, new birth,
A spark of light from near or from afar,
Pierces the darkness till, a fiery car,
It lifts him into light more wonder-worth.
Sad love! bewail not though you be bereft,
Nor faint not for the weary road you fare;
The spark enkindled when your heart is cleft,
The strength that grows from burthens that you
 bear,
Are gifts of grace for many that were left
Undowered but for the treasure you must share.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

FROM darkness, here, and dreariness
We ask not full repose,
Only be thou at hand, to bless
Our trial hour of woes.

Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up Earth's dark glade,
The gate of Heaven unclosed?

JOHN KEBLE.
Christian Year.

O IT is well to be those who go,
Our kind Lord leads them the easier way,
And we think in the first of our bitter woe
That it cannot be long we shall have to stay.
But there's some who break in the soft spring air,
And there's some who weather the winter wind,
There comes a strength to the hearts that bear,
A blessing for those who stay behind!

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

SNOWDROPS.

(CONSOLATION.)

A SMALL bird twitters on a leafless spray,
Across the snow-waste breaks a gleam of gold:
What token can I give my friend to-day
But February blossoms, pure and cold?
Frail gifts from Nature's half-reluctant hand,
What if he deems them meaningless and pale?
I see the signs of spring about the land,
I hear in dreams the cuckoo's summer tale;
And these chill snowdrops, fresh from wintry bowers,
Are the forerunners of a world of flowers.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

ONE cross the less remains for me to bear;
Already borne is that of yesterday;
That of to-day shall no to-morrow share;
To-morrow's with itself shall pass away.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Hymns of Faith and Hope: First Series. (Nisbet.)

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A WIDOW—she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite—ay, so sustain'd,
He battled onward, nor complain'd
Tho' friends were fewer:
And while she toil'd for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much:
She has, HE gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

FREDERICK LOCKER.
London Lyrics. (K. Paul.)

IF trouble clings about thy path,
Ere yet thy days are old;
If dear friends sink in death, and leave
Thy world all void and cold;
Wilt thou lie down in aimless woe
And waste thy life away?
Nay, grieving's but a sluggish game
That coward spirits play;
But hard work is strength, boy,
And when the stout heart bleeds,
There's ne'er a balm that heals it
Like the doing of great deeds.

G. F. ARMSTRONG.
Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic. (Longmans.)

NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast and labour is past."

RUSSIAN PROVERB.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Augur at peace;—
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot,
God in His kindness answereth not.

Two hands to work address
 Aye for His praise ;
 Two feet that never rest
 Walking His ways ;
 Two eyes that look above
 Through all their tears ;
 Two lips still breathing love,
 Not wrath, nor fears ;—
 So pray we afterwards, low on our knees ;
 Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these !
 AUTHOR OF " JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."
Thirty Years. (Macmillan.)

~~~~~

WORK *in* me, Lord, Thy wondrous will,  
 Only let me be meek and still,  
 Let me not even think of Thee,  
 That thus this should, or should not be,  
 Content, whate'er my lot may prove,  
 If it be fashion'd by Thy love.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

~~~~~

THINK not thou canst sigh a sigh
 And thy Maker is not by ;
 Think not thou canst weep a tear
 And thy Maker is not near.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

~~~~~

WHEN sorrow swells the laden breast,  
 And tears of anguish flow,  
 One only Heart, a broken Heart,  
 Can feel the sinner's woe.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

~~~~~

AH, Saviour ! I have naught to plead,
 In earth beneath, or heaven above ;
 But just my own exceeding need,
 And Thy *exceeding* love.

The need will soon be past and gone,
 Exceeding great,—but quickly o'er ;
 The love unbought is all Thine own,
 And lasts for evermore !

MRS. T. D. CREWDSON.
The Little While. (F. B. Kitto.)

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK !
 ALL come alone,
 All, ever since the sun hath shone,
 Who travelled by this road have come alone.
 Be of good cheer,
 A home is here,
 Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

F. W. FABER.

Hymns. (Richardson.)

~~~~~

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

Σὸν Χριστῶ—πολλῶ μᾶλλον κρείσσον.

HOPE of those that have none other,  
 Left for life by father, mother,  
 All their dearest lost or taken,  
 Only not by thee forsaken ;  
 Comfort thou the sad and lonely,  
 Saviour dear, for thou canst only.

When the glooms of night are o'er us,  
 Satan in his strength before us ;  
 When despair and doubt and terror  
 Drag the blinded heart to error ;  
 Comfort thou the poor and lonely,  
 Saviour dear, for thou canst only.

By thy days of earthly trial,  
 By thy friend's foreknown denial.  
 By thy cross of bitter anguish,  
 Leave not thou thy lambs to languish ;  
 Comforting the weak and lonely,  
 Lead them in thy pastures only.

Sick with hope deferr'd, or yearning  
 For the never-now-returning,  
 When the glooms of grief o'ershade us,  
 Thou hast known, and thou wilt aid us !  
 To thine own heart take the lonely,  
 Leaning on thee only, only.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.  
*Original Hymns.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~

FOR ah ! the weariness and weight of tears,
 The crying out to God, the wish for slumber,
 They lay so deep, so deep ! God heard them all ;
 He set them unto music of His own.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.
Poetical Works, Vol. I.

OH, who can dare complain,
When God sends a new Duty
To comfort each new Pain!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.
Legends and Lyrics. (G. Bell.)

BUT strong in faith I tread the uneven ways,
And bare my head unshrinking to the blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me cast;
And, if the way seems rough, I only clasp
The hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

ANNE LYNCH.

WATCH with me, Jesus, in my loneliness:
Though others say me nay, yet say Thou yes;
Though others pass me by, stop Thou to bless.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.
Poems. (Macmillan.)

OH! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn and ask
Of Him to be our friend.

W. WORDSWORTH.

(From *Toplady's "Rock of Ages."*)

JESUS, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus:
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te nec justus forem
Quamvis totâ vi laborem,
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso:
Tibi soli tantum munus,
Salva Tu, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus Crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro,
Fontem Christi quæro immundus,
Nisi laves moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes,
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

W. E. GLADSTONE

AH! not within us lies our strength,
Nor yet around us; but above!
We seek, and vainly seek: at length
We rise to heaven for Truth and Love:

Drawn on through realms of light and rest,
Where God is known as God, and reigns;—
Not to possess, but be possessed,
Our last of wishes, first of gains.

AUBREY DE VERE

THEN hush! oh, hush! for the Father knows what
thou knowest not,
The need and the thorn and the shadow linked
with the fairest lot;
Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen
snare,
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what
thou could'st not bear.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father portioneth as He
will,
To all His beloved children, and shall they not be
still?
Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the
best?
And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect
rest?

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father, whose ways are
true and just,
Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for thy
perfect trust;
The cup He is slowly filling shall soon be full to
the brim,
And infinite compensations for ever be found in
Him.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father hath fulness of
joy in store,
Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures for
evermore,

Blessing and honour and glory, endless, infinite
bliss;—
Child of His love and His choice, oh, canst thou
not wait for this?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

~~~~~  
WHATE'ER thy lot, where'er thou be,  
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod;  
And in thy chastening sorrows see  
The hand of God.

A bruised reed He will not break:  
Afflictions all His children feel;  
He wounds them for His mercy's sake—  
He wounds to heal!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

~~~~~  
DESPONDENCY.

ART sad, beloved one?—Look upon the stars,
The quiet stars. Thy true eyes raise
With mine up yonder. Our poor sorrow mars
That harmony of praise.

Now angels and archangels, hearkening, love
And worship, thrilled with sacred awe—
Strange music, like the sighs of a deep grove,
Swept by the summer flaw.

The quiet stars!—Look up, beloved, and say
The worlds are living and not dead.
Love infinite upholds them night and day,
To infinite Pity wed.

EDMUND J. ARMSTRONG.
Poetical Works. (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

H. BONAR.

*Hymns of Faith and Hope: First Series.* (Nisbet.)

HAPPY the man who sees a GOD employed  
In all the good and ill that chequer life;  
Resolving all events, with their effects  
And manifold results, into the will  
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.

W. COWPER.

~~~~~  
THY GOD hath said 'tis good for thee
To walk by faith, and not by sight;
Take it on trust a little while,—
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the bright sunshine of His smile.

JOHN KEBLE.
Christian Year. (Parker.)

~~~~~  
STILL will we trust, though earth seems dark and  
dreary,  
And the heart faints beneath His chastening rod;  
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and  
weary,

Still will we trust in God!

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,  
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;  
Through Him alone who hath our way appointed  
We find our peace again.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

~~~~~  
ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly Thine;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
All-wise, Almighty, and All-good!
In Thee I firmly trust:
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

~~~~~  
ST. LUKE XXIII. 26.

“BEAR it after Jesus,”  
Whatsoever it be!  
Never cross was needless  
Laid by Him on thee.

Bear it in meek patience !  
 Thou art not alone—  
 Though to all around thee  
 (All but Him) unknown.

Not in gloomy silence—  
 Not in fever'd pride.  
 'Twas not thus He bore it  
 Who for sinners died.

Not in weak desponding—  
 Not because thou must.  
 But in meek reliance,  
 Childlike love and trust.

Willingly He raised it !  
 Sing thy Paschal Psalm,  
 Then thy lighter burthen,  
 Bear it, and be calm.

Inly in thy spirit—  
 Outwardly in life—  
 In the sick-room's silence,  
 In the anxious strife,

Bend thee to receive it !  
 He who knew it best  
 Can send with it blessing,  
 Strength, and even rest.

He, too, bore it daily  
 Through these shadows dim.  
 Wayward, well-loved spirit,  
 Bear it after Him.

MRS. HENRY FAUSSETT (ALESSIE BOND.)  
*The Cairns of Iona.* (G. Herbert, Dublin.)

AH me, what unimagined calm  
 He giveth when 'tis needed most !  
 To bitterest grief what precious balm !  
 To grief what thoughts, in radiant host !

MRS. HENRY FAUSSETT (ALESSIE BOND.)  
*The Cairns of Iona.* (G. Herbert, Dublin.)

#### TO A FRIEND IN BEREAVEMENT.

No comfort, nay, no comfort. Yet would I  
 In Sorrow's cause with Sorrow intercede.  
 Burst not the great heart,—this is all I plead—  
 Ah, sentence it to suffer, not to die.

"Comfort?" If Jesus wept at Bethany,  
 —That doze and nap of Death—how may we bleed  
 Who watch the long sleep that is sleep indeed !  
 Pointing to Heaven I but remind you why  
 On earth you still must mourn. He who, being  
 bold

For life-to-come, is false to the past sweet  
 Of mortal life, hath killed the world above.  
 For why to live again if not to meet ?  
 And why to meet if not to meet in love ?  
 And why in love if not in that dear love of old ?

SYDNEY DOBELL.  
*Poetical Works, Vol. II.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

#### A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

DARK, dark the night, and tearfully I grope,  
 Lost in the Shadows, feeling for the way,  
 But cannot find it. Here's no help, no hope,  
 And God is very far off with His day.

Hush, hush, faint heart ! why this may be thy  
 chance,

When all is at the worst, to prove thy faith ;  
 Stand still, and see His great Deliverance,  
 And trust Him at the darkest unto death.

Oftimes upon the last grim ridge of war  
 God takes His stand to aid us in the fight ;  
 He watches while we roll the tide afar,  
 And, beaten back, is near us in His might.

We hear the arrows in the dark go by :  
 The cowering soul no longer soars or sings,  
 Or it might know His presence the most nigh,  
 Our darkness being the Shadow of His wings.

No need of faith if all were visibly clear !  
 'Tis for the trial-time its help was given ;  
 Though clouds be thick, the Sun is just as near,  
 That shines within and makes the heart its  
 heaven.

Amidst our wildest night of saddest woes,  
 When Earth is desolate—Heaven dark with  
 doom,

Faith has its fire-flash of the soul that shows  
 The face of the Eternal through the gloom.

GERALD MASSEY.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

THIS hath He done, and shall we not adore Him?  
 This shall He do, and can we still despair?  
 Come let us quickly fling ourselves before Him,  
 Cast at His feet the burthen of our care.

Flash from our eyes the glow of our thanksgiving,  
 Glad and regretful, confident and calm,  
 Then thro' all life and what is after living  
 Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

Yea, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning  
 He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed:  
 Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,  
 Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

~~~~~  
 IN Him love bounds the infinite of might,
 And He who giveth both to live and die
 Is equal Lord of Life and Lord of Death.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

Legend of Phyllis. (Longmans.)

Go, labour on; spend, and be spent,—
 Thy joy to do the Father's will;
 It is the way the Master went,
 Should not the servant tread it still?

H. BONAR.

Hymns of Faith and Hope: First Series. (Nisbet.)

~~~~~  
 How poor are they that have not patience!  
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

~~~~~  
 BEAR gently, suffer like a child,
 Nor be ashamed of tears;
 Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
 Sing of the eternal years.

F. W. FABER.

Hymns. (Richardson.)

VIII.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF SUFFERING.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head!"

As you Like It, Act II., Sc. 1.

AFFLICTION.

O COME, and welcome! come, refine!
For Moors, if washed by thee, will shine.
Man blossoms at thy touch, and he,
When thou draw'st blood, is thy rose-tree.
Crosses make straight his crooked ways,
And clouds but cool his dog-star days;
Diseases too, when by thee blessed,
Are both restoratives and rest.

Flowers that in sunshine riot still,
Die, scorched and sapless. Though storms kill,
The fall is fair even to desire
Where in their sweetness all expire.
O come, pour on! What calms can be
So fair as storms that appease thee?

H. VAUGHAN.
Sacred Poems.

BUT night is still, and o'er the hills are stars.
There is no strife in their mysterious rest.
And Christ hath laid His finger on life's scars,
And taught us now that sorrow can be blest.
MRS. HENRY FAUSSETT (ALESSIE BOND).
The Cairns of Iona. (G. Herbert, Dublin.)

THEN, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joy three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!

ROBERT BROWNING.
Dramatis Personæ: Poetical Works.
(Smith, Elder, and Co.)

IN the cruel fire of Sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail:
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.
Legends and Lyrics. (G. Bell.)

TEARS bring forth
The richness of our natures, as the rain
Sweetens the smelling brier; and I, thank God,
Have anguish'd here in no ignoble tears.

ROBERT BUCHANAN
Poetical Works, Vol. I.

HE, who for Love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousand-fold than one,
Who never loved at all;
A grace within his soul has reigned,
Which nothing else can bring—
Thank God for all that I have gained,
By that high suffering!

LORD HOUGHTON.
Poetical Works. (Murray.)

THINK—how through all thy days
God in mysterious ways
From out life's lees the wine of joy has press'd,
And trust Him for the rest.

WILLIAM SAWYER.
Ten Miles from Town. (W. Freeman.)

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
 With courtesy receive him : rise and bow :
 And ere his shadow pass thy threshold crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave.
 Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality, no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
 Like Joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
 Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
 the end.

AUBREY DE VERE.
Poems, Lyrical and Meditative. (K. Paul.)

WHEN God afflicts thee, think He hews a rugged
 stone
 Which must be shaped, or else aside as useless
 thrown.

R. C. TRENCH.
Poems. (Macmillan.)

God's dealings still are love ; his chastenings are
 alone
 Love now compelled to take an altered sterner tone.

R. C. TRENCH.
Poems. (Macmillan.)

WISH not, dear friends, my pain away,
 Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
 With GOD, in all my griefs, to stay,
 Nor from His lov'd correction start.

The dearest offering He can crave
 His portion in our souls to prove,
 What is it to the gift He gave,
 The only Son of His dear love ?

JOHN KEBLE.
Christian Year. (Parker.)

WHO is the Angel that cometh ?
 Pain !
 Let us arise and go forth to greet him ;
 Not in vain

Is the summons come for us to meet Him ;
 He will stay,
 And darken our sun ;
 He will stay
 A desolate night, a weary day.
 Since in that shadow our work is done,
 And in that shadow our crowns are won,
 Let us say still, while his bitter chalice
 Slowly into our hearts is poured,—
 "Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord !"

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.
Legends and Lyrics. (G. Bell.)

WHY are all fair things at their death the fairest ?
 Beauty the beautifullest in decay ?
 Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
 With ever-new apparelling the rarest ?
 Why are the sweetest melodies all born
 Of pain and sorrow ? Mourneth not the dove
 In the green forest gloom an absent love ?
 Leaning her breast against that cruel thorn,
 Doth not the nightingale, poor bird, complain
 And integrate her uncontrollable woe
 To such perfection, that to hear is pain ?
 Thus, Sorrow and Death,—alone realities—
 Sweeten their ministration, and bestow
 On troublous life a relish of the skies !

DAVID GRAY.
The Luggie. (J. Maclehose, Glasgow.)

[By kind permission of Messrs. James Maclehose and Sons.]

YET, Lord, in memory's fondest place
 I shrine those seasons sad,
 When looking up, I saw thy face
 In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
 Heart-pang or throbbing brow ;
 Sweet was the chastisement severe,
 And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,
 Love-tokens in thy stead,
 Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side,
 And thorn-encompassed head.

And such thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray,
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove
The lure of power or name ;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,
And faith in this world's shame.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Verses on Religious Subjects. (Burns and Oates.)

~~~~~

YET from thy grief and pain  
Comes oftentimes greater gain  
Than all thy loss.

Thou knowest what it is to grieve,  
And from the burden of thy cross  
Thou comest to believe.

Thou who hast lost and yet dost love,  
Thou, too, a Father hast in some dim sphere above,  
Who doth regard thy joys, thy miseries,  
Thy petty doubts of Him, thy feeble learning,  
Thy faults, thy pains, thy childish doubt and  
yearning,  
Even as thou dost these.

LEWIS MORRIS.

*The Ode of Life.* (K. Paul and Co.)

~~~~~

SOVRAN SORROW.

DEATH came to me and took me by the hand,
What time the earth had girt her first with spring,
And all the meadows put on blossoming.
"Come forth," said he, "and see my flowers
expand."

And forth we passed into the pleasant land.
And as we went, the small birds all did sing,
And all the flowers praised Death in everything.
Then, as I look'd, amazed, to see the brand
And sign of that his dreadful sovranly,
Behold, a crown of holiest sorrowing
Flamed on the angel's brow ; and unto me
Knee-bent for reverence, these words did ring
Most softly, "Lo ! he ruleth all that be,
Seeing he sorrows more than anything."

JOHN PAYNE.

Intaglios. (Pickering, 1871.)

MEN thrive in conflict: soul refreshes soul,
And hearts in trial and suffering grow strong,
As he who wrestled with the Angel forc'd
No blessing till he strove the whole night long !

So must I strive. I have allotted work,
I have a given purpose in my life,—
Rest ! I must snatch it at the cost of toil :
Peace ! I must win it in the thick of strife.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

Ten Miles from Town. (W. Freeman.)

~~~~~

FROM fair to fairer ; day by day  
A more divine and loftier way !  
Even such this blessed pilgrim trod,  
By sorrow lifted tow'rds her God.

W. WORDSWORTH.

~~~~~

LIFE, I repeat, is energy of love,
Divine or human, exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation, and ordain'd,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.

W. WORDSWORTH.

~~~~~

DARKNESS is easier far to bear  
Than that unrestful gloom,  
Where the light snows in, and vaguely haunts  
The shapes and the things in the room.

One of those darknesses was this,  
In which God loves to dwell,  
One of those restful silences  
In which He is audible.

Slowly light came, the thinnest dawn,  
Not sunshine, to our night,  
A new, more spiritual thing,  
An advent of pure light :

Perhaps not light ; rather the soul  
Which just then came to see,  
And saw through its world-darkened life,  
And saw eternity.

O God ! it was a time divine,  
Rich epoch of calm grace,  
A pressing of our hearts to Thine  
In mystical embrace.



The work of years was done in days,  
Fights won, and trophies given :  
For sorrow is the atmosphere  
Which ripens hearts for heaven.

F. W. FABER.

*Hymns.* (Richardson.)

I HOPED that with the brave and strong  
My portioned task might lie ;  
To toil amid the busy throng  
With purpose pure and high :  
But God has fixed another part,  
And He has fixed it well ;  
I said so with my breaking heart,  
When first this anguish fell.  
These weary hours will not be lost,  
These days of misery,  
These nights of darkness, tempest-tost—  
Can I but turn to Thee ;  
With secret labour to sustain  
In patience every blow,  
To gather fortitude from pain,  
And holiness from woe.  
If Thou should'st bring me back to life,  
More humble I should be,  
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,  
More apt to lean on Thee ;  
Should death be standing at the gate,  
Thus should I keep my vow,  
But, Lord ! whatever be my fate,  
Oh, let me serve Thee now !

ANNE BRONTË.

*Poems by Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë.*

(Smith, Elder, and Co.)

[By kind permission of the Publishers.]

OH sacred sorrow, by whom souls are tried,  
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide ;  
If thou art mine, (and who shall proudly dare  
To tell his Maker, he has had his share ?)  
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,  
And be my guide and not my punishment.

G. CRABBE.

WE know that ofttimes gain is loss :  
Believe, sad heart, that loss is gain.  
From golden ore to clear the dross—  
This is thy sacred function, Pain.

AUBREY DE VERE.

DAILY duties paid  
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose  
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.

T. N. TALFOURD.

“NOTHING to live for !” do not even dream  
That any merely mortal loss could sink  
Th' immortal soul in such a stagnant stream ;  
The death of love but leads thee to the brink  
Of sorrow's bitter waters ; stoop and drink !  
Thou shalt arise with vision clear and high,  
Looking thro' Death ; thy soul no more will shrink  
From gazing with firm heart and dauntless eye  
Into the dim and misty depths of vast Eternity.

Yea, grief may quench the sun, strip earth of beauty,  
Enwrap the world in one black funeral shroud,  
Yet thro' the darkness looms the form of Duty,—  
Whose spirit-stirring clarion clear and loud,  
Piercing thro' dullest sorrow's thickest cloud,  
Recalls us to Life's battle, to achieve  
What may be done by spirits sorrow-bowed ;—  
God knows when best to take, as when to give,  
When thou hast “nought to live for” thou wilt  
cease to live.

W. A. GIBBS.

*Arlon Grange.* (Provost and Co.)

BENEATH the Cross upsprings the Fount ;  
And Heaven bends wide above.  
Delve as you may, O friend, or mount,  
Nought else you find but Love.

AUBREY DE VERE.

YOU will not say those were your saddest years,  
In which you sorrowed. Void is worse than pain,  
And many a rich bloom grows because of tears ;  
And we see Heaven's light more when our lights  
wane.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

LIGHT IN SHADOW.

WHERE do God's rubies shine,  
With beauty more divine,  
Than in the darkness of earth's deepest mine ?

And when is the clear light  
Of all His stars more bright  
Than on a dark and frosty winter's night?  
So often in our hours of deepest sadness  
He fills our darkened hearts with holy gladness.

When do God's lilies pale  
More fragrantly exhale  
Than when their leaves are trembling in the gale?  
And when His violet,  
But when its leaves are wet  
With the large thunder-drops that hang on it?  
So often His sweet promise doth supply us  
With comfort most when stormy troubles try us.

He often doth dispense  
His choicest influence,  
Then most when all things else annoy the sense,—  
When from the pallid cheek  
Fades the last lingering streak,  
When eyes are dim and voice is low and weak;—  
Then often, in that night of darkest sorrow,  
He brings bright visions of Heaven's golden  
morrow.

O may we all be brought  
To love Him as we ought,  
And serve Him with true act and holy thought:  
That we in death's dark night,  
May have the deep delight  
Of His great love, in Whom alone is Light  
Without one shade,—In Whom there dwelleth ever  
Unfailing peace, and joy that fadeth never!

C. E. MUDIE.

*Stray Leaves.* (Macmillan.)

FAIR hope is dead, and light  
Is quenched in night.  
What sound can break the silence of despair?  
Oh doubting heart!  
The sky is overcast;  
Yet stars shall rise at last,  
Brighter for darkness past,  
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

*Legends and Lyrics.* (G. Bell.)

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

It looks very dark just afore us,  
But, keep your hearts eawt o' your shoon,  
Though clouds may be thickenin' o'er us,  
There's lots o' blue heaven aboon!

EDWIN WAUGH.

*Poems and Lancashire Songs.* (G. Bell.)

PAIN.

PAIN, pain, pain,  
Racking and throbbing again and again  
With persistency most provoking;  
How soon you can stop our work and our play,  
And destroy the whole joy of the loveliest day,  
And quite put an end to all joking!  
Brain, brain, brain,  
Hammered and writhing again and again,  
Maddened and deadened and dull;  
How soon you are weakened and torn and tattered,  
Like a poor old ship by the lightnings shattered,  
With nought of it left but the hull!

Pine, pine, pine,  
To watch the death of the sweet sunshine,  
Dying at eve for ever and aye,  
And to know that a day so calm, so fair,  
So full of a gladness as rich as rare,  
Is an utterly wasted day.

Pain, pain, pain,  
Oh, lessen the torture and ease the strain!  
I know that your mission is great and good,  
But just now, dear Pain, I've so much to do,  
Such problems to solve and such work to get  
through,

That your mission is misunderstood.

Cease, cease, cease,  
Cease to complain of thy pain's increase,  
Seek not impatiently rest or release.  
Bear your tortures as well as you can,  
Thy God knoweth best what is good for thee, man,  
And in time will refresh thee with peace.

W. A. GIBBS.

# LIST OF AUTHORS AND SOURCES.

*Roman numerals affixed denote that two or more extracts from an author's works are given on one page: e. g. 343 ii.*

- A., one of the Authors of "Poems written for a Child," 8, 25, 271.  
Addison, Joseph, 61.  
Aidé, Hamilton, 107, 171, 248.  
Ainsworth, William Harrison, 88, 215.  
Akenside, Mark, 109.  
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, 101, 179, 180, 234.  
Alexander, Cecil Frances, 22, 78, 365.  
Alexander, William, 328, 354.  
Alford, Henry, 67, 74, 244, 333, 354, 357, 359 ii.  
Alighieri, Dante, 290, 291 ii., 292.  
Allingham, William, 28, 94, 158.  
Anon., *see* Unknown.  
Armstrong, Edmund John, 194, 265, 304, 367.  
Armstrong, George Francis, 147, 149, 262 ii., 271, 287, 294, 298, 307, 364.  
Arnold, Edwin, 151, 201, 282.  
Arnold, Matthew, 120, 158 ii., 286, 287, 288 ii., 296, 336, 349.  
Arnold, Thomas, 290.  
Ashby-Sterry, J., 95, 136 ii., 157, 240.  
Ashe, Thomas, 84, 122, 206, 229, 247, 332.  
Austin, Alfred, 15 ii., 99 ii., 100, 105 ii., 179, 308.  
Author of "Ezekiel and other Poems," 57, 61, 321.  
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," 15, 19 ii., 62, 92, 130, 145, 186, 207, 208, 214, 227, 265, 314, 331, 345, 348, 349, 352, 354, 364.  
Author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," 176, 212 ii., 213, 224.  
Author of "Olrig Grange," *see* Smith, Walter C.  
Authors of "Poems written for a Child," One of the, 8, 25, 271.  
"Bab" Ballads, 9, 100, 127, 187.  
Bailey, Philip James, 116, 119, 127 ii., 128 ii., 138, 151, 356, 360.  
Baillie, Joanna, 251.  
Baldwin, Astley H., 274.  
Barbault, Anna Letitia, 318.  
Barham, Richard Harris ("Thomas Ingoldsby"), 99, 205, 336.  
Barlow, George, 321.  
Barnes, William, 39, 50 ii., 69, 132, 138, 165, 187, 342.  
Barr, Matthias, 241, 248 ii., 361.  
Bayly, Thomas Haynes, 150, 162, 219.  
Baynes, R. H., 351, 353.  
Beattie, James, 351.  
Beaumont (Francis) and Fletcher (Phineas), 207.  
Bennett, William Cox, 39, 208, 217, 224, 247, 260, 342.  
Beowulf, 290 iii.  
Béranger, P. J. De, 335.  
Bickersteth, Edward Henry, 210 ii., 355, 360.  
Bishop, Samuel, 216.  
Blackie, John Stuart, 90, 133, 149, 186, 214, 224, 260, 363.  
Blackley, W. Lewery, 287.  
Blair, Robert, 251, 328.  
Blake, William, 92, 240, 365.  
Blessington, Countess of, 256.  
Blind, Mathilde, 306.  
B. M., *see* Author of "Ezekiel and other Poems."  
Boker, George H., 359.  
Bonar, Horatius, 73, 241, 254, 260, 265, 322, 351, 352, 355, 358, 364, 367, 369.  
Bond, Alessie, *see* Faussett, Mrs. Henry.  
Borrow, George, 283, 293.  
Bowles, William Lisle, 19, 77.  
Brainard, J. G. C., 207.  
Breton, Nicholas, 138.  
Brontë, Anne, 373.

- Brontë, Emily, 338.  
 Brough, Robert B., 4, 32.  
 Brown, Rowland, 33, 37, 62, 76, 209, 239, 260, 309.  
 Browne, William, 111.  
 Brownell, H. H., 330.  
 Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 100, 104, 112, 149, 160, 189, 238.  
 Browning, Robert, 170, 189, 311, 370.  
 Bryant, William Cullen, 319, 320, 338.  
 Buchanan, Robert, 26, 133, 164, 304, 321, 323, 335, 365, 370.  
 Burleigh, William H., 367.  
 Burns, Robert, 66, 127, 192, 266, 267.  
 Burnside, Helen Marion, 21, 56, 59, 73.  
 Butler, Samuel, 109 ii, 115, 119 ii, 189, 190, 191.  
 Byron, Henry J., 191.  
 Byron, Lord, 117, 143, 335, 349.  
 Caedmon, 290.  
 Calverley, C. S., 117, 132, 134, 137 ii, 163 iii, 253.  
 Campbell, Thomas, 89, 175, 274.  
 Capern, Edward, 34, 43.  
 Carew, Thomas, 111.  
 Carey, Alice, 337.  
 Carey, Henry, 258 ii.  
 Carey, Phoebe, 347.  
 Carroll, Lewis, 7, 101.  
 Cazenove, A., 11.  
 Chadwick, George A., 323.  
 Chaucer, Geoffrey, 91, 110.  
 Cheltnam, Charles Smith, 35.  
 Coleridge, Hartley, 159.  
 Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 88, 111 ii, 114, 137, 152, 175, 251, 253, 267, 343 ii.  
 Collins, Mortimer, 33, 93, 95, 151, 185, 193, 212, 216 ii, 301, 319, 320 ii, 337.  
 Corinthians, First Epistle to the, 73.  
 Cornwall, Barry (Bryan W. Procter), 69, 181, 246, 247, 266 ii, 296, 306, 313, 344.  
 Cowan, Samuel K., 8, 18, 206 ii, 217, 322, 346.  
 Cowper, William, 190 ii, 209, 258, 259, 267, 274, 367.  
 Crashaw, Richard, 21, 77, 79, 97, 193, 337, 352.  
 Crewdson, Mrs. T. D., 356, 357.  
 Croly, George, 224.  
 C. S. C., *see* Calverley, C. S.  
 Cunningham, Allan, 224, 358.  
 Daniel, Book of, 282.  
 Dante Alighieri, 290, 291 ii, 293.  
 Davis, Sir John, 190.  
 De Burgh, Hubert J., 335.  
 Derby, Lord, 283.  
 De Vere, Aubrey, 75, 93, 138, 140, 263, 316, 352, 373 ii.  
 Dickens, Charles, 154 (Introductory Motto).  
 Doane, George W., 194.  
 Domett, Alfred, 12, 20, 252.  
 Doudney, Sarah, 11, 55, 69, 77, 364.  
 Dowden, Edward, 121, 123, 161, 173, 218, 305.  
 Dowty, A. A. ("O. P. Q. Philander Smiff"), 51.  
 Dryden, John, 88, 128, 251.  
 E. A. B., 60.  
 Egar, Alexander R., 100, 316, 318, 322 ii, 323.  
 Ecclesiastes, Book of, 280, 328.  
 Elliott, Ebenezer, 60, 356.  
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 115, 255.  
 Escott, T. H. S., 31.  
 Eta, 360.  
 Evans, Sebastian, 35, 55, 217.  
 "Ezekiel and other Poems," *see* Author of  
 Faber, F. W., 19, 315, 338, 340, 348, 355, 365, 369, 372.  
 Faussett, Mrs. Henry (Alessie Bond), 314, 367, 370.  
 Ferguson, Sir Samuel, 130.  
 Fitzgerald, Edward, 121, 196.  
 Fletcher, Francis, 207.  
 Fletcher, Giles, 22.  
 Forrester, Fanny, 274.  
 Frithiof Saga, The, 287.  
 "Fugitive Poetry," 287.  
 Gallagher, William D., 344.  
 Gay, John, 251, 258.  
 Gibbs, J. H., 92.  
 Gibbs, W. A., 40, 373, 374.  
 Gibney, Somerville, 26, 38, 68, 90, 93, 121, 154.  
 Gilbert, W. S., 9, 100, 127, 187.  
 Gladstone, William Ewart, 236, 366.  
 Gosse, Edmund W., 25, 116, 165, 238, 261, 284.  
 Grahame, James, 37.  
 Graves, Alfred Perceval, 119, 140, 141, 173, 200, 235.

- Gray, David, 346, 371.  
 Greenwell, Dora, 206.  
 Griffin, Gerald, 158, 258, 259.
- Hake, Thomas Gordon, 93, 95, 107, 160, 245, 285, 328.  
 Hall, Samuel Carter, 217, 228, 229, 251 ii., 274, 275, 309 ii.  
 Halleck, J. Fitz-Greene, 207.  
 Hamilton, Edwin, 6, 44, 97, 104, 124, 161, 174.  
 Hamilton, Eugene Lee, *see* Lee-Hamilton, Eugene.  
 Harrington, John, 110.  
 Havergal, Cecilia, 267.  
 Havergal, Frances Ridley, 38, 69, 273, 356, 366.  
 Havergal, W. H., 73, 211.  
 Heber, Reginald, 74, 347 ii.  
 Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, 10, 344, 351, 352.  
 Herbert, George, 78, 259.  
 Herrick, Robert, 68, 88, 98, 114 ii., 117, 133, 134, 137, 140 ii., 153, 175, 343 ii., 345 ii., 349.  
 Holland, J. G., 240.  
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 131, 141, 325.  
 Homer's Iliad :—Pope's, 283; Lord Derby's, 283.  
 Hood, Thomas, 67, 89, 115, 116 ii., 117 ii., 118, 136, 144, 190, 199, 233, 238, 242, 266, 273.  
 Hood, Thomas, the Younger (Tom), 105, 135, 142.  
 Hooper, Eden, 4, 8, 19, 20, 39, 114, 135, 260, 261, 274.  
 Horne, George, 331.  
 Horne, Richard Hengist, 87.  
 Houghton, Lord, 91, 150, 255, 264 ii., 314, 356, 357, 370.  
 Howitt, Mary, 200.  
 Howitt, William, 25.  
 "Hudibras," *see* Butler, Samuel.  
 Hunt, Leigh, 36, 37, 88, 89, 103, 162, 199.
- "Illustrated London News," 45, 46.  
 Ingelow, Jean, 90, 101, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 175, 209 ii., 215, 355.  
 "Ingoldsby Legends" } *see* Barham, R. H.  
 Ingoldsby, Thomas }  
 Isaiah, Book of, 280.
- Job, Book of, 280 iii.  
 Johnson, Samuel, 271, 273 ii.  
 Jonson, Ben, 109.
- Keats, John, 118, 138, 143, 190, 294.  
 Keble, John, 21, 36, 64, 77, 210 ii., 353, 360, 362, 363, 367, 371.  
 Ken, Thomas, 357.  
 Kenny, James, 108.  
 Kent, Charles, 102, 129, 152, 245.  
 Kingsley, Charles, 10, 78, 103.  
 Knox, Hon. Mrs. O. N., 163, 295.
- Lamb, Charles, 243, 272.  
 Landon, Letitia Elizabeth ("L. E. L."), 112, 118, 137, 181, 358.  
 Landor, Walter Savage, 118, 128, 150, 255, 274, 294, 339 ii.  
 Lang, Andrew, 106, 167, 171.  
 Langbridge, Frederick, 3, 14, 18, 22, 24, 30, 35, 39, 47, 55, 56, 63, 64 iii., 65, 66, 70, 73, 74, 75 ii., 78 iii., 79 ii., 80 iii., 123, 124, 143, 145, 149, 169, 173, 175, 178 ii., 190, 260, 262, 263, 264, 265, 299, 312, 315, 342.  
 Langford, John Alfred, 120, 225, 241 ii., 338.  
 Larcom, Lucy, 311.  
 Lea, Kennett, 168.  
 Lee-Hamilton, Eugene, 297 ii.  
 Leigh, Henry S., 91, 108, 110, 111, 128, 133, 160, 195, 213 ii., 162 ii., 221, 225.  
 L. E. L., *see* Landon, Letitia Elizabeth.  
 Locker, Frederick, 110, 139, 143 ii., 151, 158, 162, 195, 200, 207, 224, 234, 245, 267, 335, 351, 364.  
 Lockhart, John Gibson, 202.  
 Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 61, 127, 195, 197, 245, 288, 307, 318, 328, 330, 342, 350, 352, 354, 359, 374.  
 "Love Sonnets of Proteus," 95, 148, 167.  
 Lovelace, Richard, 99, 147.  
 Lover, Samuel, 3, 132, 134, 175, 180, 191.  
 Lowell, James Russell, 29 ii., 177, 251, 275, 299, 335, 345, 361.  
 Luther, Martin, 76, 81 ii.  
 Lynch, Anne, 366.  
 "Lyra Germanica," 76, 79.  
 Lytton, Edward, Lord, 148.  
 Lytton, Robert, Lord, *see* Meredith, Owen.
- Macaulay, Lord, 42, 102, 296.  
 McCarthy, Denis Florence, 20, 142.

- Macdonald, George, 24, 65, 82 ii., 246, 257 ii., 307, 308, 310.  
Mackay, Charles, 35, 37, 63, 110, 116, 127, 154, 161, 244.  
Maclean, Mrs. George, *see* Landon, Letitia Elizabeth.  
Mallock, W. H., 189, 277 ii.  
Mangan, James Clarence, 313.  
Mark, St., 243.  
Marlow, Christopher, 129.  
Marston, Philip Bourke, 94, 181.  
Marston, Westland, 145, 227.  
Marzials, Théophile, 119, 121, 139, 147.  
Massey, Gerald, 223, 332, 343.  
Massinger, Philip, 113, 129.  
Matheson, A., 268.  
Matthew, St., 358, 363.  
Mayo, Isabella Fyvie, 59, 81, 316, 364.  
Mead, Thomas, 161.  
Menken, Adah Isaacs, 168.  
Meredith, Owen, 130 ii., 145 ii., 147, 148, 149, 162, 163, 168, 219.  
Meredyth, Francis, 58, 83, 353.  
Meynell, Alice, 172, 223.  
Michell, Nicholas, 315.  
Miller, Joaquin, 149, 255, 263, 301.  
Milman, Henry Hart, 78, 350.  
Milton, John, 11, 22, 23, 224, 292 ii., 338, 344, 349.  
Monsell, J. S. B., 18, 75 ii., 78, 79, 80, 243, 350, 365, 367 ii.  
Montgomery, James, 77, 323, 349, 357.  
Moon, G. Washington, 254.  
Moore, Thomas, 69, 88, 109, 123, 141, 145, 147, 154, 156, 218, 266, 272, 273, 293 v., 359.  
Morris, Lewis, 87, 114, 119 ii., 120, 168, 216, 283, 284, 314, 315, 326, 372.  
Morris, William, 16, 122, 289 ii.  
Moultrie, John, 344.  
"Mrs. Jertingham's Journal," *see* Author of.  
Mudie, Charles Edward, 262, 373.  
Myers, Frederic W. H., 369.  
Newman, John Henry, 293, 311, 372.  
New Writer, A, *see* Morris, Lewis.  
Noel, Hon. Roden, 338, 344, 345.  
Noel, Thomas, 330.  
"Not-Browne Mayd, The," 109, 111.  
O'Brien, Charlotte G., 30.  
Old Carol, 3.  
"Once a Week," 37, 229.  
O'Shaughnessy, Arthur W. E., 96, 99, 112 ii., 113 iii., 118, 119, 138, 139, 140, 146, 148, 152, 159, 164, 181, 333, 335.  
Palgrave, Francis Turner, 58, 90, 150, 346, 365.  
Parker, Henry W., 335.  
Parnell, Thomas, 89.  
Parsons, Thomas William, 329, 350.  
Patmore, Coventry, 123, 143, 153, 173, 189, 190, 194, 195, 196, 213, 234, 258.  
Payne, John, 120, 164, 165, 167, 275, 294, 372.  
Peacock, Thomas Love, 163.  
Pennell, H. Cholmondeley, 220 ii., 223.  
"Percy's Reliques," 114.  
Pfeiffer, Emily, 17, 101, 135, 141, 150, 156, 316, 363.  
Philippians, Epistle to the, 347.  
Planché, James Robinson, 50, 114, 133, 159.  
Plumptre, Edward Hayes, 208.  
Poe, Edgar Allan, 121, 197, 264, 265, 356.  
"Poems written for a Child," 25.  
Pollok, Robert, 254.  
Pope, Alexander, 190, 193, 194, 196, 207, 274, 283.  
Praed, Winthrop Mackworth, 98, 113 ii., 168, 185, 311.  
Pratt, John J., 337.  
Prior, Matthew, 111, 128.  
Procter, Adelaide A., 348, 359, 360, 366, 371, 374.  
Procter, B. W., *see* Cornwall, Barry.  
"Proteus," 95, 148, 167.  
Proverbs, Book of, 280.  
Psalms, The, 203, 280.  
"Punch," 189.  
Punshon, W. Morley, 81.  
"Quadrilateral, The," 92.  
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 110.  
Ranking, B. Montgomerie, 13, 16, 105, 148, 312.  
Read, Thomas Buchanan, 134.  
Reece, Robert, 40, 94, 119, 155, 166, 196.  
Revelation, The, 289.

- Rice, Hon. Stephen E. Spring, 253.  
 Roberts, Mary A., 265, 275.  
 Rochat, Fannie, 262, 275.  
 Rodd, Rennell, 166, 350.  
 Rogers, Samuel, 201.  
 Roslyn, Guy, 28, 30, 143, 144, 180, 181, 192, 199.  
 Ross, Alexander, 199.  
 Rossetti, Christina Georgina, 62, 95, 101, 104, 118, 161, 171, 366.  
 Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 12, 97, 101 ii., 152, 161, 163, 180, 252, 361.  
 Rowles, Mary, 56, 165, 320 ii., 340.
- Sawyer, William, 5, 13, 44, 125, 323, 369, 370, 372.  
 Saxe, John Godfrey, 188, 192, 255.  
 Scott, Clement, 32, 47, 174.  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 41 ii., 114, 116, 118, 180, 201, 267.  
 Scott, Walter (of Harden), 41.  
 Scott, William Bell, 65, 169, 214, 220, 239, 333.  
 Sears, E. H., 24.  
 Sedley, Sir Charles, 128.  
 Shakspeare, William, 21, 87, 90, 99, 111, 127, 142, 144, 147, 153, 156, 196 ii., 205, 208 ii., 233, 251 ii., 252, 256 ii., 261 iv., 262, 281, 286 ii., 298, 302, 349, 369, 370.  
 Sharp, William, 302, 304, 323.  
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 127, 159, 297, 315, 357.  
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 128.  
 Sims, George R., 48.  
 Smedley, Menella Bute, 91, 101, 120, 156, 176, 188, 257, 341.  
 "Smiff, O. P. Q. Philander," 51.  
 Smith, Alexander, 104, 105, 147, 150, 153, 255.  
 Smith, Walter C., 105, 178, 191, 302.  
 Southey, Robert, 63, 203, 258.  
 Southwell, Robert, 18, 347.  
 "Speaker's Commentary, The," 280.  
 Spenser, Edmund, 111, 139, 164, 197.  
 Spring-Rice, Hon. Stephen E., 253.  
 Stedman, Edmund Clarence, 103.  
 Sterry, J. Ashby-, *see* Ashby-Sterry, J.  
 Stoddard, R. H., 339.  
 Stone, S. J., 67, 77, 309, 344.  
 Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 337.  
 Suckling, Sir John, 109, 138.
- Surrey, Earl of, 143.  
 Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 91, 94, 112, 120, 146, 240, 263, 271, 284, 296, 303.  
 Symonds, John Addington, 166, 167, 261, 301, 320.
- Talfourd, Frank, 185.  
 Talfourd, T. N., 373.  
 Taylor, Sir Henry, 91, 236, 339.  
 Taylor, Tom, 29.  
 Tegnér, Esaias, 287.  
 Tersteegen, 79.  
 Thessalonians, First Epistle to, 289.  
 Thomson, James (Author of "The City of Dreadful Night"), 104, 105, 146, 147, 153, 179, 295, 357.  
 Thompson, A. C., *see* Meynell, Alice.  
 Tilton, Theodore, 160.  
 Todhunter, John, 19, 131, 204, 307.  
 Traditional, 5, 9.  
 Trench, Richard Chenevix, 65, 116, 243, 333, 353 ii., 371 ii.  
 Tupper, Martin Farquhar, 115, 196, 208, 233, 256, 316.  
 Tusser, Thomas, 32, 108.  
 Tuttielt, Laurence, 66 ii., 83, 209, 277.
- Unknown, 3, 5, 9, 26, 57, 79, 99, 109, 111, 146, 158, 174, 189, 190, 191, 193, 195, 196, 200, 263 ii., 264, 343, 354, 358.
- Vaughan, Henry, 82, 190, 310, 317, 370.
- Waddington, Samuel, 150, 228.  
 Waller, Edmund, 115, 128, 129, 130, 134, 139, 224, 336.  
 Waller, John Francis, 17, 58, 59.  
 Ward, Thomas, 360.  
 Warner, William, 141.  
 Warren, Hon. John Leicester, 30, 337.  
 Washburn, E. A., 352.  
 Watts, Alaric A., 226, 235.  
 Watts, Isaac, 310.  
 Watts, Theodore, 24, 106, 248.  
 Waugh, Edwin, 47, 110, 176, 226, 264,





MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS' LIST.

---

---

**ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.**

---

**LOVE KNOTS AND BRIDAL BANDS.**

Poems and Rhymes of Wooing and Wedding.

*Selected and arranged by the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, B.A., with superb Coloured Illustrations  
by J. D. Leslie, R.A.; W. F. Yeames, R.A.; Marcus Stone, R.A., &c., &c.*

**SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR A WEDDING GIFT OR AS A CHOICE VALENTINE.**

**PRICE TEN SHILLINGS.**

---

**HUMOROUS NEW TOY BOOK.**

---

**THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN VALENTINE PIMPLE.**

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOURS BY A. Y. PONCY.

One of the most Original of Illustrated Books for Old and Young.

**PRICE ONE SHILLING.**

---

**ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS.**

**ARTISTIC BIRTHDAY CARDS.**

**CONGRATULATORY WEDDING CARDS, VALENTINE CARDS, EASTER CARDS.**

**THE "ROCK OF AGES" SERIES OF SCRIPTURE TEXT CARDS.**

---

Royal Academicians, Associates, Members of the Royal Water-colour Societies, and other Artists of note have furnished the Original Designs for our various Artistic Cards, while the Chromolithographic work of the Reproductions is of the highest.

*These Cards can be procured of the leading Stationery and Art Stores throughout the world.*



The back of every Card issued by us bears our Trade Mark, as here given. None other emanate from our Establishment.









