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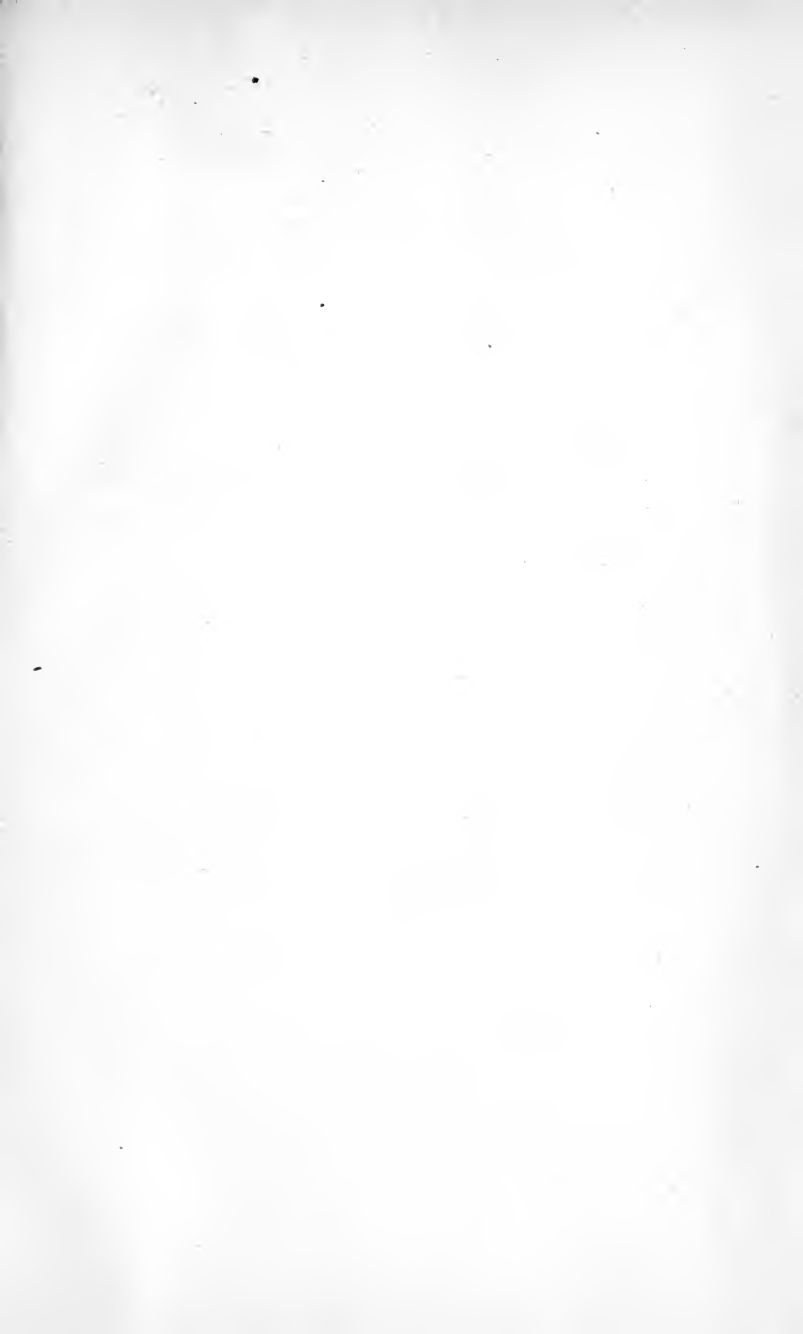
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YOUNGER
AMERICAN POETS

1830-1890

EDITED BY
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WITH AN APPENDIX OF
YOUNGER CANADIAN POETS

EDITED BY
GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS
OF ST JOHN, N.B.



THE CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK

1891

72822



DEDICATED TO

THE CITIZENS OF BOSTON,—

THE CRADLE OF LITERATURE IN AMERICA,

THE GREAT CITY,

WHICH, AS IT TOOK THE LEAD IN WAGING WAR WITH ENGLAND
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO,

NOW TAKES THE LEAD IN WAGING PEACE,—

AS A HOMAGE TO ITS GREATNESS

AND A GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE HOSPITALITY RECEIVED
AT MY FIRST RESTING-PLACE IN AMERICA.

TO THE AMERICAN FALL AT NIAGARA.

*Niagara, national emblem! Cataract
Born of the maddened rapids, sweeping down
Direct, resistless from the abyss's crown
Into the deep, fierce pool with vast impact
Scarce broken by the giant boulders, stacked
To meet thine onslaught, threatening to drown
Each tillaged plain, each level-loving town
'Twixt thee and ocean. Lo! the type exact!*

*America Niagarized the world.
Europe, a hundred years ago, beheld
An avalanche, like pent-up Erie, hurled
Through barriers, to which the rocks of old
Seemed toy things—leaping into godlike space
A sign and wonder to the human race.*

DOUGLAS SLADEN

NIAGARA, October 18, 1889.

I desire to crave the indulgence of the reader for typographical errors, the book having had the disadvantage of passing through the Press while I was away in Japan, without the proper works at hand for correcting the proofs.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

YOKOHAMA, 7th December 1889.



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
DEDICATION	v
DEDICATORY SONNET	vi
TO THE READER	xxv

YOUNGER AMERICAN POETS.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830-1886)—

Vicksburg	1
Beauregard's Appeal	3
Beyond the Potomac	4
The Rose and Thorn	6
The Red Lily	6
Ariel	7
Pre-Existence	8
After the Tornado	9
Tristram of the Wood	9

WILL WALLACE HARNEY (1831)—

Adonais	11
-------------------	----

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (1833)—

Pan in Wall Street	13
Toujours Amour	16
"The Undiscovered Country"	17
Song from a Drama	17
The Discoverer	18
The Death of Bryant	20
Provençal Lovers	23
The Hand of Lincoln	25
The World Well Lost	26
Liberty Enlightening the World	27

CHARLES HENRY WEBB [John Paul] (1834)—

Little Mamma	29
With a Nantucket Shell	32
The King and the Pope	33

	PAGE
GEORGE ARNOLD (1834-1865)—	
Beer	34
A Sunset Fantasia	35
JOHN JAMES PIATT (1835)—	
Awake in Darkness	37
The Buried Ring	37
Apart	39
The Mower in Ohio	39
The Blackberry Farm	42
Conflagration	44
The New House	45
A Song of Content	46
Fires in Illinois	47
WILLIAM WINTER (1836)—	
My Queen	48
Adelaide Neilson	49
DAVID GRAY (1836-1888)—	
To J. H. (Colonel John Hay).	50
Divided	51
Sir John Franklin and his Crew	51
Rest	53
Cross of Gold	53
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836)—	
Palabras Carifiosas	55
Identity	56
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837)—	
Forlorn	56
Thanksgiving	61
Through the Meadow	61
Dead	62
The Poet's Friends	63
Avery	63
HENRY AMES BLOOD (1838)—	
Shakespeare	66
Pro Mortuis	68
The Two Enchantments	69
COLONEL JOHN HAY (1838)—	
Jem Bludso	70
How it Happened	71
Regardant	73

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
FATHER ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN (1839-1886)—	
In Memory of my Brother	74
Sentinel Songs	75
The Conquered Banner	77
C. S. A.	79
[FRANCIS] BRET HARTE (1839)—	
Her Letter	80
Dickens in Camp	83
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH (1839)—	
The Clocks of Kenilworth	84
The Florida Ibis	88
ROSSITER JOHNSON (1840)—	
Faith's Surrender	90
Lawrence	92
HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER (1840-1890)—	
A Trio for Twelfth Night	94
Love's Infinite made Finite (<i>Liber Amoris</i>)	99
The Creed of Love (<i>Liber Amoris</i>)	100
The Sense of Loss (<i>Liber Amoris</i>)	100
ROBERT KELLY WEEKS (1840-1876)—	
By the Light of the Moon	101
On the Beach	102
The Mist	102
A Rainy Day	103
EDWARD ROWLAND SILL (1841-1887)—	
Opportunity	104
Five Lives	105
The Fool's Prayer	106
JAMES HERBERT MORSE (1841)—	
The Errand	108
Waiting in the Rain	109
Song	110
Who Knows	110
Labour and Life	111
The Power of Beauty	111
CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER [Joaquin Miller] (1841)—	
The Ship in the Desert	113
The Rhyme of the Great River	117
From the Rhyme of the Great River	120

	PAGE
Charity	120
To the Lion of Saint Mark	122
Pace Implora	123
Kit Carson's Ride	124
CHARLES M. DICKINSON (1842)—	
The Children	129
SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881)—	
Sunrise—A Hymn of the Marshes	131
The Marshes of Glynn	137
Song of the Chattahoochee	140
A Ballad of Trees and the Master	142
From "The Symphony"	142
The Crystal	145
DAVID LAW PROUDFIT (1842)—	
At Odds with Life	148
CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS [Yawcob Strauss] (1842)—	
Der Oak and der Vine	152
Mine Vamily	154
He gets here shust der same!	154
Mine Moder-in-Law	156
Der Drummer	157
"Don'd feel too Big!"	158
Der Vater-Mill	159
RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844)—	
Ode	161
A Woman's Thought	163
Reform	164
Decoration Day	165
" There is Nothing new under the Sun "	165
The Sower	166
" O Silver River flowing toward the Sea "	167
Sheridan	168
The White Tsar's People	169
Sunset from the Train	171
The Master-Poets	172
SONGS—	
The Song of a Heathen	173
I Love her Gentle Forehead	173
" Beyond the Branches of the Pine "	174
" The Woods that bring the Sunset near "	174
" Oh Love is not a Summer Mood "	175
Song	175
Only Once	175

CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
SONNETS—	
“My Love for Thee doth March like Armed Men”	176
The Dark Room	176
On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln	177
Love's Jealousy	178
The Celestial Passion	178
The Evening Star	179
The Sonnet	179
Keats	180
Father and Child	180
“Call me not Dead”	181
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY (1844-1890)—	
Jacqueminots	181
The Celebes	182
A Savage	183
Love's Secret	183
Distance	184
Uncle Ned's Tale	184
Western Australia	193
Dying in Harness	194
J. H. BONER (1845)—	
“We Walked among the Whispering Pines”	197
The Light'ood Fire	198
MAURICE THOMPSON (1844)—	
The Death of the White Heron	199
Ceres	202
Diana	203
An Exile	204
WILL CARLETON (1845)—	
The First Settler's Story	209
EDGAR FAWCETT (1847)—	
Imperfection	219
The Punishment	219
The Meeting	220
To an Oriole	220
The Moon in the City	221
Decoration Day	221
Fiat Justitia	222
Gold	223
Still Water	224
Master and Slave	225



	PAGE
The Sorceress	226
A Straggler	234
Ivy	235
JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE (1847)—	
Sir Hugo's Choice	236
The V-a-s-e	238
Andromeda	239
Babylon	239
WALTER LEARNED (1847)—	
On the Fly-Leaf of a Book of Old Plays	240
Marjorie's Kisses	241
The Prime of Life	242
Eheu! Fugaces	242
HENRY AUGUSTIN BEERS (1847)—	
Beaver Pond Meadows	243
The Rising of the Curtain	245
Hugh Latimer	247
JOHN VANCE CHENEY (1848)—	
Waiting	248
Our Mother	248
Great is To-Day	249
Snowflakes	250
Spring Song	250
Loves of Leaves and Grasses	251
Song of the Gloaming	251
HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN (1848)—	
The Lost Hellas	252
Evolution	256
CHARLES DE KAY (1848)—	
Arcana Sylvarum	258
Invocation	259
Ulf in Ireland	260
Surrender	263
The Tornado	264
Serenade	266
From "Barnaval"	266
ROBERT BURNS WILSON (1850)—	
Life and Love	269
My Lady Sleeps	272

CONTENTS.

XV

	PAGE
EUGENE FIELD (1850)—	
Our Two Opinions	273
Lullaby	274
A Dutch Lullaby	275
A Norse Lullaby	277
GEORGE WASHINGTON WRIGHT HOUGHTON' (1850)—	
Anniversary Hymn	277
The Handsel Ring	278
The Harp (<i>Legend of St Olaf's Kirk</i>)	279
The Song (<i>Legend of St Olaf's Kirk</i>)	279
Gone! (<i>Legend of St Olaf's Kirk</i>)	280
Tapestries (<i>Legend of St Olaf's Kirk</i>)	281
ARLO BATES (1850)—	
To My Infant Son	281
On the Road to Chorrera	284
A Shadow Boat	284
Sonnets in Shadow	285
GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP (1851)—	
Gettysburg, a Battle Ode	287
The Sunshine of Thine Eyes	288
The Phœbe-Bird	288
Keenan's Charge	289
IRWIN RUSSELL (1853-1879)—	
From "Christmas Night in the Quarters"	291
Nebuchadnezzar	293
Her Conquest	295
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (1853)—	
The South Wind and the Sun	295
Knee-Deep in June	300
When She Comes Home	303
When Bessie Died	303
The King	304
Jim	306
SAMUEL MINTURN PECK (1854)—	
Dollie	308
A Knot of Blue	309
An Afterthought	309
The Sailor's Sweetheart	310

	PAGE
H. C. BUNNER (1855)—	
The Way to Arcady	311
The Appeal to Harold	314
JAMES BERRY BENSEL (1856-1886)—	
My Sailor	315
WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER (1856)—	
The Wind and the Stars and the Sea	316
The Sea's Voice	317
The Silence of the Hills	318
CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH (1856)—	
Ghosts	319
Love	321
The Tocsin	321
Song—The Vigil	322
The Burden of Time	322
JAMES BENJAMIN KENYON (1858)—	
When Clover Blooms	324
Quatrain	325
Syrinx	325
The Tyrian's Memory	326
JOHN ELIOT BOWEN (1858)—	
To Wilding, my Polo-Pony	328
The Man who Rode to Conemaugh	329
CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS (1858)—	
The Dead Nymph	331
RICHARD EUGENE BURTON (1859)—	
The City	335
Appraisals	336
Song of the Sea	336
FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN (1860)—	
Dawn and Dusk	337
On Some Buttercups	339
Bacchus	339
A Madrigal	340
A Betrothal	341
A Persian Dancing Girl	341

	PAGE
CLINTON SCOLLARD (1860)—	
As I Came Down from Lebanon	342
The Hunter	343
By the Turret Stair	346
On a Bust of Antinous	347
Sidney Godolphin	348
LANGDON ELWYN MITCHELL [John Philip Varley] (1862)—	
The Way-Side Virgin	349
Song	350
Song	851
MADISON J. CAWEIN (1865)—	
Carmen	351
The Heron	353
HENRY TYRRELL (1860)—	
The Debutante	353
Idylls	354
DANIEL L. DAWSON—	
The Seeker in the Marshes	354
RICHARD HOVEY (1864)—	
Beethoven's Third Symphony	356
ARTHUR MACY—	
My Masterpiece	357
OSCAR FAY ADAMS—	
Beaten	359
MAURICE EGAN—	
Of Flowers	360
The Old Violin	360
Theocritus	361
Maurice De Guerin	361
JAMES E. NESMITH—	
Monadnoc	362
LOUISE MAY ALCOTT (1832)—	
Transfiguration	374
ANNE REEVE ALDRICH—	
Color Song	375
A Song of Life	376
The Wish	376

	PAGE
CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES (1838-1889)—	
Springs	377
At Tappan	378
Last Days of Byron	378
MAY ELIZABETH BLAKE (1840)—	
A Dead Summer	380
Going and Coming	381
Heartsick!	383
HELEN GRAY CONE (1859)—	
The Accolade	384
A Song of Failure	389
The Dandelions	389
Emelie	390
Elsinore	392
To-Day	394
INA D. COOLBRITH—	
The Poet	394
DANSKE CAROLINA DANDRIDGE (1858)—	
Desire	395
Pegasus	397
A Dainty Fop	398
The Dead Moon	399
MARGARET[TA WADE] DELAND (1857)—	
Affaire D'Amour	401
Summer	402
Life	402
"While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night"	403
LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY (1861)—	
Tarpeia	404
A Passing Song	407
The Wild Ride	407
The Light of the House	408
After the Storm	409
The Poet	409
HELEN JACKSON [H. H.] (1831)—	
A Christmas Symphony	410
At Last	413
When the Tide comes in	415

CONTENTS.

xix

	PAGE
When the Baby died	416
Land	417
When the Kings come	418
Mordecai	418
Christmas Night in Saint Peter's	419
SONNETS—	
Bon Voyage	420
Sealed Orders	421
Avalanches	421
Cheyenne Mountain	421
Danger	422
The Fir-Tree and the Brook	422
Refrain	424
My Tenants	425
Dedication	426
May	427
The Poet's Forge	427
Vanity of Vanities	428
Habeas Corpus	429
A Last Prayer	430
ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP (1851)—	
Francie	431
Dorothy	432
Looking Backward	432
The Out-Going Race	433
EMMA LAZARUS (1849-1887)—	
The Crowing of the Red Cock	434
The Banner of the Jew	435
A Masque of Venice	436
JULIE MATHILDE LIPPMANN (1864)—	
A Song of the Road	438
Time	439
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON—	
A Painted Fan	440
The House of Death	441
How Long	442
We Lay us Down to Sleep	442
" If there were Dreams to Sell "	443
When Day was Done	444
At End	445
Heart! Sad Heart: A Rondel	445
Wife to Husband	445
The Venus of Burne Jones	446

	PAGE
The Last Good-Bye	447
After Death	447
The Cup of Death	448
Hic Jacet	448
A Cry	449
 NORA PERRY—	
After the Ball	449
Tying her Bonnet under her Chin	451
The Romance of a Rose	453
Abraham Lincoln's Christmas Gift	455
Riding Down	456
Cressid	457
 ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD (1844)—	
All the Rivers	459
On the Bridge of Sighs	460
Afterward	460
Galatea	461
 SARAH MORGAN BRYAN PIATT (1836)—	
There was a Rose	463
In Doubt	464
Broken Promise	464
The Watch of a Swan	464
The Witch in the Glass	465
Comfort through a Window	465
Making Peace	466
 MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON—	
A Blemished Offering	467
A Belle of Praeneste	468
Persephone	470
The First Thanksgiving Day	471
 EDNA DEAN PROCTOR—	
Easter Morning	473
El Madhi to the Tribes of the Soudan	476
The Brooklyn Bridge	478
Heroes	480
 AMELIE RIVES (1863)—	
Grief and Faith	481
A Sonnet	483

CONTENTS.

xxi

PAGE

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD (1835)—	
Magdalen	484
Agatha's Song	485
The Lonely Grave	486
Oak Hill	488
An Old Song	488
Goldsmith's Whistle	489
CELIA THAXTER (1836)—	
The Only Foe	494
Song	495
A Tryst	495
Slumber Song	498
Schumann's Sonata in A Minor	498
EDITH MATILDA THOMAS (1854)—	
The Quiet Pilgrim	500
Exiles	501
Frost	501
MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND (1836)—	
Down the Bayou	502
How Much do you Love Me	505
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX—	
Solitude	506
Answered	507
Midsummer	508
The Lost Garden	509
The Story	511
Advice	511
My Ships	512
Will	513
Winter Rain	514
Life	514

YOUNGER CANADIAN POETS.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL (1860)—	
Keziah	519
A Lake Memory	521
Three Things	521
Manitou	522
GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON—	
By the Fountain	523
The Way of the World	525

	PAGE
Shelley	526
True Love and Tried	527
What Matters It?	528
Our Poets	529
Death	530
On Life's Sea	532
Relics	534
BLISS CARMAN (1861)—	
Stir	535
Death in April	535
A Windflower	542
A. H. CHANDLER—	
The Death-Song of Chi-wee-moo	542
* ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD—	
The Canoe	543
HEREWARD K. COCKIN—	
Epitaph on an Early Settler	546
JOHN HUNTER DUVAR (1830)—	
From Enamorado	548
Song from Enamorado	549
Twilight Song (<i>from De Roberval</i>)	549
Brown of England's Lay	550
THE REV. ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON—	
L'Ordre de Bon Temps	551
The Legend of Glooscap	552
The Resettlement of Acadia	554
At Grandmother's	557
The Voyage of Sleep	559
The Whaling Town	560
Flood Tide	561
Love-Letters	561
Sometime	562
LOUIS FRECHETTE—	
"Saint-Malo"	563
"Le Drapeau Anglais"	564
"La Decouverte du Mississippi"	566
JAMES HANNAY—	
A Ballad of Port Royal	570
SOPHIE M. HENSLEY—	
Triumph	572
There is no God	572

CONTENTS.

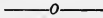
xxiii

	PAGE
MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT—	
Dream and Deed	573
A Song of Failure	573
ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN (1861)—	
Heat	575
Between the Rapids	577
One Day	579
The Weaver	579
Comfort	580
Outlook	581
Knowledge	581
The Railway Station	582
WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL—	
National Hymn	582
Canada not Last	583
Homer	585
ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART—	
Guilt in Solitude	586
Frost-Work	589
BURTON W. LOCKHART—	
Song	589
Life's Noblest Heights	590
AGNES MAULE MACHAR—	
Drifting among the Thousand Islands	590
The Whip-poor-will	591
Two Visions	592
In the Studio	593
WILLIAM M'LENNAN—	
"The Pines"—Mount Royal	595
CHARLES MAIR (1840)—	
From "The Tecumseh"	595
MARY MORGAN [Gowan Lea]—	
"In Apprehension, so Like a God!"	598
CHARLES PELHAM MULVANEY (1835)—	
From Far	599
South Africa Remembered at Niagara, Canada	600
Some One Comes	600

	PAGE
JOHN READE (1837)—	
Antigone	601
British Canada to Mr Louis H. Frechette	602
Pictures of Memory	602
Dominion Day	605
In my Heart	607
PROFESSOR CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS—	
Collect for Dominion Day	608
Canada	609
Khartoum	610
The Pipes of Pan	611
The Isles: An Ode	613
Salt	614
Severance	615
Actæon	615
ELIZABETH GOSTUYCKE ROBERTS—	
A Secret Song	621
THE REV. F. G. SCOTT (1861)—	
Time	622
Knowledge	622
British War Song	624
Estrangement	624
PHILLIPS STEWART (1863)—	
Hope	625
Alone	626
At Sea	627
BARRY STRATON—	
The Robin's Madrigal	627
From The Building of the Bridge	628
ARTHUR WEIR (1864)—	
L'Ordre de Bon Temps	629
At Rainbow Lake	631
In Absence	632
APPENDIX I.—	
A Study of Sidney Lanier by Mrs Laurence Turnbull	635
APPENDIX II.—	
President Gates on Sidney Lanier	645



TO THE READER.*



THE literary men of England and the United States are one people, with the same tastes and a reciprocal feeling of affection. No English author can be insensible to the efforts of American authors and the leading American publishing houses to persuade their Government to join the international copyright league, and there is no more appreciative audience than the American.

With the works of English authors, rising as well as risen, our cousins are laudably familiar. But the compliment has not been returned, and this book is an attempt to make English readers know something more of the bright young poets whose names they see in the great international magazines—*The Century* and *Harper's*.

I have confined myself to writing of the younger poets, for two reasons. The British Public is as conversant as it is ever likely to be with the poems of Longfellow, Bryant, Poe, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, and it would therefore have been a great pity to use up the large amount of space which must have been allotted to them to preserve proportion, while, on the other hand, it would have been very impertinent to have included them without an exhaustive study of their works, in order to contribute something fresh about

* This introduction is an expansion of my two articles which appeared in the *New York Independent* of June 12th and June 19th, 1890.

them—not to mention the dog-in-the-mangering about copyrights.

Nor has there, as far as I know, been any attempt made in England to put before the Public a work dealing only with the contemporary part of American poetry.

Before going further, it would perhaps be as well to define "Younger American Poets." The ante-bellum poets, those whose fame was already secure before the War, naturally did not fall into this limitation. But the War itself seemed hardly a satisfactory line of demarcation. However, while considering this question, I happened to notice that Paul Hamilton Hayne, whom I have accordingly made the patriarch of this work, was born on the 1st of January 1830. And as the book was going to press at the end of 1889, this gave me an exact period of sixty years.

As it seemed, also, that no collection of "Younger American Poets" would be complete without those who were judged in their lifetime among the most likely to furnish successors to the Longfellow group—"H. H.," Sidney Lanier, Emma Lazarus, Edward Rowland Sill, and the poets of the South, Paul Hayne and Father Ryan, I decided to include all born within the period, living or dead.

It would be invidious, while all the authors included are alive, or only recently dead, to make comparisons of merit, and I shall confine myself to remarking on the features which have struck me most in some of the more noticeable of them.

It is natural to mention first the name of Sidney Lanier, for his personality, if it be true that for a man to be a great poet he must also be a great personality.

In Lanier, the beautiful character, the high, un-

relaxed purpose shine out. In his work the conscientious workman and the artist revelling in the exercise of his art are never lost. Indeed sometimes, as in that great poem of "Sunrise," written under the same sad circumstances as Raphael's "Transfiguration" was painted, he steps from conscientious to conscious, artistic to artificial.

But his contribution to American poetry, and indeed to all poetry, was great. For he asked himself what was the true *Ars Poetica*, and he endeavoured to write in accordance with the answer evolved. He seems to me parallel to Dante Rossetti. Each cherished not only poetry, but a sister art. And as Rossetti's poems betray the painter, Lanier's betray the musician. Each had a pathetic loftiness of purpose. Each had original ideas as to form. Each felt the hand of death. Each had a singularly ennobling and vivifying effect on his fellows. Each was the founder of a school, some of whom anatomise, and some of whom imitate his art.

Lanier's poetry has a real value, because it is beautiful, it is original, and it has a purpose. No one can read "The Master and the Trees," and "The Marshes of Glynn," without feeling that he is face to face with a real new poet. And no one can read his volume through without feeling that a pure, high soul has unfolded its aspirations to him.

Lanier differs from the other dead poets included in this book in that he was not only a poet but the founder of a school of poetry. To give the British reader an idea of the teaching he bequeathed to his school, I have added a couple of appendices, one summarised from the able memoir by President Merrill E. Gates, of Rutger's

College, the other, by Mrs Laurence Turnbull, of Baltimore, giving the cult of the Lanierophant.

From Lanier it is natural to pass to Helen Hunt, born Helen Fiske, and by a second marriage Helen Jackson.

Nature was bountiful to her. She was what is called a natural poet, human in sympathies, and with a fine lyric touch. I have noticed, in reading the hundreds of books which I have had to examine for this work, that a larger percentage of women writers than men have the lyric quality. I attribute this to woman's not writing unless she has some natural turn for it, whereas a man's education shows him the mechanism of writing poetry, the mere moves on the chess-board, and he finds it an agreeable exercise to express his thoughts in this form, and more particularly in England, where every scholar has learned to write Latin and Greek verse, and is, consequently, well acquainted with prosody, though Americans must rival them in productiveness, if one can trust the witticism of the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, who once remarked to me: "Every night at nine o'clock I take out my watch and say to myself, there are at this minute a hundred thousand people on this continent writing poetry, and most of them will send their poems to me."

To instance what I have said about women, I could quote a long list of Americans, such as Helen Hunt, Louise Chandler Moulton, Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Edna Dean Proctor, Edith Thomas, Helen Gray Cone, Margaret Deland, Danske Dandridge, and Louise Imogen Guiney.

But to return to "H. H.," the broad human heart shows itself from one end of her writing to the other. She is essentially human, and she has eminently the faculty of creating an interest, for

she chooses bright, picturesque metres, and uses picturesque expressions.

It was said of Longfellow that no one will deny that the world is better for his having been born. This is true also of "H. H." She was a sort of feminine Longfellow, inferior to him, as one would expect a woman to be, in scholarship and learning,—like him in striking the keynote of *home*. This is shown, for example, in her sonnets, such as "Outward Bound"—structurally imperfect, but noble poems.

Paul Hamilton Hayne and Father Abram John Ryan, the dead Southern poets, were both of them, at their best, war poets. But Hayne's fame rests on his poems generally, and Ryan's on his battle-pieces, such as his world-renowned "The Conquered Banner."

Seldom has a poet been so identified with a cause as this priest-Tyrtæus.

In his poems one sees the whole terrible drama, founded on the brave old theme of Cavalier and Roundhead, acted afresh—the grim, old story of high hopes shattered, high blood poured out like water, romance and chivalry subjected to reality. Ryan has created a monument more beautiful and more enduring than marble over the grave of the gallant but ill-fated Gray.

The "Conquered Banner," "Sentinel Songs," and the lines on his brother, are among the finest war poems in our language.

Hayne, too, had his tongue tipped with fire when he sang the high hopes of valour to the Southern cavaliers in such poems as "Beyond the Potomac" and "Vicksburg." His story is a tragical one, with its loss of the beautiful ancestral home at Charleston, and the long years of reduced circumstances in Georgia.

Hayne's poems are not all of equal interest, but every now and then one comes upon something very striking. Where he felt strongly he had stirring eloquence; what he knew familiarly he could paint vividly.

Among the living younger poets, the first to consider is, of course, Edmund Clarence Stedman, their patriarch, with a single minor exception, and distinguished not only as a poet but as one of the first critics of the day. His great work on the Victorian Poets is in its fifteenth edition, and is considered the best yet written on contemporary English poets. And some of his poems, like "Pan in Wall Street," and "How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry," are known to every man and woman who reads in the United States. The born-Americans who don't read are a scarcely appreciable portion. His noble "Undiscovered Country" is worthy of the pen which wrote—

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust,"

and his pathetic "The Discoverer" and "Provençal Lovers," the latter one of the best things of its kind in English, are familiar to all scholars. A strange, picturesque career, a fascinating personality, is Stedman's. That his battle-pieces are so full of fire is no wonder, for he was a war correspondent in the great Civil War. After this, to use his own expression, he saw how fools make money, and made a great fortune, becoming one of the best-known figures on Wall Street as a broker and banker. Then, by no fault of his own, but by one in whom he placed implicit confidence, the whole was swept away, and he had to begin life again. Now his muse sings too seldom, for his energies have been

taken up with editing the whole corpus of American writings — the great encyclopædic *Library of American Literature*, published by Mark Twain's firm, Charles L. Webster & Co., the most stupendous thing of the kind yet attempted.

America can ill spare such a poet for the editorial mill. It is cruel that he should not have the leisure to be writing lyrics and ballads to form part of the household words of his country. What makes Stedman such a fine critic is the unusual combination of the generous, enthusiastic, poetical heart with a relentlessly clear and judicial intellect. His judgment detects every flaw in taste or workmanship, but his generosity makes it impossible for him to thrust a poisoned dagger where he finds these holes in the armour of his brother poets. For to Stedman his brother poets are brothers. It is delightful to know him, to mark what an eager, enthusiastic, poetical spirit burns in that spare body, what a keen intellect is revealed in that bright, intellectual face, with its magnificent crown of silver hair. If he had but the leisure, no one could have a better chance of succeeding Whittier as the poet of the American people. For Stedman is essentially in touch with his people—an American of the best kind, cosmopolitan in his sympathies, patriotic in his sentiments. He is proud of America, proud of being an American, satisfied with the people of America. But he feels that Europe is the complement of America—that America is an outline sketch, which wants the light and shade of Europe added to make it a complete picture.

Owing to the copyright arrangements, Bret Harte, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and William Winter are represented by only a couple of short poems each, so to discuss them would be like a sermon without

a text. Anyhow, Harte and Winter are known as well on one side of the Atlantic as the other. Aldrich has achieved something very like perfection within the limitations, which he would seem deliberately to have laid down for himself—except in Wyndham Towers.

Edgar Fawcett is a master of irony, has an extraordinary command of metre and rhyme, is picturesque in his wording, and strong in his situations. His poems are full of character. It is not necessary to more than mention here that he is one of the most successful novelists of the day.

Among all the poetry I have read for my books I have liked the flavour of none better than Richard Watson Gilder's. It is ripe wine, distinguished alike by mellowness and bouquet. Gilder's poetry is like Longfellow's—it soothes one and makes one feel better. I remember Russell Sullivan saying to me that he always reads a few pages of Longfellow before sitting down to dinner, to put him in a comfortable frame of mind for his meal. The mention of their names together recalls my impression that, since the death of Longfellow, Gilder has been unexcelled among American writers of the sonnet. Gilder's poems are instinct with the beautiful disposition and delicate taste which endears him personally. Delicacy is their quality, or perhaps I should say exquisiteness, so as not to imply the unintended sense of fragility.

As will be seen from the poems quoted in this book, Gilder is among the most scholarly of younger American poets. Though liberal to those of others, he has strong opinions of his own, expressed in verse terse, picturesque, and musical, eloquent

above all because so obviously the outcome of the heart, not of effort.

The name I associate most closely with Gilder's is Maurice Thompson.

In his poems, too, delicate grace, delicate taste are conspicuous, and he has fields of his own—archery and sport in the South. In the course of this work I have read no other poem like "The Death of the White Heron." It has the subtle sympathy with Nature remarkable in those prose poets John Burroughs and Richard Jefferies, while its poetical form is exquisite; and "In Exile," on his favourite theme of bowcraft, is almost equally delightful. He has also a dainty classical vein of his own.

Since I began this selection, John Boyle O'Reilly's eager spirit has at last found rest. He was a natural balladist, with the gifts and the faults of his countrymen, often eloquent, musical, pathetic to a marked degree, but often also spoiling his poems by unpruned luxuriance or the intrusion of platform platitudes. But O'Reilly, in these very poems, had one great point in his favour, that they were the outcome of intense if not always very poetical feeling.

James Whitcomb Riley is chiefly known as a dialect poet, but personally I prefer, as a rule, such of his poems as are not in dialect, such, for instance, as "The South Wind and the Sun." In these, I think, he stands among the foremost of the younger men. Riley may always be "innocent of the great offence," as he undoubtedly is in "Knee-deep in June," but I am haunted by a suspicion that most poets put poems into dialect when they are hopelessly unpoetic in the English of Tennyson.

The palm of popularity, among the dialect poets, falls to Will Carleton, author of *Farm Ballads*,

Farm Festivals, etc. Probably none of the younger poets has such a hold upon the affections of the sixty millions. And not without reason, for Carleton is in thorough sympathy with the unadulterated American, distinctly has something to say, and says it with no small degree of mother-wit and pathos.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, for somewhat similar reasons, has a large audience of a somewhat similar character.

Humorous poets should perhaps be mentioned here, as most dialect poets deal with humorous subjects.

I have noticed that while the Americans are as a nation born humorists, they have comparatively few high-class humorous writers. Mark Twain is more American than Frank Stockton; the cartoons in the comic papers more racy of the soil than their delicious little society vignettes.

Bret Harte and Colonel John Hay, of course, stand at the head of the younger poets in reputation as humorists, though neither of them has the spirit of mirth like poor Irwin Russell, the darkey-dialect poet, whose "Christmas Night in Quarters" is about the best thing of the kind I have read.

After Harte and Hay comes Charles Follen Adams, as "Yawcob Strauss," the rival of the veteran Charles Leland. Yawcob Strauss's German-English is very funny, and he has Josh Billings's gift of preaching pithy little sermons in his humorous moralisings. He is quite an American *Æsop* sometimes. "Don't feel too big," "Mine Moder-in-law," and "Der Oak und der Vine," seem to me admirable in one or other of these ways. Riley I have already mentioned; and James Jeffrey

Roche wrote a poem of the kind, with which American newspapers are stuffed, like a Christmas plum-pudding with currants, so superior to the rest that it has taken its place in literature—"The V-a-s-e."

In a higher grade, the reader will notice a delightful *jeu d'esprit* from the pen of John Paul (Charles Henry Webb), "The King and the Pope," and E. R. Sill's "Fool's Prayer."

So much for indigenious humour. Of late there has been a surfeit of *vers de société* poems, with an affectation of sprightliness, taken from the French, second hand, through Austin Dobson, whose exquisite style has met with a more general appreciation in America than in his own country.

Up to about a year ago this affectation was at its very height, puffed up by balloons of *ballades* and *rondeaux* and *villanelles*, manufactured principally by the very young poets. Clever young Americans have a Chinese aptitude for imitating this sort of thing. Frank Dempster Sherman, who has enjoyed remarkable success, and whose workmanship is of remarkable beauty, can write Dobsonese that might pass for Dobson. The heads of this school have produced some really bright work. But there are others who have nothing but a good ear and a capacity for technical finish, and can enter into the spirit of this veneering with zest. The same class now is turning out pseudo-Nature poems of the smell-of-the-autumn-woods-brand with equal gusto. There seems to be a kind of a parallel between this element in poetry and what is called "dudishness" in dress; it shows a certain delicacy, a certain originality of taste, but no brawn.

How refreshing it was to turn from these lucubrations (I speak literally, knowing what ex-

penditure of midnight oil) to a poem like "Lasca."
I could say from my heart

"I want free life and I want fresh air ;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle."

There is, unfortunately, no evidence that this arch-favourite with the American reciter's audiences is the work of an American. What evidence there is rather points the other way, for it has been traced back as far as *Temple Bar*, where it appeared over the signature of Frank Desprez, and the editors of the great *Library of American Literature*, whom I have consulted, are inclined to pronounce it the work of an Englishman who had been ranching in Texas or something of the kind. I was never able to see a copy of the poem until I came upon a quotation from it in the "Home-Maker," in Marion Harland's charming novel *With Best Intentions*. I wrote off to her, and she was kind enough to comply with my request and give me a copy of the complete poem, which, by her courtesy, I subjoin, on the chance of its being proved American.

L A S C A.

I want free life and I want fresh air ;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The *mélée* of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads ;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.
And Lasca !

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-grey mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur ;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her.
Little knew she of books or of creeds ;
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs ;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,

To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.

She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown,—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;

That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
 Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
 And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
 Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
 Of my swift mustang without a word.
 I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
 Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
 But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
 And never was steed so little spared.
 For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
 There was one chance left, and you have but one:
 Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse;
 Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
 And if the steers in their frantic course
 Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
 You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
 To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
 And the open air and the open sky,
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, and just as I felt
 For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
 Down came the mustang, and down came we,
 Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
 A body that spread itself on my breast.
 Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
 Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
 Then came thunder in my ears,
 As over us surged the sea of steers,
 Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
 And when I could rise—
 Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
 And there in earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
 And there she is lying, and no one knows,
 And the summer shines and the winter snows;
 For many a day the flowers have spread
 A pall of petals over her head;
 And the little grey hawk hangs aloft in the air,
 And the sly coyoté trots here and there,

And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
 Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;
 And the buzzard sails on,
 And comes and is gone,
 Stately and still like a ship at sea;
 And I wonder why I do not care
 For the things that are like the things that were.
 Does half my heart lie buried there
 In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

Frank Desprez.

In support of my estimate of the cherry-stone-carvers I quote the satire of Dr William Hayes Ward, a great scholar, and one of the editors of the *Independent*, at once the principal religious journal of the United States, and that which attaches more importance to literary contributions than any regular newspaper, with perhaps a single exception:—

But who are these? A company of youth
 Upon a tesselled pavement in a court,
 Under a marble statue of a muse,
 Strew hot-house flowers before a mimic fount
 Drawn from a faucet in a rockery.
 With mutual admiration they repeat
 Their bric-a-brackery of rococo verse,
 Their versicles and icicles of song!

What know ye, verse wrights of the Poet's art?
 What noble passion or what holy heat
 Is stirred to frenzy when your eyes admire
 The peacock feathers on a frescoed wall,
 Or painted posies on a lady's fan?

Are these thine only bards, young age, whose eyes
 Are blind to Heaven and heart of man; whose blood
 Is water, and not wine; unskilled in notes
 Of liberty, and holy love of land,
 And man, and all things beautiful; deep skilled
 To burnish wit in measured feet, to wind
 A weary labyrinth of laboured rhymes,
 And cipher verses on an abacus?

Are these thy poets, age of trusts and rings,
 Of stolen wealth and Senate millionaires?
 These who have only seen the chiselled Muse,
 And never felt her life? Why, tell me—but
 Ye know not—did the tuneful Nine attend
 Great Phœbus, god of the all-kindling sun?
 Ye never learned at Thespian festival
 How bubbling Hippocrene answered the foot
 Of Pegasus, nor how the Delian god,
 Apollo, god of poets and the lyre,
 Father of healing, speaker of oracles,
 Strangled the Python and the Sminthian plague.
 Nor would ye care to see him come again
 With lyre and knife to flay the Marsyan sham!
 Ye elder seers surviving, grey with love
 Of fellow-man, and beauty's sanctities,
 Delay your flight, Browning and Tennyson,
 Lowell and Whittier, till these ears shall hear
 Some higher note that might call back our dead,
 And teach us to despise mechanic bards
 Expert to solder silver filigree,
 To carve out verse to order and for pay,
 Product and purchase of the magazine.*

While Stedman, in his *Poets of America*, remarks that the brilliant young men who would have been poets were all writing novels, and, judging from their prose, such men as G. W. Cable and Frank Stockton would have been fully armed if they had leapt into the arena of poetry.

It has been said that America will never produce a national poet till she produces one inspired by the axe. In this class of poetry no younger American has higher claims than John James Piatt.

He is essentially the farmer-poet—he who has been most successful in capturing the spirit of Beauty in the clearing, the furrow, and the harvest field. There is a fine simplicity in Piatt's Illinois

* From "The Invocation," published in the *Independent* of May 10, 1888.

and Ohio poems, as dignified and interesting as it is simple.

Speaking of Piatt reminds me of his colleague in his first volume of poems, who has since, in another line, risen to a pinnacle in both nations—William Dean Howells. I think Howells, as a poet, has received scanty justice. Few of the younger poets have so much of the Longfellow quality, though he treats a more familiar class of subjects.

The subjects he chooses are interesting, and he treats them with a great deal of poetical grace and musicality, as well as the qualities for which his novels are famous.

Two of the best lyrics in this book are by poets very little known, except through the columns of the *Century Magazine*, Will Wallace Harney and Henry Ames Blood. And even David Gray, author of one or two of the finest American sonnets, and a poem on Sir John Franklyn, that might be as popular in England as Sir Francis Hasting Doyle's "Private of the Buffs," when it becomes known there, is only familiar to certain circles.

Another gap in the poetical brotherhood has occurred since I began—that fair, rare spirit, Henry Bernard Carpenter, author of the strange, weird poem "A Trio for Twelfth Night," which bears the stamp of spontaneous generation by poetic frenzy as distinctly as the "Ancient Mariner;" author also of the "Liber Amoris," a mystical poem which is a failure as a whole, but pregnant with noble passages and rich touches. The "Liber Amoris" is like one of the great fifteenth century pictures, ill-digested, lacking in unity to our modern ideas, but with here a little episode, there a magnificent suit of armour (sometimes even smith's work of gold and jewels let into the canvas), now a tree,



now a flower, now a champing horse exquisitely done, not to mention the castle in the background, upon which fancy has run wild.

Englishmen will remember him as the Unitarian brother of the Bishop of Ripon, Dr Boyd Carpenter.

Another luxuriant genius is Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, better known by his *nom de plume* of Joaquin Miller. Few of the younger poets have been read so much as Miller, who is as well known in England and Australia as in America. And rightly, for Miller, at anyrate, is distinctly American, and has broken fresh ground. He has been called the Poet of the Sierras, and he differs from Bret Harte by the introduction of the horse on to his stage. Harte leans more to the Anglo-Saxon side of Western life with its miners, Miller more to the Spanish side with its vaqueros.

His poetry is richer than most American poetry. It seems as if the voluptuous South, with its gorgeous colouring and Italian opera mode of life, had been burnt into most of the pottery which comes from his wheel. And many of his pieces are lovely—not fine porcelain, he is too careless or clumsy for that, but like Japanese earthenware—remarkable this piece for bold beauty of form, this for an effective dash of colour, a third for an admirable little *relievo*, or a romance animating the whole. Miller can tell a good story, and can write a ringing line, but he cannot gallop gracefully for long together, or turn out perfect workmanship. However, he is essentially interesting, and there is many a bit of fine poetic workmanship which I should like to see perish before “The Ship in the Desert” or the opening part of “The Rhyme of the Great River.”

Miller’s merits and his faults may be well illus-

trated by comparing "Kit Carson's Ride" with "Lasca," a poem on the same theme.

From California to Chicago is a long way, and Chicago long lay under the stigma of, Gallio-like, "caring for none of these things"; but there is quite a literary movement there now, at the head of which stands that charming writer Eugene Field.

Near contemporaries with Field are Charles De Kay, Arlo Bates, and George Parsons Lathrop. De Kay is a man to whom one looks for a great poem, a man who has done much and seen much, with a wonderful variety both of erudition and physical accomplishments. Essentially a strong man, full of vitality and combativeness. His special weakness is that he trains his cannon over the heads of ordinary mortals. He takes it for granted that they will understand his allusions as well as he does. I never studied a poem of De Kay's without being repaid for the study. His poems are full of suggestiveness, and a kind of philosophy. But the fact remains that they require study, that they are not to be read by him who runs. This, I take it, is a distinct defect. Have a profound meaning in your poems if you like, but have a surface meaning also. It is not every reader who finds leisure or pleasure to fish.

De Kay seems to me to write like an overworked man, who pours forth poems which he feels to be full of meat, but which he has not the time to distil into clear essence. It is a choice between limiting his output, keeping it in the secrecy of his study till he has the opportunity for distilling, which never comes, or keeping dumb—all equally distasteful to a strong and ardent nature. But it is to such natures, in a happy interval of leisure, that one looks for a great work.

Arlo Bates, who has made quite a mark as a novelist, is a man with a strong personality, in conversation almost as cynical as his novels, but a good lover and a good hater. His impressive sonnets are an index to the real earnestness of the man.

Lathrop is the best war poet among all the younger poets on the Northern side, picturesque, impassioned, pathetic. In his "Gettysburg Ode" he soars to the heights of eloquence.

To my mind, the finest work produced among the very young men is J. E. Nesmith's "Monadnoc," the bulk of which I have given. He has written in the style attempted by the pseudo-Nature school, but his work bears the impress of genuine communing with Nature, and thorough gestation and finish. I do not know the age of Daniel Dawson of Philadelphia, but I have seen some very strong poetry by him.

There are poets who should have appeared in this volume, and whom I should have been only too glad to include, such as the third of the Californian triumvirate, Charles Warren Stoddard, whose quality was recognised many years ago by Longfellow in his *Poems of Places*, and the Southern War poet, James Ryder Randall, whose "Maryland, my Maryland" was one of the most celebrated songs of the War. But nothing has been inserted in this volume without the permission of both author and publisher, and I did not receive replies from these gentlemen until too late to include specimens from their poems.

I have heard much, also, of G. E. Woodberry's "North Shore Watch," but have never been able to see a copy as it was privately printed, and the author away from America.

There is yet one more little knot whom I should

have liked, by extending my limitation, to include, for the British Public does not know them as it does the other members of the Longfellow group—I refer to R. H. Stoddard, Walt Whitman, Thomas Parsons, author of the famous poem on the bust of Dante, H. H. Brownell, the naval war poet, and one or two more.

But they belong to the earlier generation, though the astonishing vitality of Stoddard keeps him still jousting among men twenty years his junior.

Before proceeding to the poetesses, it will be interesting to compare the relative progress of the younger poets of the two branches of Shakespeare's family by giving a list of the English poets who come within the period of this work. The following is a list of those born in the Old Country, after 1830, who are included in Stedman's *Victorian Poets*, which is perhaps the best authority on contemporary English poetry:—

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.
ALEXANDER SMITH.
ANDREW LANG.
JEAN INGELOW.
ISA CRAIG KNOX.
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.
AUGUSTA WEBSTER.
SEBASTIAN EVANS.
GEORGE A. SIMCOX.
PHILIP B. MARSTON.
JOHN LEYCESTER WARREN.
JOHN PAYNE.
A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.
WILLIAM MORRIS.
LEWIS MORRIS.
RICHARD GARNETT.
FREDERICK H. MYERS.
MRS HAMILTON KING.
GEORGE MEREDITH.
J. A. SYMONDS.

EDWIN ARNOLD.
ALFRED AUSTIN.
MRS SINGLETON (VIOLET
FANE).
JAMES THOMSON.
EDMUND GOSSE.
WILFRED S. BLUNT.
RICHARD DIXON.
A. M. F. ROBINSON.
C. C. LIDDELL.
THEODORE WATTS.
EDWARD DOWDEN.
WILLIAM WATSON.
P. J. HAMERTON
E. J. LEE HAMILTON.
W. J. DAWSON.
ERNEST MYERS.
EDWARD C. LEFROY.
WALTER H. POLLOCK.
OSCAR WILDE.

REYNELL RODD.
 ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
 AUSTIN DOBSON.
 MARY DOWNING.
 ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.
 ROBERT BUCHANAN.
 GEORGE BARLOW.
 WALTER C. SMITH.
 HARRIET E. HAMILTON-KING.
 MATHILDE BLINDE.
 MICHAEL FIELD.
 ERIC MACKAY.
 ROBERT BRIDGES.

HALL CAINE.
 WILLIAM SHARP.
 DOUGLAS SLADEN.
 ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.
 C. G. D. ROBERTS.
 CLEMENT SCOTT.
 T. MARZIALS.
 HAMILTON AIDE.
 JOSEPH ASHBY STERRY.
 LEWIS CARROLL.
 WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE.
 WESTLAND MARSTON.
 HERMAN MERIVALE.

W. S. GILBERT.

To pass on to the poetesses, "H. H.," whom I place at their head, has already been discussed, and I am precluded from discussing Edith M. Thomas and the late Emma Lazarus, because copyright difficulties prevent my laying before my readers adequate specimens to support my remarks. I may say, however, that the general verdict places Miss Thomas very high, if not at the head of the living women poets of America.

Celia Thaxter is unrivalled as a poetess of the sea, and many editions have attested the way in which her genius is recognised by her fellow-countrymen. One of the volumes from which I quote has passed through sixteen.

The poetry of Louise Chandler Moulton is musical, pathetic, delicately finished. She has just that charm which endears "Trefoil" to English readers—a natural singer devoid of poetical artifice or mannerism. I consider her the best woman sonnet-writer.

Next to "H. H." among the poetesses I should place Nora Perry. In spite of unevenness of workmanship, Miss Perry has in a large degree just



TO THE READER.

that in which recent American poetry seems to me least remarkable—inspiration.

When I read the masterpieces of two brothers, *Westward Ho* and *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, when I read *The Daughter of Heth* or "Edinburgh after Flodden," when I read Cable's best work, or that most tragical tragedy, Juliana Horatia Ewing's *Story of a Short Life*, I feel the blood tingling at the roots of my hair, the tears welling; I feel their inspiration, and say to myself, "This is genius." But very little of what I have read for this anthology affects me thus. Stedman has brought this thrill in my veins, this mist over my eyes, once, twice, so have Hayne and Ryan and Lathrop with their battle-pieces, so has Hay with a love poem, and Harte with an episode. These are but few, and I don't know that any of them have stirred me more than "Riding Down." Miss Perry is a New Englander of New Englanders. No one has made the stately figures of the great actors in the Revolution drama rise before us with such a *Witch of Endor* verisimilitude.

What she has done for her magnificent Wentworths Margaret Junkin Preston has done for the Pilgrims, though without the same fire.

Harriet Prescott Spofford is a born poetess. Not infrequently in her poems, as in "The Lonely Grave," one comes across that rare note of spontaneity.

Edna Dean Proctor's great poem I am unable to quote, as it has not yet been published. This is much to be regretted, as it is on a purely American theme—"A Voice from the Zuni Indians," and created quite a *furor* among the *litterati* when recited in Boston.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps needs no comment, as she is known all over the world.

Reference has been made above to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Much ridicule has been levelled at her, and much solid success has fallen to her share. I doubt if any living poetess's books sell like hers. Her publisher told me that he had sold 65,000 copies of *Poems of Passion*. It is interesting to analyse the sources of her success. It was originally due, undoubtedly, to the amatory reputation of her poems. But she has also a considerable gift of melody—can invent a ringing metre, and, choosing her themes from the everyday life of all, has a knack of putting into a pithy line what the average person has been thinking all along but never said. There is a good deal in common, both in the captivating jingle of their lines and in the mother-wit with which they put into apophthegms the philosophy of the life we live, between her and that most successful of Colonial poets, Adam Lindsay Gordon—the Burns of Victoria. I met an ex-drover from Queensland the other day who asked me if I had ever seen her poems, and told me that he thought “they were splendid; they reminded him so much of Gordon's.”

Poetry has its *genre* as well as painting.

I shall close my glance at the contemporary poetry of America with some remarks on four gifted young poetesses who may at any time take a leading position among the women singers of their country, Helen Gray Cone, Danske Dandridge, Louise Imogen Guiney, and Margaret Deland. Of these, so far, Margaret Deland has achieved much the greatest success. Her poems have gone through several editions, while her religious novel, *John Ward, Preacher*, had quite a phenomenal success.

She writes charming little poems in the style of Herrick ; and some of them, such as the "Affaire d'Amour" quoted, are thoroughly Herrickian in their beauty and spirit. And she had the good fortune to be left alone in her studies after the sweetest poet of the seventeenth century, while others were learning to play the "fair old tunes of France," most of them, it is to be feared, not from the original music, but from the selections of Dobson, Gosse, and Lang. At one time it seemed uncertain whether the cherry-stone-carvers would do a series of cameos from Herrick or Villon ; but the bluff Devonshire parson escaped the chipping, and Mrs Deland was left in undisturbed possession of her delightful "Old Garden" to cultivate the flowers of seventeenth century England.

Louise Imogen Guiney's "Wild Ride" shows genuine inspiration, and when she shakes off the trammels of her curious and extensive reading, and evolves from herself solely, she has a great promise before her. But, to my mind, almost the most poetical among the very young poetesses are Danske Dandridge and Helen Gray Cone.

Their styles and choice of subjects are quite different, but both have the genuine note—are really song-birds. Take for instance Miss Cone's "The Accolade," "Emelie," and "Elsinore," or Mrs Dandridge's "Desire" and "The Dead Moon." Both are happy and ingenious in their metres and subjects, and fresh in their feeling.

Here I must say a few words of sincere regret over two more poets, who died during the progress of this work, Charlotte Fiske Bates, author of the generous poem on Major Andre, "At Tappan," which will bring Englishmen and Americans nearer

together, and Dr John Eliot Bowen, whose delicate taste in editing the literary columns of the *Independent*, and whose translations of "Carmen Silva," proved him a true poet, as well as a true man.

With them I leave the United States to turn for a few minutes to Canada, to which I shall advert very briefly, for two or three reasons. In the first place, my relations with the younger Canadian poets have been so intimate that my judgment might be warped; and, in the second, it would be difficult to avoid so invidious a topic as comparison with the younger poets across the border; while, in the third place, with a few exceptions, the selections from Canadian authors have not been made by myself. I had to leave New York and commence my protracted travels across Canada to Japan when I had only begun the Canadian portion of my book, and consequently I felt that it would be an advantage to entrust the rest of the selections to Mr Goodridge Bliss Roberts, the literary editor of *Progress*, who has been making a study of the subject for two or three years past. I am only responsible for the selections from Charles George Douglas Roberts, Jane Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, Bliss Carman, Arthur Wentworth, Hamilton Eaton, William Douw Lighthall, George Frederick Cameron, Sophie M. Almon, James Hannay, and the great Frechette, the laureate of the French Academy. Roberts has been distinctly the most successful of the (English-speaking) younger Canadian poets, his name already being familiar in England as well as the United States. Elsewhere I have had occasion to write very warmly of his work.

Carman's "Death in April" had the honour of being accepted by so fastidious a critic as Aldrich

for the *Atlantic Monthly*; and almost alone of younger poets on this side has he enjoyed the honour of contributing poems to the great English literary papers and reviews.

Archibald Lampman and the Rev. W. W. Campbell are rivals in the favour of American magazines, and both are genuine poets who hear Nature's many voices, and show direct communication with her.

Cameron rests under the disadvantage of his premature death. Eaton, I think, has been the most happy of the Canadians in treating their national legends. There are few writers in the United States who equal him in this respect. His volume, though only recently issued, is one of the best yet produced by a Canadian, with a fine Longfellow-like vein running through it. Mair's fine play, *Tecumseh*, has, I hear, enjoyed the largest circulation of any Canadian poem. Two poetesses enjoy a wide reputation in Canada, Agnes M. Machar, and the late Isabella Valancy Crawford; and Sophie M. Almond Hensley has produced a really remarkable sonnet.

John Reade is a true poet, whose position as one of the principal leader-writers of Canada, has left him with but little time to write gems like "In my Heart." The most illustrious poet in the dominion is a French Canadian writer, Louis Frechette, crowned laureate by the French Academy.

I was acquainted too late with the unusual merit of Duncan Campbell Scott. The virile and emphatic poems noted below are the works of the Rev. Frederick George Scott.

But to end these desultory remarks, Canada's day in poetry has not yet come. She has produced no Longfellow, no Bryant, no Poe, no Emerson,



no Whittier. But she has a generation of bright young poets coming on, who are, I think, equal to their contemporaries in the United States. In conclusion, I have to thank the authors quoted and their publishers for permission to publish specimens of their works in America. I wish I had to thank them for England also, but the copyright league, much wished for on both sides, is not yet an accomplished fact.

I have to give special thanks, for most invaluable assistance in getting my work together, to the editors of the *Century Magazine*; to Mr Arthur Stedman of the *Library of American Literature*; to Mr Gleeson White, editor of that admirable little anthology *Ballades and Rondeaux*, and, above all, to Mr H. O. Houghton, head of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; to Mr T. Miles of the firm of Roberts Brothers; and Mr North of the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons—the three firms which own nearly all the most important copyrights—both for permissions and help.

Nor must I omit to mention the special help received from Dr D. G. Gilman, President of the great Johns Hopkins University; President Gates of Rutgers's College; Dr William Hayes Ward of the *Independent*; and Mrs Turnbull with regard to Sidney Lanier. I will conclude with an adaptation of our Australian motto—"Advance America."

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



Younger American Poets.

—◆—

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

[Born at Charleston, S.C., 1st January 1830, died near Augusta, Ga., 6th July 1886. Author of *Poems* (Boston, 1855); *Sonnets and other Poems* (New York, 1857); *Avolis, a Legend of the Island of Cos* (Boston, 1859); *Legends and Lyrics* (Philadelphia, 1872); *The Mountain of the Lovers, and other Poems* (New York, 1873). The poems quoted are taken from the complete edition of his poems, published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston, in 1882, by kind permission of the publishers.]

VICKSBURG.

A BALLAD.

FOR sixty days and upwards,
A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
But still we faltered not.
"If the noble city perish,"
Our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls the foe shall scale
Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards,
The eye of heaven waxed dim;
And e'en throughout God's holy morn,
O'er Christian prayer and hymn,

Arose a hissing tumult,
As if the fiends in air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
Mid the silent thrill of hearts :
But the Lord, our Shield, was with us,
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gambolled,
Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed,
Then turned with silvery laughter
To the sports which children love,
Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
From scores of flame-clad ships,
And about us, denser, darker,
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse.
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels,
Those death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
Ruled o'er the battle-tide ;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode, with steps of hope,
To the music in their hearts.

BEAUREGARD'S APPEAL.

YEA! since the need is bitter,
Take down those sacred bells,
Whose music speaks of hallowed joys,
And passionate farewells!

But ere ye fall dismantled,
Ring out, deep bells! once more:
And pour on the waves of the passing wind
The symphonies of yore.

Let the latest born be welcomed
By pealings glad and long,
Let the latest dead in the churchyard bed
Be laid with solemn song.

And the bells above them throbbing,
Should sound in mournful tone,
As if, in grief for a human death,
They prophesied their own.

Who says 'tis a desecration
To strip the temple towers,
And invest the metal of peaceful notes
With death-compelling powers?

A truce to cant and folly!
Our people's *all* at stake,
Shall we heed the cry of the shallow fool,
Or pause for the bigot's sake?

Then crush the struggling sorrow!
Feed high your furnace fires,
And mould into deep-mouthed guns of bronze,
The bells from a hundred spires.

Methinks no common vengeance,
No transient war eclipse,
Will follow the awful thunder-burst
From their adamant lips.

A cause like ours is holy,
 And it useth holy things ;
 While over the storm of a righteous strife,
 May shine the angel's wings.

Where'er our duty leads us,
 The grace of God is there,
 And the lurid shrine of war may hold
 The Eucharist of prayer.

BEYOND THE POTOMAC.

THEY slept on the field which their valour had won,
 But arose with the first early blush of the sun,
 For they knew that a great deed remained to be done,
 When they passed o'er the river.

They arose with the sun, and caught life from his light,
 Those giants of courage, those Anaks in fight,
 And they laughed out aloud in the joy of their might,
 Marching swift for the river.

On, on ! like the rushing of storms through the hills ;
 On, on ! with a tramp that is firm as their wills ;
 And the one heart of thousands grows buoyant, and
 thrills
 At the thought of the river.

Oh ! the sheen of their swords ! the fierce gleam of their
 eyes !
 It seemed as on earth a new sunlight would rise,
 And, king-like, flash up to the sun in the skies,
 O'er their path to the river.

But their banners, shot-scarred, and all darkened with
 gore,
 On a strong wind of morning streamed wildly before
 Like wings of death-angels swept fast to the shore,
 The green shore of the river.

As they march, from the hill side, the hamlet, the stream,
Gaunt throngs whom the foemen had manacled, teem,
Like men just aroused from some terrible dream,
To cross sternly the river.

They behold the broad banners, blood-darkened yet fair,
And a moment dissolves the last spell of despair,
While a peal, as of victory, swells on the air,
Rolling out to the river.

And that cry, with a thousand strange echoings spread,
Till the ashes of heroes were thrilled in their bed,
And the deep voice of passion surged up from the dead,
"Ay, press on to the river."

On, on ! like the rushing of storms through the hills,
On, on ! with a tramp that is firm as their wills ;
And the one heart of thousands grows buoyant, and
thrills
As they pause by the river.

Then the wan face of Maryland, haggard and worn
At this sight, lost the touch of its aspect forlorn,
And she turned on the foemen, full-statured in scorn,
Pointing stern to the river.

And Potomac flowed calmly, scarce heaving her breast,
With her low-lying billows all bright in the west,
For a charm as from God lulled the waters to rest
Of the fair rolling river.

Passed ! passed ! the glad thousands march safe through
the tide ;
Hark ! foeman, and hear the deep knell of your pride,
Ringing weird-like and wild, pealing up from the side
Of the calm-flowing river.

'Neath a blow swift and mighty the tyrant may fall ;
Vain, vain ! to his gods swells a desolate call ;
Hath his grave not been hollowed, and woven his pall,
Since they passed o'er the river ?

THE ROSE AND THORN.

SHE'S loveliest of the festal throng
 In delicate form and Grecian face ;
 A beautiful incarnate song ;
 A marvel of harmonious grace ;
 And yet I know the truth I speak ;
 From those gay groups she stands apart,
 A rose upon her tender cheek,
 A thorn within her heart.

Though bright her eyes' bewildering gleams,
 Fair tremulous lips and shining hair,
 A something born of mournful dreams,
 Breathes round her sad enchanted air ;
 No blithesome thoughts at hide-and-seek
 From out her dimples smiling start ;
 If still the rose be on her cheek,
 A thorn is in her heart.

Young lover, tost 'twixt hope and fear,
 Your whispered vow and yearning eyes
 Yon marbled Clytie pillared near
 Could move as soon to soft replies ;
 Or, if she thrill at words you speak,
 Love's memory prompts the sudden start ;
 The rose has paled upon her cheek,
 The thorn has pierced her heart.

THE RED LILY.

I CALL her the Red Lily. Lo ! she stands
 From all her milder sister-flowers apart ;
 A conscious grace in those fair folded hands,
 Pressed on the guileful throbbings of her heart !

I call her the Red Lily. As all airs
 Of North or South, the Lily's leaves that stir,
 Seem lost in languorous sweetness that despairs
 Of blissful life or hope, except through her.

So this Red Lily of maids, this human flower,
 Yielding no love, all sweets of love doth take,
 Twining such spells of passion's secret power
 As, woven once, what lordliest will can break ?

A R I E L.

"My dainty Ariel."—*Tempest*.

A VOICE like the murmur of doves,
 Soft lightning from eyes of blue ;
 On her cheek a flush like love's
 First delicate, rosebud hue ;

Bright torrents of hazel hair,
 Which glittering, flow and float
 O'er the swell of her bosom fair,
 And the snows of her matchless throat ;

Lithe limbs of a life so fine,
 That their rhythmical motion seems
 But a part of the grace divine
 Of the music of haunted dreams.

Low gurgling laughter, as sweet
 As the swallow's song i' the South,
 And a ripple of dimples that dancing, meet
 By the curves of a perfect mouth.

O creature of light and air !
 O fairy sylph o' the sun !
 Hearts whelmed in the tidal gold of her hair
 Rejoice to be so undone !

PRE-EXISTENCE.

WHILE sauntering through the crowded street
Some half-remembered face I meet,

Albeit upon no mortal shore
That face, methinks, hath smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng,
I tremble at some tender song—

Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.

In sacred aisles I pause to share
The blessings of a priestly prayer,

When the whole scene which greets mine eyes
In some strange mode I recognise,

As one whose every mystic part
I feel prefigured in my heart.

At sunset, as I calmly stand,
A stranger on an alien strand,

Familiar as my childhood's home
Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.

One sails toward me o'er the bay,
And what he comes to do and say

I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.

O swift, instinctive, startling gleams
Of deep soul-knowledge ! not as *dreams*,

For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,
But oft, with lightning certainty,

Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,
To make old thoughts and memories plain—

Thoughts which, perchance, must travel back
Across the wild bewildering track

Of countless æons ; memories far,
High-reaching, as yon pallid star,

Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace
Faints on the outmost rings of space.

AFTER THE TORNADO.

LAST eve the earth was calm, the heavens were clear ;
A peaceful glory crowned the waning west,
And yonder distant mountain's hoary crest
The semblance of a silvery robe did wear,
Shot through with moon-wrought tissues ; far and near,
Wood, rivulet, field—all Nature's face—expressed
The haunting presence of enchanted rest.
One twilight star shone like a blissful tear,
Unshed. But now, what ravage in a night !
Yon mountain height fades in its cloud-girt pall ;
The prostrate wood lies smirched with rain and mire ;
Through the shorn fields the brook whirls wild and
white ;
While o'er the turbulent waste and woodland fall,
Glares the red sunrise blurred with mists of fire !

TRISTRAM OF THE WOOD.

ONCE when the autumn fields were wet,
The trumpets rang ; the tide of battle set
Toward grey Broceliande, by the western sea.

In the fore-front of conflict grimly stood,
Clothed in dark armour, Tristram of the Wood,
And round him ranged his knights of Brittany.

Of lordlier frame than even the lordliest there,
Firm as a tower, upon his vast destrere,
He looked as one whose soul was steeped in trance.

Ne'er spake nor stirred he, though the trumpet's sound
Echoed abroad, and all the glittering ground
Shook to the steel-clad warrior's swift advance ;

Ne'er spake nor stirred he, for the mystic hour
Closed o'er him then ; the glamour of its power
Dream-wrought, and sadly beautiful with love—

Love of the lost Iseult. In marvellous stead
Of thronging faces, with looks stern and dread,
Through the dense dust, the hostile plumes above,

He saw his fair, lost Iseult's passionate eyes,
And o'er the crash of lances heard her cries,
Shrill with despair, when last they twain did part.

While others thrilled to strife, he, thrilled with woe,
Felt his life-currents shuddering cold and low
Round the worn bastions of his broken heart.

Then rolled his way the battle's furious flood ;
Squadrons charged on him blindly ; blows and blood
Showered down like hail and water ; vainly drew

The whole war round him, still his broadsword's gleam
Flashed in death's front, and still, as mapped in dream,
He fought and slew, witting not whom he slew,

Nor knew whose arm had smitten him deep and sore—
So deep that Tristram never, never more
Shone in the van of conflict ; but the smart

Of his fierce wound tortured him night and day,
Till, through God's grace, his life-blood ebbd away,
And death's sweet quiet healed his broken heart.

WILL. WALLACE HARNEY.

[Born at Bloomington, Indiana, 20th June 1831. Has resided since 1869 in Florida.]

A D O N A I S.

SHALL we meet no more, my love, at the binding of the sheaves,

In the happy harvest-fields, as the sun sinks low,
When the orchard paths are dim with the drift of fallen leaves,

And the reapers sing together, in the mellow, misty eyes:
Oh ! happy are the apples when the south winds blow !

Love met us in the orchard, ere the corn had gathered plume ;

Oh ! happy are the apples when the south winds blow !
Sweet as summer days that die when the months are in the bloom,

And the peaks are ripe with sunset, like the tassels of the broom,
In the happy harvest-fields as the sun sinks low.

Sweet as summer days that die, leafing sweeter each to each ;

Oh ! happy are the apples when the south winds blow !
All the heart was full of feeling : Love had ripened into speech,

Like the sap that turns to nectar in the velvet of the peach,
In the happy harvest-fields as the sun sinks low.

Sweet as summer days that die at the ripening of the corn,

Oh ! happy are the apples when the south winds blow !

Sweet as lovers' fickle oaths, sworn to faithless maids
 forsworn,
 When the musty orchard breathes like a mellow-drinking
 horn,
 Over happy harvest-fields as the sun sinks low.

Love left us at the dying of the mellow Autumn eves ;
 Oh ! happy are the apples when the south winds blow !
 When the skies are ripe and fading, like the colours of
 the leaves,
 And the reapers kiss and part, at the binding of the
 sheaves,
 In the happy harvest-fields as the sun sinks low.

Then the reapers gather home, from the grey and misty
 meres ;
 Oh ! happy are the apples when the south winds blow !
 Then the reapers gather home, and they bear upon their
 spears,
 One whose face is like the moon, fallen grey among the
 spheres,
 With the daylight's curse upon it, as the sun sinks low.

Faint as far-off bugles blowing, soft and low the reapers
 sung ;
 Oh ! happy are the apples when the south winds blow !
 Sweet as summer in the blood, when the heart is ripe
 and young,
 Love is sweetest in the dying, like the sheaves he lies
 among,
 In the happy harvest-fields as the sun sinks low.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

[Born at Hartford, Connecticut, 8th October, 1833; graduated at Yale University, 1853. Author of *Poems, Lyric and Idyllic* (New York, 1860); *Alice of Monmouth, an Idyl of the Great War, and other Poems* (New York, 1864); *The Blameless Prince, and other Poems* (Boston, 1869); *Victorian Poets* (Boston, 1875, and London, 1875); *Poets of America* (Boston, 1886, and London, 1886); *Lyrics and Idylls, with other Poems* (London, 1879); *Hawthorne and other Poems* (Boston, 1877); *Poetical Works* (Boston, 1873, and subsequently with additions). Edited the Poems of Austin Dobson, with an introduction (New York, 1880); Is editing, with Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, *A Library of American Literature* (New York, 1888-90.) The poems quoted by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are from the Collected Edition of his Poems, published by that firm.]

PAN IN WALL STREET.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
 Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
 Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
 To throng for trade and last quotations;
 Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
 Outrival, in the ears of people,
 The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
 From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
 Sound high above the modern clamour,
 Above the cries of greed and gain,
 The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
 And swift, on Music's misty ways,
 It led, from all this strife for millions,
 To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
 Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
 And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
 I saw the minstrel, where he stood
 At ease against a Doric pillar:

One hand a droning organ played,
 The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
 Like those of old) to lips that made
 The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
 A-strolling through this sordid city,
 And piping to the civic ear
 The prelude of some pastoral ditty !
 The demi-god had crossed the seas,—
 From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
 And Syracusan times,—to these
 Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head ;
 But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
 That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
 His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting ;
 His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
 Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
 And trousers, patched of divers hues,
 Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
 And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
 And with his goat's-eyes looked around
 Where'er the passing current drifted ;
 And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
 The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
 Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
 With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
 From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
 As erst, if pastorals be true,
 Came beasts from every wooded valley ;
 The random passers stayed to list,—
 A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
 A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
 With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng,—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern ;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy !

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little fauns began to caper :
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper ;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water !
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands,—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals !

So thought I,—but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demi-god,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
“ Great Pan is dead ! ”—and all the people
Went on their ways :—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

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 ! ”

“*THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.*”

COULD we but know
 The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
 Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,—
 Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavel,
 Aught of that country could we surely know,
 Who would not go?

Might we but hear
 The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
 Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear
 One radiant vista of the realm before us,—
 With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
 Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
 To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
 Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
 To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,—
 This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
 Who would endure?

SONG FROM A DRAMA.

The souls which are one without knowing it, and which can approach no nearer by ever so close an embrace than they ever eternally are, pine for a blending which can never be theirs so long as they remain distinct individuals.”—EDOUARD VON HARTMANN.]

THOU art mine, thou hast given thy word ;
 Close, close in my arms thou art clinging ;
 Alone for my ear thou art singing
 A song which no stranger hath heard :
 But afar from me yet, like a bird,
 Thy soul, in some region unstirred,
 On its mystical circuit is winging.

Thou art mine, I have made thee mine own ;
 Henceforth we are mingled forever :
 But in vain, all in vain, I endeavour—
 Though round thee my garlands are thrown,
 And thou yieldest thy lips and thy zone—
 To master the spell that alone
 My hold on thy being can sever.

Thou art mine, thou hast come unto me !
 But thy soul, when I strive to be near it—
 The innermost fold of thy spirit—
 Is as far from my grasp, is as free,
 As the stars from the mountain-tops be,
 As the pearl, in the depths of the sea,
 From the portionless king that would wear it.

1873.

THE DISCOVERER.

I HAVE a little kinsman
 Whose earthly summers are but three,
 And yet a voyager is he
 Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
 Than all their peers together !
 He is a brave discoverer,
 And, far beyond the tether
 Of them who seek the frozen Pole,
 Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
 Ay, he has travelled whither
 A winged pilot steered his bark
 Through the portals of the dark,
 Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
 Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
 Came one who bore a flower,
 And laid it in his dimpled hand
 With this command :

“Henceforth thou art a rover!
Thou must take a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover.”
With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard.
Who can tell
How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound?
Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside the severed curl,
Some starry offering
Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back.
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years,
More than in the groves is taught,
Or from furthest Indies brought;
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,—
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach,—
And his eyes behold
Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers told.

THE DEATH OF BRYANT.

How was it then with Nature when the soul
 Of her own poet heard a voice which came
 From out the void, "Thou art no longer lent
 To Earth!" when that incarnate spirit, blent
 With the abiding force of waves that roll,
 Wind-cradled vapours, circling stars that flame,
 She did recall? How went
 His antique shade, beacons upon its way
 Through the still aisles of night to universal day?

Her voice it was, her sovereign voice, which bade
 The earth resolve his elemental mould;
 And once more came her summons: "Long, too long,
 Thou lingerest, and charmest with thy song!
Return! return!" Thus Nature spoke, and made
 Her sign; and forthwith on the minstrel old
 An arrow, bright and strong,
 Fell from the bent bow of the answering Sun,
 Who cried, "The song is closed, the invocation done!"

But not as for those youths dead ere their prime,
 New-entered on their music's high domain,
 Then snatched away, did all things sorrow own:
 No utterance now like that sad sweetest tone
 When Bion died, and the Sicilian rhyme
 Bewailed; no sobbing of the reeds that plain,
 Rehearsing some last moan
 Of Lycidas; no strains which skyward swell
 For Adonais still, and still for Astrophel!

The Muses wept not for him as for those
 Of whom each vanished like a beauteous star
 Quenched ere the shining midwatch of the night;
 The greenwood Nymphs mourned not his lost delight,
 Nor Echo, hidden in the tangled close;

Grieved that she could not mimic him afar.

He ceased not from our sight

Like him who, in the first glad flight of Spring,
Fell as an eagle pierced with shafts from his own wing.

This was not Thyrasis! no, the minstrel lone

And reverend, the woodland singer hoar,
Who was dear Nature's nursling, and the priest
Whom most she loved; nor had his office ceased
But for her mandate: "Seek again thine own;

The walks of men shall draw thy steps no more!"

Softly, as from a feast

The guest departs that hears a low recall,
He went, and left behind his harp and coronal.

"Return!" she cried, "unto thine own return!

Too long the pilgrimage; too long the dream
In which, lest thou shouldst be companionless,
Unto the oracles thou hadst access,—

The sacred groves that with my presence yearn."

The voice was heard by mountain, dell, and stream,

Meadow and wilderness,—

All fair things vested by the changing year,
Which now awoke in joy to welcome one most dear.

"He comes!" declared the unseen ones that haunt

The dark recesses, the infinitude
Of whispering old oaks and soughing pines.

"He comes!" the warders of the forest shrines

Sang joyously, "His spirit ministrant

Henceforth with us shall walk the underwood,

Till mortal ear divines

Its music added to our choral hymn,

Rising and falling far through archways deep and dim!"

The orchard fields, the hill-side pastures green,

Put gladness on; the rippling harvest-wave

Ran like a smile, as if a moment there

His shadow poised in the midsummer air

Above; the cataract took a pearly sheen

Even as it leapt ; the winding river gave
 A sound of welcome where
 He came, and trembled, far as to the sea
 It moves from rock-ribbed heights where its dark foun-
 tains be.

His presence brooded on the rolling plain,
 And on the lake there fell a sudden calm,—
 His own tranquillity ; the mountain bowed
 Its head, and felt the coolness of a cloud,
 And murmured, "*He is passing !*" and again
 Through all its firs the wind swept like a psalm ;
 Its eagles, thunder-browed,
 In that mist-moulded shape their kinsman knew,
 And circled high, and in his mantle soared from view.

So drew he to the living veil, which hung
 Of old above the deep's unimaged face,
 And sought his own. Henceforward he is free
 Of vassalage to that mortality
 Which men have given a sepulchre among
 The pathways of their kind,—a resting-place
 Where, bending one great knee,
 Knelt the proud mother of a mighty land
 In tenderness, and came anon a pluméd band.

Came one by one the Seasons, meetly drest,
 To sentinel the relics of their seer.
 First Spring—upon whose head a wreath was set
 Of wind-flowers and the yellow violet—
 Advanced. Then Summer led his loveliest
 Of months, one ever to the minstrel dear
 (Her sweet eyes dewy wet),
 June, and her sisters, whose brown hands entwine
 The brier-rose and the bee-haunted columbine.

Next, Autumn, like a monarch sad of heart,
 Came, tended by his melancholy days.
 Purple he wore, and bore a golden rod,
 His sceptre ; and let fall upon the sod
 A lone fringed-gentian ere he would depart.

Scarce had his train gone darkling down the ways
 When Winter thither trod,—
 Winter, with beard and raiment blown before,
 That was so seeming like our poet old and hoar.

What forms are these amid the pageant fair
 Harping with hands that falter? What sad throng?
 They wait in vain, a mournful brotherhood,
 And listen where their laurelled elder stood
 For some last music fallen through the air.

“What cold, thin atmosphere now hears thy song?”
 They ask, and long have wooed
 The woods and waves that knew him, but can learn
 Naught save the hollow, haunting cry, “*Return!*
return!”

1878.

PROVENÇAL LOVERS.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

WITHIN the garden of Beaucaire
 He met her by a secret stair,—
 The night was centuries ago.
 Said Aucassin, “My love, my pet,
 These old confessors vex me so!
 They threaten all the pains of hell
 Unless I give you up, *ma belle* ;”—
 Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

“Now, who should there in heaven be
 To fill your place, *ma très-douce mie* ?
 To reach that spot I little care!
 There all the droning priests are met ;—
 All the old cripples, too, are there
 That unto shrines and altars cling
 To filch the Peter-pence we bring ;”—
 Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

“There are the barefoot monks and friars
 With gowns well-tattered by the briars,
 The saints who lift their eyes and whine :
 I like them not—a starveling set !
 Who’d care with folk like these to dine ?
 The other road ’twere just as well
 That you and I should take, ma belle !”—
 Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

“To purgatory I would go
 With pleasant comrades whom we know,
 Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights
 Whose deeds the land will not forget,
 The captains of a hundred fights,
 The men of valor and degree :
 We’ll join that gallant company,”—
 Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

“There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
 And beauteous ladies debonair,
 The pretty dames, the merry brides,
 Who with their wedded lords coquette
 And have a friend or two besides,—
 And all in gold and trappings gay,
 With furs, and crests in vair and gray,”—
 Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

“Sweet players on the cithern strings,
 And they who roam the world like kings,
 Are gathered there, so blithe and free !
 Pardie ! I’d join them now, my pet,
 If you went also, ma douce mie !
 The joys of heaven I’d forego
 To have you with me there below,”—
 Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

THE HAND OF LINCOLN.

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold ;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was,—how large of mould

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the ploughman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The axe—since thus would Freedom train
Her son—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And, when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute ;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the kings of earth were mute !

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch ;
Yet, lo ! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years ;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press ;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
 This moulded outline plays about ;
 A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
 Breathes like a spirit, in and out,—

The love that cast an aureole
 Round one who, longer to endure,
 Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
 Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
 Built up from yon large hand, appears :
 A type that Nature wills to plan
 But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
 To tell of such a one as he,
 Since through its living semblance passed
 The thought that bade a race be free !

1883.

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

THAT year ? Yes, doubtless I remember still,—
 Though why take count of every wind that blows !
 'Twas plain, men said, that Fortune used me ill
 That year,—the self-same year I met with Rose.

Crops failed ; wealth took a flight ; house, treasure, land,
 Slipped from my hold—thus Plenty comes and goes.
 One friend I had, but he, too, loosed his hand
 (Or was it I ?) the year I met with Rose.

There was a war, methinks ; some rumour, too,
 Of famine, pestilence, fire, deluge, snows ;—
 Things went awry. My rivals, straight in view,
 Throve, spite of all ; but I,—I met with Rose !

That year my white-faced Alma pined and died :
 Some trouble vexed her quiet heart,—who knows ?
 Not I, who scarcely missed her from my side,
 Or aught else gone, the year I met with Rose.

Was there no more ? Yes, that year life began :
 All life before a dream, false joys, light woes,—
 All after-life compressed within the span
 Of that one year,—the year I met with Rose !
 1883.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

[THE BARTHOLDI STATUE IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.]

WARDER at ocean's gate,
 Thy feet on sea and shore,
 Like one the skies await
 When time shall be no more !
 What splendours crown thy brow ?
 What bright dread angel Thou,
 Dazzling the waves before
 Thy station great ?

“ My name is Liberty !
 From out a mighty land
 I face the ancient sea,
 I lift to God my hand ;
 By day in Heaven's light,
 A pillar of fire by night,
 At ocean's gate I stand
 Nor bend the knee.

“ The dark Earth lay in sleep,
 Her children crouched forlorn,
 Ere on the western steep
 I sprang to height, reborn :

Then what a joyous shout
 The quickened lands gave out,
 And all the choir of morn
 Sang anthems deep.

“Beneath yon firmament,
 The New World to the Old
 My sword and summons sent,
 My starry flag unrolled :
 The Old World’s hands renew
 Their strength ; the form ye view
 Came from a living mould
 In glory blent.

“O ye, whose broken spars
 Tell of the storms ye met,
 Enter ! there are no bars
 Across your pathway set :
 Enter at Freedom’s porch,
 For you I lift my torch,
 For you my coronet
 Is rayed with stars.

“But ye that hither draw
 To desecrate my fee,
 Nor yet have held in awe
 The justice that makes free,—
 Avaunt, ye darkling brood !
 By Right my house hath stood :
 My name is Liberty,
 My throne is Law.”

O wonderful and bright,
 Immortal Freedom, hail !
 Front, in thy fiery might,
 The midnight and the gale ;
 Undaunted on this base
 Guard well thy dwelling-place :
 Till the last sun grow pale
 Let there be Light !

CHARLES HENRY WEBB (JOHN PAUL).

[Born at Rouse's Point, New York, 24th January 1834. Author of *Liffith Lank, or Lunacy*, a Travesty on Charles Reade's *Griffith Gaunt* (New York, 1867); *Parodies, Prose and Verse* (1876); *Our Friend from Victoria, etc.*; *Vagrom Verse* (Ticknor & Company, now Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, 1889). The poems quoted are from this last volume, by kind permission of the firm.]

LITTLE MAMMA.

WHY is it the children don't love me
As they do Mamma?
That they put her ever above me—
"Little Mamma?"
I'm sure I do all that I can do
What more can a rather big man do,
Who can't be Mamma?

Any game that the tyrants suggest,
"Logomachy"—which I detest—
Doll-babies, hop-scotch, or base-ball
I'm always on hand at the call.
When Noah and the others embark,
I'm the elephant saved in the ark.
I creep, and I climb, and I crawl—
By turns am the animals all.
For the show on the stair
I am always the bear,
The Chimpanzee, or the Kangaroo,
It is never "Mamma,"—
"Little Mamma,—
Won't you?"

My umbrella's the pony, if any—
None ride on Mamma's parasol;
I'm supposed to have always the penny
For bon-bons, and beggars, and all;
My room is the one where they clatter—
I am reading, or writing, what matter!

My knee is the one for a trot,
 My foot is the stirrups for Dot.
 If his fractions get into a snarl,
 Who straightens the tangles for Karl?
 Who bounds Massachusetts and Maine,
 And tries to "bound" flimsy old Spain?

Why,
 It is I,
 Papa—
 Not little Mamma!

That the youngsters are ingrates, don't say.
 I think they love me—in a way—
 As one does the old clock on the stair,—
 Any curious, cumbrous affair
 That one's used to having about,
 And would feel rather lonely without—
 I think that they love me, I say,
 In a sort of a tolerant way;
 But it's plain that Papa
 Isn't little Mamma.

Thus when twilight comes stealing a-neighbor
 When things in the firelight look queer,
 And shadows the play-room enwrap,
 They never climb into my lap
 And toy with *my* head, smooth and bare,
 As they do with Mamma's shining hair;
 Nor feel round my throat and my chin
 For dimples to put fingers in,—
 Nor lock my neck in a loving vice
 And say they're "mousies,"—that's mice—
 And will nibble my ears,
 Will nibble and bite
 With their little mice teeth, so sharp and so white
 If I do not kiss them this very minute—
 Don't wait a bit but at once begin it
 Dear little Papa!
 That's what they say and do to Mamma.

If mildly hinting, I quietly say that
Kissing's a game more than one can play at,
They turn up at once those innocent eyes,
And I suddenly learn to my great surprise
That my face has "prickles"—
My moustache tickles.

If in storming their camp I seize a pert shaver,
And take as a right, what was asked as a favour,
It is "Oh, Papa,
How horrid you are—
You taste exactly like a cigar!"

But though the rebels protest and pout
And make a pretence of driving me out,
I hold, after all, a main redoubt,—
Not by force of arms, nor the force of will,
But the power of love, which is mightier still.
And very deep in their hearts, I know,
Under the saucy and petulant "Oh,"
The doubtful "Yes," or naughty "No,"
They love Papa.

And down in the hearts that no one sees,
Where I hold my feasts and my jubilees,
I know that I could not abate one jot
Of the love that is held by my little Dot
Or my great big boy for their little Mamma,
Though out in the cold it crowded Papa.
I would not abate it the tiniest whit,
And am not jealous the least little bit ;
For I'll tell you a secret ; come, my dears,
And I'll whisper it—right-into-your-ears—
I too love Mamma !
"Little Mamma !"

WITH A NANTUCKET SHELL.

I SEND a shell from the ocean beach ;
 But listen thou well, for my shell hath speech.
 Hold to thine ear,
 And plain thou'lt hear
 Tales of ships
 That were lost in the rips,
 Or that sunk on shoals
 Where the bell-buoy tolls,
 And ever and ever its iron tongue rolls
 In a ceaseless lament for the poor lost souls.

 And a song of the sea
 Has my shell for thee ;
 The melody in it
 Was hummed at Wauwinet,
 And caught at Coatue
 By the gull that flew
 Outside to the ships with its perishing crew.
 But the white wings wave
 Where none may save,
 And there's never a stone to mark a grave.

 See, its sad heart bleeds
 For the sailors' needs,
 But it bleeds again
 For more mortal pain,
 More sorrow and woe
 Than is theirs who go
 With shuddering eyes and whitening lips
 Down in the sea in their shattered ships.

 Thou fearest the sea ?
 And a tyrant is he,—
 A tyrant as cruel as tyrant may be ;
 But though winds fierce blow,
 And the rocks lie low,

And the coast be lee,
 This I say to thee ;
 Of Christian souls more have been wrecked on shore
 Than ever were lost at sea !

THE KING AND THE POPE.

THE King and the Pope together
 Have written a letter to me :
 It is signed with a golden sceptre,
 It is sealed with a golden key.
 The King wants me out of his eyesight :
 The Pope wants me out of his See.

The King and the Pope together
 Have a hundred acres of land :
 I do not own the foot of ground
 On which my two feet stand :
 But the prettiest girl in the kingdom
 Strolls with me on the sand.

The King has a hundred yeomen
 Who will fight for him to-day :
 The Pope has priests and bishops
 Who for his soul will pray :
 I have only one true sweetheart,
 But she'll kiss me when I say.

The King is served at his table
 By ladies of high degree :
 The Pope has never a true love,
 So a cardinal pours his tea :
 No ladies stand round me in waiting,
 But my sweetheart sits by me.

And the King with his golden sceptre,
 The Pope with Saint Peter's key,
 Can never unlock the one little heart
 That is opened only to me.

For I am the Lord of a Realm,
 And I am Pope of a See ;
 Indeed, I'm supreme in the kingdom
 That is sitting just now on my knee !

GEORGE ARNOLD.

[Born at New York City, 24th June 1834, died at Strawberry Farms, New Jersey, 3d November 1865. Author of "*McArone's Papers, The Jolly Old Pedagogue, and other Poems*. The poems quoted are by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

HERE,
 With my beer
 I sit
 While golden moments flit :
 Alas !
 They pass
 Unheeded by :
 And, as they fly,
 I
 Being dry,
 Sit, idly sipping here
 My beer.

O finer far
 Than fame, or riches rare,
 The graceful smoke-wreaths of this cigar !
 Why
 Should I
 Weep, wail, or sigh !
 What if luck has passed me by ?
 What if my hopes are dead—
 My pleasures fled ?

Have I not still
 My fill
 Of right good cheer,—
 Cigars and beer ?
 Go, whining youth,
 Forsooth !
 Go, weep and wail,
 Sigh and grow pale,
 Weave melancholy rhymes
 On the old times,
 Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear,—
 But leave to me my beer !
 Gold is dross,—
 Love is loss,—
 So, if I gulp my sorrows down
 Or see them drown
 In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
 Then do I wear the crown,
 Without a cross !

A SUNSET FANTASIE.

WHEN the sun sets over the bay,
 And sweeping shadows solemnly lie
 On its mottled surface of azure and grey,
 And the night-winds sigh,—
 Come, O Léonore, brown-eyed one,
 To the cloudy realms of the setting sun !
 Where crimson crag, and silvery steep,
 And amaranth rift, and purple deep,
 Look dimly soft as the sunset pales,
 Like the shadowy cities of ancient tales.
 As Egypt's queen went floating along
 To her lover, when all the orient air
 Was laden with echoes of dreamy song,
 And the splash of oars and perfumes rare,

So will we float,
 In a golden boat,
 On velvet cushions soft and wide ;
 I and my love, the onyx-eyed,
 Will watch the twilight radiance fail,—
 Cheek by cheek and side by side,—
 And our mingled breath, O Léonore,
 Shall fan the silken sail,
 To the shining line of that faëry strand
 Where sky is water and cloud is land,—
 The wonderful sunset shore !

On those dim headlands, here and there,
 The lofty glacier-peaks between,
 Through the purple haze of the twilight air,
 The tremulous glow of a star is seen.
 There let us dwell, O Léonore,
 Free from the griefs that haunt us here,
 Knowing no frown, nor sigh, nor tear ;
 There let us bide for evermore,
 Happy for aye in the sunset sphere !

In the mountainous cloudland, far away,
 Behold, a glittering chasm gleams.
 O, let us cross the heaving bay,
 To that land of love and dreams !
 There would I lie, in a misty bower,
 Tasting the nectar of thy lip,
 Sweet as the honeyed dews that drip
 From the budding lotos-flower !
 Dip the oar and spread the sail
 For shining peak and shadowy vale !
 Fill, O sail, and plash, O oar,
 For the wonderful sunset shore !

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

[Born in James' Mill (now Milton), Indiana, 1st March 1835. Author of *Poems in Sunshine and Firelight* (Cincinnati, 1886); *Western Windows, and other Poems* (1871); *Poems of House and Home* (Boston, 1878); *The Union of American Poetry and Art* (Cincinnati, 1880-1); *Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley* (London, 1884; Boston, 1888); and *At the Holy Well; a Handful of New Verses* (Dublin, 1887). The poems quoted are by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

AWAKE IN DARKNESS.

MOTHER, if I could cry from out the night
 And you could come (Oh, tearful memory!)
 How softly close! to soothe and comfort me,
 As when a child awaken'd with affright,
 My lips again as weak and helpless quite,
 Would call you, call you, sharp and plaintively—
 O vain, vain, vain! Your face I could not see;
 Your voice no more would bring my darkness light,
 To this shut room, though I should wail and weep,
 You would not come to speak one brooding word
 And let its comfort warm me into sleep
 And leave me dreaming of its comfort heard:
 Though all the night to morn at last should creep
 My cry would fail, your answer be deferr'd.

November, 1865.

THE BURIED RING.

ACROSS the door-step, worn and old,
 The new bride, joyous, pass'd to-day;
 The grey rooms show'd an artful gold,
 All words were light, all faces gay.

Ah, many years have lived and died
 Since she, the other vanish'd one,
 Into that door, a timid bride,
 Bore from the outer world the sun.

O lily, with the rose's glow!
 O rose i' the lily's garment clad!—
 The rooms were golden long ago,
 All words were blithe, all faces glad.

She wore upon her hand the ring,
 Whose frail and human bond is gone—
 A coffin keeps the jealous thing
 Radiant in shut oblivion:

For she, (beloved, who loved so well,)
 In the last tremors of her breath,
 Whisper'd of bands impossible—
 "She would not give her ring to Death."

But he, who holds a newer face
 Close to his breast with eager glow,
 Has he forgotten her embrace,
 The first shy maiden's, long ago?

Lo, in a ghostly dream of night,
 A vision, over him she stands,
 Her mortal face in heavenlier light,
 With speechless blame but blessing hands!

And, smiling mortal sorrow's pain
 Into immortal peace more deep,
 She gives him back her ring again—
 The new bride kisses him from sleep!

A P A R T.

At sea are tossing ships ;
On shore are dreaming shells,
And the waiting heart and the loving lips,
Blossoms and bridal bells.

At sea are sails a-gleam ;
On shore are longing eyes,
And the far horizon's haunting dream
Of ships that sail the skies.

At sea are masts that rise
Like spectres from the deep ;
On shore are the ghosts of drowning cries
That cross the waves of sleep.

At sea are wrecks a-strand ;
On shore are shells that moan,
Old anchors buried in barren sand,
Sea-mist and dreams alone.

THE MOWER IN OHIO.

[JUNE, MDCCCLXIV.]

THE bees in the clover are making honey, and I am
making my hay :
The air is fresh, I seem to draw a young man's breath
to-day.

The bees and I are alone in the grass : the air is so very
still
I hear the dam, so loud, that shines beyond the sullen
mill.

Yes, the air is so still that I hear almost the sounds I
can not hear—
That, when no other sound is plain, ring in my empty
ear :

The chime of striking scythes, the fall of the heavy swaths
—they sweep—
They ring about me, resting, when I waver half asleep ;
So still, I am not sure if a cloud, low down, unseen there
be,
Or if something brings a rumour home of the cannon so
far from me :

Far away in Virginia, where Joseph and Grant, I know,
Will tell them what I meant when first I had my mowers
go !

Joseph, he is my eldest one, the only boy of my three,
Whose shadow can darken my door again, and lighten
my heart for me.

Joseph, he is my eldest—how his scythe was striking
ahead !
William was better at shorter heats, but Jo in the long-
run led.

William, he was my youngest ; John, between them, I
somehow see,
When my eyes are shut, with a little board at his head
in Tennessee.

But William came home one morning early, from Gettys-
burg, last July,
(The mowing was over already, although the only mower
was I :)

William, my captain, came home for good to his mother ;
and I'll be bound
We were proud and cried to see the flag that wrapt his
coffin around ;

For a company from the town came up ten miles with
music and gun :
It seemed his country claimed him then—as well as his
mother—her son.

But Joseph is yonder with Grant to-day, a thousand
miles or near,
And only the bees are abroad at work with me in the
clover here.

Was it a murmur of thunder I heard that hummed again
in the air ?
Yet, may be, the cannon are sounding now their Onward
to Richmond there.

But under the beech by the orchard, at noon, I sat an
hour it would seem—
It may be I slept, a minute, too, or wavered into a
dream.

For I saw my boys, across the field, by the flashes as
they went,
Tramping a steady tramp as of old, with the strength in
their arms unspent ;

Tramping a steady tramp, they moved like soldiers that
march to the beat
Of music that seems, a part of themselves, to rise and
fall with their feet ;

Tramping a steady tramp, they came with flashes of
silver that shone,
Every step, from their scythes that rang as if they needed
the stone—

(The field is wide and heavy with grass)—and, coming
toward me, they beamed
With a shine of light in their faces at once, and—surely
I must have dreamed !

For I sat alone in the clover-field, the bees were working ahead.

There were three in my vision—remember, old man : and what if Joseph were dead !

But I hope that he and Grant (the flag above them both, to boot,)

Will go into Richmond together, no matter which is ahead or afoot !

Meantime, alone at the mowing here—an old man somewhat grey—

I must stay at home as long as I can, making, myself, the hay.

And so another round—the quail in the orchard whistles blithe ;—

But first I'll drink at the spring below, and whet again my scythe.

THE BLACKBERRY FARM.

NATURE gives with freest hands
Richest gifts to poorest lands.
When the lord has sown his last
And his field's to desert passed,
She begins to claim her own,
And—instead of harvests flown,
Sunburnt sheaves and golden ears
Sends her hardier pioneers :
Barbarous brambles, outlawed seeds,
The first families of weeds
Fearing neither sun nor wind,
With the flowers of their kind
(Outcasts of the garden-bound),
Colonise the expended ground,
Using (none her right gainsay)
Confiscations of decay :—

Thus she clothes the barren place,
Old disgrace, with newer grace.
Title-deeds, which cover lands
Ruled and reaped by buried hands,
She—disowning owners old,
Scorning their “to have and hold”—
Takes herself; the mouldering fence
Hides with her munificence;
O'er the crumbled gatepost twines
Her proprietary vines;
On the doorstep of the house
Writes in moss “Anonymous,”
And, that beast and bird may see,
“This is Public property;”
To the bramble makes the sun
Bearer of profusion:
Blossom-odours breathe in June
Promise of her later boon,
And in August's brazen heat
Grows the prophecy complete;—
Lo, her largess glistens bright,
Blackness diamonded with light!
Then, behold, she welcomes all
To her annual festival:
“Mine the fruit but yours as well,”
Speaks the Mother Miracle;
“Rich and poor are welcome; come,
Make to-day millennium
In my garden of the sun:
Black and white to me are one.
This my freehold use content—
Here no landlord rides for rent;
I proclaim my jubilee,
In my Black Republic, free.
“Come,” she beckons; “enter, through
Gates of gossamer, doors of dew
(Lit with summer's tropic fire),
My Liberia of the brier”

CONFLAGRATION.

I.

PLAYING with little children on the hearth,
 An hour ago—
 With fitful mirth
 Their gentle eyes were lighted—lo! the Flame,
 Like a lithe Fairy, to their fancies came,
 Whispering whispers low!

II.

All sleep. The harmless Fairy wakes and chases
 Across the floor, and from the darkness crawls,
 Clambering up the walls,
 And looks into the children's sleeping faces,
 Now through the window shines
 On the dew-burden'd-vines;
 Then, Fiend-like, leaps,
 Aloof,
 Upon the roof!
 The city sleeps.
 It waves its myriad hands,
 And laughs and dances, a maniac lost from bands!

III.

The scared bells ring!—
 All sleepers, wakening, start
 With fluttering heart!
 Look! the gigantic Thing
 The unimprison'd Fury, tosses high
 Bloodiest arms against the frighten'd sky,
 O'er streets that glare with men! Midnight gives way
 To the flame-cradled day!
 White Fear and red Confusion mingle cries:
 "Arise! arise!
 The city is in flame!"

The hearth-born Terror keeps its hurrying march,
The world aghast before, the clouds its victory-arch,
(The Larés on their altars die,
The wives and children fly :)
And ashes are its fame !

THE NEW HOUSE.

I.

THE BUILDING.

A STRANGER in the village street,
Shines the new house in morning light—
No quick enchantment sprung by night,
A vision for the sun, complete,
Like that the Arabian story shows :
For the slow toil of hours and days,
With steadfast hands and stalwart blows,
Wrought with the builder's brain, to raise
This temple, yet unconsecrate,
Of Home and Household Deities,
The stronghold of Domestic Peace,
Familiar Church and private State !
The builder he has watch'd it long,
Since first the pencil-plan was made
And the deep under-stone was laid,
The fast foundation firm and strong,
Through slow processes, day by day,
While floors were fix'd and rafters hung
Till now—the workmen pass'd away—
He wakes from slumber, blithe and young
Behold, at last, his work is done—
His house-in-air no longer dream,
Illumined by the morning gleam,
Transfigured by the rising sun !



II.

THE DWELLERS.

Come at Morning—you shall see
 What a blissful company
 Enter in the open door !
 Children, children, evermore,
 Dancing, singing, laughing, play,
 Making merry holiday—
 Happy faces, garments gay !—
 Introducing Fairy-land,
 Back to barren desert sand
 Bringing flowers flown from earth :
 The long coming-in of Birth !
 Come at Midnight—you shall see
 What a ghostly company
 Pass from out the open door !
 Old men, old men, evermore,
 Wrinkled, dusty, travel-spent,
 Burden-bearers bow'd and bent.
 Songless, sighing, halting, slow,
 In funereal garments go,
 But, upon the threshold, lo !
 Sudden children, vanish there,
 Lost in light and lifting air,
 Beautiful with blissful breath :
 The long going-forth of Death !

A SONG OF CONTENT.

THE eagle nestles near the sun ;
 The dove's low nest for me !—
 The eagle's on the crag ; sweet one,
 The dove's in our green tree !
 For hearts that beat like thine and mine
 Heaven blesses humble earth ;—
 The angels of our Heaven shall shine
 The angels of our Hearth !

FIRES IN ILLINOIS.

How bright this weird autumnal eve—
While the wild twilight clings around,
Clothing the grasses everywhere,
With scarce a dream of sound !

The high horizon's northern line,
With many a silent-leaping spire,
Seems a dark shore—a sea of flame—
Quick, crawling waves of fire !

I stand in dusky solitude,
October breathing low and chill,
And watch the far-off blaze that leaps
At the wind's wayward will.

These boundless fields, behold, once more,
Sea-like in vanished summers stir ;
From vanished autumns comes the Fire—
A lone, bright harvester !

I see wide terror lit before—
Wild steeds, fierce herds of bison here ;
And, blown before the flying flames,
The flying-footed deer !

Long trains (with shaken bells, that move
Along red twilights sinking slow)
Whose wheels grew weary on their way
Far westward, long ago :

Lone waggons bivouacked in the blaze,
That, long ago, streamed wildly past ;
Faces, from that bright solitude,
In the hot gleam aghast !

A glare of faces like a dream,
No history after or before,
Inside the horizon with the flames,
The flames—nobody more !

That vision vanishes in me,
 Sudden and swift and fierce and bright ;
 Another gentler vision fills
 The solitude, to-night :

The horizon lightens everywhere,
 The sunshine rocks on windy maize ;—
 Hark, everywhere are busy men,
 And children at their plays !

Far church spires twinkle at the sun,
 From villages of quiet born,
 And, far and near, and everywhere,
 Homes stand amid the corn.

No longer, driven by wind, the Fire
 Makes all the vast horizon glow,
 But, numberless as the stars above,
 The windows shine below !

WILLIAM WINTER.

[Born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, 15th July 1836. Author of *The Convent, and other Poems* (Boston 1854); *The Queen's Domain, and other Poems* (1858); *My Witness; a Book of Verse* (1871); *Shakespeare's England* (Edinburgh, 1886); and *Wanderers*—a collected volume of his poems published (1889) by David Douglas & Co., Edinburgh, and Ticknor & Co., now Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, by whose kind permission the poems below quoted are given.]

MY QUEEN.

HE loves not well whose love is bold !
 I would not have thee come too nigh :
 The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
 Unless the sun were in the sky :
 To take him thence and chain him near
 Would make his beauty disappear.

He keeps his state,—do thou keep thine,
 And shine upon me from afar !
 So shall I bask in light divine,
 That falls from love's own guiding star ;
 So shall thy eminence be high,
 And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life will reach its hands
 Of lofty longing toward thy face,
 And be as one who speechless stands
 In rapture at some perfect grace !
 My love, my hope, my all will be
 To look to heaven and look to thee !

Thy eyes will be the heavenly lights ;
 Thy voice the gentle summer breeze,
 What time it sways, on moonlit nights,
 The murmuring tops of leafy trees ;
 And I will touch thy beauteous form
 In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shalt come not down
 From that pure region far above ;
 But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,
 Queen of my heart and queen of love !
 A monarch in thy realm complete,
 And I a monarch—at thy feet !

ADELAIDE NEILSON.

(Died August 15, 1880.)

AND oh, to think the sun can shine,
 The birds can sing, the flowers can bloom,
 And she, whose soul was all divine,
 Be darkly mouldering in the tomb :

That o'er her head the night wind sighs,
 And the sad cypress droops and moans ;
 That night has veiled her glorious eyes,
 And silence hushed her heavenly tones :

That those sweet lips no more can smile,
 Nor pity's tender shadows chase,
 With many a gentle, child-like wile,
 The rippling laughter o'er her face :

That dust is on the burnished gold
 That floated round her royal head ;
 That her great heart is dead and cold—
 Her form of fire and beauty dead !

Roll on, grey earth and shining star,
 And coldly mock our dreams of bliss ;
 There is no glory left to mar,
 Nor any grief so black as this !

DAVID GRAY.

[Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, 8th November 1836. Came to America in 1849. Died at Binghamton, New York, 18th March 1888. His poems, essays, letters of travel and autobiography, have been collected in two admirable volumes by Mr J. W. Larned, librarian of Buffalo. The poems quoted are given by kind permission of Mrs David Gray and Mr Larned.]

TO J. H. (Col. John Hay).

THE happy time when dreams have power to cheat
 Is past, dear friend, for me. As in old days,
 So, still, at times, they throng their ancient ways
 And trail their shining robes before my feet,
 Or stand, half-lifted to their native skies
 By the soft oval of white arms, and eyes
 Closing on looks unutterably sweet,
 Then the grim Truth beside me will arise
 And slay them, and their beauty is no more,—

DAVID GRAY.

No more their beauty—saving such as dies
 Into the marble of mute lips, or flies
 With the swift light of dying smiles, before
 The eye that strains to watch can tell, for tears,
 How passing fair it shone—how dusk have grown the
 years.

D I V I D E D.

THE half-world's width divides us ; where she sits
 Noonday has broadened o'er the prairied West ;
 For me, beneath an alien sky, unblest,
 The day dies and the bird of evening flits.

Nor do I dream that in her happier breast
 Stirs thought of me. Untroubled beams the star,
 And recks not of the drifting mariner's quest,
 Who, for dear life, may seek it on mid-sea,
 The half-world's width divides us ; yet, from far—

And though I know that nearer may not be
 In all the years—yet O beloved, to thee
 Goes out my heart, and, past the crimson bar
 Of sunset, westward yearns away—away—
 And dieth towards thee with the dying day !

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS CREW.

TOLL the saintly minster bell,
 For we know they're now at rest ;
 Where they lie, they sleep as well
 As in kirkyard old and blest.

Let the requiem echo free
From the shores of England, forth
Over leagues of angry sea,
Toward the silence of the North.

Half a score of years or more,
They were phantoms in our dreams ;
Many a night, on many a shore
Lit by wan Aurora-gleams,
We have tracked the ghostly band—
Seen distressful signals wave—
Till we find dim William's Land
Holy with the heroes' grave.

Toll the bell ! that they may rest,
Haunting spectres of our brain,—
They for whom her tireless quest
Love pursued so long in vain.
Nevermore let fancy feign
That the wondering Esquimaux
Haply sees them toil again,
Wild and haggard, through the snow.

From the *Erebus* they pass'd
To a realm of light and balm ;
And the *Terror* sailed at last
Into peace and perfect calm.
Toll the bell ; but let it's voice,
Moaning in the minster dome,
Change at times, and half rejoice,
For the mariners at home !

R E S T.

ONCE more, blessed valley, I seek and have found thee ;
 Tired, hunted, I ran, with the mad world hallooing ;
 I slipped to thy shade—I am safe from pursuing—
 No care climbeth over the green walls that bound thee,
 In the hush of thy woodlands that draw me and woo me,
 By the rush of thy waters whose thunders thrill through
 me,
 In deep hemlock cover, in vine-trellised arbour,
 My heart finds once more a blest haven and harbour.
 But the summers are many, the years have flown fleetly,
 Since first we came hither, with revel and laughter.
 Ah ! how cosy the jest, then, the mirth following after
 The poem to praise thee, the song that ran sweetly.

It was joy, then, that met us, by greenwood and meadow ;
 It is rest, now, rest only, we crave in thy shadow.

 CROSS OF GOLD.

I.

THE fifth from the north wall ;
 Row innermost ; and the pall
 Plain black—all black—except
 The cross on which she wept,
 Ere she lay down and slept.

II.

This one is hers, and this—
 The marble next it—his,
 So lie in brave accord
 The lady and her lord,
 Her cross and his red sword.

III.

And now, what seekest thou here ;
 Having no care nor fear
 To vex with thy hot tread
 These halls of the long dead,—
 To flash the torch's light
 Upon their utter night?—
 What word hast thou to thrust
 Into her ear of dust?

IV.

Spake then the haggard priest :
 In lands of the far East
 I dreamed of finding rest—
 What time my lips had prest
 The cross on this dead breast.

V.

And if my sin be shriven,
 And mercy live in heaven,
 Surely this hour, and here,
 My long woe's end is near—
 Is near—and I am brought
 To peace, and painless thought
 Of her who lies at rest,
 This cross upon her breast,

VI.

Whose passionate heart is cold
 Beneath this cross of gold ;
 Who lieth, still and mute,
 In sleep so absolute,
 Yea, by the precious sign
 Shall sleep most sweet be mine ;
 And I, at last, am blest,
 Knowing she went to rest
This cross upon her breast.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

[Born in Portsmouth, N. H., 11th November 1836. Author of *The Dells* (1855); *The Ballad of Babie Bell, and other Poems* (1856); *The Queen of Sheba; a Romance of Travel* (1877); *Pampinea, and other Poems* (1861); two collections of *Poems* (1863 and 1865); *Cloth of Gold, and other Poems* (1874); *Flower and Thorn, Later Poems* (1876); an edition *de luxe* of *Lyrics and Sonnets* (1880); and *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book* (1881), etc. The poems are quoted from the Household Edition of his works with the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

PALABRAS CARINOSAS.

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 those snowy hands! Ah, then
 I'll have to say good-night again!

I D E N T I T Y.

SOMEWHERE—in desolate wind-swept space—
 In Twilight-land—in No-man's-land—
 Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
 And bade each other stand.

“And who are you?” cried one, agape,
 Shuddering in the gloaming light.
 “I know not,” said the Second Shape,
 “I only died last night!”

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

[Born in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, 1st March 1837. Author of *Italian Journeys* (1867); *Suburban Sketches* (1868); *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885); *Tuscan Cities* (1885); *The Minister's Charge* (1886); *Indian Summer* (1886); *Modern Italian Poets* (1887); *April Hopes* (New York, 1887), etc. The poems given are quoted with the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

F O R L O R N.

I.

RED roses, in the slender vases burning,
 Breathed all upon the air,—
 The passion and the tenderness and yearning,
 The waiting and the doubting and despair.

II.

Still with the music of her voice was haunted,
 Through all its charmed rhymes,
 The open book of such a one as chanted
 The things he dreamed in old, old summer-times.

III.

The silvern chords of the piano trembled
Still with the music wrung
From them ; the silence of the room dissembled
The closes of the songs that she had sung.

IV.

The languor of the crimson shawl's abasement,—
Lying without a stir
Upon the floor—the absence at the casement,
The solitude and hush were full of her.

V.

Without, and going from the room, and never
Departing, did depart
Her steps ; and one that came too late forever
Felt them go heavy o'er his broken heart.

VI.

And, sitting in the house's desolation,
He could not bear the gloom,
The vanishing encounter and evasion
Of things that were and were not in the room.

VII.

Through midnight streets he followed fleeting visions
Of faces and of forms ;
He heard old tendernesses and derisions
Amid the sobs and cries of midnight storms.

VIII.

By midnight lamps, and from the darkness under
That lamps made at their feet,
He saw sweet eyes peer out in innocent wonder,
And sadly follow after him down the street.

IX.

The noonday crowds their restlessness obtruded
Between him and his quest ;
At unseen corners jostled and eluded,
Against his hand her silken robes were pressed.

X.

Doors closed upon her ; out of garret casements
He knew she looked at him
In splendid mansions and in squalid basements,
Upon the walls he saw her shadow swim.

XI.

From rapid carriages she gleamed upon him,
Whirling away from sight ;
From all the hopelessness of search she won him,
Back to the dull and lonesome house at night.

XII.

Full early into dark the twilights saddened
Within its closed doors ;
The echoes, with the clock's monotony maddened,
Leaped loud in welcome from the hollow floors ;

XIII.

But gusts that blew all day with solemn laughter
From wide-mouthed chimney-places,
And the strange noises between roof and rafter,
The wainscot clamour, and the scampering races

XIV.

Of mice that chased each other through the chambers,
And up and down the stair,
And rioted among the ashen embers,
And left their frolic footprints everywhere,—

XV.

Were hushed to hear his heavy tread ascending,
The broad steps, one by one,
And toward the solitary chamber tending,
Where the dim phantom of his hope alone

XVI.

Rose up to meet him, with her's growing nearer,
Eager for his embrace,
And moved, and melted into the white mirror,
And stared at him with his own haggard face.

XVII.

But turning, he was 'ware *her* looks beheld him
Out of the mirror white ;
And at the window yearning arms she held him,
Out of the vague and sombre fold of night.

XVIII.

Sometimes she stood behind him, looking over
His shoulder as he read ;
Sometimes he felt her shadowy presence hover
Above the dreamful sleep, beside his bed ;

XIX.

And rising from his sleep, her shadowy presence
Followed his light descent
Of the long stair ; her shadowy evanescence
Through all the whispering rooms before him went.

XX.

Upon the earthly draught of cellars blowing
His shivering lamp-flame blue,
Amid the damp and chill, he felt her flowing
Around him from the doors he entered through.

XXI.

The spiders wove their web upon the ceiling ;
The bat clung to the wall ;
The dry leaves through the open transom stealing
Skated and danced adown the empty hall.

XXII.

About him closed the utter desolation,
About him closed the doom ;
The vanishing encounter and evasion
Of things that were and were not in the room

XXIII.

Vexed him forever ; and his life forever
Immured and desolate,
Beating itself, with desperate endeavour,
But bruised itself, against the round of fate.

XXIV.

The roses, in their slender vases burning
Were quenched long before ;
A dust was on the rhymes of love and yearning ;
The shawl was like a shroud upon the floor.

XXV.

Her music from the thrilling chords had perished ;
The stillness was not moved
With memories of cadences long cherished,
The closes of the songs that she had loved.

XXVI.

But not the less he felt her presence never
Out of the room depart ;
Over the threshold, not the less, forever
He felt her going on his broken heart.

THANKSGIVING.

I.

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought :
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still :
For the heart from itself kept,
Our Thanksgiving accept.

II.

For the ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer :
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our Chastisement :
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

THROUGH THE MEADOW.

THE summer sun was soft and bland
As they went through the meadow land.

The little wind that hardly shook
The silver of the sleeping brook
Blew the gold hair about her eyes,—

A mystery of mysteries !
So he must often pause, and stoop,
And all the wanton ringlets loop
Behind her dainty ear—emprise
Of slow event and many sighs.

Across the stream was scarce a step,
And yet she feared to try the leap ;
And he, to still her sweet alarm,
Must lift her over on his arm.

She could not keep the narrow way,
 For still the little feet would stray,
 And ever must he bend t'undo
 The tangled grasses from her shoe,—
 From dainty rosebud lips in pout
 Must kiss the perfect flower out!

Ah! little coquette! Fair deceit!
 Some things are bitter that were sweet.

D E A D.

I.

SOMETHING lies in the room
 Over against my own;
 The windows are lit with a ghastly bloom
 Of candles, burning alone,—
 Untrimmed, and all aflame
 In the ghastly silence there!

II.

People go by the door,
 Tip-toe, holding their breath,
 And hush the talk they held before,
 Lest they should waken Death,
 That is awake all night
 There in the candle light!

III.

The cat upon the stairs
 Watches with flamy eye,
 For the sleepy one who shall unawares
 Let her go stealing by.
 She softly, softly purrs,
 And claws at the banisters.

IV.

The bird from out its dream
 Breaks with a sudden song,
 That stabs the sense like a sudden scream ;
 The hound the whole night long
 Howls to the moonless sky,
 So far, and starry, and high,

THE POETS FRIENDS.

THE robin sings in the elm ;
 The cattle stand beneath,
 Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes
 And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listened to the flattered bird,
 The wise-looking, stupid things ;
 And they never understand a word
 Of all the robin sings.

A V E R Y.

NIAGARA, 1853.

I.

ALL night long they heard, in the house beside the shore,
 Heard, or seemed to hear, through the multitudinous roar,
 Out of the hell of the rapids as 'twere a lost soul's cries,—
 Heard and could not believe ; and the morning mocked
 their eyes,
 Showing, where wildest and fiercest the waters leaped up
 and ran
 Raving, round him and past, the visage of a man,

Clinging, or seeming to cling, to the trunk of a tree that
 caught,
 Fast in the rocks below, scarce out of the surges raught,
 Was it a life, could it be, to yon slender hope that clung?
 Shrill, above all the tumult the answering terror rung.
 Under the weltering rapids a boat from the bridge is
 drowned
 Over the rocks the lines of another are tangled and
 wound;
 And the long fateful hours of the morning have wasted
 soon,
 As it had been some blessed trance, and now it is noon,
 Hurry, now with the raft! But O build it strong and
 staunch,
 And to the lines and treacherous rocks look well as you
 launch!

Over the foamy tops of the waves, and their foam-sprent
 sides,
 Over the hidden reefs, and through the embattled tides
 Onward rushes the raft, with many a lurch and a leap—
 Lord! if it strike him loose from the hold he scarce can
 keep!

No! through all peril unharmed, it reaches him harm-
 less at last,
 And to its proven strength he lashes his weakness fast.

II.

Now, for the shore! But steady, steady, my men, and
 slow;
 Taut now the quivering lines; now slack, and so, let
 her go!
 Thronging the shores around stand the pitying multi-
 tude;
 Wan as his own are their looks, and a nightmare seems
 to brood
 Heavy upon them, and heavy the silence hangs on all,
 Save for the rapid's plunge, and the thunder of the fall

But on a sudden thrills from the people still and pale,
 Chorusing his unheard despair, a desperate wail :
 Caught on a lurking point of rock it sways and swings,
 Sport of the pitiless waters, the raft to which he clings.

III.

All the long afternoon it idly swings and sways ;
 And on the shore the crowd lifts up its hands and prays :
 Lifts to heaven and wrings the hands so helpless to save,
 Prays for the mercy of God on him whom the rock and
 the wave
 Battle for, fettered betwixt them, and who, amidst their
 strife,
 Struggles to help his helpers, and fights so hard for his
 life,—
 Tugging at rope and at reef, while men weep and women
 swoon.
 Priceless second by second, so wastes the afternoon,
 And it is sunset now ; and another boat and the last
 Down to him from the bridge through the rapids has
 safely passed.

IV.

Wild through the crowd comes a man that nothing can
 stay,
 Maddening against the gate that is locked athwart his
 way.
 “No ! we keep the bridge for them that can help him,
 You,
 Tell us, who are you ?” “His brother !” “God help
 you both ! pass through.”

Wild, wide, arms of imploring, he calls aloud to him,
 Into the face of his brother, scarce seen in the distance
 dim ;
 But in the roar of the rapids his fluttering words are
 lost
 As in a wind of autumn leaves of autumn are tossed.

And from the bridge he sees his brother sever the rope
 Holding him to the raft, and rise secure in his hope ;
 Sees all as in a dream, the terrible pageantry,—
 Populous shores, the woods, the sky, the birds flying
 free ;
 Sees, then, the form,—that, spent with effort and fasting
 and fear,
 Flings itself feebly and fails of the boat that is lying so
 near,—
 Caught in the long-baffled clutch of the rapids, and rolled
 and hurled
 Headlong on to the cataract's brink and out of the world.

HENRY AMES BLOOD.

[Born at Temple, New Hampshire, 1838. Author of *How Much I Loved Thee*, a play privately published. The poems given are quoted with the Author's permission.]

SHAKESPEARE.

I WISH that I could have my wish to-night ;
 For all the faeries should assist my flight
 Back into the abyss of years
 Till I could see the streaming light,
 And hear the music of the spheres
 That sang together at the joyous birth
 Of that immortal mind,
 The noblest of his kind,—
 The only Shakespeare that has graced our earth.

Oh, that I might behold
 Those gentle sprites, of others all unseen,
 Queen Mab and Puck the bold,
 With courtseys manifold
 Slide round his cradle every morn and e'en ;
 That I might see the nimble shapes that ran
 And frisked and frolicked by his side,

When school-hours ended or began,
 At morn or eventide ;
 That I might see the very shoes he wore
 Upon the dusty street,
 His little gown and pinafore,
 His satchel and his schoolboy rig complete !

If I could have the wish I rhyme,
 Then should this night and all it doth contain,
 Be set far back upon the rim of Time,
 And I would 'wildered be upon a stormy plain ;
 The wanton waves of winter wind and storm
 Should beat upon my ruddy face,
 And on my streaming hair ;
 And hags and witches multiform,
 And beldames past all saintly grace,
 Should hover round me in the sleety air.

Then, hungry, cold, and frightened by these imps of sin,
 And breathless all with buffeting the storm,
 Betimes I would arrive at some old English inn,
 Wainscoted, high and warm.
 The fire should blaze in antique chimney-places ;
 And on the high-backed settles, here and there,
 The village gossip and the merry laugh
 Should follow brimming cups of half-and-half ;
 Before the fire, in hospitable chair,
 The landlord fat should bask his shining face,
 And slowly twist his pewter can ;
 And there in his consummate grace,
 The perfect lord of wit,
 The immortal man,
 The only Shakespeare of this earth should sit.
 There, too, that Spanish galleon of a hulk,
 Ben Jonson, lying at full length,
 Should so dispense his goodly bulk
 That he might lie at ease upon his back,
 To test the tone and strength
 Of Boniface's sherris-sack.

And there should be some compeers of these two,
 Rare wits and poets of the land,
 Whom all good England knew,
 And who are now her dear forget-me-nots ;
 And they should lounge on Shakespeare's either hand,
 And sip their punch from queer old cans and pots.
 Oh, then, such drollery should begin,
 Such wit flash out, such humour run
 Around the fire in this old English inn,
 The veriest clod would be convulsed with fun ;
 And Boniface's merry sides would ache,
 And his round belly like a pudding shake.

Never since the world began
 Has been such repartee ;
 And never till the next begins,
 Will greater things be said by man,
 Than this same company
 Were wont to say so oft in those old English inns.

Dear Artist, if you paint this picture mine
 Do not forget the storm that roars
 Above the merry din and laughter within doors ;
 But let some stroke divine
 Make all within appear more rich and warm,
 By contrast with the outer storm.

PRO MORTUIS.

For the dead and for the dying ;
 For the dead that once were living,
 And the living that are dying,
 Pray I to the All-forgiving.

For the dead who yester journeyed ;
 For the living who, to-morrow,
 Through the Valley of the Shadow,
 Must all bear the world's great sorrow ;

For the immortal, who, in silence,
Have already crossed the portal ;
For the mortal who, in silence,
Soon shall follow the immortal ;
Keep thine arms round all, O Father !—
Round lamenting and lamented ;
Round the living and repenting,
Round the dead who have repented.
Keep thine arms round all, O Father !
That are left or that are taken ;
For they all are needy, whether
The forsaking or forsaken.

THE TWO ENCHANTMENTS.

O, HEAR from yonder height
That glorious trumpet sounding !
How fierce my pulses beat !
But in the valley bright
The rebecs are resounding :
How sweet, how magic sweet !
Ah, whither shall I go ?
See now from the height
Those mighty shapes advancing
So radiant, yet so far !
But in the valley bright
The youths and maidens dancing
How beautiful they are !
Ah, whither shall I go ?
How grand about the height
Fame's noble army winding
To pinnacles above !
But in the valley bright,
Her hair with roses binding,
Lingers the maid I love :
Ah, whither shall I go ?

COLONEL JOHN HAY.

[Born in Salem, Indiana, 8th October 1838. Author of *Pike County Ballads*, *Jem Bludso* (Boston 1871); *Castilian Days*, *A History of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln*, in collaboration with John G. Nicolay, and *The Bread Winners* (New York, 1883). The poems given are from *Pike County Ballads*, and are quoted with the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

J E M B L U D S O,

OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
 Becase he don't live, you see;
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
 Whar have you been for the last three year
 That you haven't heard folks tell
 How Jemmy Bludso passed in his checks
 The night of the *Prairie Belle*?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike,—
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
 And another one here, in Pike;
 A kurlless man in his talk was Jem,
 And an awkward hand in a row,
 But he never funk'd, and he never lied,—
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
 To treat his engine well;
 Never be passed on the river;
 To mind the pilot's bell;
 And if ever the *Prairie Belle* took fire,—
 A thousand times he swore,
 He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip
 And her day come at last,—
 The *Movaster* was a better boat,
 But the *Belle* she wouldn't be passed.

And so she came tearing along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
 And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For that willer-bank on the right.
 There was runnin' and cursin', but Jem yelled out,
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
 Jem Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And knowed he would keep his word.
 And sure's you're born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell,—
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He weren't no saint,—but at judgment
 I'd run my chance with Jem,
 Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty, dead-sure thing,—
 And went for it thar and thin;
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

I PRAY you pardon, Elsie,
 And smile that frown away
 That dims the light of your lovely face
 As a thunder-cloud the day,

I really could not help it,—
Before I thought, it was done,—
And those great grey eyes flashed bright and cold,
Like an icicle in the sun.

I was thinking of the summers
When we were boys and girls,
And wandered in the blossoming woods,
And the gay wind romped with her curls.
And you seemed to me the same little girl
I kissed in the alder-path,
I kissed the little girl's lips, and alas!
I have roused a woman's wrath.

There is not so much to pardon,—
For why were your lips so red?
The blonde hair fell in a shower of gold
From the proud, provoking head.
And the beauty that flashed from the splendid eyes
And played round the tender mouth,
Rushed over my soul like a warm sweet wind
That blows from the fragrant south.

And where after all is the harm done?
I believe we were made to be gay,
And all of youth not given to love
Is vainly squandered away,
And strewn through life's low labours,
Like gold in the desert sands,
Are love's swift kisses and sighs and vows
And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely,
In memory's magic shrine
You will see on your thin and wasting hands,
Like gems, these kisses of mine.
And when you muse at evening
At the sound of some vanished name,
The ghost of my kisses shall touch your lips
And kindle your heart to flame.

REGARDANT.

As I lay at your feet that afternoon,
Little we spoke,—you sat and mused,
Humming a sweet old-fashioned tune,

And I worshipped you, with a sense confused
Of the good time gone and the bad on the way,
While my hungry eyes your face perused

To catch and brand on my soul for aye
The subtle smile which had grown my doom,
Drinking sweet poison hushed I lay

Till the sunset shimmered athwart the room.
I rose to go. You stood so fair
And dim in the dead day's tender gloom :

All at once, or ever I was aware,
Flashed from you on me a warm strong wave
Of passion and power ; in the silence there
I fell on my knees, like a lover, or slave,
With my wild hands clasping your slender waist ;
And my lips, with a sudden frenzy brave,
A madman's kiss on your girdle pressed,
And I felt your calm heart's quickening beat,
And your soft hands on me one instant rest.

And if God had loved me, how endlessly sweet
Had He let my heart in its rapture burst,
And throb its last at your firm, small feet !

And when I was forth, I shuddered at first
At my imminent bliss, as a soul in pain,
Treading his desolate path accursed,

Looks back and dreams through his tears dim rain
That by heaven's wide gate the angels smile,
Relenting, and beckon him back again,

And goes on, thrice damned by that devil's wile,—
So sometimes burns in my weary brain
The thought that you loved me all the while.

FATHER ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

[Born in Norfolk, Pa., 15th August 1839. Died in Louisville, Ky., 22d April 1886. Author of *The Conquered Banner*; *Poems, Patriotic, Religious and Miscellaneous*; *Life of Christ*, *The Lost Cause*, *The Sword of Lee*, *The Flag of Erin*, and the epic, *Their Story Runneth Thus*. The poems given are from the Household Edition of his works, published by the Baltimore Publishing Co., with whose kind permission they are quoted.]

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

YOUNG as the youngest who donned the grey,
 True as the truest that wore it,
 Brave as the bravest he marched away
 (Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay),
 Triumphant waved our flag one day—
 He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest, where duty led,
 He hurried without a falter;
 Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,
 And the day was won—but the field was red—
 And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed
 On his country's hallowed altar.

On the trampled breast of the battle plain
 Where the foremost ranks had wrestled,
 On his pale, pure face not a mark of pain
 (His mother dreams they will meet again),
 The fairest form amid all the slain,
 Like a child asleep he nestled.

In the solemn shades of the wood that swept
 The field where his comrades found him,
 They buried him there—and the big tears crept
 Into strong men's eyes that had seldom wept
 (His mother—God pity her—smiled and slept,
 Dreaming her arms were around him).

A grave in the woods with the grass o'ergrown,
 A grave in the heart of his mother—
 His clay in the one lies lifeless and lone ;
 There is not a name, there is not a stone,
 And only the voice of the winds maketh moan
 O'er the grave where never a flower is strewn,
 But his memory lives in the other.

SENTINEL SONGS.

WHEN falls the soldier brave,
 Dead at the feet of wrong,
 The poet sings and guards his grave
 With sentinels of song.

Songs, march ! he gives command,
 Keep faithful watch and true ;
 The living and dead of the conquered land
 Have now no guards save you.

Grey ballads ! mark ye well !
 Thrice holy is your trust !
 Go ! halt by the fields where warriors fell ;
 Rest arms ! and guard their dust.

List ! songs ! your watch is long,
 The soldier's guard was brief ;
 Whilst right is right, and wrong is wrong
 Ye may not seek relief.

Go ! wearing the grey of grief !
 Go ! watch o'er the dead in grey !
 Go ! guard the private and guard the chief,
 And sentinel their clay !

And the songs, in stately rhyme
 And with softly-sounding tread,
 Go forth, to watch for a time—a time—
 Where sleep the Deathless Dead.

And the songs, like funeral dirge,
 In music soft and low,
 Sing round the graves whilst hot tears surge
 From hearts that are homes of woe.

What tho' no sculptured shaft
 Immortalise each brave?
 What tho' no monument epitaphed
 Be built above each grave?

When marble wears away
 And monuments are dust,
 The songs that guard our soldier's clay
 Will still fulfil their trust,

With lifted head and stately tread
 Like stars that guard the skies,
 Go watch each bed where rest the dead
 Brave songs, with sleepless eyes.

.

When falls the cause of Right,
 The poet grasps his pen,
 And in gleaming letters of living light
 Transmits the truth to men.

Go! songs! he says who sings,
 Go! tell the world this tale;
 Bear it afar on your tireless wings:
 The Right will yet prevail.

Songs! sound like the thunder's breath!
 Boom o'er the world and say:
 Brave men may die—Right has no death!
 Truth never shall pass away!

Go! sing thro' a nation's sighs!
 Go! sob thro' a people's tears!
 Sweep the horizons of all the skies,
 And throb through a thousand years!

.

And the songs, with brave, sad face,
Go proudly down their way,
Wailing the loss of a conquered race
And waiting an Easter-day.

Away! away! like the birds,
They soar in their flight sublime;
And the waving wings of the poet's words
Flash down to the end of time.

When the flag of justice fails,
Ere its folds have yet been furled,
The poet waves its folds in wails
That flutter o'er the world.

Songs, march! and in rank by rank
The low, wild verses go,
To watch the graves where the grass is dank
And the martyrs sleep below.

Songs! halt when there is no name!
Songs! stay when there is no stone!
And wait till you hear the feet of Fame
Coming to where ye moan.

And the songs, with lips that mourn,
And with hearts that break in twain
At the beck of the bard—a hope forlorn—
Watch the plain where sleep the slain.

.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,

And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it ;
 And its foes now scorn and brave it ;
 Furl it, hide it—let it rest.

Take the Banner down ! 'tis tattered ;
 Broken is its shaft and tattered ;
 And the valiant hosts are scattered
 Over whom it floated high.
 Oh ! 'tis hard for us to fold it ;
 Hard to think there's none to hold it ;
 Hard that those who once unrolled it
 Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner ! furl it sadly !
 Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
 And ten thousand wildly, madly,
 Swore it should for ever wave ;
 Swore that foeman's sword should never
 Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
 Till that flag should float for ever
 O'er their freedom or their grave !

Furl it ! for the hands that grasped it,
 And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
 Cold and dead are lying low ;
 And that Banner—it is trailing !
 While around it sounds the wailing
 Of its people in their woe.

For though conquered, they adore it !
 Love the cold, dead hands that bore it !
 Weep for those who fell before it !
 Pardon those who trailed and tore it !
 But, oh ! wildly they deplore it,
 Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner ! True, its gory,
 Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
 And 'twill live in song and story,
 Though its folds are in the dust :

For its fame on brightest pages
 Penned by poets and by sages,
 Shall go sounding down the ages—
 Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
 Treat it gently—it is holy—
 For it droops above the dead.
 Touch it not—unfold it never,
 Let it droop then, furled for ever,
 For its people's hopes are dead!

C. S. A.

Do we weep for the heroes who died for us,
 Who living were true and tried for us,
 And dying sleep side by side for us;
 The Martyr-band
 That hallowed our land,
 With the blood they shed in a tide for us?

Ah! fearless in many a day for us
 They stood in front of the fray for us,
 And held the foeman at bay for us;
 And tears should fall
 Fore'er o'er all
 Who fell while wearing the grey for us.

How many a glorious name for us,
 How many a story of fame for us
 They left! Would it not be a blame for us
 If their memories part
 From our land and heart,
 And a wrong to them, and shame for us?

No, no, no, they were brave for us,
 And bright were the lives they gave for us;
 The land they struggled to save for us

Will not forget
 Its warriors yet
 Who sleep in so many a grave for us.

On many and many a plain for us
 Their blood poured down all in vain for us,
 Red, rich, and pure, like a rain for us ;
 They bleed—we weep,
 We live—they sleep,
 “ All lost ” the only refrain for us.

But their memories e'er shall remain for us,
 And their names, bright names, without stain for us ;
 The glory they won shall not wane for us,
 In legend and lay
 Our heroes in gray
 Shall for ever live over again for us.

[FRANCIS] BRET HARTE.

[Born in Albany, N.Y., 28th August 1839. Author of *Poems*, (Boston, 1871); *Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Sketches* (1871); *East and West Poems* (1871); *Poetical Works* (1871); *By Shore and Sedge* (1885); *Snow-Bound at Eagle's* (1886); *A Millionaire of Rough and Ready* (1887); *The Crusade of the Excelsior* (1887); also collected *Works* (5 vols., 1882). The poems given are from the Household Edition of his poems, and are quoted by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and Chatto & Windus, London.]

HER LETTER.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
 Dressed just as I come from the dance,
 In a robe even you would admire—
 It cost a cool thousand in France ;
 I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
 My hair is done up in a cue :
 In short, sir, “ the belle of the season ”
 Is wasting an hour upon you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;
 I left in the midst of a set ;
 Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
 That waits on the stairs for me yet.
 They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
 And then he adores me indeed ;
 And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
 Three thousand miles off, as you read.

“And how do I like my position ?”
 “And what do I think of New York ?”
 “And now, in my higher ambition,
 With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk ?”
 “And isn't it nice to have riches,
 And diamonds, and silks, and all that ?”
 “And aren't it a change to the ditches
 And tunnels of Poverty Flat ?”

Well, yes, if you saw us out driving
 Each day in the Park, four-in-hand—
 If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
 To look supernaturally grand,—
 If you saw papa's picture, as taken
 By Brady, and tinted at that,—
 You'd never suspect he sold bacon
 And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
 In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
 In the bustle and glitter befitting
 The “finest *soirée* of the year,”—
 In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
 And the hum of the smallest of talk,
 Somehow, Joe, I thought of the “Ferry,”
 And the dance that we had on “The Fork ;”

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster,
 Of flags festooned over the wall ;
 Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
 And tallow on head-dress and shawl ;

Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
 Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis* ;
 And how I once went down the middle
 With the man that shot Sandy M'Gee ;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
 On the hill, when the time came to go ;
 Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
 From under their bedclothes of snow ;
 Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest ;
 Of—the something you said at the gate.
 Ah ! Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
 To " the best-paying lead in the state."

Well, well, it's all past ; yet it's funny
 To think as I stood in the glare
 Of fashion and beauty and money,
 That I should be thinking right there,
 Of some one who breasted high water,
 And swam the North Fork and all that,
 Just to dance with old Folensbee's daughter,
 The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness ! what nonsense I'm writing !
 (Mamma says my taste is still low),
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho !
 And I'm to be " finished " by travel,—
 Whatever's the meaning of that.
 Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat ?

Good-night ! here's the end of my paper ;
 Good-night !—if the longitude please,—
 For maybe, while wasting my paper,
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches
 And you've struck it, on Poverty Flat.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
 The river sang below ;
 The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
 Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
 The ruddy tints of health
 On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
 In the fierce race for wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
 A hoarded volume drew,
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
 To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while shadows round them gathered faster,
 And as the firelight fell,
 He read aloud the book wherein the Master
 Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
 Was youngest of them all,—
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
 A silence seemed to fall ;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
 Listened in every spray,
 While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
 Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
 As by some spell divine—
 Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
 From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire ;
 And he who wrought that spell ?—
 Ah ! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
 Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
 Blend with the breath that thrills
 With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
 That fills the Kentish hills;

And on that grave where English oak and holly
 And laurel wreathes entwine,
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
 This spray of Western Pine!

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

[Born at Warren, Rhode Island, 22d December 1839. Author of *Story of the Hymns* (Boston, 1876); *Zig-zag Journeys* (1876-86); *The Prayers of History* (1880); *Poems for Christmas, Easter, and the New Year* (1883); *Great Composers*, and *Wonderful Christmases of Old* (1885); *Songs of History* (1887, Boston, New England Publishing Co.). The poems quoted are from this volume, and are given with the kind permission of the publishers.]

THE CLOCKS OF KENILWORTH.

SUGGESTED BY THE RUINED CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN,
 VIRGINIA.

“The clocks were stopped at the banquet-hour.”

AN ivy spray in my hand I hold,
 The kindly ivy that covers the mould
 Of ruined halls; it was brought to me
 From Kenilworth Castle, over the sea—
 O, Ivy, Ivy, I think of that Queen,
 Who once swept on her way through the oak walls green,
 To Kenilworth, far in the gathering glooms,
 Her cavalcade white with silver plumes.

*They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
 With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
 And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
 O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!*

O, Ivy, Ivy—I see that hour.
 The great bell strikes in the signal-tower,
 The banners lift in the ghostly moon,
 The bards Provençal their harps attune,
 The fiery fountains play on the lawns,
 The glare of the rocket startles the fawns,
 The trumpets peal, and roll the drums,
 And the Castle thunders, “She comes, she comes !”
*They are one, all gone, those knights of old,
 With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
 And thou dost cover their castle’s mould,
 O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold !*

But hark ! the notes of the culverin !
 To the Castle’s portal, trooping in,
 A thousand courtiers torches bear,
 And the turrets flame in the dusky air.
 The Castle is ringing, “All hail ! all hail !”
 Ride slowly, O Queen ! ’mid the walls of mail,
 And now let the courtliest knight of all
 Lead thy jewelled feet to the banquet hall ;
 A thousand goblets await thee there,
 And the great clocks lift their faces in air.
*They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
 With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
 And thou dost cover their castle’s mould,
 O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold !*

O, Ivy true ; O, Ivy old,
 The great clocks stare on the cups of gold,
 Like dreadful eyes, and their hands pass on
 The festive minutes, one by one.
 —“Dying—dying,” they seem to say—
 “This too—this too—shall pass away.”
 And the knights look up, and the knights look down,
 And their fair white brows on the great clocks frown.
*They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
 With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
 And thou dost cover their castle’s mould,
 O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold !*

On the dais the Queen now stands—and falls
 A silence deep on the blazing halls ;
 She opens her lips—but, hark ! now dare
 The clocks to beat in the stillness there ?
 —“ Dying—dying,” they seem to say—
 “ This too—this too—shall pass away ! ”
 And the Queen looks up, and with stony stare
 The high clocks look on the proud Queen there.

*They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
 With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
 And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
 O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold !*

Then the dark knights say, “ What is wanting here ? ”
 “ That the hour should last ”—so said a peer.
 “ The hour *shall* last ! ” the proud earl calls ;
 “ Ho ! Stop the clocks in the banquet halls ! ”
 And the clock's slow pulses of death were stilled,
 And the gay earl smiled, and the wine was spilled,
 And the jewelled Queen at the dumb clocks laughed,
 And the flashing goblet raised and quaffed.

*They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
 With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
 And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
 O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold !*

But time went on, though the clocks were dead ;
 O'er the dewy oaks rose the morning red.
 The earl of that sun-crowned castle died,
 And never won the Queen for his bride,
 And the Queen grew old, and withered, and grey,
 And at last in her halls of state she lay
 On her silken cushions, bejewelled, but poor,
 And the courtiers listened without the door.

*They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
 With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
 And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
 O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold !*

The twilight flushes the arrased hall,
 The Night comes still, and her velvet pall

Of diamonds cold drops from her hand,
 And still as the stars is the star-lit land.
 Men move like ghosts through the castle's rooms,
 But the old clocks talk 'mid the regal glooms :
 —“ Dying—dying,” they seem to say,
 Till the astrals pale in the light of day.

*They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
 With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
 And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
 O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold !*

O, Ivy true, as they listen there,
 On the helpless Queen the great clocks stare,
 And over and over again they say,
 “ This too—this too—shall pass away.”

And she clasps the air with her fingers old,
 And the hall is shadowy, empty and cold.
 “ Life ! life ! ” she cries, “ my all would I give
 For a moment, one moment, O Time, to live ! ”

*They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
 With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
 And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
 O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold !*

On her crownless brow fell white her hair,
 And she buried her face in her cushions there :
 “ One moment ! ”—it echoed through the hall,
 But the clock stopped not on the arrased wall.

—There is a palace whose dial towers
 Uplift no record of vanishing hours,
 Disease comes not to its doors, nor falls
 Death's dusty step in its golden halls.

*And more than crowns, or castles old,
 Or red-cross banners or spurs of gold,
 That palace key it is to hold,
 O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold !*

THE FLORIDA IBIS.

THE Southern Cross uplifts one glowing star
 Between the horizon and the Gulf afar ;
 I watch the light from the lone river bar,
 And gaze across the sea.

A sea, on which an hundred sunsets flow,
 Whose tides around an hundred islands glow,
 Where lies the sky above in deeps below,—
 A shadow falls on me.

Has heaven opened ?—do evangels fly,
 As in the prophet's heaven, across the sky ?
 An hundred silver wings now fill my eye,
 A cloud of wings, as one.

O Ibis, Ibis ! whose thin wings of white
 Scarce stir the roses of the sunset light,
 When Day dissolving leaves the coasts to Night,
 And far seas hide the sun ;

From weedy weirs where blaze the tropic noons,
 Savannas dark where cool the fiery moons ;
 From still Lake Worth, and mossy-walled lagoons,
 Where never footsteps stray ;

To far Clear Water, and its isles of pine,
 From beryl seas to seas of opaline,
 Those level coasts where helpless sea conchs shine,
 Thou driftest on thy way !

O Ibis, Ibis, bird of Hermes bold,
 The avatar to men from gates of gold,
 That blessed all eyes that saw thy wings of old,
 My thought, like thee, hath wings.

I follow thee, as cool the shadows fall,
 And burn the stars on yon horizon's wall ;
 And Memphian altars, as my thoughts recall,
 My soul to thee upsprings !

My heart to-night with Nature's soul is thrilled,
 As with the fire that priests of Isis filled
 When rose thy wings, and all the world was stilled
 Beneath thy lucent plumes !

O Ibis, Ibis, whence thy silent flight?
O'er everglades that only fire-flies light,
Magnolias languid with their blooms, when Night
Gathers from far her glooms.

O'er mossy live-oaks, high palmetto shades,
The cypressed lakelets of the everglades;
O'er rivers dead, and still pines' colonnades,
Where sweet the jessamine grows;

Where red blooms flame amid the trailing moss,
And streams unnumbered low lianas cross,
Wild orange groves, where in their nests of floss
The sun-birds find repose.

But hark! what sound upon the stillness breaks?
A rifle shot—a boatman on the lakes,
An Ibis' wing above in silver flakes—
A white bird downward falls!

O Ibis, Ibis, of the tropic skies,
For whom the arches of the sunsets rise,
God made this world to be thy Paradise,
Thy Eden without walls.

O Ibis dead, that on the dark lake floats,
Whose dimming eyes see not the sportsmen's boats,
O'er whose torn wing some brutal instinct gloats,
I wonder if in thee

Lives not some spirit,—so the Egyptian thought,—
Some inner life from Life's great Fountain brought,
Something divine from God's great goodness caught,
Some Immortality?

Are all these Paradises dead to thee,
The cool savanna and the purple sea,
The air, thy ocean, where thou wanderest free,—
I wonder, are they dead?

Or hast thou yet a spirit life, that flies
Like thine own image through the endless skies,
And art thou to some new-born Paradise
By higher instincts led?

Is death, like life, alike to all that live?
 Does God to all a double being give?
 Do all that breathe eternal life receive?
 Is thought, where'er it be,

Immortal as the Source from whence it came?—
 O living Ibis, in the sunset's flame,
 Still flying westward thou and I, the same,
 Can answer not—but *He!*

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

[Born at Rochester, New York, 27th January 1840. Graduated at the University of Rochester 1863. Author of *Phaeton Rogers, a Novel of Boy Life* (New York, 1881); *A History of the War between the United States and Great Britain in 1812-15* (1882); *A History of the French War, ending in the Conquest of Canada* (1882); *Idler and Poet* (Boston, 1883); and *A Short History of the War of Secession* (1885-7). The poems given are quoted with the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

FAITH'S SURRENDER.

As vanquished years behind me glide,
 Trailing the banner of their boasts,
 Lo! step by step and stride for stride,
 Beside me walk their silent ghosts.
 Each, while a narrow moment burned,
 The breath of full existence shared;
 Then mortal substance backward turned,
 Immortal shadow onward fared.

Between the doing and the dreaming,
 My slack hands fall;
 Between the being and the seeming,
 My senses pall;
 And swiftly through life's broken arches
 Care with his troop triumphant marches,
 And claims me thrall.

Then ever, 'mid the moving throng
 Whose mocking footfalls echo mine,

Poor widowed Memory heads along
 Her children in a lengthened line.
 What time the head in silence hung,
 I knew them by that voiceless sign—
 Their tender forms for ever young,
 Their weary eyes as old as mine.

Between retreating and encroaching
 Their footprints lie ;
 Between beseeching and reproaching
 Their voices die ;
 And every scheme of better living
 They mar with blotches of misgiving,
 And thrust it by.

The one foul word in record fair
 Stands out the foremost on the page,
 Till all of good or glory there
 Seems chance-achieved or shrunk with age ;
 The present help of manly strength,
 The royal sway of manly will,
 However bold, go down at length
 Before some iron-visored ill.

Betwixt old baulk and new beginning
 How Courage quails !
 'Twixt white intent and stain of sinning
 How Virtue fails !
 And backward on her own path turning,
 When Hazard's lurid torch is burning,
 How Reason pales !

From self the subtle motive spun,
 Through self the generous purpose burns,
 For self the martyr deed is done,
 And round to self at last returns
 The boon for others dearly bought,
 The far result of sacrifice,
 That triumphs in completed thought,
 Or lights a gleam in dying eyes.

Betwixt grim fact and sad surmising,
 Joys merge in pain ;
 T'wixt love for self and self-despising,
 What grounds remain,
 Where Hope is lord and Fear is vassal,
 Where calm Content may build her castle,
 Nor build in vain ?

Though Truth be steadfast as the hills
 Whose flinty faces mock at Time,
 What boots it, if no living rills
 Roll downward from that steep sublime ?
 I could not hold its airy height,
 Though I should trace the narrow track.
 While trembling foot and failing sight
 Conspire too well to hurl me back.

Between the climbing and the creeping,
 There's blood and bruise ;
 Between the laughing and the weeping,
 The soul may lose
 Her grasp of all that makes the morrow
 Seem other than a greener sorrow,
 With fresher dews.

LAWRENCE.

HE came in the glory of summer ; in the terror of
 summer he went ;
 Like a blossom the breezes have wafted ; like a bough
 that the tempest has rent.
 His blue eyes unclosed in the morning, his brown eyes
 were darkened at morn ;
 And the durance of pain could not banish the beauty
 wherewith he was born.
 He came—can we ever forget it, while the years of our
 pilgrimage roll ?—
 He came in thine anguish of body, he passed 'mid our
 anguish of soul,

He brought us a pride and a pleasure, he left us a pathos
of tears :

A dream of impossible futures, a glimpse of uncalendared
years.

His voice was a sweet inspiration, his silence a sign from
afar ;

He made us the heroes we were not, he left us the
cowards we are,

For the moan of the heart follows after his clay, with
perpetual dole,

Forgetting the torture of body is lost in the triumph
of soul.

A man in the world of his cradle, a sage in his infantine
lore,

He was brave in the might of endurance, was patient,—
and who can be more ?

He had learned to be shy of the stranger, to welcome
his mother's warm kiss,

To trust in the arms of his Father,—and who can be
wiser than this ?

The lifetime we thought lay before him, already was
rounded and whole,

In dainty completeness of body and wondrous perfection
of soul.

The newness of love at his coming, the freshness of grief
when he went,

The pitiless pain of his absence, the effort at argued
content,

The dim eye for ever retracing the few little footprints
he made,

The quick thought for ever recalling the visions that never
can fade,—

For these but one comfort, one answer, in faith's or
philosophy's roll :

Come to us for a pure little body, went to God for a
glorified soul.

HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

[Born in Ireland in 1840. Author of *The Liber Amoris* (1886, Boston, Ticknor & Co., now Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The extracts from this poem are given by kind permission of the publishers. "The Trio for Twelfth-Night" is from the *Atlantic Monthly*.]

A TRIO FOR TWELFTH-NIGHT

I.

WHO first brought man the morning dream
 Of a world's hero? Whence the gleam
 Which grew to glory full and sweet
 As the wide wealth of waving wheat
 Springs from one grain of corn?
 What drew the spirits of earth's grey prime
 To lean out from their tower of time
 Toward the small sound of Hope's far chime
 Heard betwixt night and morn?

First it was sung by heaven; then scrolled
 By the scribe-stars on leaves of gold
 In that long-buried book of Seth,
 Which slept a secret deep as death,
 Unknown to men forlorn,
 Till a seer touched a jasper lid
 In a sand-sunken pyramid,
 And out the oracular secret slid,
 Betwixt the night and morn.

Zarathustra, Bactria's king, next said,
 "When in the sky's blue garden-bed
 A lily-petaled star shall fold
 A human shape, the gift foretold
 Shall blossom and be born:
 Then shall the world-tides flow reversed,
 New gods shall rise, the last be first,
 And the best come from out the worst,
 As night gives birth to morn.'

II.

So while the drowsed earth swooned and slept
 Mute holy men their vigils kept,
 By twelve and twelve: as light decayed,
 They marked through evening's rosy shade
 The curled moon's coming horn,
 All stars that fed in silent flock,
 And each tossed meteor's back-blown lock.
 So watched they from their wind-swept rock,
 Betwixt the night and morn.

Slow centuries passed; at last there came
 By night a dawn of silver flame,
 Whose flower-like heart grew white and round
 To a smooth, perfect pearl, with sound
 Of music-planet born,
 In whose clear disk a fair child lay,
 And "Follow me" was heard to say:
 Round him the pale stars fled away
 As night before the morn.

Forthwith from morning's crimson gate
 The Three Kings rode in morning state
 Across Uläi's storied stream,
 With westward wistful eyes agleam,
 As pilgrim's westward borne,
 They left the tide to sing old deeds,
 The stork to splash half-hid in reeds:
 A thousand spears, a thousand steeds,
 They rode 'twixt night and morn.

III.

Melchior had coat and shoes of red,
 And a pure alb sewn with gold thread;
 Beneath a tire of Syrian mode
 Streamed the soft storm of hair that snowed
 From cheek and chin unshorn;
 Down to the ground his saffron pall
 Fell as warm sunbeams earthward fall,
 And he sun-like, seemed king of all,
 Betwixt the night and morn.

Red-robed, red-sandaled, golden-clad,
 Came Gaspar, beardless as a lad:
 Through his fair hair's divided stream
 His red cheeks glowed as poppies gleam
 Through sheaves of yellow corn.
 Love's life in him was scarce fulfilled,
 Like as when daybreak shadows yield
 Night's iron lids lie half unsealed
 In colours of the morn.

Bronzed Balthasar, with beard thick-fed,
 Came last, in tunic royal red
 And broidered alb and yellow shoon.
 With him life's rose had touched its noon,
 And died and left the thorn,—
 Which proved by its sharp, thrilling heat
 That larger life is less complete
 Till the heart's bitter grows to sweet,
 As night melts into morn.

IV.

Said Melchior, "In blue silk I fold
 The rock's best fruit, red-hearted gold:
 So grant us, mighty Mother East,
 One who shall raise thy power decreased,
 And break Rome's pride and scorn,
 Till our red, wine-warm world hath sent
 Its breath through the cold West, and blent
 The Orient with the Occident
 In one wide sea of morn."

Said Gaspar, "I bring frankincense
 From Caraman's hills, whose thickets dense
 Hide the balm-bleeding bark which feeds
 The fuming shrine with fragrant seeds:
 So may this child, when born,
 Be Love's high Lord, and yield his love
 As incense, and draw down the Dove
 To crown his brows in sign thereof,
 Betwixt the night and morn."

Said Balthasar, " And I bring myrrh,
 In death and life man's minister ;
 Which braves decay as burial-balm,
 Or, mixed with wine, brings the deep calm
 Which power and love both scorn :
 Such be this child,—God's answering breath
 To the one prayer the whole world saith,
 ' Oh, grant us myrrh for pain and death,
 Betwixt our night and morn.' "

v.

Twice fifty se'nnights o'er them bent
 The fierce blue weight of firmament.
 Through sea-like sands they still pursued
 The unsetting star, until it stood
 Above where, travail-worn,
 A new-made mother smiled, whose head
 Lay near the stalled ox, as she fed
 Her babe from her warm heart, on bed
 Of straw, 'twixt night and morn.

As day new-sprung from drooping day,
 Near her in shining light He lay,
 And made the darkness beautiful.
 Couched on low straw and flakes of wool
 From Bethlehem's lambs late-shorn,
 He seemed a star which clouds enfold,
 Swathed with soft fire and aureoled
 With sun-born beams of tender gold,
 The very star of morn.

At her son's feet the kingly Three
 Laid, with bowed head and bended knee,
 Their gold and frankincense and myrrh,
 Nor tarried,—so the interpreter
 Of God's dream once did warn,—
 But hied them home ere the day broke ;
 While without awe the neighbour folk
 Flocked to the door and looked and spoke,
 Betwixt the night and morn.

VI.

A tall centurion first drew near,
 Brass-booted, on whose crest sat Fear.
 He bent low to the fragrant bed,
 With beard coal-black and cheek rust-red,
 And each palm hard as horn ;
 Quoth he, " Our old gods' empire shakes,
Meherculé! Now this babe o'ertakes
 All that our Venus-Mother makes
 Betwixt the night and morn."

A shepherd spake : " Behold the Lamb,
 Who ere He reign as heaven's I AM
 Must undergo and overcome,
 As sheep before the shearers dumb,
 Unfriended, faint, forlorn.
 Him then as King the skies shall greet,
 And with strewn stars beneath His feet
 This Lamb shall couch in God's gold seat,
 And rule from night to morn."

A woman of the city came,
 Who said, " In me hope conquers shame.
 Four names in this child's line shall be
 As signs to all who love like me,—
 God pities where men scorn :
 Dame Rahab, Bathshebah, forsooth,
 Tamar, whose love outloved man's truth,
 And she cast out, sweet alien Ruth,
 Betwixt the night and morn."

VII.

Next Joseph, spouse of Mary, came,—
 Joseph Bar-Panther was his name,—
 Who said, " This babe, Lord God, is Thine
 Only begotten Son divine,
 As Thou didst me forewarn ;
 And I will stand beside His throne,
 And all the lands shall be His own
 Which the sun girds with burning zone,
 And leads from night to morn."

Said Zacharias, "Love and will
 With God make all things possible.
 Shall God be childless? God unwed?
 Nay; see God's first-born in this bed
 Which kings with gifts adorn.
 I would this babe might be at least
 As I, an incense-burning priest,
 Till all man's incense-fires have ceased,
 Betwixt the night and morn."

Whereat his wife Elisabeth:
 "My thoughts are on the myrrh, since death
 Shades my sere cheek, which, as a shore,
 Is wrought with wrinkles o'er and o'er.
 Now be this child new-born
 A prophet, like my prophet-boy,—
 A voice to shake down and destroy
 Throne, shrine, each carved and painted toy,
 Betwixt the night and morn."

But Mary, God's pure lily, smiled:
 "Lord, with Thy manhood crown my child,—
 More man, more God; for they who shine
 Most human shall be most divine.
 Of those I think no scorn,
 King, prophet, priest, when worlds began;
 But higher than these my prayer and plan:
 Oh, make my child the Perfect Man,
 The Star 'twixt night and morn."

LOVE'S INFINITE MADE FINITE.

OH, there are moments in man's mortal years,
 When for an instant that which long has lain
 Beyond our reach, is on a sudden found
 In things of smallest compass, and we hold
 The unbounded shut in one small minute's space,
 And worlds within the hollow of our hand,—

A world of music in one word of love,
 A world of love in one quick wordless look,
 A world of thought in one translucent phrase,
 A world of memory in one mournful chord,
 A world of sorrow in one little song.
 Such moments are man's holiest,—the full-orbed
 And finite form of Love's infinity.
From "Liber Amoris."

THE CREED OF LOVE.

A MIGHTIER church shall come, whose covenant word
 Shall be the deeds of love. Not *Credo* then,—
Amo shall be the password through its gates.
 Man shall not ask his brother any more,
 "Believest thou?" but "Lovest thou?" and all
 Shall answer at God's altar, "Lord, I love."
 For Hope may anchor, Faith may steer, but Love,
 Great Love alone, is captain of the soul.
From "Liber Amoris."

THE SENSE OF LOSS.

WHEN the first minstrel winds of winter lay
 Their wild hands on the leafless boughs, which heave
 With slow-drawn sighs, till all the forest harp
 Wails o'er the buried autumn and lets loose
 The sea-like music of eternity;
 Then if perchance thou wanderest forth alone
 Toward the sad setting of the autumnal day,
 Across the darkening spirit's instrument
 There comes the rush of sad and tender thoughts
 And wild regrets and mournful memories;
 And lamentations and deep dirge-like airs
 Awake within thee for sweet summers gone
 And the dead faces and the buried years

That never can return. All, all is lost ;
 Surge upon surge of tempest-driven stars
 Seems sinking to the tomb whither great God
 Waits to descend : 'tis Nature's burial-day.
 Such, such was I in spirit at that hour ;
 With desolation darker even than this,
 I folded me about. What now was left ?
 Father and friend and love and hope and all
 Reft from me, grief and memory but remained.
 In these I clothed my thoughts, on these I fed,
 With these I walked and talked ; till sorrow grew
 To be a sort of joy to my sad soul,
 And desolation well-nigh a delight.

From "Liber Amoris."

 ROBERT KELLY WEEKS.

[Born in New York City, 21st September 1840. Died in New York, 13th April 1876. Graduated at Yale, 1862. Author of *Poems* (New York, 1866); *Episodes and Lyric Pieces* (1870), and others. The poems given are from the collected edition of his poems, published by Henry Holt & Co., with whose kind permission they are quoted.]

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

THE boughs that bend over,
 The vines that aspire
 To be close to your window
 Prevent my desire.

Come forth from them, darling !
 Enough 'tis to bear
 That between us be even
 Impalpable air !

ON THE BEACH.

THANKS to a few clouds that show
 So white against the blue,
 At last even I begin to know
 What I was born to do ;

What else but here to lie
 And bask me in the sun ?
 Well pleased to see the sails go by
 In silence one by one ;

Or lovingly, along the low
 Smooth shore no plough depraves,
 To watch the long low lazy flow
 Of the luxurious waves.

THE MIST.

I SAW along the lifeless sea
 A mist come creeping stealthily,
 Without a noise and slow,
 A crouching mist came crawling low
 Along the lifeless sea.

None marked that creeping, crawling mist
 That crawled along the sea,
 That crept and crawled so stealthily
 And was so weak and white ;
 The moon was shining clear, I wist,
 Above it in the night.

I saw it creeping, crawling low,
 Slow crawling from the sea,
 I saw it creep and crawl and grow
 Till all the stifled earth below
 Was shrouded silently :

I saw it creep and crawl and grow,
A forceless, formless thing.
Determined, tireless, ceaseless, slow,
Silent and silencing ;
I saw it creep and crawl and rise
And crawl into the skies ;

The stars began to faint and fail,
That were so pure and clear ;
The moon took on a loathsome look
Of likeness to her fear—
That closer crawled and clung to her
And clung more near and near.

The smothered moon went out and left
Not even the mist to see,
Mere blankness, and a sickening sense
Of something worse to be ;
And certainly in midst of it
An awful thing I wist,
It was to know that all the world
Was nothing but a mist
But a creeping, crawling mist

A RAINY DAY.

A WIND that shrieks to the window pane,
A wind in the chimney moaning,
A wind that tramples the ripened grain,
And sets the trees a-groaning ;
A wind that is dizzy with whirling play,
A dozen winds that have lost their way
In spite of the other's calling.
A thump of apples on the ground,
A flutter and flurry and whirling round
Of leaves too soon a-dying ;

A tossing and streaming like hair unbound
 Of the willow boughs a-flying ;
 A lonely road and a gloomy lane,
 An empty lake that is blistered with rain,
 And a heavy sky that is falling.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

[Born at Windsor, Connecticut, 29th April 1841. Died at Cleveland, Ohio, 27th February 1887. Graduated at Yale, 1861. Author of *The Hermitage, and other Poems* (1868, Leypoldt & Holt, New York); *Poems* (1888, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). The poems given are quoted from the latter volume with the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

O P P O R T U N I T Y.

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :—
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,
 And thought, " Had I a sword of keener steel—
 That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
 Blunt thing !—he snapt and flung it from his hand.

And lowering crept away and left the field.
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
 Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

FIVE LIVES.

FIVE mites of monads dwelt in a round drop
That twinkled on a leaf by a pool in the sun.
To the naked eye they lived invisible ;
Specks, for a world of whom the empty shell
Of a mustard-seed had been a hollow sky.

One was a meditative monad, called a sage ;
And, shrinking all his mind within, he thought :
Tradition, handed down for hours and hours,
Tells that our globe, this quivering crystal world,
Is slowly dying. What if, seconds hence
When I am very old, yon shimmering doom
Come drawing down and down, till all things end ?”
Then with a wizen smirk he proudly felt
No other mote of God had ever gained
Such giant grasp of universal truth.

One was a transcendental monad ; thin
And long and slim of the mind ; and thus he mused :
“ Oh vast, unfathomable monad-souls !
Made in the image ”—a hoarse frog croaks from the pool,
“ Hark ! ’twas some god, voicing his glorious thought
In thunder music ! Yea, we hear their voice,
And we may guess their minds from ours, their work.
Some taste they have like ours, some tendency
To wriggle about, and munch a trace of scum.”
He floated up on a pin-point bubble of gas
That burst, pricked by the air, and he was gone.

One was a barren-minded monad, called
A positivist ; and he knew positively ;
“ There was no world beyond this certain drop.
Prove me another ! Let the dreamers dream
Of their faint gleams, and noises from without,
And higher and lower ; life is life enough.”
Then swaggering half a hair’s breadth hungrily
He seized upon an atom of bug, and fed.

One was a tattered monad, called a poet ;
 And with shrill voice estatic thus he sang.
 "Oh, little female monad's lips !
 Oh, little female monad's eyes !
 Ah, the little, little, female, female monad !"

The last was a strong-minded monadess,
 Who dashed amid the infusoria,
 Danced high and low, and wildly spun and dove,
 Till the dizzy others held their breath to see.

But while they led their wondrous little lives
 Æonian moments had gone wheeling by,
 The burning drop had shrunk with fearful speed ;
 A glistening film—'twas gone ; the leaf was dry.
 The little ghost of an inaudible squeak
 Was lost to the frog that goggled from his stone ;

Who, at the huge, slow tread of a thoughtful ox
 Coming to drink, stirred sideways fatly, plunged,
 Launched backward twice, and all the pool was still.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE Royal feast was done ; the King
 Sought some new sport to banish care,
 And to his jester cried : "Sir Fool,
 Kneel now, and make for us a prayer !"

The Jester doffed his cap and bells
 And stood the mocking court before ;
 They could not see the bitter smile
 Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
 Upon the Monarch's silken stool ;
 His pleading voice, "O Lord,
 Be merciful to me, a fool !

“No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool—
The rod must heal the sin ; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !

“’Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay ;
’Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

“These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end ;
These hard—well-meaning hands we thrust
Among a heart-strings of a friend.

“The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung ?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung ?

“Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all ;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

“Earth bears no balsams for mistakes ;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will ; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool !”

The room was hushed ; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
“Be merciful to me, a fool !”

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

[Born at Hubbardston, Mass., 8th October 1841. Graduated at Harvard. Author of *Summer Haven Songs* (1886, New York, Geo. Putnam & Sons). The poems are quoted, by special permission, from this volume.]

THE ERRAND.

Do me a courtesy
 Thou tall white rose :
 Nobody knows
 How the rain comes down
 In the town.

Now, in my mind, I see
 A deep-eyed girl
 Watching the whirl,
 From her window-pane,
 Of the rain.

Slender as thou is she
 All ways as pure,—
 As white, be sure,—
 With thy perfect grace
 In her face.

Do me a courtesy
 Thou artless rose :
 Nobody knows
 How the rain comes down
 In the town.

Knowing her value, she
 Has still no art,—
 Opening her heart
 For the common eye
 To espy.

All know as well as we,
 The secret troth
 Rending us both,
 Or they would surmise
 From her eyes.

Go thou, and, secretly,
In thine own way
Tell her, this day
Though so dark, it is white
By her light.

Do me this courtesy
Thou silent rose :
Nobody knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.

WAITING IN THE RAIN.

DRIP, drip, the rain comes falling,
Rain in the woods, rain on the sea ;
Even the little waves, beaten, come crawling
As if to find shelter here with me.

This is the spot she named for parting,—
Here to shake hands and go in pain ;
Never to kiss, though our souls be smarting,—
Here by the little waves, here in the rain.

And oh to think of the bygone blisses—
One at first, and a thousand soon ;
Fond, sweet glances, and stolen kisses,
At twilight, starlight, at midnight, and noon !

Rain, rain, it rained for ever,
Rain could not sunder hearts so fond !
Now in the rain to go parting, and never
Never to meet till dark Beyond !

Here in the rain, the great sea throbbing—
Here can hearts meet and love not wake ?
Here in the rain, the pine boughs sobbing—
How can hearts sever and yet not break ?

SONG.

FAME.

ALL over the world we sing of Fame
 Bright as a bubble, and hollow;
 With a breath men make it and give it a name;
 All over the world they sing the same,
 And the beautiful bubble follow.

Its rounded, splendid, gossamer walls
 Hide more than our fairy fancies:
 For here, in the vaulted, antique halls,
 'Mid oriel splendours, a light foot falls,
 And a fairy figure dances.

And men will do for a glancing eye
 And foot that tarries never,
 More, far more than look and sigh;
 For men will fight, and man will die—
 But follow it on for ever.

WHO KNOWS.

JUNE leaves are green, pink is the rose,
 White bloom the lilies; yet who knows,
 Or swears he knows the reason why?
 None dare say—"I."

The oriole, flitting stoops and sips
 A soft sweet kiss from the lily's lips:—
 Who taught the oriole to steal so?
 None say they know.

Whether the oriole stops and thinks,
 Or whether he simply stoops and drinks,
 Saying only it suits him well,—
 This who can tell?

We marvel whither this life stream tends,
And how remote are its hidden ends ;—
But life and loving soon slip over
Time and the lover.

A kiss is all ;—a sip and a song,
A day is short, and a year is not long.
Loving would double—but thinking stole
Half from the whole.

LABOUR AND LIFE.

How to labour and find it sweet :
How to get the good red gold
That veined hides in the granite fold
Under our feet—
The good red gold that is bought and sold,
Raiment to man, and house, and meat !

And how, while delving, to lift the eye
To the far-off mountains of amethyst,
The rounded hills, and the intertwist
Of waters that lie
Calm in the valleys, or that white mist
Sailing across a soundless sky.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

THOU needst not weave nor spin
Nor bring the wheat-sheaves in,
Nor, forth a-field at morn,
At eve bring home the corn,
Nor on a winter's night
Make blaze the faggots bright.

So lithe and delicate—
So slender is thy state,
So pale and pure thy face,
So deer-like in their grace
Thy limbs, that all do vie
To take and charm the eye.

Thus, toiling where thou'rt not
Is but the common lot :—
Three men mayhap alone
By strength may move a stone
But, toiling near to thee,
One man may work as three.

If thou but bend a smile
To fall on him the while,
Or if one tender glance,—
Though coy and shot askance,—
His eyes discover, then
One man may work as ten.

Men commonly but ask
“When shall I end my task?”
But seeing thee come in
'Tis, “When may I begin?”
Such power does beauty bring
To take from toil its sting.

If then thou'lt do but this—
Fling o'er the work a bliss
From thy mere presence—none
Shall think thou'st nothing done ;
Thou needst not weave nor spin
Nor bring the wheat-sheaves in.

CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER
(JOAQUIN MILLER).

[Born in the Wabash District, Indiana, 10th November 1841. Author of *Songs of the Sierras* (Boston and London, 1871); *Songs of the Sunlands* (1873); *Songs of the Desert* (1875); *Songs of Italy* (1878); *Collected Poems* (1882); and *Songs of the Mexican Seas*. The poems quoted are from the collected edition of his works, and are published by kind permission of Roberts Brothers, Boston and London.]

THE SHIP IN THE DESERT.

A MAN in Middle Arizone

Stood by the desert's edge alone,
And long he looked, and leanèd. He peer'd,
Above his twirl'd and twisted beard,
Beneath his black and slouchy hat . . .
Nay, nay, the tale is not of that.

A skin-clad trapper, toe-a-tip,
Stood on a mountain top, and he
Look'd long and still and eagerly.
"It looks so like some lonesome ship
That sails this ghostly, lonely sea,—
This dried-up desert sea," said he,
"Those tawny sands of Arazit" . . .
Avaunt! the tale is not of it.

A chief from out the desert's rim
Rode swift as twilight swallows swim,
Or eagle blown from eyrie nest.
His trim-limb'd steed was black as night,
His long black hair had blossom'd white,
With feathers from the Koko's crest;
His iron face was flush'd and red,
His eyes flash'd fire as he fled,
For he had seen unsightly things;
Had felt the flapping of their wings.

A wild and wiry man was he,
 This tawny chief of Shoshonee ;
 And oh his supple steed was fleet !
 About his breast flapp'd panther skins,
 About his eager flying feet
 Flapp'd beaded, braided moccasins :
 He rode as rides the hurricane ;
 He seem'd to swallow up the plain ;
 He rode as never man did ride,
 He rode, for ghosts rode at his side,
 And on his right a grizzled grim . . .
 No, no, this tale is not of him.

An Indian warrior lost his way
 While prowling on this desert's edge
 In fragrant sage and prickly hedge,
 When suddenly he saw a sight,
 And turned his steed in eager flight.
 He rode right through the edge of day,
 He rode into the rolling night,
 He leaned, he reach'd an eager face,
 His black wolf skin flapp'd out and in,
 And tiger claws on tiger skin
 Held seat and saddle to its place ;
 But that grey ghost that clutched thereat . . .
 Arrête ! the tale is not of that.

A chieftain touch'd the desert's rim
 One autumn eve : he rode alone
 And still as noon-made shadows swim.
 He stopp'd, he stood as still as stone,
 He leaned, he look'd, then glisten'd bright
 From out the yellow yielding sand
 A golden cup with jewell'd rim.
 He leaned him low, he reached a hand,
 He caught it up, he galloped on,
 He turned his head, he saw a sight . . .
 His panther skins flew to the wind,
 The dark, the desert lay behind ;

The tawny Ishmaelite was gone ;
But something sombre as death is . . .
Tut, tut ! the tale is not of this.

A mountaineer, storm-stained and brown,
From farthest desert touched the town,
And, striding through the crowd, held up
Above his head a jewell'd cup.
He put two fingers to his lip,
He whispered wild, he stood a-tip
And leaned the while with lifted hand,
And said, " A ship is yonder dead,"
And said, " Doubloons lie sown on sand
In yon far desert dead and brown,
Beyond where wave-wash'd walls look down,
As thick as stars set overhead :
That three shipmasts uplift like trees" . . .
Away ! the tale is not of these.

An Indian hunter held a plate
Of gold above his lifted head,
Around which king's had sat in state . . .
" 'Tis from that desert ship," they said,
" That sails with neither sail nor breeze,
Or galleon, that sank below
Of old, in olden dried-up seas,
Ere yet the red men drew the bow."

But wrinkled women wagg'd the head,
And walls of warriors sat that night
In black, nor streak of battle red,
Around against the red camp light,
And told such wondrous tales as these
Of wealth within their dried-up seas.

And one, girt well in tiger's skin,
Who stood, like Saul, above the rest,
With dangling claws about his breast,
A belt without, a blade within,
A warrior with a painted face,
And lines that shadow'd stern and grim,



Stood pointing east from his high place,
 And hurling thought like cannon shot,
 Stood high with visage flushed and hot . . .
 But, stay, this tale is not of him.

II.

By Arizona's sea of sand
 Some bearded miners, grey and old,
 And resolute in search of gold,
 Sat down to tap the savage land.

They tented in a cañon's mouth
 That gaped against the warm wide south,
 And underneath a wave-washed wall,
 Where now no rains nor winds may fall,
 They delved the level salt-white sands
 For gold, with bold and hornèd hands.

A miner stood beside his mine,
 He pull'd his beard, then look'd away
 Across the level sea of sand,
 Beneath his broad and hairy hand,
 A hand as hard as knots of pine.

"It looks so like a sea," said he.
 He pulled his beard, and he did say,
 "It looks just like a dried-up sea."
 Again he pulled that beard of his,
 But said no other thing than this.

A stalwart miner dealt a stroke,
 And struck a buried beam of oak.
 An old ship's beam, the shaft appeared
 With storm-worn faded figure-head.

The miner twisted, twirled his beard,
 Lean'd on his pick-axe as he spoke:
 "'Tis from some long-lost ship," he said,
 "Some laden ship of Solomon
 That sailed these lonesome seas upon,

In search of Opher's mine, ah me !
 That sailed this dried-up desert sea."
 Nay, nay, 'tis not a tale of gold,
 But ghostly land storm-slain and old.

THE RHYME OF THE GREAT RIVER.

AND where is my city, sweet blossom-sown town ?
 And what is her glory, and what has she done ?
 By the Mexican seas in the path of the sun
 Sit you down : in the crescent of seas sit you down.

Ay, glory enough by my Mexican seas !
 A story enough in the battle-torn town
 Hidden down in the crescent of seas, hidden down
 'Mid mantle and sheen of magnolia-strewn trees.

But mine is the glory of souls, of a soul
 That bartered God's limitless kingdom for gold,—
 Sold stars and all space for a thing he could hold
 In his palm for a day, ere he hid with the mole.

O Father of waters ! O river so vast !
 So deep, so strong, and so wondrous wild,—
 He embraces the land as he rushes past
 Like a savage father embracing his child.

His sea-land is true and so valiantly true,
 His leaf-land is fair and so marvellous fair,
 His palm-land is filled with a perfumed air
 Of magnolia's blooms to its dome of blue.

His rose-land has harbours of moss swept oak ;—
 Grey, Druid old oaks ; and the moss that sways
 And swings in the wind is the battle smoke
 Of duellists, dead in her storied days.

His love-land has churches and bells and chimes ;
 His love-land has altars and orange-flowers ;
 And that is the reason for all these rhymes,
 These bells, they are ringing through all the hours.

His sun-land has churches, and priests at prayer,
White nuns, as white as the far north snow ;
They go where danger may bid them go,—
They dare when the angel of death is there.

His love-land has ladies so fair, so fair,
In the Creole quarter, with great black eyes,—
So fair that the mayor must keep them there
Lest troubles, like troubles of Troy, arise.

His love-land has ladies, with eyes held down,
Held down, because if they lifted them,
Why you would be lost in that old French town,
Though you held even God's garment hem.

His love-land has ladies so fair, so fair,
That they bend their eyes to the holy book
Lest you should forget yourself, your prayer,
And never more cease to look and to look.

And these are the ladies that no man see,
And this is the reason men see them not,
Better their modest sweet mystery,—
Better by far than the battle-shot.

And so, in this curious old town of tiles,
The proud French quarter of days long gone,
The castles of Spain and tumble-down piles,
These wonderful ladies live on and on.

I sit in the church where they come and go ;
I dream of glory that has long since gone,
Of the low raised high, of the high brought low,
As in battle-torn days of Napoleon.

These piteous places, so rich, so poor !
One quaint old church at the edge of the town
Has white tombs laid to the very church door,—
White leaves in the story of life turned down.

White leaves in the story of life are these,
The low white slabs in the long strong grass,
Where glory has emptied her hour-glass,
And dreams with the dreamers beneath the trees.

I dream with the dreamers beneath the sod,
Where souls pass by to the great white throne ;
I count each tomb as a mute milestone
For weary, sweet souls on their way to God.

I sit all day by the vast, strong stream,
'Mid low white slabs in the long strong grass,
Where time has forgotten for aye to pass,
To dream, and ever to dream and to dream.

This quaint old church with its dead to the door,
By the cypress swamp at the edge of the town,
So restful seems that you want to sit down
And rest you, and rest you for ever more.

And one white tomb is a lowliest tomb
That has crept up close to the crumbling door,
Some penitent soul, as imploring room
Close under the cross that is leaning o'er.

'Tis a low white slab, and 'tis nameless, too—
Her untold story, why, who should know ?
Yet God, I reckon, can read right through
That nameless stone to the bosom below.

And the roses know and they pity her, too ;
They bend their heads in the sun or rain,
And they read, and they read, and then read again,
As children reading strange pictures through.

Why, surely her sleep it should be profound ;
For oh the apples of gold above !
And oh the blossoms of bridal love !
And oh the roses that gather around !

And sleep of a night, or a thousand morns ?
Why, what is the difference here to-day ?
Sleeping and sleeping the years away
With all earth's roses, and none of its thorns.

Magnolias white and the roses red—
The palm-tree here and the cypress there :
Sit down by the palm at the feet of the dead,
And hear a penitent's midnight prayer.

FROM THE RHYME OF THE GREAT RIVER.

PART VII.

SHE prays so long ! She prays so late !
 What sin in all this flower-land
 Against her supplicating hand
 Could have in heaven any weight.

Prays she for her sweet self alone ?
 Prays she for some one far away,
 Or some one near and dear to-day,
 Or some poor, lorn, lost soul unknown ?

It seems to me a selfish thing
 To pray for ever for one's self ;
 It seems to me like heaping pelf
 In heaven by hard reckoning.

Why, I would rather stoop, and bear
 My load of sin, and bear it well,
 And bravely down to burning hell,
 Than ever pray one selfish prayer !

C H A R I T Y.

HER hands were clasped downward and doubled
 Her head was held down and depress'd,
 Her bosom, like white billows troubled,
 Fell fitful and rose in unrest ;

Her robes were all dust, and disorder'd
 Her glory of hair, and her brow,
 Her face, that had lifted and lorded,
 Fell pallid and passionless now.

She heard not accusers that brought her
 In mockery hurried to Him,
 Nor heeded, nor said, nor besought her
 With eyes lifted doubtful and dim.

All crushed and stone-cast in behaviour
She stood as a marble would stand,
Then the Saviour bent down, and the Saviour
In silence wrote on in the sand.

What wrote He? How fondly one lingers
And questions, what holy command
Fell down from the beautiful fingers
Of Jesus, like gems in the sand.

O better the Scian uncherish'd
Had died ere a note or device
Of battle was fashion'd than perished
This only line written by Christ.

He arose and He looked on the daughter
Of Eve, like a delicate flower,
And He heard the revilers that brought her—
Men stormy, and strong as a tower;

And He said, "She has sinn'd; let the blameless
Come forward and cast the first stone!"
But they, they fled shamed and yet shameless,
And she, she stood white and alone.

Who now shall accuse and arraign us?
What man shall condemn and disown?
Since Christ has said only the stainless
Shall cast at his fellows a stone.

For what man can bare us his bosom,
And touch with his forefinger there,
And say, 'Tis as snow, as a blossom?
Beware of the stainless, beware!

O woman, born first to believe us;
Yea, also born first to forget;
Born first to betray and deceive us,
Yet first to repent and regret!

O first then in all that is human,
Lo! first where the Nazerene trod,
O woman! O beautiful woman!
Be then first in the Kingdom of God!

TO THE LION OF SAINT MARK.

I.

I KNOW you, lion of grey Saint Mark ;
 You fluttered the seas beneath your wing,
 Were king of the seas with never a king.
 Now over the deep and up in the dark,
 High over the girdles of bright gas-light,
 With wings in the air as if for flight,
 And crouching as if about to spring
 From top of your granite of Africa,—
 Say, what shall be said of you some day.

II.

What shall be said, O grim Saint Mark,
 Savage old beast so crossed and churled,
 By the after men from the under-world ?
 What shall be said as they search along
 And sail these seas for some sign or spark
 Of the old dead fires of the dear old days,
 When men and story have gone their ways,
 Of even your city and name from song ?

III.

Why, sullen old monarch of stilled Saint Mark,
 Strange men from the West, wise-mouthed and strong,
 Will come some day and, gazing long
 And mute with wonder, will say of thee :
 "This is the saint ! High over the dark,
 Foot on the Bible and great teeth bare,
 Tail whipped back and teeth in the air—
 Lo ! this is the saint, and none but he !"

PACE IMPLORA.

I.

BETTER it were to abide by the sea
Loving somebody, and satisfied ;
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,
To anchor you down for all your days,
Than to wander and wander in all these ways
Land-forgotten and love-denied.
Yea, better to live as the mountaineers live,
Than entreat of the gods what they will not give.

II.

Better sit still where born, I say,
Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
Love and be loved in the old East way,
Drink sweet waters, and dream in a spell,
Than to wander in search of the Blessèd Isles,
And to sail the thousand of watery miles
In search of love, and find you at last
On the edge of the world, and a curs'd outcast.

III.

Yea, laugh with your neighbours, live in their way
Be it never so humble. The humbler the home,
The braver, indeed, to brunt the fray.
Share their delights and divide your tears,
Love and be loved for the full round years,
As men once loved in the young world's pride,
Ere men knew madness and came to roam,—
When they lived where their fathers had lived and died,
Lived and so loved for a thousand years.

IV.

Better it were for the world, I say,
Better indeed for a man's own good,
That he should sit still where he was born,
Be it land of sand, or of oil and corn,

White sea-border or great black wood,
 Bleak white winter, or bland sweet May,—
 Than to wander the world as I have done,
 For the one dear woman that is under the sun.

v.

Better abide, though skies be dim,
 And the rivers espoused of the ice and snow ;
 Better abide, though the thistles grow,
 And the city of smoke be obscured of the sun,
 Than to seek red poppies and the sweet dreamland—
 Than to wander the world as I have to-day,
 Breaking the heart into bits like clay,
 And leaving it scattered upon every hand.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

“RUN? Now you bet you ; I rather guess so !
 But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché, boy, whoa !
 No, you wouldn't believe it to look at his eyes,
 But he is, badger blind, and it happen'd in this wise.

“ We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover
 That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
 Northward and southward, and west and away
 To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
 One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
 Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
 To cover us over and conceal our flight
 With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
 That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

“ We lounged in the grasses—her eyes were in mine,
 And her hand on my knee, and her hair was as wine
 In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
 Her bosom wine-red, and pressed never by one ;
 And her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
 Burnt brown as it reach'd to the kiss of the sun ;

And her words were as low as the lute-throated dove ;
And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
In its hot eager answer to earliest love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burthen of sweets.

“ We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride ;
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
And beautiful clover were wedded as one,
To the right and the left, and in the light of the sun.
Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Comanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. ‘ Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon, ’—muttered bearded Old Revels
As he peer’d at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his steed
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear on the ground ;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed—
‘ Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle your steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us there,
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire. ’—

“ We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinch’d them on, sinch’d them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colts’, the companions of years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,

And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse—
As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God—without word, or one word of command.
Turn'd head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turn'd head to the Brazos with a breath in the air
Blowing hot from a king bearing death in his course ;
Turn'd head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse.

“Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look nor low call,
Of love-note or courage ; but on o'er the plain
Of steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and grey nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind blows :
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breath'd not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

“Grey nose to grey nose, and each steady mustang
Stretch'd neck and stretch'd nerve till the arid earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles! . . . a dim distant
speck . . .

Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and look'd to my right—
But Revels was gone ; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger ; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame



CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER.

Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns, through the storm of his
 mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again ;
And I look'd but this once, for the fire lick'd through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

“ I look'd to my left then—and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs ;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvellous eyes,
With a longing and love, yet with a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his head,
With a look of delight ; for not courage nor bribe,
Nor naught but my bride, could have brought him to me.
For he was her father's, and at South Santafee
Had once won a whole head, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbour's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos side ;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado

Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos side,
 And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
 Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
 And swift she would join me, and all would be well
 Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
 From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
 The last that I saw was a look of delight
 That I should escape—a love—a desire—
 Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
 Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
 One instant for her in my terrible flight.

“Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
 And the howling of beasts and a sound as of thunder—
 Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
 As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
 Red hands in their hair, and kiss’d hot till they died—
 Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
 As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone . . .
 And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone—
 All alone, save only a horse long-limb’d,
 And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
 Then just as the terrible sea came in
 And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
 Till the tide block’d up and the swift stream brimm’d
 In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

“Sell Paché—blind Paché? Now, mister! look here!
 You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
 Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,”
 For the ways they were rough and Comanches were
 near;

“But you’d better pack up, sir! That tent is too small
 For us two after this! Has an old mountaineer,
 Do you book-men believe, get no tum-tum at all?
 Sell Paché! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
 You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
 Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
 . . . Now pack up your papers, and get up and spin
 To them cities you tell of . . . Blast you and your tin!”

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

[Born at Lowville, New York, 1842. The poem given, *The Children*, was for many years printed as by the famous novelist, Charles Dickens.]

THE CHILDREN.

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,

The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed ;

Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace !

Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last ;

Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,

When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,

When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go ;

Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild ;

Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of hearts and of households ;
They are angels of God in disguise ;

His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes ;

Those truants from home and from heaven—
They have made me more manly and mild ;

And I know now how JESUS could liken
The kingdom of God to a child !

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun ;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself ;
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod ;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God ;
My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule ;
My frown is sufficient correction ;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more ;
Ah ! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door !
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street ;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says : "The school is dismissed
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed !

SIDNEY LANIER.

[Born at Macon, Georgia, 3d February 1842. Lecturer on English Literature at the John Hopkin's University, Baltimore, 1879. Died at Lynn, North Carolina, 1881. Author of *Tiger Lilies, a Novel* (New York, Hunt & Houghton, 1867); *The Science of English Verse* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1880); *The English Novel and the Principles of its Development* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883); *Poems, edited by His Wife* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884), etc. The poems quoted below are all taken from this volume with the kind permission of the Messrs Scribner.]

SUNRISE—A HYMN OF THE MARSHES.

IN my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
 Of the live oak, the marsh, and the main.
 The little green leaves would not let me alone in my
 sleep ;
 Up breathed from the marshes, a message of range and
 of sweep,
 Interwoven with wafture of wild sea-liberties, drifting,
 Came through the lapped leaves sifting, sifting,
 Came to the gates of sleep.
 Then my thoughts, in the dark of the dungeon-keep
 Of the Castle of Captives hid in the City of Sleep,
 Upstarted, by twos and by threes assembling :
 The gates of sleep fell a-trembling
 Like as the lips of a lady that forth falter *yes*,
 Shaken with happiness :
 The gates of sleep stood wide.
 I have waked, I have come, my beloved ! I might not
 abide :
 I have come ere the dawn, O beloved, my live-oaks, to
 hide
 In your gospeling glooms,—to be
 As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh and the sea
 my sea.
 Tell me, sweet burly-bark'd, man-bodied Tree
 That mine arms in the dark are embracing, dost know
 From what fount are these tears at thy feet which flow ?

They rise not from reason, but deeper inconsequent
deeps.

Reason's not one that weeps.

What logic of greeting lies

Betwixt dear over-beautiful trees and the rain of the
eyes?

O cunning green leaves, little masters! like as ye gloss
All the dull-tissued dark with your luminous darks that
emboss

The vague blackness of night into pattern and plan,

So,

(But would I could know, but would I could know,)

With your question embroid'ring the dark of the
question of man,—

So, with your silence purfling this silence of man

While his cry to the dead for some knowledge is under
the ban,

Under the ban,—

So, ye have wrought me

Designs on the night of our knowledge,—yea, ye have
taught me,

So,

That haply we know somewhat more than we know.

Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,

Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,

Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,

Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,

Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me

Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,—

Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet

That advise me of more than they bring,—repeat

Me the woods-smell that swiftly but now brought breath

From the heaven-side bank of the river of death,—

Teach me the terms of silence,—preach me

The passion of patience,—sift me,—impeach me,—

And there, oh there

As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the
air,

Pray me a myriad prayer.

My gossip, the owl,—is it thou
 That out of the leaves of the low-hanging bough,
 As I pass to the beach, art stirred?
 Dumb woods, have ye uttered a bird?
 Reverend Marsh, low-couched along the sea,
 Old chemist, wrapped in alchemy,
 Distilling silence,—lo,
 That which our father-age had died to know—
 The menstruum that dissolves all matter—thou
 Hast found it: for this silence, filling now
 The globéd clarity of receiving space,
 This solves us all: man, matter, doubt, disgrace,
 Death, love, sin, sanity,
 Must in yon silence' clear solution lie.
 Too clear! That crystal nothing who'll peruse?
 The blackest night could bring us brighter news.
 Yet precious qualities of silence haunt
 Round these vast margins, ministrant.
 Oh, if thy soul's at latter gasp for space,
 With trying to breathe no bigger than thy race
 Just to be fellow'd, when that thou hast found
 No man with room or grace enough of bound
 To entertain that New thou tell'st, thou art,—
 'Tis here, 'tis here thou canst unhand thy heart
 And breathe it free, and breathe it free,
 By rangy marsh, in lone sea-liberty.

The tide's at full: the marsh with flooded streams
 Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of dreams.
 Each winding creek in grave entrancement lies
 A rhapsody of morning stars. The skies
 Shine scant with one forked galaxy,—
 The marsh brags ten: looped on his breast they lie.

Oh, what if a sound should be made!
 Oh, what if a bound should be laid
 To this bow-and-string-tension of beauty and silence
 a-spring,
 To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence the
 string!

I fear me, I fear me yon dome of diaphanous gleam
 Will break as a bubble o'erblown in a dream,—
 Yon dome of too tenuous tissues of space and of night,
 Overweighted with stars, overfreighted with light,
 Oversated with beauty and silence, will seem
 But a bubble that broke in a dream,
 If a bound of degree to this grace be laid,
 Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made: list! somewhere,—mystery, where?
 In the leaves? in the air?
 In my heart? is a motion made:
 'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade.
 In the leaves 'tis palpable: low multitudinous stirring
 Upwinds through the woods; the little ones, softly con-
 ferring,
 Have settled my lord's to be looked for; so; they are
 still;
 But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill,—
 And look where the wild duck sails round the bend of
 the river,—
 And look where a passionate shiver
 Expectant is bending the blades
 Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmers and shades,—
 And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,
 Are beating
 The dark overhead as my heart beats,—and steady and
 free
 Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea—
 (Run home, little streams,
 With your lapfuls of stars and dreams),—
 And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,
 For list, down the inshore curve of the creek
 How merrily flutters the sail,
 And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?
 The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
 A flush: 'tis dead; 'tis alive: 'tis dead, ere the West
 Was aware of it: nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn:
 Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn.

Now a dream of a flame through that dream of a flush is
up-rolled :

To the zenith ascending, a dome of undazzling gold
Is builded, in shape as a bee-hive, from out of the sea :
The hive is of gold undazzling, but oh, the Bee,
 The star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee,
Of dazzling gold is the great Sun-Bee
That shall flash from the hive-hole over the sea.

Yet now the dew-drop, now the morning grey
Shall live their little lucid sober day,
Ere with the Sun their souls exhale away.
Now in each pettiest personal sphere of dew
The summ'd morn shines complete as in the blue
Big dew-drop of all Heaven. With these lit shines,
O'er-silvered to the furthest sea-confines,
The sacramental marsh one pious plain
Of worship lies. Peace to the ante-reign
Of Mary Morning, blissful mother mild,
Minded of naught but peace and of a Child.

Not slower than Majesty moves, for a mean and a measure
Of motion, not faster than dateless Olympian leisure,—
Might pace with unblown ample garments from pleasure
 to pleasure ;

The wave-serrate sea-rim sinks unjarring, unreeling,
For ever revealing, revealing, revealing,
Edgewise, bladewise, halfwise, wholewise—'tis done !

 Good-morrow, lord Sun !

With several voice, with ascription,
The woods and the marsh and the sea and my soul
Unto thee, whence the glittering stream of all morrows
 doth roll,
Cry good, and past good, and most heavenly morrow, lord
 Sun !

O Artisan, born in the purple,—Workman Heat,
Porter of passionate atoms that travail to meet
And be mixed in the death-cold oneness, innermost Guest
At the marriage of elements,—Fellow of publicans,—blest

King in the blouse of flame, that loiterest o'er
 The idle skies, yet labourest fast evermore ;
 Thou, in the fine forge-thunder, thou, in the beat
 Of the heart of a man, thou Motive-Labourer Heat
 Yea, Artist, thou, of whose art yon sea's all news,
 With his inshore greens and manifold mid-sea blues,
 Pearl-glint, shell-tint, ancientest perfectest hues,
 Ever shaming the maidens,—lily and rose
 Confess thee, and each mild flame that grows
 In the clarified virginal bosoms of stones that shine,
 It is thine, it is thine !

Thou chemist of storms, whether driving the winds a-swirl
 Or a-flicker the subtler essences polar that whirl
 In the magnet earth,—yea, thou with a storm for a heart,
 Rent with debate, many-spotted with question, part
 From part oft Sundered, yet ever a globed light,
 Yet ever the artist, ever more large and bright
 Than the eye of a man may avail of ; manifold One,
 I must pass from thy face, I must pass from the face of
 the Sun :

Old Want is awake and agog, every wrinkle a frown ;
 The worker must pass to his work in the terrible town.
 But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done ;
 I am strong with the strength of my lord the Sun :
 How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs berun,
 I am lit with the Sun.

Oh ! never the mast-high run of the seas
 Of traffic shall hide thee,
 Never the hell-coloured smoke of the factories
 Hide thee,
 Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
 Hide thee,

• And ever my heart through the night shall with know-
 ledge abide thee,
 And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee,
 Labour, at leisure, in art, till yonder beside thee
 My soul shall float, friend Sun,
 The day being done.

December, 1880.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

GLOOMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
 With intricate shades of the vines that myriad cloven
 Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—

Emerald twilights,—

Virginal shy lights

Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
 When lovers pace timidly down through the dim colon-
 nades

Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,

Of the heavenly woods and glades,

That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within

The wide sea marches of Glynn ;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—

Wild wood privacies, closets of lone desire,

Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of
 leaves,—

Cells of the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul
 that grieves,

Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the
 wood,

Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good ;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the
 vine,

While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did
 shine

Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in
 mine :

But now when the moon is no more, and riot is rest,

And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,

And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth
 seem

Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—

Aye, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul
 of the oak,

And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
 sound of the stroke

Of the scythe of time, and the trowel of trade is low,
 And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
 And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
 That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
 marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought
 me of yore

When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but
 bitterness sore,

And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable
 pain

Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—

Oh, now unafraid, I am fain to face

 The vast sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,

Where the grey beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the
 dawn,

 For a mete and a mark

 To the forest dark :—

 So :

 Affable live-oak, leaning low,—

Thus—with your favour—soft, with a reverent hand,

(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land !)

Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand

On the firm-packed sand,

 Free

By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmer-
 ing band

Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the
 folds of the land.

Inward and outward to northward and southward the
 beach-lines linger and curl

As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows
 the firm, sweet limbs of a girl.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
 Softly the sand-beach wavers away to the dim grey
 looping of light.

And what if behind me to westward the wall of the
woods stands high ?

The world lies east : how ample, the marsh and the sea
and the sky !

A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad
in the blade,

Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or
a shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea ?

Somehow my soul seems suddenly free

From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-with-
holding and free,

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to
the sea !

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the
sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won

God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,

Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God :

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies

In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
and the skies :

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod

I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God :

Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within

The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh : lo out of his
plenty the sea

Pours fast : full soon the time of the flood-tide must be :

Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow

Here and there,
Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the
low-lying lanes

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essence flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.

Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod: The blades of the marsh-
grass stir,

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the water be!

The tide is in his ecstasy.

The tide is at his highest height:

And all is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of
sleep

Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken,
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?

And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
the tide comes in

On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes
of Glynn

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down in the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,

Split at the rock and together again,
 Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
 And flee from folly on every side
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain
 Far from the hills of Habersham,
 Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
 All through the valleys of Hall,
 The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
 The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
 The laving laurel turned my tide,
 The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
 The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
 And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
 Here in the hills of Habersham
 Here in the valley of Hall.

High over the hills of Habersham,
 Veiling the valley of Hall,
 The hickory told me manifold
 Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
 Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
 Deep shades of the hills of Habersham
 These glades in the valley of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
 Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
 And many a luminous jewel lone
 —Crystals clear or a cloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
 In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
 In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of Duty call—
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall.

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER.

INTO the woods my Master went,
 Clean forspent, forspent.
 Into the woods my Master came,
 Forspent with love and shame.
 But the olives they were not blind to Him,
 The little grey leaves were kind to Him:
 The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
 When into the woods He came.
 Out of the woods my Master went,
 And He was well content.
 Out of the woods my Master came,
 Content with death and shame.
 When death and shame would woo Him last,
 From under the trees they drew Him last:
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
 When out of the woods He came.

FROM "THE SYMPHONY."

A VELVET flute-note fell down pleasantly
 Upon the bosom of that harmony,
 And sailed and sailed incessantly,
 As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
 Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone

And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
 And floated down the glassy tide,
 And clarified and glorified
 The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.
 From the warm concave of that fluted note
 Somewhat, half song, half odour, forth did float,
 As if a rose might somehow be a throat :
 " When Nature in her far-off glen
 Flutes her soft messages to men
 The flute can say them o'er again ;
 Yea, Nature, singing sweet and lone,
 Breathes through life's strident polyphone
 The flute-voice in the world of tone.

Sweet friends,

Man's love ascends

To finer and diviner ends

Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends,

For I, e'en I,

As here I lie,

A petal on a harmony,

Demand of science whence and why

Man's tender pain, man's inward cry,

When he doth gaze on earth and sky ?

I am not overbold :

I hold

Full powers from Nature manifold.

I speak for each no-tongued tree

That, spring by spring, doth nobler be,

And dumbly and most wistfully

His mighty prayerful arms outspreads

Above men's oft-unheeding heads,

And his big blessing downward sheds.

I speak for all-shaped blooms and leaves,

Lichens on stones and moss on eaves,

Grasses and grains in ranks and sheaves ;

Broad-fronded ferns and keen-leaved canes,

And briery mazes bounding lanes,

And marsh-plants, thirsty,—cupped for rains

And milky stems and sugary veins ;

For every long-armed woman vine
That round a piteous tree doth twine ;
For passionate odours, and divine
Pistils, and petals crystalline ;
All purities of shady springs,
All shyness of film-winged things
That fly from tree-trunks and bark-rings ;
All modesties of mountain-fawns
That leap to covert from wild lawns,
And tremble if the day but dawns ;
All sparklings of small beady eyes
Of birds, and sidelong glances wise
Wherewith the jay hints tragedies ;
All piquances of prickly burs,
And smoothnesses of downs and furs,
Of eiders and of minevers ;
All limpid honeys that do lie,
At stamen-bases, nor deny
The humming-bird's fine roguery,
Bee-thighs, nor any butterfly ;
All gracious curves of slender wings,
Bark-motlings, fibre-spiralings,
Fern-wavings, and leaf-flickerings ;
Each dial-marked leaf and flower-bell
Wherewith in every lonesome dell
Time to himself his hours doth tell ;
All tree-sounds, rustlings of pine-cones,
Wind-sighings, dove's melodious moans,
And night's unearthly under-tones ;
All placid lakes and waveless deeps,
All cool reposing mountain-steeps,
Vale-calms and tranquil lotos-sleeps ;—
Yea, all fair forms, and sounds, and lights,
And warmths, and mysteries, and mights,
Of Nature's utmost depths and heights,
—These doth my timid tongue present,
Their mouthpiece and leal instrument
And servant, all love-eloquent.

THE CRYSTAL.

At midnight, death's and truth's unlocking time,
 When far within the spirit's hearing rolls
 The great soft rumble of the course of things—
 A bulk of silence in a mask of sound,—
 When darkness clears our vision that by day
 Is sun-blind, and the soul's a raving owl
 For truth and flitteth here and there about
 Low-lying woody tracks of time and oft
 Is minded for to sit upon a bough,
 Dry-dead and sharp, of some long-stricken tree
 And muse in that gaunt place,—'twas then my heart,
 Deep in the meditative dark, cried out :

“Ye companies of governor-spirits grave,
 Bards, and old bringers-down of flaming news
 From steep-wall'd heavens, holy malcontents,
 Sweet seers, and stellar visionaries, all
 That brood about the skies of poesy,
 Full bright ye shine, insuperable stars ;
 Yet, if a man look hard upon you, none
 With total lustre blazeth, no, not one
 But hath some heinous freckle of the flesh
 Upon his shining cheek, not one but winks
 His ray, opaqued with intermittent mist
 Of defect ; yea, you masters all must ask
 Some sweet forgiveness, which we leap to give,
 We lovers of you, heavenly glad to meet
 Your largesse so with love, and interplight
 Your geniuses with our mortalities.
 Thus unto thee, O sweetest Shakespeare sole
 A hundred hurts a day I do forgive
 ('Tis little, but, enchantment ! 'tis for thee) :
 Small curious quibble ; Juliet's prurient pun
 In the poor, pale face of Romeo's fancied death ;
 Cold rant of Richard ; Henry's fustian roar
 Which frights away that sleep he invokes ;
 Wronged Valentine's unnatural haste to yield ;

Too-silly shifts of maids that mask as men
 In faint disguises that could ne'er disguise—
 Viola, Julia, Portia, Rosalind ;
 Fatigues most drear, and needless overtax
 Of speech obscure that had as leif be plain ;
 Last I forgive (with more delight, because
 'Tis more to do) a laboured-lewd discourse
 That e'en thy young invention's youngest heir
 Besmirched the world with.

Father Homer, thee,
 Thee also I forgive thy sandy wastes
 Of prose and catalogue, thy drear harangues
 That tease the patience of the centuries,
 Thy sleazy scrap of story,—but a rogue's
 Rape of a light-o'-love,—too solid a patch
 To border with the gods.

Thee, Socrates,
 Thou dear and very strong one, I forgive
 Thy year-worn cloak, thine iron stringencies
 That were but dandy upside-down, thy words
 Of truth that, milder spoke, had manlier wrought.

So, Buddha, beautiful ! I pardon thee
 That all the All thou hadst for needy man
 Was nothing, and thy Best of being was
 But not to be.

Worn Dante, I forgive
 The implacable hates that in thy horrid hells
 Or burn or freeze thy fellows, never loosed
 By death, nor time, nor love.

And I forgive
 Thee, Milton, those thy comic-dreadful wars
 Where, armed with gross and inconclusive steel,
 Immortals smite immortals mortalwise
 And fill all heaven with folly.

Also thee,
 Brave Æschylus, thee I forgive, for that

Thine eye, by bare, bright justice basilisk'd,
Turned not, nor ever learned to look where Love stands
shining.

So, unto thee, Lucretius mine
(For oh, what heart hath loved thee like to this
That's now complaining?), freely I forgive
Thy logic poor, thine error rich, thine earth
Whose graves eat souls and all.

Yea, all your hearts
Of beauty, and sweet righteous lovers large :
Aurelius fine, oft superfine ; mild saint
A Kempis, overmild ; Epictetus,
Whiles low in thought, still with old slavery tinct
Rapt Behmen, rapt too far ; high Swedenborg,
O'ertoppling ; Langley, that with but a touch
Of art hadst sung Piers Plowman to the top
Of English songs, whereof 'tis dearest, now,
And most adorable ; Cædmon, in the morn
A-calling angels with the cow-herd's call
That late brought up the cattle ; Emerson,
Most wise, that yet, in finding Wisdom, lost
Thy Self, sometimes ; tense Keats, with angels' nerves
Where men's were better ; Tennyson, largest voice
Since Milton, yet some register of wit
Wanting ;—all, all, I pardon, ere 'tis asked,
Your more or less, your little mole that marks
Your brother and your kinship seals to man.

But Thee, but Thee, O sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poet's Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labour writ,
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or Priest,
What *if* or *yet*, what mole, what flaw, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumour, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp, of sleep's, or death's,—
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ ?”

DAVID LAW PROUDFIT.

[Born in Newbury, New York, 27th October 1842. Author of *Love among the Gamins* (New York, 1877), and *Mask and Domino* (Philadelphia, 1888). The poems quoted are from this latter volume, and are given with the kind permission of the publishers.

AT ODDS WITH LIFE.

'Tis a toilsome path to climb,
 But all climbing is sublime
 (If you think so). One flight more,
 Yonder is the studio door.
 Artist's eyries should be high,
 Don't you think so? Near the sky;
 Up above the small affairs
 Of our lower life of cares;
 Up, far up, in regions where
 Stars and comets float in air;
 In an atmosphere that brings
 Glimpses of unusual things
 Into those who dare to soar
 To the shifting changeful shore
 Of strange fancies, fair and far.
 Tired, Elsie? Here we are.

No one here. Sit down, my dear
 Rest a moment. It is clear
 He will soon return. You see?
 Palette, brushes, carelessly
 Flung about in artist fashion.
 Ah, these men of fire and passion
 Love disorder, and it seems
 To befit a man of dreams.
 Let me whisper something, dear;
 I've a fancy—though I fear
 'Tis irreverent indeed—
 That our average artists need

Something more of that fine fire
Which ethereal dreams inspire,
To redeem them from the trace
Of an easy common-place.

This the merit of our friend :
He begins where others end.
With all their fidelity,
Colour, form, and harmony,
He has something better worth ;
Something of a nobler birth,
Born of earthquakes, lightnings, storms.
He has friends in fancy forms
Such as throned the midnight hours,
Play with meteoric showers,
Ride auroras through the sky,
Mount the crescent moon on high,
Then go fishing down the night
After stars of faded light ;
Familiar, he, of elf and gnome ;
All fantastic shapes that roam
Sceptred, winged, a glorious band,
Through the mystery-haunted land—
Wondrous land of fire-fly gleams—
Seen of poets in their dreams.

But the dreamers, men who see
Shadowy forms of mystery
In the earth and sea and sky ;
Men whose wingèd fancies fly
To the uttermost, remote
Realms where shapes ethereal float ;
Men whose fine sense subtly hears
Music from the distant spheres,—
Often miss their heritage
In this heartless, hurrying age,
Though, too late, their fame may be
Handed to posterity.
For they seem at odds with life,
Armoured feebly for its strife.

And our friend, whose picture there
 Shadows forth such white despair
 Hath his trials, I surmise ;
 For, within his hungry eyes,
 When I saw him last, I read
 Something curious, vague and dread.
 Then I said that I would buy
 This Prometheus, and his eye
 Lit up strangely, with a fire
 Born of some extreme desire.
 Think you famine's spectre stood
 With him in his solitude ?

Had we sooner come indeed
 It perhaps had served his need,
 But you like it ? Then to-day
 There shall be no more delay.
 See what vigour, grandeur, gloom ;
 What an atmosphere of doom ↓
 What a hopeless, vast despair,
 In that figure lying there
 Chained with iron links and rods !
 Awful eyes that judge the gods !
 Face of agony untold,
 Yet contemptuous, scornful, bold !
 Bare, cold rocks, uplifted high
 To a lowering, thunderous sky ;
 And a sea in league with fate,
 Making all things desolate !
 Yes, with sombre feeling tainted,
 But a picture grandly painted,
 Such a canvas lifts the soul
 Out of Habit's dull control,
 Plumes Imagination's wing,
 And crowns the artist like a king.

What a strange collection here !
 Curious is it not, my dear ?
 Rubbish, some good folks would say
 In their lofty, stupid way,

Lacking insight. Who can tell
What suggestions herein dwell?
See this travesty in wood
Of a human attitude;
There a figure stuffed with hair
Semblance of a lady fair;
Bits of armour, china, lace,
Plaster hands, a foot, a face,
A sword, a Malay creese, a knife,
Fit to take a pirate's life;
Gobelin tapestry, faded, rare,
Screening in yon alcove there
Such a dismal effigy
Hanging from a beam you see?

Well, my gentleman is late,
Elsie, since we still must wait,
What thing better can I do
Than to make love, sweet, to you?
Nay, no prudery, my dear!
What vague presence do you fear?
Rosy lips, one little kiss!—
Elsie darling, what is this?
Trembling, and your face is white!
What has frozen you with fright?
Tell me precious! speak to me!
Do you dread yon effigy?
No, no, no, my sweet 'tis naught!
'Tis not living, as you thought!
See 'tis nothing you should fear!
It is—horror! what is here?
Come away! come! come! 'tis true
This is not a place for you.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS

(YAWCOB STRAUSS).

[Born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, now a part of Boston, 21st April 1842. Author of *Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and other Poems* (Lee & Shepherd, Boston, 1878), and *Dialect Ballads* (Harper Brothers, New York, 1888). "Der Drummer," is from the former volume, "Mine Vamily," "Don'd feel too big," "Mine Moder-in-Law," "Der Vater-mill," "Der Oak und der Vine," are from the latter, and are published by special consent of these firms.]

DER OAK AND DER VINE.

I DON'D vas preaching voman's rightds,
 Or anyding like dot,
 Und I likes to see all beoples
 Shust gondented mit dheir lot ;
 Budt I wants to gondradict dot shap
 Dot made dis leedle shoke ;
 "A voman vas der glinging vine,
 Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue ;
 Budt, den dimes oudt off' nine,
 I find me oudt dot man himself
 Vas peen der glinging vine ;
 Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
 Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
 Dot's vhen' der voman shteps rightd in,
 Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
 Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
 All planted roundt ubon der seats—
 Shust hear dheir laughs and shokes !

Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
 Mit glothes oudt on der lines ;
 Which vas der shturdy oaks, mine friendts,
 Und which der glinging vines ?

Ven Sickness in der householdt comes,
 Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
 Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
 Dhose veary nighdts und days ?
 Who beace und gomfort always prings,
 Und cools dot fefered prow ?
 More like id vas der tender vine
 Dot oak he glings to, now.

“Man vants budt leedle here below,”
 Der boet von time said ;
 Dhere’s leedle dot man he *don’d* vant,
 I dink id means, inshted ;
 Und ven der years keep rolling on,
 Dheir cares und droubles pringing
 He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
 Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
 Und don’d so shturdy peen,
 Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
 To helb run Life’s masheen.
 In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
 In calm or shtormy veddher,
 ’Twas beddher dot dhose oaks and vines
 Should always gling togeddher.

MINE VAMILY.

DIMBLED scheeks, mit eyes off plue,
 Mout like id was moisd mit dew,
 Und leedle teeth shust peekin' droo—
 Dot's der baby.

Curly head, und full of glee,
 Drouzers all oudt at der knee—
 He vas peen blaying horse, you see—
 Dot's leedle Yawcob.

Von hundord-seexty in der shade,
 Der oder day ven she vas veighed—
 She beats me soon, I vas avraid—
 Dot's mine Katrina.

Bare-footed hed, und pooty stoudt,
 Mit grooked legs dot vill bend oudt,
 Fond off his bier und sauer kraut—
 Dot's me himself.

Von schmall young baby, full off fun,
 Von leedle, prite-eyed roguish son,
 Von frau to greet vhen vork vas done—
 Dot's mine vamily.

 HE GETS DHERE SHUST DER SAME!

OLDT Æsop wrote a fable, vonce,
 Aboutt a boasting hare
 Who say: "Vhen dhere vas racing
 You can always find *me* dhere!"

Und how a tortoise raced mit him,
 Und shtopped hees leedle game,
 Und say : "Eef I don'd been so shpry,
 I gets dhere shust dhere same!"

Dot vas der cases eferywhere,
 In bolidics und trade,
 By bersbiration off der brow
 Vas how soocksess vas made.
 A man may somedime "shdrike id rich,"
 Und get renown und fame,
 Budt dot bersbiration feller, too,
 He gets dhere shust der same.

Der girl dot makes goot beeskits,
 Und can vash und iron dings,
 Maybe don'd been so lofely
 As dot girl mit dimondt rings ;
 Budt vhen a *wife* vas vanted
 Who vas id dot's to blame
 Eef dot girl mitoudt der shewels
 Should get dher shust der same?

Dot schap dot leafes hees peesnis,
 Und hangs roundt "Bucket Shops,"
 To make den tollars oudt off von,
 Vhen grain und oil shtock drops,
 May go avay vrom dhere, somedimes,
 Mooch poorer as he came.
 "Der mills off God grind shlowly"—
 Budt dhey get dhere shust der same.

Dhen neffer mindt dhose mushroom schaps
 Dot shpring oup in a day ;
 Dhose repudations dhey vas made
 By vork, und not by blay.

Shust poot your shoulder to der vheel,
 Eef you vould vin a name,
 Und eef der White House needs you—
 You will get dhere shust der same.

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.

DHERE vas many qveer dings in dis land off der free,
 I neffer could qvite understand ;
 Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
 As dhose in mine own faderland.
 Dhey gets blendy droubles, und indo mishaps
 Mitoudt der least bit off a cause ;
 Und vould you pelief it? dhose mean Yangee shaps
 Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws?

Shust dink off a vwhite man so vicked as dot !
 Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show ?
 Who vas it gets oup, ven der nighdt id vas hot,
 Mit mine baby, I shust like to know ?
 Und dhen in dher vinter vhen Katrine vas sick
 Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,
 Who made rightd away oup dot fire so quick ?
 Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhose voman's righds vellere I been
 Dhere vas noding dot's mean aboutd me ;
 Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
 Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.
 Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks
 (A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw !)
 Ef he goes for dot shap like some dousand off bricks,
 Dot's all righdt ! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas always der same,
 Dot vomen vos boss off der house ;
 But, dehn, neffer mindt ! I vas glad dot she came,
 She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
 Und ven dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring
 Und firewood to shplit oup und saw
 She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
 Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

DER DRUMMER.

Who puts oup at der pest hotel,
 Und dakes his oysders on der schell ?
 Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell ?
 Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine shtore,
 Drows down his pundles on der vloer,
 Und nefer shtops to shut der door ?
 Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt und say :
 "Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day ?"
 Und goes for peesness right avay ?
 Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
 Und dells me "look, und see how nice ?"
 Und says I gets "der bottom price ?"
 Der drummer.

Who says der dings vas eggstra vine—
 'From Sharmany, upon der Rhine"—
 Und sheats me den dimes oudt nf nine
 Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought:
 Mooch less as vot I good imbort,
 But lets dem go as he vas "short?"
 Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
 Der gustomers ubon his route,
 Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot?
 Der drummer.

Who gomes around ven I been oudt,
 Drinks oup mine bier, und eats mine kraut,
 Und kiss Katrina in der mou't?
 Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
 Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
 Und mit a plack eye goes away?
 Der drummer.

"DON'D FEEL TOO BIG!"

A FROG vas a-singing von day in der brook,
 (Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!)
 Und he shvelled mit pride, und he say, "Shust look;
 Don'd I sing dose peautiful songs like a book?"
 (Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!)

A fish came a-svimming along dot vay;
 (Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!)
 "I'll dake you oudt off der vet," he say;
 Und der leedle froggie vas shtowed away.
 (Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big!)

A hawk flew down und der fish dook in ;
 (Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big !)
 Und der hawk he dink dot der shmardest vin
 Ven he shtuck his claws in dot fish's shkin.
 (Id vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big !)

A hunter vas oudt mit his gun aroundt,
 (Id vas beddher, mine friends, yon don'd feel too big !)
 Und he say, ven der hawk vas brought to der groundt,
 Und der fish und der leedle frog vas foundt,
 "It vas beddher, mine friends, you don'd feel too big !"

DER VATER-MILL.

I READS aboutt dot vater-mill dot runs der life-long day,
 Und how der vater don'd coom pack vhen vonce id flows
 avay :
 Und off der mill shtream dot glides on so beacefully and
 shtill,
 Budt don'd vas putting in more vork on dot same vater
 mill.
 Der boet says, 'tvas beddher dot you holdt dis broverb
 fast,
 "Der mill id don'd vould grind some more mit vater dot
 vas past."

Dot boem id was peautiful to read aboutt ; dot's so !
 Budt eef dot vater *vasn't* past how could dot mill whee'
 go ?
 Und vhy make drouble mit dot mill vhen id vas been
 inclined
 To dake each obbordunity dot's gifen id to grind ?
 Und vhen der vater cooms along in qvandidies so vast,
 Id lets some oder mill dake oup der vater dot vas past.

Dhen der boet shange der subject, und he dells us vonce
again :

“Der sickle neffer more shall reap der yellow, garnered
grain.”

Vell ; vonce vas blendy, aind't id ? Id vouldn't been so
nice

To haf dot sickle reaping oup der same grain ofer, twice !
Vhy, vot's der use off cutting oup der grass alreaty mown ?
Id vas pest, mine moder dold me, to let vell enough alone.

“Der summer vinds refife no more leaves strewn o'er
earth and main.”

Vell ; who vants to refife them ? Dhere vas blendy more
again !

Der summer vinds dhey shtep rightd oup in goot time to
brepere

Dhose blants und trees for oder. leaves ; dhere soon vas
creen vones dhere.

Shust bear dis adverb on your mindts, mine frendts, und
holdt id fast !

Der new leaves don'd vas been aroundt undil der oldt vas
past.

Dhen neffer mindt der leaves dot's dead ; der grain dot's
in der bin ;

Dhey both off dhem haf had dheir day, und shust vas
gathered in.

Und neffer mindt der vater vhen id vonce goes droo der
mill ;

Ids vork vas done ! Dhere's blendy more dot vaits, ids
blace to fill.

Let each von dake dis moral, vrom der king down to der
peasant :

Don'd mindt der vater dot vas past, budt der vater dot
vas bresent.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

[Born at Bordentown, New Jersey, 8th February 1844. Author of *The New Day* (New York, 1875); *The Poet and His Master* (1878); *Lyrics* (1885); and *The Celestial Passion* (1887). The poems given are quoted with the kind permission of The Century Co., New York.]

O D E.

I.

I AM the spirit of the morning sea ;
 I am the awakening and the glad surprise ;
 I fill the skies
 With laughter and with light.
 Not tears, but jollity
 At birth of day brim the strong man-child's eyes.
 Behold the white
 Wide three-fold beams that from the hidden sun
 Rise swift and far,—
 One where Orion keeps
 His armed watch, and one
 That to the midmost starry heaven upleaps ;
 The third blots out the firm-fixed Northern star.

I am the wind that shakes the glittering wave,
 Hurries the snowy spume along the shore
 And dies at last in some far-murmuring cave.
 My voice thou hearest in the breaker's-roar,—
 That sound which never failed since time began,
 And first around the world the shining tumult ran.

II.

I light the sea and wake the sleeping land.
 My footsteps on the hills make music, and my hand
 Plays like a harper's on the wind-swept pines.

With the wind and the day
 I follow round the world—away ! away !
 Wide over lake and plain my sunlight shines,
 And every wave and every blade of grass
 Doth know me as I pass ;

And me the western sloping mountains know, and me
The far-off, golden sea.

O sea, whereon the passing sun doth lie !
O man, who watchest by the golden sea !
Weep not,—O weep not thou, but lift thine eye
And see me glorious in the sunset sky !

III.

I love not the night
Save when the stars are bright,
Or when the moon
Fills the white air with silence like a tune.
Yea, even the night is mine
When the Northern Lights outshine,
And all the wild heavens throb in ecstasy divine ;—
Yea, mine deep midnight, though the black sky lowers,
When the sea burns white and breaks on the shore in
starry showers.

IV.

I am the laughter of the new-born child
On whose soft-breathing sleep an angel smiled.
And I all sweet first things that are :
First songs of birds, not perfect as at last,—
Broken and incomplete,—
But sweet, oh, sweet !
And I the first faint glimmer of a star
To the wrecked ship that tells the storm is past ;
The first keen smells and stirring of the Spring ;
First snow-flakes, and first May-flowers after snow,
The silver glow
Of the new moon's ethereal ring ;
The song the morning stars together made,
And the first kiss of lovers under the first June shade.

V.

My sword is quick, my arm is strong to smite
In the dread joy and fury of the fight.
I am with those who win, not those who fly ;
With those who live I am, not those who die,

Who die? Nay—nay—that word
 Where I am is unheard;
 For I am the spirit of youth that cannot change,
 Nor cease, nor suffer woe;
 And I am the spirit of beauty that doth range
 Through natural forms and motions, and each show
 Of outward loveliness. With me have birth
 All gentleness and joy in all the earth.
 Raphael knew me, and showed the world my face;
 Me Homer knew, and all the singing race,—
 For I am the spirit of light, and life, and mirth.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

I AM a woman—therefore I may not
 Call him, cry to him,
 Fly to him,
 Bid him delay not!

And when he comes to me, I must sit quiet:
 Still as a stone—
 All silent and cold.
 If my heart riot—
 Crush and defy it!
 Should I grow bold—
 Say one dear thing to him,
 All my life fling to him,
 Cling to him—
 What to atone
 Is enough for my sinning!
 This were the cost to me,
 This were my winning—
 That he were lost to me.

Not as a lover
 At last if he part from me,
 Tearing my heart from me,
 Hurt beyond cure,—
 Calm and demure

Then must I hold me—
 In myself fold me—
 Lest he discover ;
 Showing no sign to him
 By look of mine to him
 What he has been to me—
 How my heart turns to him,
 Follows him, yearns to him,
 Prays him to love me.
 Pity me, lean to me,
 Thou God above me !

R E F O R M.

I.

OH, how shall I help to right the world that is going
 wrong !
 And what can I do to hurry the promised time of peace !
 The day of work is short, and the night of sleep is long ;
 And whether to pray or preach, or whether to sing a song,
 To plough in my neighbour's field, or to seek the golden
 fleece,
 Or to sit with my hands in my lap, and wish that ill
 would cease !

II.

I think, sometimes, it were best just to let the Lord
 alone ;
 I am sure some people forget He was here before they
 came ;
 Though they say it is all for His glory, 'tis a good deal
 more for their own,
 That they peddle their petty schemes, and blate and
 babble and groan.
 I sometimes think it were best, and I were little to
 blame,
 Should I sit with my hands in my lap, in my face a
 crimson shame.

DECORATION DAY.

I.

SHE saw the bayonets flashing in the sun,
 The flags that proudly waved ; she heard the bugles
 calling ;
 She saw the tattered banners falling
 About the broken staffs, as one by one
 The remnant of the mighty army passed ;
 And at the last
 Flowers for the graves of those whose fight was done.

II.

She heard the tramping of ten thousand feet
 As the long line swept round the crowded square ;
 She heard the incessant hum
 That filled the warm and blossom-scented air,—
 The shrilling fife, the roll and throb of drum,
 The happy laugh, the cheer,—Oh glorious and meet
 To honour thus the dead,
 Who chose the better part
 And for their country bled !
 The dead ! Great God ! she stood there in the street,
 Living yet dead in soul and mind and heart—while far
 away
 His grave was decked with flowers by stranger's hands
 to-day.

*“THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER
 THE SUN.”*

THERE is nothing new under the sun ;
 There is no new hope or despair ;
 The agony just begun
 Is as old as the earth and the air.
 My secret soul of bliss
 Is one with the singing stars,
 And the ancient mountains miss
 No hurt that my being mars.

I know as I know my life,
 I know as I know my pain,
 That there is no lonely strife,
 That he is mad who would gain
 A separate balm for his woe,
 A single pity and cover :
 The one great God I know
 Hears the same prayer over and over.

I know it because at the portal
 Of Heaven I bowed and cried,
 And I said, " Was ever a mortal
 Thus crowned and crucified !
 My praise Thou hast made my blame ;
 My best Thou has made my worst ;
 My good Thou hast turned to shame ;
 My drink is a flaming thirst."

But scarce my prayer was said
 Ere from that place I turned ;
 I trembled, I hung my head,
 My cheek, shame-smitten, burned :
 For there where I bowed down
 In my boastful agony,
 I thought of Thy cross and crown,—
 O Christ ! I remembered Thee.

THE SOWER.

A SOWER went forth to sow,
 His eyes were dark with woe ;
 He crushed the flowers beneath His feet,
 Nor smelt the perfume, warm and sweet,
 That prayed for pity everywhere.
 He came to a field that was harried
 By iron, and to heaven laid bare :
 He shook the seed that He carried
 O'er that brown and bladeless place.

He shook it, as God shakes hail
 Over a doomèd land,
 When lightnings interlace
 The sky and the earth, and His wand
 Of love is a thunder-flail.

Thus did that Sower sow ;
 His seed was human blood,
 And tears of women and men.
 And I who near Him stood,
 Said : When the crop comes, then
 There will be sobbing and sighing,
 Weeping and wailing and crying,
 Flame, and ashes, and woe.

II.

It was an autumn day
 When next I went that way.
 And what, think you, did I see,—
 What was it that I heard,—
 What music was in the air ?
 The song of a sweet-voiced bird ?
 Nay—but the songs of many,
 Thrilled through with praise and prayer.
 Of all those voices not any
 Were sad of memory ;
 But a sea of sunlight flowed,
 And a golden harvest glowed !
 And I said : Thou only art wise—
 God of the earth and skies !
 And I thank Thee, again and again,
 For the Sower whose name is Pain.

“ O SILVER RIVER FLOWING TOWARD
 THE SEA.”

O SILVER river flowing toward the sea,
 Strong, calm, and solemn as thy mountains be !

Poets have sung thy ever-living power,
 Thy wintry day, and summer-sunset hour ;
 Have told how rich thou art, how broad, how deep ;
 What commerce thine, how many myriads reap
 The harvest of thy waters. They have sung
 Thy moony nights, when every shadow flung
 From cliff or pine is peopled with dim ghosts
 Of settlers, old-world fairies, or the hosts
 Of savage warriors that once ploughed thy waves—
 Now hurrying to the dance from hidden graves ;
 The waving outline of thy wooded mountains,
 Thy populous towns that stretch from forest fountains
 On either side, far to the salty main,
 Like golden coins alternate on a chain.
 Thou pathway of the empire of the North,
 Thy praises through the earth have travelled forth !
 I hear thee praised as one who hears the shout
 That follows when a hero from the rout
 Of battle issues, “ Lo, how brave is he,—
 How noble, proud, and beautiful ! ” But she
 Who knows him best—“ How tender ! ” So thou art
 The river of love to me !

—Heart of my heart,
 Dear love and bride—is it not so indeed ?—
 Among your treasures keep this new-plucked reed.

SHERIDAN.

QUIETLY, like a child
 That sinks in slumber mild,
 No pain or troubled thought his well-earned peace to mar,
 Sank into endless rest our thunder-bolt of war.

Though his the power to smite,
 Quick as the lightning's light,—
 His single arm an army, and his name a host,
 Not his the love of blood, the warrior's cruel boast.

But in the battle's flame
 How glorious he came!—
 Even like a white-combed wave that breaks and tears
 the shore,
 While wreck lies strewn behind, and terror flies before.

'Twas he,—his voice, his might,—
 Could stay the panic flight.
 Alone shame back the headlong, many-leagued retreat,
 And turn to evening triumph morning's foul defeat.

He was our modern Mars,
 Yet firm his faith that wars
 Erelong would cease to vex the sad ensanguined earth,
 And peace for ever reign, as at Christ's holy birth.

Blest land, in whose dark hour
 Arise to loftiest power
 No dazzlers of the sword to play the tyrant's part,
 But patriot-soldiers, true and pure and high of heart!

Of such our chief of all ;
 And he who broke the wall
 Of civil strife in twain, no more to build or mend ;
 And he who hath this day made Death his faithful friend.

And now above his tomb
 From out the eternal gloom
 "Welcome!" his chieftain's voice sounds o'er the cannon's
 knell ;
 And of the three one only stays to say "Farewell!"

THE WHITE TSAR'S PEOPLE.

PART I.

I.

THE White Tsar's people cry
 "Thou God of the heat and the cold,
 Of storm and of lightning,
 Of darkness, and dawn's red brightening ;
 Hold, Lord God, hold,
 Hold Thy hand lest we curse Thee and die."

II.

The White Tsar's people pray,
 "Thou God of the South and the North,
 We are crushed, we are bleeding,
 'Tis Christ, 'tis Thy Son interceding:
 Forth, Lord, come forth!
 Bid the slayer no longer slay."

III.

The White Tsar's people call
 Aloud to the skies of lead:
 "We are slaves, not freemen;
 Ourselves, our children, our women,—
 Dead, we are dead,
 Though we breathe, we are dead men all

IV.

"Blame not if we misprize Thee
 Who can, but will not draw near.
 'Tis Thou who hast made us,—
 Not Thou, dread God, to upbraid us.
 Hear, Lord God, hear!
 Lest we whom Thou madest despise Thee.

PART II.

I.

THEN answered the most high God,
 Lord of the heat and the cold,
 Of storm and of lightning,
 Of darkness, and dawn's red brightening:
 "Bold, yea, too bold,
 Whom I wrought from the air and the clod!

II.

"Hast thou forgotten from Me
 Are those ears so quick to hear
 The passion and anguish
 Of your sisters, your children, who languish
 Near? Ah, not near,—
 Far off by the uttermost sea!

III.

“Who gave ye your hearts to bleed
 And brains to plan and to plan?
 Why call ye on heaven,—
 ’Tis the earth that to you is given!
 Plead, ye may plead,
 But for man I work through man.

IV.

“Who gave ye a voice to utter
 Your tale to the wind and the sea?
 One word well spoken
 And the iron gates are broken.
 From Me, yea, from Me
 The word that ye will not mutter.

V.

“I love not murder but ruth.
 Begone from my sight ye who take
 The knife of the coward—
 Even ye who by heaven were dowered!
 Wake ye, O wake,
 And strike with the sword of Truth!

VI.

“Fear ye lest I misprize ye—
 I who fashioned not brutes, but men.
 After the lightning
 And darkness—the dawn’s red brightening!
 Men—be ye men!
 Lest I who made ye despise ye!”

SUNSET FROM THE TRAIN.

I.

BUT when the sunset smiled,
 Smiled once and turned toward dark,
 Above the distant, wavering line of trees that filed
 Along the horizon’s edge;

Like hooded monks that hark
 Through evening air
 The call to prayer;—
 Smiled once, and faded slow, slow, slow, away;
 When, like a changing dream, the long cloud wedge,
 brown-grey,
 Grew saffron underneath, and ere I knew,
 The interspace, green-blue—
 The whole, illimitable, western, skyey shore,
 The tender, human, silent sunset smiled once more.

II.

Thee, absent loved one, did I think on now,
 Wondering if thy deep brow
 In dreams of me were lifted to the skies,
 Where, by our far sea-home, the sunlight dies;
 If thou didst stand alone,
 Watching the day pass slowly, slow, as here,
 But closer and more dear,
 Beyond the meadow and the long, familiar line of
 blackening pine;
 When lo! that second smile,—dear heart, it was thine
 own.

 THE MASTER-POETS.

HE, the great World-Musician at whose stroke
 The stars of morning into music broke;
 He from whose being Infinite are caught
 All harmonies of light, and sound, and thought,—
 Once in each age, to keep the world in tune
 He strikes a note sublime. Nor late, nor soon,
 A God-like soul,—music and passion's birth,—
 Vibrates across the discord of the earth
 And sets the world aright.

O, these are they
 Who on men's hearts the mightiest power can play,—
 The master-poets of humanity
 Sent down from heaven to lift men to the sky.

SONGS.

THE SONG OF A HEATHEN

(SOJOURNING IN GALILEE, A.D. 32).

I.

IF Jesus Christ is a man,—
 And only a man,—I say
 That of all mankind I cleave to him,
 And to him will I cleave alway.

II.

If Jesus Christ is a God,—
 And the only God,—I swear
 I will follow Him through Heaven and hell,
 The earth, the sea, and the air !

I LOVE HER GENTLE FOREHEAD.

I LOVE her gentle forehead,
 And I love her tender hair ;
 I love her cool, white arms,
 And her neck when it is bare.

I love the smell of her garments ;
 I love the touch of her hands ;
 I love the sky above her,
 And the very ground where she stands.

I love her doubting and anguish ;
 I love the love she withholds ;
 I love my love that loveth her
 And anew her being moulds.

"BEYOND THE BRANCHES OF THE PINE."

BEYOND the branches of the pine
 The golden sun no more doth shine,
 But still the solemn after-glow
 Floods the deep heavens with light divine.

The night-wind stirs the corn-field near,
 The grey moon turns to silver clear,
 And one by one the glimmering stars
 In the blue dome of heaven appear.

Now do the mighty hosts of light
 Across the darkness take their flight,—
 They rise above the eastern hill
 And silent journey through the night.

And there beneath the starry zone,
 In the deep, narrow grave, alone,
 Rests all that mortal was of her,
 The purest spirit I have known.

*"THE WOODS THAT BRING THE
 SUNSET NEAR."*

THE wind from out the west is blowing,
 The homeward-wandering cows are lowing,
 Dark grows the pine-woods, dark and drear,—
 The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
 Far off its fading glory shines,
 Far off, sublime, and full of fear—
 The pine-woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to east, to west,
 This, dear one, is our home, our rest ;
 Yonder the stormy sea, and here
 The woods that bring the sunset near.

OH LOVE IS NOT A SUMMER MOOD.

I.

OH Love is not a summer mood,
 Nor flying phantom of the brain,
 Nor youthful fever of the blood,
 Nor dream, nor fate, nor circumstance.
 Love is not born of blinded chance,
 Nor bred in simple ignorance.

II.

Love is the flower of maidenhood ;
 Love is the fruit of mortal pain ;
 And she hath winter in her blood.
 True love is steadfast as the skies,
 And once alight she never flies ;
 And Love is strong, and Love is wise.

SONG.

YEARS have flown since I knew thee first,
 And I know thee as water is known of thirst :
 Yet I knew thee of old at the first sweet sight,
 And thou art strange to me, Love, to-night.

ONLY ONCE.

ONCE only, Love, may love's sweet song be sung ;
 But once, Love, at our feet love's flower is flung ;
 Once, Love, once only, Love, can we be young :
 Say shall we love, dear Love, or shall we hate !
 Once only, Love, will burn the blood-red fire ;
 But once awakeneth the wild desire ;
 Love pleadeth long, but what if love should tire !
 Now shall we love, dear Love, or shall we wait !
 The day is short, the evening cometh fast ;
 The time of choosing, Love, will soon be past ;
 The outer darkness falleth, Love, at last :
 Love, let us love ere it be late,—too late !

SONNETS.

"MY LOVE FOR THEE DOTHT MARCH
LIKE ARMED MEN."

MY love for thee doth march like armèd men
 Against a queenly city they would take.
 Along the army's front its banners shake ;
 Across the mountain and the sun-smit plain
 It steadfast sweeps as sweeps the steadfast rain ;
 And now the trumpet makes the still air quake,
 And now the thundering cannon doth awake
 Echo on echo, echoing loud again.
 But lo ! the conquest higher than bard had sung ;
 Instead of answering cannon comes a small
 White flag ; the iron gates are open flung,
 And flowers along the invaders' pathway fall.
 The city's conquerors feast their foes among,
 And their brave flags are trophies on her wall.

 THE DARK ROOM.

I.

A MAIDEN sought her love in a dark room,—
 So early had she yearned from yearning sleep,
 So hard it was from her true love to keep,—
 And blind she went through that all-silent gloom,
 Like one who wanders weeping in a tomb.
 Heavy her heart, but her light fingers leap
 With restless grasp and question in that deep
 Unanswering void. Now when a hand did loom
 At last, how swift her warm impassioned face
 Pressed 'gainst the black and solemn-yielding air,
 As near more near she groped to that bright place,
 And seized the hand, and drowned it with her hair,
 And bent her body to his fierce embrace,
 And knew what joy was in the darkness there.

II.

Great God ! the arms wherein that maiden fell
 Were not her lover's; I am her lover—I
 Who sat here in the shadows silently
 Silent with gladness, for I thought, O hell !
 I thought to me she moved, and all was well.
 She saw me not, yet dimly could descry
 That beautiful hand of his, and with a sigh
 Sank on his fair and treacherous breast. The spell
 Of the Evil One was on me. All in vain
 I strove to speak—my parchèd lips were dumb.
 See ! see ! the wan and whitening window pane !
 See, in the night, the awful morning bloom !
 Too late she will know all ! Heaven ! send thy rain
 Of death, nor let the sun of waking come !

*ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM
 LINCOLN.*

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mould
 Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
 That brow all wisdom, all benignity ;
 That human, humorous mouth ; those cheeks that hold
 Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold ;
 That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
 For storms to beat on ; the lone agony
 Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
 Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
 As might some prophet of the elder day,—
 Brooding above the tempest and the fray
 With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
 A power was his beyond the touch of art
 Of armèd strength : his pure and mighty heart.

LOVE'S JEALOUSY.

OF other men I know no jealousy,
 Nor of the maid who holds thee close, oh close!
 But of the June-red, summer-scented rose,
 And of the orange-streakéd sunset sky
 That wins the soul of thee through thy deep eye ;
 And of the breeze by thee beloved, that goes
 O'er thy dear hair and brow; the song that flows
 Into thy heart of hearts, where it may die.
 I would I were one moment that sweet show
 Of flower ; or breeze beloved that toucheth all ;
 Or sky that through the summer eve doth burn.
 I would I were the song thou lovest so,
 At sound of me to have thine eyelid fall :
 But I would then to something human turn.

THE CELESTIAL PASSION.

O WHITE and midnight sky, O starry bath,
 Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood ;
 Cleanse me, ye stars, from earthly soil and scath—
 Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood !
 Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps ;
 Touch and baptise me with the mighty power
 That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps ;
 Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour !
 O glittering host, O high angelic choir,
 Silence each tone that with thy music jars ;
 Fill me even as an urn with thy white fire
 Till all I am is kindred to the stars !
 Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night,—
 So shall my days be full of heavenly light !

THE EVENING STAR.

THE evening star trembles and hides from him
 Who fain would hold it with imperious stare ;
 Yet, to the averted eye, lo ! unaware
 It shines serene, no longer shy and dim.
 Oh, slow and sweet, its chalice to the brim
 Fills the leaf-shadowed grape with rich and rare
 Cool sunshine, caught from the white circling air !
 Home from his journey to the round world's rim—
 Through lonely lands, through cloudy seas and vex—
 At last the holy Grail met Launfal's sight,
 So when my friend lost him who was her next
 Of soul,—life of her life,—all day the fight.
 Raged with the dumb and pitiless God. Perplexed
 She slept. Heaven sent its comfort in the night.

THE SONNET.

WHAT is a sonnet ? 'Tis the pearly shell
 That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea ;
 A precious jewel carved most curiously ;
 It is a little picture painted well.
 What is a sonnet ? 'Tis the tear that fell
 From a great poet's hidden ecstasy ;
 A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me !
 Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
 This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath ;
 The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
 And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls :
 A sea this is—beware who ventureth !
 For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
 Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

KEATS.

TOUCH not with dark regret his perfect fame,
 Sighing "Had he but lived he had done so;"
 Or, "Were his heart not eaten out with woe
 John Keats had won a prouder, mightier name!"
 Take him for what he was and did—nor blame
 Blind fate for all he suffered. Thou shouldst know
 Souls such as his escape no mortal blow—
 No agony of joy, or sorrow, or shame!
 "Whose name was writ in water!" what large laughter
 Among the immortals when that word was brought!
 Then when his fiery spirit rose flaming after
 High toward the topmost heaven of heavens up-caught!
 "All hail! our younger brother!" Shakespeare said,
 And Dante nodded his imperial head.

 FATHER AND CHILD.

BENEATH the deep and solemn midnight sky,
 At this last verge and boundary of time
 I stand, and listen to the starry chime
 That sounds to the inward ear, and will not die.
 Now do the thoughts that daily hidden lie
 Arise, and live in a celestial clime,—
 Unutterable thoughts, most high, sublime,
 Crossed by one dread that frights mortality.
 Thus, as I muse, I hear my little child
 Sob in its sleep within the cottage near,—
 My own dear child!—Gone is that mortal doubt!
 The Power that drew our lives forth from the wild
 Our Father is; we shall to Him be dear,
 Nor from His universe be blotted out!

"CALL ME NOT DEAD."

CALL me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
 Into the company of the everliving
 High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
 Rather be made. Say—"He at last hath won
 Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
 Music and song and light of immortal faces :
 To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
 He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
 To-morrow (who can say) Shakespeare may pass,—
 And our lost friend just catch one syllable
 Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well,—
 Or Milton,—or Dante, looking on the grass
 Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
 To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

[Born at Dowth Castle, Co. Meath, Ireland, 28th June 1844.
 Landed in Philadelphia 23d November 1869. Founded the
 Papyrus Club. Author of *Songs of the Southern Seas* (Boston,
 1873); *Songs, Legends, and Ballads* (1878); *Moondyne* (1879);
Statues in the Block (1881); and *In Bohemia* (1886). The poems
 given are quoted with the kind permission of The Pilot Pub-
 lishing Co., Boston.]

JACQUEMINOTS.

I MAY not speak in words, dear, but let my words be
 flowers,
 To tell their crimson secret in leaves of fragrant fire ;
 They plead for smiles and kisses as summer fields for
 showers,
 And every purple veinlet thrills with exquisite desire.
 O, let me see the glance, dear, the gleam of soft confession
 You give my amorous roses for the tender hope they
 prove ;

And press their heart-leaves back, love, to drink their
 deeper passion,
 For their sweetest, wildest perfume is the whisper of
 my love!

My roses, tell her, pleading, all the fondness and the
 sighing,
 All the longing of a heart that reaches thirsting for
 its bliss;

And tell her, tell her, roses, that my lips and eyes are dying
 For the melting of her love-look and the rapture of
 her kiss.

THE CELEBES.

"The sons of God came upon the earth and took wives of the
 daughters of men."—*Legends of the Talmud.*

DEAR islands of the Orient,
 Where Nature's first of love was spent;
 Sweet hill-tops of the summered land
 Where gods and men went hand in hand
 In golden days of sinless earth!
 Woe rack the womb of time, that bore
 The primal evil to its birth!
 It came; the gods were seen no more:
 The fields made sacred by their feet,
 The flowers they loved, grown all too sweet,
 The streams their bright forms mirrored,
 The fragrant banks that made their bed,
 The human hearts round which they wove
 Their threads of superhuman love—
 These were too dear and desolate
 To sink to fallen man's estate;
 The gods who loved them loosed the seas,
 Struck free the barriers of the deep,
 That rolled in one careering sweep
 And filled the land, as 'twere a grave,
 And left no beauteous remnant, save
 Those hill-tops called the Celebes.

A SAVAGE.

DIXON, a Choctaw, twenty years of age,
Had killed a miner in a Leadville brawl ;
Tried and condemned, the rough-beards curb their rage,
And watch him stride in freedom from the hall.

“Return on Friday, to be shot to death!”
So ran the sentence—it was Monday night.
The dead man’s comrades drew a well-pleased breath ;
Then all night long the gambling dens were bright.

The days sped slowly ; but the Friday came,
And flocked the miners to the shooting-ground ;
They chose six riflemen of deadly aim,
And with low voices sat and lounged around.

“He will not come.” “He’s not a fool.” “The men
Who set the savage free must face the blame.”
A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then
Smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon came.

Silent and stern—a woman at his heels ;
He motions to the brave, who stays her tread.
Next minute—flame the guns : the woman reels
And drops without a moan—Dixon is dead.

LOVE’S SECRET.

LOVE found them sitting in a woodland place,
His amorous hand amid her golden tresses ;
And Love looked smiling on her glowing face
And moistened eyes upturned to his caresses.

“O sweet,” she murmured, “life is utter bliss !”
“Dear heart,” he said, “our golden cup runs over !”
“Drink, love,” she cried, “and thank the gods for this !”
He drained the precious lips of cup and lover.

Love blessed the kiss; but, ere he wandered thence,
 The mated bosoms heard this benediction:
 "Love lies within the brimming bowl of sense:
 Who keeps this full has joy—who drains, affliction."

They heard the rustle as he smiling fled:
 She reached her hand to pull the roses blowing.
 He stretched to take the purple grapes o'erhead;
 Love whispered back, "Nay, keep their beauties grow-
 ing."

They paused, and understood: one flower alone
 They took and kept, and Love flew smiling over.
 Their roses bloomed, their cup went brimming on—
 She looked for Love within, and found her lover.

DISTANCE.

THE world is large, when its weary leagues two loving
 hearts divide;
 But the world is small, when your enemy is loose on
 the other side.

UNCLE NED'S TALE.

AN OLD DRAGOON'S STORY.

I OFTEN, musing, wander back to days long since gone by,
 And far-off scenes and long-lost forms arise to fancy's eye.
 A group familiar now I see, who all but one are fled,—
 My mother, sister Jane, myself, and dear old Uncle Ned.
 I'll tell you how I see them now. First, mother in her
 chair
 Sits knitting by the parlour fire, with anxious matron air;
 My sister Jane, just nine years old, is seated at her feet,
 With look demure, as if she, too, were thinking how to
 meet

The butcher's or the baker's bill,—though not a thought
has she

Of aught beside her girlish toys; and next to her I see
Myself, a sturdy lad of twelve,—neglectful of the book
That open lies upon my knee,—my fixed admiring look
At Uncle Ned, upon the left, whose upright, martial mien,
Whose empty sleeve and grey moustache, proclaim what
he has been.

My mother I had always loved; my father then was
dead;

But 'twas more than love—'twas worship—I felt for
Uncle Ned.

Such tales he had of battle-fields,—the victory and the rout,
The ringing cheer, the dying shriek, the loud exulting
shout!

And how, forgetting age and wounds, his eye would
kindle bright,

When telling of some desperate ride or close and deadly
fight!

But oft I noticed in the midst of some wild martial tale,
To which I lent attentive ear, my mother's cheek grow
pale:

She sighed to see my kindled look, and feared I might
be led

To follow in the wayward steps of poor old Uncle Ned.

But with all the wondrous tales he told 'twas strange
I never heard

Of his last fight, for of that day he never spoke a word.

And yet 'twas there he lost his arm, and once he e'en
confessed

'Twas there he won the glittering cross he wore upon his
breast.

It hung the centre of a group of Glory's emblems fair,
And royal hands, he told me once, had placed the bauble
there.

Each day that passed I hungered more to hear about that
fight,

And oftentimes I prayed in vain. At length, one winter's
night,—

The very night I speak of now,—with more than usual care
I filled his pipe, then took my stand beside my uncle's
chair:

I fixed my eyes upon the Cross,—he saw my youthful plan;
And, smiling, laid the pipe aside and thus the tale
began:—

“ Well, boy, it was in summer time, and just at morn-
ing's light

We heard the ‘ Boot and Saddle ! ’ sound : the foe was
then in sight,

Just winding round a distant hill and opening on the
plain.

Each trooper looked with careful eye to girth and curb
and rein.

We snatched a hasty breakfast,—we were old campaigners
then :

That morn, of all our splendid corps, we'd scarce one
hundred men ;

But they were soldiers, tried and true, who'd rather die
than yield :

The rest were scattered far and wide o'er many a hard-
fought field.

Our trumpet now rang sharply out, and at a swinging pace
We left the bivouac behind ; and soon the eye could trace
The columns moving o'er the plain. Oh ! 'twas a stir-
ring sight

To see two mighty armies there preparing for the fight :

To watch the heavy masses, as, with practised, steady
wheel,

They opened out in slender lines of brightly flashing steel,
Our place was on the farther flank, behind some rising
ground,

That hid the stirring scene from view ; but soon a boom-
ing sound

Proclaimed the opening of the fight. Then war's loud
thunder rolled,

And hurtling shells and whistling balls their deadly
message told.

We hoped to have a gallant day; our hearts were all
aglow;
We longed for one wild, sweeping charge, to chase the
flying foe.
Our troopers marked the hours glide by, but still no
orders came:
They clutched their swords, and muttered words 'twere
better not to name.
For hours the loud artillery roared,—the sun was at its
height,—
Still there we lay behind that hill, shut out from all the
fight!
We heard the maddened charging yells, the ringing
British cheers,
And all the din of glorious war kept sounding in our ears.
Our hearts with fierce impatience throbbed, we cursed
the very hill
That hid the sight: the evening fell, and we were idle still.
The horses, too, were almost wild, and told with angry
snort
And blazing eye their fierce desire to join the savage sport.
When lower still the sun had sunk, and with it all our
hope,
A horseman, soiled with smoke and sweat, came dashing
down the slope.
He bore the wished-for orders. 'At last!' our Colonel
cried;
And as he read the brief despatch his glance was filled
with pride.
Then he who bore the orders, in a low, emphatic tone,
The stern, expressive sentence spoke,—'*He said it must
be done!*'
'It *shall* be done!' our Colonel cried. 'Men, look to
strap and girth,
We've work to do this day will prove what every man
is worth;
Ay, work, my lads, will make amends for all our long
delay,—
The General says on us depends the fortune of the day!'

“No order needed we to mount,—each man was in his place,
And stern and dangerous was the look on every veteran face.

We trotted sharply up the hill, and halted on the brow,
And then that glorious field appeared. Oh! lad, I see it now!

But little time had we to spare for idle gazing then :
Beneath us, in the valley, stood a dark-clad mass of men :
It cut the British line in two. Our Colonel shouted,
‘There!

Behold your work! Our orders are *to charge and break that square!*’

Each trooper drew a heavy breath, then gathered up his reins,

And pressed the helmet o’er his brow; the horses tossed their manes

In protest fierce against the curb, and spurned the springy heath,

Impatient for the trumpet’s sound to bid them rush to death.

“Well, boy, that moment seemed an hour: at last we heard the words,—

‘Dragoons! I know you’ll follow me. Ride steady men!
Draw swords!’

The trumpet sounded: off we dashed, at first with steady pace,

But growing swifter as we went. Oh! ’twas a gallant race!
Three-fourths the ground was left behind: the loud and thrilling ‘Charge!’

Rang out; but, fairly frantic now, we needed not to urge
With voice or rein our gallant steeds, or touch their foaming flanks.

They seemed to fly. Now straight in front appeared the kneeling ranks.

Above them waved a standard broad: we saw their rifles raised,—

A moment more, with awful crash, the deadly volley blazed.



The bullets whistled through our ranks, and many a trooper fell ;

But we were left. What cared we then ? but onward rushing still !

Again the crash roared fiercely out ; but on ! still madly on !
We heard the shrieks of dying men, but recked not who was gone.

We gored the horses' foaming flanks, and on through smoke and glare

We wildly dashed, with clenched teeth. We had no thought, no care !

Then came a sudden, sweeping rush. Again with savage heel

I struck my horse : with awful bound he rose right o'er their steel !

“ Well, boy, I cannot tell you how that dreadful leap was made,

But there I rode, inside the square, and grasped a reeking blade.

I cared not that I was alone, my eyes seemed filled with blood :

I never thought a man could feel in such a murderous mood.

I parried not, nor guarded thrusts ; I felt not pain or wound,

But madly spurred the frantic horse, and swept my sword around.

I tried to reach the standard sheet ; but there at last was foiled.

The gallant horse was jaded now, and from the steel recoiled.

They saw his fright, and pressed him then : his terror made him rear,

And falling back he crushed their ranks, and broke their guarded square !

My comrades saw the gap he made, and soon came dashing in ;

They raised me up,—I felt no hurt, but mingled in the din.

I'd seen some fearful work before, but never was engaged
In such a wild and savage fight as now around me raged.
The foe had ceased their firing, and now plied the deadly
steel :

Though all our men were wounded then, no pain they
seemed to feel.

No groans escaped from those who fell, but horrid oaths
instead,

And scowling looks of hate were on the features of the dead.
The fight was round the standard : though outnumbered
ten to one,

We held our ground,—ay, more than that,—we still
kept pushing on.

Our men now made a desperate rush to take the flag by
storm.

I seized the pole, a blow came down and crushed my
outstretched arm.

I felt a sudden thrill of pain, but that soon passed away ;
And, with a devilish thirst for blood, again I joined the
fray.

At last we rallied all our strength, and charged o'er
heaps of slain :

Some fought to death ; some wavered,—then fled across
the plain.

“ Well, boy, the rest is all confused : there was a fearful
rout ;

I saw our troopers chase the foe, and heard their mad-
dened shout.

Then came a blank : my senses reeled, I know not how
I fell ;

I seemed to grapple with a foe, but that I cannot tell.

My mind was gone : when it came back I saw the moon
on high ;

Around me all was still as death. I gazed up at the sky,
And watched the glimmering stars above,—so quiet did
they seem,—

And all that dreadful field appeared like some wild, fear-
ful dream.

But memory soon came back again, and cleared my wandering brain,
And then from every joint and limb shot fiery darts of pain.
My throat was parched, the burning thirst increased with every breath ;
I made no effort to arise, but wished and prayed for death.
My bridle arm was broken, and lay throbbing on the sword,
But something still my right hand grasped : I thought it was my sword.
I raised my hand to cast it off,—no reeking blade was there ;
Then life and strength returned,—I held the Standard of the Square !
With bounding heart I gained my feet. Oh ! then I wished to live.
'Twas strange the strength and love of life that standard seemed to give !
I gazed around : far down the vale I saw a camp-fire's glow.
With wandering step I ran that way,—I recked not friend or foe.
Though stumbling now o'er heaps of dead, now o'er a stiffened horse,
I heeded not, but watched the light, and held my onward course.
But soon that flash of strength had failed, and checked my feverish speed ;
Again my throat was all ablaze, my wounds began to bleed.
I knew that if I fell again, my chance of life was gone,
So, leaning on the standard-pole, I still kept struggling on.
At length I neared the camp-fire : there were scarlet jackets round,
And swords and brazen helmets lay strewn upon the ground.

Some distance off, in order ranged, stood men,—about
a score :

O God! 'twas all that now remained of my old gallant
corps!

The muster-roll was being called : to every well-known
name

I heard the solemn answer,—‘ Dead ! ’ At length my
own turn came.

I paused to hear,—a comrade answered, ‘ Dead ! I saw
him fall ! ’

I could not move another step, I tried in vain to call.
My life was flowing fast, and all around was gathering
haze,

And o'er the heather tops I watched my comrades'
cheerful blaze.

I thought such anguish as I felt was more than man
could bear.

O God ! it was an awful thing to die with help so near !
And death was stealing o'er me : with the strength of
wild despair

I raised the standard o'er my head, and waved it
through the air.

Then all grew dim : the fire, the men, all vanished from
my sight,

My senses reeled ; I know no more of that eventful night.
'Twas weeks before my mind came back : I knew not
where I lay,

But kindly hands were round me, and old comrades came
each day.

They told me how the waving flag that night had caught
their eye,

And how they found me bleeding there, and thought that
I must die ;

They brought me all the cheering news,—the war was at
an end.

No wonder 'twas, with all their care, I soon began to mend.
The General came to see me, too, with all his brilliant
train,

But what he said, or how I felt, to tell you now 'twere vain.

Enough, I soon grew strong again : the wished-for route
 had come,
 And all the gallant veteran troops set out with cheers
 for home.
 We soon arrived ; and then, my lad, 'twould thrill your
 heart to hear
 How England welcomed home her sons with many a ring-
 ing cheer.
 But tush ! what boots it now to speak of what was said
 or done ?
 The victory was dearly bought, our bravest hearts were
 gone.
 Ere long the King reviewed us. Ah ! that memory is
 sweet !
 They made me bear the foreign flag, and lay it at his feet.
 I parted from my brave old corps : 'twere matter, lad,
 for tears,
 To leave the kind old comrades I had ridden with for years.
 I was no longer fit for war, my wanderings had to cease.
 There, boy, I've told you all my tales. Now let me
 smoke in peace."

How vivid grows the picture now ! how bright each
 scene appears !
 I trace each loved and long-lost face with eyes bedimmed
 in tears.
 How plain I hear thee, Uncle Ned, and see thy musing
 look,
 Comparing all thy glory to the curling wreaths of smoke !
 A truer, braver soldier ne'er for king and country bled.
 His wanderings are for ever o'er. God rest thee, Uncle
 Ned !

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

O BEAUTEOUS Southland ! land of yellow air,
 That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold
 The moveless foliage of thy valleys fair
 And wooded hills, like aureole of gold

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
 Ere Nature in completion turned thee forth !
 Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
 Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land, God made thee wondrous to the eye !
 But His sweet singers thou hast never heard ;
 He left thee, meaning to come by-and-bye,
 And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues thy myriad flowers,
 But left them scentless : ah ! their woeful dole,
 Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers,—
 To make so sweet fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous precious wood ;
 But, midst them all, bloomed not one tree of fruit.
 He looked, but said not that His work was good,
 When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey : every bell
 Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearning wist ;
 But no bee-lover ever notes the swell
 Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kist.

O strange land, thou art virgin ! thou art more
 Than fig-tree barren ! Would that I could paint
 For others' eyes the glory of the shore
 Where last I saw thee ; but the senses faint

In soft delicious dreaming when they drain
 Thy wine of colour. Virgin fair thou art,
 All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
 The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping heart.

DYING IN HARNESS.

ONLY a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
 Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy
 load ;
 Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
 Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold ! for his toil is over—no more labour for him ;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes
grow dim ;

See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the head—
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be
dead ;

After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load—waiting only
to die.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and
straps—

Fell, and the burden killed him : one of the day's mis-
haps—

One of the passing wonders marking the city road—
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
What is the symbol ? Only death—why should we cease
to smile

At death for a beast of burden ? On, through the busy
street

That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying
feet.

What was the sign ? A symbol to touch the tireless will ?
Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still ?
The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts of men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labour and
sleep—and then—

Then for the prize !—A crowd in the street of ever-
echoing tread—

The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his
harness—dead !

IN BOHEMIA.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land ;
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone ;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold ;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.
The scholar first, with his book—a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth ;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modelled in clay ;
A smith with a marvellous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a ploughman, a lord—
And the player is king when the door is past.
The ploughman is crowned, and the lord is last !
I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land ;
There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir ;
No gilded dullard native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn :
Bohemia has none but adopted sons ;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs ;
Its honours, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.
To the empty heart in a jewelled breast
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest ;
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show ;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest ;

The organised charity, scrimped and iced,
 In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ ;
 The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
 When a friend in need is a friend in want ;
 Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
 And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.
 Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the grasp
 of a friendly hand,
 And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.

J. H. BONER.

[Born in North Carolina, 1845. Author of *Whispering Pines* (1883, Brentano & Co., Washington), from which the poems given are quoted by special permission.]

*WE WALKED AMONG THE WHISPERING
 PINES.*

I.

It was a still autumnal day—
 So sadly strange and strangely bright—
 The hectic glow of quick decay
 Tinged everything with lovely light.
 It warmly touched the fragrant air
 And fields of corn and crumbling vines
 Along the golden Yadkin, where
 We walked among the whispering pines.

II.

Alas, that tender hectic glow
 Shone in her gentle, pallid face,
 And none save God in heaven could know
 My agony to see its trace—
 To watch those fatal roses bloom
 Upon her cheeks—red, cruel signs—
 But all of love, not of the tomb,
 We spoke among the whispering pines.

III.

Ah, fatal roses—never yet
 Have they deceived. She drooped and died.
 We parted and we never met
 Again ; but often at my side
 An angel walks—her step I know—
 A viewless arm my neck entwines ;
 O, angel love, so years ago
 We walked among the whispering pines.

THE LIGHT'OOD FIRE.

I.

WHEN wintry days are dark and drear
 And all the forest ways grow still,
 When gray snow-laden clouds appear
 Along the bleak horizon hill,
 When cattle all are snugly penned,
 And sheep go huddling close together,
 When steady streams of smoke ascend
 From farm-house chimneys—in such weather
 Give me old Carolina's own,
 A great log house, a great hearthstone,
 A cheering pipe of cob or briar,
 And a red, leaping light'ood fire.

II.

When dreary day draws to a close
 And all the silent land is dark,
 When Boreas down the chimney blows
 And sparks fly from the crackling bark,
 When limbs are bent with snow or sleet
 And owls hoot from the hollow tree,
 With hounds asleep about your feet,
 Then is the time for reverie.
 Give me old Carolina's own,
 A hospitable wide hearthstone,
 A cheering pipe of cob or briar,
 And a red, rousing light'ood fire.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

[Born at Fairfield, Indiana, 9th September 1844. Author of *Hoosier Mosaics* (New York, 1875); *The Witchery of Archery* (1878); *A Tallahassee Girl* (Boston, 1882); *His Second Campaign* (1882); *Songs of Fair Weather* (1883); *At Love's Extremes* (1885); *Byways and Bird Notes* (1885); *The Boys' Book of Sports* (1886); *A Banker of Bankersville* (1886); *Sylvan Secrets* (1887); *The Story of Louisiana*, and *A Fortnight of Folly* (New York 1888). The poems given are quoted with the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

THE DEATH OF THE WHITE HERON.

CYPRESS LAKE, FLORIDA.

I PULLED my boat with even sweep
 Across light shoals and eddies deep,
 Tracking the currents of the lake
 From lettuce raft to weedy brake.
 Across a pool death-still and dim
 I saw a monster reptile swim,
 And caught, far off and quickly gone,
 The delicate outlines of a fawn.
 Above the marshy islands flew
 The green teal and swift curlew;
 The rail and dunlin drew the hem
 Of lily-bonnets over them;
 I saw the tufted wood-duck pass
 Between the wisps of water-grass.
 All round the gunwales and across
 I draped my boat with Spanish moss,
 And, lightly down from head to knee,
 I hung gay air-plants over me;
 Then, lurking like a savage thing
 Crouching for a treacherous spring,
 I stood in motionless suspense
 Among the rushes green and dense.

I kept my bow half-drawn, a shaft
Set straight across the velvet haft.

Alert and vigilant, I stood
Scanning the lake, the sky, the wood.

I heard a murmur soft and sad
From water-weed to lily-pad,
And from the frondous pine did ring
The hammer of the golden wing.

On old drift-logs the bitterns stood,
Dreaming above the silent flood ;

The water-turkey eyed my boat,
The hideous snake-bird coiled its throat,

And birds whose plumage shone like flame,—
Wild things grown suddenly, strangely tame,—

Lit near me ; but I heeded not :
They could not tempt me to a shot.

Grown tired at length, I bent the oars
By grassy brinks and shady shores,

Through labyrinths and mysteries
Mid dusky cypress stems and knees,

Until I reached a spot I knew,
Over which each day the herons flew.

I heard a whisper sweet and keen
Flow through the fringe of rushes green,

The water saying some light thing,
The rushes gaily answering.

The wind drew faintly from the south,
Like breath blown from a sleeper's mouth,

And down its currents sailing low
Came a lone heron white as snow.

He cleft with grandly spreading wing
The hazy sunshine of the spring ;

Through graceful curves he swept above
The gloomy moss-hung cypress grove ;

Then gliding down a long incline,
He flashed his golden eyes on mine.

Half-turned he poised himself in air,
The prize was great, the mark was fair !

I raised my bow, and steadily drew
The silken string until I knew

My trusty arrow's barbèd point
Lay on my left forefinger joint,—

Until I felt the feather seek
My ear, swift drawn across my cheek :

Then from my fingers leapt the string
With sharp recoil and deadly ring,

Closed by a sibilant sound so shrill,
It made the very water thrill,—

Like twenty serpents bound together,
Hissed the flying arrow's feather !

A thud, a puff, a feathery ring,
A quick collapse, a quivering,—

A whirl, a headlong downward dash,
A heavy fall, a sullen splash,

And like white foam, or giant flake
Of snow, he lay upon the lake !

And of his death the rail was glad,
Strutting upon a lily-pad ;

The jaunty wood-duck smiled and bowed ;
The belted kingfisher laughed aloud,

Making the solemn bittern stir
 Like a half-wakened slumberer ;
 And rasping notes of joy were heard
 From gallinule and crying-bird,
 The while with trebled noise did ring
 The hammer of the golden-wing !

C E R E S.

THE wheat was flowing ankle-deep
 Across the field from side to side ;
 And, dipping in the emerald waves,
 The swallows flew in circles wide.

The sun, a moment flaring red,
 Shot level rays athwart the world,
 Then quenched his fire behind the hills,
 With rosy vapours o'er him curled.

A sweet, insinuating calm,—
 A calm just one remove from sleep,
 Such as a tranquil watcher feels,
 Seeing mild stars at midnight sweep

Through splendid purple deeps, and swing
 Their old, ripe clusters down the west
 To where, on undiscovered hills,
 The gods have gathered them to rest,—

A calm like that hung over all
 The dusky groves, and, filtered through
 The thorny hedges, touched the wheat
 Till every blade was bright with dew.

Was it a dream ? We call things dreams
 When we must needs do so, or own
 Belief in old, exploded myths,
 Whose very smoke has long since flown.

Was it a dream? Mine own eyes saw,
And Ceres came across the wheat
That, like bright water, dimpled round
The golden sandals of her feet.

DIANA.

SHE had a bow of yellow horn
Like the old moon at early morn.
She had three arrows strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel wood.
Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;
Her right was bound in silk well-knit,
Lest her bow-string should sever it.
Ripe lips she had, and clear grey eyes,
And hair pure gold blown hoyden-wise
Across her face like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.
Her limbs! how matched and round and fine!
How free like song! how strong like wine!
And, timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandalled feet!
Single of heart and strong of hand,
Wind-like she wandered through the land.
No man (or king or lord or churl)
Dared whisper love to that fair girl.
And woe to him who came upon
Her nude, at bath, like Acteon!
So dire his fate, that one who heard
The flutter of a bathing bird,

What time he crossed a breezy wood,
 Felt sudden quickening of his blood ;
 Cast one swift look, then ran away
 Far through the green, thick groves of May ;
 Afeard, lest down the wind of spring
 He'd hear an arrow whispering !

A N E X I L E.

I.

THE singing streams, and deep, dark wood
 Beloved of old by Robin Hood,
 Lift me a voice, kiss me a hand,
 To call me from the younger land,
 What time by dull Floridian lakes,
 What time by rivers fringed with brakes,
 I blow the reed, and draw the bow,
 And see my whistling arrows go
 Well sent to deer or wary hare,
 Or wild-fowl hurtling down the air ;
 What time I lie in shady spots
 On beds of mild forget-me-nots,
 That fringe the fen-lands insincere
 And boggy marges of the mere,
 Whereon I see the heron stand,
 Knee-deep in sable slush of sand,—
 I think how sweet if friends should come
 And tell me England calls me home.

II.

I keep good heart, and bide my time,
 And blow the bubbles of my rhyme ;
 I wait and watch, for soon I know
 In Sherwood merry horns shall blow,

And blow and blow, and folk shall come
To tell me England calls me home.

Mother of archers, then I go
Wind-blown to you with bended bow,

To stand close up by you and ask
That it be my appointed task

To sing in leal and loyal lays
Your matchless bowmen's meed of praise ;

And that unchallenged I may go
Through your green woods with bended bow,—

Your woods where bowered and hidden stood
Of old the home of Robin Hood.

Ah, this were sweet, and it will come
When Merry England calls me home !

III.

Perchance, long hence, it may befall,
Or soon, mayhap, or not at all,

That all my songs nowhither sent,
And all my shafts at random spent,

May find their way to those who love
The simple force and truth thereof ;

Wherefore my name shall then be rung
Across the land from tongue to tongue,

Till some who hear shall haste to come
With news that England calls me home.

I walk where spiced winds raff the blades
Of sedge-grass on the summer glades ;

Through purfled braids that fringe the mere
I watch the timid tawny deer

Set its quick feet and quake and spring,
As if it heard some deadly thing,

When but a brown snipe flutters by
 With rustling wing and piping cry ;
 I stand in some dim place at dawn,
 And see across a forest lawn
 The tall wild-turkeys swiftly pass
 Light-footed through the dewy grass ;
 I shout, and wind my horn, and go
 The whole morn through with bended bow,
 Then on my rest I feel at noon
 Sown pulvil of the blooms of June ;
 I live and keep no count of time,
 I blow the bubbles of my rhyme :
 These are my joys till friends shall come
 And tell me England calls me home.

IV.

The self-yew bow was England's boast ;
 She leaned upon her archer host,—
 It was her very life-support
 At Crécy and at Agincourt,
 At Flodden and at Halidon Hill,
 And fields of glory redder still !
 O bows that rang at Solway Moss !
 O yeomanry of Neville's Cross !
 These were your victories, for by you
 Breastplate and shield were cloven through ;
 And mailèd knights, at every joint
 Sore wounded by an arrow-point,
 Drew rein, turned pale, reeled in the sell,
 And, bristled with arrows, gasped and fell !
 O barbèd points that scratched the name
 Of England on the walls of fame !

O music of the ringing cords
 Set to grand songs of deeds, not words !
 O yeomen ! for your memory's sake,
 These bubbles of my rhyme I make,—
 Not rhymes of conquest stern and sad,
 Or hoarse-voiced, like the Iliad,
 But soft and dreamful as the sigh
 Of this sweet wind that washes by,—
 The while I wait for friends to come
 And tell me England calls me home.

V.

I wait and wait ; it would be sweet
 To feel the sea beneath my feet,
 And hear the breeze sing in the shrouds
 Betwixt me and the white-winged clouds,—
 To feel and know my heart should soon
 Have its desire, its one sweet boon
 To look out on the foam-sprent waste
 Through which my vessel's keel would haste,
 Till on the far horizon dim
 A low white line would shine and swim !
 The low white line, the gleaming strand,
 The pale cliffs of the Mother-land !
 Oh God ! the very thought is bliss,
 The burden of my song it is,
 Till over sea song-blown shall come
 The news that England calls me home !

VI.

Ah, call me, England, some sweet day
 When these brown locks are silvergrey,
 And these brown arms are shrunken small,
 Unfit for deeds of strength at all ;

When the swift deer shall pass me by,
 Whilst all unstrung my bow shall lie,
 And birds shall taunt me with the time
 I wasted making foolish rhyme,
 And wasted blowing in a reed
 The runes of praise, the yeoman's meed,
 And wasted dreaming foolish dreams
 Of English woods and English streams,
 Of grassy glade and queachy fen
 Beloved of old by archer men,
 And of the friends who would not come
 To tell me England called me home.

VII.

Such words are sad : blow them away
 And lose them in the leaves of May,
 O wind ! and leave them there to rot,
 Like random arrows lost when shot ;
 And here, these better thoughts, take these
 And blow them far across the seas,
 To that old land and that old wood
 Which hold the dust of Robin Hood !
 Say this, low-speaking in my place :
 " The last of all the archer race
 " Sends this his sheaf of rhymes to those
 Whose fathers bent the self-yew bows,
 " And made the cloth-yard arrows ring
 For merry England and her King,
 " Wherever Lion Richard set
 His fortune's stormy banneret ! "
 Say this, and then, oh, haste to come
 And tell me England calls me home.

WILL CARLETON.

[Born in Michigan, 1845. Author of *Farm Ballads* (1873); *Farm Legends* (1875); *Young Folks' Rhymes* (1876); *Farm Festivals* (1881); *City Ballads* (1885); *City Legends* (1889). All these are published by Harper & Brothers, New York, with whose kind permission the "First Settler's Story" is quoted. It is taken from *Farm Festivals*.]

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY.

It ain't the funniest thing a man can do
Existing in a country when it's new;
Nature—who moved in first—a good long while—
Has things already somewhat her own style,
And she don't want her woodland splendours battered,
Her rustic furniture broke up and scattered,
Her paintings, which long years ago were done
By that old splendid artist-king, the sun,
Torn down and dragged in Civilisation's gutter,
Or sold to purchase settlers' bread and butter.
She don't want things exposed, from porch to closet—
And so she kind o' nags the man who does it.
She carries in her pockets bags of seeds,
As general agent of the thriftiest weeds;
She sends her blackbirds in the early morn,
To superintend his fields of planted corn;
She gives him rain past any duck's desire—
Then maybe several weeks of quiet fire;
She sails mosquitoes—leeches perched on wings—
To poison him with blood-devouring stings;
She loves her ague-muscles to display,
And shake him up say every other day;
With careful, conscientious care, she makes
Those travelling poison-bottles, rattlesnakes;
She finds time, 'mongst her other family cares,
To keep in stock good wild-cats, wolves, and bears;
She spurns his offered hand, with silent gibes,
And compromises with the Indian tribes
(For they who've wrestled with his bloody art
Say Nature always takes an Indian's part);

In short, her toil is every day increased,
 To scare him out, and hustle him back east ;
 Till fin'ly, it appears to her some day,
 That he has made arrangements for to stay ;
 Then she turns round as sweet as anything,
 And takes her new made friend into the ring,
 And changes from a snarl into a purr :
 From mother-in-law to mother as it were.

Well, when I first infested this retreat,
 Things to my view looked frightful incomplete ;
 But nature seemed quite cheerful, all about me,
 A-carrying on her different trades without me,
 These words the forest seemed at me to throw :
 " Sit down and rest awhile before you go ;"
 From bees to trees the whole woods seemed to say
 " You're welcome here till you can get away,
 But not for time of any longer amount ;
 So don't be hanging round on our account."
 But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,
 And brought my wife and plunder right along ;
 I hadn't a round-trip ticket to go back,
 And if I had, there wasn't no railroad track ;
 And driving east was what I couldn't endure :
 I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good,
 And helped me every blessèd way she could ;
 She seemed to take to every rough old tree,
 As sing'lar as when first she took to me.
 She kep' our little log-house neat as wax ;
 And once I caught her fooling with my axe.
 She learned a hundred masculine things to do
 She aimed a shot-gun pretty middlin' true,
 Although in spite of my express desire,
 She always shut her eyes before she'd fire,
 She hadn't the muscle (though she *had* the heart)
 In out-door work to take an active part ;
 Though in our firm of Duty and Endeavour,
 She wasn't no silent partner whatsoever.

When I was logging, burning, choppin' wood—
 She'd linger round, and help me all she could,
 And kept me fresh-ambitious all the while,
 And lifted tons, just with her voice and smile.
 With no desire my glory for to rob,
 She used to stan' around and boss the job;
 And when first-class success my hands befell,
 Would proudly say, "*We* did that pretty well!"
 She *was* delicious, both to hear and see—
 That pretty wife-girl that kept house for me.

Sundays, we didn't propose for lack o' church
 To have our souls left wholly in the lurch;
 And so I shaved and dressed up well's I could,
 And did a day's work trying to be good.
 My wife was always bandbox-sleek; and when
 Our fat old bull's-eye watch said half-past ten
 ('Twas always verging from the narrow way,
 And li'd on Sundays, same as any day),
 The family Bible from its high perch started
 (The one her mother gave her when we parted),
 The hymn-book, full of music-balm and fire—
 The one she used to sing in in the choir—
 One I sang with her from—I've got it yet—
 The very first time that we *really* met;
 (I recollect, when first our voices gibed,
 A feeling that declines to be described!
 And when our eyes met—near the second verse—
 A kind of old-acquaintance look in hers,
 And something went from mine, which, I declare,
 I never even knew before was there—
 And when our hands touched—slight as slight could be—
 A streak of sweetened lightnin' thrilled through me!
 But that's enough of that: perhaps, even now,
 You'll think I'm softer than the law'll allow;
 But you'll protect an old man with his age,
 For yesterday I turned my eightieth page;
 Besides there'd be less couples falling out
 If such things were more freely talked about.)

Well, we would take these books—sit down alone,
 And have a two-horse meeting, all our own ;
 And read our verses, sing the sacred rhymes,
 And make it seem a good deal like old times.
 But finally across her face there'd glide
 A sort of sorry shadow, from inside ;
 And once she bared her head, like a tired flower,
 Upon my arm, and cried a half-an-hour.
 I humoured her until she had it out,
 And didn't ask her what it was about ;
 I knew right well : our reading, song, and prayer,
 Had brought the old times back, too true and square.
 The large attended meetings morn and night ;
 The spiritual and mental warmth and light ;
 Her father, in his pew, next to the aisle ;
 Her mother, with the mother of her smile ;
 Her brother's sly, forbidden Sunday glee ;
 Her sisters, e'en a-most as sweet as she ;
 Her girl and boy friends, not too warm or cool ;
 Her little scrub class in the Sunday-school ;
 The social, and the singsings and the ball ;
 And happy home-cheer waiting for them all—
 These marched in close procession through her mind,
 And didn't forget to leave their tracks behind.
 You married men—there's many in my view—
 Don't think your wife can all wrap up in you,
 Don't deem, though close her life to yours may grow,
 That you are all the folks she wants to know ;
 Or think your stitches form the only part
 Of the crotchet-work of a woman's heart.
 Though married souls each other's lives may burnish,
 Each needs some help the other cannot furnish.

Well, neighbourhoods meant counties, in those days ;
 The roads didn't have accommodating ways ;
 And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see—
 And much less talk with—any one but me.
 The Indians sometimes showed their sun-baked faces,
 But they didn't teem with conversational graces ;

Some ideas from the birds and trees she stole,
But 'twasn't like talking with a human soul ;
And finally I thought that I could trace
A half-heart-hunger peering from her face.
Then she would drive it back, and shut the door ;
Of course that only made me see it more.
'Twas hard to see her give her life to mine,
Making a steady effort not to pine ;
'Twas hard to hear the laugh bloom out each minute,
And recognise the seeds of sorrow in it ;
No misery makes a close observer mourn,
Like hopeless grief with hopeful courage borne ;
There's nothing sets the sympathies to paining,
Like a complaining woman, uncomplaining !
It always draws my breath out into sighs,
To see a brave look in a woman's eyes.

Well she went on, as plucky as could be,
Fighting the foe she thought I did not see,
And using her heart-horticultural powers
To turn the forest to a bed of flowers.
You can not check an unadmitted sigh,
And so I had to soothe her on the sly,
And secretly to help her draw her load ;
And soon it came to be an uphill road ;
Hard work bears hard upon the average pulse,
Even with satisfactory results ;
But when effects are scarce, the heavy strain
Falls dead and solid on the heart and brain.
And when we're bothered, it will oft occur
We seek blame-timber ; and I lit on her ;
And looked at her with daily lessening favour,
For what I knew she couldn't help, to save her.
(We often—what our minds should blush with shame for—
Blame people most for what they're least to blame for.)
Then there'd a misty jealous thought occur,
Because I wasn't Earth and Heaven to her,
And all the planets that about us hovered,
And several more than hadn't been discovered ;

And my hard muscle-labour, day by day,
 Deprived good-nature of the right of way;
 And 'taint no use—the trying to conceal
 From hearts that love us what our own hearts feel;
 They can't escape close observation's mesh—
 And thoughts have tongues that are not made of flesh.
 And so ere long she caught the half-grown fact:
 Commenced observing how I didn't act;
 And silently began to grieve and doubt
 O'er old attentions now sometimes left out—
 Some kind caress—some little petting ways
 Commenced a-staying in on rainy days
 (I did not see it clear then, I'll allow;
 But I can trace it rather acc'rate now);
 And Discord, when once he had called and seen us,
 Came round quite often, and edged in between us.

One night, I came from work unusual late,
 Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate—
 Her supper struck me wrong (though I'll allow
 She hadn't much to strike with, any how):
 And when I went to milk the cows, and found
 They'd wandered from their usual feeding ground,
 And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em,
 Which I must copy, if I meant to find 'em,
 Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,
 And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:
 "You ought to have kept the animals in view,
 And drove 'em in; you'd nothing else to do.
 The heft of all our life on me must fall,
 You just lie round, and let me do it all."

That speech—it hadn't gone a half a minute,
 Before I saw the cold black poison in it;
 And I'd have given all I had and more,
 To've only safely got it back in-door.
 I'm now what most folks "well-to-do" would call:
 I feel to-day as if I'd give it all,
 Provided I through fifty years might reach,
 And kill and bury that half-minute speech

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds ;
You can't do that way when you're flying words,
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead :
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

She handed back no words, as I could hear ;
She didn't frown—she didn't shed a tear ;
Half proud, half crushed, she stood and looked me o'er,
Like some one she had never seen before !
But such a sudden anguish-lit surprise
I never viewed before in human eyes.
(I've seen it enough since in a dream ;
It sometimes wakes me, like a midnight scream).

That night, while theoretically sleeping,
I half heard and half felt that she was weeping ;
And my heart then projected a design
To softly draw her face up close to mine,
And beg of her forgiveness to bestow,
For saying what we both knew wasn't so.
I've got enough of this world's goods to do me,
And make my nephews painfully civil to me :
I'd give it all to know she only knew
How near I came to what was square and true.
But somehow, every single time I'd try,
Pride would appear and kind o' catch my eye,
And hold me, on the edge of my advance,
With the cool steel of one sly, scornful glance.

Next morning, when, stone-faced, but heavy-hearted,
With dinner pail and sharpened axe I started
Away for my day's work—she watched the door,
And followed me half-way to it or more ;
And I was just a-turning round at this,
And asking for my usual good-bye kiss ;
But on her lip I saw a proudish curve,
And in her eye a shadow of reserve ;
And she had shown—perhaps half unawares—
Some little independent breakfast airs—
And so the usual parting didn't occur ;
Although her eyes invited me to her,

Or rather half invited me ; for she
 Didn't advertise to furnish kisses free,
 You always had—that is, I had—to pay
 Full market price, and go more'n half the way.
 So, with a short "Good-bye," I shut the door,
 And left her as I never had before.

Now, when a man works with his muscle smartly,
 It makes him up into machinery, partly ;
 And any trouble he may have on hand
 Gets deadened like, and easier to stand.
 And though the memory of last night's mistake
 Bothered me with a dull and heavy ache,
 I all the forenoon gave my strength full rein,
 And made the wounded trees bear half the pain.
 But when at noon my lunch I came to eat,
 Put up by her so delicately neat—
 Choicer, somewhat, than yesterday's had been,
 And some fresh, sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in—
 "Tender and pleasant thoughts," I knew they meant—
 It seemed as if her kiss with me she'd sent ;
 Then I became once more her humble lover,
 And said, "To-night I'll ask forgiveness of her."

I went home over-early on that eve,
 Having contrived to make myself believe,
 By various signs I kind o' knew and guessed,
 A thunder-storm was coming from the west.
 ('Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,
 How many honest ones will take its part ;
 A dozen first-class reasons said 'twas right
 That I should strike home early on that night.)

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung,
 With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue ;
 But all within looked desolate and bare ;
 My house had lost its soul—she was not there !
 A pencilled note was on the table spread,
 And these are something like the words it said :
 "The cows have strayed away again, I fear ;
 I watched them pretty close ; don't scold me, dear

And where they are, I think I *nearly* know ;
I heard the bell not very long ago—

.
I've hunted for them all the afternoon ;
I'll try once more—I think I'll find them soon.
Dear, if a burden I have been to you,
And hav'n't helped you as I ought to do,
Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead ;
I've tried to do my best—I have, indeed.
Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,
And have kind words for me when I get back."

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue,
Some swift-blown rain-drops to the window clung,
And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded ;
My thunder-storm had come, now 'twasn't needed.
I rushed out door ; the air was stained with black ;
Night had come early, on the storm-cloud's back.
And everything kept dimming to the sight,
Save when the clouds threw their electric light ;
When, for a flash, so clean-cut was the view,
I'd think I saw her—knowing 'twas not true.
Through my small clearing dashed wide sheets of spray
As if the ocean waves had lost their way ;
Scarcely a pause the thunder-battle made,
In the cold clamour of its cannonade.
And she, while I was sheltered, dry and warm,
Was somewhere in the clutches of the storm !
She who, when storm-frights found her at her best,
Had always hid her white face on my breast !

My dog, who'd skirmished round me all the day,
Now crouched and whimpering in a corner lay :
I dragged him by the collar to the wall—
I pressed his quivering muzzle to a shawl—
"Track her, old boy !" I shouted ; and he whined,
Matched eyes with me, as if to read my mind,
Then with a yell went tearing through the wood—
I followed him, as faithful as I could.

No pleasure-trip was that, through flood and flame !
 We raced with death,—we hunted noble game.
 All night we dragged the woods without avail ;
 The leaves got drenched—we could not keep the trail.
 Three times again my cabin home I found,
 Half hoping she might be there safe and sound ;
 But each time 'twas an unavailing care,
 My house had lost its soul ; she was not there !

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning-sun
 Laughed at the ruin that the night had done,
 Bleeding and drenched—by toil and sorrow bent—
 Back to what used to be my home I went.
 But as I neared our little clearing-ground—
 Listen !—I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound ;
 The cabin door was just a bit ajar ;
 It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star !
 " Brave heart," I said, " for such a fragile form !
 She made them guide her homeward through the storm !"
 Such pangs of joy I never felt before :
 " You've come !" I shouted, and rushed through the door.

Yes, she had come—and gone again.—She lay
 With all her young life crushed and wrenched away—
 Lay—the heart-ruins of our home among—
 Not far from where I killed her with my tongue.
 The rain-drops glittered 'mid her hair's long strands,
 The forest-thorns had torn her feet and hands,
 But 'midst the tears—brave tears—that I could trace
 Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face,
 I once again the mournful words could read—
 " I've tried to do my best—I have indeed."

And now I'm mostly done : my story's o'er—
 Part of it never breathed the air before.
 'Tisn't over-usual, it must be allowed,
 To volunteer heart-history to a crowd,
 And scatter 'mongst them confidential tears,
 But you'll protect an old man with his years ;
 And wheresoe'er this story's voice can reach
 This is the sermon I would have it preach :

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds ;
 You can't do that way when you're flying words.
 "Careful with fire," is good advice we know :
 "Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.
 Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead ;
 But God Himself can't kill them when they're said !
 You have my life-grief : do not think a minute
 'Twas told to take up time. There's business in it.
 It sheds advice ; whoe'er will take and live it,
 Is welcome to the pain it costs to give it.

 EDGAR FAWCETT.

Born in New York City, 26th May 1847. Author of *Fantasy and Passion* (Boston, 1878) ; *Song and Story* (1884) ; *Romance and Revery* (1886). Mr Fawcett is also the author of numerous novels, besides one or two books of essays. The poems from *Fantasy and Passion* are given with the kind permission of Roberts Brothers, and the others with the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

IMPERFECTION.

WHENCE comes the old silent charm whose tender stress
 Has many a mother potently beguiled
 To leave her rosier children, and caress
 The white brow of the frail misshapen child ?
 Ah ! whence the mightier charm that age by age
 Has lured so many a man, through spells unknown,
 To serve for years, in reverent vassalage,
 A beauteous bosom and a heart of stone.

 THE PUNISHMENT.

Two haggard shades, in robes of mist,
 For longer years than each could tell,
 Joined by a stern gyve, wrist with wrist,
 Have roamed the courts of hell.
 Their blank eyes know each other not ;
 Their cold hearts hate this union drear . . .
 Yet one poor ghost was Launcelot,
 And one was Guinevere.

THE MEETING.

I SAW in dreams a dim bleak heath,
 Where towered a gaunt pine by a rock,
 And suddenly, from the earth beneath,
 That rent itself with an angry shock,
 A shape sprang forth to that wild place,
 Whose limbs by chains were trenched and marred
 And whose sardonic pain-worn face
 Was grimly scorched and scarred.

He waited by the spectral pine ;
 Aloft he lifted haggard eyes ;
 A woman's form, of mien divine,
 Dropt earthward in seraphic wise.
 Chaste as though bathed in breaking day
 And radiant with all saintly charms,
 She flew toward him till she lay
 Close-locked in his dark arms !

I heard a far vague voice that said :
 "On earth these twain had loved so well
 That now their lives, when both are dead,
 Burst the great bounds of Heaven and Hell.
 Alike o'er powers of gloom and light
 Prevailed their fervid prayers and tears ;
 They meet on this bleak heath one night
 In every thousand years !"

TO AN ORIOLE.

How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
 In tropic splendour through our Northern sky ?
 At some glad moment was it nature's choice
 To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice ?
 Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
 In some forgotten garden, ages back,
 Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard
 Desire unspeakably to be a bird ?

THE MOON IN THE CITY.

PALE roamer through the purple hollow of night,
 In all thy wanderings weird, from East to West,
 What wonder thou dost gladly shower thy light
 On many a dusky region of earth's breast?

Wild tracts of cloisteral forest-land I know
 Are welcome to that luminous heart of thine,
 Where under murmurous branches thou canst throw
 Dim palpitant arabesques of shade and shine!

Smooth meadows dying against far opal skies
 Thou lovest with lonely splendours to illumine,
 And turn their bodiless vapours, when they rise,
 To phantoms greatening in the doubtful gloom.

The haughtiest mountain happy dost thou feel
 To mantle with thy radiance, chastely soft,
 Like intercessional mercy's meek appeal
 Where cold majestic justice towers aloft!

When deep in measureless peace he lulls his waves,
 Or when their perilous masses proudly curl,
 Thy pennon of brilliance, though he smiles or raves,
 Along the varying sea dost thou unfurl!

But ah! though forest, mountain, meadow and sea,
 Shall each thy separate favour sweetly win,
 White lily of heaven, how can it pleasure thee
 To blossom above the city's ghastly sin!

DECORATION DAY.

TO-DAY, as the pulses powerful
 Of the glad young year awake,
 It would seem that with tokens flowerful
 A nation had gone to take,

While passing in throngs processional
 Over sweeps of mellowed sod,
 The sky for a blue confessional,
 And to tell its grief to God!

But more than to march regretfully
 With the earthward-pointing gun,
 And more than to merge forgetfully
 The Blue and the Gray in one,
 Were to love, with its sweet sublimity,
 The thought of an endless peace,
 And to swear, in grand unanimity,
 That war shall forever cease !
 For how is your service beautiful,
 O mourners that meet to-day,
 If the hands that are now so dutiful
 Shall to-morrow spoil and slay ?
 If the hate that your love is levelling
 Shall to-morrow lift its brow,
 And redden with bloody revelling
 The graves that you garland now ?
 For only if all humanity
 Could have learned to well abhor
 The imperious blind insanity,
 The iniquitous waste of war,
 Would the splendid and stainless purity
 Of to-day beam out afar,
 Down the duskiness of futurity,
 As with light of a morning star !
 And then would the blooms you shed upon
 These numberless grave-mounds be
 As though the dews they had fed upon
 Were the waters of Galilee

FIAT JUSTITIA.

I.

THEY tell her he is dead ; and when she hears
 Right instantly she fears
 Lest they shall wonder that she sheds no tears

“Poor widowed one,” they whisper, for they see
 Her sorrowing mien ; but she
 Makes passionate inward murmur : “I am free !”

II.

She hears that he is dead : and when she hears,
 Leap the hot heavy tears
 To eyes that have not wept for years and years
 And lo, she has forgiven him all the shame
 He wrought upon her name,
 So blackening it with soilure of black blame.
 Then to his home she hurries, yearning sore
 To look on him once more ; . . .
 But friends, in awful virtue, guard the door.

 GOLD.

No spirit of air am I, but one whose birth
 Was deep in mouldy darkness of mid-earth.
 Yet where my yellow raiments choose to shine,
 What power is more magnificent than mine ?
 In hall or hut, in highway or in street,
 Obedient millions grovel at my feet.
 The loftiest pride to me its tribute brings ;
 I gain the lowly vassalage of kings !
 How many a time have I made honour yield
 To me its mighty and immaculate shield ?
 How often has virtue, at my potent name,
 Robed her chaste majesty in scarlet shame ?
 How often has burning love, within some breast
 Frozen to treachery at my cold behest ?
 Yet ceaselessly my triumph has been blent
 With pangs of overmastering discontent ?

For always there are certain souls that hear
My stealthy whispers with indifferent ear.

Pure souls that deem my smile's most bland excess,
For all its lavish radiance, valueless!

Rare souls, from my imperious guidance free,
Who know me for the slave that I should be!

Grand souls, that from my counsels would dissent,
Though each were tempted with a continent!

STILL WATER.

HE wrote and wrote, but could not make a name;
Then cursed his fate and called the world to blame;
The world that knew not genius when it came;

"The world," he cried, "that crowns us in a night
For nothing; but that damns us, wrong or right,
Rather from sheer indifference than from spite."

One of his friends would slyly smile to hear;
"Ah! second-hand Byronics!" One would sneer;
One said "Give over;" one said "Persevere!"

One said but little, though she thought and thought,
Through the long weeks and all the work they brought,
While the wife toiled and while the mother taught.

There went a story that he might have wed
An heiress, this poor scribbler for his bread,
But took a little meek-eyed girl instead,

A little meek-eyed girl without a cent,
Who scarcely knew what half his writings meant,
Loved him reveringly, and was content.

And now her spirit mused upon a way
To brighten his dull face again. One day
Her slender hand along his shoulder lay.

“Write this.” . . . And then she told him what to write,
In just a few fleet words, and stole from sight,
With smiling lips but with a look of fright.

He laughed, at first; yet in a little space
The languid laughter died from out his face
And left mute meditation in its place . . .

If I mistake not, it was this same year
That suddenly men knew him, far and near,
As having won the world’s capricious ear.

And she? Why, if she had not seen so plain
How soon the laurels cured his longing pain,
She might have held them even in mild disdain.

But now she blesses fortune’s kind decree,—
Proud, glad, through him!—though still, for all we see,
The same small meek-eyed wife she used to be.

MASTER AND SLAVE.

ON his rotting old throne sat Death, in a cave where the
black dews fell.

Near by stood his beautiful awful slave, the angel
Azraël.

“Have you served me true,” said Death “in your work
of tears to-day?”

And Azraël answered, “Live the King! I hearken and
I obey.

“A bride on her bridal morn; a lover that dreamed of
bliss;

A child, last-left in a widow’s home,—these stiffened
beneath my kiss.

“These and the numberless more: yea, Master, my work
of tears

To-day has sped as in other days, for years, for years
and for years.”

Death smiled with his dark sad mouth, with his hard
grave passionless eye.

“And what of the souls that sought your kiss? Did you pass these proudly by?

“When the mourners moaned your name with their longing lips and wan,
When a wild hand signalled you to pause, did you then pass proudly on?”

And the angel Azraël said, in lowly and loyal way,
“Even so, dark Master. Live the King! I hearken and I obey.”

THE SORCERESS.

ESMEH, the favourite wife of Shah-Zarar,
Ruled her great lord, at Ispahan, by love.
The gardens of her palace, jasper-walled,
Hung towering, with their bloomful terraces,
O'er lands whose proud sweep, while she gazed on them,
Made her thrice queen. No rival shared her home,
Where lengths of gallery, each like some new dawn
For brilliance, linked their luxuries of pomp.
Her eunuchs blazed with gems; her dancing-girls,
Daughters of Egypt, swarthy as its wastes,
Daughters of Greece, white as its temples are,
Daughters of Syria, lissome as its palms,
Daughters of India, mystic as its gods,
Daughters of Nubia, black and eyed with fire,
All chosen as flowers of grace among their kind,
Flattered by measures wove with fantasy
The languors of her couch at noon or eve.
That poet allowed sweet chief in all the realm,
Whom Saadi and Hafz would have crowned to-day,
Whose verse dense marts would swarm from booths to list,
Sang for her sole delight his lays of power.
Georgian had been her birth, of royal kin;
Her beauty, a marvel ere the child grew maid.
Was borne on breeze of rumour to the King;
Who, when he heard the story of it, grew wroth,
And saying, “I weary of these rosy lies

That greed of place coins thick to tempt my note,—
By Allah, I laugh at this one," clad the theme
In fear that struck his boldest courtier mute.

Still months being flown, his Vizier dared, one day,
To set the girl among a timorous group
Of new-bought slaves ; and when the veils were drawn
From various faces, and Esmeh's looked forth,
Winsome, unparalleled for virgin bloom,
The King half doubtful if 'twere ghost or flesh
He gazed on, cried with awe, "What maid is this?"
Then, learning her true lineage, from his robe
He loosed a diamond of great price, and sunk
Its glory amid her dusk of hair, and bade
The ceremonial of their spousals haste,
And clear through seven fond years, from then till now,
Clave to his new choice with unflinching love.

Broad were the lands by Shah-Zarar's dead sires
Bequeathed him, justly governed, knit with ties
Of fealty, and on every still frontier,
From Smyrna to the Indus, freed of war.
Such peace had fallen his people that the King,
Joyed at their thrift and bounty, might have paid
In gloomier hours but momentary heed
To tidings that now vexed his mood with spleen.
For now a certain sorceress, witch or sprite,
Named Dara, but whose actual race none knew,
Had wrought, in near or distant towns, 'twas told,
Black spells on caliph, pasha, prince, emir,
By tricks of dance, till some went mad for love
And others died of it as from a plague.
Yet none could snare the beauteous woman-curse
Who boldly pushed her presence where she willed,
Melting, if seized, in fumes of lurid smoke
That stung her captor's hands to leave them void.
In each new city it was her whim to choose,
Promptly this Dara would claim courtesy
Of him who reigned there. Such demand refused
She passed in scorn beyond the gates once more,

Crying out, "I am but woman, yet your chief
 Has fear lest Dara should unveil her face
 And dance before him! Valiant is your chief,
 By Allah and all the prophets! May he meet
 His foes with equal nerve, should need arise!
 Nor let him brand me sorceress, for such plea
 Will help him ill; I am leagued with no dark imps;
 I am woman, only woman, though my shield
 From violence be a gift of magic source.
 Who fears me fears himself; who meets me fair
 And falls, hath fallen alone by his own lack
 Of temperance, wisdom, bravery, chastity,
 And all that should in men mean manlihood
 Go tell your chief how Dara scorns him! Go!"

Herewith her form, close-vestured in its veil,
 Would speed from sight, and what she had hurled in scoff,
 With all the subtlety of challenge there,
 Retold to grandees who had flouted her,
 Bred ire and shame, till heads of other towns,
 Eager to prove their strength against her lures,
 Flung back the doors of palaces to greet
 Her coming; but the witchery of her dance
 Would follow, and death or madness be its price.

Girt by the surety of his peerless love,
 Such tales in Shah-Zarar could wake alone
 Contempt for those whom Dara's blights had harmed.
 And when at last he learned that she had fared
 In calm audacity to Ispahan,
 Soliciting his own imperial heed,
 "Throw wide the gates," he ordered. "Bid her seek
 Our audience-hall to-morrow. Lodge her well,
 And charge her that she use, to trap our sense,
 Her most voluptuous deviltries of dance.
 We mean to test her necromancies all,
 And tax their baleful cunning till it wane.
 We never yet felt thrall to woman born,
 Save one, the loveliest, purest now on earth.
 Let this deft jade, who boasts that she can play

On what is beast in man till man turn beast,
Feel her own boast grow ashes on her lips!
To-morrow at noon we wait her. We have said."

Ere yet the slaves had lit the scented lamps
Between the porphyry columns looming dark
Where dim pavilions died in flowery courts,
That evening, while the west was one sad rose
Pierced with one lambent star, the enamoured King
Sat with Esmeh, and told her of his plan;
And she, remembering all the vaunted spells
Of Dara, this famed sorceress, wound both arms,
White bonds of passion, round her lord, and prayed
Retraction of his perilous resolve.
While so she prayed, the rich night of her eyes
Burned on his own, and beamed through tears unshed
Entreaty and pathos. "O my lord and love,"
She pleaded, "who that lives will ever hold
Thy greatness at a loftier worth than I?
Yet even a king like Shah-Zarar is man,
And she, this temptress, may in frailty store
Bane fit for demons, like some thread of snake
That scarce will stir the ferns wherefrom it slides,
Yet fells the unheeding lion! O my liege,
Seek thou not proof that heights of good are thine
Beyond her deeps of ill, for this all know;
But shouldst thou match thy strength with hers, 'twill be
The valour of virtue hurling honest blows
At slippery guile that fights by craft alone!"

Listening, the King looked pity allied with love,
And answered: "O Esmeh, my dew-bathed rose,
Truly thou wouldst not make me jeer for slaves!
I have sworn to front this pest until it shrink
In swoon of impotence from what its fangs
Would maim and slay. My sanctity of oath
Must bide inviolate, though the prayer you prayed
Were wistfuller than yonder twilight star
That drops reluctant from the damask west.
Ask all my turquoise-quarries; bid me drape

Your doors with rarer broideries from Cashmere,
 Carpet your bath-brinks with new tiger-skins
 Fresh from Mazanderân, fetch choicer furs
 To glad you from chill slopes of Astrakhân,
 From Turkestân bring gaudier tapestries,
 Hang in your ears more pearls from hot Ceylon—
 But seek not to assuage in me the zeal
 For this my task of high example, shown
 Through reign of spirit above debasing clay.
 For if I fail, toward whom all eyes are turned
 As light of guidance, wherefore should I hope
 Those multitudes of lives that hail me head
 Would find not in my ignominy excuse
 For thrice ten thousand sins more gross than mine? . . .
 But O my heaven of womanhood made earth,
 My sweet idolatry, my Esmeh, rest sure
 That Allah, who in thee forestalls my bliss
 Of Paradise hereafter, will not soil
 A love as holy as ours with stain so foul,
 Nor let my soul, for even a transient hour,
 Swerve from its deathless constancy to thine!"
 So the King spoke; and Esmeh bowed her head,
 Weeping. . . . But on the morrow Dara danced
 In the great hall where Shah-Zarar sat throned.
 Meek was her mien as quite unveiled she came
 In presence of the mighty Persian King.
 Her garb, of some diaphanous fabric, clung
 Mist-like about her stature, telling all
 Its willowy delicacy; her gold hair
 Showed in bright leash how plenteous were its coils,
 Wrapping her small drooped head; both arms were nude,
 But laces lay thick-plied on loins and breast.
 No jewel or trace of ornament she wore,
 And while toward Shah-Zarar she slowly moved,
 "A hundred fairer faces pine unkissed,"
 He thought, "in that seraglio whose long floors
 For seven sweet years my foot hath never paced!"
 Then Dara, pausing midway of the hall,
 Flung from her supple throat a film of scarf

That seemed to melt in vapour, and now at once,
With no least hint of prelude, softly danced.

Gentle of movement, while she thus began,
But full of pliant rhythm and somnolence,
Her body in ordered action bowed and swayed.
Harmonious was the sequence of her steps,
Each gesture fraught with dexterous elegance,
Each posture clothed in dignity and ease.

“Apt,” thought the King, with all a critic’s phlegm ;
“Yet many a girl in Ispahan may match
Thus far the scope of her accomplishment.
A sure precision in her equipoise
Offends like vanity ; were it faultier,
With some appeal in it for leniency,
Less coldly perfect and deliberate,
Less wrought by codes of schools, its power were more.” . . .

But Dara had not ended yet her dance,—
Nay, scarce had she begun its wizardries—
And soon her motions, quickening, lost all look
Of study or plan, but seemed alone to breathe
A spirit of candid impulse, fervid truth.
Music, as though of breezes rustling leaves,
Or tinkle of waters through a mossy gorge,
Or rustle of dreamy seas on elfin sands,
Woke round her, following where she leapt or crouched,
Exulted or desponded, fired or mused.
Her hair, as if unbound by viewless hands,
Dilated, fluttering like a golden flame,
And suiting each new bend of her white arms.
The gauzes at her bosom, drifting back,
Had bared its curves of snow, unseen till now.
Her eyes had grown a splendour, mild yet keen ;
New lineaments and meanings filled her face,
And tremulous at the verges of her lips
Faded or flashed her rich mesmeric smile.

Forward with flushing cheek, leaned Shah-Zazar,
The spell had fallen upon him ere he knew.

No wreath of haze, from bastions of great hills
 Blown to fantastic shape by summer wind,
 Drifts with an airier buoyancy than now
 The form of Dara seemed to glide and swim.
 Her dance, through some untold resource of art
 Miraculous, or sorcery still more strange,
 Had grown the incarnate history of love,
 Its joys, regrets, hopes, yearnings, fears, despairs . . .
 In turn all lived, throbbled, shuddered where she swept—
 Here ardent and there languorous, here alert
 With blissful torture, there forlorn with doubt.
 The agony, the expectancy, the pang
 Of disappointment, the brief meagre cheer
 Of consolation,—every phase of love
 Spoke in her sinuous change and counterchange . . .
 Then victory wed with ecstasy at last
 Rose rapturous after suffering. . . . Now her glance
 Was blithe delirium, her ethereal arms
 Intoxication, her swift-panting mouth
 Enticement, her unfathomable smile
 The drowsy mystery of all love's delight!

“Allah protect me!” murmured the great King . . .
 He rose, to fly the hall, then backward sank . . .
 Too late he rose; the spell had mastered him.

Wild-eyed he gazed on Dara where she danced;
 He stretched both arms out while she nearer drew;
 His breath came hard; all thought of realm or name
 Had perished from his mind or conscience; floods
 Of weird fleet mist were hurrying through the hall,
 And in their flexuous volume he descried
 Nothing save Dara, beautiful past thought—
 An houri, a devil, he was careless which—
 Radiant amid these folds of rushing cloud.

Nearer she drew, the enchantress, nearer yet,
 Still weaving the wild wonders of her dance. . . .
 “Great King,” she whispered, “grant thy slave a boon.”
 Then Dara laughed a low melodious laugh,
 And whispered, “Thou will grant it not, I know!”

Staggering, the King had risen, "Whate'er it be,
'Tis thine. By Mahomet I swear 'tis thine!"

Then Dara laughed once more; her eyes were homes
Of luminous promise, and her lifted face
Beamed ravishment from symmetries unguessed
Till now. . . . "*I ask the head of thine Esmeth!*"

Between her words thus given, and what next fell,
It seemed to Shah-Zarar one moment's flash. . . .
Later, vague memories thrilled him that he spoke
With harsh command, while hearing as in dream
Warnings from minions born but to obey,
And that in wrath he towered insistentlly
Till seized by fright men fled to work his hest,
However terrible, and that Dara danced
More near his throne's foot, and he stooped to her,
Infatuate, pleading she would share his power,
And rule, his Dara, Queen as he was King.

Then suddenly the wan mists fled and made
The audience-hall as ever it had been,
Save that a eunuch cowered before his throne,
Bearing a head whose neck yet dripped with blood,—
Esmeh's! And now crying out with grief,
The wild King burst the trammels of his trance;
And as he wakened, echoing his mad wail,
The sorceress vanished with a shriek of hate,
To leave him glaring at her ghastly work.

Many the silent centuries ago
Since fell this deed of shadowy tragedy;
But night winds breathe it yet o'er glades and dells
Of Persian hills; and moonlit streams that pour
From Demavênd's high snows yet murmur it;
And Caspian billows mourn it as they break;
Or southward, where Persepolis rears pale
Her marble memories of dead state, the stars
Robe in their melancholy of eloquence,
Whose voice is light, the anguish of the tale.

A STRAGGLER.

I LEFT the throng whose laughter made
That wide old woodland echo clear,
While forth they spread, in breezy shade,
Their plethoric hamperfuls of cheer.

Along a dark moss-misted plank
My way in dreamy mood I took,
And crossed, from balmy bank to bank,
The impetuous silver of the brook.

And wandering on, at last I found
A shadowy tranquil gladelike place,
Full of mellifluous leafy sound,
While midmost of its grassy space

A lump of rugged granite gleamed,
A tawny-lichened ledge of grey,
And up among the boughs there beamed
One blue delicious glimpse of day!

In fitful faintness on my ear
The picnic's lightsome laughter fell,
And softly, while I lingered here,
Sweet fancy bound me with a spell!

In some bland clime across the seas
Those merry tones I seem to mark,
While dame and gallant roamed at ease
The pathways of some stately park.

And in that glimpse of amethyst air
I seemed to watch, with musing eye,
The rich blue fragment, fresh and fair,
Of some dead summer's morning sky!

And that rough mass of granite, too,
From graceless outlines gently waned,
And took the sculptured shape and hue
Of dull old marble, deeply stained.

And then (most beauteous change of all !)
 Strewn o'er its mottled slab lay low
 A glove, a lute, a silken shawl,
 A vellum-bound Boccaccio !

 I V Y.

ILL canst thou bide in alien lands like these,
 Whose home lies over seas,
 Among manorial halls, parks wide and fair,
 Churches antique, and where
 Long hedges flower in May, and one can hark
 To carollings from old England's lovely lark !
 Ill canst thou bide where memories are so brief,
 Thou that hast bathed thy leaf
 Deep in the shadowy past, and known strange things
 Of crumbled queens and kings ;
 Thou whose dead kindred, in years half forgot,
 Robed the grey battlements of proud Camelot !
 Through all thy fibre's intricate expanse
 Hast thou breathed sweet romance ;
 Ladies that long are dust thou hast beheld
 Through dreamy days of eld ;
 Watched in broad castle-courts the merry light
 Bathe gaudy banneret and resplendent knight.
 And thou hast seen, on ancient lordly lawns,
 The timorous dappled fawns ;
 Heard pensive pages with their suave lutes play
 Some low Provençal lay ;
 Marked beauteous dames through arrased chambers glide,
 With lazy and graceful stag-hounds at their side.
 And thou hast gazed on splendid cavalcades
 Of nobles, matrons, maids,
 Winding from castle gates on breezy morns,
 With golden peals of horns,
 In velvet and brocade, in plumes and silk,
 With falcons, and with palfreys white as milk.

Through convent-casements thou hast peered, and there
 Viewed the meek nun at prayer ;
 Seen, through rich panes dyed purple, gold and rose,
 Monks read old folios ;
 On abbey-walls heard wild laughs thrill thy vine
 When the fat tonsured priests quaffed ruby wine.
 O ivy, having lived in times like these,
 Here art thou ill at ease ;
 For thou art one with ages passed away,
 We are of yesterday ;
 Short retrospect, slight ancestry is ours,
 But thy dark leaves clothes history's haughty towers !

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

[Born in Queen's County, Ireland, 31st May 1847. Author of *Songs and Satires* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1887), from which volume the four last poems are taken by special permission.]

SIR HUGO'S CHOICE.

It is better to die, since death comes surely,
 In the full noontide of an honoured name,
 Than to lie at the end of years obscurely,
 A handful of dust in a shroud of shame.

.....
 Sir Hugo lived in the ages golden,
 Warder of Aisne and Picardy ;
 He lived and died, and his deeds are told in
 The Book immortal of Chivalrie :

How he won the love of a prince's daughter—
 A poor knight he with a stainless sword—
 Whereat Count Rolf, who had vainly sought her,
 Swore death should sit at the bridal board.

“ A braggart's threat, for a brave man's scorning !
 And Hugo laughed at his rival's ire,
 But couriers twain, on the bridal morning,
 To his castle gate came with tidings dire.

The first a-faint and with armour riven :
 "In peril sore have I left thy bride,—
 False Rolf waylaid us. For love and Heaven!
 Sir Hugo, quick to the rescue ride!"

Stout Hugo muttered a word unholy;
 He sprang to horse and he flashed his brand,
 But a hand was laid on his bridle slowly,
 And a herald spoke: "By the king's command,

"This to Picardy's trusty warder:—
 France calls first for his loyal sword,
 The Flemish spears are across the border,
 And all is lost if they win the ford."

Sir Hugo paused, and his face was ashen,
 His white lips trembled in silent prayer—
 God's pity soften the spirit's passion
 When the crucifixion of Love is there!

What need to tell of the message spoken?
 Of the hand that shook as he poised his lance?
 And the look that told of his brave heart broken,
 As he bade them follow, "For God and France!"

On Cambray's field next morn they found him,
 'Mid a mighty swath of foemen dead;
 Her snow-white scarf he had bound around him
 With his loyal blood was baptised red.

It is all writ down in the book of glory,
 On crimson pages of blood and strife,
 With scanty thought for the simple story
 Of duty dearer than love or life.

Only a note obscure, appended
 By warrior scribe or monk perchance,
 Saith: "The good knight's ladye was sore offended
 That he would not die for her but France."

Did the ladye live to lament her lover?
 Or did roystering Rolf prove a better mate?
 I have searched the records over and over,
 But nought discover to tell her fate.

And I read the moral—A brave endeavour
 To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,
 Is better than life with love for ever—
 And love is the sweetest thing on earth.

THE V-A-S-E.

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
 The maidens four and the Work of Art ;

And none might tell from sight alone—
 In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
 The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
 Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
 With an earnest soul and a capital A.

.

Long they worshipped ; but no one broke
 The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
 Who blushing said : " What a lovely vase ! "

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
 And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
 To crush the stranger with one small word :

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
 She cries : " 'Tis, indeed, a lovely vase ! "

But brief her unworthy triumph when
 The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
 Exclaims : " It is quite a lovely vase ! "

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

*Dies erit prægélida.
Sinistra quum Bostonia.*

ANDROMEDA.

THEY chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel
stone;

The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her for his
own;

The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there
alone.

Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,
Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy
pain;

The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the
main:

But lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again;
'Tis Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming
Across the western main.

O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy chain!

BABYLON.

HER robes are of purple and scarlet,
And the kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jewelled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations
 Of her golden cup of shame ;
 She has drugged and debauched the nations
 With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
 By the power of her wantonness,
 And her usurers are as leeches
 On the world's supreme distress.

She has scoured the seas as a spoiler ;
 Her mart is a robbers' den,
 With the wrested toil of the toiler,
 And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,
 Where the East and the West are one ;
 Her drums while the day is dying
 Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
 And the just with an iron rod ;
 She is drunk with the blood of the holy,--
 She shall drink of the wrath of God !

WALTER LEARNED.

[Born at New London, Connecticut, 22d June 1847. Author of *Between Times* (New York, F. A. Stokes & Co., 1890), with whose permission the poems quoted are given.]

ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A BOOK OF OLD PLAYS.

At Cato's Head in Russell Street
 These leaves she sat a-stitching ;
 I fancy she was trim and neat,
 Blue-eyed and quite bewitching.

Before her in the street below,
 All powder, ruffs, and laces,
 There strutted idle London beaux
 To ogle pretty faces ;

While, filling many a Sedan chair
 With hoop and monstrous feather,
 In patch and powder London's fair
 Went trooping past together.

Swift, Addison, and Pope, mayhap
 They sauntered slowly past her,
 Or printer's boy, with gown and cap
 For Steele, went trotting faster.

For beau nor wit had she a look,
 Nor lord nor lady minding ;
 She bent her head above this book,
 Attentive to her binding.

And one stray thread of golden hair,
 Caught on her nimble fingers,
 Was stitched within this volume, where
 Until to-day it lingers.

Past and forgotten, beaux and fair ;
 Wigs, powder, all out-dated ;
 A queer antique, the Sedan chair ;
 Pope, stiff and antiquated.

Yet as I turn these odd old plays,
 This single stray lock finding,
 I'm back in those forgotten days,
 And watch her at her binding.

MARJORIE'S KISSES.

MARJORIE laughs and climbs on my knee,
 And I kiss her and she kisses me,
 I kiss her, but I don't much care,
 Because, although she is charming and fair
 Marjorie's only three.

But there will come a time, I ween,
 When, if I tell her of this little scene,
 She will smile and prettily blush, and then
 I shall long in vain to kiss her again,
 When Marjorie's seventeen.

THE PRIME OF LIFE.

JUST as I thought I was growing old,
 Ready to sit in my easy chair,
 To watch the world with a heart grown cold,
 And smile at a folly I would not share,
 Rose came by with a smile for me,
 And I am thinking that forty year
 Isn't the age that it seems to be,
 When two pretty brown eyes are near.
 Bless me ! of life it is just the prime,
 A fact that I hope she will understand ;
 And forty year is a perfect rhyme
 To dark brown eyes and a pretty hand.
 These grey hairs are by chance, you see—
 Boys are sometimes grey, I am told :
 Rose came by with a smile for me,
 Just as I thought I was getting old.

EHEU! FUGACES.

SWEET sixteen is shy and cold,
 Calls me "sir," and thinks me old ;
 Hears in an embarrassed way
 All the compliments I pay ;
 Finds my homage quite a bore,
 Will not smile on me, and more
 To her taste she finds the noise
 And the chat of callow boys.
 Not the lines around my eye,
 Deepening as the years go by ;
 Not white hairs that strew my head,
 Nor my less elastic tread ;
 Cares I find, nor joys I miss,
 Make me feel my years like this ;—
 Sweet sixteen is shy and cold,
 Calls me "sir," and thinks me old

HENRY AUGUSTIN BEERS.

[Professor of English Literature, Yale College. Born at Buffalo, N. Y., 2d July 1847. Graduated at Yale College, 1869. Author of the following books:—*A Century of American Literature* ("Leisure Hour Series," Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1878); *Odds and Ends: Verses Humorous, Occasional and Miscellaneous* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1878); *Life of N. P. Willis* ("American Men of Letters Series," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1885); *Selections from the Prose Writings of N. P. Willis* (edited, with Introduction), Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1885); *The Thankless Muse*, verse (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1885); *An Outline Sketch of English Literature* (Phillips & Hunt, New York, 1886); *An Outline Sketch of American Literature* (Phillips & Hunt, New York, 1887). Professor Beers has also written numerous uncollected articles scattered through the principal Magazines, etc. The poems quoted come from *The Thankless Muse*, printed by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and are reprinted by kind permission of that firm.]

BEAVER POND MEADOW.

THOU art my Dismal Swamp, my Everglades :
 Thou my Campagna, where the bison wades
 Through shallow, steaming pools, and the sick air
 Decays. Thou my Serbonian Bog art, where
 O'er leagues of mud, black vomit of the Nile,
 Crawls in the sun the myriad crocodile.
 Or thou my Cambridge or my Lincoln fen
 Shalt be—a lonely land where stilted men
 Stalking across the surface waters go,
 Casting long shadows, and the creaking, slow
 Canal-barge, laden with its marshy hay,
 Disturbs the stagnant ditches twice a day.
 Thou hast *thy* crocodiles : on rotten logs
 Afloat, the turtles swarm and bask : the frogs,
 When come the pale, cold twilights of the spring,
 Like distant sleigh-bells through the meadows ring.
 The schoolboy comes on holidays to take
 The musk-rat in its hole, or kill the snake,
 Or fish for bull-heads in the pond at night.
 The hog-snout's swollen corpse, with belly white,

I find upon the footway through the sedge,
Trodden by tramps along the water's edge.

Not thine the breath of the salt marsh below,
Where, when the tide is out, the mowers go
Shearing the oozy plain, that reeks with brine
More tonic than the incense of the pine.
Thou art the sink of all uncleanness,
A drain for slaughter-pens, a wilderness
Of trenches, pockets, quagmires, bogs, where rank
The poison sumach grows, and in the tank
The water standeth ever black and deep,
Greened o'er with scum ; foul pottages, that steep
And brew in that dark broth, at night distil
Malarious fogs, bringing the fever chill.
Yet grislier horrors thy recesses hold :
The murdered pedlar's body, five days old,
Among the yellow-lily-pads, was found
In yonder pond : the new-born babe lay drowned
And throttled on the bottom of this moat,
Near where the negro hermit keeps his boat ;
Whose wigwam stands beside the swamp ; whose meals
It furnishes, fat pouts and mud-spawned eels.
Even so thou hast a kind of beauty, wild,
Unwholesome—thou the suburb's outcast child,
Behind whose grimy skin and matted hair
Warm nature works and makes her creature fair.
Summer has wrought a blue and silver border
Of iris flags and flowers in triple order
Of the white arrowhead round Beaver Fond,
And o'er the milkweeds in the swamp beyond
Tangled the dodder's amber-coloured threads.
In every fosse the bladderwort's bright heads
Like orange helmets on the surface show.
Richer surprises still thou hast : I know
The ways that to thy penetralia lead,
Where in black bogs the sundew's sticky bead
Ensnares young insects, and that rosy lass,
Sweet Arethusa, blushes in the grass.

Once on a Sunday, when the bells were still,
Following the path under the sandy hill,
Through the old orchard and across the plank
That bridges the dead stream, past many a rank
Of cat-tails, midway in the swamp I found
A small green mead of dry but spongy ground,
Entrenched about on every side with sluices
Full to the brim of thick lethean juices,
The filterings of the marsh. With line and hook,
Two little French boys from the trenches took
Frogs for their Sunday meal, and gathered messes
Of pungent salad from the water-cresses.
A little isle of foreign soil it seemed,
And listening to their outland talk, I dreamed
That yonder spire above the elm-tops calm
Rose from the village chestnuts of La Balme.

Yes, many a pretty secret hast thou shown
To me, O Beaver Pond, walking alone
On summer afternoons, while yet the swallow
Skimmed o'er each flaggy splash and gravelly shallow ;
Or when September turned the swamps to gold
And purple. But the year is growing old ;
The golden-rod is rusted, and the red
That streaked October's frosty cheek is dead ;
Only the sumach's garnet pompons make
Procession through the melancholy brake.
Lo ! even now the autumnal wind blows cool
Over the rippled waters of thy pool,
And red autumnal sunset colours brood
Where I alone and all too late intrude.

THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN.

WE sit before the curtain, and we heed the pleasant bustle ;
The ushers hastening up the aisles, the fans' and pro-
grammes' rustle ;

The boy that cries librettos, and the soft, incessant sound
Of talking and low laughter that buzzes all around.

How very old the drop-scene looks! A thousand times
before
I've seen that blue paint dashing on that red distemper
shore;
The castle and the *guazzo* sky, the very ilex-tree,—
They have been there a thousand years—a thousand
more shall be.

All our lives we have been waiting for that weary daub
to rise;
We have peeped behind its edges, "as if we were God's
spies;"
We have listened for the signal; yet still, as in our youth,
The coloured screen of matter hangs between us and the
truth.

When in my careless childhood I dwelt beside a wood,
I tired of the clearing where my father's cabin stood;
And of the wild young forest paths that coaxed me to
explore,
Then dwindled down, or led me back to where I stood
before.

But through the woods before our door a waggon track
went by,
Above whose utmost western edge there hung an open sky;
And there it seemed to make a plunge, or break off
suddenly,
As though beneath that open sky it met the open sea.

Oh, often have I fancied, in the sunset's dreamy glow,
That mine eyes had caught the welter of the ocean waves
below;
And the wind among the pine-tops, with its low and
ceaseless roar,
Was but an echo from the surf on that imagined shore.

Alas! as I grew older, I found that road led down
 To no more fair horizon than the squalid factory town;
 So all life's purple distances, when nearer them I came,
 Have played me still the same old cheat,—the same, the
 same, the same!

And when, O King, the heaven departeth as a scroll,
 Wilt thou once more the promise break thou madest to
 my soul?
 Shall I see thy feasting presence thronged with baron,
 knight, and page?
 Or will the curtain rise upon a dark and empty stage?

For lo, quick undulations across the canvas run;
 The foot-lights brighten suddenly, the orchestra has done;
 And through the expectant silence rings loud the
 prompter's bell;
 The curtain shakes,—it rises. Farewell, dull world,
 farewell!

HUGH LATIMER.

His lips amid the flame outsent
 A music strong and sweet,
 Like some unearthly instrument,
 That's played upon by heat.

As spice-wood tough, laid on the coal,
 Sets all its perfume free,
 The incense of his hardy soul,
 Rose up exceedingly.

To open that great flower, too cold
 Were sun and vernal rain;
 But fire has forced it to unfold,
 Nor will it shut again.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[Born at Groveland, New York, 1848. Author of *Thistledrift* (1887, New York, F. A. Stokes & Co.), and *Wood Blooms* (New York, 1888, F. A. Stokes & Co.), with whose kind permission the poems quoted below are given.]

WAITING.

THE fields fold in silence the ripened sheaves,
The bright moon breaks on the swinging leaves,
The dark's great daisies are blowing above,
O leap to my side, my Love, my Love!

You have said not a gem in the blue below,
But, on my neck, but would lose the glow;
You have said no bloom in the blue above
Is fit for my bosom, Love, my Love.

You have likened my song to the song of the bird,
My sigh to the tree's the night wind stirred:
Like the moan of the pine, of the lone wild dove,
My song, my sighing, to-night, my Love.

The fields fold in glory the golden sheaves,
The full moon silvers the swinging leaves:
As the white cloud waits for the wind above,
I'm waiting for you, my Love—my Love.

OUR MOTHER.

WHEN the first man stood forth in Paradise,
And the first woman came to grace her bowers,
The conscious garden glowed with thousand flowers,
With light—wild, laughing light, in thousand eyes
Of beauty. Lovelier than young morning lies
On hill-tops, hovered round the wondering hours;
And splendors richer than the red west showers
Fell wide on Eden, all glory and surprise.

And does Our Mother love us, now, the less,
 And why we fail her, does she understand?
 For him that comes with trust and tenderness,
 Eden still blossoms from her very sand:
 Some flower—believe it—blossoming but to bless,
 Will wait to wither in the last man's hand.

GREAT IS TO-DAY.

OUT in a world that's gone to weed!
 The great tall corn is still strong in his seed;
 Plant her breast with laughter, put song in your toil,
 The heart is still young in the mother soil:
 There's sunshine and bird-song, and red and white clover,
 And love lives yet, world under and over.

The light's white as ever, sow and believe,
 Clearer dews did not glisten round Adam and Eve,
 Never bluer heavens nor greener sod
 Since the round world rolled from the hand of God.
 There's a sun to go down, to come up again,
 There are new moons to fill when the old moons wane.

Is wisdom dead since Plato's no more,
 Who'll that babe be, in yon cottage door?
 While your Shakspeare, your Milton takes his place in
 the tomb

His brother is stirring in the good mother-womb:
 There's glancing of daisies and running of brooks,
 Ay, life enough left to write in the books.

The world's not all wisdom, nor poems, nor flowers,
 But each day has the same good twenty-four hours,
 The same light, the same night. For your Jacobs, no
 tears;

They see the Rachels at the end of the years:
 There's waving of wheat, and the tall strong corn
 And his heart blood is water that sitteth forlorn.

SNOWFLAKES.

FALLING all the night-time,
 Falling all the day,
 Silent into silence,
 From the far-away,—

Never came like glory
 To the April leas,
 Never summer blossoms
 Thick and white as these.

Falling all the night-time,
 Falling all the day,
 Stilly as the spirits
 Come from far-away,—

Snowflakes, wingèd snowflakes,
 Fancy, following, sees
 Souls of flowers flutt'ring
 Over winter leas.

SPRING SONG.

INVISIBLE hands from summer lands
 Have plucked the icicles one by one ;
 And sly little fingers, reached down from the sun,
 Lay hold on the tips of the grass in the sands.

And O, and O
 Where is the snow !
 The crow is calling,
 Showers are falling.

Up, up and out of your garments gray,
 Ho willow and weed, each secret seed ;
 The music of waters is heard in the mead,
 And surly old winter has hied him away !

And O, and O
 Where is the snow !
 The snake is crawling
 Showers are falling.

LOVES OF LEAVES AND GRASSES.

THE little leaves, ah me !
 Coquetting in the tree !
 Swaying in the sunny weather,
 Now, they steal together,
 Now, flutter free, as fain
 Never to kiss again.

Yon grass—there, too, I see
 Suspicious gallantry :
 Each spear unto his sweeting
 Whispers a secret greeting,
 Then primly, in the sun,
 Smiles over what he's done.

Sweet spring-time in the tree,
 In fields where grasses be !
 So perfect is his vesture,
 So pretty every gesture,
 I ween no leaf or blade
 But wins his dainty maid.

SONG OF THE GLOAMING.

THE toad has the road, the cricket sings,
 The heavy beetle spreads her wings :
 The bat is the rover,
 No bee on the clover,
 The day is over,
 And evening come.

The brake is awake, the grass aglow,
 The star above, the fly below :
 The bat is the rover,
 No bee on the clover,
 The day is over,
 And evening come.

The stream moves in dream, the low winds tune,
 'Tis vespers at the shrine of June :
 The bat is the rover,
 No bee on the clover,
 The day is over,
 And evening come.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

[Born at Fredericksvoern, Norway, 23d September 1848. Author of *Gunnar; A Norse Romance* (New York, 1874); *A Norseman's Pilgrimage* (1875); *Tales from Two Hemispheres* (Boston, 1876); *Falconberg* (1878); *Goethe and Schiller; their Lives and Works* (1878); *Ilka on the Hill-Top, and other Stories* (1881); *Queen Titania* (1882); *A Daughter of the Philistines* (Boston, 1884); *The Story of Norway* (1886); *The Light of Her Countenance* (1889); *Vagabond Tales* (1889); *Idylls of Norway* (1882). The poems given are from the last volume, and are published with the kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LOST HELLAS.

O FOR a breath of myrtle and of bay,
 And glints of sunny skies through dark leaves flashing
 And dimpling seas beneath a golden day,
 Against the strand with soft susurrus plashing !
 And fair nude youths, with shouts and laughter dashing
 Along the shining beach in martial play !
 And rearing 'gainst the sky their snowy portals,
 The temples of the glorious Immortals !

Thus oft thou risest, Hellas, from my soul—
 A vision of the happy vernal ages,
 When men first strove to read life's mystic scroll,
 But with the torch of joy lit up its pages ;
 When with untroubled front the cheerful sages
 Serenely wandered toward their shadowy goal,
 And praised the gods in dance of stately measure,
 And stooped to pluck the harmless bud of pleasure.

Out of the darkness of the primal night,
Like as a dewy Delos from the ocean,
Thy glory rose—a birthplace for the bright
Sun-god of thought. And freedom, high devotion,
And song, sprung from the fount of pure emotion,
Bloomed in the footsteps of the God of light,
And Night shrank back before the joyous pæan,
And flushed with morning rolled the blue Ægean.

Then on Olympus reigned a beauteous throng ;
The heaven's wide arch by wrathful Zeus was shaken ;
Fair Phœbus sped his radiant path along,
The darkling earth from happy sleep to waken ;
And wept when by the timorous nymph forsaken,
His passion breathing in complaining song ;
And kindled in the bard the sacred fire,
And lured sweet music from the silent lyre.

Then teemed the earth with creatures glad and fair ;
A calm, benignant god dwelt in each river,
And through the rippling stream a naiad's bare
White limbs would upward faintly flash and quiver.
Through prisoning bark the dryad's sigh would shiver,
Expiring softly on the languorous air ;
And strange low notes, that scarce the blunt sense seizes,
Were zephyr voices whispering in the breezes.

Chaste Artemis, who guides the lunar car,
The pale nocturnal vigils ever keeping,
Sped through the silent space from star to star,
And, blushing, stooped to kiss Endymion sleeping ;
And Psyche, on the lonely mountain weeping,
Was clasped to Eros' heart, and wandered far
To brave dread Cerberus and the Stygian water,
With that sweet, dauntless trust her love had taught her.

On Nature's ample, warmly throbbing breast,
Both god and man and beast reposed securely ;
And in one large embrace she closely pressed
All being's fullness, myriad-shaped but surely
The self same life ; she saw the soul rise purely

For ever upward in its groping quest
For nobler forms ; and knew in all creation
The same divinely passionate pulsation.

Thus rose the legends fair, which faintly light
The misty centuries with their pallid glimmer,
Of fauns who roam on Mount Cithairon's height,
Where through the leaves their sunburnt faces shimmer,
And in cool copses, where the day is dimmer,
You hear the trampling of their herded flight ;
And see the treetops wave their progress after,
And hear their shouts of wild, immortal laughter.

The vast and foaming life, the fierce desire
Which pulses hotly through the veins of Nature—
Creative rapture and the breath of fire
Which in exalting blight and slay the creature ;
The forces seething 'neath each placid feature
Of Nature's visage which our awe inspire
All glow and throb with fervid hope and gladness
In Dionysus and his sacred madness.

Each year the lovely god with vine-wreathed brow
In dreamy transport roves the young earth over ;
The faun that gaily swings the thyrsus bough,
The nymph chased hotly by her satyr lover,
The roguish Cupids 'mid the flowers that hover—
All join his clamorous train, and upward now
Sweep storms of voices through the heavens sonorous
With gusts of song and dithyrambic chorus.

But where great Nature guards her secret soul,
Where viewless fountains hum in sylvan closes,
There, leaned against a rugged oak-tree's bole,
Amid the rustling sedges, Pan reposes.
And round about the slumberous sunshine dozes,
While from his pastoral pipe rise sounds of dole ;
And through the stillness in the forest reigning,
One hears afar the shrill, sad notes complaining.

Thus, in the olden time, while yet the world
A vale of joy was, and a lovely wonder,
Men plucked the bud within its calyx curled,
Revered the still, sweet life that slept thereunder ;
They did not tear the delicate thing asunder
To see its beauty wantonly unfurled,
They sat at Nature's feet with awed emotion,
Like children listening to the mighty ocean.

And thus they nobly grew to perfect bloom,
With gaze unclouded, in serene endeavour,
No fever-vision from beyond the tomb
Broke o'er their bright and sunlit pathway ever,
For gently as a kiss came Death to sever
From spirit flesh, and to the realm of gloom
The pallid shades with fearless brow descended
To Hades, by the winged god attended.

Why sorrow, then—with vain petitions seek
The lofty gods in their abodes eternal ?
To live is pleasant, and to be a Greek ;
To see the earth in garments fresh and vernal,
To watch the fair youths in their sports diurnal,
To feel against your own a maid's warm cheek,
To see from sculptured shrines the smoke ascending,
And with the clouds and ether vaguely blending.

And sweet it is to hear the noble tongue,
Pure Attic Greek with soft precision spoken !
And ah ! to hear its liquid music flung,
In rocking chords and melodies unbroken,
From Homer's stormy harp—the deathless token
That Hellas' Titan soul is strong and young—
Young as the spring that's past, whose name assuages
The gloom and sorrow of the sunless ages.

Her fanes are shattered, and her bards are dead,
But, like a flame from ruins, leaps her glory
Up from her sacred dust its rays to shed
On alien skies of art and song and story,
Her spirit rising from her temples hoary



Through barren climes dispersed, has northward fled ;
 As, though the flower be dead, its breath may hover,
 A homeless fragrance, sweet, the meadows over.

EVOLUTION.

I.

BROAD were the bases of all being laid,
 On pillars sunk in the unfathomed deep
 Of universal void and primal sleep.
 Some mighty will, in sooth, there was that swayed
 The misty atoms which inhabited
 The barren, unillumined fields of space ;
 A breath, perchance, that whirled the mists apace,
 And shook the heavy indolence that weighed
 Upon the moveless vapours. Oh, what vast,
 Resounding undulations of effect
 Awoke that breath ! What dizzying æons passed
 Ere yet a lichen patch the bare rock flecked !
 Thus rolls with boom of elemental strife
 The ancestry e'en of the meanest life.

II.

I am the child of earth and air and sea !
 My lullaby by hoarse Silurian storms
 Was chanted, and through endless changing forms
 Of plant and bird and beast unceasingly
 The toiling ages wrought to fashion me.
 Lo these large ancestors have left a breath
 Of their strong souls in mine, defying death
 And doom. I grow and blossom as the tree,
 And ever feel deep-delving earthly roots
 Bending me daily to the common clay ;
 But with its airy impulse upward shoots
 My life into the realms of light and day :
 And thou, O sea, stern mother of my soul,
 Thy tempests sing in me, thy billows roll.

III.

A sacred kinship I would not forego
 Binds me to all that breathes ; through endless strife
 The calm and deathless dignity of life
 Unites each bleeding victim to its foe.
 What life is in its essence, who doth know ?
 The iron chain that all creation girds,
 Encompassing myself and beasts and birds,
 Forges its bond unceasing from below,—
 From water, stone, and plant, e'en unto man.
 Within the rose a pulse that answered mine
 (Though hushed and silently its life-tide ran)
 I oft have felt ; but when with joy divine
 I hear the song-thrush warbling in my brain
 Is glory in this vast creation's chain.

IV.

I stood and gazed with wonder blent with awe
 Upon the giant footprints Nature left
 Of her primeval march in yonder cleft :
 A fern-leaf's airy woof, a reptile's claw,
 In their eternal slumber there I saw
 In deftly-wrought sarcophagi of stone.
 What humid tempests, from rank forests blown,
 Whirled from its parent stem yon slender straw ?
 What scaly creature of a monstrous breed
 Bore yonder web-foot through the tepid tide ?
 Oh, what wide vistas thronged with mighty deed
 And mightier thought have here mine eyes descried !
 Come, a fraternal grasp, thou hand of stone !
 That flesh that once was thine is now mine own.

V.

Sublime is life, though in beginnings base
 At first enkindled. In this clod of mold
 Beats with faint spirit-pulse the heart of gold
 That warms the lily's cheek ; its silent grace

Dwells unborn 'neath this sod. Fain would I trace
 The potent mystery which, like Midas' hand,
 Thrills the mean clay into refulgence grand ;
 For, gazing down the misty aisles of space
 And time, upon my sight vast visions throng
 Of the imperial destiny of man.
 The life that throbbed in plant and beast ere long
 Will break still wider orbits in its van,—
 A race of peace-robed conquerors and kings,
 Achieving evermore diviner things.

CHARLES DE KAY.

[Born at Washington, District of Columbia, 1848. Author of *Hesperus* (New York, 1880, Charles Scribner's Sons); *The Vision of Nimrod* (New York, 1881, D. Appleton & Co.); *The Vision of Esther* (New York, 1882, D. Appleton & Co.); *The Love Poems of Louis Barnaval* (New York, 1883, D. Appleton & Co.). The two last poems are from the last of these volumes, the others from the first ; and they are given by special permission.]

ARCANA SYLVARUM.

HARK! . . .
 What booming
 Faints on the high-strung ear?
 Through the damp woods (so dark
 No flowers are blooming)
 I hear, I hear
 The twang of harps, the leap
 Of hairy feet, and know the revel's ripe,
 While, like a coral stripe,
 The lizard cool doth creep,
 Monster, but monarch there, up the pale Indian Pipe.

Hush! . . .
 Your panting
 Will scare them from their game.
 Let not a foot-fall crush
 Their rites enchanting!
 The deadwood's flame,

Bellies of murdered fire-flies
 And glimmering moonstones thick with treasured rays
 Shall help our round-eyed gaze
 Antics unholy to surprise
 Which the ungodly crew round the red lizard plays.

Now ! . . .
 No breathing
 To spoil the heathenish dance !
 Lest from each pendent bough
 Poison be seething,
 A hair-fine lance
 Pierce to our brain and slowly slay.
 But look your breathless fill, and mark them swing,
 Man and maid a-capering,
 Ugly, fair, morosely gay,
 Round the red lizard smooth, crowned for their wicked
 king.

Back ! . . .
 Inhuman
 Are gestures, laughs and jeers.
 Off, ere we lose the track !
 Nor man nor woman
 May stand your leers,
 Shameless and loose, uncovered creatures !
 Quick, lest we join their orgies in the dark !
 Back ! for the madness stark
 Is crawling through our nature
 To touch the red lizard vile, spread on the damp white
 bark.

INVOCATION.

SCENT of the rose ! . . .
 Breath of the new-ploughed field and verdurous sigh
 From copses budding ! . . .
 Myrrhs that the chafing boughs

Of aromatic pine-trees cause to fly
 O'er coily fern-tops, studding
 The layers damp of fronds that heap in long wind-rifted
 rows . . .

Bloom of the quince
 So firm and ruddy and tender to foretell
 Crisp fruit and solid! . . .
 Heart of the forest prince
 Of odour nuttier than the sandal smell! . . .
 And all ye marshes squalid
 Whose fog a savoury saltness pricks, whose veins the clear
 tides rinse . . .

Hair of the night
 Black where the stars glimmer in sparks of gold
 Through tresses fragrant . . .
 Breeze that in smooth cool flight
 Trails a strange heat across the listening wold . . .
 Breast of the coy and vagrant
 Uncertain spring, beneath whose cold glows the great
 heart of light . . .

Clouds of the blue,
 Crowned by the sun and torn by lightning-jag . . .
 And joyous sparkles
 In seas and drops of dew . . .
 Ye smiles and frowns that alter where the crag
 Glitters and darkles! . . .
 Hear me, ye blissful, that alone see why I call on you!

ULF IN IRELAND.

(A.D. 790.)

WHAT then, what if my lips do burn,
 Husband, husband;
 What though thou see'st my red lips burn
 Why look'st thou with a look so stern,
 Husband?

It was the keen wind through the reed,
 Husband, husband :
 'Twas wind made sharp with sword-edge reed
 That made my tender lips to bleed,
 Husband.

*And hath the wind a human tooth,
 Woman, woman ?
 Can light wind mark like human tooth
 A shameful scar of love uncouth,
 Woman ?*

What horror lurks within your eyes,
 Husband, husband ?
 What lurking horror strains your eyes,
 What black thoughts from your heart arise,
 Husband ?

*Who stood beside you at the gate,
 Woman, woman ?
 Who stood so near you by the gate
 No moon your shapes could separate,
 Woman ?*

So God me save, 'twas I alone,
 Husband, husband !
 So Christ me save, 'twas I alone
 Stood listening to the ocean moan,
 Husband !

*Then hast thou four feet at the least,
 Woman, woman !
 Thy Christ hath lent thee four at least,
 Oh, viler than four-footed beast,
 Woman !*

A heathen witch hath thee unmanned,
 Husband, husband !
 A foul witchcraft, alas, unmanned :
 Thou saw'st some old tracks down the sand,
 Husband !

*Yet were they tracks that went not far,
 Woman, woman ;
 Those ancient foot-marks went not far,
 Or else you search the harbour bar,
 Woman.*

*It is not yours alone that bleed,
 Woman, woman ;
 Smooth lips not yours may also bleed,
 Your wound has been avenged with speed,
 Woman !*

What talk you so of bar and wound,
 Husband, husband ?
 What ghastly sign of sudden wound
 And kinsman smitten to the ground,
 Husband ?

*I saw your blood upon his cheek,
 Woman, woman ;
 The moon had marked his treacherous cheek,
 I marked his heart beside the creek,
 Woman !*

What, have you crushed the only flower,
 Husband, husband !
 Among our weeds the only flower ?
 Henceforward get you from my bower,
 Husband !

I love you not ; I loved but him,
 Husband, husband ;
 In all the world I loved but him ;
 Not hell my love for Brenn shall dim,
 Husband !

He's caught her by her jet-black hair ;
 Sorrow, sorrow !
 He's bent her head back by the hair
 Till all her throbbing throat lies bare—
 Sorrow !

*You knew me fiercer than the wolf,
 Woman, woman ;
 You knew I well am named the wolf ;
 I shall both you and him engulf,
 Woman.*

*Yet I to you was always kind,
 Woman, woman ;
 To serpents only fools are kind ;
 Yet still with love of you I'm blind,
 Woman.*

*I'll look no more upon your face,
 Woman, woman ;
 These eyes shall never read your face,
 For you shall die in this small space,
 Woman !*

He's laid his mouth below her chin,
 Horror !
 That throat he kissed below the chin
 No breath thereafter entered in :
 Horror, horror !

SURRENDER.

THERE lies a bliss just in the lion's jaws
 Ere yet his fangs crush to the very bone,
 The while his dread broad soft unswerving paws
 Rest on a victim without cry or moan,
 But keenly wakeful to his great warm mouth,
 His yellow eyes, lovely, yet void of routh,
 The cloudy mane his awful shoulders wreathing,
 His deep low breathing.

And there's a hatred for the being, too,
 That drags a wounded life among his kin ;
 An instinct vile the helpless to undo
 And lick the creature dust of those that win.

As though 'twere needful to be baser yet
 A longing sometimes will the bosom fret,
 While garlands fresh the haughtiest heads are crowning
 To drown the drowning.

There's a strange luxury in being undone
 Crushed flat, brayed fine, wiped out and all destroyed,
 A mighty joy to meet that glorious one
 Whose power is boundless as the unsounded void,
 To feel a force that plays with you a while,
 Takes your best life's blood for his lawful spoil
 Till, fed superb by you, the careless render
 Stalks on in splendour.

Have you not felt it, that wild thrill of joy—
 Such joy perchance as the sad Hindoo feels
 When priests drag forth their grim and giant toy
 And o'er his neck crunch the slow turning wheels?
 Women, ye know what the sweet anguish is
 In being o'erthrown, what though the giver of bliss
 Be god or lion, ah, or manlike demon—
 Speak, O ye women!

THE TORNADO.

WHOSE eye has marked his gendering? On his throne
 He dwells apart in roofless caves of air,
 Born of the stagnant, blown of the glassy heat
 O'er the still mere Sargasso. When the world
 Has fallen voluptuous, and the isles are grown
 So bold they cry, God sees not!—as a rare
 Sunflashing iceberg towers on high, and fleet
 As air-ships rise, by upward currents whirled,
 Even so the bane of lustful islanders
 Wings him aloft. And scarce a pinion stirs.
 There gathering hues, he stoopeth down again,
 Down from the vault. Locks of the gold-tipped cloud
 Fly o'er his head; his eyes, Saint Elmo flames;
 His mouth, a surf on a red coral reef.

Embroidered is his cloak of dark blue stain
With lightning jags. Upon his pathway crowd
Dull Shudder, wan-faced Quaking, Ghastly-dreams.
And after these, in order near their chief,
Start, Tremor, Faint-heart, Panic and Affray,
Horror with blanching eyes, and limp Dismay

Unroll a grey-green carpet him before
Swathed in thick foam : thereon adventuring, bark
Need never hope to live ; that yeasty pile
Bears her no longer ; to the mast-head plunged
She writhes and groans, careens, and is no more.
Now, prickt by fear, the man-devourer shark,
Gale-breasting gull and whale that dreams no guile
Till the sharp steel quite to the life has lunged,
Before his pitiless, onward-hurling form
Hurry toward land for shelter from the storm.

In vain. Tornado and his pursuivants,
Whirlwind of giant bulk, and Water-spout,—
The gruesome, tortuous devil-fish of rain—
O'ertake them on the shoals and leave them dead.
Doomsday has come. Now men in speechless trance
Glower unmoved upon the hideous rout,
Or, shrieking, fly to holes, or yet complain
One moment to that lordly face of dread
Before he quits the mountain of his wave
And strews for all impartially their grave.

And as in court-yard corners on the wind
Sweep the loose straws, houses and stately trees
Whirl in a vortex. His unswerving tread
Winnows the isle bare as a thresher's floor.
His eyes are fixed ; he looks not once behind,
But at his back fall silence and the breeze.
Scarce is he come, the lovely wraith is sped.
Ashamed the lightning shuts its purple door,
And heaven still knows the robes of gold and dun,
While placid Ruin gently greets the sun.

SERENADE.

WHEN on the pane your face you press
 The twin lights gazing toward the shore
 Are my two eyes for evermore.
 Behold and weigh their dumb distress :
 Against that one sweet fleeting sight
 They bide them constant all the night.

The grey gull blown from out the sea
 That gains swift-wing'd your purple shore
 When far out grievous tempests roar
 Is my embodied thought of thee.
 My world, so dry with hopeless drouth,
 Grows fresh at thought of one red mouth.

The wild-rose reaching forth a hand
 To grasp your robe on bridle path
 Be sacred from your gentle wrath,
 It is my longing fills the land.
 The grasses on each favoured sod
 Bow down to kiss where you have trod.

The winds that in the chimney blow
 Are babbled words of tenderness,
 And tributes to your loveliness
 The red leaves falling from the bough.
 In love so wide and yet so rare
 Each thing of nature asks a share.

 FROM "BARNAVAL."

Ask of voices in the twilight
 And of waves along the shore,
 Ask of pine-trees when they murmur
 Sound that's music to the core—
 Peradventure they can tell
 Ill or well

Ask the sunset o'er the mountain
And the white cloud and the brown,
Ask the larches in the gloaming
If delight may wear a frown—
For there lurks in sylvan dell
Many a spell

Ask the woods ablaze at midnight
And the northern wildfire dance,
Ask the red moon o'er the ocean
For a flame that haunts a glance—
Marvels greater oft befell
Monk in cell

Ask the lines of lapsing water
And the cypress in the wind,
Ask the lovely curves of islands
For a grace that heals the blind—
Caught in whorls of little shells
Beauty dwells

Ask of thrushes brown of pinion
And the day-fly's velvet wing,
Ask the golden heart of pansies
For the daintiest living thing—
Bees have tolled when branches swell
Winter's knell

Ask. And if all nature loves you,
Melodies, and clouds, and moon,
Forms of beauty, woodland perfumes,
Each and all shall serve as rune
Whence the maiden's name to spell
I love well.

FROM "BARNAVAL."

YELLOW and amber-hued, pink-white, gold-red
 Roses for one pulled who at last came not,
 Roses, your perfumes to the dustiest spot,
 Each cobweb of my attic now are sped,
 And soothe me with a fond reproach when all complaints
 are said.

Droop the head, beauties, oh, and rain your leaves
 Along the bare and sunrift powdered floor!
 Though death be nigh, could ye have blossomed
 more?

Did ye not waste beneath my humble eaves
 As much, to you as all the West's innumerable sheaves?

Generous, celestial, rainbow-tinctured souls,
 Too great to murmur at your slender fate,
 Would you were fixed in firm and gorgeous state
 On convent walls where daily upward rolls
 To heaven in incense for that queen whose meekness
 heaven controls!

Roses, I am so lonely in the waste!
 And ye too pass, and sunsets flit and fade;
 The birds are going; music dies while made
 And every noble thing away must haste:
 I linger here and think on one henceforth forlorn,
 disgraced.

Why should man seem so noble—and not be?
 Why from his heart shed forth a perfume rare
 That only seems to embalm the troubled air?
 Why talk so true, why be so fair to see,
 Why wrap about him snake-skin robes rank with
 hypocrisy?

Roses, farewell! I could not keep you here
 To linger longer in a tradesman's world;
 In vain to those your wonders are unfurled
 Who hold the high thing cheap, the base thing dear.
 The cry is gold! your priceless charms will only raise
 a sneer.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

[Born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, 1850, but resides in Frankfort, Kentucky. Author of *Life and Love*, published in New York, by Cassell & Company, with whose kind permission the poems given are quoted.]

LIFE AND LOVE.

ONCE, in the long ago, when Life and Love
Walked ever, hand in hand :
They came to Earth, from some fair realm above,
And wandered through the land.

Much did they find whereon their art to try,
For then the world was new ;
They shook the sunbeams from the blended sky,
And steeped the ground with dew.

Upon the fields the emerald turf they spread,
And clad the hills in green ;
They laid the meadows in the vales, and led
The glittering streams between.

Life lifted up the flowers throughout the land,
By woodland, slope and fen ;
Love stooped and touched them with her glowing hand,
And they have bloomed since then.

Life taught the birds to build within the brake,
And clothed each fledgling's wing ;
Love lifted up her voice, but once, to wake
The songs which now they sing.

Thus ever hand in hand they journeyed on
From sea to sun-lit sea :
Their garments had the freshness of the dawn
That wakes the flowering lea.

And journeying thus, at length they found a child,
New-risen from the sod ;
Life frowned, and said, "He is a beast"; Love smiled
And said, "He is a god."

Thus were their hands disjoined, and from the ground
 Betwixt these twain, arose
A dark and shadowed figure—sorrow-crowned,
 And draped in sable woes.

Because that Nature's tenderest demands
 Did seem of little worth—
From henceforth, Life and Love their parted hands
 Shall join no more on earth.

For this, the flowers shall haste to fail and fade,
 The wood and field turn sere ;
And all the songsters of the summer glade
 Fly with the changing year.

Life lifted up the Child, and gave him breath,
 And he did walk between—
Love on the right—Life on the left—and Death
 Did follow, all unseen.

“What wilt thou give,” saith Life, “and I will show
 Thine eyes the path of fame,
And lead thee, so that after years shall know
 And wonder at thy name?”

“All,” said the Child, “that Fate shall bring to me,
 And all that Fame can give
To heart and mind, all, will I give to thee,
 If I shall always live.”

But Love bent low and gently laid his head
 Against her broad, white breast—
“What wilt thou give to me?” she softly said,
 “ And I will give thee rest.”

“Alas!” he answered. “I am now bereft,
 Of all I might control.
One gift remains—myself alone, am left,
 To thee I give my soul!”

Then Love put sandals on his naked feet,
 And, in her tender care,
Wove him a brodered garment—soft and sweet—
 Such as a god might wear.

She girt his body with the golden zone
Loosed from her own warm breast,
And on his lips the imprint of her own
She passionately pressed.
And in his heart she lit the deathless fire
Which rests not, night nor day ;
But still doth turn the soul, with fond desire,
To beauty's path, alway.
So they did journey, and the land was fair,
Each new-born day did seem
Hope's inspiration, as when morning air
Breathes from a woodland stream.
But Life began to weary of the way—
Such fickle heart hath she—
And though Love urged with tears, she would not stay,
But shook her fair hand free.
Then Death came swiftly up, in silent might,
With arms outstretched and cold ;
And bare the child back to the land of Night,
To mingle mould with mould.
But Love still journeyed on from scene to scene,
Sought still some land of rest ;
And ever by her side a soul did lean,
Close to her faithful breast.
Long ages have rolled by, Earth's children find
Life false and fickle still ;
Her promises are fair, but she, unkind,
Forsakes them all at will.
The path is sweet and blooming, still the same
As in that ancient day ;
And sable Death still follows hard to claim
The soul-forsaken clay.
And still she lives, whose dear, divine control
Nor Life, nor Death, can sever ;
And journeying still, the unimprisoned soul
Goeth on with Love for ever.

MY LADY SLEEPS.

Ah, happy-hearted bird,
 Full-throated minstrel, shaking all the air
 With golden ripples of thy passion pleading ;
 I tell thee true, my lady is not heeding ;
 She lies asleep, within her window there ;
 Good sooth—thou art not heard.
 Thou living memory of her kindly care,
 The small white hand, which once had gifts to share,
 Will never hold forth morsels for thy feeding
 In sad hereafter days ;
 Nor pluck the roses by her lattice creeping.
 So slow the curtain sways,
 Not strange it seemeth now, she should be sleeping ;
 So soft the sweet air strays,
 So fair she lies.
 And in her room the silences are keeping
 A watch upon her eyes,
 And with forgetful balm their light-lids steeping.
 Lest she should wake and rise,
 The roses she last gathered now are weeping
 Upon my lady's breast ;
 Close to the foam-like laces of her gown
 Their silent lips are pressed,
 And drops of dew, like fragrant tears, slip down
 Between the moveless snowy billows there
 Which heave no more, for rapture, nor despair.
 Nor storm nor sunshine, rain, nor falling dew,
 Nor stirring leaves, nor voice of friend or foe,
 Nor surge of all the worlds shall enter through
 The stillness guarding now that slumberer fair ;
 Whose heart knows now no guest,
 Nor any ray nor shadow, weal nor woe.
 Cease, cease thy song, sweet bird, far hence, fly thou ;
 Where Nature keeps
 June-day revel, in fair fields new drest,
 Thy mate awaits thee there ;

There summer spreads her dappled robes anew,
 There bends the snowy crest,
 The pliant elder, where the sweet winds blow ;
 There hangs thy nest
 Amidst the leafage, on some swaying bough ;
 There happy thou, love-blest,
 May'st soon forget :—farewell—she marks not now :
 Thou canst not break the calm which wraps her brow ;
 My lady sleeps,
 At rest ! At rest ! At rest !

 EUGENE FIELD.

[Born in St Louis, Missouri, 2d September 1850, but resides at Chicago. Author of *A Model Primer* (Denver Tribune Pub. Co., 1882); *Culture's Garland* (Tricknor & Co., Boston, 1887); *A Little Book of Western Verse* (Scribner's Sons, New York, 1890); and *A Little Book of Profitable Tales* (Scribner's Sons, New York, 1890).]

OUR TWO OPINIONS.

Us two wuz boys when we fell out—
 Nigh to the age uv my youngest now ;
 Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
 Some small diff'rence, I'll allow.
 Lived next neighbours twenty years,
 A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him !
 Grew up together, 'nd wouldn't speak,
 Courted sisters, and marr'd 'em, too
 'Tended same meetin' house oncet a week,
 A-hatin' each other, through 'nd through.
 But when Abe Linkern asked the West
 F'r soldiers, we answered—me 'nd Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him !

Down in Tennessee one night
 Ther was sound uv firin' fur away,
 'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
 With the Johnnie Rebs some time next day;
 'Nd as I was thinkin' of Lizzie 'nd home,
 Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him !

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
 Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
 Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
 But never a word from me or Jim !
 He went his way 'nd I went mine,
 'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
 I havin' my opinyin uv Jim
 'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me !

Jim never come back from the War again,
 But I haint forgot that last, last night
 When, waitin' f'r orders, us two men
 Made up and shuck hands, afore the fight ;
 'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
 That here I be, 'nd yonder's Jim—
 He havin' his opinyin uv me
 'Nd I havin' my opinion uv him !

LULLABIES.

LULLABY.

FAIR is the castle up on the hill—
 Hushaby, sweet my own !
 The night is fair and the waves are still,
 And the wind is singing to you and me
 In this lowly home beside the sea—
 Hushaby, sweet my own !

On yonder hill is store of wealth—

Hushaby, sweet my own !

And revellers drink to a little one's health ;

But you and I bide night and day

For the other love that has sailed away—

Hushaby, sweet my own !

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep

Ghostlike, O my own !

Out of the mists of the murmuring deep ;

Oh, see them not and make no cry

'Til the angels of death have passed us by—

Hushaby, sweet my own !

Ah, little they reck of you and me—

Hushaby, sweet my own !

In our lonely home beside the sea ;

They seek the castle up on the hill,

And there they will do their ghostly will—

Hushaby, O my own !

Here by the sea, a mother croons

“ Hushaby, sweet my own ; ”

In yonder castle a mother swoons

While the angels go down to the misty deep,

Bearing a little one fast asleep—

Hushaby, sweet my own !

A DUTCH LULLABY.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

Sailed on a river of misty light

Into a sea of dew.

“ Where are you going, and what do you wish ? ”

The old moon asked the three.

“ We have to come to fish for the herring-fish

That live in this beautiful sea ;

Nets of silver and gold have we,”

Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song
 As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
 And the wind that sped them all night long
 Ruffled the waves of dew ;
 The little stars were the herring-fish
 That lived in that beautiful sea ;
 "Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
 But never afeard are we"—
 So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
 For the fish in the twinkling foam.
 Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
 Bringing the fishermen home.
 'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
 As if it could not be ;
 And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
 Of sailing that beautiful sea.
 But I shall name you the fishermen three :
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,
 And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed ;
 So shut your eyes while mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be.
 And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock in the misty sea
 Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

NORSE LULLABY.

THE sky is dark and the hills are white
 As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night,
 And this is the song the storm-king sings,
 As over the world his cloak he flings :

“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep ;”

He rustles his wings and gruffly sings :

“Sleep, little one, sleep.”

On yonder mountain side a vine
 Clings at the foot of a mother pine ;
 The tree bends over the trembling thing
 And only the vine can hear her sing :

“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep—

What shall you fear when I am here ?

Sleep, little one, sleep.”

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
 The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
 But the little snowflake at my breast
 Liketh the song I sing the best—

“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep ;

Weary thou art, anext my heart

Sleep, little one, sleep.”

 GEORGE WASHINGTON WRIGHT HOUGHTON.

[Born 12th August 1850, at Cambridge, Mass. Author of *Christmas Booklet* (1872); *Songs from Over the Sea* (1874); *Album Leaves* (1877); *Drift from York Harbor* (1879); *Legend of St Olaf's Kirk* (1880); and *Niagara, and other Poems* (1882). The poems given are quoted with the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

THERE have been nobler days, my friends,
 And ruddier skies than ours,
 When men wrought deeds, but God the ends,
 And faiths grew into powers.

There have been loftier stations too,
 When youths were souls of men,
 Because they had great deeds to do,—
 Greatness was goodness then.

And prouder destinies have been,
 When truth was saved from harm,
 Smitten, the miracles of sin
 By man's God-muscled arm.

Yet epochs, stations, destinies
 Are not mere births of time ;
 Sublimely do what in us lies :
 This is to be sublime !

THE HANDSEL RING.

“ HERE, O lily-white lady mine,
 Here by thy warrior-sire's own shrine,
 Handsel I thee by this golden sign,
 This sunshiny thing.”
 Weeping she reached her hand so slim,
 Smiled, though her eyes were wet and dim,
 Saying : “ I swear, by Heaven, by him,
 And by this handsel ring ! ”

But as she bended her eyes abashed,
 Out of his fingers the jewel flashed ;
 On the grey flags of the kirk it clashed,
 That treacherous thing ;
 Clashed, and bounded, and circled, and sped,
 Till through a crevice it flamed and fled,—
 Down in the tomb of the knightly dead
 Darted the handsel ring.

“ Matters not, darling ! Ere day be o'er,
 Goldsmiths shall forge for thy hands a score ;
 Let not thy heart be harried and sore
 For a little thing ! ”

“Nay! but behold what broodeth there!
See the cold sheen of his silvery hair!
Look how his eyeballs roll and stare,
Seeking thy handsel ring!”

“I see nothing, my precious, my own!
'Tis a black vision that sorrow hath sown;
Haste, let us hence, for dark it hath grown;
And moths are on wing.”

“Nay, but his shrunken fist, behold,
Looses his lance-hilt and scatters the mold!
What is that his long fingers hold?
Christ! 'tis our handsel ring!”

And when the bridegroom bends over her,
Neither the lips nor the eyelids stir;
Naught to her now but music and myrrh,—
Needless his handsel ring.

Introduction to “Legend of St Olaf’s Kirk.”

THE HARP.

THEREBY it came
That Friar Knut, the tutor of the Prince,
Was bidden to teach its chords; and week by week
With lessening weariness and growing love
Her deft hands learned to chase the melody
From string to string through mazy harmonies;
Until the instrument, jealous at first
And obstinate, became a willing slave,
Seemed part of her, and Valborg and her harp
Were mouthpiece of the household.

From “Legend of St Olaf’s Kirk.”

THE SONG.

MELODIOUS began
The prelude, rich with changing symphonies,
Sending the world far spinning into space,

And lifting the rapt listener to a realm
 Of peace and restfulness. Then 'bove the strings
 Arose her voice, first like a far-off sigh,
 Betokening love's beginnings, wordless still;
 Now gaining confidence, and, flushed with hope,
 Climbing to higher, ever-gladdening strains;
 Till, buried by the deepening chords, the voice
 Was lost and all the melody confused.
 There seemed vague wanderings without a goal,
 Beating of wings without the power of flight,
 A seeking for some unknown, needful thing,
 A sweeping of the strings to find one note
 That ever, as she followed it, took flight;
 And when at last it hovered within grasp,
 And voice and harp arose in unison
 To snare the perfect ending—with a twang
 The string brake off, and with a timorous cry
 The note escaped and the unfinished song
 Clashed into dissonance.

Ibid.

G O N E !

WITH desolate steps
 She left the bellman and crept down the stairs;
 Heard all the air re-echoing: "He is gone!"
 Felt a great sob behind her lips, and tears
 Flooding the sluices of her eyes; turned toward
 The empty town, and for the first time saw
 That Nidaros was small and irksome, felt
 First time her tether galling; and, by heaven!
 Wished she'd been born a man-child, free to fare
 Unhindered through the world's wide pastures, free
 To stand this hour by Axel, as his squire,
 And with him brave the sea-breeze. Aimlessly
 She sought the scattered gold-threads that had formed
 Life's glowing texture; but how dull they seemed!
 How bootless the long waste of lagging weeks,
 With dull do-over of mean drudgeries,

And miserable cheer of pitying mouths
 Whistling and whipping through small round of change
 Their cowering pack of saw and circumstance !
 How slow the crutches of the limping years !

Ibid.

TAPESTRIES.

By giddy stairway led,
 He sought his chamber, whose rich tapestries
 Stiff with embroidery of silk and gold
 Conquered the darkness, making night alive
 With courtly peacocks, pecking from the grass
 Topaz and pearl and sheeny amethyst,
 White estridges with wind beneath their wings,
 Lithe tigers lapped in sunshine tropical,
 And palm-trees blotting, by their taper stems
 And leafy mass, a heaven of sunset fires.
 But the bright fervour of the figures blurred,
 As though they flickered 'neath a breathing wind,
 Swaying the cloths.

Ibid.

ARLO BATES.

[Born 16th December 1850, East Machias, Maine, U.S.A. Graduated 1876, Bowdoin College. Author of *Patty's Perversities* (Osgood & Co., 1881); *Mr Jacobs* (W. B. Clarke & Co., 1883); *The Pagans* (Henry Holt & Co., 1884); *A Wheel of Fire* (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1885); *Berries of the Briar*, poems (Roberts Brothers, 1886); *Sonnets in Shadow*, poems (Roberts Brothers, 1887); *A Lad's Love* (Roberts Brothers, 1887); *The Philistines* (Ticknor & Co., 1888); *Prince Vance* [with Eleanor Putnum] (Roberts Brothers, 1888); *Albrecht* (Roberts Brothers, 1889). The poems quoted are published with the kind permission of Roberts Brothers.]

TO MY INFANT SON.

IN what far land you dwelt before you came
 To this our earth, truly I cannot tell ;
 But much I fear you hold yourself to blame
 When you reflect, and doubt if you did well

To make the change. What wild caprice did move
 you
 On quest so rash as changing worlds to prove you ?

Much of that world I wonder, while I try
 Still to discover in your speech or mien
 Some clue its place or sort may signify.
 I surely something of that land unseen
 May gather if I do but watch you shrewdly,
 Although, perchance, I form my guesses crudely.

It must a region be of sweetest clime
 And wholesome air that one so fair has bred ;
 It much misheartens me that this world's grime
 Your milk-white soul should smirch ere all be said.
 Brought you no amulet or magic token
 By which all spells of evil may be broken ?

That you were wise with wisdom of that land
 Your canny knowingness full well doth show ;
 Though some strange vow I cannot understand
 Has sealed your lips from telling what you know.
 No hint can I beguile from your discretion
 To give me of its lore the least impression.

I am assured by your right regal air
 You were a prince therein, of sway supreme ;
 Sooth, it behooves me speak Your Highness fair
 Against the day you shall your crown redeem !
 I pray consider, if at times I thwart you,
 'Tis but that useful lessons may be taught you.

Belike from your superior heights you deem
 Much that I count of weight but little worth ;
 To you, no doubt, as idle fardels seem
 The things men strive for in this gurdy earth.
 But do not by your former standards measure ;
 These are the best we know of worth or pleasure.

Had we the wisdom renders you so wise,
 We too, mayhap, would all these trifles scorn ;
 Would hold earth's honours as the emptiest lies,
 Its gains as windle-straws trampled forlorn.
 Yet, certes, we already hold them lightly ;
 Sad were our case to rate them yet more slightly.

Methinks I was a fool that your sweet speech,
 When first you came, I did not strive to learn,
 But cumbered rather mine to you to teach,
 When surely yours had better served your turn
 If you were minded any hints to scatter
 Of the hid way you came, or such high matter.

They much must miss you in your former place ;
 It chills my heart to think how lorn and sad
 Would be the home had known, but lost your grace.
 Prithee consider, fair sojourning lad,
 How little able I to live without you,
 And slip not back, even though fortune flout you.

Some time, it may be, fate will be so kind
 As passports to us both at once to send ;
 And I myself your guest, perhaps, may find,
 And watch you as you debonairly bend
 To the glad plaudits of your subjects loyal,
 Half mad with joy to greet their master royal.

Ah, well ; if so it fall, though I should be
 Far from the throne set in the lower ranks,
 Yet I at least your kingly state may see,
 And babble garrulous to those around of pranks
 You played while here incognito you tarried,
 And out of sight your wings and aureole carried.

Meanwhile, since my son's shape you deign to wear,
 If I fall short in aught, beseech you, naught
 Set down to malice. Since within you share
 A king's state yet, with kingly kindness fraught
 Be still your thought. Reflect ; we both walk blindly ;
 Then why should either bear himself unkindly ?

ON THE ROAD TO CHORRERA.

1790.

THREE horsemen galloped the dusty way
 While sun and moon were both in the sky ;
 An old crone crouched in the cactus' shade,
 And craved an alms as they rode by.
 A friendless hag she seemed to be,
 But the queen of a bandit crew was she.

One horseman tossed her a scanty dole,
 A scoffing couplet the second trolled,
 But the third, from his blue eyes frank and free,
 No glance vouchsafed the beldam old ;
 As toward the sunset and the sea,
 No evil fearing, rode the three.

A curse she gave for the pittance small,
 A gibe for the couplet's ribald word ;
 But that which once had been her heart
 At sight of the silent horseman stirred ;
 And safe through the ambushed band they speed
 For the sake of the rider who would not heed !

A SHADOW BOAT.

UNDER my keel another boat
 Sails as I sail, floats as I float ;
 Silent and dim and mystic still,
 It steals through that weird nether-world,
 Mocking my power, though at my will
 The foam before its prow is curled,
 Or calm it lies, with canvas furled.

Vainly I peer, and fain would see
 What phantom in that boat may be ;
 Yet half I dread, lest I with ruth
 Some ghost of my dead past divine,
 Some gracious shape of my lost youth,
 Whose deathless eyes once fixed on mine
 Would draw me downward through the brine !

SONNETS IN SHADOW.

XXVII.

WE must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
 Than for the quick. We might their living eyes
 Deceive with gloss of seeming; but all lies
 Weré vain to cheat a prescience spirit-pure.

Our soul's true worth and aim, however poor,
 They see who watch us from some deathless skies
 With glance death-quickenéd. That no sad surprise
 Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.

Living, our loved ones make us what they dream;
 Dead, if they see, they know us as we are;
 Henceforward we must be, not merely seem.

Bitterer woe than death it were by far
 To fail their hopes who love us to redeem;
 Loss were thrice loss that thus their faith should mar.

XXVI.

As dying Roland to God solemnly,
 At awful Ronceval, lifted his glove
 Crimson with pagan gore, must we, above
 All petty passions, the heart steadfastly

Hold up on high, all bleeding though it be
 From sorrow's wounds. By memory of the love
 Which has been ours,—though hope, like the ark's dove,
 Return no more,—all consecrate are we.

The heart which once such love as we have known
 Has touched, for evermore is dedicate
 To holy use; as when some god has shown,

By portent high, the stone decreed by fate
 To be his shrine. No more it is our own:
 It is an altar where we humble wait.

XXV.

As some flame-crookèd venomèd Malay blade
 Writhes snake-like through a dusky woman's side
 Its film of poison deep within to hide,
 Does sorrow pierce, life's inmost to invade ;

While human comfort would our hearts persuade
 That in the hand of Time doth balm abide.
 Shall time our hearts from the old love divide ?
 Vain were a hope could so our faith degrade.

What have we left save fealty alone ?
 Shall we to Time this jewel yield, which yet
 Vows of a faith eternal made our own ?

The drop most bitter in woe's beaker set
 Is doubt of our soul's firmness ! He has known
 Grief's sharpest who has feared he may forget !

XXIV.

WHEN two souls have been truly blent in one,
 It could not chance that one should cease to be
 And one remain alive. 'Twere falsity
 To all that has been to count union done

Because death blinds the sight. Such threads are spun
 By dear communion as e'en the dread Three
 Cannot or cut or disentangle. Sea
 From shore the moon may draw ; but two drops run

Together, what may separate ? What thought
 Touched but one brain ? What pulse-beat, faint or high
 Did not each heart share duly ? There is naught

In all we do or dream, from lightest sigh
 To mightiest deed, by which we are not taught
 We live together and together die.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

[Born at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, 25th August 1851. Author of *Rose and Roof-tree* (Boston, 1875); *Study of Hawthorne*, *Afterglow*, *An Echo of Passion* (Boston, 1882); *In the Distance* (1882); *Spanish Vistas* (New York, 1883); *Newport* (New York, 1884); *True* (1884); and *Gettysburg*, etc. The poems quoted are given by special permission.]

GETTYSBURG.

A BATTLE ODE.

LOVELY to look on, O South,
 No longer stately-scornful
 But beautiful still in pride,
 Our hearts go out to you as toward a bride!
 Garmented soft in white,
 Haughty, and yet how love-imbuing and tender,
 You stand before us, with your gentle mouth,
 Where clinging thoughts—as bees a-cluster
 Murmur through the leafy gloom,
 Musical in monotone—
 Whisper sadly. Yet a lustre
 As of glowing gold-grey light
 Shines upon the orient bloom,
 Sweet with orange-blossoms, thrown
 Round the jasmine-starred, deep night
 Crowning with dark hair your brow.
 Ruthless, once, we came to slay,
 And you met us then with hate.
 Rough was the wooing of war: we won you,
 Won you at last, though late!
 Dear South, to-day,
 As our country's altar made us
 One for ever, so we vow
 Unto yours our love to render:
 Strength with strength we here endow,
 And we make your honour ours.
 Happiness and hope shall sun you:
 All the wiles that have betrayed us
 Vanish from us like spent showers!

THE SUNSHINE OF THINE EYES.

THE sunshine of thine eyes
 (O still, celestial beam!),
 Whatever it touches it fills
 With the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
 Oh let it fall on me!
 Though I be but a mote of the air,
 I could turn to gold for thee!
From "Rose and Roof-Tree."

THE PHŒBE-BIRD.

YES, I was wrong about the phœbe-bird.
 Two songs it has, and both of them I've heard:
 I did not know those strains of joy and sorrow
 Came from one throat, or that each note could borrow
 Strength from the other, making one more brave,
 And one as sad as rain-drops on a grave.

But thus it is. Two songs have men and maidens:
 One is for hey-day, one is sorrow's cadence.
 Our voices vary with the changing seasons
 Of life's long year, for deep and natural reasons.

Therefore despair not. Think not you have altered,
 If, at some time, the gayer note has faltered.
 We are as God has made us. Gladness, pain,
 Delight, and death, and moods of bliss or bane,
 With love, and hate, or good, and evil—all,
 At separate times, in separate accents call;
 Yet 'tis the same heart-throb within the breast
 That gives an impulse to our worst and best.
 I doubt not when our earthly cries are ended,
 The Listener finds them in one music blended.

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY 1863.

THE sun had set ;
 The leaves with dew were wet ;
 Down fell a bloody dusk
 On the woods, that second of May,
 Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
 Tore through with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys !"
 Rose from our flank a voice.
 With a rush of steel and smoke
 On came the Rebels straight,
 Eager as love and wild as hate :
 And our line reeled and broke ;

Broke and fled.
 No one stayed—but the dead !
 With curses, shrieks and cries,
 Horses and waggons and men
 Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
 And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still—
 Those batteries parked on the hill !
 " Battery, wheel ! " ('mid the roar)
 " Pass pieces ; fix prolonge to fire
 Retiring. Trot ! " In the panic dire
 A bugle rings " Trot "—and no more.

The horses plunged,
 The cannon lurched and lunged,
 To join the hopeless rout.
 But suddenly rode a form
 Calmly in front of the human storm,
 With a stern, commanding shout :

" Align those guns ! "
 (We knew it was Pleasonton's).
 The cannoneers bent to obey,
 And worked with a will at his word :

And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
But ah, the dread delay !

“To wait is crime ;
O God, for ten minutes’ time !”
The general looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

“Major, your men ?”—
“Are soldiers, General.” “Then,
Charge, Major ! Do your best :
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed ;—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest !”

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked into Pleasonton’s eyes
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still ;
Then, with a smile he said : “I will.”

“Cavalry, charge !” Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed ;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sash’d ;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow ;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ring’d with flame ;

Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell ;
 Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
 And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
 In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,

While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
 Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
 Line after line ; ay, whole platoons,
 Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons,
 By the maddened horses were onward borne
 And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn ;
 As Keenan fought with his men side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
 What deep echo rolls ?—'Tis a death salute
 From the cannon in place ; for, heroes, you braved
 Your fate not in vain : the army was saved !

Over them now—year following year—
 Over their graves, the pine-cones fall,
 And the whip-poor-will chants his spectre-call ;
 But they stir not again : they raise no cheer ;
 They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
 Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
 The rush of their charge is resounding still
 That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

 IRWIN RUSSELL.

[Born at Port Gibson, Mississippi, 3d June, 1853 ; died at New Orleans, 23d December, 1879. The poems quoted are from the collected edition of his poems published in 1888 by The Century Co., with whose kind permission they are given.]

*FROM "CHRISTMAS-NIGHT IN THE
 QUARTERS."*

Go 'way fiddle ! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin',
 Keep silence fur yo' betters !—don't you heah de banjo
 talkin' ?

About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies,
listen—

About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin.

“Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow,” said Noah, lookin'
solemn—

Fur Noah tuk the “Herald,” an' he read de ribber
column—

An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah
“Natchez.”

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbours kep' a-laughin' an' a-
pshawin',

But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' what wuz gwine to
happen,

An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done catched a lot ob ebry sort of beas'es,
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!

He had a Morgaw colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder
rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! It come so awful hebby
De ribber riz immejitly, an busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drowned out—'cep' Noah an' de critters
An' men he'd hired to work de boat, an' one to mix de
bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell whut wid all
de fussin'

You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an'
cussin'.

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop an' c'u'dn't stand de
racket;

An so, fur to amuse hisse'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
 An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.
 He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin,
 An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin'.
 He tuk some tin, 'an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
 An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
 De ha'rs so long an' thick an' strong—des fit fur banjo-stringin';
 Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as washday-dinner graces;
 An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to bases.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz "Nebber min' de wedder"—

She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder.
 Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers,
 An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes' showin'

Ob any ha'r at all upon de possum's tail a-growin';
 An' curi's, too, dat niggers' ways: his people nebber los' 'em—

Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

I.

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
 Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
 I'd hab you fur to know, sah,
 I's a-holdin' ob de lines.

You better stop dat prancin' ;
 You's paw'ful fond ob dancin',
 But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
 Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

II.

Look heah, mule ! Better min' 'out ;
 Fust'ing you know you'll fin' out
 How quick I'll wear dis line out
 On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
 You needn't try to steal up ;
 An' lif' dat precious heal up ;
 You's got to plough dis fiel' up,
 You has, sah, fur a fac'.

III.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it !
 He's comin' right down to it ;
 Jes watch him ploughin' troo it !
 Dis nigger ain't no fool.
 Some folks dey would 'a' beat him ;
 Now, dat would only heat him—
 I know jes how to treat him :
 You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

IV.

He minds me like a nigger.
 If he wuz only bigger
 He'd fotch a mighty figger,
 He would, I *tell* you ! Yes, sah !
 See how he keeps a clickin' !
 He's as gentle as a chicken,
 An nebber thinks o' kickin'
Whoa dar ! Nebuchadnezzah !

V.

Is dis heah me, or not me ?
 Or is de debbil got me ?
 Wuz dat a cannon shot me ?

Hah I laid heah more'n a week ?
 Dat mule do kick amazin' !
 De beast wuz sp'iled in raisin'
 But now I 'spect he's grazin'
 On de oder side de creek.

HER CONQUEST.

MUSTER thy wit, and talk of whatsoever
 Light, mirth-provoking matter thou canst find :
 I laugh, and own that thou, with small endeavour,
 Hast won my mind.

Be silent if thou wilt ; thine eyes expressing
 My thoughts and feelings, lift them up to mine :
 Then quickly thou shalt hear me, love, confessing,
 My heart is thine.

And let that brilliant glance become more tender—
 Return me heart for heart—then take the whole
 Of all that yet is left me to surrender :
 Thou hast my soul.

Then, when the three are fast in thy possession,
 And thou hast paid me back their worth, and more,
 I'll tell thee—all whereof I've made thee cession
 Was thine before.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[Born at Greenfield, Indiana, 1853. Author of *The Old Swimmin'-Hole*, and *'Leven more Poems*, by Benj. F. Johnson of Boone, (1883) ; *The Boss Girl, and other Sketches* (1886) ; *Afterwhiles* (1887) ; and *Character Sketches and Poems* (1887). The poems quoted are from *Afterwhiles*, published by The Bowen-Merrill-Co., Indianapolis, 1888, and are given by special permission.]

THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN.

O THE South Wind and the Sun !
 How each loved the other one—
 Full of fancy—full of folly—
 Full of jollity and fun !

How they romped and ran about,
Like two boys when school is out,
With glowing face, and lisping lip,
Low laugh, and lifted shout !

And the South Wind—he was dressed
With a ribbon round his breast
That floated, flapped and fluttered
In a riotous unrest,
And a drapery of mist,
From the shoulder and the wrist
Flowing backward with the motion
Of the waving hand he kissed.

And the Sun had on a crown
Wrought of gilded thistledown,
And a scarf of velvet vapor,
And a ravelled-rainbow gown ;
And his tinsel-tangled hair,
Tossed and lost upon the air,
Was glossier and flossier
Than any anywhere.

And the South Wind's eyes were two
Little dancing drops of dew,
As he puffed his cheeks, and pursed his lips,
And blew and blew and blew !
And the Sun's—like diamond stone,
Brighter yet than ever known,
As he knit his brows and held his breath,
And shone and shone and shone !

And this pair of merry fays
Wandered through the summer days ;
Arm-in-arm they went together
Over heights of morning haze—
Over slanting slopes of lawn
They went on and on and on,
Where the daisies looked like star-tracks
Trailing up and down the dawn.

And where'er they found the top
Of a wheat-stalk droop and lop
They chucked it underneath the chin
And praised the lavish crop,
Till it lifted with the pride
Of the heads it grew beside,
And then the South Wind and the Sun
Went onward satisfied.

Over meadow-lands they tripped,
Where the dandelions dipped
In crimson foam of clover-bloom,
And dripped and dripped and dripped ;
And they clenched the bumble-stings,
Gauming honey on their wings,
And bundling them in lily-bells,
With maudlin murmurings.

And the humming-bird, that hung
Like a jewel up among
The tilted honeysuckle-horns,
They mesmerised, and swung
In the palpitating air,
Drowsed with odors strange and rare,
And, with whispered laughter, slipped away
And left him hanging there.

And they braided blades of grass
Where the truant had to pass ;
And they wriggled through the rushes,
And the reeds of the morass,
Where they danced, in rapture sweet,
O'er the leaves that laid a street
Of undulant mosaic for
The touches of their feet.

By the brook, with mossy brink,
Where the cattle came to drink,
They trilled and piped and whistled
With the thrush and bobolink,

Till the kine, in listless pause,
Switched their tails in mute applause,
With lifted heads, and dreamy eyes,
And bubble-dripping jaws.

And where the melons grew,
Streaked with yellow, green and blue,
These jolly sprites went wandering
Through spangled paths of dew ;
And the melons, here and there,
They made love to, everywhere,
Turning their pink souls to crimson
With caresses fond and fair.

Over orchard walls they went,
Where the fruited boughs were bent
Till they brushed the sward beneath them
Where the shine and shadow blent ;
And the great green pear they shook
Till the sallow hue forsook
Its features, and the gleam of gold
Laughed out in every look.

And they stroked the downy cheek
Of the peach, and smoothed it sleek
And flushed it into splendor ;
And with many an elfish freak
Gave the russet's rust a wipe—
Prankt the rambo with a stripe,
And the winesap blushed its reddest
As they spanked the pippins ripe.

Through the woven ambushade
That the twining vines had made,
They found the grapes in clusters,
Drinking up the shine and shade—
Plumpt, like the tiny skins of wine,
With a vintage so divine
That the tongue of fancy tingled
With the tang of muscadine.

And the golden-banded bees,
Droning o'er the flowery leas,
They bridled, reined and rode away
Across the fragrant breeze,
Till in hollow oak and elm
They had groomed and stabled them
In waxen stalls that oozed with dews
Of rose and lily-stem.

Where the dusty highway leads,
High above the wayside weeds
They sowed the air with butterflies
Like blooming flower-seeds,
Till the dull grasshopper sprung
Half a man's height up, and hung
Tranced in the heat, with whirring wings,
And sung and sung and sung!

And they loitered, hand in hand,
Where the snipe along the sand
Of the river ran to meet them
As the ripple meets the land;
And the dragon-fly, in light
Gauzy armor, burnished bright,
Came tilting down the waters
In a wild, bewildered flight.

And they heard the killdee's call,
And afar, the waterfall,
But the rustle of a falling leaf
They heard above it all;
And the trailing willows crept
Deeper in the tide that swept
The leafy shallop to the shore,
And wept and wept and wept!

And the fairy vessel veered
From its moorings—tacked and steered
For the center of the current—
Sailed away and disappeared:

And the burthen that it bore
 From the long-enchanted shore—
 “Alas! the South Wind and the Sun!”
 I murmur evermore.

For the South Wind and the Sun,
 Each so loves the other one,
 For all his jolly folly,
 And frivolity and fun,
 That our love for them they weigh
 As their fickle fancies may,
 And when at last we love them most,
 They laugh and sail away.

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE.

I.

TELL you what I like the best—
 'Long about knee-deep in June,
 'Bout the time strawberries melts
 On the vine,—some afternoon
 Like to jes' git out and rest,
 And not work at nothin' else!

II.

Orchard's where I'd ruther be—
 Needn't fence it in fer me!—
 Jes' the whole sky overhead,
 And the whole airth underneath—
 Sort o' so's a man kin breathe
 Lik' he ort, and kind o' has
 Elbow-room to keerlessly
 Sprawl out len'thways on the grass
 Where the shadder's thick and soft
 As the kivers on the bed
 Mother fixes in the loft
 Allus, when they's company!

III.

Jes' a sort o' lazein' there—
 'S lazy 'at you peek and peer
 Through the wavin' leaves above,
 Like a feller 'at's in love
 And don't know it, ner don't keer !
 Ever'thing you hear and see
 Got some sort o' interest—
 Maybe find a bluebird's nest
 Tucked up there conveniently
 Fer the boys 'at's apt to be
 Up some other apple-tree !
 Watch the swallers skootin' past
 'Bout as peert as you could ast ;
 Er the bobwhite rise and whiz
 Where some other's whistle is.

IV.

Ketch a shadder down below
 And look up to find the crow,—
 Er a hawk away up there,
 'Pearantly froze in the air !—
 Here the old hen squawk and squat
 Over ever' chick she's got,
 Sudden-like !—And she's knows where
 That air hawk is, well as you !—
 You jes' bet your life she do !—
 Eyes a glitterin' like glass
 Waitin' till he makes a pass !

V.

Pee-wees singin', to express
 My opinion's second class,
 Yit you'll hear 'em more er less ;
 Sapsucks gittin' down to biz,
 Weedin' out the lonesomeness ;
 Mr. Bluejay full of sass,
 In them base-ball clothes o' his
 Sportin' round the orchard jes'

Like he owned the premises!
 Sun out in the fields kin sizz,
 But flat on yer back, I guess,
 In the shade's where glory is!
 That's jes' what I'd like to do
 Stiddy fer a year er two!

VI.

Plague! ef they ain't sompin' in
 Work 'at kind o' goes ag'in'
 My convictions!—long about
 Here in June especially!—
 Under some old apple-tree,
 Jes' a restin' through and through,
 I could git along without
 Nothin' else at all to do
 Only jes' a wishin' you
 Was a gettin' there like me,
 And June was eternity!

VII.

Lay out there and try to see
 Jes' how lazy you kin be!—
 Tumble round and souse yer head
 In the clover-bloom, er pull
 Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,
 And peek through it at the skies,
 Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,
 Maybe, smilin' back at you
 In betwixt the beautiful
 Clouds o' gold and white and blue!—
 Month a man kin raily love—
 June, you know, I'm talking of!

VIII.

March ain't never nothin' new!—
 Aprile's altogether too
 Brash fer me! and May—I jes
 'Bominate its promises!—

Little hints o' sunshine and
 Green around the timber-land—
 A few blossoms, and a few
 Chip-birds, and a sprout er two—
 Drap asleep, and it turns in
 'Fore daylight and snows ag'in!—

But when *June* comes—clear my throat
 With wild honey! Rinch my hair
 In the dew! and hold my coat!
 Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!—
 June wants me, and I'm to spare!
 Spread them shadders anywhere,
 I'll get down and waller there,
 And obleeged to you at that!

WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

WHEN she comes home again! A thousand ways
 I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
 Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes;
 And touch her, as when first in the old days
 I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
 Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
 Then silence: And the perfume of her dress
 The room will sway a little, and a haze
 Clog eyesight—soulsight, even—for a space:
 And tears—yes: And the ache here in the throat,
 To know that I so ill deserve the place
 Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
 I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
 Again is hidden in the old embrace.

WHEN BESSIE DIED.

“IF from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
 And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
 If the white feet into the grave had tripped”—

When Bessie died—
 We braided the brown hair and tied
 It just as her own little hands
 Had fastened back the silken strands
 A thousand times—the crimson bit
 Of ribbon woven into it
 That she had worn with childish pride—
 Smoothed down the dainty bow—and cried—
 When Bessie died.

When Bessie died—
 We drew the nursery blinds aside,
 And, as the morning in the room
 Burst like a primrose into bloom,
 Her pet canary's cage we hung
 Where she might hear him when he sung—
 And yet not any note he tried,
 Though she lay listening folded-eyed.

When Bessie died—
 We writhed in prayer unsatisfied ;
 We begged of God, and He did smile
 In silence on us all the while ;
 And we did see Him, through our tears,
 Enfolding that fair form of hers,
 She laughing back against His love
 The kisses we had nothing of—
 And death to us He still denied,
 When Bessie died—

When Bessie died.

THE KING.

I.

THEY rode right out of the morning sun--
 A glimmering, glittering cavalcade
 Of knights and ladies, and every one
 In princely sheen arrayed ;

And the king of them all, O he rode ahead,
 With a helmet of gold, and a plume of red
 That spurted about in the breeze and bled
 In the bloom of the everglade.

II.

And they rode high over the dewy lawn,
 With brave, glad banners of every hue,
 That rolled in ripples, as they rode on
 In splendor, two and two ;
 And the tinkling links of the golden reins
 Of the steeds they rode rang such refrains
 As the castanets in a dream of Spain's
 Intensest gold and blue.

III.

And they rode and rode ; and the steeds they neighed
 And pranced, and the sun on their glossy hides
 Flickered and lightened and glanced and played
 Like the moon on rippling tides ;
 And their manes were silken, and thick and strong,
 And their tails were flossy, and fetlock-long,
 And jostled in time to the teeming throng,
 And their knightly song besides.

IV.

Clank of scabbard and jingle of spur,
 And the fluttering sash of the queen went wild
 In the wind, and the proud king glanced at her
 As one at a wilful child,—
 And as knight and lady away they flew,
 And the banners flapped, and the falcon, too,
 And the lances flashed and the bugle blew,
 He kissed his hand and smiled.—

V.

And then, like a slanting sunlit shower,
 The pageant glittered across the plain,
 And the turf spun back, and wild-weed flower
 Was only a crimson stain ;

And a dreamer's eyes they are downward cast,
 As he blends these words with the wailing blast :
 " It is the King of the Year rides past !
 And Autumn is here again."

JIM.

HE was jes' a plain, ever'-day, all-round kind of a jour.*
 Consumpted-lookin'—but la !
 The jokiest, wittiest, story-tellin', song-singin',
 Laughin'est, jolliest
 Feller you ever saw !
 Worked at jes' coarse work, but you kin bet he
 Was fine enough in his talk,
 And his feelin's too !
 Lordy ! ef he was on'y back on his bench ag'in
 To-day, a carryin' on
 Like he used to do !
 And any shopmate can tell you they never was, on top
 o' dirt
 A better feller 'n Jim !
 You want a favor, and couldn't git it anywheres else—
 You could get it o' him !
 Most free-heartedest man thataway in the world I guess !
 Give up ever' nickel he's worth—
 And, ef you'd a-wanted it, and named it to him,
 And it was his,
 He'd a' give you the earth !
 Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was, and a he'pin' some
 Pore feller onto his feet—
 He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was hisse'f
 So's *the feller* got somepin' to eat !
 Didn't make no differ'nce at all to him how *he* was dressed,
 He used to say to me,—
 " You togg out a tramp purty comfortable in winter-
 time, a huntin' a job,
 And he'll git along !" says he.

* "Jour," contraction of the word "journeyman."

Jim didn't have, ner never could git ahead so overly much
 O' this world's goods at a time.—
 'Fore now I've saw him, more'n onc't, lend a dollar, and
 ha'f to, more'n likely,
 Turn round and borry a dime!

Mebby laugh and joke about it hisse'f fer a while—
 Then jerk his coat,
 And kind o' square his chin,
 Tie on his apern, and squat hisse'f on his old shoe-bench,
 And go to peggin' ag'in!

Patientest feller, too, I reckon, 'at ever jes' naturely
 Coughed hisse'f to death!

Long enough after his voice was lost he'd laugh
 In a whisper and say
 He could git ever'thing but his breath—
 "You fellers," he'd sort o' twinkle his eyes and say,
 "Is a-pilin' onto me

A mighty big debt for that-air little weak-chested
 Ghost o' mine to pack
 Through all eternity!"

Now there was a man 'at jes' 'peared-like to me,
 'At ort'n't *a-never* a-died!

"But death haint a-showin' no favours," the old boss
 said,

"On'y to Jim!" and cried:

And Wigger, who puts up the best sewed-work in the
 shop,

Er the whole blame neighborhood,
 He says, "When God made Jim, I bet you He
 Didn't do anything else that day
 But jes' set round and feel good!"

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

[Born at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, 1854. Author of *Cap and Bells*, published, in New York, by F. A. Stokes in 1886, with whose kind permission the poems given are quoted.]

DOLLIE.

SHE sports a witching gown
 With a ruffle up and down,
 On the skirt :
 She is gentle, she is shy,
 But there's mischief in her eye;
 She's a flirt !

She displays a tiny glove,
 And a dainty little love
 Of a shoe ;
 And she wears her hat a-tilt
 Over bangs that never wilt
 In the dew.

'Tis rumoured chocolate creams
 Are the fabrics of her dreams—
 But enough !
 I know beyond a doubt
 That she carries them about
 In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls
 She exasperates the girls
 Past belief :
 They hint that she's a cat,
 And delightful things like that
 In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare,
 But what does Dollie care
 When the beaux
 Come flocking to her feet
 Like the bees around a sweet
 Little rose !

A KNOT OF BLUE.

FOR THE BOYS OF YALE.

SHE hath no gems of lustre bright
To sparkle in her hair ;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty fair.
Upon her shining locks afloat
Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
A little knot of blue.

A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue,
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams,—
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane,
Beneath the apple-tree,
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my love and me ;
And what I said or what I did
That morn I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid
A little knot of blue.

A little knot of blue,
A love knot strong and true,
'Twill hold my heart till life shall part,
That little knot of blue.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

I WAS in the garden chatting
Amid the mignonette,—
She with her snowy tatting,
I with my cigarette.

I still can see her fingers
 Flit softly in and out ;
 With rapture memory lingers
 To view her lips a-pout.

A happy sunbeam glancing
 Upon a wayward curl
 Set every pulse to dancing,
 And turned my brain a-whirl ;
 And when she looked up shyly,
 I could not help, you see,
 But stoop and kiss her slyly,
 Behind the apple-tree.

Strange that some mote for ever
 Should mar the rays of bliss !
 Though conscious I had never
 Yet won so sweet a kiss,
 Alas the act of plunder
 So gracefully she bore,
 I could not choose but wonder,
 Had she been kissed before !

THE SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.

My love he is a sailor lad,
 He says he loves me true
 For all my wealth of golden hair,—
 Because my eyes are blue ;
 And while he is upon the sea,
 Whose raging billows roar,
 The village lads come wooing me
 At least some half a score.
 I list to what the laddies say,
 Of smiles they have no lack,
 And though I say nor yea nor nay,
 I think I'll wait for Jack.

There's Donald and there's Robin Gray,
 Oh you should hear them sigh,
 I smile at them and only say
 I'll answer by and by.
 They bring me trinkets from the fair,
 And ribbons bright like this ;
 And oftentimes they humbly kneel
 And plead me for a kiss,
 And then I turn and look away,
 Across the billows black,
 And softly to myself I say
 I think I'll wait for Jack.

Ye bonnie stars shine out, shine out,
 Ye billows cease your war ;
 O south wind rise and blow my love
 Within the harbour bar !
 No other lad can woo as he ;
 My smiles are shallow smiles
 For oh, my heart is on the sea
 Amid the western isles,
 And though I let the laddies woo
 I give no wooing back ;
 I only do as lasses do,
 The while I wait for Jack.

H. C. BUNNER.

[Born about 1855. Author of *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere*, *The Midge*, *Short Sixes*, etc. The poems quoted are from the former volume, and are published with the kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.]

THE WAY TO ARCADY.

*O , what's the way to Arcady,
 To Arcady, to Arcady ;
 Oh, what's the way to Arcady,
 Where all the leaves are merry ?*

Oh ! what's the way to Arcady ?
 The spring is rustling in the tree—
 The tree the wind is blowing through—

It sets the blossoms flickering white.
 I knew not skies could burn so blue
 Nor any breezes blow so light.
 They blow an old-time way for me
 Across the world of Arcady.

Oh what's the way to Arcady?
 Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,
 Quit mocking of the song-bird's note.
 How have you heart for any tune,
 You with the wayworn russet shoon?
 Your scrip, a-swinging by your side,
 Gapes with a gaunt mouth hungry-wide.
 I'll brim it well with pieces red,
 If you will tell the way to tread.

*Oh, I am bound for Arcady,
 And if you but keep pace with me
 You tread the way to Arcady.*

And where away lies Arcady,
 And how long yet may the journey be?

*Ah, that (quoth he) I do not know—
 Across the clover and the snow—
 Across the frost, across the flowers—
 Through summer seconds and winter hours.
 I've trod the way my whole life long,*

*And know not now where it may be;
 My guide is but the stir to song,
 That tells me I can not go wrong,
 Or clear or dark the pathway be
 Upon the road to Arcady.*

But how shall I do who cannot sing?

I was wont to sing, once on a time—
 There is never an echo now to ring
 Remembrance back to the trick of rhyme.

*'Tis strange you cannot sing (quoth he),
 The folk all sing in Arcady.*

But how may he find Arcady
 Who hath nor youth nor melody?

*What, know you not, old man (quoth he)—
 Your hair is white, your face is wise—
 That Love must kiss that mortal's eyes
 Who hopes to see fair Arcady?*

*No gold can buy you entrance there ;
 But beggared love may go all bare—
 No wisdom won with weariness ;
 But Love goes in with Folly's dress—
 No fame that wit could ever win ;
 But only Love may lead Love in
 To Arcady, to Arcady.*

Ah, woe is me, through all my days
 Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
 And fame, and name, and great men's praise;
 But Love, ah, Love! I have it not.
 There was a time, when life was new—
 But far away, and half forgot—
 I only know her eyes were blue ;
 But Love—I fear I knew it not.
 We did not wed, for lack of gold,
 And she is dead, and I am old.
 All things have come since then to me
 Save Love, ah, Love! and Arcady.

*Ah, then I fear we part (quoth he),
 My way's for Love and Arcady.*

But you, you fare alone, like me ;
 The grey is likewise in your hair.
 And love have you to lead you there,
 To Arcady, to Arcady ?

*Ah, not lonely do I fare ;
 My true companion's Memory,
 With Love he fills the Spring-time air ;
 With Love he clothes the Winter tree.
 Oh, past this poor horizon's bound
 My song goes straight to one who stands—
 Her face all gladdening at the sound—*

*To lead me to the Spring-green lands,
 To wander with enlacing hands.
 The songs within my breast that stir
 Are all of her, are all of her.
 My maid is dead long years (quoth he),
 She waits for me in Arcady.
 Oh, yon's the way to Arcady,
 To Arcady, to Arcady,
 Oh yon's the way to Arcady,
 Where all the leaves are merry.*

THE APPEAL TO HAROLD.

HARO! HARO!

Judge now betwixt this woman and me,
 HARO!

She leaves me bond, who found me free.
 Of love and hope she hath drained me dry—
 Yea, barren as a drought-struck sky;
 She hath not left me tears for weeping,
 Nor will my eyelids close in sleeping.
 I have gathered all my life's blood up—
 HARO!

She hath drunk and thrown aside the cup.
 Shall she not give me back my days?
 HARO!

I made them perfect for her praise.
 There was no flower in all the brake
 I found not fairer for her sake;
 There was no sweet thought I did not fashion
 For aid and servant to my passion.
 Labour and learning worthless were,
 HARO!

Save that I made them gifts for her.
 Shall she not give me back my nights?
 HARO!

Give me sweet sleep for brief delights?
 Lo, in the night's wan mid I lie,
 And ghosts of hours that are dead go by:

Hours of a love that died unshriven ;
 Of a love in change for my manhood given :
 She caressed and slew my soul's white truth,

Haro !

Shall she not give me back my youth ?

Haro ! Haro !

Tell thou me not of a great judge,

Haro !

It is He who hath my sin in grudge.

Yea, from God I appeal to thee ;

God hath not part or place for me.

Thou who hast sinned, judge thou my sinning,

I have staked my life for a woman's winning !

She hath stripped me of all save remembering,

Haro !

Right thou me, right thou me, Harold the King !

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

[Born at New York City, 2d August 1856. Died there, 3d February 1886. Author of *In the King's Garden* (1886, D. Lothrop, Boston), and a novel, *King Cophetua's Wife*, (published only as a serial in the *Overland Monthly*, 1883). The poem given is published with the kind permission of the D. Lothrop Company.]

MY SAILOR.

HE lay at my side on the eastern hill,

My brave, sweet lad with the golden hair ;

And gazed at the vessel which seemed to fill

The rippling breadth of the harbour there ;

The black-hulled vessel from over the sea,

The white-sailed vessel that came and went,

"I am going to sail away," said he,

"To sail some day to my heart's content !

"I shall see the waving of south land palms,

The dark, fierce fronts of the icebergs tall,

And gather the grapes, as a beggar alms,

From vines on some Spanish convent's wall."

Then he drew my hand from beneath his chin,
 And trailed my fingers across his lips ;
 " Yes, we both will sail from this town of Lynn
 In one of those staunch old black-prowed ships."

So one summer evening his ship set sail
 And floated off in the twilight grim ;
 I heaped up the vessel with blossoms pale
 And wept that I could not follow him.

And I cannot say that the palms are there,
 Nor icy mountains he longed to see ;
 But I know he sailed into lands more fair
 And stronger arms, when he went from me.

O, my brave, sweet lad ! how his angel eyes
 Will gaze out over the ocean dim
 That reaches from earth into Paradise,
 Till I set my sail and follow him.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.

[Born at Weld, Franklin County, Maine, 20th August 1856 ;
 graduated from Bates College, 1881. The poems quoted are from
 the *Century Magazine*.

THE WIND AND THE STARS AND THE SEA.

THE wind and the stars and the sea,
 What song can be sung of these three,
 With words that are written in lines ?
 Ah, God of the stars and the sea,
 The voice of the song, it should be
 The voice of the wind in the pines.

The voice of the song, it should be
 The voice of the coast of the sea,
 Stepmother and wrecker of ships ;
 As deep and as hoarse as the tune
 Bleak Labrador sings to the moon,
 With rocky and cavernous lips.

The wind and the stars and the sea,
 The Arctic night knoweth the three ;
 No other sojourner it hath,
 Save death and these three from of old,
 To whose abode throned in the cold,
 No living thing knoweth the path.

There nothing to grieve or rejoice
 E'er lifts up the sound of its voice—
 A world ere the birth of a soul ;
 A thousand long ages speed by,
 Still glimmer the stars in the sky,
 Still whistles the gale from the pole.

Amid the unharvested plains,
 The blossomless land where death reigns,
 The wind sings of doom and of graves ;
 It sings of the days when the world
 Shall crumble to sand, and be whirled
 Like dust in the teeth of the waves.

Where ice-mountains thunder and crash,
 Where frozen waves gurgle and dash,
 Where love never came with its tears,
 Like a lost world's desolate cry,
 Shrills sea-wind to sea and to sky,
 And only the ear of God hears.

THE SEA'S VOICE.

I.

AROUND the rocky headlands, far and near,
 The wakened ocean murmured with dull tongue,
 Till all the coast's mysterious caverns rung
 With the waves' voice, barbaric, hoarse and drear.
 Within this distant valley, with rapt ear,
 I listened, thrilled, as though a spirit sung,
 Or some grey god, as when the world was young
 Moaned to his fellow, mad with rage or fear.

Thus in the dark, ere the first dawn, methought,
 The sea's deep roar and sullen surge and shock
 Broke the long silence of eternity,
 And echoed from the summits where God wrought,
 Building the world, and ploughing the steep rock
 With ploughs of ice-hills, harnessed to the sea.

II.

The sea is never quiet, east and west,
 The nations hear it, like the voice of fate,
 Within vast shores its strife makes desolate,
 Still murmuring, 'mid storms that to its breast
 Return, as eagles screaming to their nest.
 Is it the voice of worlds and isles that wait,
 While old earth crumbles to eternal rest,
 Or some hoar monster calling to his mate?
 O ye, that hear it moan about the shore,
 Be still and listen: that loud voice hath sung,
 Where mountains rise, where desert sands are blown;
 And when man's voice is dumb, for evermore
 'Twill murmur on, its craggy shores among,
 Singing of gods, and nations overthrown.

THE SILENCE OF THE HILLS.

THE windy forest, rousing from its sleep,
 Voices its heart in hoarse, Titanic roar,
 The ocean bellows from its rocky shore,
 The cataract, that haunts the rugged steep,
 Makes mighty music in its headlong leap,
 The clouds have voices, and the rivers pour
 Their floods in thunder down to ocean's floor,—
 The hills alone mysterious silence keep.
 They cannot rend the ancient chain, that bars
 Their iron lips, nor answer back the sea,
 That calls to them far off in vain; the stars
 They cannot hail, nor their wild brooks. Ah me!
 What cries from out their stony hearts will break,
 In God's great day, when all that sleep shall wake.

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

[Born in New York, 28th August 1856 ; graduated at the College of the City of New York. Author of *Oo*, *The New Symphony*, *Judith*, *The Masque of Death* (Belford Company, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, 1889). The poems quoted are from the last named, and are republished by the kind permission of Belford Company.]

GHOSTS.

TWELVE by the chime : from idle dreams awaking,
I trim my lamp and mount the creaking stair ;
The shadows through the carven arches shaking
Seem mocking phantoms that pursue me there.

The faded portraits in the lamp-light's glamour
Look down with cold inquisitorial gaze ;
The sculptured busts, the knights in rusted armour,
Loom large against the window's pictured maze.

Thick dust falls from the time-worn, tattered hangings,
Thick dust lies on the tessellated floor ;
My step sounds loud, the door's sepulchral clangings
Roll far along the gusty corridor.

Ah me ! amid my dwelling's desolation
It seems some fable that my brain recalls,
That once a glad and gallant generation
Loved, laughed, and feasted in these lonely halls.

Silent the voice of song, and hushed the laughter,
Cheerless and cold the empty banquet-room ;
The spider weaves in gilded groin and rafter,
The shrill wind whistles through the vaulted gloom.

Vanished those dear ones, by what hidden highways,
In what far regions, o'er what stormy waves,
I know not, nor in what oblivious byways
The sere grass sighs above their nameless graves.

And yet, as if my souls's imperious longing
Were as a spell unspoken yet supreme,
Pale shapes seem through the hollow darkness thronging,
Like those wan visitants which haunt a dream.

They gather round me through the silent spaces,
Like clouds across the waning twilight blown,
Till all the room is filled with flickering faces
And hovering hands that reach to wring my own.

With friendly greeting and familiar gesture,
Wearing the form and feature that they wore
When youth and beauty clothed them like a vesture,
They come, the unforgotten ones of yore.

On cheek and brow I feel their chill caresses,
Like cold, faint airs of autumns long ago ;
I hear the sighing of their ghostly tresses,
The trailing of their garments to and fro.

Up from the gulfs of time, the blind abysses,
Those radiant phantoms of the past arise,
And bring again the perfume of their kisses,
The peril and the splendour of their eyes.

But cold their lips, they breathe no warm affection,
And cold their breasts as frozen shapes of snow ;
Their luminous eyes are but a vague reflection ;
Stray starbeams in the ice-bound stream below.

'Tis well : nay, if by spell or incantation
The loved and lost I might again behold,
Breathing and warm in youth's bright incarnation,
And glowing with the loveliness of old :—

That word I would withhold, for their sakes only :
Estranged and changed as in a haggard dream,
Time-tossed and tempest-beaten, old and lonely,
To their young eyes what spectres we should seem !

LOVE.

LOVE was primeval ; from forgotten time
 Come hints of common lives by love made great,
 In pastoral song or fragmentary rhyme,
 While fades the fame of many a warlike state.
 Love lives for ever, though we pass away ;
 Still shall there be hot hearts and longing eyes,
 Hyperion youths and maids more fair than they,
 Loath lips and lingering hands and parting sighs,
 When we have vanished and our simple doom
 Is blended with the themes of old romance.
 Ay, from our dust young buds and flowers shall bloom,
 To deck bright tresses in the spring-tide dance
 And be the mute, sweet signs of love confessed
 To passionate hopes upon a maiden's breast.

 THE TOCSIN.

WHAT voice as of the tempest-trampled sea,
 What turbulence of terror and delight,
 What organ-peal, what solemn litany
 Clamours along the quiet aisles of night ?
 What tocsin's moan through midnight silence falls,
 What clash of arms, what hurrying to and fro,
 While grimly serried on the fortress-walls,
 The spearmen lean to watch the coming foe ?
 What is this wonder of a thousand eyes
 That flashes far along the ancient street,
 What throng is this that waits with mute surmise,
 What clangs of drums, what tread of marching feet ?
 What banners blaze from roof and balcony,
 What scarfs from snowy shoulders glimmer down,
 While—hark ! the rending shout reels to the sky :
 " It is the king who comes to claim his own ! "

SONG—THE VIGIL.

O LOVE, why wilt thou banish me so soon ?
 See yonder floats the crescent moon,
 A shining boat becalmed on azure seas
 Among the twinkling Pleiades ;
 And not one star has quenched its crystal lamp
 In haggard daybreak's dew and damp.

No spectral glimmer streaks the eastern skies,
 Night lingers still ; look up, dear eyes,
 Faint beacons lit for love, thy tender shine
 Betrays thee to no gaze but mine :
 And none can hear lips meeting in a kiss
 So hushed, my sweet, as this—and this !

Why tremble so ? In slumber fathoms deep
 They lie who bid us part and weep,
 Dreaming their sleek white dove in perfumed nest
 Sleeps safe in unregretful rest.
 Let them dream on deluded, while we wake
 The long night through for love's sweet sake.

 THE BURDEN OF TIME.

In cloudy legends of the dawn of years,
 Or sculptured verse on shard or shattered stone,
 The oldest lore is still of love and tears,
 Of wild dark wars and cities overthrown,
 And blows and bitter deeds and mad defeat,
 Whereof the burden is, " Yet love is sweet."

And from all ways, where men have dwelt and died,
 From nations dwindled to a minstrel's song,
 A sound of voices, mingled, multiplied,
 A rumour of delight, despair and wrong,
 Of sorrows infinite and strange amaze,
 Waft down the troubled winds of many days.

Crying : " We were love's votaries of old ;
 Though dust, our immemorial names remain
Embalmed in tales a thousand times retold,
 That beat like echoes in the heart and brain,
Of stately strains through whose exultant flow
Breathe parting sighs, vain longings, utter woe."

Crying : " Ten years against the city's walls
 The brazen waves of battle beat in vain,
And many a widow wailed in Dardan halls,
 And many a Greek lay cold along the plain,
Till hapless Troy expired in blood and flame
And grew a word for Helen's love and shame."

Crying : " I am Leander, whom the sea
 Spared to young Hero's arms a little space,
Then seized and smote the life out suddenly,
 One black and bitter night, before her face ;
But we had loved, nor gods nor mortals may
Efface the perfect past—we had our day."

Crying : " The proud, sweet mouth and subtle smile,
 The varying mood, the dusk, low-lidded gaze,
Stayed my war-wandering steps beside the Nile ;
 There, hand in hand, down love's delicious ways,
We walked to death, foreseeing, unafraid,
And passed from dreams to darkness, well repaid."

But these are intimations faint with time ;
 Hark, how from hearts that tremble and aspire,
Albeit unknown in any poet's rhyme,
 The passion-song leaps up like living fire !—
" Travail and tears, wan brows and wounded feet,
These are love's sure award—yet love is sweet."

JAMES BENJAMIN KENYON.

[Born at Frankfort, N.Y., 26th April 1858. Author of *The Fallen, and other Poems* (Utica, 1876); *Out of the Shadows* (Philadelphia, 1880); *Songs in all Seasons* (Boston, 1885); and *In Realms of Gold* (Cassell & Co., New York, 1887). The poems quoted are from the last volume, and are given with the kind permission of the publishers.]

WHEN CLOVER BLOOMS.

WHEN clover blooms in the meadows,
 And the happy south winds blow ;
 When under the leafy shadows
 The singing waters flow—
 Then come to me ; as you pass
 I shall hear your feet in the grass,
 And my heart shall awake and leap
 From its cool, dark couch of sleep,
 And shall thrill again, as of old,
 Ere its long rest under the mold—
 When clover blooms.

Deem not that I shall not waken ;
 I shall know, my love, it is you ;
 I shall hear the tall grass shaken,
 I shall hear the drops of the dew
 That scatter before your feet ;
 I shall smell the perfume sweet
 Of the red rose that you wear,
 As of old in your sunny hair ;
 Deem not that I shall not know
 It is your light feet that go
 'Mid clover blooms.

O love, the years have parted—
 The long, long years !—our ways ;
 You have gone with the merry-hearted
 These many and many days,

And I with that grim guest
Who loveth the silence best.
But come to me—I shall wait
For your coming, soon or late,
For soon or late, I know
You shall come to my rest below
The clover blooms.

QUATRAIN.

SHE would not stir a single jetty lash
To hear me praised; but when my life was blamed
Her parian cheeks were kindled like a flash,
And from her heart a sudden love upflamed.

SYRINX.

LEAVE me to wither here by this dark pool,
Where the winds sigh amid the shuddering reeds,
And slimy things creep through the water-weeds,
And snakes glide out from coverts dim and cool.
Leave me, O Pan; thou hast been made the fool
Of thy hot love; go where thy white flock feeds,
And pipe thy ditties in the dewy meads,
And watch the silly sheep that own thy rule.
Get hence; I am become a loveless thing;
No charms of mine shall ever tempt thee more;
No more in valleys green and echoing
Shalt thou surprise and fright me, as of yore;
Go, clash thy hoofs, and make the woodlands ring,
But let me wither here on this dark shore.

THE TYRIAN'S MEMORY.

WHAT stars were kindled in the skies,
What blossoms bloomed, what rivers ran,
I know not now; how wide the span
Of years which dimly stretch between
That morn I saw the big sun rise,—
Blinking upon the dazzling sheen
Of banners in the Grecian van,—
And this, no tongue shall tell, I ween.

On helm and shield, on sword and spear
The sun shone down exultingly;
No Son of Tyre knew how to flee
Before the face of any foe,
Nor would our women shed a tear,
Though face to face with speechless woe,
And heart to heart with misery;
For fear a Tyrian could not know.

There came the sound of clashing arms,
Of catapults and falling stones,
Of shouts and shrieks, and stifled groans,
While men stood on the crumbling wall,
And recked not of the dire alarms,
But saw their brave compatriots fall,
And heard the crunching of their bones,
Then closed with death, unheeding all.

I know not how the battle fared,
Though Tyre, "the ocean queen," is dead,
And lowly lies her crownless head,
Amid the ashes of her pyre.
Few were the warriors that were spared
The spear, the flying dart, the fire;
Into the heart an arrow sped—
My eyes were closed on falling Tyre.

I have forgot how tenderly
The olive ripened on the hill ;
How sweetly, when the nights were still,
The nightingale sang in the grove ;
How soft the moon was on the sea,
How low the mourning of the dove ;
For my dead heart no memories thrill,
Save the glad memory of my love.

O, like the footsteps of the morn
Her footsteps gleamed along the street ;
Her shining, foam-white, sandaled feet
Fell lightly as the summer rain
On stones which grosser feet had worn ;
And, but my heart so long has lain
In ashes, it would wake and beat
At thought of meeting her again.

Her hair was dark as Egypt's night :
Her breasts shone like twin nenuphars ;
Her brave eyes burned like Syrian stars
That morn she pressed her lips to mine,
And bade me forth unto the fight ;
My blood shot through my veins like wine
I felt myself another Mars—
In thew, in life, in love divine.

Who knows that on the emerald zone
Which belts the changeless azure sea
Another city yet may be,
More fair than Tyre? Nathless, I wis,
Howe'er the phantom years have flown,
The wrinkled world must ever miss
That Tyrian maid who gave to me
Her first, her last, her farewell kiss.

JOHN ELIOT BOWEN.

[Born at Brooklyn, N.Y., 8th June 1858. Graduated from Yale University, 1881. Received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, 1883. Received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, 1886—both from Columbia College, N.Y. January 1887, published *The Conflict of East and West in Egypt* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, N.Y.). The London *Athenæum* said,—“On the whole, this is the best summary of the Egyptian question with which we are acquainted.” December 1888, *Songs of Toil*, by Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, translated, with an Introductory Sketch (F. A. Stokes & Brother, N.Y.). The poems quoted are from the *Century* and *Harper's* respectively. Died January 3, 1890.]

TO WILDING, MY POLO-PONY.

My Wilding, I must leave thee!
 Does word of parting grieve thee
 As it grieves me, thy master, fond, indulgent,
 Who see the softness in thine eye refulgent
 And think a thousand thoughts are dreaming there
 As like my thoughts as love is like love's prayer?

How passing true thou art to me
 Thy whinnings apart to me
 Make clear. Thy kissing breath upon my cheek
 Is warm as June-time love, that needs not speak
 To set the heart that beateth true a-bloom—
 To stir the sense to quaff the day's perfume.

Thou art a pretty fellow:
 Thy brilliant chestnut yellow
 Shines like a changing silk; the driven snows
 Have stained thy foot and striped thy Roman nose
 A-top the neck thy bristling mane doth curve,
 And every muscle shown doth seem a nerve.

And every step or motion
 Gives those who see a notion
 Of Pegasus. Thou needest not his wings:
 Thy dainty limbs were made for flights and flings;
 And if thy feet do touch the earth, 'tis done
 As one would quickly kiss, 'twixt fear and fun.

If some one now a stranger
 Drop apples in thy manger,
 And fetch thee sugar in his pocket too,
 Thou'lt eat—perhaps—and yet to me be true,
 Nor let the stranger learn the secret sign
 That makes thee lift thy foot and bow so fine.

But when I'm gone, who'll ride thee,
 Caress, or even chide thee?
 Will other understand thy playful tricks,
 Thy curvetings and antics, bucks and kicks?
 Will other let thee shy on loosened rein,
 And let thee have thy head o'er every plain?

And who will drive thee, pony,
 O'er roughish roads and stony?
 Ah, Wilding, cunning rogue, I'll not forget
 The day I paid a friend a friendly debt
 And loaned thee: how thou brokest trace and rein
 And, leaving him, sped home to me again!

They say that I'll forget thee
 And never more will pet thee,
 When I have learned to love some maiden fair;
 I say that she with thee my love shall share!
 If I must love thee less to love her more,
 I'll love thee as I love thee now thrice o'er!

I'll see thee in the spring time,
 For birds and me the wing-time
 To take the northward flight. Together then
 We'll seek the lanes, and run and race again.
 But, Wilding-pony, I must leave thee now.
 Farewell! Now whinny, lift thy foot and bow!
 (*From "The Century," for January 1888.*)

THE MAN WHO RODE TO CONEMAUGH.

INTO the town of Conemaugh
 Striking the people's souls with awe,

Dashed a rider, aflame and pale,
 Never alighting to tell his tale,
 Sitting his big bay horse astride.
 "Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried.
 "Run to the hills!" was what he said,
 As he waved his hand and dashed ahead.

"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
 Spurring his horse whose reeking side
 Was flecked with foam as red as flame.
 Whither he goes and whence he came
 Nobody knows. They see his horse
 Plunging on in his frantic course,
 Veins distended and nostrils wide,
 Fired and frenzied at such a ride.
 Nobody knows the rider's name—
 Dead for ever to earthly fame.
 "Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried,
 "Run for your lives to the mountain-side!"

"Stop him! he's mad! just look at him go!
 'Taint safe," they said, "to let him ride so."
 "He thinks to scare us," said one with a laugh,
 "But Conemaugh fólks don't swallow no chaff.
 'Taint nothing, I'll bet, but the same old leak
 In the dam above the South Fork Creek."
 Blind to their danger, callous of dread,
 They laughed as he left them and dashed ahead.
 "Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
 Lashing his horse in his desperate ride.

Down through the valley the rider passed,
 Shouting and spurring his horse on fast;
 But not so fast did the rider go
 As the raging, roaring, mighty flow
 Of the million feet and the millions more
 Of water whose fury he fled before.
 On he went and on it came,
 The flood itself a very flame

Of surging, swirling, seething tide,
 Mountain high and torrents wide.
 God alone could measure the force
 Of the Conemaugh flood in its V-shaped course.
 Behind him were buried under the flood
 Conemaugh town and all who stood
 Jeering there at the man who cried :
 " Run for your lives to the mountain-side ! "

On he sped in his fierce, wild ride :
 " Run to the hills ! to the hills ! " he cried.
 Nearer, nearer came the roar
 Horse and rider fled before.
 Dashing along the valley ridge
 They came at last to the railroad bridge.
 The big horse stood, the rider cried :
 " Run for your lives to the mountain-side !
 Then plunged across, but not before
 The mighty, merciless, mountain roar
 Struck the bridge and swept it away,
 Like a bit of straw or a wisp of hay.
 But over and under and through that tide
 The voice of the unknown rider cried :
 " Run to the hills ! to the hills ! " it cried ;
 " Run for your lives to the mountain-side ! "

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

[Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 25th June 1858. Author of *Hallo, My Fancy!* published in conjunction with S. Decatur Smith, jun. (Philadelphia, D. M'Kay, 1887). The poem quoted is from *Scribner's Magazine*.]

THE DEAD NYMPH.

A FANTASY.

FLORA, the nymph, is dead.
 She of the down-dropt head ;
 She of the eye half hid
 Under its fringed lid ;

She of the lily throat
That never again shall float
Like a lily over her breast.
Never shall seem to rest
Like the lilies that fall and rise
O'er calms reflecting the skies,
As her bosom—free from leaven
Of earth—reflected Heaven.

Never again shall he,
The dreamer, the child of song,
Gliding at eve along
The still lake's margent, see
As he dips his shallop's oars
Close by the mirrored shores,
Her shadowy form of grace
Slip from its hiding place
In the gloom of sheltering ferns
Into an open space
Where the moon's white radiance burns;
Nor, as a fawn that turns
Its delicate head to sniff
An instant longer the scent
With the sweet wood-zephyrs blent,
Ere it bounds away like a whiff
Of wind-blown mist thro' the trees,
Will she wait for him, while the breeze
Plays with the glistening strands
Of her hair, as she curves her hands
Over her questioning eyes,
Love-lit with a shy surprise.

Never again with lute
And love-song sweetly sung,
Will he lure her from among
The forest cloisters mute ;
Nor from the shadowy shore,
With songs, will he row her o'er

The cool, moon-whitened calm
Unto the sheltered coves
O'erhung by blossoming groves
Of the shell-girt isles of balm ;
Not evermore again
Will she visit the world of men ;
Nor is there any stave
Can call her back from the grave,
Nor ever a madrigal
Can pass her beneath the pall
Unto the pain and strife
Which living men call Life !

Yet, in his dreams and songs,
She is not dead to him :
Not all in vain he longs
For her presence in the dim
Green glooms of the ancient wood ;
For Heaven has found it good
To turn forever the sting
Of sorrow from hearts that sing.
And all day long he treads
The forest's whispering aisles ;
And the checkered sunlight sheds
Its glow o'er a face that smiles,
Smiles as he softly strays
Under the leafy haze,
Whispering, "*She is here,*
Death could not wound my dear.
Listen ! you say a thrush
With wild song breaks the hush ;
I say it is she—my love—
Singing in yonder grove.
'Tis she ! I say ; for she said,
One night when her fair, bright head
Lay on my breast, ' My own,
If ever thou'rt left alone,
Think not that thy love is dead,
But look till thou find'st the red

Wild rose, and say " 'Tis her cheek."
Then kiss it close ; and seek—
Where the clear dew never dries—
Blue violets for mine eyes ;
Then, would'st thou kiss my lips,
The bee will lead where he sips ;
Sapphires will clasp my throat
Where water-lilies float ;
My hands will be the air
Caressing thy forehead fair,
And oft, when the rain-drops beat
The leaves, thou wilt hear my feet
Leading the murmuring shower
Away from thy sylvan bower.'
Thus did she speak, and then
Faded from earthly ken
Out of the arms that clasped
Her form, and my hands but grasped
This robe upon either side.
My arms were locked on the breast
That her golden hair had prest,
And thus did I lose my bride !"

Still through the haunted aisles
Of the wood, and at its edge
Where the ripples stir the sedge,
This dreamer walks, and smiles
On the violet and the rose,
And the lily's calm repose ;
And you who have heard his song,
And the fantasies which throng
Its burden, may know with me
That the maiden was Purity,
And the lover a sullied soul
That saw, in the scented flowers,
Emblems of hallowed hours—
Of the Innocence that stole
Unto its God when Sin—
The Dark Guest—entered in !

RICHARD EUGENE BURTON.

[Born at Hartford, Connecticut, 14th March 1859. Graduated at the Johns Hopkins University. The poems quoted are from the *Century* and *Harper's Magazine*.]

THE CITY.

THEY do neither plight nor wed
In the City of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours ;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter-blight and summer-change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh,
In that burgh of by and by
Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long ;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the City of Surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the Sun,
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers every one.
There is only peace and rest ;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

APPRISALS.

I MAKE appraisal of the maiden moon
 For what she is to me :
 Not a great globe of cheerless stone
 That hangs in awful space alone,
 And ever so to be ;
 But just the rarest orb,
 The very fairest orb,
 The star most lovely-wise
 In all the dear night-skies !

So thou to me, O jestful girl of June !
 I have no will to hear
 Cold calculations of thy worth
 Summed up in beauty, brain, and birth :
 Such coldly strike mine ear.
 Thou art the rarest one,
 The very fairest one,
 The soul most lovely-wise
 That ever looked through eyes !

 SONG OF THE SEA.

THE song of the sea was an ancient song
 In the days when the earth was young :
 The waves were gossiping loud and long
 Ere mortals had found a tongue :
 The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
 Or soothed to a siren strain,
 As they tossed the primitive isles among,
 Or slept in the open main.
 Such was the song and its changes free,
 Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
 In the days of the coming of man ;
 A mournfuler meaning swelled her moan,
 And fiercer her riots ran :

Because that her stately voice began
 To speak of our human woes ;
 With music mighty to grasp and span
 Life's tale and its passion-throes.
 Such was the song as it grew to be,
 Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
 As the human years unrolled ;
 For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drowned,
 Or choked with a shipwreck's gold :
 Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
 So sorry a story said,
 As the midnight cry of the waters old
 Calling above their dead.
 Such is the song and its threnody,
 Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
 For it mirrors human life :
 It is grave and great as the judgment-day,
 It is torn with the thought of strife :
 Yet under the stars it is smooth, and rife
 With love-lights everywhere,
 When the sky has taken the deep to wife
 And their wedding day is fair—
 Such is the ocean's mystery,
 Such is the song of the sea.

 FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

[Born at Peekskill, N. Y., 6th May 1860. Author of *Madrigals and Catches*, 1887, New York, F. A. Stokes & Co. ; *Lyrics for a Lute*, 1890, Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The poems, quoted by special permission, are from the former.]

DAWN AND DUSK.

I.

 SLENDER strips of crimson sky
 Near the dim horizon lie,
 Shot across with golden bars
 Reaching to the fading stars ;

V



Soft the balmy west wind blows
Wide the portals of the rose ;
Smell of dewy pine and fir,
Lisping leaves and vines astir ;
On the borders of the dark
Gayly sings the meadow-lark,
Bidding all the birds assemble,—
Hark, the welkin seems to tremble !
Suddenly the sunny gleams
Break the poppy-fettered dreams,—
 Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven,
 Piping to the nymph and faun,
 Who, with wreaths of ivy woven,
 Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

II.

Shifting shadows indistinct ;
Leaves and branches, crossed and linked,
Cling like children, and embrace,
Frightened at the moon's pale face.
In the gloomy woods begins
Noise of insect violins ;
Swarms of fireflies flash their lamps
In their atmospheric camps,
And the sad voiced whip-poor-will
Echoes back from hill to hill,
Liquid clear above the crickets
Chirping in the thorny thickets ;
Weary eyelids, eyes that weep,
Wait the magic touch of sleep ;
 While the dew, in silence falling,
 Fills the air with scent of musk,
 And this lonely night-bird, calling,
 Drops a note down through the dusk.

ON SOME BUTTERCUPS.

A LITTLE way below her chin,
Caught in her bosom's snowy hem,
Some buttercups are fastened in,—
Ah, how I envy them !

They do not miss their meadow place,
Nor are they conscious that their skies
Are not the heavens, but her face,
Her hair, and mild blue eyes.

There in the downy meshes pinned,
Such sweet illusions haunt their rest,
They think her breath the fragrant wind,
And tremble on her breast ;

As if, close to her heart, they heard
A captive secret slip its cell,
And with desire were sudden stirred
To find a voice and tell !

BACCHUS.

LISTEN to the tawny thief
Hid behind the waxen leaf,
Growling at his fairy host,
Bidding her with angry boast
Fill his cup with wine distilled
From the dew the dawn has spilled
Stored away in golden casks
Is the precious draught he asks.

Who,—who makes this mimic din
In this mimic meadow inn,
Sings in such a drowsy note,
Wears a golden belted coat ;

Loiters in the dainty room
 Of this tavern of perfume ;
 Dares to linger at the cup
 Till the yellow sun is up ?

Bacchus, 'tis, come back again
 To the busy haunts of men ;
 Garlanded and gaily dressed,
 Bands of gold about his breast ;
 Straying from his paradise,
 Having pinions angel-wise,—
 'Tis the honey-bee, who goes
 Revelling within a rose !

A MADRIGAL.

ALL the world is bright,
 All my heart is merry,
 Violets and roses red,
 Sparkling in the dew :
 Brow—the lily's white ;
 Lip—the crimson berry ;
 Hark, I hear a lightsome tread,—
 Ah, my love, 'tis you !

Wing to me, birds, and sing to me :
 None so happy as I !
 Only the merriest melodies bring to me
 When my beloved is by.

All the air is sweet,
 All my heart is quiet,
 Fleecy clouds on breezes warm
 Floating far above :
 Eye—where soft lights meet,
 Cheek—where roses riot ;
 Look, I see a gracious form—
 Ah 'tis you, my love !

Wing to her, birds, and sing to her ;
None so happy as she !
Only the merriest melodies bring to her,—
Only this message from me !

A BETROTHAL.

“I LOVE you,” he whispered low,
In joy, for a moment bold ;
And suddenly, white as snow,
The warm little hand grew cold.

“I love you,” again he said,
And touched the soft finger-tips ;
But shyly she bent her head,
To hide the two trembling lips.

“I love you,”—she turned her face,
His heart overfilled with fear ;
When lo, on her cheek the trace
Of one tiny passion-tear !

“I love you,” he gently spoke,
And kissed her, sweet, tearful-eyed ;
The rose-blossom fetters broke ;
“I love you, too,” they replied.

A PERSIAN DANCING GIRL.

JASMINE'S tangled in her hair—
Ebon hair loosely hangs
Looped with silver serpent fangs,
Swaying in the scented air.

Silken sandals on her feet—
Tiny feet that trip in time
To the tambourine, and rhyme
With the tinkling music sweet.

On her olive-tinted breast,
 Turquoise trinkets, jewels, rings—
 Lovers' tokens—gifts from kings,
 Jingle gayly, never rest.

Now she gives a dizzy twirl
 To the measure of the dance—
 Quicker than a stolen glance
 Glides the dainty, graceful girl.

Just beyond the eager throng,
 Lazily her lover smokes
 With his rivals, telling jokes
 Spiced with strains of Persian song.

Idly waiting,—well he knows
 How they hate him, every one.
 In the garden of the Sun
 He has plucked the fairest rose.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

[Born at Clinton, N.Y., 18th September 1860. Author of *Pictures in Song* (New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1884); *With Reed and Lyre* (Boston, D. Lothrop & Co., 1886); *Old and New World Lyrics* (New York, F. A. Stokes & Co., 1888). The poems given are all quoted by special permission.]

AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON.

As I came down from Lebanon,
 Came winding, wandering slowly down
 Through mountain passes bleak and brown,
 The cloudless day was well-nigh done.
 The city, like an opal set
 In emerald, showed each minaret
 Afire with radiant beams of sun,
 And glistened orange, fig and lime,
 Where song-birds made melodious chime,
 As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
 Like lava in the dying glow,
 Through olive orchards far below
 I saw the murmuring river run ;
 And 'neath the wall upon the sand
 Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,
 With precious spices they had won,
 Lay long and languidly in wait
 Till they might pass the guarded gate,
 As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
 I saw strange men from lands afar
 In mosque and square and gay bazaar,
 The Mazi that the Moslem shun,
 And grave Effendi from Stamboul
 Who sherbet sipped in corners cool ;
 And, from the balconies o'errun
 With roses, gleamed the eyes of those
 Who dwell in still seraglios,
 As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon
 The flaming flower of day-time died,
 And night, arrayed as is a bride
 Of some great king in garments spun
 Of purple and the finest gold,
 Out-bloomed in glories manifold ;
 Until the moon, above the dun
 And darkening desert, void of shade,
 Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
 As I came down from Lebanon.

THE HUNTER.

THROUGH dewy glades ere morn is high,
 When fleecy cloud-ships sail the sky,
 With buoyant step and gun a-shoulder
 And song on lip he wanders by.

He feels the cool air fan his brow,
He scents the spice of pine-tree bough,
And lists, from moss-encrusted bowlder,
The thrush repeat her matin vow.

Afar he hears the ringing horn,
And, from the rustling fields of corn,
The harvest music welling over,
Greeting the autumn day, new-born.

In pendant purple globes he sees
The wild grapes hang amid the trees,
And, from the last red buds of clover,
The darting flight of golden bees.

He marks the fiery crimson gleam
On wide primeval woods, that seem
Like armored hosts with banners flying
That march when weary warriors dream.

Before him long-eared rabbits pass
Like shadows through the aisles of grass ;
From copses, wren to wren replying,
Utter for him a morning mass.

He does not heed the partridge's drum,
The squirrel's chattering, nor the hum
Of myriad noises that, incessant,
Down dusky forest arches come.

He crosses quiet nooks of shade,
With flickering sunlight interlaid,
Where, when outshines the silver crescent
Flit by the pixies, half afraid.

Thus on and on he blithely speeds,
Through briery brake and tangled reeds,
Thinking of Robin and his bowmen
And all the archer's daring deeds ;

Till 'neath a slope by vines o'ergrown,
Where, in the ages that have flown,
The redmen slew their swarthy foemen,
He stands beside a pool alone.

Deep in the thicket, dense and dim,
That skirts the water's rushy rim,
He crouches low and keenly listens
For sound of hoof or stir of limb.

At length he sees within the sheen
Of trembling leafage, darkly green,
A lustrous eye that softly glistens,
And then a head of royal mien.

The startled hillsides sharply ring,
And answering echoes backward fling,
While prone, upon the earth before him,
A proud red deer lies quivering.

He swings his prize to shoulders strong,
Then homeward swiftly strides along;
The great blue skies a-smiling o'er him,
And all around the birds in song.

Behind the woods the sun creeps down,
And leaves thereon a crimson crown;
From sapphire portals, pale and tender,
Venus o'erlooks the meadows brown.

And now that shadows hide the lane
Where rolled the orchard-laden wain,
His weary feet upon the fender,
He slays the red deer o'er again!

BY THE TURRET STAIR.

(A.D. 1200.)

RUN! Run! little page, tell your lady fair
 That her lover waits by the turret stair,
 That the stars are out, and the night-wind blows
 Up the garden path from the crimson rose—
 Run! Run! little page.

Haste! Haste! little page, ere the round moon's rim
 Peeps over the edge of the forest dim,
 And the breeze has died that seems to bear
 The scent of the rose from the trellis there—
 Haste! Haste! little page.

Soft! Soft! little page, lest her sire may guess,
 By her look of fear and fond distress,
 That he hides in the night by the turret stair
 Who would steal from his bower the flower so fair—
 Soft! Soft! little page.

List! List! little page, to that faint footfall
 Far away in the depths of the vaulted hall:
 Is it echo alone, or a mournful moan
 Borne out from those ghostly walls of stone?
 List! List! little page.

See! See! little page, who stands in white
 All clad in the pale and changing light!
 Is't an angel? Ay, 'tis my lady fair,
 And she hastes to her love down the turret stair.
 See! See! little page.

Farewell! little page, for away, away,
 Through the still black night to the dawn of day
 My lady so sweet and I must fare
 Till we reach the foot of *my* turret stair—
 Farewell! little page.

ON A BUST OF ANTINOUS.

UPON your beauteous face of sculptured glory,
A heritage that time shall ne'er destroy,
I read your mournful and pathetic story,
O blithe Bithynian boy.

How through your woodlands green and meadows bloomy
You roamed at will in glad and childish days,
And dreamed that naught within the world was gloomy,
And gave the great Gods praise.

Knelt with your soft cheeks glowing to Apollo,
Hung garlands fair where Venus was enshrined,
Heard dryads' voices in the tree trunks hollow,
Fauns, in the whispering wind.

How the proud Cæsar came and you departed,
Beholding never more your happy home,
But following him, capricious, myriad-hearted,
Unto all-conquering Rome.

How by your truthful, artless ways and tender,
You won the imperious monarch's changeful love ;
How in your soul his jeers did slow engender
Distrust of Gods above.

How by the Tiber, in the sunlight golden,
While round you frowned the Olympians, now disowned,
You pondered long o'er many a volume olden
Of creeds long since dethroned.

How when encamped on fiery sands Egyptian,
You, seeking truth beneath their God's dark brows,
Were lured to death by some priest-wrought inscription,
Believing in their vows.

I seem to see, as graven with a stylus,
The last sad scene, your pitiful despair,
The slow and sombre flow of dismal Nilus,—
To hear your parting prayer.

Thus in the loyal hope of death forefending
 From his proud heart who gave so little joy,
 You brought your life to sacrificial ending,
 O blithe Bithynian boy !

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

THEY rode from the camp at morn
 With clash of sword and spur,
 The birds were loud in the thorn,
 The sky was an azure blur.
 A gallant show they made
 That warm noon-tide of the year,
 Led on by a dashing blade,
 By the poet-cavalier.

They laughed through the leafy lanes,
 The long lanes of Dartmoor,
 And they sang their soldier strains,
 Pledged "death" to the Roundhead boor ;
 Then they came at the middle day
 To a hamlet quaint and brown
 Where the hated troopers lay,
 And they cheered for the King and crown.

They fought in the fervid heat,
 Fought fearlessly and well,
 But low at the foeman's feet
 Their valorous leader fell.
 Full on his fair young face
 The blinding sun beat down ;
 In the morn of his manly grace
 He died for the King and crown.

O the pitiless blow,
 The vengeance-thrust of strife
 That blotted the golden glow
 From the sky of his glad, brave life !

The glorious promise gone ;—
 Night with its grim black frown !
 Never again the dawn,
 And all for the King and crown.

Hidden his sad fate now
 In the sealèd book of the years ;
 Few are the heads that bow,
 Or the eyes that brim with tears,
 Reading 'twixt blots and stains
 From a musty tome that saith
 How he rode through the Dartmoor lanes
 To his woeful, dauntless death.

But I, in the summer's prime,
 From that lovely leafy land
 Look back to the olden time
 And the leal and loyal band.
 I see them dash along,—
 I hear them charge and cheer,
 And my heart goes out in a song
 To the poet-cavalier.

LANGDON ELWYN MITCHELL (JOHN PHILIP
 VARLEY).

[Born at Philadelphia, 1862. Author of *Sylvian, and other Poems* (1885, New York, Brentano Brothers), from which the poems given are quoted by special permission.]

THE WAY-SIDE VIRGIN.

(FRANCE.)

I AM the Virgin ; from this granite ledge
 A hundred weary winters have I watched
 The lonely road that wanders at my feet,
 And many days I've sat here, in my lap
 A little heap of snow, and overheard
 The dry, dead voices of sere, rustling leaves ;
 While scarce a beggar creaked across the way.

How very old I am ; I have forgot
 The day they fixed me here; and whence I came,
 With crown of gold, and all my tarnished blue.

How green the grass is now, and all around
 Blossoms the May ; but it is cold in here,
 Sunless and cold.—Now comes a little maid
 To kneel among the asters at my feet ;
 What a sweet noise she makes, like murmurings
 Of bees in June ; I wonder what they say,
 These rosy mortals when they look at me ?
 I wonder why
 They call me Mary, and bow down to me ?
 Oh I am weary of my painted box,
 Come child,
 And lay thy warm face on my wooden cheek,
 That I may feel it glow as once of yore
 It glowed when I, a cedar's happy heart,
 Felt the first sunshine of the early spring.

SONG.

I HAVE a love has golden hair,
 And she is fair, and golden fair,
 And golden is she everywhere,
 And my love is my golden care !

For she is like the golden wheat,
 Or like the sunflower golden-sweet,
 Or like the sun in heaven that shines,
 Or like a thousand golden mines.

Nor would I change my golden sweet,
 For golden mines, or golden wheat,
 Nor for the great and golden sun,
 No, not for ought he shines upon !

SONG.

MARY, the mother, sits on the hill
 And cradles child Jesu, that lies so still ;
 She cradles child Jesu, that sleeps so sound,
 And the little wind blows the song around.

The little wind blows the mother's words,
 "Ei, Jesu, ei," like the song of birds ;
 "Ei, Jesu, ei," I heard it still
 As I lay asleep at the foot of the hill.

"Sleep, babe, sleep, mother watch doth keep,
 Ox shall not hurt thee, nor ass, nor sheep ;
 Dew falls sweet from thy Father's sky,
 Sleep, Jesu, sleep ! ei, Jesu, ei !"

MADISON J. CAWEIN.

[Born at Louisville, Kentucky, 23d March 1865. Author of *Blooms of the Berry* (1887); *The Triumph of Music* (1888); *Accolon of Gaul* (1889), all published by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Kentucky. The poems given are quoted by special permission.]

CARMEN.

LA *Gitanilla* ! tall dragoons,
 In Andalusian afternoons,
 With ogling eye and compliment
 Smiled on you, as along you went
 Some sleepy street of old Seville;
 Twirled with a military skill
 Moustaches ; buttoned uniforms
 Of Spanish yellow, bowed your charms.
 Proud, wicked head and hair blue-black !
 Whence your mantilla, half-thrown back,
 Discovered shoulders and bold breast
 Bohemian brown ! And you were dressed
 In some short skirt of gipsy red
 Of smuggled stuff ; thence stockings dead
 White silk, exposed with many a hole,
 Thro' which your plump legs roguish stole

A fleshly look ; and tiny toes
 In red morocco shoes with bows
 Of scarlet ribbons. Daintily
 You walked by me, and I did see
 Your oblique eyes, your sensuous lip,
 That gnawed the rose you once did flip
 At bashful Jose's nose, while loud
 Laughed the gaunt guards among the crowd.
 And in your brazen chemise thrust,
 Heaved with the swelling of your bust,
 The bunch of white acacia blooms
 Whiffed past my nostrils hot perfumes.
 As in a cool *neveria*
 I ate an ice with Mérimée,
 Dark Carmencita, you passed gay,
 All holiday bedizenèd,
 A new mantilla on your head ;
 A crimson dress bespangled fierce ;
 And crescent gold, hung in your ears,
 Shone wrought morisco, and each shoe
 Cordovan leather, spangled blue,
 Glanced merriment ; and from large arms
 To well-turned ancles all your charms
 Blew fluttering and glitterings
 Of satin bands and beaded strings ;
 And round each arm's fair thigh one fold,
 And graceful wrists, a twisted gold
 Coiled serpents' tails fixed in each head,
 Convulsive-jewelled glossy red.
 In flowers and trimmings to the jar
 Of mandolin and low guitar
 You in the grated *patio*
 Danced ; the curled coxcombs' flirting row,
 Rang pleased applause. I saw you dance,
 With wily motion and glad glance
 Voluptuous, the wild *romalis*,
 Where every movement was a kiss
 Of elegance delicious, wound
 In your Basque tambourine's dull sound

Or as the ebon castanets
 Clucked out dry time in unctuous jets,
 Saw angry Jose thro' the grate
 Glare on us a pale face of hate,
 When some indecent colonel there
 Presumed too lewdly for his ear.
 Some still night in Seville; the street,
 Candilejo; two shadows meet—
 Flash sabres crossed within the moon—
 Clash rapidly—a dead dragoon.

THE HERON.

As slaughter red the long creek crawls
 From solitary forest walls,
 Out where the eve's wild glory falls.
 One wiry leg drowned in his breast,
 Neck-shrunk, flame-gilded with the west,
 Severely he the evening wears.

The whim'ring creek breaks on the stone;
 The new moon came, but now is gone;
 White, tingling stars wink out alone.
 Lank spectre of wet, windy lands,
 The melancholy heron stands;
 To clamoring dive into the stars.

HENRY TYRRELL.

[Of New York City. Born Ithaca, N.Y., 1860. Published in
 the *Century Magazine*.]

THE DEBUTANTE.

THE music dwells upon its dying chord,
 And thou dost linger trembling at thy start
 Across the charmed borderland of Art.
 The footlight's arc is like a flaming sword,
 To frighten yet defend thee. Every word
 Has meaning more than lies within thy part,
 Thrilled with the pathos of a fainting heart
 And asking sympathy that none afford.

But wait ! and when the fostering years shall bring
 Perfection to those fairest gifts of thine,
 Its tributes at thy feet a world will fling,
 And call thy calm precision fire divine.
 All other hearts' emotions thou shalt waken,
 Whilst thine amid the tempest rests unshaken.

IDYLLS.

CREÛSA, in those idyll lands delaying,
 For ever hung with mellow mists of gold,
 We find but phantoms of delights long cold.
 We listen to the pine and ilex swaying
 Only in echo ; to the players playing,
 On faint, sweet flutes, lost melodies of old.
 The beauteous heroes are but stories told ;
 Vain at the antique altars all our praying.
 Oh, might we join, in vales unknown to story,
 On shores unsung, by Western seas sublime,
 The spirit of that loveliness and glory
 Hellenic, with these hearts of fuller time,
 Then to our days would sunnier joys belong
 Than thrill us now in old idyllic song.

DANIEL L. DAWSON.

[Of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The poem quoted is from
Lippincott's Magazine.]

THE SEEKER IN THE MARSHES.

THANKSGIVING to the gods !
 Shaken and shivering in the autumn rains,
 With clay feet clinging to the weary sods ;
 I wait below the clouds, amid the plains,
 As though I stood in some remote, strange clime.
 Waiting to kneel upon the tomb of time.

The harvest swaths are gathered in the garth,
 The aftermath is floating in the fields,—
 The house-carl bides beside the roaring hearth,
 And clustered cattle batten in the shields.
 Thank ye the gods, O dwellers in the land,
 For home and hearth and ever-giving hand.
 Stretch hands to pray and feed and sleep and die,
 And then be gathered to your kindred gods ;
 Low in dank barrows evermore to lie,
 So long as autumn over wood-ways plods,
 Forgetting the green earth as ye forgot
 Its glory in the day when it was born
 To you, on some fair tide in grove and grot,
 As though new-made upon a glimmering morn :

And it shall so be meted unto you
 As ye did mete when all things were to do.
 The wild rains cling around me in the night
 Closer than woman in the sunny days,
 And through these shaken veins a weird delight
 Of loneliness and storm and sodden ways
 And desolation, made most populous,
 Builds up the roof-trees of the gloomy house
 Of grief, to hide and help my lonely path,
 A sateless seeker for the aftermath.

Thanksgiving to the gods !
 No hidden grapes are leaning to the sods,
 No purple apple glances through green leaves,
 Nor any fruit or flower is in the rains,
 Nor any corn to garner in long sheaves ;
 And hard the toil is on these scanty plains,
 Howbeit I thank the ever-giving ones,
 Who dwell in high Olympus near the stars,
 They have not walked in ever-burning suns,
 Nor has the hard earth hurt their feet with scars ;
 Never the soft rains beat them, nor the snow,
 Nor the sharp winds that we marsh-stalkers know
 In the sad halls of heaven they sleep the sleep,
 Yea, and no morn breaks through their slumber deep.

These things they cast me forth at eventide to bear
 With curving sickle over sod and sand;
 And no wild tempest drowns me to despair
 Nor terror fears me in a barren land.
 Perchance somewhere, across the hollow hill,
 Or in the thickets in these dreary meads,
 Great grapes, uncut, are on the limp vine still,
 And waving corn still wears its summer weeds,
 Unseen, ungathered in the earlier tide,
 When larger summer o'er the earth did glide.
 Who knows? Belike from this same sterile path
 My harvest hand, heaped with an aftermath,
 Shall cast the garner forth before their feet,
 Shapely and shaven clean, and very sweet.

Thanksgiving to the gods!
 Wet with the falling rain;
 My face and sides are beaten as with rods,
 And soft and sodden is the endless plain.
 How long! how long! Do I endure in vain?

RICHARD HOVEY.

[Of Washington, D. C. Born in Illinois 1864.]

BEETHOVENS THIRD SYMPHONY.

PASSION and pain, the outcry of despair,
 The pang of the unattainable desire,
 And youth's delight in pleasures that expire
 And sweet high dreamings of the good and fair
 Clashing in swift soul-storm, through which no prayer
 Uplifted stays the destined death-stroke dire.
 Then through a mighty sorrowing, as through fire,
 The soul burnt pure yearns forth into the air
 Of the dear earth and, with the scent of flowers
 And song of birds assuaged, takes heart again,
 Made cheerier with this drinking of God's wine,
 And turns with healing to the world of men,
 And high above a sweet strong angel towers,
 And Love makes life triumphant and divine.

ARTHUR MACY.

[Of Boston, Massachusetts.]

MY MASTERPIECE.

I WROTE the truest, tend'rest song
The world has ever heard ;
And clear, melodious and strong
And sweet was every word.

The flowing numbers came to me
Unbidden from the heart ;
So pure the strain, that poesy
Seemed something more than art.

NO doubtful cadence marred a line,
So tunefully it flowed,
And through the measure, all divine
The fire of genius glowed.

So deftly were the verses wrought,
So fair the legend told,
That every word revealed a thought,
And every thought was gold.

MINE was the charm, the power, the skill,
The wisdom of the years ;

'Twas mine to move the world at will
To laughter or to tears.

For subtle pleasantry was there,
And brilliant flash of wit,

Now, pleading eyes were raised in prayer,
And now with smiles were lit.

I sang of hours when youth was king,
And of one happy spot

Where life and love were everything,
And time was half forgot.

Of gracious days in woodland ways,
When every flower and tree

Seemed echoing the sweetest phrase
From lips in Arcadie.

Of sages old and Norseman bands
That sailed o'er northern seas ;
Enchanting tales of fairy lands
And strange philosophies.
I sang of Egypt's fairest queen,
With passion's fatal curse ;
Of that pale, sad-faced Florentine,
As deathless as his verse.

Of time of the Arcadian Pan,
When dryads thronged the trees—
When Atalanta swiftly ran
With fleet Hippomenes.
Brave stories, too, did I relate
Of battle flags unfurled ;
Of glorious days when Greece was great—
When Rome was all the world !

Of noble deeds for noble creeds,
Of woman's sacrifice—
The mother's stricken heart that bleeds
For souls in Paradise.
Anon I told a tale of shame,
And while in tears I slept,
Behold ! a white-robed angel came
And read the words and wept !

And so I wrote my perfect song,
In such a wondrous key,
I heard the plaudits of the throng,
And fame awaited me,
Alas ! the sullen morning broke,
And came the tempest's roar :
'Mid discord trembling I awoke,
And lo ! my dream was o'er !

Yet often in the quiet night
My song returns to me ;
I seize the pen, and fain would write
My long lost melody.

But dreaming o'er the words, ere long
 Comes vague remembering,
 And fades away the sweetest song
 That man can ever sing!

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

[Author of *The Handbook of English Authors*, *The Handbook of American Authors*, *Through the Year with the Poets*, etc., etc.]

BEATEN.

WHERE is the spirit of striving that once was so strong
 in my heart?
 And where is the lofty devotion that attended my steps
 at the start?

I was so full of my purpose and never gave way to a doubt,
 Never looked forward to failure, whatever dark clouds
 were about,

Always believed in hard fighting, and never once trusted
 to luck,

Put my whole soul in my doing, and honest each blow
 that I struck.

What is the guerdon of labour, of honesty what the reward?
 Only a pittance at most, with simplicity conquered by fraud.
 Where is the joy of believing when faith is met by a sneer?
 Why should we look to the future expecting the skies to
 be clear?

Always the strongest are prospered: why may it not be
 so again

If there's a heaven hereafter reserved for the children of
 men?

Might has the best of us here, and may it not be so beyond?
 I who am vanquished in battle have little to do but
 despond.

Never for me will the prospect be brightened again by
 a hope;

I have grown old in the conflict, and care not with evil
 to cope.

Beaten am I in the struggle, the doom of the conquered
 is mine ;
 Darkness and clouds are about me, the morrow I may
 not divine.
 Now I await the glad moment when I shall have done
 with it all,
 When the long strife shall be ended, and I turn my face
 to the wall

MAURICE EGAN.

OF FLOWERS.

THERE were no roses till the first child died,
 No violets, no balmy-breathed heartsease,
 No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
 The honey-hearted woodbine, no gold-eyed
 And white-lashed daisy-flowers, nor, stretching wide,
 Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,
 Meeting and parting, as the young spring breeze
 Runs giddy races playing seek and hide :
 For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,
 And all the world was flowerless awhile,
 Until a little child was laid in earth ;
 Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,
 And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,
 And so all flowers from that child's death took birth.

THE OLD VIOLIN.

THOUGH tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust
 Like some great thought on a forgotten page ;
 The soul of music cannot fade or rust—
 The voice within it stronger grows with age ;
 Its strings and bow are only trifling things—
 A master-touch ! its sweet soul wakes and sings.

THEOCRITUS.

DAPHNIS is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,
 And mourning mingles with their fountains' song;
 Shepherds contend no more, as all day long
 They watch their sheep on the wide, cyprus-plain;
 The master-voice is silent, songs are vain;
 Blithe Pan is dead, and tales of ancient wrong,
 Done by the gods when gods and men were strong,
 Chanted to reeded pipes, no prize can gain:
 O sweetest singer of the olden days,
 In dusty books your idylls rare seem dead;
 The gods are gone, but poets never die;
 Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,
 Sicilian nightingales enrapturéd
 Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill the sky.

MAURICE DE GUERIN.

THE old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
 Anoint of Nature, fauns and dryads fair
 Unseen by others; to him maidenhair
 And waxen lilacs and those birds that rise
 A-sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise
 Brought charmed thoughts; and in earth everywhere
 He, like sad Jaques, found unheard music rare
 As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.
 A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he,
 He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
 Till earth and heaven met within his breast:
 As if Theocritus in Sicily
 Had come upon the Figure crucified
 And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

JAMES E. NESMITH.

MONADNOC.

I.

FROM field and fold aloof he stands,
A lonely peak in peopled lands,
Rock-ridged above his wooded bands :

Like a huge arrow-head in stone,
Or baffled stag at bay alone,—
Round him the pack-like hills lie prone.

The gentle hours, in gradual flight,
Weave round his huge impassive height
A warp of gloom, a woof of light:

All day the purple shadows dream
Along his slopes, or upward stream;
And shafts of golden sunlight gleam,—

Searching the dusk of humid dells,
To sleep among the sleeping wells,
And frowning rocks where Echo dwells.

Mild as the breath from isles of palm,
The breezes, blowing in the calm,
Breathe sweet with balsam, fern, and balm :

Huge cloud-cliffs fringe the blue profound,
And lift their large white faces round
The dim horizon's distant bound.

II.

If the dull task begins to tire,
When dawn's pure flood of rosy fire
Strikes up each beaming wall and spire,

Awake, and mount his rocky stair,—
Drink deep from wells of taintless air,—
And lighter grows the load of care:

Hampshire's white hills at distance rise,
Pure peaks that climb the azure skies,
The peopled plain's blue boundaries.

The mist, in wither'd wreaths and swirls,
Is blown before the breeze which curls
Up from the shining underworlds:

Stray troops from teeming cities take
His battlements with shouts, and make
The sleepy echoes start awake ;

The ringing laugh, the random rhyme,
Come back in mimic as they climb,
From aged crags as old as time.

We see the creeping morning train
Crawl out across the distant plain,
The smoke drifts like a dusky stain ;

And hear afar the iron horse
Hurl'd headlong on his gleaming course
A fragment of the cosmic force ;

His screaming vapours hoarse with sound,
And clash'd and crashing on the ground
His clanging wheels roll'd ever round :

A wing'd and wandering meteor sent
To be a woodland wonderment,
In vales and valleys indolent ;

A fiery vision which invades
The stillness of sequester'd shades,
And daisied fields and drowsy glades ;

And roars with an intenser light
In dim recesses of the night,
Filling the forest with affright.

Faint from below resounds or shrills
His shriek among the lonely hills,
His foot above the foaming rills ;

He feels the fires that gnaw his heart,
Before him shapes and shadows start,
Behind him fields and forests dart ;

He rolls along the ringing rails,
The cliffs and loud indignant dales
Echo with wild and warning wails.

The shock and tumult came not near
The still parks of the mountaineer,
But softer sound for him to hear :

His straining sight may only mark
A floating smoke or flying spark
Flit thro' the daylight or the dark.

III.

At dusk he watches from the steep
The gloom which wraps the distant deep
Across the sinking landscape creep ;

To feed upon the tender light,
And each serene and lovely sight
That blooms upon the verge of night.

Beyond brown beds of brake and fern,
Like embers in the night's black urn,
The sullen fires of sunset burn :

The caverns of the burning beam,
Behind dark clouds, thro' rent and seam
And fiery cracks and chasms gleam ;

Deep pits of flame beyond the pines,
Whose stems, in long and slender lines,
Divide the light as day declines ;

Fill'd with fierce fires which slowly wane,
And glimmer on the distant plain,
And lighten thro' the lonely lane.

The darken'd woods and dim dull streams
Brighten with the unearthly gleams
Which haunt the western gate of dreams;

Which drape the hovel, lifted high
Between the water and the sky,
In beauty that transports the eye;

And throw their bright prismatic ray
About the ruin'd, dying day,
Which sinks in darkness and decay;

Fallen about the fading west,
By dim decrepit fires caress'd,
And shades that suffer no arrest.

The gloom about the mountain's base
Crawls up and falls upon his face,
His form grows faint in night's embrace.

He takes upon his breast and head
The glow which from the plain has fled,
Ere yet the dying sun is dead.

The trailing glories droop and die
Along the lake where they did lie,
And the wild light forsakes the sky.

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VII.

Bald crag,—he is more dead asleep
Than long drown'd seamen in the deep,
Where tides of awful stillness creep:

He would not hear the bitter cry
Should tender Youth and Beauty lie
Stretch'd on his sharpest stones to die.

What answers when the groping thought
 Would probe the depths whence he was brought,—
 The unknown past which speaketh naught?

What change has warped the hills and leas
 Since first he rose to forms like these
 Above the wild Laurentian seas?

The Alps and Andes were not born
 When first he saw the beaming morn
 Paint on the dark a world forlorn:

He heard the wind of Destiny
 Speed trackless over land and sea,
 Sowing the seeds of life to be:

Where now the youths and maidens climb,
 The uncouth dragons of the prime
 Crawl'd at the gloomy dawn of time:

He saw the arctic ice intrude
 Into his realm, summer exclude,
 And make a desert solitude.

The Frost his crystal coils unwound,—
 In his cold circle crawl'd, wall'd round
 With snows and frozen deeps profound.

VIII.

The savage roam'd the fruitful land,—
 His past a gulf no bridge has spanned,
 A stream which withers in the sand:

Either from Asia's ancient hives
 The tempests tossed a few frail lives,
 Whence the wild West her hordes derives;

Or Nature, working out her plan,
 To mould the occidental man,
 Wrought the rich clay of Yucatan.

There his wild roots took firmest hold,
In cruel cities, long of old,
Of which no traveller's tale is told:

Whose crimes bold Cortes guess'd of yore,
Finding along the lonely shore
Abandon'd altars smear'd with gore:

Whose thronging streets and temples stood
Where now decay and ruin brood,
Within a vast and ancient wood,

Strewed with crude idols, fallen prone,
The Molochs of a rite unknown,
Like that which stained the Druid's stone.

IX.

Beyond the middle stream and plain,
The race increas'd, from main to main,—
Grew mixed in blood, with many a strain;

Mound-builders and nomadic bands,
Cliff-dwellers, who in hostile lands
Hollow'd their homes with patient hands;

And cut the Colorado's wall
In forms grotesque, crude curve and scrawl,
Strange shapes of things that swim or crawl:

Warriors whose dusky mothers bore
Tecumseh, Uncas, Sagamore,
To keep the keys of savage lore;

Who hunted here their tawny herds,
And gave to mountains, brooks, and birds,
The poetry of lovely words:

Chocorua, whose utterance falls
Like mountain echoes, and recalls
Bald peaks, dark pines, and rocky walls;

Niagara, whose sound awakes
Wild cataract voices, roaring breaks
Of foam, white streams, and plunging lakes.

The sweet-lipp'd Susquehanna sings
The name they gave her, where she brings
Her whispering waters from the springs ;

And Minnehaha in the West,
By those soft syllables caress'd
Will chide her wild waves when they rest,

And scold each into song again,
To speak them to the pebbled plain,
The pathless wood and steep moraine.

They vanish'd like thin shreds of night,
And ragged mists, from creek and bight,
When seas are kissed with dawn's first light :

Their voices with the streams are roll'd,
And murmur when their names are told
The music of the tongues of old.

x.

A stronger race possess'd the soil,
To wrest therefrom the fruits of toil,
And load their homes with peaceful spoil :

Imperial peoples, crossing seas,
From lands long loved and lives of ease,
To colonise primeval leas ;

Whose children rose to heights sublime ;
Whose light increas'd to latest time,
Not reaching now the perfect prime ;

Which yet but flickers thro' the gloom,
And flutters from the brinks of doom,
To meet the darkness of the tomb.

When earth forgets that man was born,
 Monadnoc still shall hail the morn,
 His aged crags not yet outworn.

He sits as when in moods of thought
 Men stare with vacant eyes at naught,
 Heedless of what around is wrought.

A Titan fallen from the stars
 He seems, here in celestial wars
 Hurl'd down, and seamed with fearful scars;

His brow upturn'd to that high realm
 Where erst he rear'd his radiant helm,
 And godlike rushed to overwhelm.

XI.

Take flight and circle all the sky,
 More lofty mountains chain the eye,
 The themes of dim antiquity;

The Hindu Kailas, and those twain
 The twofold sacred rivers drain,
 Drawing their waters to the plain;

And Taurus; Atlas, icy topped;
 Tall Ararat whose pillars propped
 The Ark when all the waters dropped;

The hills of Hellas, with their wells
 And fabled waters, classic cells,
 And column'd shrines and pine dark dells;

And many that sit eminent
 Within the broad-plain'd Occident,
 Cordilleras magnificent:

Primeval peaks of frost and fire,—
 Dome, wall, and pinnacle and spire,
 Which pierce the spirit with desire;

The ancient homes of high emprise,
Like ocean opening to the eyes
New lands, new hopes, and larger skies ;

The seats of Freedom from of old,
Quarries and mines whose ribs infold
Rare crystals, silver, and pure gold ;

The source of fruitful streams which flow
Thro' teeming continents below,
Beside whose banks great cities grow.

XII.

No everlasting ice has crown'd
The crag above, no gold is found
Within his rock-seal'd entrails bound,

Yet here men feel the mystery,
The power and ancient royalty,
Which cloak the mountain and the sea.

Imagination lightly springs
From his bleak rock and spreads her wings,
And scales the heaven's cloudy rings.

The cabin'd spirit here can find
Free pastures, and the jaded mind
The strength for which it was design'd.

No classic pool is here, or shrine,
But pillar'd temples of sweet pine,
And cool pure waters crystalline ;

A clear and dappled brook, inlaid
With spotted sands, in sun and shade,
From his tall top a long cascade,

Till in the meads asleep it lies,
And changing colour with the skies,
Mirrors the world like living eyes.

XIII.

Here at the death of lovely days,
What time the smouldering beam decays,
Dark phantoms haunt the dusky ways;

The shows of Fancy when she takes
The gleams and glooms of night, and wakes
A seeming life in forms she makes;

And working from dim clews, detects
Conceal'd resemblances, effects
Wrought of deep shade and day's bright wrecks :

Dark boles like voiceless sentinels stand,
The glow of sunset's glimmering brand
Burning along the dusky land:

A sunken thicket then appears
An ambush set with threatening spears ;
A mask each grovelling shadow wears,

And mocks the gloomy beasts of yore,
Whose shambling shapes appear no more,
Whose dens the little lads explore :

Fierce Bruin, burly, dull, uncouth,
Huge honey lover, his sweet tooth,
Blood-guilty, sharp, and bare of ruth,—

Content to grub for worms or rut
In rotten leaves, for herb or nut,
Or offal from the logger's hut:

The giant cat, who whilom kept
The woods in fear, who, crouching, crept
So softly cruel and adept;

The beautiful and pitiless,
Cloth'd with perfidious loveliness,
And smooth, soft skin that none caress;

Not now she rustles in the hush,
 Or springs from bending branch to crush
 The red deer in the trampled bush :

The moody moose, morose, forlorn,
 His bearded head hung with huge horn,
 A monstrous growth each year newborn,

A creature fashion'd in the mould
 Of sombre forests vast and old,
 Moss bound, and green thro' heat and cold,—

Obscure and sullen, timid, mild,
 True birth of that rude northern wild
 To whose dim swamps he seems exiled ;

In touch with their mysterious shades,
 Dark hemlocks, pines, and cedar glades
 Whose mournful verdure never fades.

For him the lonely hunter waits
 And watches till dawn penetrates,
 In long bright cracks, night's sombre gates,

What time his monstrous antlers loom
 Between the glimmering light and gloom,
 And totter where he meets his doom.

XIV.

Here once a careless foot might wake
 The coil'd and sleeping rattlesnake,
 And raise him bristling from the brake :

Now where the dying sunbeam falls
 He haunts the naked plains, or crawls
 In cañons and by mountain walls.

A lonely lover of the sun,
 Tho' armed with death, content to shun
 The foe from which he will not run.



JAMES E. NESMITH.

Whom oft the scout, at break of day,
Findeth beside the fainting ray
Of his dim fire, with dumb dismay;

Or warmed within some inner fold
Of his furred robe, made over-bold
By the old curse that keeps him cold.

The harmless adder yet may hide
Close by, upon the warm hillside,
Or cool'd beside some crystal tide;

His chequer'd cousin, curl'd among
The stones, may flicker with his tongue,
And hiss, yet leave his foe unstung.

The porcupine makes his wild home
By gloomy rills which roll in foam,
Dropped from the mountain's mighty dome :

The trout yet haunt the lucid streams,
Now pois'd, still as the golden beams,
Now darting thro' the watery gleams :

The grouse, conceal'd from curious eyes,
Drums in the wood, or whirring flies,
Leaving us still with sharp surprise :

A scornful eagle yet may dare
The distant shot, the shout, the stare,
And keep the lordship of the air :

And when the wild and waning year
Crisp curls the crystal mountain mere,
The wary waterfowl appear.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

[Born in Pennsylvania, 1832. Author of *Moods*, *Little Women*, *Little Men*, *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, *Eight Cousins*, *Under the Lilacs*, etc. The poem quoted is from *A Masque of Poets*, by kind permission of Messrs Roberts Brothers, Boston.]

TRANSFIGURATION.

MYSTERIOUS Death ! who in a single hour
 Life's gold can so refine ;
 And by thy art divine
 Change mortal weakness to immortal power !

Bending beneath the weight of eighty years,
 Spent with the noble strife
 Of a victorious life,
 We watched her fading heavenward, through our tears.

But, ere the sense of loss our hearts had wrung,
 A miracle was wrought,
 And swift as happy thought
 She lived again, brave, beautiful, and young.

Agc, Pain and Sorrow dropped the veils they wore,
 And showed the tender eyes
 Of angels in disguise,
 Whose discipline so patiently she bore.

The past years brought their harvest rich and fair,
 While Memory and Love
 Together fondly wove
 A golden garland for the silver hair.

How could we mourn like those who are bereft,
 When every pang of grief
 Found balm for its relief
 In counting up the treasure she had left ?

Faith that withstood the shocks of toil and time,
 Hope that defied despair,
 Patience that conquered care,
 And loyalty whose courage was sublime.

The great, deep heart that was a home for all ;
 Just, eloquent and strong,
 In protest against wrong ;
 Wide charity that knew no sin, no fall.

The Spartan spirit that made life so grand,
 Mating poor daily needs
 With high, heroic deeds,
 That wrested happiness from Fate's hard hand.

We thought to weep, but sing for joy instead,
 Full of the grateful peace
 That followed her release ;
 For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.

Oh noble woman ! never more a queen
 Than in the laying down
 Of sceptre and of crown,
 To win a greater kingdom yet unseen :

Teaching us how to seek the highest goal ;
 To earn the true success ;
 To live, to love, to bless,
 And make death proud to take a royal soul.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

[Author of *The Rose of Flame* (New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889), from which these extracts are made by special permission.]

COLOR SONG.

WHITE and red, wine and bread,
 We ate and drank, our wooing sped.
 Alas, the measure of secret pleasure,
 My mother's curse is on my head.

Green and blue, land and sea,
 Over them both you fled from me.
 Ah mad, sweet wooing, 'twas my undoing,
 No more on Earth your face I see.

A SONG OF LIFE.

DID I seek life? Not so; its weight was laid upon me,
 And yet of my burden sore I may not set myself free.
 Two love, and lo, at love's call, a hapless soul must wake;
 Like a slave it is called to the world, to bear life, for
 their love's sake.

Did I seek love? Not so; Love led me along by the hand.
 Love beguiled me with songs and caresses, while I took
 no note of the land.
 And lo, I stood in a quicksand, but Love had wings, and
 he fled.
 Ah fool, for a mortal to venture where only a god may tread!

THE WISH.

COME, let us spend an idle hour in wishing,
 Like happy children on a summer's day,
 Feigning we never spent a past together,
 Nor know what farewells we shall have to say.

And I will wish this silver tide of moonlight,
 That shows your tender face, and upturned eyes,
 Its weary lips half parted in their languor,
 Too tired with kissing me, to speak replies.

—I wish this silver tide of summer moonlight,
 Were that strange flood of ancient fairy lore,
 Wherein the hapless mortal rashly plunging,
 Was changed from flesh to stone, forevermore.

Through the long centuries we should still be sleeping,
 And time would never touch your luring charms,
 And I, past any chance of changing fortune,
 Should hold you, through the ages, in my arms.

Ah, Sweet, the days are past of elfin magic
 And you must fade like any other flower,
 And, at the longest, I can only linger
 To keep you in my arms one fleeting hour.

Ah, Sweet, forgive the reverie's bitter ending,
 What, has my foolish fancy made you weep?
 Nay, close instead those white and weary eyelids,
 And dream we love for ever, in your sleep.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

[Born in New York City, 30th November 1838. Author of *Risk, and other Poems* (Boston, 1879); *The Seven Voices of Sympathy* (1881), etc. Died 1889.]

SPRINGS.

WITH unaccustomed tenderness
 The wayward son enfolds his mother;
 With strange and sudden gentleness
 The sister looks upon her brother.

The babe is tightened in the hold,
 With gushes of maternal passion;
 The wife and husband show their love
 After the maid's and lover's fashion.

And some white face with moveless lids
 That can be wet with tears no longer,
 Staying perchance life's wonted way
 Has made love's current flow the stronger.

Or, it may be, in last night's dream,
 Each felt what might be Death's aggression;
 And waking, tearful Love ran forth,
 To prove still safe his own possession.

AT TAPPAN.

THIS is the place where André met that death
 Whose infamy was keenest of its throes,
 And in this place of bravely-yielded breath
 His ashes found a fifty-years' repose ;

And then, at last, a transatlantic grave,
 With those who have been kings in blood or fame,
 As Honour here some compensation gave
 For that once forfeit to a hero's name.

But whether in the Abbey's glory laid,
 Or on so fair but fatal Tappan's shore,
 Still at his grave have noble hearts betrayed
 The loving pity and regret they bore.

In view of all he lost—his youth, his love,
 And possibilities that wait the brave,
 Inward and outward bound, dim visions move
 Like passing sails upon the Hudson's wave.

The Country's Father ! how do we revere
 His justice—Brutus-like in its decree—
 With André-sparing mercy, still more dear
 Had been his name—if that, indeed, could be !

LAST DAYS OF BYRON.

JUST at the point
 Of facing death in fronting Moslem steel,
 Lo ! in the fever's silent strife he sank !
 Out of the valorous yet chaotic Greeks
 His skill and nerve had gathered ordered ranks.

May not the chaos of his passions first
Have heard light summoned, and have felt its
dawn?

May not the liberty of God's own truth
Have struck some shackles of his bondage off
While he was seeking to make others free?
Amid the blackness we must see and shun,
Gleams out a light wherein it read the hint
Of the surpassing glory sin eclipsed.
Who knows what age or illness might have
wrought?

Those two reformers of an evil life,
That have of vilest sinners moulded saints.
Be it not ours to cover vice of his,
But to remember we have seen his worst,
Which most men hide as misers hide their hoard.

While Thought drinks in the purest tones he
struck,

All her nerves tremble with bewildered joy :
Round some creations such a splendour burns,
He seems himself the very lyric god,
Encircling whom, great passions of the soul
With linkéd hands, like maids of Helicon,
Accord his power in faultless harmonies.
Greece lives for ever in his splendid verse,
Which, should her relics utter ruins lie,
Could bound her glory with immortal lines.
Fitting that he who lived and sang of her
Should breathe his life out on her lovely shore !
Wave-beaten Missolonghi, it is thou
That hold'st the parting secrets of that soul
Not walled like thee, with strength, but like
thyself
Beaten forever by the mighty sea !

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

[Born in Ireland, 1840. Author, among other volumes, of *Poems*, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1882; *Verses along the Way*, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1890; *A Summer Holiday in Europe*, Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1890.]

A DEAD SUMMER.

WHAT lacks the summer ?

Not roses blowing,
 Nor tall white lilies with fragrance rife,
 Nor green things gay with the bliss of growing,
 Nor glad things drunk with the wine of life,
 Nor flushing of clouds in blue skies shining,
 Nor soft wind murmurs to rise and fall,
 Nor birds for singing, nor vines for twining—
 Three little buds I miss, no more,
 That blossomed last year at my garden door,—
 And that is all.

What lacks the summer ?

Not leaves a-quiver
 With arrows of light from the land of dawn,
 Nor drooping of boughs by the dimpling river,
 Nor nodding of grass on the windy lawn,
 Nor tides upswept upon silver beaches,
 Nor rustle of leaves on tree-tops tall,
 Nor dapple of shade in woodland reaches,—
 Life pulses gladly on vale and hill,
 But three little hearts that I love are still,—
 And that is all.

What lacks the summer ?

O light and savour,
 And message of healing the world above !
 Gone is the old-time strength and flavour,
 Gone is the old-time peace and love !
 Gone is the bloom of the shimmering meadow,

Music of birds, as they sweep and fall,—
 All the great world is dim with shadow,
 Because no longer mine eyes can see
 The eyes that made summer and life for me,—
 And that is all.

GOING AND COMING.

FORWARD!

“On to the front!” the order ran,
 “On to the front the foe to meet,”
 They shouldered their muskets, boy and man,
 And marched away through the city street.
 Banners flying and drum-beat proud,
 Marshalled them on through the noisy way,
 But many a heart in the waiting crowd
 Was faint and sick with its fear that day.

Forward!

“On to the front;” ’twas a fearful call
 With Death before to beckon them on;
 Who would be first on the field to fall?
 Who would be left when the rest were gone?
 Was this the last time, full and free,
 To hear the pulse of the city roll,
 Before they gasped in their agony
 With the last deep throb of the parting soul?

Forward!

On to the front! From peace and life,
 From wife and child with their clinging hands,
 To the shock and crash of the fearful strife,
 To the unknown grave in the southern lands.
 Yet firm as the beat of their martial feet,
 And strong with a freeman’s strength of soul,
 They marched away through the crowded street
 With quiver of trumpet and loud drum roll,
 Forward!

Home!

With silken folds of the banner torn
 In gaps, with the sunlight streaming through,
 The bayonets gleam from the muskets worn,
 And stain and dust on the army-blue ;
 Back from the battlefields far away,
 Their medals of bronze on check and brow,
 They came through the city streets to-day,—
 Our Legion of Honour we call them now.

Home!

When the word went down to that hell of war,
 And the fetid walls where the prisoners slept,
 God! what a shout rang near and far
 And up to the listening heavens swept!
 Eyes that were dry 'mid the groans of death,
 Hearts unawed by the bullet and sword,
 Grew dim and soft with the whispered breath,
 And melted in tears at the well-known word.

Home!

Many had reached it long ago,
 Not the place that our hearts had planned,—
 The fireside rest that their feet should know
 Who came to us back from the direful land,—
 But a sweeter rest—which never shall cease—
 Than the deepest depths of our love could give,
 Where God Himself is the light of Peace,
 And the ransomed soldiers of freedom live.

Home!

Whether on earth or whether in heaven,
 Where lips may touch or prayers arise,
 Honour and praise to their names be given
 Under the sun or above the skies.
 Till the jubilant air shall rise and swell
 With strong full shouts of the heart's delight,
 Welcome with clangour of cannon and bell
 The bronze-brown heroes of field and fight
 Home!

HEARTSICK!

“Is it the tramp of men to battle
Breaking across the silent night,
The stinging roll of the musket’s rattle,
The far-off shock of the deadly fight?
Is it the moan of strong men dying,
Coming across the dreary plain?”
“Mother, only the south wind sighing,
And the falling drops of the summer rain.”

“Listen again! where the hill lies glooming,
Flinging its shadow across the grass,
Did you not hear the cannon booming,
And clash of steel from the rocky pass?
Now drawing nearer, now retreating,
Are there not cries on the village green?”
Only the surf on the dark rocks beating,
And the roll of the thunder dropped between.

Alas and alas! when the heart is fearing,
Every shadow has life and weight,
Even the wind, to the spirit’s hearing,
Comes like the call of a beckoning Fate!
You, O child, in your spring-time gladness,
Only the wrath of the tempest see,—
I, with a longing, sick heart sadness,
What does the south wind say to me?

That some place where its breath is falling
He is fighting,—perhaps is slain;
That some place where its voice is calling
He is moaning my name in vain;
Somewhere under its lonely sighing,
In broken slumber or deadly strife,
In camp or field is the true heart lying
That calls you “darling” and calls me “wife.”

You and I, my little one, nesting
 Safe by his hearthstone, far away,—
 What shall we do for our soldier's resting,—
 What *can* we do but wait and pray.
 Through all the changes life may ring us,
 Waiting and praying with trust and might,
 But most of all when the south winds bring us
 A message from him, as they do to-night.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

[Born at New York City, 8th March 1859. Author of *Oberon and Puck*, brought out by Cassell & Company, with whose kind permission the poems given are quoted.]

THE ACCOLADE.

I.

Now filled was all the sum
 Of serving years, and past, for ever past,
 All duties, all delights, of young esquires :
 And to the altar and the hour at last—
 The hour, the altar, of his dear desires—
 Clear-shriven and whitely clad the youth was come.

II.

Full many a squire was in that household bred
 To arms and honour and sweet courtesy,
 Who wore that sojourn's fragrant memory
 As amulet in after-battles dread ;
 And meeting in kings' houses joyously,
 Or, wounded, in the sedge beside a lake,
 Such men were bounden brothers, for the sake
 Of the blade that knighted and the board that fed.

III.

To eastward builded was the oratory:
 There all the warm spring night,—while in the wood
 The buds were swelling in the brooding dark,
 And dreaming of a lordlier dawn the lark,—
 Paced to and fro the youth and dreamed on glory,
 And watched his arms: Great knights in mailed hood
 On steeds of stone sat ranged along the aisle,
 And frowned upon the aspirant: “Who is he
 Would claim the name and join the company
 Of slayers of soldans swart and dragons grim,
 Not ignorant of wanded wizards’ guile,
 And deserts parched, and waters wide to swim?”
 He halted at the challenge of the dead.
 Anon, in twilight, fancy feigned a smile
 To curve the carven lips, as though they said,
 “Oh welcome, brother, of whom the world hath need!
 Ere the recorded deed
 We trembled, hoped, and doubted, even as thou.”

And therewithal he lifted up his brow,
 Uplift from hesitance and humble fear,
 And saw how with the splendour of the sun
 The glimmering oriel blossomed rosy-clear;
 And lo, the Vigil of the Arms was done!

IV.

Now, mass being said, before the priest he brought
 That glittering prophecy, his untried sword.
 In some mysterious forge the blade was wrought,
 By shadowy arms of force that baffle thought
 Wrought curiously in the dim under-world;
 And all along the sheath processions poured,
 Thronged shapes of earth’s weird morn
 Ere yet the hammer of Thor was downward hurled;
 Not less it had for hilt the Cross of Christ the Lord,
 And must thereby in battle aye be borne.

V.

Cool-sprinkled with the consecrated wave,
 That blade was blessed, that it should strike to save ;
 And next, pure hands of youth in hands of age
 Were held upon the page
 Of the illuminate missal, full of prayers,—
 Rich fields, where through the river of souls has rushed
 Long, long, to have its passion held and hushed
 In the breast of that calm sea whereto it fares :
 And steadfastly the aspirant vow did plight
 To bear the sword, or break it, for the Right,
 And living well his life, yet hold it light,—
 Yea, for that sovereign sake a worthless thing.

VI.

Thereon a troop of maids began to bring,
 With flutter as of many-coloured doves,
 The hauberk that right martially did ring,
 And weight of linkèd gloves,
 And helmet plumed, and spurs ablaze with gold.
 Each gave in gracious wise her guiding word,
 As bade or fresh caprice, or usance old :
 As *Ride thou swift by golden Honour spurred,*
 Or *Be thou faithful, fortunate and bold.*
 But scarce for his own heart the aspirant heard.

VII.

And armed, all save the head,
 He kneeled before his master grey and good.
 Like some tall, noble, ancient ship he stood,
 That once swept o'er the tide
 With banners, and freight of heroes helmeted
 For worthy war, and music breathing pride.
 Now, the walled cities won,
 And storms withstood, and all her story spun,

She towers in sand beside some sunny bay,
Whence in the silvery morn new barks go sailing gay.

So stately stood the Knight :
And with a mighty arm, and with a blade
Reconsecrate at fiery fonts of fight,
He on the bowed neck gave the accolade.

Yet kneeled the youth bewildered, for the stroke
Seemed severance sharp of kind companionships ;
And the strange pain of parting in him woke ;
And as at midnight when a branch down dips
By sudden-swaying tempest roughly stirred,
 Some full-fledged nested bird,
Being shaken forth, though fain of late to fly,
Now flickers with weak wing and wistful cry,—
 So flickered his desires
'Twi'xt knighthood, and delights and duties of esquires.
But even as with the morrow will uprise,
 Assured by azure skies,
The bird, and dart, and swim in buoyant air,—
Uprose his soul, and found the future free and fair !

VIII.

And girded with Farewell and with Godspeed
 He sprang upon his steed.
And forth he fared along the broad bright way ;
And mild was the young sun, and wild the breeze,
That seemed to blow to lands no eye had seen :
And Pentecost had kindled all the trees
To tremulous thin whispering flames of green,
And given to each a sacred word to say ;
And wind-fine voices of the wind-borne birds
Were ever woven in among their words.
Soft brooding o'er the hamlet where it lay,
The circling hills stood stoled with holy white,
For orchards brake to blossom in the night ;

And all the morning was one blown blue flower,
 And all the world was at its perfect hour.
 So fared he gladly, and his spirit yearned
 To do some deed fit for the deep new day.
 And on the broad bright way his armour burned,
 And showed him still, a shifting, waning star,
 To sight that followed far.
 Till last, the fluctuant wood the flash did whelm,
 That flood-like rolled in light and shadow o'er his helm.

IX.

I know not more : nor if that helm did rust
 In weed of some drear wilderness down-thrust,
 Where in the watches lone
 Heaven's host beheld him lying overthrown,
 While God yet judged him victor, God whose laws
 Note not the event of battle, but the cause.
 I know not more : nor if the nodding prize
 Of lustrous laurels e'er that helm did crown,
 While God yet judged him vanquished, God whose eyes
 Saw how his Demon smote his Angel down
 In some forgotten field and left him low.
 Only the perfect hour is mine to know.

X.

O you who forth along the highway ride,
 Whose quest the whispering wood shall close around,
 Be all adventure high that may betide,
 And gentle all enchantments therein found !
 I would my song were as a trumpet-sound
 To nerve you and speed, and weld its notes with power
 To the remembrance of your perfect hour :
 To ring again and again, and to recall
 With the might of music, all :
 The prescience proud, the morning aspiration,
 But most the unuttered vow, the inward consecration !

A SONG OF FAILURE.

WITH green swords pointing to heaven,
When the dawn flushed, glad to see,
Like three gay knights in the garden
Were flaunting the Fleurs-de-lis.

And the plumes of two were purple,
The colour of hope and pride,
And the last was snowy-crested,
As a maiden soul should ride.

But a wind from the west brought warning,
And at noontide, a sound of power,
We heard on the roofs loud marching
The steady feet of the shower.

And the sharp green swords were broken,
When the dusk fell, sad to see ;
And low, ah low, were lying
The plumes of the Fleurs-de-lis !

THE DANDELIONS.

UPON a showery night and still,
Without a sound of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill,
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle-notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot ;
 Till one day, idly walking,
 We marked upon the self-same spot
 A crowd of veterans talking.
 They shook their trembling heads and grey
 With pride and noiseless laughter ;
 When, well-a-day ! they blew away,
 And ne'er were heard of after !

EMELIE.

*" O chaste goddess of the wodes grene,
 I am (thou wost) yet of thy compaignie,
 A mayde, and love hunting and venerie,
 And for to walke in the wodes wilde."*

Chaucer's "Knights Tale."

SHE greets the lily on the stalk ;
 She shakes the soft hair from her brows ;
 She wavers down the garden walk
 Beneath the bloomy boughs.
 She is the slenderest of maids ;
 Her fair face strikes you like a star ;
 The great stone tower her pathway shades—
 The prison where the Princes are.
*Across the dewy pleasance falls,
 All in the clear May morning light,
 The shadow of those evil walls
 That look so black by night.*

She is so glad, so wild a thing,
 Her heart sings like the lark all day ;
 The unhooded falcon on the wing
 Is not more freely gay.
 In sun and wind doth she rejoice,
 And blithely drinks the airy blue,
 Yet loves the solemn pines that voice
 The grief she never knew.

In silence of the woods apart
 Her sure swift step the Dryads know ;
 Full oft she speeds the bounding hart,
 And draws the bending bow.
 Fine gleams across her spirit dart,
 And never living soul, saith she,
 Could make her choose for aye to lose
 Her own sweet company.

But sometimes, when the moon is bright,
 So bright it almost drowns the stars,
 She thinks how some have lost delight
 Behind the prison bars.
 It makes her sad a little space,
 And casts a shadow on her look,
 As branches in a woody place
 Do flicker on a brook.

Last night she had a dream of men,
 Dark faces strange with keen desire ;
 She heard the blaring trumpet then,
 She saw the shields strike fire.
 The pomp of plumes, the crack of spears,
 Beyond her happy circle lie ;
 Thank Heaven ! she has but eighteen years,
 And loves the daisies and the sky.
And yet across her garden falls,
All in the clear May morning light,
The shadow of the prison walls,
That look so black by night.

EL SINORE.

It is strange in Elsinore
 Since the day King Hamlet died.

All the hearty sports of yore,
 Sledge and skate, are laid aside ;
 Stilled the ancient mirth that rang,
 Boisterous, down the fire-lit halls ;
 They forgot, at Yule, to hang
 Berried holly on the walls.
 Claudius lets the mead still flow
 For the blue-eyed thanes that love it ;
 But they bend their brows above it,
 And for ever to and fro,
 Round the board dull murmurs go :
 " It is strange in Elsinore
 Since the day King Hamlet died."

And a swarm of courtiers flit,
 New in slashed and satined trim,
 With their freshly-fashioned wit
 And their littleness of limb,—
 Flit about the stairways wide,
 Till the pale Prince Hamlet smiles,
 As he walks, at twilight tide,
 Through the galleries and the aisles.

For to him the castle seems—
 This old castle, Elsinore—
 Like a thing built up of dreams ;
 And the king's a mask, no more ;
 And the courtiers seems but flights
 Of the painted butterflies ;
 And the arras, wrought with fights,
 Grows alive before his eyes.

Lo, its giant shapes of Danes,
As without a wind it waves,
Live more nobly than his thanes,
Sullen carpers, ale-fed slaves !

In the flickering of the fires,
Through his sleep at night there pass
Gay conceits and young desires—
Faces out of memory's glass,
Fragments of the actor's art,
Student's pleasures, college broils,
Poesies that caught his heart,
Chances with the fencing foils ;
Then he listens oftentimes
With his boyhood's simple glee,
To dead Yorick's quips and rhymes,
Leaning on his father's knee.
To that mighty hand he clings,
Tender love that stern face charms ;
All at once the casement rings
As with strength of angry arms.
From the couch he lifts his head,
With a shudder and a start ;
All the fires are embers red,
And a weight is on his heart.

It is strange in Elsinore.
Sure some marvel cometh soon !
Underneath the icy moon
Footsteps pat the icy floor ;
Voices haunt the midnights bleak,
When the wind goes singing keen ;
And the hound, once kept so sleek,
Slinks and whimpers and grows lean ;
And the shivering sentinels,
Timorous on their lonesome round,
Starting count the swinging bells,
Starting at the hollow sound ;

And the pine-trees chafe and roar,
 Though the snow would keep them still.
 In the state there's somewhat ill ;
 It is strange in Elsinore.

TO-DAY.

VOICE, with what emulous fire thou singest free hearts
 of old fashion,
 English scorers of Spain, sweeping the blue sea-way,
 Sing me the daring of life for life, the magnanimous
 passion
 Of man for man in the mean populous streets of To-day!

Hand, with what colour and power thou could'st show,
 in the ring hot-sanded,
 Brown Bestiarius holding the lean tawn tiger at bay,
 Paint me the wrestle of Toil with the wild-beast Want,
 bare-handed ;
 Shadow me forth a soul steadily facing To-day !

INA D. COOLBRITH.

[Born in Springfield, Illinois. Author of *Perfect Day, and other Poems*, published in San Francisco in 1881. The poem quoted is from the *Century Magazine*.]

THE POET.

HE walks with God upon the hills !
 And sees, each morn the World arise
 New-bathed in light of paradise.
 He hears the laughter of her rills,

He melodies of many voices,
 And greets her while his heart rejoices.
 She to his spirit undefiled,
 Makes answer as a little child ;
 Unveiled before his eyes she stands,
 And gives her secrets to his hands.

DANSKE CAROLINA DANDRIDGE.

[Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, *circa* 1858. Author of *Joy*, published in 1888 by G. P. Putnam's Sons, with whose kind permission the poems quoted are given.]

DESIRE.

AN APRIL IDYL.

COME, dear Desire, and walk with me ;
 We'll gather sweets, and rob the bee ;
 Come, leave the dimness of your room,
 We'll watch, how since the morning rain
 The spider sitteth at her loom,
 To weave her silken nets again.
 I know a field where bluets blow,
 Like frost from fingers of the night,
 And in a sheltered coppice grow
 Arbutus trailers, blush and white.

She leaves the room and walks with me
 Where dance the leaflets airily ;
 Across the stile and o'er the grass,
 And down the shaded copse we pass.
 What sweeter bliss beneath the sun
 Than through the wooded ways to go
 With her whose heart is almost won,
 And let the fulness overflow !

Her voice is ringing clear and blithe,—
 I mark her motions, free and lithe ;
 Sometimes the briars that lift her dress
 Reveal the ankle's gracefulness.
 The flowers, on which she will not tread,
 Pay homage with each nodding head,
 As though the Lady May, their queen,
 Were lightly pacing o'er the green.

The bluebird to my suit gives heed ;
 The wood-thrush warbles me good-speed ;
 And every bird in every tree,
 That peeps at her and peers at me,
 Sings loud encouragement and long,
 And bids us welcome in his song.

Kind stones, I thank you for your grace,
 I bless each wet and marshy place ;
 Low pile of logs and fallen fence,
 I owe ye twain a recompense,
 With prostrate tree and matted vine ;
 Each bar that gives occasion sweet
 To hold her supple hand in mine,
 And teach her where to place her feet.

See, my Desire, the mossy nook
 Where grows the pink anemone ;
 I'll kindly lift you o'er the brook,
 And 'neath the dropping dog-wood tree
 We'll sit and watch the mating birds,
 And put their wooing into words.

O downcast eyes ! O tender glow !
 O little hand that trembles so !
 O throbbing heart and fluttering breast !
 O timid passion, half confessed !
 We hear and scarcely know we hear
 The red-bird whistle bold and clear ;

Beneath the blooming dog-wood bough
The moments pass, we know not how,
Till day is on her burning pyre,
And I have won my heart's Desire.

PEGASUS.

O STEEP a poet in the sun,
And bathe a singer in the blue,
And bring, to solace such an one,
Fresh, honeyed draughts of clover dew !
Then let a song for soothing float
From out the hermit thrush's throat.
Upon a mountain side apart,
Where blows no breath of earthly care,
There let him ease his gentle heart,
And drink him drunk with mountain air.
Perchance before the day be past,
The wingèd horse may come at last,
And lightly curvet o'er the hill,
Then stand to learn the master's will.
Or if he wait till comes the night,
Until the lady moon arise,
And sleepy starlets blink their eyes,
And whip-poor-wills begin to call,
There'll be such rambles through the skies ;
Such antics on his upward flight ;
Such caracoles fantastical ;
Such circlings wild and swift and strong,
As ne'er were set in mortal song !

O Pegasus ! if I might be
Upon the mountain slope with thee :
And might I share thy sweeping flight,
And gambols in the mystic light ;
Or through the airy pastures wind,
With speed that leaves the breeze behind,
To join the starry company,
'Twere happiness enough for me.

A DAINTY FOP.

So jaunty, free and debonair,
 And winning welcome everywhere,
 A dainty fop has passed me by !
 I did not see, but felt him nigh,
 And though he dared to kiss my cheek,
 He did not speak, he did not speak.

Shall I confess, beneath the rose,
 A secret you must ne'er disclose,
 That almost every summer day
 This lover kisses me in play ?
 But whence he comes, or where he goes
 No mortal knows, no mortal knows.

A cultured taste in him I find,
 And proof of an æsthetic mind ;
 He winnows first the clover fields,
 And next the rose aroma yields ;
 Now who can tell me from the scent,
 Which way he went, which way he went ?

A connoisseur of rich perfumes,
 To-day he steals from lilac blooms ;
 To-morrow leaves the garden belles,
 And flies to woodbine-scented dells ;
 Who could resist the sighing swain,
 Nor kiss again, nor kiss again ?

Like Psyche, in my arbours green
 I wait for him I ne'er have seen ;
 His fragrant breath betrays him nigh,
 His fragrant breath and gentle sigh,
 As though a burden on his breast
 Was ne'er confessed, was ne'er confessed !

To none is this gay rover true ;
 He charms each day with odours new ;
 But when, where hides the partridge-vine
 He finds the luscious eglantine,
 And when for her he leaves the rest,
 I love him best, I love him best.

THE DEAD MOON.

I.

WE are ghost-ridden :
 Through the deep night
 Wanders a spirit,
 Noiseless and white.
 Loiters not, lingers not, knoweth not rest ;
 Ceaselessly haunting the East and the West.
 She, whose undoing the ages have wrought,
 Moves on to the time of God's rhythmical thought.
 In the dark, swinging sea,
 As she speedeth through space,
 She reads her pale image ;
 The wounds are agape on her face.
 She sees her grim nakedness
 Pierced by the eyes
 Of the spirits of God
 In their flight through the skies.
 (Her wounds they are many and hollow.)
 The Earth turns and wheels as she flies,
 And this Spectre, this Ancient, must follow.

II.

When, in the æons,
 Had she beginning ?
 What is her story ?
 What was her sinning ?
 Do the ranks of the Holy Ones
 Know of her crime ?
 Does it loom in the mists
 Of the birthplace of Time ?
 The stars, do they speak of her
 Under their breath,
 "Will this Wraith be for ever
 Thus restless in death ?"
 On, through immensity,
 Sliding and stealing,
 On through infinity,
 Nothing revealing.

III.

I see the fond lovers :
 They walk in her light :
 They charge the "soft maiden"
 To bless their love-plight.
 Does she laugh in her place,
 As she glideth through space ?
 Does she laugh in her orbit with never a sound ?
 That to her, a dead body,
 With nothing but rents in her round ;
 Blighted and marred ;
 Wrinkled and scarred ;
 Barren and cold ;
 Wizen'd and old ;
 That to her should be told,
 That to her should be sung
 The yearning and burning of them that are young ?

IV.

Our Earth that is young,
 That is throbbing with life,
 Has fiery upheavals,
 Has boisterous strife ;
 But she that is dead has no stir, breathes no air ;
 She is calm, she is voiceless, in lonely despair.

V.

We dart through the void :
 We have cries, we have laughter :
 The phantom that haunts us
 Comes silently after.
 This Ghost-lady follows,
 Though none hear her tread ;
 On, on, we are flying,
 Still tracked by our Dead ;
 By this white awful Mystery,
 Haggard, and dead.

MARGARET[TA WADE] DELAND.

[Born in Alleghany, Pennsylvania, 23d February 1857. Author of *The Old Garden* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston 1886); *John Ward, Preacher* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1888); *Sidney* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1891).]

AFFAIRE D'AMOUR.

FOR E. W. W.

ONE pale November day,
Flying Summer paused,
They say :
And growing bolder,
O'er rosy shoulder
Threw to her lover such a glance,
That Autumn's heart began to dance.
(O happy lover !)

A leafless peach-tree bold
Thought for him she smiled,
I'm told ;
And, stirred by love,
His sleeping sap did move,
Decking each naked branch with green
To show her that her look was seen !
(Alas poor lover !)

But Summer, laughing, fled,
Nor knew he loved her !
'Tis said
The peach-tree sighed,
And soon he gladly died :
And Autumn, weary of the chase,
Came on at Winter's sober pace
(O careless lover !)

SUMMER.

A FRAGMENT.

HIGH on the crest of the blossoming grasses,
 Bending and swaying with face toward the sky,
 Stirred by the lightest west wind as it passes,
 Hosts of the silver-white daisy-stars lie !

I, looking up through the mist of the flowers,
 I, lying low on the earth thrilled with June,
 Give not a thought to the vanishing hours,
 Save that they melt into twilight too soon !

Blossoms of peaches float down for my cover,—
 Snowflakes that blushed to be kissed by the sun,—
 Blossoms of apples drift over and over,—
 White they with grief that their short day is done !

Buttercup's lanterns are lighted about me,
 Burly red clover's warm cheek presses mine;
 Powdery bee never once seems to doubt me,
 Tipping each chalice for Summer's new wine !

Tiny white butterflies ("Brides" children name them)
 Flicker and glimmer, and turn in their flight;
 Surely the sunshine suffices to tame them,
 Close to my hand they will swing and alight.

Small timid breezes than butterflies shyer,
 Just for a moment soft buffet my face,
 Then fly away to the tree tops and higher,
 Shaking down shadows o'er every bright space.

 LIFE.

BY one great Heart, the universe is stirred:
 By its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue;
 It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
 And thrills through low sweet song of every bird :

By it, the plunging blood reds all men's veins ;
 Joy feels that Heart against his rapturous own,
 And on it, Sorrow breathes her sharpest groan ;
 It bounds through gladness and the deepest pains.
 Passionless beating through all Time and Space ;
 Relentless, calm, majestic in its march,
 Alike, though Nature shake heaven's endless arch,
 Or man's heart break, because of some dead face !
 'Tis felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
 In children's smiling, as in mother's tears ;
 And, for strange comfort, through the aching years,
 Men's hungry souls have named that great Heart, God !

*WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR
 FLOCKS BY NIGHT.*

LIKE small curled feathers white and soft,
 The little clouds went by,
 Across the moon, and past the stars,
 And down the western sky !
 In upland pastures, where the grass
 With frosted dew was white,
 Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay
 That first, best Christmas night.
 The Shepherds slept ; and, glimmering faint,
 With twist of thin blue smoke,
 Only their fire's crackling flames
 The tender silence broke—
 Save when a young lamb raised his head,
 Or, when the night wind blew,
 A nesting bird would softly stir
 Where dusky olives grew ;
 With finger on her solemn lip
 Night hushed the shadowy earth
 And only stars and angels saw
 The little Saviour's birth.

Then came such flash of silver light
 Across the bending skies,
 The wondering Shepherds woke, and hid
 Their frightened, dazzled eyes!

And all their gentle sleepy flock
 Looked up, then slept again,
 Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
 Brought endless peace to men—
 Nor even heard the gracious words
 That down the ages ring—
 "The Christ is born! the Lord has come,
 Good-will on earth to bring!"

Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,
 Dumb with the world's great Joy,
 The Shepherds sought the white-walled town,
 Where lay the baby boy—
 And oh, the gladness of the world,
 The glory of the skies,
 Because the longed-for Christ looked up
 In Mary's happy eyes!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

[Born at Boston, Massachusetts, 1861. The poems quoted are from *Songs at the Start* (1884, Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston); *The White Sail* (1887, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), and are published by special permission of the author.]

TARPEIA.

Woe: lightly to part with one's soul as the sea with its
 foam!

Woe to Tarpeia, Tarpeia, daughter of Rome!

Lo, now it was night, with the moon looking chill as she
 went:

It was morn when the innocent stranger strayed into
 the tent.

The hostile Sabini were pleased, as one meshing a bird ;
She sang for them there in the ambush ! They smiled
as they heard.

Her sombre hair purpled in gleams, as she leaned to the
light ;
All day she had idled and feasted, and now it was night.

The chief sat apart, heavy browed, brooding elbow on knee ;
The armlets he wore were thrice royal, and wondrous to
see :

Exquisite artifice, whorls of barbaric design,
Frost's fixed mimicry ; orbic imaginings fine

In sevenfold coils : and in orient glimmer from them,
The variform voluble swinging of gem upon gem.

And the glory thereof sent fever and fire to her eye.
' I had never such trinkets ! ' She sighed—like a lute was
her sigh.

' Were they mine at the plea, were they mine for the
token, all told,
Now the citadel sleeps, now my father the keeper is old,

' If I go by the path I know, and thou followest hard,
If yet at the touch of Tarpeia the gates be unbarred ? '

The chief trembled sharply for joy, then drew rein on
his soul,

' Of all this arm beareth, I swear I will cede thee the whole.'

And up from the nooks of the camp, the hoarse plaudit
outdealt,

The bearded Sabini glanced hotly, and vowed as they knelt,

Bare-stretching the wrists that bore also the glowing great
boon :

' Yea ! surely as over us shineth the lurid low moon,

' Not alone of our lord, but of each of us take what he hath !
Too poor is the guerdon if thou wilt but show us the path.'

Her nostril upraised, like a fawn's on the arrowy air,
She sped; in a serpentine gleam to the precipice stair,

They climbed in her traces, they closed on their evil
swift star:

She bent to the latches, and swung the huge portal ajar

Repulsed where they passed her, half-tearful for wounded
belief,

'The bracelets!' she pleaded. Then faced her the
leonine chief,

And answered her: 'Even as I promised, maid-merchant,
I do.'

Down from his dark shoulder the baubles he suddenly drew.

'This left arm shall nothing begrudge thee. Accept. Find
it sweet.

Give, too, O my brothers!' The jewels he flung at her feet,

The jewels hard, heavy; she stooped to them, flushing
with dread,

But the shield he flung after: it clanged on her beautiful
head.

Like the Apennine bells when the villager's warnings
begin,

Athwart the first lull broke the ominous din upon din;

With a 'Hail, benefactress!' Upon her they heaped
in their zeal

Death: agate and iron, death: chrysoprase, beryl and
steel.

'Neath the outcry of scorn, 'neath the sinewy tension and
hurl,

The moaning died slowly, and still they massed over the
girl

A mountain of shields! and the gemmy bright tangle in
links

A torrent-like gust,—pouring out on the grass from the
chinks,

Pyramidal gold! the sumptuous monument won
By the deed they had loved her for, doing, and loathed
her for, done.

Such was the wage that they paid her, such, the acclaim ;
All Rome was aroused with the thunder that buried
her shame.

On surged the Sabini to battle. O you that aspire!
Tarpeia the traitor had fill of her woman's desire.

Woe: lightly to part with one's soul as the sea with its
foam!

Woe to Tarpeia, Tarpeia, daughter of Rome!

A PASSING SONG.

WHERE thrums the bee and the honeysuckle hovers,
Gather, golden lasses, to a roundelay;
Dance, dance, yokefellows and lovers,
Headlong down the garden, in the heart of May!
Youth is slipping, dripping, pearl on pearl, away.

Dance! What if last year Winnie's cheek were rounder?
Dance! tho' that foot, Hal, were nimbler yesterday.
Spread the full sail! for soon the ship must founder;
Flaunt the red rose! soon the canker-worm has sway:
Youth is slipping, dripping, pearl on pearl, away.

See the dial shifting, hear the night-birds calling!
Dance, you starry striplings! round the fountain-spray:
With its mellow music out of sunshine falling,
With its precious waters trickling into clay,
Youth is slipping, dripping, pearl on pearl, away.

THE WILD RIDE.

*I HEAR in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day, the commotion of sinewy mane-tossing horses;
All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and
neighing.*

Cowards and laggards fall back ; but alert to the saddle,
 Straight, grim, and abreast, vault our weather-worn,
 galloping legion,
 With a stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that
 loves him.

The road is thro' dolour and dread, over crags and
 morasses ;
 There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal
 or entice us :
 What odds ? We are Knights, and our souls are but
 bent on the riding !

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
 All day, the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses ;
 All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and
 neighing.*

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm-
 wind ;
 We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the
 anvil.
 Thou ledest, O God ! All's well with Thy troopers
 that follow.

THE LIGHT OF THE HOUSE.

BEYOND the cheat of Time, here where you died you live ;
 You pace the garden-walks secure and sensitive ;
 You linger on the stair : Love's lonely pulses leap !
 The harpsichord is shaken, the dogs look up from sleep.

Years after, and years after, you keep your heirdom still,
 Your winning youth about you, your joyous face and skill,
 Unvexed, unapprehended, with waking sense adored ;
 And still the house is happy that hath so dear a lord.

To every quiet inmate, strong in the cheer you brought,
 Your name is as a spell midway of speech and thought ;
 And unto whoso knocks, an awe-struck visitor,
 The sunshine that was you floods all the open door !

AFTER THE STORM.

I.

Now that the wind is tamed and broken,
 And day gleams over the lea,
 Row, row, for the one you love
 Was out on the raging sea :
 Row, row, row,
 Sturdy and brave o'er the treacherous wave,
 Hope like a beacon before,
 Row, sailor, row
 Out to the sea from the shore !

II.

O the oar that was once so merry,
 O but the mournful oar !
 Row, row ; God steady your arm
 To the dark and desolate shore :
 Row, row, row,
 With your own love dead, and her wet gold head
 Laid there at last on your knee,
 Row, sailor, row,
 Back to the shore from the sea !

THE POET.

LISTEN! the mother
 Croons o'er her darling;
 Birds to the summer
 Call from the trees;
 Sailors in chorus
 Chant of the ocean :
 The Poet's heart singeth
 Songs sweeter than these.

Thy lute, gentle lover,
 To her thou adorest;
 Ye troubadours! pæans
 For princes of Guelph:

But Heaven's own harpers
 Breathe not in their music
 The song that his happy heart
 Sings to itself ;
 The changeless, soft song that it
 Sings to itself !

HELEN JACKSON [H. H.].

[Born 18th October 1831, at Amherst, Massachusetts. Her maiden name was Helen Maria Fiske. She married, first, Captain E. B. Hunt, U.S.A. (28th October 1852); second, Mr William Sharpless Jackson (October 1875). Died in California, 12th August 1885. Author of *Verses* (Boston, 1870); *Bits of Travel* (Boston, 1870); *Bits of Talk about Home Matters* (1873, Roberts Brothers, Boston); *Verses*, enlarged (1874, Roberts Brothers, Boston); *Ramona* (1884); *A Century of Dishonour*, etc., etc. The poems quoted are from the collected edition of her poems, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, by kind permission of that firm.]

A CHRISTMAS SYMPHONY.

I.

O CHRISTMAS stars! your pregnant silentness,
 Mute syllabled in rhythmic light,
 Leads on to-night,
 And beckons, as three thousand years ago
 It beckoning led. We simple shepherds, know
 Little we can confess,
 Beyond that we are poor, and creep
 And wander with our sheep,
 Who love and follow us. We hear,
 If we attend, a singing in the sky;
 But feel no fear,
 Knowing that God is always nigh,
 And none pass by,
 Except His Sons, who cannot bring
 Tidings of evil, since they sing.
 Wise men with gifts are hurrying

In haste to seek the meaning of the Star,
 In search of worship which is new and far.
 We are but humble, so we keep
 On through the night, contented with our sheep,
 And with the stars. Between us and the east,
 No wall, no tree, no cloud, lifts bar.
 We know the sunrise. No one least
 Of all its tokens can escape
 Our eyes that watch. But all days are
 As nights, and nights as days,
 In our still ways.
 We have no dread of any shape
 Which darkness can assume or fill ;
 We are not weary ; we can wait ;
 God's hours are never late.
 The wise men say they will return,
 Revealing unto us the things they learn.
 Mayhap ! Meantime the Star stands still ;
 And, having that, we have the Sign.
 If we mistake, God is divine !

II.

Oh, not alone because His name is Christ,
 Oh, not alone because Judea waits
 This man-child for her King, the Star stands still ;
 Its glory reinstates,
 Beyond humiliation's utmost ill,
 On peerless throne, which she alone can fill,
 Each earthly woman. Motherhood is priced
 Of God, at price no man may dare
 To lessen, or misunderstand.
 The motherhood which came
 To virgin sets in vestal flame,
 Fed by each new-born infant's hand,
 With Heaven's air,
 With Heaven's food,
 The crown of purest purity revealed,
 Virginitv eternal signed and sealed
 Upon all motherhood !

III.

Oh, not alone because His name is Christ,
 Oh, not alone because Judea waits,
 This man-child for her King, the Star stands still.
 The Babe has mates.
 Childhood shall be for ever on the earth ;
 And no man who has hurt or lightly priced
 So much as one sweet hair
 On one sweet infant's head,
 But shall be cursed ! Henceforth all things fulfil
 Protection to each sacred birth.
 No spot shall dare
 Refuse a shelter. Beasts shall tread
 More lightly ; and distress,
 And poverty, and loneliness,
 Yea, and all darkness, shall devise
 To shield each place wherein an infant lies.
 And wisdom shall come seeking it with gift,
 And worship it with myrrh and frankincense,
 And Kings shall tremble if it lift
 Its hand against a throne.
 But mighty in its own
 Great feebleness, and safe in God's defence,
 No harm can touch it, and no death can kill,
 Without its Father's will !

IV.

Oh, not alone because His name is Christ,
 Oh, not alone because Judea waits
 This man-child for her King, the Star stands still.
 The universe must utter and fulfil
 The mighty voice which states,
 The mighty destiny which holds,
 Its key-note and its ultimate design.
 Waste places and the deserts must perceive
 That they are priced,
 No less than gardens in the Heart Divine.
 Sorrow her sorrowing must leave,
 And learn one sign

With joy. And Loss and Gain
 Must be no more.
 And all things which have gone before,
 And all things which remain,
 And all of Life, and all of Death be slain
 In mighty birth, whose name
 Is called Redemption! Praise!
 Praise to God! The same
 To-day and yesterday and in all days
 Forever! Praise!

v.

O Christmas Stars! Your pregnant silentness,
 Mute syllabled in rythmic light,
 Fills all the night.
 No doubt, on all your golden shores,
 Full music rings
 Of Happiness
 As sweet as ours.
 Midway in that great tideless stream which pours,
 And builds its shining road through trackless space,
 From you to us, and us to you, must be
 Some mystic place,
 Where all our voices meet, and melt
 Into this solemn silence which is felt,
 And sense of sound mysterious brings
 Where sound is not. This is God's secret. He
 Sits centred in his myriads of skies,
 Where seas of sound and seas of silence rise,
 And break together in one note and key,
 Dwelling limitless in harmony.

A T L A S T.

O THE years I lost before I knew you,
 Love!
 O the hills I climbed and came not to you,
 Love!

Ah, who shall render unto us to make
 Us glad
 The things which for and of each other's sake
 We might have had ?

If you and I had sat and played together,
 Love,
 Two speechless babies in the summer weather,
 Love,
 By one sweet brook which, though it dried up long
 Ago,
 Still makes for me to-day a sweeter song
 Than all I know,—

If hand in hand through the mysterious gateway,
 Love,
 Of womanhood we had first looked, and straightway,
 Love,
 Had whispered to each other softly, ere
 It yet
 Was dawn, what now in noonday heat and fear
 We both forget,—

If all of this had given its completeness,
 Love,
 To every hour, would it be added sweetness,
 Love?
 Could I know sooner whether it were well
 Or ill
 With thee? One wish could I more sweetly tell,
 More swift fulfil?

Ah! vainly thus I sit and dream and ponder,
 Love,
 Losing the precious present while I wonder,
 Love,
 About the days in which you grew and came
 To be
 So beautiful, and did not know the name
 Or sight of me.

But all lost things are in the angels keeping,
 Love ;
 No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,
 Love ;
 The years of Heaven will all earth's little pain
 Make good,
 Together there we can begin again
 In babyhood.

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

 WHEN the tide comes in,
 At once the shore and sea begin
 Together to be glad.
 What the tide has brought
 No man has asked, no man has sought ;
 What other tides have had
 The deep sand hides away ;
 The last bit of the wrecks they wrought
 Was burned up yesterday.

 When the tide goes out,
 The shore looks dark and sad with doubt,
 The landmarks are all lost.
 For the tide to turn
 Men patient wait, men restless yearn.
 Sweet channels they have crossed,
 In boats that rocked with glee,
 Stretch now bare stony roads that burn
 And lead away from sea.

 When the tide comes in
 In hearts, at once the hearts begin
 Together to be glad.
 What the tide has brought
 They do not care, they have not sought.
 All joy they ever had
 The new joy multiplies ;
 All pain by which it may be bought
 Seems paltry sacrifice.

When the tide goes out,
 The hearts are wrung with fear and doubt :
 All trace of joy seems lost.
 Will the tide return ?
 In restless questioning they yearn,
 With hands unclasped, uncrossed,
 They weep, on separate ways.
 Ah ! darling, shall we ever learn
 Love's tidal hours and days ?

WHEN THE BABY DIED.

I.

WHEN the baby died,
 On every side
 White lilies and blue violets were strown ;
 Unreasoning, the mother's heart made moan :
 " Who counted all these flowers which have grown
 Unhindered in their bloom ?
 Was there not room,
 O Earth, and God, couldst thou not care
 For mine a little longer ? Fare
 Thy way, O Earth ! All life, all death
 For me ceased with my baby's breath ;
 All Heaven I forgot or doubt.
 Within, without,
 Is idle chance, more pitiless than law."
 And that was all the mother saw.

II.

When the baby died,
 On every side
 Rose strangers' voices, hard and harsh and loud.
 The baby was not wrapped in any shroud.
 The mother made no sound. Her head was bowed
 That men's eyes might not see
 Her misery ;
 But in her bitter heart she said,
 " Ah me ! 'tis well that he is dead,

My boy for whom there was no food,
 If there were God, and God were good,
 All human hearts at last might keep
 The right to weep
 Their dead. There is no God, but cruel law."
 And that was all the mother saw.

III.

When the baby died,
 On every side
 Swift angels came in shining, singing bands,
 And bore the little one, with gentle hands,
 Into the sunshine of the Spirit Land;
 And Christ the Shepherd said,
 "Let them be led
 In gardens nearest to the earth.
 One mother weepeth over birth,
 Another weepeth over death;
 In vain all Heaven answereth.
 Laughs from the little ones may reach
 Their ears, and teach
 Them what, so blind with tears, they never saw,---
 That of all life, all death, God's love is law."

LAND.

O LAND, sweet land! New World! my world!
 No mortal knows what seas I sail
 With hope and faith which never fail,
 With heart and will which never quail,
 Till on thy shore my sails are furled,
 O land, sweet land! New World! my world!

O land, sweet land! New World! my world!
 I cross again, again, again
 The magic seas. Each time I reign
 Crowned conqueror. Each time remain
 New shores on which my sails are furled,
 A sweeter land! A newer world!

O world, New World ! Sweet land, my land !
 I come to-day, as first I came.
 The sea is swift, the sky is flame.
 My low song sings thy nameless name.
 Lovers who love, ye understand !
 O sweetest world ! O sweetest land !

WHEN THE KINGS COME.

WHEN the kings come to royal hunting-seats
 To find the royal joys of summer days,
 The servants on the lofty watch-tower raise
 A banner, whose swift token warning greets
 The country. Threatening stern, an armed man meets
 Each stranger, who, by pleasant forest ways,
 All unawares, has rambled till he strays
 Too close to paths where, in the noonday heats,
 The King, uncrowned, lies down to sleep. Such law
 As this the human soul sets heart and face
 And hand, when once its King has come. In awe,
 And gladness too, all men behold what grace
 Such royal presence to the eye can bring,
 And how the heart and hand can guard their King.

MORDECAI.

MAKE friends with him ! He is of royal line,
 Although he sits in rags. Not all of thine
 Array of splendour, pomp of high estate,
 Can buy him from his place within the gate,
 The king's gate of thy happiness, where he,
 Yes, even he, the Jew, remaineth free,
 Never obeisance making, never scorn
 Betraying of thy silver and new-born
 Delight. Make friends with him, for unawares
 The charmed secret of thy joys he bears;
 Be glad, so long as his black sackcloth, late
 And early, thwarts thy sun; for if in hate
 Thou plottest for his blood, thy own death-cry,
 Not his, comes from the gallows, cubits high.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN SAINT PETER'S.

Low on the marble floor I lie :

I am alone :

Though friendly voices whisper nigh,
And foreign crowds are passing by,

I am alone.

Great hymns float through
The shadowed aisles. I hear a slow
Refrain, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

With tender joy all others thrill ;

I have but tears :

The false priests' voices, high and shrill,
Reiterate the "Peace, good will;"

I have but tears.

I hear anew

The nails and scourge ; then come the low
Sad words, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

Close by my side the poor souls kneel ;

I turn away ;

Half-pitying looks at me they steal ;
They think, because I do not feel,

I turn away.

Ah ! if they knew,

How following them, where'er they go,
I hear, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

Above the organ's sweetest strains

I hear the groans

Of prisoners, who lie in chains,
So near, and in such mortal pains,

I hear the groans.

But Christ walks through

The dungeon of St Angelo,
And says, "Forgive them, for they know
Not what they do."

And now the music sinks to sighs
 The lights grow dim :
 The Pastorella's melodies
 In lingering echoes float and rise ;
 The lights grow dim ;
 More clear and true,
 In this sweet silence, seem to flow
 The words, " Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do."

The dawn swings incense, silver gray ;
 The night is past ;
 Now comes, triumphant, God's full day ;
 No priest, no church can bar its way :
 The night is past :
 How on this blue
 Of God's great banner, blaze and glow
 The words, " Forgive them, for they know
 Not what they do !"

SONNETS.

BON VOYAGE.

THERE'S not an hour but from some sparkling beach
 Go joyful men, in fragile ships to sail,
 By unknown seas to unknown lands. They hail
 The freshening winds with eager hope, and speech
 Of wondrous countries which they soon will reach.
 Left on the shore, we wave our hands, with pale,
 Wet cheeks, but hearts that are ashamed to quail,
 Or own the grief which selfishness would teach.
 O Death, the fairest lands beyond thy sea
 Lie waiting, and thy barks are swift and staunch
 And ready. Why do we reluctant launch ?
 And when our friends their heritage have claimed
 Of thee, and entered on it, rich and free,
 Oh, why are we of sorrow not ashamed ?

SEALED ORDERS.

WHEN ship with "orders sealed" sails out to sea,
Men eager crowd the wharves, and reverent gaze
Upon their faces, whose brave spirits raise
No question if the unknown voyage be
Of deadly peril. Benedictions free
And prayers and tears are given, and the days
Counted till other ships, on homeward ways,
May bring back message of her destiny.
Yet, all the time, Life's tossing sea is white
With scudding sails which no man reefs or stays
By his own will, for roughest day or night:
Brave, helpless crews, with captain out of sight,
Harbor unknown, voyage of long delays,
They meet no other ships on homeward ways.

AVALANCHES.

O HEART that in Love's sunny height doth dwell,
And joy unquestioning by day, by night,
Serene in trust because the skies are bright!
Listen to what all Alpine records tell,
Of days on which the avalanches fell.
Not days of storm when men were pale with fright,
And watched the hills with anxious, straining sight,
And heard in every sound a note of knell;
But when in heavens still, and blue, and clear,
The sun rode high,—those were the hours to fear.
And so the monks of San Bernard to-day,—
May the Lord count their souls and hold them dear,—
When skies are cloudless, in their convent stay,
And for the souls of dead and dying pray.

CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN.

By easy slope to west, as if it had
No thought, when first its soaring was begun,
Except to look devoutly to the sun,
It rises, and has risen, until glad,

With light as with a garment, it is clad,
 Each dawn, before the tardy plains have won
 One ray ; and after day has long been done
 For us, the light doth cling reluctant, sad
 To leave its brow. Beloved mountain, I,
 Thy worshipper as thou the sun's each morn
 My dawn, before the dawn, receive from thee ;
 And think, as thy rose-tinted peaks I see
 That thou wert great when Homer was not born,
 And ere thou change all human song shall die.

D A N G E R.

WITH what a childish and short sighted sense
 Fear seeks for safety ; reckons up the days
 Of danger and escape, the hours and ways
 Of death ; it breathless flies the pestilence ;
 It walls itself in towers of defence ;
 By land, by sea, against the storm it lays
 Down barriers ; then, comforted, it says :
 "This spot, this hour is safe." Oh, vain pretence !
 Man born of man knows nothing when he goes ;
 The winds blow where they list, and will disclose
 To no man which brings safety, which brings risk.
 The mighty are brought low by many a thing
 Too small to name. Beneath the daisy's disk
 Lies hid the pebble for the fatal sling.

T H E F I R - T R E E A N D T H E B R O O K.

THE Fir-Tree looked on stars, but loved the Brook !
 "O silver-voiced ! if thou wouldst wait,
 My love can bravely woo." All smiles forsook
 The Brook's white face. "Too late !
 Too late ! I go to wed the sea.
 I know not if my love would curse or bless thee.
 I may not, dare not, tarry to caress thee.
 Oh, do not follow me !"

The Fir-Tree moaned and moaned till spring ;
 Then laughed in maniac joy to feel
 Early one day, the woodmen of the King
 Sign him with sign of burning steel,
 The first to fall. "Now flee
 Thy swiftest, Brook ! Thy love may curse or bless me,
 I care not, if but once thou dost caress me,
 O Brook, I follow thee !"

All torn and bruised with mark of axe and chain,
 Hurl'd down the dizzy slide of sand,
 Tossed by great waves in ecstasy of pain,
 And rudely thrown at last to land,
 The Fir-Tree heard : "Oh, see
 With what fierce love it is I must caress thee !
 I warn'd thee I might curse, and never bless thee,
 Why did'st thou follow me ?"

All stately set with spar and brace and rope,
 The Fir-Tree stood and sailed, and sailed.
 In wildest storm when all the ship lost hope,
 The Fir-Tree never shook nor quailed,
 Nor ceased from saying, "Free
 Art thou, O Brook ! But once thou hast caressed me ;
 For life, for death, thy love has cursed or blessed me ;
 Behold, I follow thee !"

Lost in a night, and no man left to tell,
 Crushed in the giant iceberg's play,
 The ship went down without a song, a knell.
 Still drifts the Fir-Tree night and day ;
 Still moans along the sea
 A voice : "O Fir-Tree ! thus must I possess thee ;
 Eternally, brave love, will I caress thee,
 Dead for the love of me !"

REFRAIN.

OF all the songs which poets sing,
 The ones which are most sweet,
 Are those which at close intervals
 A low refrain repeat ;
 Some tender word, some syllable,
 Over and over, ever and ever,
 While the song lasts,
 Altering never.
 Music if sung, music if said,
 Subtle like some fine golden thread
 A shuttle casts,
 In and out on a fabric red,
 Till it glows all through
 With the golden hue.
 Oh ! of all the songs sung,
 No songs are so sweet
 As the songs with refrains,
 Which repeat and repeat.

Of all the lives lived,
 No life is so sweet,
 As the life where one thought,
 In refrain doth repeat,
 Over and over, ever and ever,
 Till the life ends,
 Altering never,
 Joy which is felt, but is not said,
 Subtler than any golden thread
 Which the shuttle sends
 In and out in a fabric red,
 Till it glows all through
 With a golden hue.
 Oh ! of all the lives lived,
 Can be no life so sweet
 As the life where one thought
 In refrain doth repeat.

They can waylay my faithful bees,
 Who, lulled to sleep, with fatal ease,
 Are robbed. Is one day's honey sweet
 Thus snatched? All summer round my feet
 In golden drifts from plummy wings,
 In shining drops on fragrant things,
 Free gift, it came to me. My corn,
 With burnished banners, morn by morn,
 Comes out to meet and honour me;
 The glittering ranks spread royally
 Far as I walk. When hasty greed
 Tramples it down for food and seed,
 I, with a certain veiled delight,
 Hear half the crop is lost by blight.
 Letter of law these may fulfil,
 Plant where they like, slay what they will;
 Count up their gains and make them great;
 Nevertheless, the whole estate
 Always belongs to me and mine.
 We are the only royal line.
 And though I have no title-deed
 My tenants pay me loyal heed
 When our sweet fields I wander by
 To see what strangers occupy.

DEDICATION.

WHEN children in the summer weather play,
 Flitting like birds through sun and wind and rain,
 From road to field, from field to road again,
 Pathetic reckoning of each mile they stray
 They leave in flowers forgotten by the way;
 Forgotten, dying, but not all in vain,
 Since, finding them, with tender smiles, half pain,
 Half joy, we sigh, "Some child passed here to-day."
 Dear one,—whose name I name not lest some tongue
 Pronounce it roughly—like a little child
 Tired out at noon, I left my flowers among
 The wayside things. I know how thou hast smiled,

And that the thought of them will always be
One more sweet secret thing 'twixt thee and me.

M A Y.

THE voice of one who goes before to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May! Without an envy of her crown
And bridal; patient stringing emeralds
And shining rubies for the brows of birch
And maple; flinging garlands of pure white
And pink, which to their bloom add prophecy;
Gold cups o'er-filling on a thousand hills
And calling honey-bees; out of their sleep
The tiny summer harpers with bright wings
Awaking, teaching them their notes for noon;—
O May, sweet-voiced one, going thus before,
Forever June may pour her warm red wine
Of life and passion,—sweeter days are thine.

THE POET'S FORGE.

HE lies on his back, the idling smith,
A lazy, dreaming fellow is he;
The sky is blue, or the sky is gray,
He lies on his back the livelong day,
Not a tool in sight; say what they may,
A curious sort of a smith is he.
The powers of the air are in league with him;
The country around believes it well;
The wondering folk draw spying near;
Never sight nor sound do they see or hear;
No wonder they feel a little fear;
When is it his work is done so well?
Never sight nor sound to see or hear;
The powers of the air are in league with him;
High over his head his metals swing,
Fine gold and silver to shame the king;

We might distinguish their glittering,
If once we could get in league with him.

High over his head his metals swing ;
He hammers them idly year by year,
Hammers and chuckles a low refrain :
" A bench and book are a ball and chain,
The adze is better tool than the plane ;
What's the odds between now and next year ! "

Hammers and chuckles his low refrain,
A lazy, dreaming fellow is he :
When sudden, some day, his bells peal out,
And men, at the sound, for gladness shout ;
He laughs and asks what it's all about ;
Oh, a curious sort of smith is he ?

VANITY OF VANITIES.

BEE to the blossom, moth to the flame ;
Each to his passion ; what's in a name ?

Red clover's sweetest, well the bee knows ;
No bee can suck it ; lonely it blows.

Deep lies its honey, out of reach, deep ;
What use in honey hidden to keep ?

Robbed in the autumn, starving for bread ;
Who stops to pity a honey-bee dead ?

Star-flames are brightest, blazing the skies ;
Only a hand's breadth the moth-wing flies.

Fooled with a candle, scorched with a breath ;
Poor little miller, a tawdry death !

Life is a honey, life is a flame ;
Each to his passion ; what's in a name ?

Swinging and circling, face to the sun
Brief little planet, how it doth run !

Bee-time and moth-time, add the amount;
White heat and honey, who keeps the count?

Gone some fine evening, a spark out-tost!
The world no darker for one star lost!

Bee to the blossom, moth to the flame;
Each to his passion; what's in a name!

HABEAS CORPUS.

My body, eh? Friend Death, how now?
Why all this tedious pomp of writ?
Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow
For half a century, bit by bit.

In faith thou knowest more to-day
Than I do, where it can be found!
This shrivelled lump of suffering clay,
To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace
To the good body once I bore;
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face:
Didst ever see that face before?

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art;
Thy only fault thy lagging gait,
Mistaken pity in thy heart
For timorous ones that bid thee wait.

Do quickly all thou hast to do,
Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;
I shall be free when thou art through;
I grudge thee nought that thou must take.

Stay! I have lied; I grudge thee one,
Yes, two I grudge thee at this last,—
Two members which have faithful done
My will and bidding in the past.

I grudge thee this right hand of mine,
 I grudge thee this quick-beating heart ;
 They never gave me coward sign,
 Nor played me once a traitor's part.

I see now why in olden days
 Men in barbaric love or hate
 Nailed enemies' hands at wild crossways,
 Shrined leaders' hearts in costly state :

The symbol, sign, and instrument
 Of each soul's purpose, passion, strife,
 Of fires in which are poured and spent
 Their all of love, their all of life.

O feeble, mighty human hand !
 O fragile, dauntless human heart !
 The universe holds nothing planned
 With such sublime, transcendent art !

Yes, Death, I own I grudge thee mine
 Poor little hand, so feeble now ;
 Its wrinkled palm, its altered line,
 Its veins so pallid and so slow—

. . . (Unfinished here.)

Ab, well, friend Death, good friend thou art ;
 I shall be free when thou art through.
 Take all there is—take hand and heart ;
 There must be somewhere work to do.

A LAST PRAYER.

FATHER, I scarcely dare to pray,
 So clear I see, now it is done,
 That I have wasted half my day,
 And left my work but just begun ;
 So clear I see that things I thought
 Were right or harmless were a sin ;
 So clear I see that I have sought,
 Unconscious, selfish aims to win ;

So clear I see that I have hurt
 The souls I might have helped to save ;
 That I have slothful been, inert,
 Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdoms vast,
 Father, the humblest spot give me ;
 Set me the lowliest task thou hast ;
 Let me repentant work for thee !

 ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

[Born at Lenox, Massachusetts, 20th May 1851. Author of *Along the Shore*, published, in 1888, by Ticknor & Co., now Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, with whose kind permission the poems quoted are given.]

FRANCIE.

I LOVED a child as we should love
 Each other everywhere ;
 I cared more for his happiness
 Than I dreaded my own despair.

An angel asked me to give him,
 My whole life's dearest cost ;
 And in adding mine to his treasures
 I knew they could never be lost.

To his heart I gave the gold,
 Though little my own had known ;
 To his eyes what tenderness
 From youth in mine had grown !

I gave him all my buoyant
 Hope for my future years ;
 I gave him whatever melody
 My voice had steeped in tears.

Upon the shore of darkness
 His drifted body lies,
 He is dead, and I stand beside him,
 With his beauty in my eyes.

I am like those withered petals
 We see on a winter day,
 That gladly give their colour
 In the happy summer away.

I am glad I lavished my worthiest
 To fashion his greater worth ;
 Since he will live in heaven,
 I shall lie content in the earth.

DOROTHY.

DEAR little Dorothy, she is no more !
 I have wandered world-wide, from shore to shore ;
 I have seen as great beauties as ever were wed ;
 But none can console me for Dorothy dead.

Dear little Dorothy ! How strange it seems
 That her face is less real than the faces of dreams ;
 That the love which kept true, and the lips which so
 spoke,
 Are more lost than my heart, which died not when it
 broke !

LOOKING BACKWARD.

GREY towers make me think of thee,
 Thou girl of olden minstrelsy,
 Young as the sunlight of to-day,
 Silent as tasselled boughs of May !

A wind-flower in a world of harm,
 A hair-bell on a turret's arm,
 A pearl upon the hilt of Fame
 Thou wert, fair child of some high name.

The velvet page, the deep-eyed knight,
 The heartless falcon, poised for flight,
 The dainty steed and graceful hound,
 In thee their keenest rapture found

But for old ballads, and the rhyme
 And writ of genius o'er the time
 When keeps had newly reared their towers,
 The winning scene had not been ours.

O chivalry ! Thy age was fair,
 When even knaves set out to dare
 Their heads for any barbarous crime,
 And hate was brave, and love sublime.

The bugle-note I send so far
 Across Time's moors to thee, sweet star,
 Where stands thy castle in its mist,
 Hear, if the wandering breezes list !

THE OUT-GOING RACE.

THE mothers wish for no more daughters ;
 There is no future before them.
 They bow their heads and their pride
 At the end of the many tribes journey.

The mothers weep over their children
 Loved and unwelcome together,
 Who should have been dreamed, not born,
 Since there is no road for the Indian.

The mothers see into the future,
 Beyond the end of that Chieftain
 Who shall be the last of the race
 Which allowed only death to a coward.

The square, cold cheeks, lips firm-set,
 The hot, straight glance, and the throat-line,
 Held like a stag's on the cliff,
 Shall be swept by the night-winds, and vanish !

EMMA LAZARUS.

[Born at New York City, 22d July 1849. Died at New York, 19th November 1887. Author of *Poems and Translations* (New York, 1867); *Admetus, and other Poems* (1871); *Alide, an Episode of Gæthe's Life* (Philadelphia, 1874); *Poems and Ballads of Heine* (New York, 1881); *Poems*, 2 vols.; *Narrative, Lyric and Dramatic*; *Jewish Poems and Translations*, Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.]

THE CROWING OF THE RED COCK.

ACROSS the Eastern sky has glowed
 The flicker of a blood-red dawn,
 Once more the clarion cock has crowed,
 Once more the sword of Christ is drawn.
 A million burning rooftrees light
 The world-wide path of Israel's flight.

Where is the Hebrew's Fatherland?
 The folk of Christ is sore bestead;
 The Son of Man is bruised and banned,
 Nor finds whereon to lay His head.
 His cup is gall, His meat is tears,
 His passion lasts a thousand years.

Each crime that wakes in man the beast,
 Is visited upon his kind.
 The lust of mobs, the greed of Priest,
 The tyranny of Kings, combined
 To root his seed from earth again,
 His record is one cry of pain.

When the long roll of Christian guilt
 Against his sires and kin is known,
 The flood of tears, the life-blood spilt,
 The agony of ages shown,
 What oceans can the stain remove,
 From Christian law and Christian love?
 Nay, close the book; not now, not here,
 The hideous tale of sin narrate,
 Re-ëchoing in the martyr's ear
 Even he might nurse revengeful hate,

Even he might turn in wrath sublime,
 With blood for blood and crime for crime.
 Coward? Not he, who faces death,
 Who singly against worlds has fought,
 For what? A name he may not breathe,
 For liberty of prayer and thought.
 The angry sword he will not whet,
 His nobler task is—to forget.

THE BANNER OF THE JEW.

WAKE, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
 The glorious Maccabean rage,
 The sire heroic, hoary-grey,
 His five-fold lion-lineage:
 The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
 The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.*
 From Mizpeh's mountain-ridge they saw
 Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
 Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law,
 With idol and with pagan sign.
 Mourners in tattered black were there,
 With ashes sprinkled on their hair.
 Then from the stony peak there rang
 A blast to ope the graves; down poured
 The Maccabean clan, who sang
 Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
 Five heroes lead, and following, see,
 Ten thousand rush to Victory!
 Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
 To blow a blast of shattering power,
 To wake the sleepers high and low,
 And rouse them to the urgent hour!
 No hand for vengeance—but to save,
 A million naked swords should wave.

* The sons of Mattathias—Jonathan, John, Eleazer, Simon (also called the Jewel), and Judas the Prince.

Oh deem not dead that martial fire,
 Say not the mystic flame is spent!
 With Moses' law and David's lyre,
 Your ancient strength remains unbent.
 Let but an Ezra rise anew,
 To lift the *Banner of the Jew*.

A rag, a mock at first—erelong,
 When men have bled, and women wept
 To guard its precious folds from wrong,
 Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
 Shall leap to bless it, and to save.
 Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

A MASQUE OF VENICE.

Not a stain,
 In the sun-brimmed sapphire cup that is the sky—
 Not a ripple on the black translucent lane
 Of the palace-walled lagoon.

Not a cry
 As the gondoliers with velvet oar glide by,
 Through the golden afternoon.

From this height
 Where the carved, age-yellowed balcony o'er-juts
 Yonder liquid, marble pavement, see the light
 Shimmer soft beneath the bridge

That abuts
 On a labyrinth of water ways, and shuts
 Half their sky off with its ridge.

We shall mark
 All the pageant from this ivory porch of ours,
 Masques and jesters, mimes and minstrels, while we hark
 To their music as they fare.

Scent their flowers
 Flung from boat to boat in rainbow radiant showers
 Through the laughter-ringing air.

See! they come,
 Like a flock of serpent-throated black-plumed swans,
 With the mandoline, the viol, and the drum,
 Gems afire on arms ungloved,
 Fluttering fans,
 Floating mantles like a great moth's streaky vans
 Such as Veronese loved.

But behold
 In their midst a white unruffled swan appear.
 One strange barge that snowy tapestries enfold,
 White its tasselled silver prow.
 Who is here?
 Prince of Love in masquerade or Prince of Fear,
 Clad in glittering silken snow?

Cheek and chin
 Where the mask's edge stops are of the hoar frost's hue.
 And no eye-beams seem to sparkle from within
 Where the hollow rings have place.
 Yon gay crew
 Seem to fly him, he seems ever to pursue.
 'Tis our sport to watch the race.

At his side
 Stands the goldenest of beauties; from her glance
 From her forehead, shines the splendour of a bride,
 And her feet seem shod with wings
 To entrance,
 For she leaps into a wild and rhythmic dance,
 Like Salome at the King's.

'Tis his aim
 Just to hold, to clasp her once against his breast,
 Hers to flee him, to elude him in the game.
 Ah, she fears him overmuch!
 Is it jest,—
 Is it earnest? a strange riddle lurks half-guessed
 In her horror of his touch.

For each time
 That his snow-white fingers reach her, fades some ray
 From the glory of her beauty in its prime ;
 And the knowledge grows upon us that the dance
 Is no play
 'Twixt the pale, mysterious lover and the fay—
 But the whirl of fate and chance.

Where the tide
 Of the broad lagoon sinks plumb into the sea,
 There the mystic gondolier hath won his bride.
 Hark, one helpless, stifled scream !
 Must it be ?
 Mimes and minstrels, flowers and music, where are ye ?
 Was all Venice such a dream ?

May 1886.

JULIE MATHILDE LIPPMANN.

[Born at Brooklyn, N.Y., 27th June 1864.]

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

COME, comrades ! since the road is long
 Let's liven it by tune and song,
 And greeting give to all we pass :—
 To white-of-head ; to light-of-head ;
 To matron grave, and laughing lass :
 Hurrah ! for lane and by-way ;
 For distant path and nigh-way ;
 For friends we greet, for foes we meet
 Along the world's broad highway.

'Tis morning-break, lithe limbs are strong.
 Who dreams of crime and guilt and wrong ?
 Yon youngling and his violet-eyes ?
 Nay ! light-of-mind and love-so-blind
 Are wisdom-proof and folly-wise.
 Hurrah ! for lane and by-way, etc.

Tis noontide, let us spend an hour
 Dream-drinking, ere we lose the power,
 And all our pleasure disappears,
 Since slight-of-heart and blight-of-heart
 Have sworn the goblet smacks of tears.

Hurrah! for lane and by-way, etc.

'Tis night, and lo! foul thieves have mobbed
 The weak ones here, and left them robbed
 Of hope and faith and love and rest—
 But sure-of-soul and pure-of-soul
 Still fold their treasures to their breast:

Hurrah! for lane and by-way;

For distant path and nigh-way;

For every one whose journey's done—

Who's gained the distant skyway.

TIME.

A FROLICKING fellow is Time.

He stirs young hearts to a vague desire;
 He blossoms the rose, he buds the briar.

He frets the ivy to start and climb,
 He tunes the world to a Summer-rhyme,
 Oh, a frolicking fellow is Time.

A treacherous tyrant is Time.

Young hearts' desires he ne'er fulfils:
 He blights the rose, and the bud he kills;
 The garden gathers his gift of grime;
 The still pool sleeps 'neath his sheet of slime;
 Oh, a treacherous tyrant is Time.

Yet a comforting comrade is Time.

He heals young hearts of their piercing pain,
 With his soothing simples and tender rain.
 The bare world, gives he, a robe of rime,
 Till it glisters far like a thing sublime.
 Oh, a comforting comrade is Time.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

[Born at Pomfret, Connecticut, U.S.A. Author of the following books, all published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Massachusetts. *Bed-Time Stories* (1873); *More Bed-Time Stories* (1874); *Some Women's Hearts* (1874); *Poems* (1877), also published under the title of *Swallow-Flights*, by Macmillan & Co., London. *More Bed-Time Stories* (1880); *Random Rambles* (1881); *Fire-light Stories* (1883); *Ourselves and Our Neighbours* (1887); also, in 1887, edited a selection of Philip Bourke Marston's poems, entitled *Garden Secrets*, with a Biographical Sketch of P. B. M.; *Miss Eyre from Boston, and Others* (1889); and *In the Garden of Dreams*, Roberts Bros., Boston, and Macmillan & Co., London.]

A PAINTED FAN.

ROSES and butterflies snared on a fan,
 All that is left of a summer gone by;
 Of swift bright wings that flashed in the sun,
 And loveliest blossoms that bloomed to die;

By what subtle spell did you lure them here—
 Fixing a beauty that will not change—
 Roses whose petals never will fall,
 Bright, swift wings that never will range?

Had you owned but the skill to snare as well
 The swift-winged hours that came and went,
 To prison the words that in music died,
 And fix with a spell the heart's content,

Then had you been of magicians the chief;
 And loved and lovers should bless your art,
 If you could but have painted the soul of the thing,—
 Not the rose alone, but the rose's heart!

Flown are those days with their winged delights,
 As the odour is gone from the summer rose;
 Yet still, whenever I wave my fan,
 The soft, south wind of memory blows.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

Nor a hand has lifted the latchet
Since she went out of the door—
No footstep shall cross the threshold
Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges,
And mould and blight on the walls,
And silence faints in the chambers,
And darkness waits in the halls—

Waits as all things have waited
Since she went, that day of spring,
Borne in her pallid splendour
To dwell in the Court of the King :

With lilies on brow and bosom,
With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful, frozen beauty,
The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,
But they died long long ago—
'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left mock the shadows
With hints of womanly grace,
And her image swims in the mirror
That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
Where the sunshine riots outside,
And the winds are merry and wanton
With the summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion,
Where love has closed the door,
Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter,
Since she can come in no more.

HOW LONG.

IF on my grave the summer grass were growing,
 Or heedless winter winds across it blowing,
 Through joyous June, or desolate December,
 How long, sweetheart, how long would you remember,
 How long, dear love, how long ?

For brightest eyes would open to the summer,
 And sweetest smiles would greet the sweet new-comer,
 And on young lips grow kisses for the taking,
 When all the summer buds to bloom are breaking,
 How long, dear love, how long ?

To the dim land where sad-eyed ghosts walk only,
 Where lips are cold, and waiting hearts are lonely,
 I would not call you from your youth's warm blisses,
 Fill up your glass and crown it with new kisses—
 How long, dear love, how long ?

Too gay in June you might be to regret me,
 And living lips might woo you to forget me ;
 But ah, sweetheart, I think you would remember,
 When winds were weary in your life's December—
 So long, dear love, so long.

WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.

WE lay us down to sleep,
 And leave to God the rest ;
 Whether to wake and weep
 Or wake no more be best
 Why vex our souls with care ?
 The grave is cool and low ;
 Have we found life so fair
 That we should dread to go ?
 We've kissed love's sweet red lips,
 And left them sweet and red ;
 The rose the wild bee sips
 Blooms on when he is dead.

Some faithful friends we've found,
 But they who love us best,
 When we are under ground
 Will laugh on with the rest.

No task have we begun
 But other hands can take ;
 No work beneath the sun
 For which we need to wake.

Then hold us fast, sweet Death,
 If so, it seemeth best
 To Him who gave us breath
 That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep,
 Our weary eyes we close ;
 Whether to wake and weep
 Or wake no more, He knows.

“IF THERE WERE DREAMS TO SELL.”

“If there were dreams to sell,
 What would you buy?”—BEDDOES.

IF there were dreams to sell,
 Do I not know full well
 What I would buy ?
 Hope's dear, delusive spell,
 Its happy tale to tell—
 Joy's fleeting sigh.

I would be young again—
 Youth's madding bliss and bane
 I would recapture—
 Though it were keen with pain,
 All else seems void and vain
 To that fine rapture.

I would be glad once more—
 Slip through an open door
 Into Life's glory—
 Keep what I spent of yore,
 Find what I lost before—
 Hear an old story.

As it of old befell,
 Breaking Death's frozen spell,
 Love should draw nigh :—
 If there were dreams to sell,
 Do I not know too well
 What I would buy ?

WHEN DAY WAS DONE.

THE clouds that watched in the west have fled ;
 The sun has set and the moon is high ;
 And nothing is left of the day that is dead
 Save a fair white ghost in the eastern sky.

While the day was dying we knelt and yearned,
 And hoped and prayed till its last breath died ;
 But since to a radiant ghost it has turned,
 Shall we rest with that white grace satisfied ?

The fair ghost smiles, with a pale cold smile,
 As mocking as life, and as hopeless as death—
 Shall passionless beauty like this beguile ?
 Who loves a ghost, without feeling or breath ?

I remember a maiden, as fair to see,
 Who once was alive, with a heart like June ;
She died, but her spirit wanders free,
 And charms men's souls to the old, mad tune.

Warm she was, in her life's glad day ;
 Warm and fair, and faithful and sweet ;
 A man might have thrown a kingdom away
 To kneel and love at her girlish feet.

But the night came down, and her day was done ;
 Hoping and dreaming were over for aye ;
 And then her career as a ghost was begun—
 Cold she shone, like the moon on high.

For maiden or moon shall a live man yearn ?
 Shall a breathing man love a ghost without breath ?
 Shine, moon, and chill us—you cannot burn—
 Go home, girl-ghost, to your kingdom of death.

AT END.

At end of Love, at end of Life,
 At end of Hope, at end of Strife,
 At end of all we cling to so,
 The sun is setting—must we go?
 At dawn of Love, at dawn of Life,
 At dawn of Peace that follows Strife,
 At dawn of all we long for so,
 The sun is rising—let us go!

HEART, SAD HEART: A RONDEL.

HEART, sad heart, for what are you pleading?
 The sun has set and the night is cold;
 To go on hoping were over bold—
 Dead is the fire for want of feeding.
 Tears are keeping your eyes from reading
 The old, old story, so often told;
 Heart, sad heart, for what are you pleading?
 The sun has set, and the night is cold.
 The wind and the rain in the dark are breeding
 Storms to sweep over valley and wold;
 Love, the outcast, with longing bold,
 Clamours and prays to a power unheeding—
 Heart, sad heart, for what are you pleading?

WIFE TO HUSBAND.

WHEN I am dust, and thou art quick and glad,
 Bethink thee, sometimes, what good days we had,
 What happy days, beside the shining seas,
 Or by the twilight fire, in careless ease,
 Reading the rhymes of some old poet lover,
 Or whispering our own love-story over.
 When thou hast mourned for me a seemly space,
 And set another in my vacant place,

Charmed with her brightness, trusting in her truth,
 Warmed to new life by her beguiling youth,
 Be happy, dearest one, and surely know
 I would not have thee thy life's joys forego.

Yet think of me sometimes, where, cold and still,
 I lie, who once was swift to do thy will,
 Whose lips so often answered to thy kiss,
 Who, dying, blessed thee for that by-gone bliss :
 I pray thee do not bar my presence quite
 From thy new life, so full of new delight.

I would not vex thee, waiting by thy side ;
 My presence should not chill thy fair young bride
 Only bethink thee how alone I lie :
 To die and be forgotten were to die
 A double death ; and *I* deserve of thee
 Some grace of memory, fair howe'er *she* be.

THE VENUS OF BURNE JONES.

PALLID with too much longing,
 White with passion and prayer,
 Goddess of love and beauty,
 She sits in the picture there—

Sits, with her dark eyes seeking
 Something more subtle still
 Than the old delights of loving
 Her measureless days to fill.

She has loved and been loved so often,
 In her long, immortal years,
 That she tires of the worn-out rapture,
 Sickens of hopes and fears.

No joys or sorrows move her—
 Done with her ancient pride,
 For her head she found too heavy
 The crown she has cast aside.

Clothed in her scarlet splendour,
 Bright with her glory of hair,
 Sad that she is not mortal,
 Eternally sad and fair,
 Longing for joys she knows not,
 Athirst with a vain desire,
 There she sits, in the picture,
 Daughter of foam and fire.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

How shall we know it is the last good-bye?
 The skies will not be darkened in that hour,
 No sudden blight will fall on leaf or flower,
 No single bird will hush its careless cry,
 And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
 Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears
 In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
 But there will come no voice of prophecy:
 No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
 Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,
 For all the wild, unmitigated pain
 Of those who, parting, clasp hands with despair."
 "Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain,
 Would any *choose* to part thus unaware?

AFTER DEATH.

*And very sweet it is
 To know he still is warm, though I am cold.*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

I WOULD not have *thee* warm when I am cold;
 But both together—'neath some sylvan mound,
 Amid the pleasant secrets under ground,
 Where green things flourish in the embracing mould,
 And jealous seeds the souls of blossoms hold—
 In some sweet fellowship of silence bound,
 Deeper than life, more exquisite than sound,
 Rest tranquilly while Love's new tales are told.

We will not grudge the waking world its bliss—
 Its joy of speech, its gladness of surprise,
 When lovers clasp each other's hands and kiss,
 And earth puts on new glory to their eyes :
 We, lying there, with Death's deep knowledge wise,
 Will know that we have found Life's best in this.

THE CUP OF DEATH.

FOR A PICTURE BY ELIHU VEDDER.

SHE bends her lovely head to taste thy draught,
 O thou stern "Angel of the Darker Cup,"
 With thee to-night in the dim shades to sup,
 Where all they be who from that cup have quaffed.
 She had been glad in her own loveliness, and laughed
 At Life's strong enemies who lie in wait,
 Had kept with golden youth her queenly state,
 All unafraid of Sorrow's threat'ning shaft.

Then human Grief found out her human heart,
 And she was fain to go where pain is dumb ;
 So Thou wert welcome, Angel dread to see,
 And she fares onward with thee willingly,
 To dwell where no man loves, no lovers part—
 So Grief that is makes welcome Death to come.

HIC JACET.

So love is dead that has been quick so long !
 Close, then, his eyes, and bear him to his rest,
 With eglantine and myrtle on his breast,
 And leave him there, their pleasant scents among
 And chant a sweet and melancholy song
 About the charms of which he was possesset,
 And how of all things he was loveliest,
 And to compare with aught were him to wrong.

Leave him, beneath the still and solemn stars,
 That gather and look down from their far place,
 With their long calm our brief woes to deride,
 Until the Sun the Morning's gate unbars,
 And mocks, in turn, our sorrows with his face—
 And yet, had Love been Love, he had not died.

A CRY.

O WANDERER in unknown lands, what cheer?
 How dost thou fare on thy mysterious way?
 What strange light breaks upon thy distant day,
 Yet leaves me lonely in the darkness here?
 O bide no longer in that far-off sphere,
 Though all Heaven's cohorts should thy footsteps stay.
 Break through their splendid, militant array,
 And answer to my call, O dead and dear!
 I shall not fear thee, howsoe'er thou come.
 Thy coldness will not chill, though Death is cold—
 A touch and I shall know thee, or a breath;
 Speak the old, well-known language, or be dumb;
 Only come back! Be near me as of old,
 So thou and I shall triumph over Death!

NORA PERRY.

[Born in Massachusetts. Author of *After the Ball, and other Poems* (Boston, 1874 and 1879); *The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and other Stories* (1880); *Her Lover's Friend* (1880); *Book of Love Stories* (1881); *For a Woman* (1885); *New Songs and Ballads* (1886); and *A Flock of Girls* (1887). The poems quoted are given by permission of the author, with the kind consent of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

AFTER THE BALL.

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
 Their long bright tresses, one by one,
 As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
 After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille ;
Idly they laughed like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done.

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,—

Float along in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres shimmering stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odours sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces
And eyes of tropical dusk,—

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech—

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
 An old, old story over again,
 As down the royal bannered room,
 To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
 While an unseen spirit walks beside
 And all unheard in the lover's talk
 He claimeth one for a bride.

Oh Maud and Madge, dream on together,
 With never a pang of jealous fear !
 For, ere the bitter St Agnes weather
 Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal, and robed for the tomb,
 Braided brown hair and golden tress,
 There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
 Of the bearded lips to press,—

Only one for the bridal pearls,
 The robe of satin and Brussels lace,
 Only one to blush through her curls
 At the sight of a lover's face.

Oh beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
 For you the revel has just begun ;
 But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night,
 The revel of life is done !

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
 Queen of heaven and bride of the Sun,
 Oh beautiful Maud you will never miss
 The kisses another hath won !

TYING HER BONNET UNDER HER CHIN.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied her raven ringlets in ;
 But not alone in the silken snare
 Did she catch her lovely floating hair,

For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill,
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-coloured face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a colour, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill ;
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair,
To play such tricks with her floating hair ?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin ?

Ah Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin !

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

It is nearly a hundred years ago
Since the day the Count de Rochambeau—
Our ally against the British crown—
Met Washington in Newport town.

'Twas the month of March, and the air was chill,
But, bareheaded over Aquedneck hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side in grand display

A gallant army, French and fine,
Was ranged three deep in a glittering line ;
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Conaicut shore ;

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,
De Rochambeau and his honoured guest.

And women out of the windows lent,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of de Rochambeau ;
And the gallant Marshal bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
And kissed it back with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden where she stood,
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose
In his gold-laced coat, but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night, and day after day,
 The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
 At feast or at church or along the street,
 For the girl who flung the rose at his feet.

And she night after night, day after day,
 Was speeding farther and farther away
 From the fatal window, the fatal street,
 Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much, for the cool control
 A Puritan teaches to heart and soul ;
 A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
 Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below ; and taking the gauge
 Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
 He swore, this old colonial squire,
 That before the daylight should expire

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
 Her dangerous heart, and her beautiful face,
 Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
 Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a cursèd Frenchman, high or low :
 And so while the Count de Rochambeau,
 In his gold-laced coat, wore a faded flower,
 And waited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
 On the little deck of the sloop "Delight ;"
 Guarded even in the darkness there
 By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after a brig bore down
 Into the harbour of Newport town
 Towing a wreck—'twas the sloop "Delight."
 Off Hampton rocks in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew,
 And all on board of her, full in view
 Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay
 Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
 He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale,
 Then "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "so my fine romance,
 From beginning to end, is a rose and a glance!"

A rose and a glance, with a kiss thrown in;
 That was all,—but enough for a promise of sin,
 Thought the stern old squire when he took the gauge
 Of a woman's heart in that moment of rage.

So the sad old story comes to a close:
 'Tis a century since; but the world still goes
 On the same base round, still takes the gauge
 Of its highest hearts in a moment's rage.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

'Twas in eighteen hundred and sixty-four,
 That terrible year when the shock and roar
 Of the nation's battles shook the land,
 And the fire leapt up into fury fanned,—

The passionate, patriotic fire,
 With its throbbing pulse and its wild desire
 To conquer and win, or conquer and die,
 In the thick of the fight when hearts beat high

With the hero's thrill to do and to dare,
 'Twixt the bullet's rush and the muttered prayer.
 In the North and the East, and the great North-West,
 Men waited and watched with eager zest

For news of the desperate, terrible strife,—
 For a nation's death or a nation's life;
 While over the wires there flying sped
 News of the wounded, the dying, and dead.

"Defeat and defeat! Ah what was the fault
 Of the grand old army's sturdy assault
 At Richmond's gates?" in a querulous key,
 Men questioned at last impatiently,

As the hours crept by, and day by day
 They watched the Potomac Army at bay.
 Defeat and defeat! it was here, just here,
 In the very height of the fret and fear,

Click, click! across the electric wire
 Came suddenly flashing words of fire,
 And a great shout broke from city and town
 At the news of Sherman's marching down,—

Marching down on his way to the sea
 Through Georgia swamps to Victory,
 Faster and faster the great news came,
 Flashing along like tongues of flame,—

M'Allister ours! And then, ah! then,
 To that patientest, tenderest, noblest of men,
 This message from Sherman came flying swift:—
 "I send you Savannah for a Christmas gift!"

RIDING DOWN.

O, DID you see him riding down,
 And riding down, while all the town
 Came out to see, came out to see,
 And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh, did you hear those bells ring out,
 The bells ring out, the people shout,
 And did you hear that cheer on cheer
 That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
 The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
 Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
 Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drum's gay beat,
 The drum's gay beat, the bugles sweet,
 The cymbals clash, the cannon's crash,
 That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass ?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face,—

My face uplifted, red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Out flashing in their swift surprise ?

O, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see ?

And at the windows all along,
O all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him riding there !

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see !

CRESSID.

HAS any one seen my Fair,
Has any one seen my Dear ?
Could any one tell me where
And whither she went from here ?

The road is winding and long,
 With many a turn and twist,
 And one could easy go wrong,
 Or ever one thought or list.

How should one know my Fair,
 And how should one know my Dear?
 By the dazzle of sunlight hair
 That smites like a golden spear.

By the eyes that say "Beware,"
 By the smile that beckons you near,—
 This is to know my fair,
 This is to know my Dear.

Rough and bitter as gall
 The Voice that suddenly comes
 Over the windy wall
 Where the fisherman have their homes :—

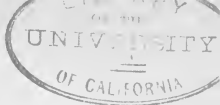
"Ay, ay, we know full well
 The way your fair one went :
 She led by the ways of Hell,
 And into its torments sent

"The boldest and bravest here,
 Who knew nor guilt nor guile,
 Who knew not shadow of fear
 Till he followed that beckoning smile.

"Now would you find your Fair,
 Now would you find your Dear?
 Go, turn and follow her where
 And whither she went from here,

"Along by the winding path
 That leads by the old sea-wall :
 The wind blows wild with wrath,
 And one could easily fall

"From over the rampart there,
 If one should lean too near,
 To look for the sunlight hair
 That smites like a golden spear ! "



ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

[Born at Boston, Massachusetts, 31st August 1844. Author of *The Gates Ajar* (1868); *Men, Women, and Ghosts* (1869); *Hedged In* (1870); *The Silent Partner* (1870); *Poetic Studies* (1875); *The Story of Avis* (1877); *My Cousin and I* (1879); *Old Maids' Paradise* (1879); *Sealed Orders* (1879); *Friends, a Duet* (1881); *Dr Zay* (1882); *Beyond the Gates* (1883); *The Gates Between* (1887); *Jack, the Fisherman* (1887); and *The Master of Magicians*, with Herbert D. Ward; also *Come Forth*, collaborated with Herbert D. Ward (1890). The poems quoted are given with the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

ALL THE RIVERS.

"ALL the rivers run into the sea."

Like the pulsing of a river,
The motion of a song,
Wind the olden words along
The tortuous turnings of my thoughts whenever
I sit beside the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."

O you little leaping river,
Laugh on beneath your breath!
With a heart as deep as death,
Strong stream, go patient, grave, and hasting never,—
I sit beside the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."

Why the passion of a river?
The striving of a soul?
Calm the eternal waters roll
Upon the eternal shore. At last, whatever
Seeks, shall find the sea.

"All the rivers run into the sea."

O thou bounding, burning river,
Hurrying heart! I seem
To know (so one knows in a dream)
That waiting heart of God forever,
Thou too shalt find the sea.

ON THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

It chanceth once to every soul,
 Within a narrow hour of doubt and dole,

Upon Life's bridge of Sighs to stand,
 "A palace and a prison on each hand."

O palace of the rose-heart's hue!
 How like a flower the warm light falls from you!

O prison with the hollow eyes!
 Beneath your stony stare no flowers arise!

O palace of the rose-sweet sin!
 How safe the heart that does not enter in!

O blessed prison-walls! how true
 The freedom of the soul that chooseth you!

 AFTERWARD.

THERE is no vacant chair. The loving meet,
 A group unbroken—smitten, who knows how?
 One sitteth silent only, in his usual seat;
 We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

Perhaps he is too weary, and needs rest;
 He needed it too often, nor could we
 Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to do so best.
 Which of us would disturb him? Let him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take
 The mood to listen mutely, be it done.
 By his least mood we crossed, for which the heart must ache,
 Plead not nor question! Let him have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim
 By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.
 Death is life's reticence. Still audible to Him,
 The hushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still
To have. Nearer to memory than to eye.
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort, will
We hold by our love, that shall not die.

For while it doth not, thus he cannot. Try!
Who can put out the motion or the smile?
The old ways of being noble all with him laid by?
Because we love, he is. Then trust awhile.

GALATEA.

A MOMENT'S grace, Pygmalion! Let me be
A breath's space longer on this hither hand
Of fate too sweet, too sad, too mad to meet.
Whether to be thy statue or thy bride—
An instant spare me! Terrible the choice,
As no man knoweth, being only man;
Nor any, saving her who hath been stone
And loved her sculptor. Shall I dare exchange
Veins of the quarry for the throbbing pulse?
Insensate calm for a sure-aching heart?
Repose eternal for a woman's lot?
Forego God's quiet for the love of man?
To float on his uncertain tenderness,
A wave tossed up the sea of his desire,
To ebb and flow whene'er it pleaseth him;
Remembered at his leisure, and forgot.
Worshipped and worried, clasped and dropped at mood,
Or soothed or gashed at mercy of his will,
Now Paradise my portion, and now Hell;
And every single severed nerve that beats
In soul or body, like some rare vase, thrust
In fire at first, and then in frost, until
The fine, protesting fibre snaps?

Oh, who
Foreknowing, ever chose a fate like this?
What woman out of all the breathing world
Would be a woman, could her heart select
Or love her lover, could her life prevent?
Thus let me be that only, only one;
Thus let me make that sacrifice supreme,
No other ever made, or can, or shall.
Behold the future shall stand still to ask,
What man was worth a price so isolate?
And rate thee at its value for all time.

For I am driven by an awful Law.
See! while I hesitate, it mouldeth me,
And carves me like a chisel at my heart.
'Tis stronger than the woman or the man:
'Tis greater than all torment or delight;
'Tis mightier than the marble or the flesh,
Obedient be the sculptor and the stone!
Thine am I, thine at all the cost of all
The pangs that woman ever bore for man;
Thine I elect to be, denying them;
Thine I elect to be, defying them;
Thine, thine I dare to be, in scorn of them;
And being thine for ever, bless I them!

Pygmalion! take me from my pedestal,
And set me lower—lower, Love!—that I
May be a woman, and look up to thee;
And looking, longing, loving take and give
The human kisses worth the worst that thou
By thine own nature shalt inflict on me.

SARAH MORGAN BRYAN PIATT.

[Born in Lexington, Kentucky, 11th August 1836. Author of *A Woman's Poems* (Boston, 1871); *A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles, and other Poems* (1874); *That New World, and other Poems* (1876); *Poems in Company with Children* (1877); *Dramatic Persons and Moods* (1879); *An Irish Garland* (Edinburgh, 1884); *Selected Poems* (London, 1885); *In Primrose Time* (1886); and *Child's World Ballads* (1887). The poems given are quoted by the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

THERE WAS A ROSE.

"THERE was a rose," she said,
 "Like other roses, perhaps, to you.
 Nine years ago it was faint and red,
 Away in the cold dark dew,
 On the dwarf bush where it grew.

"Never any rose before
 Was like that rose, very well I know ;
 Never another rose any more
 Will blow as that rose did blow,
 When the wet wind shook it so.

"What do I want?—Ah, what?
 Why, I want that rose, that wee one rose,
 Only that rose. And that rose is not
 Anywhere just now? . . . God knows
 Where all the old sweetness goes.

"I want that rose so much ;
 I would take the world back there to the night
 When I saw it blush in the grass, to touch
 It once in that Autumn light.

"But a million marching men
 From the North and the South would arise,
 And the dead—would have to die again?
 And the women's widowed cries
 Would trouble anew the skies!

“No matter. I would not care ;
 Were it not better that this should be ?
 The sorrow of many the many bear,—
 Mine is too heavy for me.
 And I want that rose, you see !”

WASHINGTON, D.C., 1870.

IN DOUBT.

THROUGH dream and dusk a frightened whisper said
 “Lay down the world : the one you love is dead.”
 In the near waters, without any cry
 I sank, therefore—glad, oh so glad, to die !
 Therefore, oh, next to God, I pray you keep
 Yourself as your own friend, the tried, the true.
 Sit your own watch—others will surely sleep.
 Weep your own tears. Ask none to die with you.

BROKEN PROMISE.

AFTER strange stars, inscrutable, on high ;
 After strange seas beneath his floating feet ;
 After the glare in many a brooding eye,—
 I wonder if the cry of “Land ” was sweet ?
 Or did the Atlantic gold, the Atlantic palm,
 The Atlantic bird and flower, seem poor, at best,
 To the grey Admiral under sun and calm,
 After the passionate doubt and faith of quest ?

THE WATCH OF A SWAN.

I READ somewhere that a swan, snow-white,
 In the sun all day, in the moon all night,
 Alone by a little grave would sit
 Waiting, and watching it,

Up out of the lake her mate would rise,
 And call her down with his piteous cries
 Into the waters still and dim ;—

With cries she would answer him.

Hardly a shadow would she let pass
 Over the baby's cover of grass ;
 Only the wind might dare to stir

The lily that watched with her.

Do I think that the swan was an angel? Oh,
 I think it was only a swan, you know,
 That for some sweet reason, wingèd and wild,
 Had the love of a bird for a child.

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

“ My mother says I must not pass
 Too near that glass ;
 She is afraid that I will see
 A little witch that looks like me,
 With a red, red mouth to whisper low
 The very thing I should not know ! ”

“ Alack for all your mother's care !
 A bird of the air,
 A wistful wind, or (I suppose
 Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
 With breath too sweet, will whisper low
 The very thing you should not know ! ”

COMFORT THROUGH A WINDOW.

(CHILD WITHIN TO TRAMP WITHOUT.)

It's not so nice here as it looks,
 With china that keeps breaking so,
 And five of Mr Tennyson's books
 Too fine to look in—is it, though ‘

If you just had to sit here (Well !)
In satin chairs too blue to touch,
And look at flowers too sweet to smell,
In vases—would you like it much ?

If you see any flowers, they grow,
And you can find them in the sun.
These are the ones we buy, you know,
In winter time—when there are none !

Then you can sit on rocks, you see,
And walk about in water, too—
Because you have no shoes ! Dear me !
How many things they let you do !

Then you can sleep out in the shade
All day, I guess, and all night too,
Because—you know, you're not afraid
Of other fellows just like you !

You have no house like this, you know,
(Where mamma's cross, and ladies call)—
You have the world to live in, though,
And that's the prettiest place of all !

MAKING PEACE.

AFTER this feud of yours and mine
The sun will shine ;
After we both forget, forget,
The sun will set.

I pray you think how warm and sweet
The heart can beat ;
I pray you think how soon the rose
From grave-dust grows.

SWEET World, if you will hear me now :

I may not own a sounding Lyre
And wear my name upon my brow
Like some great jewel quick with fire.

But let me, singing, sit apart,
In tender quiet with a few,
And keep my fame upon my heart,
A little blush-rose wet with dew.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

Born in Milton, Pennsylvania ; went to the South early ; has identified herself with the South. Author of *Beechenbrook ; Old Songs and New* (1870) ; *Cartoons* (1870) ; and *For Love's Sake* (1887) ; *Colonial Ballads* (1887). The poems quoted are given with the kind permission of Roberts Brothers for "A Blemished Offering," and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the others.]

A BLEMISHED OFFERING.

"I WOULD my gift were worthier!" sighed the Greek,
As on he goaded to the temple-door
His spotted bullock. "Ever of our store
Doth Zeus require the best ; and fat and sleek
The ox I vowed to him—(no brindled streak,
No fleck of dun,) when through the breaker's roar
He bore me safe, that day, to Naxos' shore ;
And now, my gratitude,—how seeming—weak !

But here be chalk-pits! What if I should white
The blotches, hiding all unfitness so?
The victim in the people's eyes would show
Better therefore ;—the sacrificial rite
Be quicker granted at thus fair a sight,
And the great Zeus himself might never know."

A BELLE OF PRAENESTE.

CASTELLANI COLLECTION OF ANTIQUES.

I.

HERE is her toilet-case—a crust
 O'er it of greenest classic rust ;
 Still with the delicate twist and twine
 Visible of the rare design ;
 Even the very casket where,
 Nearly three thousand years ago,
 One who was young and fresh and fair—
 Fair as the fairest that you know—
 Hoarded her maiden treasures. See,
 Here is the mirror that used to be
 Able to flash with silvery grace
 Back the divinity of her face ;
 This is the comb—its carvings yet
 Perfect—that knotted her braids of jet ;
 There's the cicada for her brow ;
 Arrows whose points are blunted now ;
 Coils for her throat ; an unguent pot
 (Proof of some moulder's wondrous skill),
 Ivory tablet with a blot
 Showing a tint of the carmine still.

II.

This was her necklace : even as I
 Toy with its links of threaded gold,
 She may have toyed, with pensive sigh,
 Drooping them through her fingers, while
 Hearing, perhaps, with blushing smile,
 Under the limes, some lover bold
 Telling a tale that's never old.
 Here is the fibula that lay
 Over her heart for many a day,
 Throbbing what time that lover won
 Wreaths when Etruscan games were done ;

Quivering under the anguished strain
When he was borne from battle, slain;
Rising and falling with her breath,
Warming, with life or chilled with death!

III.

She—has she vanished who seems so near,
Drawn by this ancient *cista* here?—
Faded, as faded those sunset dyes
Into the infinite, awful skies?
Passed, as the wind passed over the grain
Headed to ripeness on the plain
Girdling Praeneste? Did she so
Perish, these centuried years ago,
Leaving this only trace, whose rust
Even may mock her scattered dust?
Can you believe this streak of red
Lives, while her subtle soul is dead?
Do the cicada's wings unfold
Essence her spirit could not hold?
Dare you avouch this bronze can be
Something immortal more than she?

IV.

Why do I ask? Somewhere, somewhere
Shrouded in boundless depths of air
Nearer than we conceive, or far
Out of the reach of sun or star,
Vital and sentient, mind, heart, will,
Waits this Belle of Praeneste still,
Conscious as when in the flesh below,
Nearly three thousand years ago—
Waits—and for what? Ah, God doth know!

PERSEPHONE.

LISTEN what a sudden rustle
 Fills the air !
All the birds are in a bustle
 Everywhere.
Such a ceaseless hum and twitter
 Overhead,
Such a flash of wings that glitter,
 Wide outspread !
Far away I hear a drumming—
 Tap, tap, tap !
Can the woodpecker be coming
 After sap ?
Butterflies are hovering over
 (Swarms on swarms)
Yonder meadow-patch of clover
 Like snow storms.
Through the vibrant air a tingle
 Buzzingly
Throbs, and o'er me sails a single
 Bumble-bee ;
Lissome swayings make the willows
 One bright sheen,
Which the breeze puffs out in billows
 Foaming green.
From the marshy brook that's smoking
 In the fog,
I can catch the croon and croaking
 Of a frog.
Dog-wood-stars the slopes are studding,
 And I see
Blooms upon the purple-budding
 Judas-tree.
Aspen-tassels thick are dropping
 All about,
And the alder-leaves are cropping
 Broader out ;

Mouse-ear tufts the hawthorn sprinkle,
 Edged with rose
 The dark bed of periwinkle
 Fresher grows.
 Up and down are midges dancing
 On the grass ;
 How their gauzy wings are glancing
 As they pass !
 What does all this haste and hurry
 Mean, I pray—
 All this out-door flush and flurry
 Seen to-day ?
 This presaging stir and humming,
 Chirp and cheer,
Mean ? it *means* that Spring is coming :
 Spring is here !

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

(A.D. 1622.)

"AND now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the
 piled-up store
 Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the
 meadows o'er,
 "'Tis meet that we render praises because of this yield of
 grain ;
 'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His
 sun and rain.

"And therefore I, William Bradford, (by the grace of
 God to-day,
 And the franchise of this good people,) Governor of Ply-
 mouth, say,
 Through virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with
 one accord,
 And hold, in the month November, Thanksgiving unto
 the Lord.

“He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet
we’ve sought so long;
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from
wrack and wrong;
And unto our feast the Sachem shall be bidden that he
may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the harvests
grow.

“So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there is hunting
of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle and scour for spoil the
seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts
employ
To honour our First Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of
Joy!

“We fail of the fruits and dainties—we fail of the old
home cheer;
Ah these are the lightest losses, mayhap, that befall us
here;
But see, in our open clearings, how golden the melons
lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the
pumpkin-pie!”

So bravely the preparations went on for the autumn
feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered: wild game from
the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-brew
served for wine,
And the plum and the grape of the forest for orange
and peach and pine.

At length came the day appointed: the snow had begun
to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry rang merrily
over all,

And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened with
 glad accord
 To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked the
 Lord.

In his seat sate Governor Bradford : men, matrons, and
 maidens fair ;
 Miles Standish and all his soldiers, with corslet and sword,
 were there ;
 And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its turn
 the sway,
 For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershadowed
 Thanksgiving day ;

And when Massasoit, the Sachem, sat down with his
 hundred braves,
 And ate of the varied riches of gardens and woods and
 waves,
 And looked on the granaried harvest, with a blow on
 his brawny chest,
 He muttered, "The Good Great Spirit loves His white
 children best !"

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Born at Henniker, New Hampshire. Author of *Poems* (Boston, 1866) ; *A Russian Journey* (1872) ; *Poems* (Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1890). The poems quoted are by special permission.]

EASTER MORNING.

THE fasts are done ; the Aves said ;
 The moon has filled her horn ;
 And in the solemn night I watch
 Before the Easter morn.
 So pure, so still the starry heaven,
 So hushed the brooding air,
 I could hear the sweep of an angel's wings
 If one should earthward fare ;—

Great Michael with his flaming sword,
 Sandalphon bearing to the Lord
 Some heart-cry of despair.

But since the sunset glow went out,
 And the fitful wind grew still,
 No sound has stirred the waiting night,
 No flash lit sky or hill.
 Gabriel nor Uriel speeds to tell
 Some heavenly boon is won ;
 To other spheres in the airy deep
 Their shining pathways run,
 And, left of angel ministries,
 Alone upon celestial seas
 Earth circles round the sun.

Yet joy is here, for woods and fields
 Thrill to the kiss of spring ;
 The brooks go laughing down the glens,
 The birds for gladness sing ;
 In forest glens the wind-flowers wave ;
 The earliest violets blow ;
 And soon will come the carnival
 Of orchard flush and snow,
 When air is balm and blossoms fall
 As if the blessed angels all
 Brought Paradise below.

Alas for April song and bloom !
 My eyes are dim with tears
 As I think of the dead no spring will wake
 Through all the circling years !
 With broken hearts we laid them down ;
 We followed them with prayers ;
 And warm and true for aye we keep
 Our love and trust with theirs ;
 But silence shrouds them evermore,
 Nor sun, nor star, nor sea, nor shore,
 A pitying message bears.

O for a rift in the arching heaven !
A gleam of the jasper walls !
A single note of the holy hymn
That ceaseless swells and falls !—
Their graves are cold, and they never come
When the evening sun is low,
Nor sit with us one happy hour
In the firelight's fading glow:—
And I dream till my eyes are dim with tears,
And all my life o'erpowered with fears,
As the night-watches go.

Hark ! 'tis the west wind blowing free,
Swift herald of the dawn ;
Faint murmurs answer from the wood ;
The night will soon be gone.
Sad soul ! shall day from darkness rise,
And the rose unfold from the sod,
And the bare, brown hills grow beautiful
When May their slopes has trod,—
While they for whom the sun shone fair,
And rose and bird rejoiced the air,
Sleep on, forgot of God ?

Depart, drear visions of the night !
We are the dead, not they !
High in God's mansions of delight
They greet immortal day !
Look out ! The sky is flushed with gold
In glad, celestial warning ;
The purple clouds are backward rolled,
And, gloom and shadows scorning,
O'er grief and death victorious,
Above all glories glorious,
Comes up the Easter morning !

*EL MAHDI TO THE TRIBES OF
THE SOUDAN.*

(1884.)

I HAVE heard the voice of the Lord
 As the Prophet heard of old ;
 For me have the blessed angels
 The book of Fate unrolled ;
 Gabriel, holiest, highest,
 Flashed to my cave from the sky,
 And cried, as the dawn illumed the east,
 "Wake ! for the end is nigh !
 Speed ! for 'tis thine to save the saints,
 And their proud oppressors slay,
 And to fill the earth with righteousness
 Before the judgment day."

Then he was gone as the lightning goes ;
 And my heart leapt up as flame ;
 And forth I rushed to the Holy War
 For the glory of Allah's name ;
 And rippling river, and rustling reeds,
 And the wind of the desert sighing,
 Echoed his cry as I passed them by,
 "Speed ! for the hours are flying !"
 The sunbeams shone, like lances keen,
 Across the Meccan plain ;
 The roar of hosts was in my ears,
 Their fury in my brain ;
 And I vowed to the God of the Faithful
 His Prophet alone should reign !

Now, who is on the side of God
 To fight this fight with me—
 To break the ranks of the Infidels
 And hurl them back to the sea,
 And all this tortured, trampled land
 From greed and spoil to free ?—
 This land where the bitter cry goes up
 From even the lips of the dumb,

“*Mata yathar El Mahdi—*
 When will the Mahdi come?”
 Who yearns for bliss in Paradise?
 Who fears eternal flame?
 Let him follow me to the Holy War
 For the glory of Allah’s name!
 Leave your flocks on the grassy hills
 Of cool Atbara’s stream;
 Under the palms by the lonely wells
 No more at noontide dream;
 From Nile’s fair groves and uplands,
 From meadow and marsh and mere,
 Throng to the Crescent banner
 With lance, and shield, and spear!
 Come on your flying stallions
 From lordly Darfur’s side;
 Bold from Sahara’s burning depths
 On your swift camels ride;
 The sun by day shall bid you speed,
 By night each guiding star,
 Through the thorny wastes of Kordofan,
 The wide plains of Sennaar!
 And from Fez and far Morocco;
 From Yemen and Hejaz:—
 For round the world to the Faithful
 This fire of God shall blaze—
 And from the realms of the Indian Sea,
 And isles of spice and balm,
 Shall a thousand thousand hither haste
 For the glory of Islam!

And as in the valley of Bedr,
 When the Moslems charged the foe,
 The angels stooped to the stormy pass
 And laid the faithless low—
 So shall they watch my standard,
 And all along our line
 Will hover their shining legions,
 And the battle be divine!



And should you fall in the conflict,
 O glorious, glad surprise!
 White winged camels will bear you thence
 To the bowers of Paradise—
 Up to the crystal fountains,
 And the feast of the Tuba tree,
 The songs of Israfil to hear,
 The face of God to see!

Allah! I long for the onset!
 Moslems! welcome the day
 When forth in the rosy dawn we sweep
 As victors to the fray!
 For fierce as the lion leaping
 At night from his woody lair;
 Dread as the hot simoom whose breath
 No living thing may dare;
 Strong as the sun when he mounts the sky
 To bathe in the western sea—
 So fierce, to the godless of the earth,
 So dread, so strong are we!
 And, by the soul of Mohammed—
 Nay, by the Throne of God—
 The Infidel and the Spoiler
 Shall into the dust be trod!
 And away by the winds of heaven
 As worthless chaff be blown,
 And the Prophet, and true Believers,
 Shall rule in the earth alone!

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

A GRANITE cliff on either shore;
 A highway poised in air;
 Above, the wheels of traffic roar;
 Below, the fleets sail fair;—

And in and out, forevermore,
The surging tides of ocean pour,
And past the towers the white gulls soar,
And winds the sea-clouds bear.

O peerless this majestic street,
This road that leaps the brine !
Upon its height twin cities meet,
And thron'g its grand incline,—
To east, to west, with swiftest feet,
Though ice may crash and billows beat
Though blinding fogs the wave may greet,
Or golden summer shine.

Sail up the Bay with morning's beam,
Or rocky Hellgate by,—
Its columns rise, its cables gleam,
Great tents athwart the sky !
And lone it looms, august, supreme,
When, with the splendour of a dream,
Its blazing cressets gild the stream
Till evening shadows fly.

By Nile stand proud the pyramids,
But they were for the dead ;
The awful gloom that joy forbids,
The mourners' silent tread,
The crypt, the coffin's stony lids,—
Sad as a soul the maze that thrids
Of dark Amenti, ere it rids
Its way of judgment dread.

This glorious arch, these climbing towers,
Are all for life and cheer !
Part of the new world's nobler dowers ;
Hint of millennial year
That comes apace, though evil lowers,—
When loftier aims and larger powers
Will mould and deck this earth of ours,
And heaven at length bring near !

Unmoved its cliffs shall crown the shore ;
 Its arch the chasm dare ;
 Its network hang, the blue before,
 As gossamer in air ;
 While in and out, forevermore,
 The surging tides of ocean pour,
 And past its towers the white gulls soar
 And winds the sea-clouds bear !

HEROES.

THE winds that once the Argo bore
 Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,
 And her hull is the drift of the deep sea-floor,
 Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
 You may seek her crew on every isle
 Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,
 But, out of their rest, no charm can wile
 Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more
 By windy Ilion's sea-built walls ;
 Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,
 Shouts, "O ye Gods! 'tis Hector falls!"
 On Ida's mount is the shining snow,
 But Jove has gone from its brow away,
 And red on the plain the poppies grow
 Where the Greek and the Trojan fought that day

Mother Earth! Are the heroes dead?
 Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
 Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
 All that is left of the brave of yore?
 Are there none to fight as Theseus fought
 Far in the young world's misty dawn?
 Or to teach as gray-haired Nestor taught?
 Mother Earth! are the Heroes gone

Gone? In a grander form they rise;
 Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours;
 And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
 And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.
 Wherever a noble deed is done
 'Tis the pulse of a Hero's heart is stirred;
 Wherever Right has a triumph won
 There are the Heroes' voices heard.

Their armour rings on a fairer field
 Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod;
 For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
 And the gleam above is the smile of God.
 So, in his isle of calm delight,
 Jason may sleep the years away;
 For the Heroes live, and the sky is bright,
 And the world is a braver world to-day.

 AMELIE RIVES.

[Born in Richmond, Virginia, 23d August 1863. Author of *Virginia of Virginia, The Quick or the Dead, Herod and Mariamne, etc.* The poems given are by special permission. The "Grief and Faith" sonnets are from *Harper's Magazine*; the other sonnet from *The Century*. The sonnets "Grief and Faith" are republished by kind permission of the editor of *Harper's Magazine*; the other sonnet by kind permission of the editor of *The Century Magazine*.]

GRIEF AND FAITH.

I.

FOLD back the sun-bright hair; kiss the meek lids,
 That lie like flowers above the flower-blue eyes;
 Grieve not, to grieve her with thy anguished sighs;
 Such peace as Christ hath given her forbids
 Even the storm of woe to rage, and rids
 Fierce Death of half his terrors. In such wise
 Sleep doth appear ere Love hath said, "Arise!"
 Or Love lies quiet while that fair Joy bids.

Sweet Soul, praised be thy God that I am left
 To bear this anguish in thy dear heart's stead ;
 That thou art happy, while I am bereft ;
 That I, not thou, kneel by our desolate bed,
 And know Life's sword hath stabbed me to the left,
 Knowing that I do live, while thou art dead.

II.

Ah me ! thy child ! How can I love thy child,
 Which hath begun its life by taking thine ?
 And yet it was thine own, and thine is mine ;
 Therefore it is mine too. Oh God ! the wild,
 Mad, helpless yearning to lay down this mild,
 Pale, winter flower among the flowers that shine
 Like stars about thee, while Love, grown divine,
 Omnipotent, unquestioned, undefiled,
 Bids Death exchange, and let thee live again !
 Nay, I want not thy child ; I thirst for thee,
 As thirst the summer meadows for the rain,
 As longs the mainland for the tarrying sea,
 As stricken souls do yearn for bodily pain.
 Oh, God in heaven ! must such anguish be ?

III.

Alas ! alas ! God will not let thee hear,
 To grieve in heaven for my bitterness ;
 Nor would I have thee listen, to confess
 God loves thee more than I. Ah, have no fear ;
 My sorrow cannot touch thee. I am here,
 And thou art where no love can harm, or bless,
 Or reach, or move thee. Let me keep one tress,
 To rest where thy head rested one fair year.
 It is not much to ask of thee, O sweet,
 Who hast for love of me given thy bright life.
 Such kisses as had made thy pure heart beat
 But yesterday, still leave thee stone, my wife.
 Farewell, dear brow, dear mouth, dear hands, dear feet !
 Thine is the freedom ; mine, the fire, the knife.

IV.

Yet was it wonderful, when all is said,
 Heaven should desire thee? Nay; for thou wert far
 Above most women as God's handmaids are;
 Thy soul as flowers that bloom when day is fled;
 Thy purity as crown upon thy head;
 In all things lovely. There was naught to mar
 The jewel of thy nature, while a star
 Seemed thy sweet, steadfast love. Now, being dead,
 Thou, star-like, love-like, seekest heaven, while I
 Seem cast from heaven, like Satan, into hell.
 O darling, ask thy God to let me die—
 Thou who canst plead so nobly and so well.
 It shall be borne, so rest come by-and-by.
 Thou canst not answer? Then, once more, farewell!

V.

Sweet eyes, farewell; cold bosom, fare thee well;
 Farewell all joy, all love, all hope, all peace.
 Welcome, fierce pain, till Death do bid ye cease,
 Farewell, content. My bride, my wife, farewell.
 The mother of my child! Oh hell in hell,
 For which High God Himself hath no surcease,
 No straws of comfort such as gleaners lease
 From fields already harvested! This knell
 Rings ever in mine ears: "She gave her life
 In giving thee thy child." What care had I,
 So that my rose bloomed on, if that Death's knife
 Pruned each bud as it blossomed? Is to die
 To love no more, O exquisite, pale wife,
 Or only to be deaf unto Love's cry?

A SONNET.

TAKE all of me,—I am thine own, heart,—soul—
 Brain, body—all; all that I am or dream
 Is thine for ever; yea though space should teem
 With thy conditions, I'd fulfil the whole—
 Were to fulfil them to be loved of thee.
 Oh love me—love me, so to die would be

To live for ever. Let me hear thee say
 Once only "Dear, I love thee"—then all life
 Would be one sweet remembrance,—thou its king:
 Nay thou art that already, and the strife
 Of twenty worlds could not uncrown thee. Bring,
 O Time! my monarch to possess his throne,
 Which is my heart and for himself alone.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

[Born at Calais, Maine, 3d April 1835. Author of *Sir Rohan's Ghost* (Boston, 1859); *The Amber Gods, and other Stories* (Boston, 1863); *Azarian* (1864); *New England Legends* (1871); *The Thief in the Night* (1872); and *Ballads about Authors* (1888), etc. The poems quoted are given by kind permission of the D. Lothrop Company, for "Goldsmith's Whistle," and Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the other poems.]

MAGDALEN.

If any woman of us all,
 If any woman of the street,
 Before the Lord should pause and fall,
 And with her long hair wipe His feet—
 He whom with yearning hearts we love,
 And fain would see with human eyes
 Around our living pathway move,
 And underneath our daily skies—
 The Maker of the heavens and earth,
 The Lord of life, the Lord of death,
 In whom the universe had birth,
 But breathing of our breath one breath—
 If any woman of the street
 Should kneel, and with the lifted mesh
 Of her long tresses wipe His feet,
 And with her kisses kiss His flesh—
 How round that woman would we throng,
 How willingly would clasp her hands
 Fresh from that touch divine, and long
 To gather up the twice blest strands!

How eagerly with her would change
Our idle innocence, nor heed
Her shameful memories and strange,
Could we but also claim that deed !

AGATHA'S SONG.

SOONER or later, the storms shall beat
Over my slumber from head to feet ;
Sooner or later, the winds shall wave
On the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sound shall signify ;
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later, the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine ;
Sooner or later, in summer air,
Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep-laid rest
The sheeted light fall over my breast,
Nor ever note in those hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later, the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose ;
Sooner or later, shall slant and shift,
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen fall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That recks not the sweet and sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later, the bee shall come
And fill the noon with his golden hum ;
Sooner or later, on half-poised wing,
The bluebird's warble about me ring, —

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee,
 Nothing his music means to me ;
 None of these beautiful things shall know
 How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
 The stars shall over me wing their flight ;
 Sooner or later, the answering dews
 Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
 That wraps me round in the kindly tomb ;
 Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow
 Sooner or later,—but, oh, not now !

THE LONELY GRAVE.

BLOOD-RED the roses blossom in the dell,
 The bosky place where once the battle fell ;
 Tall have the grasses grown since then, and rank
 The ferns, fed with the ghastly dew they drank.
 O sweet, sweet, sweet these roses of the South ;
 Sweet these rain-lilies blowing after drouth ;
 Sweet the wild grape, whose bunches everywhere
 Fling spice upon the lonesome summer air ;
 Sweet the great orange boughs and jasmine flowers
 In dawn and dusk through all the visiting hours
 That troop across the hidden grave's low swell
 Where the palmetto stands, a sentinel !

A lonely grave,—none care for it, none know
 His name who all these seasons sleeps below.
 Only the heedless hunter pauses there
 To sight some wing that quivers in the air,
 Nor feels the presence of an ancient pain
 That yearns about the unknown spot in vain.
 Only the noonday sunshine comes ; the rain ;
 The golden moons above it wax and wane ;
 The wild deer crouch beside it, and the snake
 Glitters and slips along beneath the brake ;

While, from the dagger-tree the bubbling song
Of mocking-birds makes music all night long.

But far on northern hills a woman grows
The sadder with each gust the south wind blows ;
A mother listens, and with eager ears
The step long hushed in every footfall hears ;
And friends, flower laden, in a martial rout
Among the fortunate graves go in and out.
Ah, if to-day one violet fell here,
One bluebell dropped its heaven-holding tear,
One homely door-stone blossom shed its breath,
Less desolate with the despair of death,
For all the song, the splendid glow and gleam,
This lush-leaved covert of the dead would seem !

Yet, on this sole day of the waiting year,
Since love with its dear tribute comes not near,
Its shadow steals through the green under-gloom
To scatter armfuls of pale myrtle bloom,—
A dark shape, crooning o'er the lonely grave,
The wildy-tuned thank-offering of the slave.
For here, where strange boughs move and strange wings
whirr,

He rests upon his arms who died for her.
Brighter the tide that wet the soil returns,
And in the blaze of the pomegranate burns ;
Loftier the heavens climb from that low grave,
Tenderer the air to which his breath he gave.
Because he died, her children are her own ;
Her soul, she cries, to a white soul has grown ;
Because he sleeps beneath an alien sod
Her race in fuller sunlight answers God.
Oh sweet the bosky dell in sun and shower,
Sweet the low wind that creeps from flower to flower !
Oh sweet, sweet, sweet these roses of the South,
The breath of the rain-lilies' honeyed mouth ;
Sweet the bird's song across the lonely grave,
But sweeter still the blessings of the slave !

OAK HILL.

THERE are roses of passionate perfume
 In the gardens under the hill,
 Red-lipped and rich with the honey
 That the brown bee sips at will.

Lightly their breath is blowing
 Wherever the west wind flies,
 A part of the breathing rapture
 Of laughter and kisses and sighs.

But here, where the silence is perfect
 As in undiscovered lands,
 The lilies are crowding like sainted souls
 With their gold harps in their hands.

And I think if the Lord, at cool of day,
 Should again with his servants tread,
 It is here that his feet would linger,—
 In this Garden of the Dead!

AN OLD SONG.

AN old song, an old song! But the new are not so
 sweet,—
 Sweet though they be with honeyed words, and sweet
 with fancies fair,
 With thrills of tune in silver troop of answering echoes
 fleet,
 With tender longings slumberous upon enchanted air.

An old song! But across its verse what viewless voices
 sing!
 Through all its simple burden what human pulses stir!
 More intimate with grief and joy than any precious
 thing
 That the years have wrapped away in frankincense and
 myrrh.

Lovers have sung it, summer nights, when earth itself
seemed heaven ;
Sailors far off on lonely seas have given it to the gale ;
Mothers have hushed its measure on the quiet edge of
even,
While soft as falling rose leaves dear eyelids dropped
their veil.

Long since the sailor made his grave between two rolling
waves,
The lovers and their love are naught, mother and child
are dust ;
But to-night some maiden lilt it, to-night its sounding
staves
Are blowing from the stroller's lips on this balmy
blossom-gust.

A part of life, its music flows as the blood flows in the
vein ;
Laughter ripples through it, tears make its charm
complete ;
For the heart of all the ages beats still through this old
strain,
An old song, an old song, but the new are not so sweet !

GOLDSMITH'S WHISTLE.

A LIGHT heart had the Irish lad,
As light as any in the land,
And surely that was all he had,
Save the King's English, at command !
Nay, Greek had he, a goodly store,
Though not a penny came to mock it ;
Well, well, and he had something more—
He had a whistle in his pocket !
Ay, Greek he had, pure root and stem ;
And that great parlance never rang
Round gownsmen at Louvain,—for them
Nor Plato spoke nor Homer sang.

And he had dreamed of classes there,
And he had crossed the deep seas over,
Determined in a scholar's chair
With cap and gown to live in clover.

But dean nor don of that famed school
Cared for the lore the stranger brought,
Greek was not in their time-worn rule,
And all his silver speech was naught.
Strange land, strange ways, strange faces, too ;
A land that flowed with milk and honey—
And no word of their tongue he knew,
And had no stiver of their money.

He supped that night beside the brook,
That night he slept beneath the hedge ;
Dark was the great sky's dreary look,
Hope gave no promise, fate no pledge.
And when the morning came, despair
Hung over him, and hunger gnawed him—
He was so young, and life so fair,
And death confronted him, and awed him.

And then—he was an Irish lad—
The April in him had its way ;
Sun shining, should not one be glad ?
Birds singing, one not match their play ?
Soft blew the breeze his tears to wipe,
And there, upon the grassy hummock,
He laughed at care, and took his pipe,
And played a tune to stay his stomach.

He played, nor knew of any nigh,
Lost for the hour in sweet employ,
Till through his dream there stole a cry,
A little chirping note of joy ;
And beating time there, every one,
With lips that laughed and eyes that glistened,
Like roses burning in the sun,
Some happy children sat and listened.

And scarce less innocent than they
He gave a nod of merry cheer,
Blew out his cheeks with fresher play,
And blew the strain out loud and clear.
Clear as the whistling nightingale
He blew the tuneful moment's fancies,
Sweet airs of ancient Innisfail,
Or graveside keene, or fleet-foot dances.

And when he ceased and fani would leave
The spot, with slower step and slower,
One caught his hand, and one his sleeve,
And led him to their mother's door.
They brought him honey, brought him bread,
They swarmed about, a pretty rabble,
And still he heard, when farther sped,
The music of their unknown babble.

And going on he knew not where,
Feet somewhat sore, eyes somewhat dim,
A shadow fell upon the air,
And suddenly one went with him—
The shadow of remembered song,
The memory of a mighty singing,
That made the way, late hard and long,
Light with the music round it ringing;

Carolan's singing, long removed,
The last of the great bards who blew
Life through old ballads, whom men loved,
By the same token, whom kings slew.
Still could our wanderer see again
The streaming beard, the tattered camlet,
The shouldered harp whose throbbing strain
Brought greeting glad in hall and hamlet.

Not as perchance in elder days,
When daised ladies bent to hear,
And the torch shed its fitful blaze
On bull-hide shield and restless spear,

While some old minstrel, gaunt and hoar,
 With "Dathi's Doom" made broadswords rattle,
 And the wild song of "Argan Mor"
 Stirred all their hearts to sudden battle ;

But as beside some cabin door
 The harp was strung to gentler tune,
 And hushed the babe the mother bore,
 And hushed the grandam's hapless croon.
 While "Usna's Children" called the tear,
 And lovers, moved with tender feeling,
 Felt all their pulses bound to hear
 "Cushla-ma-chree" and soft "Lough Sheeling."

What music blown on every gale
 Old Carolan was playing then !
 What hero's chant, what banshee's wail,
 Our happy wanderer heard again !
 The Desmond's love he heard once more
 Sweet Catharine MacCormac gracing,
 And saw upon Killarney's shore
 O'Donohue's White Horses racing.

Far off the windy music crept
 To silence ; and the startled youth
 Laughed at the sudden thought that leapt—
 He was a minstrel, too, forsooth !
 Like Carolan, he also went
 To no one but his pipe a debtor,
 The earth his bed, the sky his tent—
 A minstrel he, for want of better !

From village green to green his way
 He, too, should pay with pleasant tunes,
 While quiet folk, at close of day,
 Broke bread, or in the idle noons.
 He, where he saw two lovers lean,
 Could slyly play a "Mina-meala,"
 And should a loiterer mischief mean
 Could give the rousing "Fague a ballagh !"

And many a jolly catch complete
Ballymahon should lend him then ;
The " Groves of Blarney," heavenly sweet
And sad, should melt the hearts of men ;
Unwritten song his thoughts o'erran,
From misty time, with stirring story,
Here came the " Humming of the Ban,"
And here came " Garryone in Glory !"

What bliss, what power, the soul to lead,
The tear, the smile, a hurrying slave !
Oh, Music, with your rudest reed,
This one to life and hope you gave !
No more the shady hedge and copse ;
The lad forsook the sheltering byway,
Took out his whistle, tried its stops,
And bravely trudged along the highway.

As fabled beasts before the lyre
Fell prone, so want and hunger fled ;
The way was free to his desire,
And he like one with manna fed.
The world, the world, for him was meant,
Cathedral towers, and Alpine torrents !
He trod a measure as he went,
And piped and sang his way to Florence !

Great wit and scholar though he be,
I love, of all his famous days,
This time of simple vagrancy
Ere youth and bliss had parted ways.
With what a careless heart he strayed.
Light as the down upon a thistle,
Made other hearts his own, and paid
His way through Europe with a whistle!

CELIA THAXTER.

[Born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 29th June 1836. Author of *Among the Isles of Shoals* (Boston, 1873); *Poems* (1871); *Drift Weed* (1878); *Poems for Children* (1884); *The Cruise of the Mystery, and other Poems* (1886), etc. The poems given are quoted by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

THE ONLY FOE.

WILD, threatening sky, white, raging sea,
 Fierce wind that rends the rifted cloud,
 Sets the new moon's sharp glitter free,
 And thunders eastward, roaring loud!

A fury rides the autumn blast,
 The hoary brine is torn and tossed;
 Great Nature through her spaces vast
 Casts her keen javelins of the frost.

Her hand that in the summer days
 Soothed us with tender touch of joy,
 Deals death upon her wintry ways;
 Whom she caressed she would destroy.

Life shrinks and hides; all creatures cower
 While her tremendous bolts are hurled,
 That strike with blind, insensate power
 The mighty shoulder of the world.

Be still, my soul, thou hast no part
 In her black moods of hate and fear;
 Lifted above her wrath thou art,
 On thy still heights, serene and clear.

Remember this,—not all the wild,
 Huge, untamed elements have force
 To reach thee, though the seas were piled
 In weltering mountains on thy course.

Only thyself thyself can harm.
 Forget it not! And full of peace,
 As if the south wind whispered warm,
 Wait thou till storm and tumult cease.

SONG.

WE sail toward evening's lonely star
 That trembles in the tender blue ;
 One single cloud, a dusky bar,
 Burnt with dull carmine through and through,
 Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
 Lies low along the fading west.
 How sweet to watch its splendours die,
 Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed !

The soft breeze freshens, leaps the spray
 To kiss our cheeks with sudden cheer ;
 Upon the dark edge of the bay
 Lighthouses kindle, far and near,
 And through the warm deeps of the sky
 Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
 In deep refreshment, thou and I,
 Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

How like a dream are earth and heaven,
 Starbeam and darkness, sky and sea ;
 Thy face, pale in the shadowy even,
 Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me !
 O realise the moment's charm,
 Thou dearest ! we are at life's best,
 Folded in God's encircling arm,
 Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

A TRYST.

FROM out the desolation of the North
 An iceberg took its way,
 From its detaining comrades breaking forth,
 And travelling night and day.

At whose command ? Who bade it sail the deep
 With that resistless force ?

Who made the dread appointment it must keep?
Who traced its awful course?

To the warm airs that stir in the sweet South
A good ship spreads her sails;
Stately she passed beyond the harbour's mouth
Chased by the favouring gales;

And on her ample decks a happy crowd
Bade the fair land good-bye;
Clear shone the day, with not a single cloud
In all the peaceful sky.

Brave men, sweet women, little children bright,
For all these she made room,
And with her freight of beauty and delight
She went to meet her doom.

Storms buffeted the iceberg, spray was swept
Across its loftiest height;
Guided alike by storm and calm, it kept
Its fatal path aright.

Then warmer waves gnawed at its crumbling base
As if in piteous plea;
The ardent sun sent slow tears down its face,
Soft flowing to the sea.

Dawn kissed it with her tender rose tints, Eve
Bathed it in violet,
The wistful colour o'er it seemed to grieve
With a divine regret.

Whether Day clad its clefts in rainbows dim
And shadowy as a dream,
Or Night through lonely spaces saw it swim
White in the moonlight's gleam,

Ever Death rode upon its solemn heights,
Ever his watch he kept;
Cold at its heart through changing days and nights
Its changeless purpose slept.

And where afar a smiling coast it passed,
 Straightway the air grew chill ;
 Dwellers thereon perceived a bitter blast,
 A vague report of ill.

Like some imperial creature moving slow,
 Meanwhile, with matchless grace,
 The stately ship unconscious of her foe,
 Drew near the trysting place.

For still the prosperous breezes followed her,
 And half the voyage was o'er,
 In many a breast glad thoughts began to stir
 Of lands that lay before.

And human hearts with longing love were dumb,
 That soon should cease to beat,
 Thrilled with the hope of meetings soon to come,
 And lost in memories sweet.

Was not the weltering waste of water wide
 Enough for both to sail ?
 What drew the two together o'er the tide,
 Fair ship and iceberg pale ?

There came a night with neither moon nor star,
 Clouds draped the sky in black ;
 With fluttering canvas reefed at every spar,
 And weird fire in her track,

The ship swept on ; a wild wind gathering fast
 Drove her at utmost speed.
 Bravely she bent before the fitful blast
 That shook her like a reed.

O helmsman, turn thy wheel. Will no surmise
 Cleave through the midnight drear,
 No warning of the horrible surprise
 Reach thine unconscious ear ?

She rushed upon her ruin. Not a flash
 Broke up the waiting dark;
 Dully through wind and sea one awful crash
 Sounded, with none to mark.

Scarcely her crew had time to clutch despair,
 So swift the work was done;
 Ere their pale lips could frame a speechless prayer,
 They perished, every one!

SLUMBER SONG.

THOU little child, with tender, clinging arms,
 Drop thy sweet head, my darling, down and rest
 Upon my shoulder, rest with all thy charms;
 Be soothed and comforted, be loved and blessed.

Against thy silken, honey-coloured hair
 I lean a loving cheek, a mute caress;
 Close, close I gather thee and kiss thy fair
 White eyelids, sleep so softly doth oppress.

Dear little face that lies in calm content
 Within the gracious hollow that God made
 In every human shoulder, where He meant
 Some tired head for comfort should be laid!

Most like a heavy-folded rose thou art,
 In summer air reposing, warm and still.
 Dream thy sweet dreams upon my quiet heart;
 I watch thy slumber; naught shall do thee ill.

SCHUMANN'S SONATA IN A MINOR.

THE quiet room, the flowers, the perfumed calm,
 The slender crystal vase, where all aflame;
 The scarlet poppies stand erect and tall,
 Colour that burns as if no frost could tame,
 The shaded lamplight glowing over all,
 The summer night a dream of warmth and balm.

Out breaks at once the golden melody,
 "With passionate expression!" Ah, from whence
 Comes the enchantment of this potent spell,
 This charm that takes us captive, soul and sense?
 The sacred power of music, who shall tell,
 Who find the secret of its mastery?

Lo, in the keen vibration of the air,
 Pierced by the sweetness of the violin,
 Shaken by thrilling chords and searching notes
 That flood the ivory keys, the flowers begin
 To tremble; 'tis as if some spirit floats
 And breathes upon their beauty unaware.

The stately poppies, proud in stillness, stand
 In silken splendour of superb attire:
 Stricken with arrows of melodious sound,
 Their loosened petals fall like flakes of fire;
 With waves of music overwhelmed and drowned,
 Solemnly drop their flames on either hand.

So the rich moment dies, and what is left?
 Only a memory sweet, to shut between
 Some poem's silent leaves, to find again,
 Perhaps when winter blasts are howling keen,
 And summer's loveliness is spoiled and slain,
 And all the world of light and bloom bereft.

But winter cannot rob the music so!
 Nor time nor fate its subtle power destroy
 To bring again the summer's dear caress,
 To wake the heart to youth's unreasoning joy,—
 Sound, colour, perfume, love, to warm and bless,
 And airs of balm from Paradise that blow.

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS.

[Born at Chatham, Ohio, 12th August 1854. Author of *A New Year's Masque, and other Poems* (Boston, 1885); *The Round Year* (1886); and *Lyrics and Sonnets* (1887). The poems given are quoted with the kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

THE QUIET PILGRIM.

"What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me, and Himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul."—ISAIAH XXXVIII. 15.

WHEN on my soul in nakedness
His swift avertless hand did press,
Then I stood still, nor cried aloud,
Nor murmured low in ashes bowed;
And, since my woe is utterless,
To supreme quiet I am vowed;
Afar from me be moan and tears,—
I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso my quick light-sandalled feet
Bring me where Joys and Pleasures meet,
I mingle with their throng at will;
They know me not an alien still,
Since neither words nor ways unsweet
Of storèd bitterness I spill;
Youth shuns me not, nor gladness fears,—
I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso I come where Griefs convene,
And in my ear their cry is keen,
They know me not, as on I glide,
That with Arch Sorrow I abide.
They haggard are, and drooped of mien,
And round their brows have cypress tied;
Such shows I leave to light Grief's peers,—
I shall go softly all my years.

Yea, softly! heart of hearts unknown.
Silence hath speech that passeth moan,

More piercing-keen than breathèd cries
To such as heed, made sorrow-wise.
But save this voice without a tone,
That runs before me to the skies,
And rings above thy ringing spheres,
Lord, I go softly all my years.

EXILES.

THEY both are exiles; he who sailed
Great circles of the day and night,
Until the vapoury bank unveiled
A land of palm trees fair to sight.

They both are exiles; she who still
Seems to herself to watch, ashore,
The wind too fain his canvas fill,
The sunset burning close before.

He has no sight of Saxon face,
He hears a language harsh and strange;
She has not left her native place,
Yet all has undergone a change.

They both are exiles; nor have they
The same stars shining in their skies;
His nightfall is her dawn of day,
His day springs westward from her eyes.

Each says apart, There is no land
So far, so vastly desolate,
But had we sought it hand in hand,
We both had blessed the driving fate.

FROST.

How small a tooth hath mined the season's heart!
How cold a touch hath set the wood on fire,
Until it blazes like a costly pyre
Built for some Ganges emperor old and swart,

Soul-spel on clouds of incense! Whose the art
 That webs the streams each morn with silver wire,
 Delicate as the tension of a lyre?
 Whose falchion pries the chestnut burr apart?
 It is the Frost, a rude and Gothic sprite,
 Who doth unbuild the summer's palaced wealth,
 And puts her dear loves all to sword or flight;
 Yet in the hushed, unmindful winter night
 The spoiler builds again, with jealous stealth,
 And sets a mimic garden cold and bright.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

[Born in Lyons, N.Y., about 1836. Author of *The Brother Clerks*, a Novel (1858, Derby and Jackson, N.Y.); *Xariffa's Poems* (1881, J. B. Lippincott & Co.); and *Down the Bayou* (1882, Ticknor & Co., now Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). The poems given are with the kind permission of these firms—the shorter poem being from the earlier volume. Mrs Townsend has now another volume of verse ready for the press.]

DOWN THE BAYOU.

WE drifted down the long lagoon,
 My Love, my Summer Love and I,
 Far out of sight of all the town,
 The old Cathedral sinking down,
 With spire and cross, from view below
 The borders of St John's bayou,
 As toward the ancient Spanish Fort,
 With steady prow and helm a port,
 We drifted down, my Love and I,
 Beneath an azure April sky,
 My Love and I, my Love and I,
 Just at the hour of noon.

We drifted down, and drifted down,
 My Love, my Summer Love and I,
 Beyond the Creole part of town,
 Its red-tiled roofs, its stucco walls,
 Its belfries with their sweet bell-calls,

The Bishop's Palace, which enshrines
 Such memories of the Ursulines ;
 Past balconies where maidens dreamed
 Behind the shelter of cool vines ;
 Past open doors where parrots screamed ;
 Past courts where mingled shade and glare
 Fell through pomegranate boughs, to where
 The turbaned negress, drowsy grown,
 Sat nodding in her ample chair :
 Beyond the joyance and the stress,
 Beyond the greater and the less,
 Beyond the tiresome noonday town,
 The parish prison's cupolas,
 The bridges, with their creaking draws,
 And many a convent's frown,—
 We drifted on, my Love and I,
 Beneath the semi-tropic sky,
 While from the clock-towers in the town
 Spake the meridian bells that said,—
 'Twas morn—'tis noon—
 Time flies—and soon
 Night follows noon.
 Prepare ! Beware !
 Take care ! Take care !
 For soon—so soon—
 Night follows noon,—
 Dark night the noon,—
 Noon ! noon ! noon ! noon !

To right, to left, the tiller turned,
 In all its gaud, our painted prow.
 Bend after bend our light keel spurned,
 For sinuously the bayou's low
 Dark waters 'neath the sunshine burned,
 There in that smiling southern noon,
 As if some giant serpent wound
 Along the lush and mellow ground
 To mark the path we chose to go ;
 When, in sweet hours remembered now,

The long lagoon we drifted down ;
 My Love, my Summer Love and I,
 Far out of reach of all the town,
 Beyond the Ridge of Metairie,
 And all its marble villages
 Thronged with their host of Deaf and Dumb,
 Who to the feet of Death have come
 And laid their earthly burdens down !
 We drifted slow, we drifted fast,
 Bulrush and reed and blossom past,
 My Love, my Summer Love and I.
 As the chameleon pillages
 Its tint from turf, or leaf, or stone,
 Or flower it haps to rest upon,
 So did our hearts, that joyous day,
 From every beauty in our way
 Some new fresh tinge of beauty take,
 Some added gladness make our own
 From things familiar yet unknown.

With scarce the lifting of an oar,
 We lightly swept from shore to shore,—
 The hither and the thither shore,
 With scarce the lifting of an oar,—
 While far beyond, in distance wrapped,
 The city's lines lay faintly mapped,—
 Its antique courts, its levee's throngs,
 Its rattling floats, its boatmen's songs,
 Its lowly and its lofty roofs,
 Its tramp of men, its beat of hoofs,
 Its scenes of peace, its brief alarms,
 Its narrow streets, its old *Place d'Armes*,
 Whose tragic soil of long ago
 Now sees the modern roses blow :
 All these in one vast cloud were wound,
 Of blurred and fainting sight and sound,
 As on we swept, my Love and I,
 Beneath the April sky together

In all the bloomy April weather,—
My Love, my Summer Love and I,
In all the blue and amber weather.

We passed the marsh where pewits sung,
My Love, my Summer Love and I;
We passed the reeds and brakes among,
Beneath the smilax vines we swung;
We grasped at lilies whitely drooping
'Mid the rank growth of grass and sedge,
Or bending toward the water's edge,
As for their own reflection stooping.
Then talked we of the legend old,
Wherein Narcissus' fate is told;
And turned from that to grander story
Of heroed past, or modern glory,
Till the quaint town of New Orleans,
Its Spanish and its French demesnes,
Like some vague mirage of the mind,
In Memory's cloudlands lay defined;
And back and backward seemed to creep
Commerce, with all her tangled tongues,
Till Silence smote her lusty lungs,
And Distance lulled Discord to sleep.

HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE ME.

How much do I love thee?
Go ask the deep sea,
How many rare gems
In its coral caves be;
Or ask the broad billows
That ceaselessly roar,
How many bright sands
Do they kiss on the shore.

How much do I love thee?
Go ask of a star,

How many such worlds
 In the universe are;
 Or ask of the breezes,
 Which soothingly blow,
 From whence do they come
 And whither they go.

How much do I love thee?
 Go ask of the sun
 To tell when his course
 Will for ever be done.
 Or demand of the dust,
 Over which thou hast trod,
 How many cold hearts
 Moulder under the sod.

How much do I love thee?
 When billow and sea
 And star shall have told
 All their secrets to thee—
 When zephyr and sunbeam
 Their courses reveal—
 Thou shalt know what this bosom
 Which loves thee can feel.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

[Born in Johnstown Centre, Wisconsin. Author of *Drops of Water* (New York, 1872); *Maurine* (Milwaukee, 1875); *Shells* (1883); *Poems of Passion* (Chicago, 1883); *Mal Moulée* (New York, 1885), and *Poems of Pleasure* (1888). The poems quoted are given with the kind permission of Belford, Clarke & Co.]

SOLITUDE.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you;
 Weep, and you weep alone.
 For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
 But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

ANSWERED.

GOOD-BYE. Yes, I am going.
Sudden? Well, you are right.
But a startling truth came home to me
With sudden force last night.
What is it? Shall I tell you?
Nay, that is why I go.
I am running away from the battlefield,
Turning my back on the foe.

Riddles? You think me cruel?
Have you not been most kind?
Why, when you question me like that,
What answer can I find?

You fear you fail to amuse me,
 Your husband's friend and guest,
 Whom he bade you entertain and please?
 Well, you have done your best.

Then why, pray, am I going?
 A friend of mine abroad,
 Whose theories I have been acting upon,
 Has proven himself a fraud.
 You have heard me quote from Plato
 A thousand times, no doubt.
 Well, I have discovered he did not know
 What he was talking about.

You think I am talking strangely?
 You cannot understand?
 Well, let me look down into your eyes,
 And let me take your hand.
 I am running away from danger,
 I am flying before I fall,
 I am going, because, with heart and soul,
 I love you. That is all.
 There, now you are white with anger,
 I knew it would be so.
 You should not question a man too close
 When he tells you he must go.

MIDSUMMER.

AFTER the Maytime and after the Junetime
 Rare with blossoms and perfume sweet,
 Cometh the round world's royal noontime,
 The red midsummer of blazing heat,
 When the sun, like an eye that never closes,
 Bends on the earth its fevered gaze,
 And the winds are still and the crimson roses
 Droop, and wither, and die in its rays.

Unto my heart has come this season,
 O my lady, my worshipped one,
 When, over the stars of Pride and Reason,
 Sails Love's cloudless noonday sun.
 Like a great red ball in my bosom, burning
 With fires that nothing can quench or tame,
 It glows till my heart itself seems turning
 Into a liquid lake of flame.

The hopes half shy and the sighs all tender,
 The dreams and fears of an earlier day,
 Under the noontide's royal splendour
 Droop like roses, and wither away.
 From the hills of Doubt no winds are blowing,
 From the isles of Pain no breeze is sent,—
 Only the sun, in a white heat glowing
 Over an ocean of great content.
 Sink, O my soul, in this golden glory!
 Die, O my heart, in thy rapture swoon!
 For the autumn must come with its mournful story,
 And Love's midsummer will fade too soon.

THE LOST GARDEN.

THERE was a fair green garden sloping
 From the south-east side of a mountain ledge,
 And the earliest tints of the dawn came groping
 Down through its paths, from the day's dim edge.
 The bluest skies and the reddest roses
 Arched and varied its velvet sod,
 And the glad birds sung as the soul supposes
 The angels sing on the hills of God.

I wandered there when my veins seemed bursting
 With life's rare rapture and keen delight,
 And yet in my heart was a constant thirsting
 For something over the mountain's height.

I wanted to stand in the blaze of glory
 That turned to crimson the peaks of snow,
 And the winds from the west all breathed a story
 Of realms and regions I longed to know.

I saw, on the garden's south side, growing
 The brightest blossoms that breathe of June ;
 I saw in the east how the sun was glowing,
 And the gold air shook with a wild bird's tune ;
 I heard the drip of a silver fountain,
 And the pulse of a young laugh throbb'd with glee.
 But still I looked out over the mountain,
 Where unnamed wonders awaited me.

I came at last to the western gateway,
 That led to the path I longed to climb ;
 But a shadow fell on my spirit straightway,
 For close at my side stood greybeard Time.
 I paused with feet that were fain to linger
 Hard by the garden's golden gate,
 But Time stood pointing with one stern finger,—
 "Pass on," he said, "for the day grows late."

And now on the chill grey cliffs I wander :
 The heights recede which I thought to find,
 And the light seems dim on the mountain yonder
 When I think of the garden I left behind.
 Should I stand at last on its summit's splendour,
 I know full well it would not repay
 For the fair, lost tints of the dawn so tender
 That crept up over the edge o' day.

I would go back, but the ways are winding
 (If ways there are to that land, in sooth.
 For what man ever succeeds in finding
 A path to the garden of his lost youth ?)
 But I think sometimes, when the June stars glisten,
 That a rose scent drifts from far away,
 And I know, when I lean from the cliffs and listen,
 That a young laugh breaks on the air, like spray.

THE STORY.

THEY met each other in the glade,

She lifted up her eyes.

Alack the day! Alack the maid!

She blushed in swift surprise.

Alas, alas, the woe that comes from lifting up the eyes!

The pail was full, the path was steep,

He reached to her his hand,

She felt her warm young pulses leap,

But did not understand.

Alas, alas, the woe that comes from clasping hand with hand!

She sat beside him in the wood,

He wooed with words and sighs.

Ah! love in spring seems sweet and good,

And maidens are not wise.

Alas, alas, the woe that comes from listening lovers' sighs!

The summer sun shone fairly down,

The wind blew from the south;

As blue eyes gazed in eyes of brown,

His kiss fell on her mouth.

Alas, alas, the woe that comes from kisses on the mouth.

And now the autumn time is near,

The lover roves away.

With breaking heart and falling tear,

She sits the livelong day.

Alas, alas, for breaking hearts when lovers rove away.

ADVICE.

I MUST do as you do? Your way, I own,

Is a very good way. And still

There are sometimes two straight roads to a town,

One over, one under the hill.

You are treading the safe and the well-worn way,
 That the prudent choose each time,
 And you think me reckless and rash to-day
 Because I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mine;
 We are not, like peas in a pod,
 Compelled to lie in a certain line,
 Or else be scattered abroad.

'Twere a dull old world, methinks, my friend,
 If we all went just one way,
 Yet our paths will meet, no doubt, at the end
 Though they lead apart to-day.

You like the shade, and I like the sun;
 You like an even pace,
 I like to mix with the crowd, and run,
 And then rest after the race.

I like danger and storm and strife,
 You like a peaceful time;
 I like the passion and surge of life,
 You like its gentle rhyme.

You like buttercups, dewy sweet,
 And crocuses, framed in snow;
 I like roses born of the heat
 And the red carnations' glow.

I must live my life, not yours, my friend,
 For so it was written down,
 We must follow our given paths to the end,
 But I trust we shall meet—in town.

MY SHIPS.

IF all the ships I have at sea
 Should come a-sailing home to me,
 Weighed down with gems and silk and gold,—
 Ah, well! the harbour could not hold

So many sails as there would be
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well ! I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state,
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well ! the storm-clouds then might frown,
For if the others all went down,
Still, rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honour, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies, be calm ! O winds, blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me !
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,
To nevermore come sailing back,
Send any, all, that skim the sea,
But bring my love ship home to me !

WILL.

THERE is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
Can circumvent or hinder or control
The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great,

All things give way before it, soon or late.
 What obstacle can stay the mighty force
 Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
 Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?
 Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.
 Let 'the fool prate of luck! The fortunate
 Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
 Whose slightest action or inaction serves
 The one great aim. Why, even Death stands still,
 And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.

WINTER RAIN.

FALLING upon the frozen world last night,
 I heard the slow beat of the winter rain.
 Poor foolish drops, down-dripping all in vain,
 The icebound Earth but mocked their puny might.
 Far better had the fixedness of white
 And uncomplaining snows (which make no sign
 But coldly smile, when pitying moonbeams shine),
 Concealed its sorrow from all human sight.
 Long, long ago, in blurred and burdened years,
 I learned the uselessness of uttered woe;
 Though sinewy Fate deal her most skilful blow,
 I do not waste the gall now of my tears,
 But feed my pride upon its bitter, while
 I look straight in the world's bold eye and smile.

LIFE.

LIFE, like a romping schoolboy full of glee,
 Doth bear us on his shoulders for a time:
 There is no path too steep for him to climb,
 With strong, lithe limbs, as agile and as free
 As some young roe, he speeds by vale and sea,
 By flowery mead, by mountain peak sublime,
 And all the world seems motion set to rhyme,

Till, tired out, he cries, "Now, carry me!"

In vain we murmur. "Come," Life says, "fair play,"
And seizes on us. God! He goads us so.

He does not let us sit down all the day.

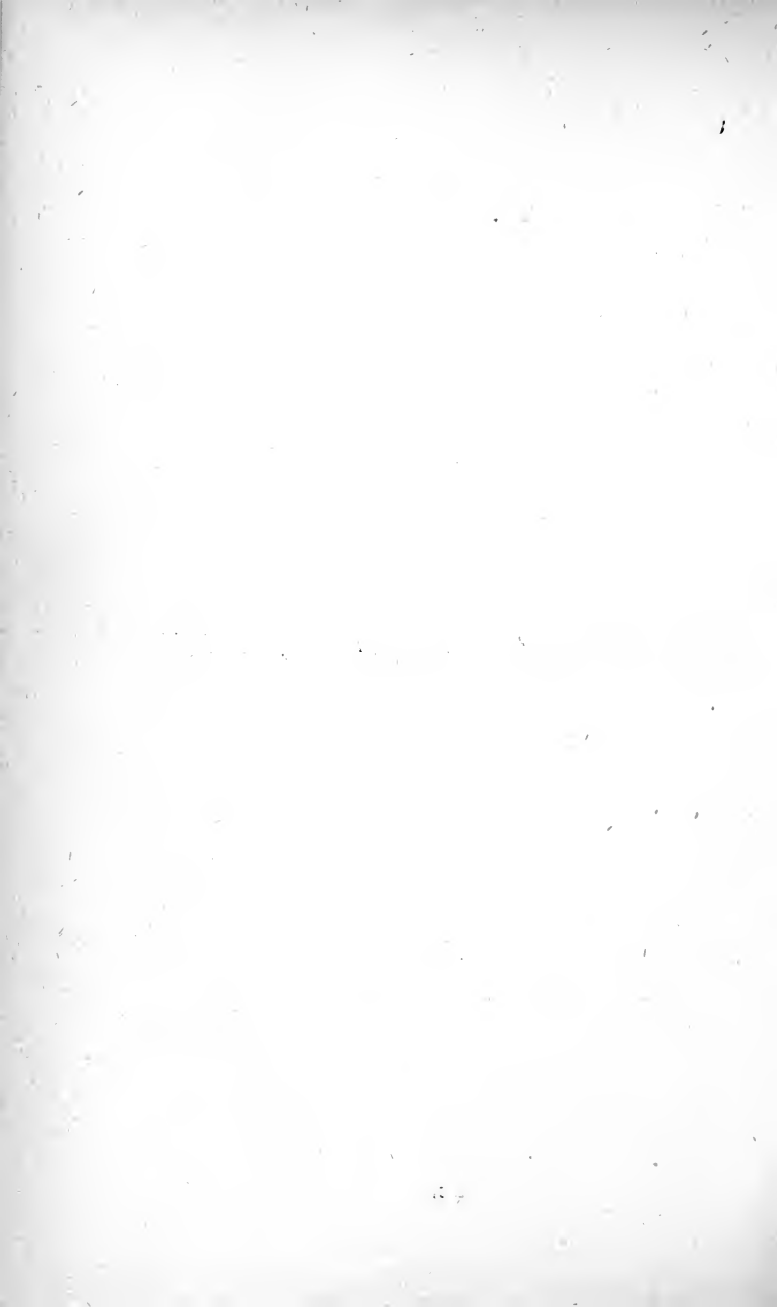
At each new step we feel the burden grow,

Till our bent backs seem breaking as we go,

Watching for Death to meet us on the way.

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YOUNGER CANADIAN POETS



Younger Canadian Poets.



WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

[Born 1860.]

KEZIAH.

“KEZIAH! Keziah!” the blue lake is rocking,
Out over its bosom the white gulls are flocking,
Far down in the west the dim islands are lying,
While through the hushed vapours the shores are
relying:
“Keziah! Keziah!”

A vine-clambered cabin with blue skies that bound it,
Wild glamour of forest, lake, shoreland, around it,
Far calling of birds, mists rising and falling,
While through the hushed silence a weird voice is
calling:
“Keziah! Keziah!”

She went down the shore-path, her dark eyes were
dreaming,
The sheen of her hair in the sunlight was gleaming,
The snow of her neck like the lake's snowy foaming,
And a man's promise met her down there in the
gloaming:
“Keziah! Keziah!”

She went in her girlhood, her innocent sweetness,
 She went in her trusting glad woman's completeness,
 She went with a hope and returned with a sorrow,
 A horrible dread of the coming to-morrow :
 "Keziah ! Keziah !"

The old woman moaneth, her meagre form swayeth,
 "God's curse of all curses on him who betrayeth,"
 O poor foolish girl-heart, dead past our reproving,
 God's hate on the base heart that played with her
 loving.
 "Keziah ! Keziah !"

O never, O never, while human hearts falter,
 Weak penitent prayers at the foot of God's altar,
 Not man's choking creeds, nor heaven's dread thunder,
 Can wipe out the curse from the lives that sleep under.
 "Keziah ! Keziah !"

The girl like a flower caught late in life's snowing,
 Too full of love's summer for October's blowing,
 Died quick in her shame, the mother her sadness
 Wore out into bitterness, sorrow, then madness.
 "Keziah ! Keziah !"

Years after she'd sit by the hut door at even,
 When vapours were soft over lake, shore and heaven,
 And dream in her madness a girl-figure coming
 With youth's dreamy beauty in out of the gloaming.
 "Keziah ! Keziah !"

Dead, gone, these long years by the hut-side she's
 sleeping,
 Where over its dead walls the red vines are creeping,
 But the fisher-folk say that at summer eves' falling,
 In out of the stillness they hear a voice calling :
 "Keziah ! Keziah !"

And over the lake with its glamour of vapours,
 Through which the faint stars soon will glimmer like
 tapers,
 From the dim islands lit with the purpled day's dying,
 Like a far, caverned echo a faint voice replying,
 "Keziah! Keziah!"

A LAKE MEMORY.

FROM THE CENTURY.

THE lake comes throbbing in with voice of pain
 Across the flats, athwart the sunset's glow,
 I see her face, I know her voice again,
 Her lips, her breath, O God, as long ago.

To live the sweet past over I would fain,
 As lives the day in the dead sunset's fire,
 That all these wild, wan marshlands now would stain,
 With the dawn's memories, loves and flushed desire.

I call her back across the vanished years,
 Nor vain—a white-armed phantom fills her place;
 Its eyes the wind-blown sunset fires, its tears
 This rain of spray that blows about my face.

THREE THINGS.

THREE things are strange to me;
 —The kiss of the west-wind's breath,
 —The wonder of life and death,
 —And the thoughts that the future hath.

Three things are sad to me;
 —The earth on a new-made grave,
 —The sob of winds in a cave,
 —And a heart that never gave.

Three things are sweet to me;
 —The song of a bird that flies,
 —The blue of the summer skies,
 —And the light in a young wife's eyes.

MANITOU.

THE SACRED ISLAND OF THE INDIANS IN LAKE HURON.

GIRDLED by Huron's throbbing and thunder,
 Out on the drift and lift of its blue;
 Walled by mists from the world asunder,
 Far from all hate and passion and wonder,
 Lieth the isle of the Manitou.

Here where the surfs of the great lake trample,
 Thundering time-worn caverns through,
 Beating on rock-coasts aged and ample;
 Reareth the Manitou's mist-walled temple,
 Floored with forest and roofed with blue.

Grey crag-battlements, seared and broken,
 Keep these passes for ages to come;
 Never a watch-word here is spoken,
 Never a single sign or token,
 From hands that are motionless, lips that are dumb.

Only the Sun-god rideth over,
 Marking the seasons with track of flame;
 Only the wild fowl float and hover;
 Flocks of clouds whose white wings cover
 Spaces on spaces without a name.

Year by year the ages onward
 Drift, but it lieth out here alone;
 Earthward the mists and the earth mists sunward,
 Starward the days, and the nights blown downward
 Whisper the forests, the beaches make moan.

Far from the world and its passions fleeting,
'Neath quiet of noon-day and stillness of star,
Shore unto shore each sendeth greeting,
Where the only woe is the surf's wild beating,
That throbs from the maddened lake afar.

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.

BY THE FOUNTAIN.

By the margin of the fountain, in the soulful summer
season,

While the song of silver-throated singers smote and
shook the air,

While the life seemed sweet enough to live without a
ray of reason

Save that it was, and that the world was lovely
everywhere.

By the fountain,—where the Oreads, through the
moonlit nights enchanted

Of the summer, may have sported and have laved
their shining limbs :

By the fountain,—which in elder days the Moenads
may have haunted,

Giving all the praise to Bacchus, twining wreaths and
singing hymns :

By the fountain whose pellucid waves within the delicate
basin

Daintly tinkling, dropping dreamily, made a music in
the ears

Like the echo of some high, some arch-angelic diapason

Drifting downward from the ever swinging, never
silent spheres :

By the fountain fringed with laurel, whose green
branches, intertwining,

Let but few swift shafts of sunshine in to paint the
odorous space,

Lo! a maiden fairer far than any future lay reclining
On an arm whose white, warm beauty shot a splendour
through the place.

Oh her eyes were like to Leda's lights divine to him who
misses

In a desert land his pathway when the moon is on
the wane;

And her tress was dark as Vashti's and her lips were
ripe for kisses,

Though on them had fallen no kiss as yet of passion
or of pain.

And her smile was bright and splendid as the east when
morn is breaking,

Only softer far and sweeter, far diviner and more calm,
And her voice was like the song of birds the sylvan
echoes waking

In the gardens of a king where gleam the myrtle and
the palm.

Then the blood that fed my pulses leaped to life as if
Apollo

Had recrossed the March meridian, bringing winter
in his track,

And my heart made merry music while the streamlet
in the hollow

Did its very best to answer with a hopeful echo back.

Then the poet and the lover leapt to life and wrought
within me,

Who 'neath many a constellation had been but a man
to men:—

Who had knelt before the altars and the fanes that
failed to win me

From reproachings and repinings to my better self
again.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

We sneer and we laugh with the lip—the most of us
do it,

Whenever a brother goes down like a weed with the
tide;

We point with the finger and say—Oh we knew it! we
knew it!

But see! we are better than he was, and we will
abide.

He walked in the way of his will—the way of desire,

In the Appian way of his will without ever a bend;

He walked in it long, but it led him at last to the
mire,—

But we who are stronger will stand and endure to
the end.

His thoughts were all visions—all fabulous visions of
flowers,

Of bird and of song and of soul which is only a song;

His eyes looked all at the stars in the firmament, ours

Were fixed on the earth at our feet, so we stand and
are strong.

He hated the sight and the sound and the sob of the
city;

He sought for his peace in the wood and the musical
wave;

He fell, and we pity him never, and why should we
pity—

Yea, why should we mourn for him—we who still
stand, who are brave?

Thus speak we and think not, we censure unheeding,
unknowing,—

Unkindly and blindly we utter the words of the
brain;

We see not the goal of our brother, we see but his going,
And sneer at his fall if he fall, and laugh at his pain.

Ah me! the sight of the sod on the coffin lid,
 And the sound, and the sob, and the sigh of it as it
 falls!

Ah me the beautiful face forever hid
 By four wild walls!

You hold it a matter of self-gratulation and praise
 To have thrust to the dust, to have trod on a heart
 that was true,—

To have ruined it there in the beauty and bloom of its
 days?

Very well! There is somewhere a Nemesis waiting
 for you.

SHELLEY.

I.

“Dust unto Dust?” No spirit unto spirit

For thee, belovèd! for thou wert all fire,

All luminous flame, all passionate desire,

All things that mighty beings do inherit,

All things that mighty beings do require.

“Dust unto dust?” Ah no! Thou did’st respire

In such a high and holy atmosphere,

Where clouds are not, but calms, and all things clear,—

Not one like ours, but purer far and higher,—

Thou did’st not know of dust. How “dust to dust”
 then here?

II.

Spirit to spirit be it! Thou wert born

An heir apparent to the throne of mind.

It lessens not thy right that some were blind,

And looked on thee and fixt a lip of scorn,

And threw on thee the venom of their kind:

Thou wert a brother to the sun and wind
 And it is meet that thou art of them now.
 I see thee standing, with thy godlike brow
 High-arched and star-lit, upwardly inclined,
 While at thy feet the singers of sweet song do bow.

III.

For spirits are not as men: *these* did not know
 An angel had been with them on the earth,—
 A singer who had caused a glorious birth
 Of glorious after-singers here below,—
 Where much was sung and little sung of worth.
 I see the stars about thee as a girth,—
 The moon in splendour standing by thy side,
 And lesser moons that evermore do glide
 About her circling, making songs of mirth,—
 And o'er thy head supreme Apollo in his pride,—

IV.

Pleased with the homage that his children give thee,
 Remembering it *as* his, even as thou art;
 Knowing thy heart a portion of his heart,
 And spreading forth his breast as to receive thee,—
 Twin soul of his, that had been rent apart.
 I leave to marts the language of the mart.
 Ashes to ashes say above the crust
 Of him who *was* but ashes,—it is just!
 But over *thee* as homeward thou did'st start,
 Spirit to spirit was true, and not "dust unto dust!"

 TRUE LOVE AND TRIED.

A RONDEL.

TRUE love and tried that never sleeps,
 Though all the world may sleep beside:
 But still perpetual vigil keeps—
 True love and tried!

Whatever comes with time or tide,—
 Whoever sows—whoever reaps,—
 Still faithful will this love abide.

Yea, more! Beyond the purple steeps,
 Beyond the river's margin wide,
 We yet shall know thine utmost deeps
 True love and tried!

WHAT MATTERS IT?

I.

WHAT reck we of the creeds of men?—
 We see them—we shall see again.
 What reck we of the tempest's shock?
 What reck we where our anchor lock?
 On golden marl or mould—
 In salt-sea flower or riven rock—
 What matter—so it hold?

II.

What matters it the spot we fill
 On Earth's green sod when all is said?—
 When feet and hands and heart are still
 And all our pulses quieted?
 When hate or love can kill nor thrill,—
 When we are done with life and dead?

III.

So we be haunted night nor day
 By any sin that we have sinned,
 What matter where we dream away
 The ages?—in the isles of Ind,

In Tybee, Cuba, or Cathay,
Or in some world of winter wind ?

IV.

It may be I would wish to sleep
Beneath the wan, white stars of June,
And hear the southern breezes creep
Between me and the mellow moon;
But so I do not wake to weep
At any night or any noon,

V.

And so the generous gods allow
Repose and peace from evil dreams,
It matters little where or how
My couch be spread :—by moving streams,
Or on some eminent mountain's brow
Kist by the morn's or sunset's beams.

VI.

For we shall rest : the brain that planned,
That thought or wrought or well or ill,
At gaze like Joshua's moon shall stand,
Not working any work or will,
While eye and lip and heart and hand
Shall all be still—shall all be still !

O U R P O E T S.

THESE men to loose or burst the galling chains
Of those who mourn in darkness over sea !
These men—who feel a fever in their veins
At every moon change—these to set men free !

These—these!—who sing in rapture of the Czar
 And howl their hallelujahs in his ears
 To bruise the head of that grim monster—war,
 To close the eye of bitterness and tears!

These men of servile souls and servile songs
 To name the day when despotism shall cease!
 These men, forsooth, to right the people's wrongs
 And give the world her harvest-time of Peace.

What can he know of joys or miseries
 Yon vain, luxurious fool, who lolls at ease
 And sips the foam alone upon the cup?

Whoe'er would know or one or all of these
 Must take the ponderous chalice, hold it up—
 And drink life's vintage to its very lees!

*DEATH.**

DEAR friend, I know this world is kin,
 And all of hate is but a breath:
 We all are friends, made perfect in
 Our near relationship by death.

And so, although it was not mine
 To meet thee in thy walk below,
 Or know of thee till feet of thine
 Were on the hills no man can know;

For friendship's sake I fain would bring
 A flower, or two, to thee to prove
 That memory lives, that death's sharp sting
 Hath still an antidote in love.

· · · · ·

* In memoriam of Maggie Meagher.

Devoured by his desire of her
The king, who ever loved her best,
Hath stilled the billowing of her breast,
Hath kissed her so no pulse doth stir,
But all of her doth lie at rest.

Then, knowing she may never now
Wish any else, he takes his leave,
And little recks how they may grieve
Who see the splendour of her brow
Gleam ghastly through the gathering eve;

Who see her lying pale, supine,
With wild red roses twined with fair
About her throat, and in her hair,
And on her bosom,—all divine
If but a little life were there.

Nor heeds he aught the sunless glooms
And fair forms folded from the light
In close graves crowded far from sight
In lone lands dedicate to tombs
And scarce to starbeams known at night;

But goes his way ; and as he goes
Leaves that we hold as sorrow here,—
The pain of parting and the tear,
The broken lily and the rose
Down fallen with the fallen year.

Cold king, most lone and absolute !
What maid would be desired of thee ?
From thy embrace who would not flee ?
What though a monarch, being mute
In love of thine what love could be ?

Can any good be silent so?
 Be dumb, and do its work and pass
 Swift as an image in a glass?
 Ah, all of good that we can know
 Thus comes to us, and leaves, alas!

While we, who have no key to ope
 Death's cabinet of mysteries,
 Can only vainly strain our eyes,
 And hold to heaven and that high hope
 That death is good in any guise!

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And if but slight to thee appear
 The tribute brought, now that thine eyes
 May view through all the eternal year
 The fairer flowers of Paradise,—

If dim and all unworthy look
 The offering, yet remember well
 We do not sleep by Eden's brook,
 Or dream on beds of Asphodel:

So only bring the flowers that bloom
 Beside us, fresh enough and fair;
 Enough to wither on thy tomb:
 And with our hearts—behold them there!

ON LIFE'S SEA.

ON Life's sea! Full soon
 The evening cometh—cheerless, sad, and cold;
 Past is the golden splendour of the noon,
 The darkness comes apace—and I grow old.

Yet the ship of Fate
Drives onward o'er the waters mountain high !
And now the day goes out the western gate
And not a star is smiling in the sky.

Gloom before—behind !
Rude billows battling with an iron shore
On either hand : anon, the chilling wind
Smiting the cordage with an angry roar.

Then the compass veers
And doth avail not : for the dust of earth
Hath marred its beauty, and the rust of years
Hath made its mechanism of little worth.

And tho' oft I gaze
Into the lost, yet ever lovely Past,
And strive to call a power from perished days
With which to dare the midnight and the blast,

The power flies my hand ;
And my sad heart grows wearier day by day,
Beholding not the lights which line the land
And throw their smile upon the desert way :

For the star of Hope
Shed but one beam along the lonely path,
Then slid behind the clouds adown the slope,
And set forever in a sea of wrath !

Yet the ship moves on—
Aye, ever on ! still drifting with the tide.
With Faith alone to look or lean upon,
As pilot o'er the waters wild and wide.

Yet for all, I feel

My bark shall bound on billows gentler rolled.

Be Faith my pilot, then, until the keel

Shall kiss and clasp the glittering sands of gold!

RELICS.

Put them aside—I hate the sight of them!—

That golden wonder from her golden hair—

That faded lily which she once did wear

Upon her bosom—and that cold hard gem

Which glittered on her taper finger fair.

They are of her, and, being so, they must

Be like to her, and she is all a lie

That seems a truth when truth is not a-nigh,—

A thing whose love is light as balance dust.

I loved her once, I love—nay, put them by!

Conceal them like the dead from sight away!

I must forget her and she was so dear

In former times! I could not bear them near:

Let them be sealed forever from the day—

Be wrapt in darkness, shrouded—buried here

Where never more my eye may rest on them!

This golden wonder from her golden hair—

This faded lily that she once did wear

Upon her bosom—and this joyless gem

That glittered on her taper finger fair.

BLISS CARMAN.

[Born 15th April 1861, at Fredericton, New Brunswick.]

STIR.

A stir on the brink of evening,
 A tint in the warm grey sky,
 The sound of loosened rivers :
 And Spring goes by.

A stir at the rim of winter,
 A wing on the crisp midnight :
 A herald from dusk to gloaming
 In Northward flight.

A stir in the dawn re-arousing
 The wild undeparted unrest,
 To forth in the springtime and follow
 The infinite quest.

At stir of the golden April
 By Indian-willow and stream,
 The sap goes upward with morning,
 And death is a dream.

DEATH IN APRIL.

*"In low lands where the sun and moon are mute."
 Ave atque Vale.*

O MOTHER England, bow thy reverend head
 This April morning. Over Northlands wan
 Midspring comes back to freshen thee once more,

With daisies on the mounds of thy loved dead,
 Like Chaucer's benediction from the dawn,
 Or his, ah me ! who down thy forest floor
 Went yestereven. Now
 In vain thou art regirdled, as alone
 Of all the elder lands or younger thou
 With hawthorn spray canst be,—that weariless
 Eternal charm of thine, thou home of blown
 Seafarers in the storm through dark and stress.

'Tis spring once more upon the Cumner hills,
 And the shy Cumner vales are sweet with rain,
 With blossom, and with sun. The burden of time
 By eerie woodland messengers full fills
 Our unremembered treasuries of pain
 With long-lost tales of unforgotten prime ;
 The stir of winds asleep,
 Roaming the orchards through unanguid hours,
 Allures us to explore the vernal deep
 And unhorized hush wherein we wend,
 Yet always some elusive weird there lowers,
 Haunting its uttermost cloud walls unkennd.

There skirt the dim outroads of April's verge,—
 Memorial of an elder age,—grey wraiths
 Which went nowhither when the world was young,
 Grim ghosts which haunt the marges of the surge
 Of latest silence. Beaming sunshine bathes
 The wanderers of life, and still among
 The corners of the dawn
 Lurk these dark exiles of the nether sea,
 Unbanished, unrecalled from ages gone.
 Disowned ideals, deeds, or Furies blind,
 Or murdered selves,—I know not what they be,
 Yet are they terrible though death be kind.

Companioned by the myriad hosts of eld,
 We journey to a land beyond the sweep

Of knowledge to determine. Tented where
 The storied heroes watch aforetime held,
 We hold encampment for a night and sleep
 Into the dawn ; till, restless, here and there
 A sleeper, having dreamed
 Of music, and the childhood sound of birds,
 And the clear run of river heads which gleamed
 Along his hither coming through the gloom,
 Rouses from his late slumber, and upgirds
 Him to look forth where the gold shadows loom.

Ah, Cumner, Cumner, where is morning now ?
 A nightwatch did he bide with thee, but who
 Hath his clear prime ? Perchance the great dead
 Names,
 Wide bruited, shall restore thee him, if thou
 His captive flight with ransom flowers pursue
 And gleaming swallows down the glittering Thames
 Where the long sea-winds go.
 In vain, in vain ! To the hid wells of tears
 In their hot waste thou canst not journey so,
 Nor make leap up the old desire, outworn ;
 For Corydon is dead these thousand years,—
 Dear Corydon who died this April morn.

O mother April, mother of all dreams,
 Child of remembrance, mother of regret,
 Inheritor of silence and desire,
 Who dost revisit now forsaken streams,
 Canst thou, their spirit, evermore forget
 How one sweet touch of immemorial fire
 Erewhile did use to flush
 The music of their wells, as sunset light
 Is laid athwart the springtime with keen hush ?
 Being so gracious and so loved, hast thou
 In all thy realm no shelter from the night
 Where Corydon may keep with Thyrsis now ?

Hast thou some far sequestering retreat
 We can but measure by the pause and swing
 Of old returning seasons filled with change?
 When far from this world, whither do thy feet
 Lead thee upon the margins of the spring?
 Through what calm lulls of weather dost thou range
 In smiling reverie,
 Between the crisp of dawn and noon's white glare?
 Beyond the borders of the wintry sea,
 Remembering those who loved thy garment's hem
 As children love the oxeyes, dost thou there
 Reserve a shadow of content for them?

Belike some tender little grave-eyed boy,
 Of mild regard and wistful, plaintive moods,
 Fondling of earth, darling of God, too shy
 For fellowship with comrades, finds employ
 In undiscoverable solitudes
 Of childhood, when the gravel paths are dry,
 And the still noons grow long.
 In the old garden's nook of quiet sun,
 Where brownies, elfin things, and sun motes throng
 He builds a hut of the half-brown fir boughs,—
 Whose winter banking for the flowers is done,—
 And there all day his royal fairy house

He keeps, with entertainment of such guests
 As no man may bring home; he peoples it
 As never Homer peopled Troy with kings.
 In the wide morning his unnamed behests
 Strange foresters obey, while he doth sit
 And murmur what his sparrow playmate sings
 From the dark cedar hedge.
 Twin tiny exiles from the vast outland,
 They know the secret unrecorded pledge
 Whereby the children of the dawn are told.
 The toiling small red ants are his own band
 Of servitors; his minstrels from of old—

Light-hearted pillagers of golden shrines—

The bees were, in the willows ; row on row
Are his the tall white lilacs in the sun,
And his the stainless roof-work of the pines.

He in that wide unhaste beats to and fro,
Borne far a-wind as a poised bird might run,
Or as a sunburnt shard

Might gleam, washed over by the glimmering sea :

A mother hand hath still his doom in guard ;
The sparrow cadence and the lilac's prime
Go build the soul up of a man to be,
While yet he kens them not, nor self, nor time.

O mother April, mother of all dreams,

In thy far dwelling keepest thou for him
Such hospitable bounty ? Hast thou there
A welcome of seclusion and sweet streams

Of sheer blue waters, at whose running brim,
Under the gold of that enchanted air,
Thy frail windflowers are spread ?

Crown with thy smile the end of his rare quest,
And cherish on thy knees that holiest head ;
Sweet mother, comfort his dear spirit now

With perfect calm, with long-abiding rest,
And that love thou canst tend him,—only thou !

April, O mother of all the dappled hours,

Restorer of lost days, for whom we long ;
Bringer of seedtime, of the flowers and birds ;
Sower of plenty, of the buds and showers ;

Exalter of dumb hearts to the brink of song ;
Revealer of blind Winter's runic words !
Relief from losing strife

To him thou givest, and to us regret.

Wilt thou requicken ever there to life
Our dreams which troop across the burning hills,
Or on some primal bleak windlands forget
Thy yearning children by their woodland rills ?

We muse and muse, and never quite forego
 The sure belief in thy one home at last.
 The years may drive us with dull toil and blind,
 Till age bring down a covering like snow
 Of many winters, yet the pausing blast
 Hath rifts of quiet, and the frozen wind
 Zones of remindful peace ;
 Then, while some pale green twilight fades to gold,
 There comes a change, and we have found release
 In the old way at thy returning hands.
 Forever in thy care we grow not old,
 No barrows of the dead are in thy lands.

O April, mother of desire and June,
 Great angel of the sunshine and the rain,
 Thou, only thou, canst evermore redeem
 The world from bitter death, or quite retune
 The morning with low sound wherein all pain
 Bears part with incommunicable dream
 And lisping undersong,
 Above thy wood-banks of anemone.
 A spirit goes before thee, and we long
 In tears to follow where thy windways roam,—
 Depart and traverse back the toiling sea,
 Nor weary any more in alien home.

With what high favour hast thou rarely given
 A springtime death as thy bestowal of bliss !
 On Avon once thy tending hands laid by
 The puppet robes, the curtained scenes were riven,
 And the great prompter smiled at thy long kiss ;
 And Corydon's own master sleeps a-nigh
 The stream of Rotha's well,
 Where thou didst bury him, thy dearest child ;
 In one sweet year the Blessed Damozel
 Beholds thee bring her lover, loved by thee,
 Outworn for rest, whom no bright shore beguiled,
 To voyage out across the grey North Sea ;

And slowly Assabet takes on her charm,
 Since him she most did love thou hast withdrawn
 Beyond the wellsprings of perpetual day.
 And now 'tis Laleham : from all noise and harm,
 Blithe and boy-hearted, whither is he gone,
 (Like them who fare in peace, knowing thy sway
 Is over carls and kings,
 He was too great to cease to be a child,
 Too wise to be content with childish things,)
 Having heard swing to the twin-leaved doors of gloom,
 Pillared with autumn dust from out the wild,
 And carved upon with BEAUTY and FOREDOOM ?

Awhile within the roaring iron house
 He toiled to thrill the bitter dark with cheer ;
 But ever the earlier prime wrapped his white soul
 In sure and flawless welfare of repose,
 Kept like a rare Greek song through many a year
 With Chian terebinth,—an illumined scroll
 No injury can deface.
 And men will toss his name from sea to sea
 Along the wintry dusk a little space,
 Till thou return with flight of swallow and sun
 To weave for us the rain's hoar tracery,
 With blossom and dream unravelled and undone.

We joy in thy brief tarrying, and beyond,
 The vanished road's end lies engulfed in snow,
 Far on the mountains of a bleak new morn.
 Craving the light, yet of the dark more fond,
 Abhorring and desiring do we go,—
 A cruse of tears, and love with leaven of scorn,
 Mingled for journeyed fare ;
 While in the vision of a harvest land
 We see thy river wind, and looming there,
 Death walk within thy shadow, proudly grim,
 A little dust and sleep in his right hand,—
 The withered windflowers of thy forest dim.

A WINDFLOWER.

BETWEEN the roadside and the wood,
Between the dawning and the dew,
A tiny flower before the wind,
Ephemeral in time, I grew.

The chance of straying feet came by,—
Nor death nor love nor any name
Known among men in all their lands,—
Yet failure put desire to shame.

To-night can bring no healing now,
The calm of yesternight is gone ;
Surely the wind is but the wind,
And I a broken waif thereon.

How fair my thousand brothers wave
Upon the floor of God's abode :
Whence came that careless wanderer
Between the woodside and the road !

A. H. CHANDLER.

THE DEATH-SONG OF CHI-WEE-MOO.

EACH morn I wake, each morn I wake,
I hear the loon upon the lake—
The heart is full of care, the heart is full of care,
She cries, in notes of wild despair.

She, too, has lost, she, too, has lost—
 Her breast, with mine, is tempest-tost—
 A loving mate, a loving mate,
 For whom, with me, she still doth wait.

Three moons ago, three moons ago—
 What days—what nights of bitter woe!
 They would not stay, they would not stay—
 From “camp” and “lake” both sped away.

White shone the moon, white shone the moon—
 Last night, again I heard the loon—
 In sympathy, in sympathy,
 She poured her sorrow out to me.

The sun so fair, the sun so fair,
 Shines on the lake; and everywhere
 The mated dove, the mated dove,
 Re-sings all day her tale of love.

Oh, Manitou! Oh Manitou!
 We both forgive them, though untrue—
 Farewell! we cry—farewell! we cry—
 'Tis our last death-song—we must die!

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

THE CANOE.

My masters twain made me a bed
 Of pine-boughs resinous, and cedar,
 Of moss, a soft and gentle breeder
 Of dreams of rest; and me they spread
 With furry skins, and laughing said,
 “Now she shall lay her polished sides,
 As queens do rest, or dainty brides,
 Our slender lady of the tides!”

My masters twain their camp-soul lit,
 Streamed incense from the hissing cones,
 Large, crimson flashes grew and whirled,
 Thin golden nerves of sly light curled
 Round the dun camp, and rose faint zones,
 Half way about each grim bole knit,
 Like a shy child that would bedeck
 With its soft clasp a Brave's red neck;
 Yet sees the rough shield on his breast,
 The awful plumes shake on his crest,
 And fearful drops his timid face,
 Nor dares complete the sweet embrace.

Into the hollow hearts of brakes,
 Yet warm from sides of does and stags,
 Pass'd to the crisp dark river flags;
 Sinuous, red as copper snakes,
 Sharp-headed serpents, made of light,
 Gilded and hid themselves in night.
 My masters twain, the slaughtered deer
 Hung on forked boughs—with thongs of leather,
 Bound were his stiff, slim feet together—
 His eyes like dead stars cold and drear;
 The wandering firelight drew near
 And laid its wide palm, red and anxious,
 On the sharp splendour of his branches;
 On the white foam grown hard and sere
 On flank and shoulder,
 Death—hard as breast of granite boulder,
 And under his lashes
 Peered thro' his eyes at his life's grey ashes.

My masters twain sang songs that wove
 (As they burnished hunting blade and rifle)
 A golden thread with a cobweb trifle—
 Loud of the chase, and low of love.

O Love, art thou a silver fish?
 Shy of the line and shy of gaffing,

Which we do follow, fierce, yet laughing,
Casting at thee the light-wing'd wish,
And at the last shall we bring thee up
From the crystal darkness under the cup
 Of lily folden
 On broad leaves golden ?

“O Love ! art thou a silver deer,
Swift thy starr'd feet as wing of swallow,
While we with rushing arrows follow ;
And at the last shall we draw near,
And over thy velvet neck cast thongs—
Woven of roses, of stars of songs ?
 New chains all moulden
 Of rare gems olden !”

They hung the slaughtered fish like swords
On sapling slender—like scimitars
Bright, and ruddied from new-dead wars,
Blazed in the light—the scaly hordes.

They piled up boughs beneath the trees,
Of cedar-web and green fir tassel ;
Low did the pointed pine tops rustle,
The camp fire blushed to the tender breeze.

The hounds laid dew-laps on the ground,
With needles of pine sweet, soft and rusty—
Dreamed of the dead stag stout and lusty ;
A bat by the red flames wove its round.

The darkness built its wigwam walls
Close round the camp, and at its curtain
Press'd shapes, thin woven and uncertain,
As white locks of tall waterfalls.

HEREWARD K. COCKIN.

EPITAPH ON AN EARLY SETTLER.

PAUSE, pilgrim footsteps ! reverently draw near,
The vanguard of a nation slumbers here.

Mayhap he wandered once by Yarrow's side,
Or dreamed where Severn rolls its volumed tide.

Perchance his infant gaze first saw the light
Nigh lordly Snowdon's heaven-ambitioned height.

Or thrilled his boyish heart, in bygone days,
At sound of stricken Erin's mournful lays.

Amid the crowded marts of Old World strife,
He yearned to breathe a purer, freer life.

Brave heart ! Beyond Atlantic's sullen roar
He sought a home on this wild western shore.

His stalwart might and keen, unerring aim,
Taught lurking savages to dread his name.

In peril's midst he raised his cabin rude,
And lived—his one companion, solitude.

Yet not his only one. Where'er he trod
In simple childlike faith he walked with God.

With quenchless courage and unflinching toil,
Redeemed he day by day the crumbling soil.

Primeval woods beneath his sturdy blows,
Beamed forth in glebes that blossomed as the rose.

And years rolled by. Europe her exiles sent,
Around him grew a thriving settlement.

Yet, 'tis not good for man to live alone,
He wooed and won a maiden for his own.

The flowers of June smiled on his marriage kiss,
And thrice ten years he tasted wedded bliss.

His children, born 'neath Freedom's own roof-tree,
Were cradled in the arms of Liberty.

They lived to bless the author of their birth,
And by their deeds renewed his honest worth.

His neighbours loved the kindly, upright way,
Of one whose yea was yea, whose nay was nay.

And, did dispute arise, his word alone
Was jury, judge and verdict blent in one.

Dark day which saw, and gloomier hearts which said
"The father of the settlement is dead";

When full of years, beloved on ev'ry hand,
His spirit left them for the Better Land.

Tread softly, stranger! reverently draw near,
The vanguard of a nation slumbers here.

JOHN HUNTER DUVAR.

[Born 1830.]

FROM ENAMORADO.

As rolls a wave of perfume o'er the sea
From rosefields windward, down to us a-lee,
In wave of languor cometh love to me.

As all oppressed with sweets is July noon,
And leaves lack breath, and linnets cease their tune,
In noontide heat of love I faint and swoon.

As when the ardent sky grows overcast,
And ill winds rave, and dips the chaloup's mast,
I wake! the dream of love hath drifted past.

MAZIAS (*sings*).

Lost to my vision, yet within my heart
The latest look of thine is fondly limned,
And though the bitter fate that bade us part,
Heard no complaint and saw no eyelid dimmed,
My heart in secret weeps as bitter tear
As mother's wept above her dead son's bier.
More happy are the dead who bid adieu
Than they whom the last farewell leaveth lorn,
For the dead live in form affection drew,—
The dead may not regret—the living mourn,
So could I claim the love the living give,
For far from thy dear love I die yet live.

SONG FROM ENAMORADO.

FLY out, O rosy banner, on the breeze !
Clash music ! in a tempest wild and free,
Ring out, O bells ! above the waving trees,
Shine sun, earth smile, and add thy voice, O sea !
My Lady—lady loves me.

Yet lispng streams that flash in currents strong,
Hill echoes ! founts that plashing purl and ream !
Sweet singing birds ! that twitter all day long
For my wantonness, be this the theme
My Lady—lady loves me.

O unseen spirits ! faery ministers
That swirl in summer cloudland, and rejoice
And stream your flowing hair, less bright than hers,
Join in the chorus with your unheard voice :
My Lady—lady loves me !

TWILIGHT SONG.

FROM DE ROBERVAL.

THE mountain peaks put on their hoods,
Good night !
And the long shadows of the woods
Would fain the landscape cover quite,—
The timid pigeons homeward fly,
Scared by the whoop-owl's eerie cry,
Whoo—oop ! whoo—oop !
As like a fiend he flitteth by ;
The ox to stall, the fowl to coop,

The old man to his nightcap warm,
 Young men and maids to slumbers light,—
 Sweet Mary, keep our souls from harm!
 Good night! good night!

BROWN OF ENGLAND'S LAY.

THE villeins clustered round the bowl
 At merrie Yule to make good cheere,
 And drank with froth on beard and jowl:
 "Was-haël to the Thane!
 May never Breton taste our beer,
 Nor Dane—"

Till the red cock on the chimney crew,
 And each man cried with a mighty yawn,
 As the tapster one more flagon drew:
 "To the Saxon land was-haël!
 May we never want for mast fed brawn
 Nor ale."

The Thane took up the stirrup cup
 And blew off the the reaming head,
 And at one draught he swigged it up
 And smacked his lips and said:
 "Was-haël to coulter and sword!
 Was-haël to hearth and hall,
 To Saxon land and Saxon lord
 And thrall."

THE REV. ARTHUR WENTWORTH
HAMILTON EATON.

[Born at Kentville, Nova Scotia.]

L'ORDRE DE BON TEMPS.

Two hundred years ago and more
In History's romance,
The white flag of the Bourbons flew
From all the gates of France.

And even on these wild Western shores
Rock-clad and forest-mailed,
The Bourbon name, King Henry's fame
With "Vive le Roi" was hailed.

O "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive le Roi!"
Those wild adventurous days
When brave Champlain and Poutrincourt
Explored the Acadian bays.

When from Port Royal's rude-built walls
Gleamed o'er the hills afar
The golden lilies of the shield
Of Henry of Navarre.

A gay and gallant company
Those voyagers of old,
Whose life in the Acadian fort
Lescarbot's verse has told.

Their "Order of Good Times" was formed
For mirth and mutual cheer;
And many a tale and many a song
Beguiled that winter drear.

Aye, while the snow lay softly o'er
The meadows crisp and bare,
And hooded all the clustering hills
Like nuns of Saint-Hilaire,

Each day they spread a goodly feast
Not anywise too poor
For cafés of the nobles in
The famous Rue Aux Ours.

And as the old French clock rang out,
With echoes musical,
Twelve silvery strokes, the hour of noon,
Through the pine-scented hall,

The Master of the Order came
To serve each hungry guest,
A napkin o'er his shoulder thrown,
And flashing on his breast,

A collar decked with diamonds,
Fair pearls, turquoises blue ;
While close behind in warrior dress
Walked old chief Membertou.

Then wine went round and friends were pledged,
With gracious courtesy,
And ne'er was heard one longing word
For France beyond the sea.

O days of bold adventure past ;
O gay, adventurous men,
Your " Order of Good Times " I think
Shall ne'er be seen again !

THE LEGEND OF GLOOSCAP.

BARING its breast to the sun as of yore
Lieth the peaceful Acadian shore ;
Fertile and fair in the dew and the rain,
Ripen its fields of golden grain.

Like a sabred sentinel grim and grey
Blomidon stands at the head of the Bay,
And the famous Fundy tides at will
Sweep into Minas Basin still.

From its home in the hills the Gaspereau
Sings as it strays to the sea below,
Wanders on till it wakes in the tide
A muddy river, deep and wide.

Here at the edge of the ancient wood
Is the spot where Basil's smithy stood ;
Close to these clustering willows green
Was the home of his love, Evangeline.

This is the old Acadian shore
Prized by the poet more and more
As he lives in the loves and hopes, and hears
Silvery strains from the silent years.

Long ere the Frenchmen drove away
The cruel tides from the fair Grand Pré,
And bound the dykes like emerald bands
Round the Acadian meadow lands,

The Micmac sailed in his birch canoe
Over the Basin calm and blue,
With salmon spear to the lakeside crept,
Then by his wigwam fire slept.

Far in the depths of the forest gray
Hunted the moose the livelong day ;
While the Micmac mother crooned to her child
Forest folk-songs weird and wild.

Over the tribe with jealous eye
Watched the Great Spirit from on high ;
In the purple mists of Blomidon
The god-man, Glooscap, had his throne.

No matter how far his feet might stray
From the favourite haunts of his tribe away,
The Micmac's cry of faith or fear
Failed not to find his Glooscap's ear.

'Twas he who had made for the Indian's use
Beaver and bear, and sent the moose

Roaming over the wild woodlands;
He who had strewn upon the sands

Of the tide-swept shore of the stormy bay
Amethysts purple, and agates grey;
And into the heart of love had flung
That which keeps love ever young.

Then the Frenchmen came, a thrifty band,
Who felled the forest and sowed the land,
And drove from their haunts by the sunny shore
Micmac and moose for evermore.

And Glooscap, the god-man, sore distrest,
Hid himself in the unknown West,
And the Micmac kindled his wigwam fire
Far from the grave of his child and his sire,

Where now as he weaves his basket gay,
And paddles his birch canoe away,
He dreams of the happy time for men
When Glooscap shall come to his tribe again.

THE RESETTLEMENT OF ACADIA.

THE rocky slopes for emerald had changed their garb of
grey
When the vessels from Connecticut came sailing up the
Bay;
There were diamonds on every wave that drew the
strangers on,
And wreaths of wild arbutus round the brows of Blo-
midon.

Five years in desolation the Acadian land had lain,
Five golden harvest moons had wooed the fallow fields
in vain,
Five times the winter snows caressed, and summer sun-
sets smiled
On lonely clumps of willows, and fruit trees growing wild.

There was silence in the forest and along the Minas shore,

And not a habitation from Canard to Beau Séjour,
But many a ruined cellar, and many a broken wall,
Told the story of Acadia's prosperity and fall.

And even in the sunshine of that peaceful day in June,
When Nature swept her harp and found her strings in perfect tune,

The land seemed calling wildly for its owners far away,
The exiles scattered on the coast, from Maine to Charleston Bay;

Where with many bitter longings for their fair homes and their dead,

They bowed their heads in anguish and would not be comforted;

And like the Jewish exiles, long ago, beyond the sea,
They could not sing the songs of home, in their captivity.

But the simple Norman peasant-folk shall till the land no more,

For the vessels from Connecticut have anchored by the shore,

And many a sturdy Puritan, his mind with Scripture stored,

Rejoices he has found at last, "the garden of the Lord."

There are families from Tolland, from Killingworth and Lyme,

Gentle mothers, tender maidens, and strong men in their prime.

There are lovers who have plighted their vows in Coventry,

And merry children dancing o'er the vessels' decks in glee.

They come as came the Hebrews into their promised land,
Not as to wild New England's shores came first the Pilgrim band;

The Minas fields were fruitful, and the Gaspereau had
borne
To seaward many a vessel with its freight of yellow corn.
They come with hearts as true as are their manners
blunt and cold
To found a race of noblemen of stern New England
mould,
A race of ancient people whom the coming years shall
teach
The broader ways of knowledge, and the gentler forms
of speech.
They come as Puritans, but who shall say their hearts
are blind
To the subtle charms of nature, and the love of human
kind?
The blue laws of Connecticut have shaped their thought,
'tis true,
But human laws can never wholly Heaven's work undo.
And tears fall fast from many an eye, long time unused
to weep,
For o'er the fields lay whitening the bones of cows and
sheep,
The faithful cows that used to feed upon the broad
Grand Pré,
And with their tinkling bells comes slowly home at close
of day.
And where the Acadian village stood, its roofs o'ergrown
with moss,
And the simple wooden chapel, with its altar and its
cross,
And where the forge of Basil sent its sparks toward the
sky,
The lonely thistle blossomed, and the fire weed grew high.
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The broken dykes have been rebuilt, a century and more,
The cornfields stretch their furrows from Canard to
Beau Séjour,

Five generations have been reared beside the fair Grand
Pré,
Since the vessels from Connecticut came sailing up the
Bay.

And now across the meadows, while the farmers reap
and sow,
The engine shrieks its discords to the hills of Gaspereau,
And ever onward to the sea the restless Fundy tide
Bears playful pleasure yachts and busy trade ships, side
by side.

And the Puritan has yielded to the softening touch of time,
Like him who still content remained in Killingworth
and Lyme,
And graceful homes of prosperous men make all the
landscape fair,
And mellow creeds and ways of life are rooted every-
where.

And churches nestle lovingly on many a glad hill-side,
And holy bells ring out their music in the eventide;
But here and there on untilled ground, apart from glebe
or town,
Some lone, surviving apple tree stands leafless, bare, and
brown.

And many a traveller has found, as thoughtlessly he
strayed,
Some long-forgotten cellar in the deepest thicket's shade,
And clumps of willows by the dykes, sweet scented, fair,
and green,
That seemed to tell again the story of Evangeline.

AT GRANDMOTHER'S.

UNDER the shade of the poplars still,
Lilacs and locusts in clumps between,
Roses over the window-sill,
Is the dear old house, with its door of green,

Never were seen such spotless floors,
Never such shining rows of tin,
While the rose-leaf odours that came thro' the doors,
Told of the peaceful life within.

Here is the room where the children slept,
Grandmother's children tired with play,
And the famous drawer where the cakes were kept,
Shrewsbury cookies, and carraway.

The garden walks where the children ran
To smell the flowers and learn their names,
The children thought, since the world began
Were never such garden walks for games.

There were tulips and asters in regular lines,
Sweet-williams and marigolds on their stalks,
Bachelors' buttons and sweet-pea vines,
And box that bordered the narrow walks.

Pure white lilies stood cornerwise
From sunflowers yellow and poppies red,
And the summer pinks looked up in surprise
At the kingly hollyhocks overhead.

Morning glories and larkspur stood
Close to the neighbourly daffodil;
Cabbage roses and southernwood
Roamed thro' the beds at their own sweet will.

Many a year has passed since then,
Grandmother's house is empty and still,
Grandmother's babies have grown to men,
And the roses grow wild o'er the window-sill.

Never again shall the children meet
Under the poplars grey and tall,
Never again shall the careless feet
Dance thro' the rose-leaf scented hall.

Grandmother's welcome is heard no more,
And the children are scattered far and wide,

And the world is a larger place than of yore,
But hallowed memories still abide.

And the children are better men to-day
For the cakes and rose-leaves and garden walks,
And grandmother's welcome so far away,
And the old sweet-williams on their stalks.

THE VOYAGE OF SLEEP.

To sleep I give myself away,
Unclasp the fetters of the mind,
Forget the sorrows of the day,
The burdens of the heart unbind.

With empty sail this tired bark
Drifts out upon the sea of rest,
While all the shore behind grows dark
And silence reigns from east to west.

At last awakes the hidden breeze
That bears me to the land of dreams,
Where music sighs among the trees,
And murmurs in the winding streams.

O weary day, O weary day,
That dawns in fear and ends in strife,
That brings no cooling draught to allay
The burning fever-thirst of life.

O sacred night when angel hands
Are pressed upon the tired brow,
And when the soul on shining sands
Descends with angels from the prow.

To sleep I give myself away,
My heart forgets its vague unrest,
And all the clamour of the day,
And drifts toward the quiet west.

THE WHALING TOWN.

ADZE and hammer and anvil stroke
Echo not on the shore,
The wharves are crumbling, old, and grey,
And the whale ships come no more.

Grass grows thick in the empty streets,
And moss o'er the blackened roofs,
And the people are roused to wonderment
At the sound of horses' hoofs.

There's not a woman in all the town
But keeps in memory
The face of a husband, a lover, a friend
Lost, she says, at sea.

Lost in the days when in every storm
Some well-known ship went down,
And mothers wept and fathers prayed
In the little whaling town.

When every sail the children spied
As they tossed the shining sand,
Came from the storehouse of the sea
With light for all the land.

And still to the edge of the rotting wharves
The tides from day to day
Come with an eager wish to bear
The whaling ships away.

And many an aged mariner looks
Across the sparkling sea,
And dreams that the waves with sails are flecked
As of old they used to be.

FLOOD TIDE.

THE tide came up as the sun went down,
And the river was full to its very brim,
And a little boat crept up to the town
On the muddy wave, in the morning dim.

But that little boat with its reed-like oar
Brought news to the town that made it weep,
And the people were never so gay as before,
And they never slept so sound a sleep.

News of a wreck that the boatman had seen
Off in the bay, in a fierce, wild gale;
Common enough, such things, I ween,
Yet the women cried and the men were pale.

Strange that a little boat could bring
Tidings to plunge a town in tears!
Strange how often some small thing
May shatter and shiver the hope of years.

O, none but the angel with silver wings
That broods o'er the river and guards the town,
Heeds half of the woe each evening brings,
As the tide comes up, and the sun goes down.

LOVE-LETTERS.

WHO keeps not somewhere safely stored away,
Like jewels in a casket quaint, from view,
A bundle of love-letters, old or new,
Yellow with age, or fresh as buds of May.

Who, sometimes, in the silence of the night,
With stealthy fingers does not draw them forth,
Dear, tender treasures, not of common worth,
And live the old love o'er that suffered blight.

Yes, here are mine, not faded yet with years ;
 Sometimes I laugh at the old tender flame
 That kindled them, but is it any shame
 To whisper they are wet, to-night, with tears.

What strange, persistent power love has to hold
 Its life, though all its ashes have grown cold.

SOMETIME.

SOMETIME, sometime,
 The clouds of ignorance shall part asunder,
 And we shall see the fair, blue sky of truth
 Spangled with stars, and look with joy and wonder
 Up to the happy dream-lands of our youth,
 Where we may climb.

Sometime, sometime,
 The passion of the heart we keep dissembling
 Shall free herself, and rise on silver wing,
 And all these broken chords of music, trembling
 Deep in the soul, our lips shall learn to sing,
 A strain sublime.

Sometime, sometime,
 Love's broken links shall all be reunited,
 But not upon the ashy forge of pain ;
 The full-blown roses dead, the sweet buds blighted
 Shall bloom beside life's garden walks again,
 In fairer clime.

Sometime, sometime,
 The prophet's unsealed lips shall straight deliver
 The message of eternal life uncursed ;
 Wind-swept, the poet's heaven-tuned soul shall quiver,
 And from his trembling lyre at length shall burst
 Immortal rhyme.

LOUIS FRECHETTE.

[Crowned laureate by the French Academy.]

“*SAINT-MALO.*”

Voici l'âpre Océan.

La houle vient lécher
 Les sables de la grève et le pied du rocher
 Où Saint-Malo, qu'un bloc de sombres tours crénelles,
 Semble veiller, debout comme une sentinelle.
 Sur les grands plateaux verts, l'air est tout embaumé
 Des arômes nouveaux que le souffle de mai
 Mêlé à l'âcre senteur des pins et des mélèzes
 Ou'on voit dans le lointain penchés sur les falaises.
 Le soleil verse un flot de rayons printaniers
 Sur les toits de la ville et sur les blancs huniers
 Qui s'ouvrent dans le port, prêts à quitter la côte.
 C'est un jour solennel, jour de la Pentecôte.

La cathédrale a mis ses habits les plus beaux ;
 Sur les autels de marbre un essaim de flambeaux
 Lutte dans l'ombre avec les splendeurs irisées
 Des grands traits lumineux qui tombent des croisées.

Agenouillé tout près des balustres bénits,
 Un groupe de marins que le hâle a brunis,
 Devant le Dieu qui fait le calme et la tempête,
 Dans le recueillement prie en courbant la tête.
 Un homme au front serein, au port ferme et vaillant,
 Calme comme un héros, fier comme un Castillan,
 L'allure mâle et l'oeil avide d'aventure,
 Domine chacun d'eux par sa haute stature.
 C'est Cartier, c'est le chef par la France indiqué ;
 C'est l'apôtre nouveau par le destin marqué
 Pour aller, en dépit de l'océan qui gronde,
 Porter le verbe saint à l'autre bout du monde.
 Un éclair brille au front de ce prédestiné.
 Soudain, du sanctuaire un signal est donné,

Et, sous les vastes nefes pendant que l'orgue roule
 Son accord grandiose et sonore, la foule
 Se lève, et, délirante, en un cri de stentor,
 Entonne en frémissant le "Veni, Creator". . .

De quels mots vous peindrais-je, ô spectacle sublime ?
 Jamais, aux jours sacrés, des parvis de Solime,
 Chant terrestre, qu'un choeur éternel acheva
 Ne monta plus sincère aux pieds de Jéhova. . .

L'émotion saisit la foule tout entière,
 Quand, du haut de l'autel, l'homme de la prière,
 Emu, laissa tomber ces paroles d'adieu :
 — Vaillants chrétiens, allez sous la garde de Dieu. . .

O mon pays, ce fut dans cette aube de gloire
 Que s'ouvrit le premier feuillet de ton histoire.—
 Trois jours après, du haut de ses mâchecoulis
 Par le fer et le feu mainte fois démolis,
 Saint-Malo regardait, fendant la vague molle,
 Trois voiliers qui doubtaient la pointe de son môle,
 Et, dans les reflets d'or d'un beau soleil levant,
 Gagnaient la haute mer toutes voiles au vent.

Le carillon mugit dans les tours ébranlées ;
 Du haut des bastions en bruyantes volées,
 Le canon fait gronder ses tonnantes rumeurs ;
 Et, salués de loin par vingt mille clameurs,
 Au bruit de l'airain sourd et du bronze qui fume,
 Cartier et ses vaisseaux s'enfoncent dans la brume . . .

"LE DRAPEAU ANGLAIS."

REGARDE, ne disait mon père,
 Ce drapeau vaillamment porté ;
 Il a fait ton pays prospère,
 Et respecte ta liberté.

C'est le drapeau de l'Angleterre ;
 Sans tache, sur le fismament,

Presque à tous les points de la terre
Il flotte glorieusement.

Oui, sur un huitième du globe
C'est l'étendard officiel ;
Mais le coin d'azur qu'il dérobe
Nulle part n'obscurcit le ciel.

Il brille sur tous les rivages ;
Il a semé tous les progrès
Au bont des mers les plus sauvages
Comme aux plus lointaines forêts.

Laissant partout sa fière empreinte,
Aux plus féroces nations
Il a porté la flamme sainte
De nos civilisations.

Devant l'esprit humain en marche
Mainte fois son pli rayonna,
Comme la colombe de l'arche,
Ou comme l'éclair du Sina.

Longtemps ce glorieux insigne
De notre gloire fut jaloux,
Comme s'il se fût cru seul digne
De marcher de pair avec nous.

Avec lui, dans bien des batailles,
Sur tous les points de l'univers,
Nous avons mesuré nos tailles
Avec des résultats divers.

Un jour, notre bannière auguste
Devant lui dut se replier ;
Mais alors s'il nous fût injuste,
Il a su le faire oublier.

Et si maintenant son pli vibre
A nos remparts jadis gaulois,
C'est au moins sur un peuple libre
Qui n'a rien perdu de ses droits.

Oublions les jours de tempêtes;
 Et, mon enfant, puisque aujourd'hui
 Ce drapeau flotte sur nos têtes,
 Il faut s'incliner devant lui.

—Mais, père, pardonnez si j'ose . . .
 N'en est-il pas un autre à nous? . . .

—Ah . . . celui-là, c'est autre chose :
 Il faut le baiser à genoux. . .

“*LA DECOUVERTE DU MISSISSIPI.*”

I.

Le grand fleuve dormait couché dans la savane.
 Dans les lointains brumeux passaient en caravane
 De farouches troupeaux d'élans et de bisons.
 Drapé dans les rayons de l'aube matinale,
 Le désert déployait sa splendeur virginale
 Sur d'insondables horizons.

Juin brillait. Sur les eaux, dans l'herbe des pelouses,
 Sur les sommets, au fond des profondeurs jalouses,
 L'été fécond chantait ses sauvages amours.
 Du sud à l'aquilon, du couchant à l'aurore,
 Toute l'immensité semblait garder encore
 La majesté des premiers jours.

Travail mystérieux . . . les rochers aux fronts chauves,
 Les pampas, les bayous, les bois, les antres fauves,
 Tout semblait tressaillir sous un souffle effréné;
 On sentait palpiter les solitudes mornes,
 Comme au jour où vibra dans l'espace sans bornes,
 L'hymne du monde nouveau-né.

L'Inconnu trônait là dans sa grandeur première.
 Splendide et tacheté d'ombres et de lumière,
 Comme un reptile immense au soleil engourdi,
 Le vieux Meschacébé, vierge encor de servage,
 Déployait ses anneaux de rivage en rivage
 Jusques aux golfes du Midi,

Echarpe de Titan sur le globe enroulée,
 Le grand fleuve épanchait sa nappe immaculée
 Des régions de l'Ourse aux plages d'Orion,
 Baignant le steppe aride et les bosquets d'orange,
 Et mariant ainsi dans un hymen étrange
 L'équateur au septentrion.

Fier de sa liberté, fier de ses flots sans nombre,
 Fier des bois ténébreux qui lui versent leur ombre,
 Le Roi-des-eaux n'avait encore, en aucun lieu
 Où l'avait promené sa course vagabonde,
 Déposé le tribut de sa vague profonde,
 Que devant le soleil et Dieu . . .

II.

Jolliet . . . Jolliet . . . quel spectacle féérique
 Dut frapper ton regard, quand ta nef historique
 Bondit sur les flots d'or du grand fleuve inconnu . . .
 Quel sourire d'orgueil dut effleurer ta lèvre ? . . .
 Quel éclair triomphant, à cet instant de fièvre,
 Dut resplendir sur ton front nu ? . . .

Le voyez-vous là-bas, debout comme un prophète,
 L'oeil tout illuminé d'audace satisfaite,
 La main tendue au loin vers l'Occident bronzé,
 Pendre possession de ce domaine immense,
 Au nom du Dieu vivant, au nom du roi de France,
 Et du monde civilisé ? . . .

Puis, bercé par la houle, et bercé par ses rêves,
 L'oreille ouverte aux bruits harmonieux des grèves,
 Humant l'âcre parfum des grands bois odorants,
 Rasant les ilots verts et les dunes d'opale,
 De méandre en méandre, au fil de l'onde pâle,
 Suivre le cours des flots errants . . .

A son aspect, du sein des flottantes ramures,
 Montait comme un concert de chants et de murmures;
 Des vols d'oiseaux marins s'élevaient des roseaux,
 Et, pour montrer la route à la pirogue frêle,

S'enfuyaient en avant, traînant leur ombre grêle
 Dans le pli lumineux des eaux.

Et, pendant qu'il allait voguant à la dérive,
 On aurait dit qu'au loin, les arbres de la rive,
 En arceaux parfumés penchés sur son chemin,
 Saluaient le héros dont l'énergique audace
 Venait d'inscrire encor le nom de notre race
 Aux fastes de l'esprit humain.

III.

O grand Meschacébé . . . voyageur taciturne,
 Bien des fois, au rayon de l'étoile nocturne,
 Sur tes bords endormis je suis venu m'asseoir;
 Et là, seul et rêveur, perdu sous les grands ormes,
 J'ai souvent du regard suivi d'étranges formes
 Glissant dans les brumes du soir.

Tantôt je croyais voir, sous les vertes arcades,
 Du fatal De Soto passer les cavalcades
 En jetant au désert un défi solennel;
 Tantôt c'était Marquette errant dans la prairie,
 Impatient d'offrir un monde à sa patrie,
 Et des âmes à l'Éternel.

Parfois, sous les taillis, ma prunelle trompée
 Croyait voir de La Salle étinceler l'épée,
 Et parfois, groupe informe allant je ne sais où,
 Devant une humble croix—ô puissance magique . . .
 De farouches guerriers à l'oeil sombre et tragique
 Passer en pliant le genou.

Et puis, berçant mon âme aux rêves des poètes,
 J'entrevois aussi de blanches silhouettes,
 Doux fantômes flottants dans le vague des nuits
 Atala, Gabriel, Chactas, Evangeline,
 Et l'ombre de René, debout sur la colline,
 Pleurant ses immortels ennuis.

Et j'endormais ainsi mes souvenirs mososes . . .
 Mais de ces visions poétiques et roses

Celle qui plus souvent venait frapper mon oeil,
 C'était, passant au loin dans un reflêt de gloire,
 Ce hardi pionnier dont notre jeune histoire
 Redit le nom avec orgueil.

IV.

Jolliet . . . Jolliet . . . deux siècles de conquêtes,
 Deux siècles sans rivaux ont passé sur nos têtes,
 Depuis l'heure sublime où, de ta propre main,
 Tu jetas d'un seul trait sur la carte du monde
 Ces vastes régions, zone immense et féconde,
 Futur grenier du genre humain . . .

Deux siècles ont passé depuis que ton génie
 Nous fraya le chemin de la terre bénie
 Que Dieu fit avec tant de prodigalité;
 Qu'elle garde toujours dans les plis de sa robe,
 Pour les deshérités de tous les points du globe,
 Du pain avec la liberté.

Oui, deux siècles ont fui . . . La solitude vierge
 N'est plus là. Du progrès le flot montant submerge
 Les vestiges derniers d'un passé qui finit.
 Où le désert dormait grandit la métropole;
 Et le fleuve asservi courbe sa large épaule
 Sous l'arche aux piles de granit.

Plus de forêts sans fin : la vapeur les sillonne.
 L'aster des jours nouveaux sur tous les points rayonne;
 L'enfant de la nature est évangélisé;
 Le soc du laboureur fertilise la plaine;
 Et le surplus doré se sa gerbe trop pleine
 Nourrit le vieux monde épuisé . . .

V.

Des plus purs dévoûments merveilleuse semence,
 Qui de vous eût jamais rêvé cette oeuvre immense,
 O Jolliet, et vous, apôtées ingénus,

Vaillants soldats de Dieu, sans orgueil et sans crainte,
 Qui portiez le flambeau de la vérité sainte
 Dans ces parages inconnus ?

Des volontés du ciel exécuteurs dociles,
 Vous fûtes les jalons qui rendent plus faciles
 Les durs sentiers où doit marcher l'humanité . . .
 Gloire à vous tous ! . . . du temps franchissant les abîmes
 Vos noms environnés d'auréoles sublimes
 Iront à l'immortalité.

Et toi de ces héros, généreuse patrie,
 Sol canadien que j'aime avec idolâtrie,
 Dans l'accomplissement de tous ces grands travaux,
 Quand je pèse la part que le ciel t'a donnée,
 Les yeux sur l'avenir, terre prédestinée,
 J'ai foi dans tes destins nouveaux . . .

JAMES HANNAY.

A BALLAD OF PORT ROYAL.

FAIR is Port Royal river
 In the Acadian land;
 It flows through verdant meadows,
 Wide spread on either hand;
 Through orchards and through corn fields
 It gaily holds its way,
 And past the ancient ramparts,
 Long fallen to decay.

Peace reigns within the valley,
 Peace on the mountain side,
 In hamlet and in cottage,
 And on Port Royal's tide;
 In peace the ruddy farmer
 Reaps from its fertile fields;
 In peace the fisher gathers
 The spoils its basin yields.



Yet this sweet vale has echoed
To many a warlike note,
The strife compelling bugle,
The cannon's iron throat,
The wall piece and the musket
Have joined in chorus there,
To fill with horrid clangour
The balmy morning air.

And many a gallant war fleet,
Has in the days gone by,
Lain in that noble basin,
And flouted in the sky
A flag with haughty challenge
To the now ruined hold,
Which reared its lofty ramparts,
In the warlike days of old.

And in the early spring time,
When farmers plough their fields,
Full many a warlike weapon,
The peaceful furrow yields :
The balls of mighty cannon
Crop from the fruitful soil,
And many a rusted sword blade,
Once red with martial toil.

Three hundred years save thirty
Have been and passed away
Since bold Champlain was wafted
To fair Port Royal Bay :
And there he built a fortress,
With palisades tall,
Well flanked by many a bastion,
To guard its outward wall.

Here was the germ of Empire,
The cradle of a state,
In future ages destined
To stand among the great

Then hail to old Port Royal!
 Although thy ramparts fall,
 Canadian towns shall greet thee
 The mother of them all.

SOPHIE M. HENSLEY.

TRIUMPH.

THE sky, grown dull through many waiting days,
 Flashed into crimson with the sunrise charm,
 So all my love, aroused to vague alarm,
 Flushed into fire and burned with eager blaze.
 I saw thee not as suppliant, with still gaze
 Of pleading, but as victor,—and thine arm
 Gathered me fast into embraces warm,
 And I was taught the light of Love's dear ways.

This day of triumph is no longer thine,
 Oh conqueror, in calm exclusive power.—
 As evermore, through storm, and shade, and shine,
 Your woe my pain, your joy my ecstasy,
 We breathe together,—so this blessed hour
 Of self-surrender makes my jubilee!

THERE IS NO GOD.

THERE is no God! If one should stand at noon
 Where the glow rests, and the warm sunlight plays,
 Where earth is gladdened by the cordial rays
 And blossoms answering, where the calm lagoon
 Gives back the brightness of the heart of June,
 And he should say: "There is no sun"—the day's
 Fair show still round him,—should we lose the blaze
 And warmth, and weep that day has gone so soon

Nay, there would be one word, one only thought,
 "The man is blind!" and throbs of pitying scorn
 Would rouse the heart, and stir the wondering
 mind.
 We *feel*, and *see*, and therefore *know*,—the morn
 With blush of youth ne'er left us till it brought
 Promise of full-grown day. "The man is blind!"

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

DREAM AND DEED.

WHATE'ER I do, where'er I go,
 There's one that goes before;
 How deep soe'er the truths I know,
 That other knoweth more.
 Full stronger than my utmost strength,
 Full better than my best,—
 Though dark my aim, whate'er its length,
 He leadeth in the quest.
 I find the traces of his flight;
 I hear the distant wing;
 He never looms in very sight;
 My winter in his spring.
 I touch the verge of art or ken,
 And he is in its core;
 I reach its centre too, and then
 He speedeth on before.

A SONG OF FAILURE.

THE weary hand I sing and heart,
 That never poet sang;
 The silent song, the buried art,
 The unknown martyr's pang.
 A thousand pæans noise the deeds
 Of men who fought and won;

I sing the hero masked in weeds,
And shrinking from the sun.

He fought as good and brave a fight
As ever mortal fought ;
His eye was keen, his cause was right,—
And all availed naught.

I sing the men who did the right
When wrong was on the throne,
And fearless in a world's despite,
Stood for the truth alone ;

The men that builded for all time
In unobserved ways,
Self-pois'ed in their aim sublime,
Nor craved a people's praise.

For they who rose in favouring hour
And fashioned all things new,
Expressed a silent, living power
That through long ages grew :

And they who hewed the solid stone
On which the temple stands,
We know them not—we have alone
The labour of their hands.

I sing the bard whose glory earned
Was lost 'mid war and lust :
And him who died ere he had learned
His hidden powers to trust :

The poet who could ne'er express
The notes that through him rang,
For songs are in the silences
Sweeter than bard e'er sang.

I sing the hand that lost the prize ;
The hope that died too soon ;
The sons of spring whose gentle eyes
Ne'er saw the flowers of June,

The grief that never spake, I sing;
 The strong love never told;
 The victories of suffering;
 The heart in youth grown old.

Tell me not he who fails will miss
 The guerdon of his aim:
 The life that crowns the hope of this
 Will meet the soul's just claim.

A voice I hear.—They only win
 Who, brave and pure and true,
 Discrown the foe that reigns within,
 And self and sin subdue.

When every mask is torn from men,
 Who earned the day's success
 May still have failed—the hero then
 Rise from the wilderness.

In the new light of that far day
 How sad our praise will seem,
 When they who fell in many a fray
 Shall near the throne supreme.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

[Born November 1861.]

HEAT.

FROM plains that reel to southward, dim,
 The road runs by me white and bare;
 Up the steep hill it seems to swim
 Beyond, and melt into the glare;
 Upward half way, or it may be
 Nearer the summit slowly steals
 A hay-cart moving dustily
 With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the waggoner
 Is slouching slowly at his ease,
 Half-hidden in the windless blur
 Of white dust puffing to his knees,

This waggon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land.

Beyond me in the fields the sun
Soaks in the grass and hath his will ;
I count the marguerites one by one ;
Even the buttercups are still.
On the brook yonder not a breath
Disturbs the spider or the midge.
The water-bugs draw close beneath
The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
Into the pale depth of the noon
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
The cricket from the droughty ground ;
The grasshoppers spin into mine ear
A small innumerable sound.
I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze,
The burning sky-line blinds my sight ;
The woods far off are blue with haze ;
The hills are drenched in light.

And yet to me not this or that
Is always sharp or always sweet ;
In the sloped shadow of my hat
I lean at rest, and drain the heat ;
Nay more, I think some blessed power
Hath brought me wandering idly here :
In the full furnace of this hour
My thoughts grow keen and clear.

BETWEEN THE RAPIDS.

THE point is turned ; the twilight shadow fills
 The wheeling stream, the soft receding shore,
 And on our ears from deep among the hills
 Breaks now the rapid's sudden quickening roar.
 And yet the same, or have they changed their face,
 The fair green fields, and can it still be seen,
 The white log cottage near the mountain's base,
 So bright and quiet, so home-like and serene ?
 Ah, well I question, for as five years go,
 How many blessings fall, and how much woe.

Aye there they are nor have they changed their cheer,
 The fields, the hut, the leafy mountain brows ;
 Across the lonely dusk again I hear
 The loitering bells, the lowing of the cows,
 The bleat of many sheep, the stilly rush
 Of the low whispering river, and through all,
 Soft human tongues that break the deepening hush
 With faint-heard song or desultory call ;
 Oh comrades hold ; the longest reach is past ;
 The stream runs swift, and we are flying fast.

The shore, the fields, the cottage just the same,
 But how with them whose memory makes them sweet ?
 Oh if I called them, hailing name by name,
 Would the same lips the same old shouts repeat ?
 Have the rough years, so big with death and ill,
 Gone lightly by and left them smiling yet ?
 Wild black-eyed Jeanne whose tongue was never still,
 Old wrinkled Picaud, Pierre and pale Lisette,
 The homely hearts that never cared to range,
 While life's wide fields were filled with rush and change.

And where is Jacques, and where is Verginie ?
 I cannot tell ; the fields are all a blur.
 The lowing cows whose shapes I scarcely see,
 Oh do they wait and do they call for her ?

And is she changed, or is her heart still clear
 As wind or morning, light as river foam ?
 Or have life's changes borne her far from here,
 And far from rest, and far from help and home ?
 Ah comrades, soft, and let us rest awhile,
 For arms grow tired with paddling many a mile.

The woods grow wild, and from the rising shore
 The cool wind creeps, the faint wood odours steal ;
 Like ghosts adown the river's blackening floor
 The misty fumes begin to creep and reel.
 Once more I leave you, wandering toward the night,
 Sweet home, sweet heart, that would have held me in ;
 Whither I go I know not, and the light
 Is faint before, and rest is hard to win.
 Ah sweet ye were and near to heaven's gate ;
 But youth is blind and wisdom comes too late.

Blacker and loftier grow the woods, and hark !
 The freshening roar ! The chute is near us now,
 And dim the canyon grows, and inky dark
 The water whispering from the birchen prow.
 One long last look, and many a sad adieu,
 While eyes can see and heart can feel you yet,
 I leave sweet home and sweeter hearts to you,
 A prayer for Picaud, one for pale Lisette,
 A kiss for Pierre, my little Jacques, and thee,
 A sigh for Jeanne, a sob for Verginie.

Or, does she still remember ? Is the dream
 Now dead, or has she found another mate ?
 So near, so dear ; and ah, so swift the stream ;
 Even now perhaps it were not yet too late.
 But oh, what matter ; for before the night
 Has reached its middle, we have far to go :
 Bend to your paddles, comrades ; see, the light
 Ebbs off apace ; we must not linger so.
 Aye thus it is ! Heaven gleams and then is gone :
 Once, twice, it smiles, and still we wander on.

ONE DAY.

THE trees rustle ; the wind blows
Merrily out of the town ;
The shadows creep, the sun goes
Steadily over and down.

In a brown gloom the moats gleam ;
Slender the sweet wife stands ;
Her lips are red ; her eyes dream ;
Kisses are warm on her hands.

The child moans ; the hours slip
Bitterly over her head :
In a grey dusk the tears drip ;
Mother is up there dead.

The hermit hears the strange bright
Murmur of life at play ;
In the waste day and the waste night
Times to rebel and to pray.

The labourer toils in grey, wise,
Godlike and patient and calm ;
The beggar moans ; his bleared eyes
Measure the dust in his palm.

The wise man marks the flow and ebb
Hidden and held aloof :
In his deep mind is laid the web,
Shuttles are driving the woof.

THE WEAVER.

ALL day, all day, round the clacking net
The weaver's fingers fly :
Grey dreams like frozen mists are set
In the hush of the weaver's eye ;
A voice from the dusk is calling yet,
"Oh, come away, or we die!"

Without is a horror of hosts that fight,
 That rest not, and cease not to kill,
 The thunder of feet and the cry of flight,
 A slaughter weird and shrill ;
 Grey dreams are set in the weaver's sight,
 The weaver is weaving still.

"Come away, dear soul, come away, or we die ;
 Hear'st thou the moan and the rush ! Come away ;
 The people are slain at the gates, and they fly ;
 The kind God hath left them this day ;
 The battle-axe cleaves, and the foemen cry,
 And the red swords swing and slay.

"Nay, wife, what boots it to fly from pain,
 When pain is wherever we fly ?
 And death is a sweeter thing than a chain :
 'Tis sweeter to sleep than to cry.
 The kind God giveth the days that wane ;
 If the kind God hath said it, I die."

And the weaver wove, and the good wife fled,
 And the city was made a tomb,
 And a flame that shook from the rocks overhead
 Shone into that silent room,
 And touched like a wide red kiss on the dead
 Brown weaver slain by his loom.

Yet I think that in some dim shadowy land,
 Where no suns rise or set,
 Where the ghost of a whilom loom doth stand,
 Round the dusk of its silken net
 Forever flieth his shadowy hand,
 And the weaver is weaving yet.

COMFORT.

COMFORT the sorrowful with watchful eyes
 In silence, for the tongue cannot avail.
 Vex not his wounds with rhetoric, nor the stale
 Worn truths, that are but maddening mockeries

To him whose grief outmasters all replies.

Only watch near him gently; do but bring
The piteous help of silent ministering,
Watchful and tender, this alone is wise.

So shall thy presence and thine every motion,
The grateful knowledge of thy sad devotion

Melt out the passionate hardness of his grief,
And break the flood-gates of the pent-up soul.
He shall bow down beneath thy mute control,
And take thine hands, and weep, and find relief.

OUTLOOK.

NOR to be conquered by these headlong days,

But to stand free: to keep the mind at brood

On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude

Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;

At every thought and deed to clear the haze

Out of our eyes, considering only this,

What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
This is to live, and win the final praise.

Though strife, ill fortune, and harsh human need

Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb

With agony; yet, patience—there shall come

Many great voices from life's outer sea,

Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,

Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.

KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT is more large than knowledge and more sweet;

Knowledge of thoughts and deeds, of rights and wrongs,

Of passions and of beauties and of songs;

Knowledge of life; to feel its great heart beat



Through all the soul upon her crystal seat;
 To see, to feel, and evermore to know;
 To till the old world's wisdom till it grow
 A garden for the wandering of our feet.

Oh for a life of leisure and broad hours,
 To think and dream, to put away small things,
 This world's perpetual leaguer of dull naughts;
 To wander like the bee among the flowers
 Till old age find us weary, feet and wings
 Grown heavy with the gold of many thoughts.

THE RAILWAY STATION.

THE darkness brings no quiet here, the light
 No waking: ever on my blinded brain
 The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain,
 The engine's scream, the hiss and thunder smite;
 I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,
 Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain:
 I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
 Move labouring out into the bourneless night.

So many souls within its dim recesses,
 So many bright, so many mournful eyes:
 Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;
 What threads of life, what hidden histories,
 What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
 What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

WILLIAM DOUW LIGHTHALL.

NATIONAL HYMN.

To Thee whose smile is might and fame,
 A nation lifts united praise
 And asks but that Thy purpose frame
 A *useful* glory for its days.

We pray no sunset lull of rest,
 No pomp and bannered pride of war ;
 We hold stern labour manliest,
 The just side real conqueror.

For strength we thank Thee : keep us strong,
 And grant us pride of skilful toil ;
 For homes we thank Thee : may we long
 Have each some Eden rood of soil.

O, keep our mothers kind and dear,
 And make the fathers stern and wise ;
 The maiden soul preserve sincere,
 And rise before the young man's eyes.

Crush out the jest of idle minds,
 That know not, jesting, when to hush ;
 Keep on our lips the word that binds,
 And teach our children when to blush.

Forever constant to the good
 Still arm our faith, thou Guard Sublime,
 To scorn, like all who have understood,
 The atheist dangers of the time.

Thou hearest !—Lo, we feel our love
 Of loyal thoughts and actions free
 Toward all divine achievement move,
 Ennobled, blest, ensured, by Thee.

CANADA NOT LAST.

AT VENICE.

Lo ! Venice, gay with colour, lights and song,
 Calls from St Mark's with ancient voice and strange :
 I am the Witch of Cities ! glide along
 My silver streets that never wear by change

Of years: forget the years, and pain, and wrong,
And every sorrow reigning men among.

Know I can soothe thee, please and marry thee
To my illusions. Old and siren strong,
I smile immortal, while the mortals flee
Who whiten on to death in wooing me.

AT FLORENCE.

Say, what more fair, by Arno's bridgèd gleam,*
Than Florence, viewed from San Miniato's slope
At eventide, when west along the stream,
The last of day reflects a silver hope!—
Lo, all else softened in the twilight beam:—
The city's mass blent in one hazy cream,
The brown Dome 'midst it, and the Lily tower,
And stern Old Tower more near, and hills that seem
Afar, like clouds to fade, and hills of power
On this side, greenly dark with cypress, vine and
bower.

AT ROME.

End of desire to stray I feel would come
Though Italy were all fair skies to me,
Though France's fields went mad with flowery foam
And Blanc put on a special majesty.
Not all could match the growing thought of home
Nor tempt to exile. Look I not on ROME—
This ancient, modern, mediæval queen—
Yet still sigh westward over hill and dome,
Imperial ruin and villa's princely scene
Lovely with pictured saints and marble gods serene.

REFLECTION.

Rome, Florence, Venice—noble, fair and quaint,
They reign in robes of magic round me here;
But fading, blotted, dim, a picture faint,
With spell more silent, only pleads a tear.

* "Sovra'l bel fiume d'Arno la gran villa."—*Dante*.

Plead not ! Thou hast my heart, O picture dim !

I see the fields, I see the autumn hand
Of God upon the maples ! Answer Him

With weird, translucent glories, ye that stand
Like spirits in scarlet and in amethyst !

I see the sun break over you ; the mist

On hills that lift from iron bases grand

Their heads superb !—the dream, it is my native land.

HOMER.

(EARLY LINES.)

TIME, with his constant touch, has half erased
The memory, but he cannot dim the fame

Of one who best of all has paraphrased
The tale of waters with a tale of flame,
Yet left us but his accents and his name.

Upon that life, the sun of history
Shines not, but Legend, like a moon in mist,
Sheds over it a weird uncertainty,
In which all figures wave and actions twist,
So that a man may read them as he list.

We know not if he trod some Theban street,
And sought compassion on his aged woe,

We know not if on Chian sand his feet
Left footprints once ; but only this we know,
How the high ways of fame those footprints show.

Along the border of the restless sea,
The lonely thinker must have loved to roam,

We feel his soul wrapt in its majesty,
And he can speak in words that drip with foam,
As though himself a deep, and depths his home.

Hark ! under all and through and over all,
Runs on the cadence of the changeful sea ;

Now pleasantly the graceful surges fall,

And now they mutter in an angry key
 Ever, throughout their changes, grand and free.

How sternly sang he of Achilles' might,
 How sweetly of the sweet Andromache,
 How low his lyre when Ajax prays for light ;
 (Well might he bend that lyre in sympathy,
 For also great, and also blind was he.)

We almost see the nod of stern-browed Jove,
 And feel Olympus shake ; we almost hear
 The melodies that Greek youths interwove
 In pæan to Apollo, and the clear,
 Full voice of Nestor, sounding far and near.

A dignity of sadness filled his heart,
 That sadness, born of immortality,
 Which they alone who live in art
 Feel in its sweetness and its mystery,
 Half-filled already with infinity.

Yea, Zeus was wise when he decreed him blind,
 And wiser still when he decreed him poor ;
 For insight grew as outer sight declined,
 And want o'errode the ills it could not cure,
 Else rhapsody had lacked its lay most pure.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

GUILT IN SOLITUDE.

THE wretched have an hour to weep,
 And penitence may bring repose ;
 But there are thoughts that cannot sleep,
 And endless, solitary woes :—
 For me sin's sorrow hath no close ;
 I am a soul stained and unshriven,
 To whom no soothing hour is given.

The erring find an hour to pray,
The faint on pitying mercy call;
The freshness of an earlier day,
When, innocent, he trusted all,
Again upon his heart may fall;—
My poisoned spring of life doth tend
To bitterness that hath no end.

Eyes, that have wept away their bloom,
May light their orbs of faded blue;
And pallid cheeks the rose resume,
As fields their flowery robes renew;
But smiles have bidden me adieu;
Nor laughter on its ruby shore
Shall break its joyous wavelets more.

For, in this lonely hermit cell,
Watching his hosts that in heaven's bower,
And night's eternal palace, dwell,
I spend, unseen, the midnight hour,
The captive of some awful Power;
Benumbed in heart, with cankering pain,
And branded with the curse of Cain.

Star of lost Hope! long set—O where,
Amid these shades will ye arise?
When will I see your lustre rare
Amid the glory of yon skies?
Alas! ye ne'er shall greet my eyes!
At noon of day, or night, the air
Breeds only cursing and despair.

Ears! but for one unceasing cry!—
Eyes! but for one unfading stain!—
In vain from these I seek to fly,—
To lag or linger is in vain!
A fearful breathing haunts the plain;
And if I walk by wood or hill,
The spectre dogs my footsteps still.

Yet, 'mid a hurrying human sea,
 I've swept along the dizzying street,
 And felt that all men looked at me,
 Till terror winged my hastening feet!
 And ere I reached my dim retreat,
 The rills poured down a crimson flood,
 The evening sun seemed bathed in blood!

One awful voice in all things speaks!—
 It shrieks out of the twilight glade;
 Against each shuddering hill it breaks,
 And rustles under every shade:
 My cheek is blanched, my soul dismayed;
 Then mocking peals affright the air
 And ring the dirge of my despair!

I feel not earthly joy, nor need,
 Nor the wild pulse of strange desire;
 Remote from men I sit, and feed
 My heart with keen, remorseful fire.
 I have nor wife, nor child, nor sire;—
 Happy am I, in this, that no
 Unhappy life can share my woe.

For, surely as the bird of eve
 Shall charm with song her favourite vale,
 And surely as the heart must grieve,
 When bliss of love is changed to bale,
 I must pronounce my doleful tale;—
 Judgment and doom upon me press,
 And the Voice whispers me—"Confess!"

And love—is but a thought resigned,
 Awakening scarce a passing sigh,
 Like music breathed upon the wind,
 That wins not to the ear reply:
 'Tis not for *me* to love, but die!—
 I dare not link *thy* fate with *mine*—
I am a murderer—Madeline!"

FROST-WORK.

WITH wannest smile, from chilliest night, the morn
 Arising, brings white veil from darkness drear
 Refled, and over her chaste features worn,
 Until the tardy sun his face doth clear :—
 Behold ! what maze of fairydom is here ?
 There's not an elm that springs its shaft aloof,
 But gives of Winter's stateliest beauty proof !—
 All trees as branching corals now appear.
 I stand, with eye attent, and wistful ear
 Where silence lays her finger, as if soon
 Quaint bugles blown from Elfin-land to hear :—
 But lo ! the magic scatters—the pure boon
 Is quickly gone !—each tall tree's powdery crown
 Does 'mid th' applausive stillness tremble down !

BURTON W. LOCKHART.

SONG.

SLOPE softly o'er the verdurous mead,
 Sunlight of cloudless skies,
 And kiss my lady's cheek !
 Lo ! her deep, passionate eyes,
 By love—ethereal love—illumed,
 Eclipse thy whitest beams,
 Whenever they glance back
 The borrowed sheen of silvery streams.

 Blow gently round the winding woods,
 O perfumed, gleeful air !
 And touch my lady's lips,
 Wooing with kisses rich and rare :
 Her murmurous breath, outbreathed in sighs,
 Is balmier than thine,
 Wafted from orange groves
 In some far-off voluptuous clime.

LIFE'S NOBLEST HEIGHTS.

LIFE's noblest heights are hidden from the gloomless dells
of mirth ;

Years, that bring the dim skies nearer, bring prophetic
visions too :

Down into our souls come intimations of life's worth,
If enshrined within our hearts there live the Good
and True.

Awhile Earth's gardens bloom, and the lofty planets
burn ;

We who tread this mother Earth shall see their flames
expire :

In the cycles vast of ruin, we alone shall ruin spurn ;
Life immortal shall be scatheless amid Time's dissolving
fire ;—

Even into eternal domes of glory we aspire.

 AGNES MAULE MACHAR.
DRIFTING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

NEVER a ripple on all the river,

As it lies, like a mirror,—beneath the moon,—
—Only the shadows tremble and quiver,

'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June !

All dark and silent,—each shadowy island

Like a silhouette,—lies on its silver ground,—

While, just above us, a rocky highland

Towers, grim and dusk, with its pine trees crowned.

Never a sound, save the wave's soft plashing,

As the boat drifts idly,—the shore along,—
And the darting fire-flies,—silently flashing,—

Gleam,—living diamonds,—the woods among ;

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,

And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,

And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom
 Wafts from the rocks—like a tide of balm.

—Drifting!—Why cannot we drift forever?—
 Let all the world and its worries go!
 Let us float and float with the flowing river,—
 Whither,—we neither care nor know!—
 Dreaming a dream,—might we ne'er awaken—
 There's joy enough in this passive bliss!—
 The wrestling crowd and its cares forsaken,—
 Was ever Nirvana more blest than this?

Nay! But our hearts are ever lifting
 The screen of the present,—however fair;—
 Not long,—not long,—can we go on drifting,—
 Not long enjoy surcease from care!
 Ours is a nobler task and guerdon
 Than aimless drifting,—however blest,—
 Only the heart that can bear the burden
 Can share the joy of the victor's rest!

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

OH Whip-poor-will—oh Whip-poor-will!
 When all the joyous day is still,—
 When, from the sky's fast deepening blue,
 Fades out the sunset's latest hue,—
 We hear thy tireless—measured trill,—
 Oh Whip-poor-will—oh Whip-poor-will!

In the soft dusk of dewy May,—
 At pensive close of autumn day,—
 Though other birds may silent be,—
 Or flood the air with minstrelsy,—
 Thou carest not—eve brings us still
 Thy plaintive burden,—Whip-poor-will!

When moonlight fills the summer night
 With a soft vision of delight,—

We listen till we fain would ask
 For thee, some respite from thy task,—
 —At dawn we wake, and hear it still,—
 Thy ceaseless song,—oh Whip-poor-will !

We hear thy song, but see not thee,—
 Thou seemest but a voice to be,—
 A wandering spirit,—breathing, yet
 For parted joys, a vain regret,—
 So plaintive thine untiring trill,—
 Oh Whip-poor-will,—oh Whip-poor-will !

Oh faithful to thy strange refrain,—
 Is it the voice of joy or pain?—
 —We cannot know,—thou wilt not tell
 The secret kept so long and well,—
 —What moves thee thus to warble still—
 Oh Whip-poor-will !—Oh Whip-poor-will !

TWO VISIONS.

WHERE close the curving mountains drew
 To clasp the stream in their embrace,
 With every outline, curve, and hue
 Reflected in its placid face—

The ploughman stopped his team, to watch
 The train as swift it thundered by ;
 Some distant glimpse of life to catch
 —He strained his eager, watchful eye.

His glossy horses patient stand,
 With wonder in their gentle eyes,
 As, through the tranquil mountain land,
 The snorting monster onward flies ;

The morning freshness is on him,—
 Just roused from sleep and balmy dreams—
 —The wayfarers,—all soiled and dim,
 Think longingly of mountain streams,

Oh for the joyous mountain air !
 —The long, delightful autumn day
 Among the hills,—the ploughman, there,
 Must have perpetual holiday !

And he, as all day long, he guides
 His steady plough, with patient hand,
 Thinks of the train that onward glides
 Into some new, enchanted land ;

Where,—day by day,—no plodding round
 Wearies the frame and dulls the mind,—
 Where life thrills keen in sight and sound,
 With ploughs and furrows left behind !

Even so, to each,—the untrod ways
 Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
 That ever sheds its brightest rays
 Upon the path we *do not know* !

IN THE STUDIO.

You smile to see the canvas bear
 The golden sunshine of September,
 And trace, in all its outlines fair,
 The landscape we so well remember !

You mark the sky of softest blue,
 The dreamy haze, so golden-mellow—
 The woods, in robes of richest hue,
 Just turning,—here and there, to yellow ;

The solemn pines above the stream,
 Where yon grey mountain rears its shoulder,—
 The maple's gold and scarlet gleam
 Beside the lichened granite boulder.

You whisper, with a fond delight,
 That this reflection of September
 Might cheer us on the wildest night,
 Amid the snows of dull December !

—But, while you kindly praise the whole,
You cannot see the figure in it
 That graved upon the artist's soul
 The sunshine of that happy minute;—

You cannot see the earnest eyes
 That grew so dreamy and so tender,—
 While watching, with a glad surprise,
 That autumn landscape's golden splendour ;

You cannot see the soul-lit face
 That glowed response to Nature's sweetness,—
 So adding to its ripest grace,
 Its crowning charm of glad completeness!

Well, Love, *that* charm is left me still,
 Though vanished is that glad September;—
 Though leaves lie strewn and winds blow chill,
You are my sunshine of December !

WILLIAM M'LENNAN.

“*THE PINES*”—*MOUNT ROYAL.*

THE Mountain woos us from the heat,
 With leaves that wave, with birds that sing
 To see the Earth's great pulses beat
 Beneath the first warm kiss of Spring.

We sit beneath the sheltering Pines
 Which, murmuring, sent their fragrance down,
 The buds are bursting on the vines,
 The fields are losing all their brown :

The robin pauses in his flight
 To pour abroad his mellow note,
 On fence and field the crows alight,
 The swallows in the clear blue float.

The brown pine-needles at our feet
 Spread forth until the green is met,

To mingle all their perfume sweet
With trillium and with violet.

Below us rolls the swelling plain
With lines and groves of graceful trees,
With fields that pale and turn again
As ruffled by the passing breeze.

The golden silence o'er us seems
Scarce broken by the insects' hum,
Though faint and low, like songs in dreams,
The chimes from distant steeples come.

As St Laurent's twin towers arise
To mark its nest amid the green,
Westward, the silver water flies,
In changing beauties, past Lachine.

Far to the North a ray streams down,
And by its shimmering beauties led,
We see its golden glories crown
The place where mighty Rivers wed.

Then comes the end, the bright light pales,
The wind springs up afresh and chill,
A rising mist the fair plain veils
And sweeps in silence towards the hill.

CHARLES MAIR.

[Born 1840.]

FROM THE TECUMSEH.

LEFROY (*recites*).

THERE was a time on this fair Continent
When all things throve in spacious peacefulness.
The prosperous forests unmolested stood,
For where the stalwart oak grew there it lived
Long ages, and then died among its kind.

The hoary pines—those ancient of the earth—
Brimful of legends of the earthly world,
Stood thick on their own mountains unsubdued.
And all things else illumined by the sun,
Inland or by the lifted wave, had rest.
The passionate or calm pageants of the skies
No artist drew; but in the auburn west
Innumerable faces of fair cloud
Vanished in silent darkness with the day.
The prairie realm—vast ocean's paraphrase—
Rich in wild grasses numberless, and flowers
Unnamed save in mute Nature's inventory
No civilised barbarian trenched for gain.
And all that flowed was sweet and uncorrupt.
The rivers and their tributary streams,
Undammed, wound on forever, and gave up
Their lonely torrents to weird gulfs of sea,
The ocean wastes unshadowed by a sail,
And all the wild life of this Western World
Knew not the fear of man; yet in those woods,
And by those plenteous streams and mighty lakes,
And on stupendous steppes of peerless plain,
And in the rocky gloom of canyons deep,
Screened by the stony ribs of mountains hoar
Which steeped their snowy peaks in purging cloud,
And down the Continent where tropic suns
Warmed to her very heart the mother earth,
And in the congeal'd north where silence' self
Ached with intensity of stubborn frost,
There lived a soul more wild than barbarous;
A tameless soul—the sunburnt savage free—
Free, and untainted by the greed of gain;
Great Nature's man content with Nature's food.

TECUMSEH.

Comrades, and faithful warriors of our race!
Ye who defeated Harmar and St Clair,
And made their hosts a winter's feast of wolves!

I call on you to follow me again,
Not now for war, but as forearmed for fight.
As ever in the past so is it still :
Our sacred treaties are infringed and torn ;
Laughed out of sanctity, and spurned away ;
Used by the Long-Knife's slaves to light his fire,
Or turned to kites by thoughtless boys, whose wrists
Anchor their fathers' lies in front of heaven.
And now we're asked to council at Vincennes ;
To bend to lawless ravage of our lands,
To treacherous bargains, contracts false, wherein
One side is bound, the other loose as air !
Where are those villains of our race and blood
Who signed the treaties that unseat us here ;
That rob us of rich plains and forests wide ;
And which, consented to, will drive us hence
To stage our lodges in the Northern Lakes,
In penalties of hunger worse than death ?
Where are they ? that we may confront them now
With your wronged sires, your mothers, wives and babes,
And, wringing from their false and slavish lips
Confession of their baseness, brand with shame
The traitor hands which sign us to our graves.

LEFROY.

This region is as lavish of its flowers
As Heaven of its primrose blooms by night.
This is the Arum which within its root
Folds life and death ; and this the prince's Pine,
Fadeless as love and truth—the fairest form
That ever sun-shower washed with sudden rain.
This golden cradle is the Moccasin Flower,
Wherein the Indian hunter sees his hound ;
And this dark chalice is the Pitcher-Plant,
Stored with the water of forgetfulness.
Whoever drinks of it, whose heart is pure,
Will sleep for aye 'neath foodful asphodel,
And dream of endless love.

JENA (*sings*).

Fly far from me

Even as the daylight flies,
And leave me in the darkness of my pain!
Some earlier love will come to thee again,
And sweet new moons will rise,
And smile on it and thee.

Fly far from me

Even whilst the daylight wastes—
Ere thy lips burn me in a last caress;
Ere fancy quickens, and my longings press,
And my weak spirit hastes
For shelter unto thee!

Fly far from me

Even whilst the daylight pales—
So shall we never, never meet again!
Fly! for my senses swim—O Love! oh pain!
Help! for my spirit fails—
I cannot fly from thee!

MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEA).

"In apprehension, so like a god"

TAKE the mouldering dust,
Wake it into life,—
Matter is but servant of the mind.

Touch the silent keys:
Genius can evoke
Music wherein gods commune with men.

Read the soul of man,
And the farthest star:
Truth is one, and is forever true.

Think the wildest thought,
Hope the utmost hope—
Time shall be when all shall be fulfilled.

Wonder not at deed,
 Wonder more at thought,
 Wonder at the hope that feeds itself.

Genius is divine,
 Genius is true :
 Man becomes that which he worships ;—God !

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANEY.

[Born about 1835.]

FROM FAR.

I DREAMED that youth returned,—the unreturning !
 I saw her cottage on the high hill stand ;
 And by broad waters in the sunset burning,
 I walked once more with Laura, hand in hand.

How firmly fashioned is the tiny figure,
 Her keen grey eyes, how fairy-like they glow ;
 She stands, her light limbs full of grace and vigour,
 Her hand close claspt in mine, as long ago !

It is not love upon my senses stealing,
 My thoughts no purpose and no pause allow ;
 No passion blinds with the intenser feeling,
 As once again I kiss that fair young brow.

Enchantment streamed once more on hill and ether,
 Beneath us ocean seemed a summer sea ;
 “ Be mine,” I said, “ and let us go together,
 That I once more may pure and happy be.”

But what her words were I cannot remember,
 For suddenly awaking, I lay here,
 In this bleak land whose May might match December,
 The sullen spring-time of a flowerless year.

*SOUTH AFRICA REMEMBERED AT
NIAGARA, CANADA.*

WIND of the south, hast thou stolen the breath of the
blossoming heather
Fresh from the land I left, never again to return !
Bringing me back the days, when, walking over the hill-
side,
Many a time we met, we who shall meet not again !
There are the myrtles still, there twine the clambering
roses
Garden and granite cliff, there are they still as of old !
There by the wine-dark sea, dark bloom Constantia's
vineyards,
There are the tall black ships, moored in the mirroring
wave,
Changeless all and fair, as then when last I beheld them
Faintly with farewell gaze, over the heave of the sea—
Changeless, though but a dream ; still fair, though but
an illusion,
Seen through the torrent's sweep, heard through the
cataract's roar.

SOME ONE COMES.

SOME one comes, I hear the footsteps,
See the shadow cast,
At my lonely door that trembles
In the bitter blast—
Some one comes—or is it fancy,
Or a friend at last.

“Open quick, so fast the snowflakes
Fleck the winter sky.
Let me in ! the storm increases
As the night draws nigh—
Shelter ! quick ! no corpse is colder
In the grave than I.”

“I am Wealth, and I can give thee
 Gold that men adore—
 Friends and troops of merry comrades,
 Joyous as of yore.”
 Fool! will all thou hast to offer,
 Vanished youth restore?

“I am Love, whom years that vanish
 Still shall find the same!”
 Still! as when in southern sunshine
 First the Phantom came?
 With a fond word, long unspoken—
 A forgotten name!

“I am Death, I only offer
 Peace—that long day done.
 Follow me into the darkness—”
 Welcome! Friend, lead on—
 Only spare my dog; let something
 Grieve, when I am gone!

 JOHN READE.

[Born 1837.]

ANTIGONE.

IF Homer ne'er had sung; if Socrates
 Had never lived in virtue's cause to die;
 If the wild chorus of the circling seas
 Had never echoed back poor Sappho's sigh;
 If Sparta had not with her purest blood
 Traced on all time the name "Thermopylæ;"
 If Greece, united through the surging flood
 Of Persian pride, had not arisen free;
 If nought of great or wise or brave or good
 Had proved thee, Hellas, what thou wast, to be,
 Save that thou didst create "Antigone"—
 Thou still hadst in the van of nations stood.
 Fall'n are thy noblest temples, but above
 Them all there gleams thy shrine of woman's love.

*BRITISH CANADA TO MR LOUIS
H. FRECHETTE.**

O GIFTED son of our dear land and thine,
 We joy with thee on this thy joyous day,
 And in thy laurel crown would fain entwine
 A modest wreath of our own simple bay.
 Shamrock and thistle and sweet roses gay,
 Both red and white, with parted lips that smile,
 Like some bright maiden of their native isle—
 These, with the later maple, take, we pray,
 To mingle with thy laurelled lily, long
 Pride of the brave and theme of poet's song.
 They err who deem us aliens. Are not we
 Bretons and Normans, too? North, south and west
 Gave us, like you, of blood and speech their best,
 Here, re-united, one great race to be.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

I.

HERE is the old church. Now I see it all—
 The hills, the sea, the bridge, the waterfall.
 The dear old sleepy town is still abed
 Although the eastern clouds are tinged with red.
 And everything is, as this graveyard still,
 Except the soldiers at their morning drill,
 And in the Pool a fishing boat or two
 Belated, homeward pulled with weary oar,
 And the dim curlews on the distant shore,
 And the lark soaring through the ether blue.
 But now the lazy smoke curls through the air—
 I will go down and see who tenant there,
 And meet old friends. “First, wanderer, look around
 And see what friends of thine are underground!”

* On the occasion of his poems being crowned by the French Academy. Read by the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau at a banquet given to Mr Frechette.

II.

The mountains gather round thee as of yore,
O holy lake, across whose tranquil breast
Was borne the saint who to the farthest west
Brought the sweet knowledge that transcends all lore.
There on the islet at the chapel door
The penitents are kneeling, while along
There flows the mystic tide of sacred song
To where I stand upon the rugged shore.
But now, there is a silence weird and dread,
And utter loneliness is in my heart.
I came to seek the living but the dead—
This is *their* welcome. Slowly I depart
Nor read the name beneath a single cross—
He still is rich who doth not know his loss.

III.

There is the school-house; there the lake, the lawn;
And there, just fronting it, the barrack-square;
But of all those I knew not one is there—
Even the old gate keeper—he is gone.
Ah me! ah me! when last I stood upon
This grassy mound, with what proud hopes elate
I was to wrestle with the strength of fate
And conquer! Now—I live and that is all.
Oh! happier those whose lot it was to fall
In noble conflict with their country's foes,
Far on the shores of Tauric Chersonese!
Nay, all are blest who answer duty's call.
But—do I dream or wake? What ghosts are these?
Hush! throbbing heart! *these* are the sons of *those*.

IV.

Oh! what could wake to life that first sweet flame
That warmed my heart when by the little Bay
On blissful summer evenings I lay
Beneath our thorn-bush, waiting till she came
Who was to me far more than wealth or fame,

But yet for whom I wished all fair things mine,
 To make her, if she could be, more divine
 By outer splendour and a noble name.
 Now I may wait in vain from early morn
 Till sunset for the music of her feet.
 And yet how little change has come upon
 This fairy scene her beauty made so sweet !
 It weareth still the glory of her smile.
 Ah ! if she were but here a little while.

v.

It is ebb-tide. The scientific eye
 May see slow changes creeping o'er the shore.
 I know not whether it be less or more,
 I know that it is it, that I am I.
 I note no difference in the curlew's cry;
 The restless billows have not lost their tone;
 The ocean moaneth with the old-time moan—
 But from my heart there riseth a strange sigh
 For something that I see not. Yet I see
 Of happy faces goodly company.
 And I am well and strong and full of life,
 I have a pleasure in the salt sea breeze,
 I sympathise with Nature's calm and strife,
 Why may I not be gay as well as these ?

VI.

Why in the day-dream of a vain regret
 Lap the soul's energies ? Why linger near
 The place of graves for ever ? Every year
 Has its own burden : to each day is set
 Its tale of duty. It is better far
 To pilot the soul's bark by sun and star,
 Than, looking ever to the shore behind,
 Leave it a ready prey to every wind.
 And yet we love to linger near the Past,
 We love to stand upon the windy shore

And, gazing far upon the dim sea-waste,
 Which holds our joys, our tears, our loves of yore,
 Wait till some treasure at our feet be cast
 From the unsounded deeps of Nevermore.

DOMINION DAY.

JULY 1ST, 1867.

I.

OUR land is flushed with love; through the wealth of
 her gay-hued tresses
 From his bright-red fingers the sun has been dropping
 his amorous fire,
 And her eyes are gladly oppressed with the weight of
 his lip's caresses,
 And the zephyr-throbs of her bosom keep time with
 the voice of his lyre.

II.

'Tis the moon of the sweet, strong summer, the King of
 the months of the year,
 And the King of the year is crowning our Land with
 his glory of love,
 And the King of all Kings, in whose crown each gem is
 the light of a sphere,
 Looks smilingly down on our Land from the height of
 his heaven above.

III.

For to-day she breathes what to her is the first of a
 nation's breath,
 As she lies 'neath the gaze of the sun, as a bride, or
 a child new-born
 Lies with fair motionless limbs in the beautiful semblance
 of death,
 Yet awake with the joy of a bird that awakes with the
 whisper of morn.

IV.

And her soul is drinking the music that flows through
 the golden lyre,
 From the deeps of the woods and waters and wonder-
 ful hearts of men,
 From the long-hushed songs of the forest, the wild
 primeval choir,
 Till she feels the breath of the spirit move over her
 face again.

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PART VIII.

I.

The ocean has kissed her feet
 With cool, soft lips that smile,
 And his breath is wondrously sweet
 With the odours of many an Isle.

II.

He has many a grand old song
 Of his grand, old fearless Kings ;
 And the voice from his breast is strong,
 As he sings and laughs as he sings.

III.

Though often his heart is sad
 With the weight of the grey-haired days
 That were once as light and as glad
 As the soul of a child that plays.

IV.

But to-day at Canada's feet,
 He smiles, as when Venus was born,
 And the breath from his lips is as sweet
 As the breath of wet flowers at morn.

IN MY HEART.

I.

IN my heart are many chambers through which I wander
free ;
Some are furnished, some are empty, some are sombre,
some are light ;
Some are open to all comers, and of some I keep the key,
And I enter in the stillness of the night.

II.

But there's one I never enter,—it is closed to even me !
Only once its door was opened, and it shut for ever-
more ;
And though sounds of many voices gather round it, like
a sea,
It is silent, ever silent, as the shore.

III.

In that chamber long ago, my love's casket was concealed,
And the jewel that it sheltered I knew only one could
win ;
And my soul foreboded sorrow, should that jewel be
revealed,
And I almost hoped that none might enter in.

IV.

Yet day and night I lingered by that fatal chamber door,
Till—she came at last my darling one, of all the earth
my own ;
And she entered—and she vanished with my jewel, which
she wore ;
And the door was closed—and I was left alone.

V.

She gave me back no jewel, but the spirit of her eyes
Shone with tenderness a moment, as she closed that
chamber door,

And the memory of that moment is all I have to
prize—
But *that, at least*, is mine for ever more.

VI.

Was she conscious, when she took it, that the jewel was
my love?
Did she think it but a bauble, she might wear or toss
aside?
I know not, I accuse not, but I hope that it may prove
A blessing, though she spurn it in her pride.

PROFESSOR CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS.
ROBERTS.

[Professor of English Literature at the University of King's
College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Born in New Brunswick.]

COLLECT FOR DOMINION DAY.

FATHER of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
Stay and destroyer, at whose just command,
Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
Of our scant people mould a mighty state,
To the strong, stern,—to Thee in meekness bowed!
Father of unity, make this people one!
Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
Whose forging on their anvil was begun
In blood late shed to purge the common shame;
That so our hearts, the fever of faction done,
Banish old feud in our young nation's name.

CANADA.

O CHILD of nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
With unanointed brow,—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age.

I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the Maple Wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
Its blood-red folds beneath;

Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

O Falterer, let thy past convince
Thy future,—all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel
Attest in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!

O thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
 At Queenstown, and at Lundy's Lane,—
 On whose scant ranks but iron front
 The battle broke in vain!—

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
 From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
 At Chryslers' Farm, at Chateauguay,
 Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

On soft Pacific slopes,—beside
 Strange floods that northward rave and fall,—
 Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
 Thy sons await thy call.

They wait; but some in exile, some
 With strangers housed, in stranger lands;—
 And some Canadian lips are dumb
 Beneath Egyptian sands.

O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
 Before us, thy most ancient dreams
 Are mixed with far Canadian fields
 And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my Country, dream not thou!
 Wake, and behold how night is done,—
 How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
 Bursts the uprising sun!

K H A R T O U M.

SET in the fierce red desert for a sword,
 Drawn and deep-driven implacably! The tide
 Of scorching sand that chafes thy landward side
 Storming thy palms; and past thy front outpoured
 The Nile's vast dread and wonder! Late there roared
 (While far off paused the long war, long defied)
 Mad tumult thro' thy streets; and Gordon died,
 Slaughtered amid the yelling rebel horde.

Yet, spite of shame and wrathful tears, Khartoum,
 We owe thee certain thanks, for thou hast shown
 How still the one a thousand crowds outweighs,—
 Still one man's mood sways millions,—one man's doom
 Smites nations ;—and our burning spirits own
 Not sordid these nor unheroic days !

THE PIPES OF PAN.

RINGED with the flocking of hills, within shepherding
 watch of Olympus,
 Tempe, vale of the gods, lies in green quiet withdrawn ;
 Tempe, vale of the gods, deep-couched amid woodland
 and woodland,
 Threaded with amber of brooks, mirrored in azure of
 pools,
 All day drowsed with the sun, charm-drunken with
 moonlight at midnight,
 Walled from the world forever under a vapour of
 dreams—
 Hid by the shadows of dreams, not found by the curious
 footstep,
 Sacred and secret forever, Tempe, vale of the gods.

How, through the cleft of its bosom, goes sweetly the
 water Penëus !
 How by Penëus the sward breaks into saffron and blue !
 How the long slope-floored beech-glades mount to the
 wind-wakened uplands,
 Where, through flame-berried ash, troop the hooped
 centaurs at morn !
 Nowhere greens a copse but the eye-beams of Artemis
 pierce it.
 Breathes no laurel her balm but Phœbus' fingers caress,
 Springs no bed of wild blossom but limbs of dryad have
 pressed it.
 Sparkle the nymphs, and the brooks chime with shy
 laughter and calls.



Here is a nook ; two rivulets fall to mix with Penëus,
Loiter a space, and sleep, checked and choked by the
reeds.

Long grass waves in the windless water, strewn with
the lote-leaf ;

Twist thro' dripping soil great alder roots, and the air
Glooms with the dripping tangle of leaf-thick branches,
and stillness

Keeps in the strange-coiled stems, ferns, and wet-loving
weeds.

Hither comes Pan, to this pregnant earthy spot, when
his piping

Flags ; and his pipes outworn breaking and casting
away,

Fits new reeds to his mouth with the weird earth-
melody in them,

Piercing, alive with a life able to mix with the gods.

Then, as he blows, and the searching sequence delights
him, the goat-feet

Furtive withdraw ; and a bird stirs and flutes in the
gloom

Answering ; float with the stream the outworn pipes
with a whisper,—

“What the god breathes on, the god never can wholly
evade !”

God-breath lurks in each fragment forever ; dispersed by
Penëus,

Wandering, caught in the ripples, wind-blown hither and
there,

Over the whole green earth and globe of sea they are
scattered,

Coming to secret spots, where in a visible form

Comes not the god, though he come declared in his
workings. And mortals

Straying in cool of morn, or bodeful hasting at eve,

Or in the depths of noonday plunged to shadiest coverts,
Spy them, and set to their lips, blow and fling them
away.

Ay, they fling them away,—but never wholly ! There-
 after
 Creeps strange fire in their veins, murmur strange
 tongues in their brain,
 Sweetly evasive ; a secret madness takes them,—a
 charm-struck
 Passion for woods and wild life, the solitude of the hills.
 Therefore they fly the heedless throngs and traffic of cities,
 Haunt mossed caverns, and wells bubbling ice-cool ; and
 their souls
 Gather a magical gleam of the secret of life, and the
 god's voice
 Calls to them, not from afar, teaching them wonderful
 things.

THE ISLES: AN ODE.

I.

FAITHFUL reports of them have reached me oft !
 Many their embassy to mortal court,
 By golden pomp, and breathless-heard consort
 Of music soft,—
 By fragrances accredited, and dreams.
 Many their speeding herald whose light feet
 Make pause at wayside brooks, and fords of streams,
 Leaving transfigured by an effluence fleet
 Those wayfarers they meet.

II.

No wind from out the solemn wells of night
 But hath its burden of strange messages,
 Tormenting for interpreter ; nor less
 The wizard light
 That steals from noon-stilled waters, woven in shade,
 Beckons somewhither, with cool fingers slim.
 No dawn but hath some subtle word conveyed
 In rose ineffable at sunrise rim,
 Or characterly dim.

III.

One moment throbs the hearing, yearns the sight ;
 But tho' not far, yet strangely hid the way,
 And our sense slow ; nor long for us delay
 The guides their flight !
 The breath goes by ; the word, the light, elude ;
 And we stay wondering. But there comes an hour
 Of fitness perfect and unfettered mood,
 When splits her husk the finer sense with power,
 And—yon their palm-trees tower !

IV.

Here Homer came, and Milton came, tho' blind.
 Omar's deep doubts still found them nigh and nigher,
 And learned them fashioned to the heart's desire.
 The supreme mind
 Of Shakespeare took their sovereignty, and smiled.
 Those passionate Israelitish lips that poured
 The song of songs attained them ; and the wild
 Child-heart of Shelley, here from strife restored,
 Remembers not life's sword.

SALT.

O BREATH of wind and sea,
 Bitter and clear,
 Now my faint soul springs free,
 Blown clean from fear !
 O hard sweet strife, O sting
 Of buffeting salt !
 Doubt and despair take wing,
 Failure and fault.
 I dread not wrath or wrong,—
 Smile, and am free,
 Strong while the winds are strong,
 The rocks, the sea.

Heart of my heart ! tho' life
 Front us with storm,
 Love will outlast the strife,
 More pure, more warm.

SEVERANCE.

THE tide falls, and the night falls,
 And the wind blows in from the sea,
 And the bell on the bar it calls and calls,
 And the wild hawk screams from his tree.

The late crane calls to his fellows gone
 In long flight over the sea,
 And my heart with the crane flies on and on,
 Seeking its rest and thee.

O love, the tide returns to the strand,
 And the crane flies back over sea,
 But he brings not my heart from his far-off land,
 For he brings not thee to me.

ACTÆON.

(A Woman of Plataea speaks.)

I HAVE lived long, and watched out many days,
 And seen the showers fall and the light shine down
 Equally on the vile and righteous head.
 I have lived long, and served the gods, and drawn
 Small joy and liberal sorrow,—scorned the gods,
 And drawn no less my little meed of good,
 Suffered my ill in no more grievous measure.
 I have been glad—alas, my foolish people,
 I have been glad with you ! And ye are glad,
 Seeing the gods in all things, praising them
 In yon their lucid heaven, this green world,
 The moving inexorable sea, and wide

Delight of noonday,—till in ignorance
Ye err, your feet transgress, and the bolt falls!
Ay, have I sung, and dreamed that they would hear;
And worshipped, and made offering; it may be
They heard, and did perceive, and were well pleased,—
A little music in their ears perchance,
A grain more savour to their nostrils, sweet
Tho' scarce accounted of. But when for me
The mists of Acheron have striven up,
And horror was shed round me; when my knees
Relaxed, my tongue clave speechless, they forgot.
And when my sharp cry cut the moveless night,
And days and nights my wailings clamoured up
And beat about their golden homes, perchance
They shut their ears. No happy music this,
Eddying through their nectar cups and calm!
Then I cried out against them, and died not;
And rose, and set me to my daily tasks.
So all day long, with bare, uplift left arm,
Drew out the strong thread from the carded wool,
Or wrought strange figures, lotus-buds and serpents,
In purple on the himation's saffron fold;
Nor uttered praise with the slim-wristed girls
To any god, nor uttered any prayer,
Nor poured out bowls of wine and smooth bright oil,
Nor brake and gave small cakes of beaten meal
And honey, as this time, or such a god
Required, nor offered apples summer-flushed,
Scarlet pomegranates, poppy bells, or doves.
All this with scorn, and waiting all day long,
And night long with dim fear, afraid of sleep,—
Seeing I took no hurt of all these things,
And seeing mine eyes were dried of their tears
So that once more the light grew sweet for me,
Once more grew fair the fields and valley streams,
I thought with how small profit men take heed
To worship with bowed heads, and suppliant hands,
And sacrifice, the everlasting gods,
Who take small thought of them to curse or bless,

Girt with their purples of perpetual peace !
 Thus blindly deemed I of them ;—yet—and yet—
 Have late well learned their hate is swift as fire,
 Be one so wretched to encounter it ;
 Ay, have I seen a multitude of good deeds
 Fly up in the pan like husks, like husks blown dry.
 Hereafter let none question the high gods !
 I questioned ; but these watching eyes have seen
 Actæon, thewed and sinewed like a god,
 God-like for sweet speech and great deeds, hurled down
 To hideous death—scarce suffered space to breathe
 Ere the wild heart in his changed quivering side
 Burst with mad terror, and the stag's wide eyes
 Stared one sick moment 'mid the dog's hot jaws.

Cithæron, mother mount, set steadfastly
 Deep in Bœotia, past the utmost roar
 Of seas, beyond Corinthian waves withdrawn,
 Girt with green vales awake with brooks or still,
 Towers up 'mid lesser-browed Bœotian hills—
 These couched like herds secure beneath its ken—
 And watches earth's green corners. At mid-noon
 We of Plataea mark the sun make pause
 Right over it, and top its crest with pride.
 Men of Eleusis look toward north at dawn
 To see the long white fleeces upward roll,
 Smitten aslant with saffron, fade like smoke,
 And leave the grey-green dripping glens all bare,
 The drenched slopes open sunward ; slopes wherein
 What gods, what god-like men to match with gods
 Have roamed, and grown up mighty, and waxed wise
 Under the law of him whom gods and men
 Reverence, and call Cheiron ! He, made wise
 With knowledge of all wisdom, had made wise
 Actæon, till there moved none cunninger
 To drive with might the javelin forth, or bend
 The corded ebony, save Leto's son.
 But him the centaur shall behold no more
 With long stride making down the beechy glade,

Clear-eyed, with firm lips laughing,—at his heels
 The clamour of his fifty deep-tongued hounds ;
 Him the wise centaur shall behold no more.

I have lived long, and watched out many days,
 And am well sick of watching. Three days since,
 I had gone out upon the slopes for herbs,
 Snake-root, and subtle gums ; and when the light
 Fell slantwise through the upper glens, and missed
 The sunk ravines, I came where all the hills
 Circle the valley of Gargaphian streams.
 Reach beyond reach all down the valley gleamed,—
 Thick branches ringed them. Scarce a bowshot past
 My platan, thro' the woven leaves low-hung,
 Trembling in meshes of the woven sun,
 A yellow-sanded pool, shallow and clear,
 Lay sparkling, brown about the further bank
 From scarlet-berried ash-trees hanging over.
 Then suddenly the shallows brake awake
 With laughter and light voices, and I saw
 Where Artemis, white goddess incorrupt,
 Bane of swift beasts, and deadly for straight shaft
 Unswerving, from a coppice not far off,
 Came to the pool from the hither bank to bathe.
 Amid her maiden company she moved,
 Their cross-thonged yellow buskins scattered off,
 Unloosed their knotted hair; and thus the pool
 Received them stepping, shrinking, down to it.

There they flocked white, and splashed the water-drops
 On rounded breast and shoulder snowier
 Than the washed clouds athwart the morning's blue,—
 Fresher than river grasses which the herds
 Pluck from the river in the burning noons.
 Their tresses on the summer wind they flung ;
 And some a shining yellow fleece let fall
 For the sun's envy ; others with white hands
 Lifted a glooming wealth of locks more dark
 Than deepest wells, but purple in the sun.

And she, their mistress, of the heart unstormed,
Stood taller than they all, supreme, and still,
Perfectly fair like day, and crowned with hair
The colour of nipt beech-leaves ; ay, such hair
Was mine in years when I was such as these.
I let it fall to cover me, or coiled
Its soft thick coils about my throat and arms ;
Its colour like nipt beech-leaves, tawny brown,
But in the sun a fountain of live gold.

Even as thus they played, and some lithe maids
Upreached white arms to grasp the berried ash,
And, plucking the bright bunches, shed them wide
By red ripe handfuls, not far off I saw
With long stride making down the beechy glade,
Clear-eyed, with firm lips laughing, at his heels
The clamour of his fifty deep-tongued hounds,
Actæon. I beheld him not far off,
But unto bath and bathers hid from view,
Being beyond that mighty rock whereon
His wont was to lie stretched at dip of eve,
When frogs are loud amid the tall-plumed sedge
In marshy spots about Asopus bank,—
Deeming his life was very sweet, his day
A pleasant one, the peopled breadths of earth
Most fair, and fair the shining tracts of sea ;
Green solitudes, and broad low-lying plains
Made brown with frequent labours of men's hands,
And salt, blue, fruitless waters. But this mount,
Cithæron, bosomed deep in soundless hills,
Its fountained vales, its nights of starry calm,
Its high chill dawns, its long-drawn golden days,
Was dearest to him. Here he dreamed high dreams,
And felt within his sinews strength to strive
Where strife was sorest and to overcome,
And in his heart the thought to do great deeds,
With power in all ways to accomplish them.
For had not he done well to men, and done
Well to the gods ? Therefore he stood secure.

But him,—for him—Ah that these eyes should see!—
Approached a sudden stumbling in his ways!
Not yet, not yet he knew a god's fierce wrath,
Nor wist of that swift vengeance lying in wait.

And now he came upon a slope of sward
Against the pool. With startled cry the maids
Shrank clamouring round their mistress, or made flight
To covert in the hazel thickets. She
Stirred not; but pitiless anger paled her eyes,
Intent with deadly purpose. He, amazed,
Stood with his head thrust forward, while his curls
Sun-lit lay glorious on his mighty neck,—
Let fall his bow, and clanging spear, and gazed
Dilate with ecstasy; nor marked the dogs
Hush their deep tongues, draw close, and ring him round,
And fix upon him strange, red hungry eyes,
And crouch to spring. This for a moment. Then
It seemed his strong knees faltered, and he sank.
Then I cried out,—for straight a shuddering stag
Sprang one wild leap over the dogs; but they
Fastened upon his flanks with a long yell,
And reached his throat; and that proud head went down
Beneath their wet, red fangs and reeking jaws.

I have lived long, and watched out many days,
Yet have not seen that aught is sweet save life,
Nor learned that life hath other end than death.
Thick horror like a cloud had veiled my sight,
That for a space I saw not, and my ears
Were shut from hearing; but when sense grew clear
Once more, I only saw the vacant pool
Unrippled,—only saw the dreadful sward,
Where dogs lay gorged, or moved in fitful search,
Questing uneasily; and some far up
The slope, and some at the low water's edge,
With snouts set high in air and straining throats
Uttered keen howls that smote the echoing hills.
They missed their master's form, nor understood

Where was the voice they loved, the hand that reared.
And some lay watching by the spear and bow
Flung down.

And now upon the homeless pack
And paling stream arose a noiseless wind
Out of the yellow west awhile, and stirred
The branches down the valley; then blew off
To eastward toward the long grey straits, and died
Into the dark, beyond the utmost verge.

ELIZABETH GOSTUYCKE ROBERTS.

A SECRET SONG.

OH Snow-bird, Snow-bird!

Welcome thy note when maple boughs are bare;
Thy merry twitter, thy emphatic call
Like silver trumpets pierce the freezing air
What time the radiant flakes begin to fall.
We know thy secret! When the day grows dim,
Far from the homes that thou hast cheered so long,
Thy chirping changes to a twilight hymn!
Oh Snow-bird, Snow-bird, wherefor hide thy song?

Oh Snow-bird, Snow-bird!

Is it a song of sorrow none may know,
An aching memory? Nay, too glad the note;
Untouched by knowledge of our human woe
Clearly thy crystal flutings fall and float.
We hear thy tender ecstasy, and cry:
"Lend us thy gladness that can brave the chill
Under the splendours of the winter sky,
Oh Snow-bird, Snow-bird, carol to us still!

THE REV. F. G. SCOTT.

[Born 1861.]

TIME.

I SAW Time in his workshop carving faces ;
 Scattered around his tools lay, blunting griefs,
 Sharp cares that cut out deeply in reliefs
 Of light and shade ; sorrows that smooth the traces
 Of what were smiles. Nor yet without fresh graces
 His handiwork, for ofttimes rough were ground
 And polished, oft the pinched made smooth and round ;
 The calm look, too, the impetuous fire replaces.

Long time I stood and watched, with hideous grin
 He took each heedless face between his knees,
 And graved and scarred and bleached with boiling
 tears.

I wondering turned to go, when, lo! my skin
 Feels crumpled, and in glass my own face sees
 Itself all changed, scared, careworn, white with years.

KNOWLEDGE.

THEY were Islanders, our fathers were,
 And they watched the encircling seas,
 And their hearts drank in the ceaseless stir,
 And the freedom of the breeze ;
 Till they chafed at their narrow bounds
 And longed for the sweep of the main,
 And they fretted and fumed like hounds
 Held in within sight of the plain,
 And the play
 And the prey.

So they built them ships of wood, and sailed
 To many an unknown coast ;
 They braved the storm and battles hailed,
 And danger they loved most ;

Till the tiny ships of wood
Grew powerful on the globe,
And the new-found lands for good
They wrapped in a wondrous robe
Of bold design,
Our brave ensign.

And islanders yet in a way are we,
Our knowledge is still confined,
And we hear the roar of encircling sea
To be crossed in the ship of the mind;
And we dream of lands afar,
Unknown, unconquered yet,
And we chafe at the bounds there are,
And our spirits fume and fret
For the prize
Of the wise.

But we'll never do aught, I know, unless
We are brave as our sires of old,
And face like them the bitterness
Of the battle and storm and cold;
Unless we boldly stand,
When men would hold us back,
With the helm-board in our hand,
And our eyes to the shining track
Of what may be
Beyond the sea.

There are rocks out there in that wide, wide sea,
'Neath many a darkling stream,
And souls that once sailed out bold and free
Have been carried away in a dream;
For they never came back again—
On the deeps the ships were lost;
But in spite of the danger and pain,
The ocean has still to be crossed,
And only they do
Who are brave and true.

BRITISH WAR SONG.

“WARS and rumours of wars”—the clouds lower over the
 sea,
 And a man must now be a man, if ever a man can be;
 “Wars and rumours of wars”—a cry from the flaming
 East,
 For the vultures are gathered together, and the lions
 roar over the feast:

War! Shall we flinch! Shall we tremble! Shall we
 shrink like cowards from the fray?
 Better all Britons were dead than their glory passed
 away!
 The clouds may be dark and lowering, the storm may be
 loud and long,
 But the hearts of our men are true, and the arms of our
 men are strong.

From the thousand years of glory, from the grave of
 heroes gone,
 Comes a voice on the breath of the storm, and a power
 to spur us on:
 A man must now be a man, and every man be true,
 For the grave that covers our glory shall cover each
 Briton too.

ESTRANGEMENT.

Do you remember how, one autumn night,
 We sat upon the rocks and watched the sea
 In dreamlike silence, while the moonlight fell
 On you and me?

How, as we lingered musing, side by side,
 A cold, white mist crept down and hid the sea
 And dimmed the moon, and how the air grew chill
 Round you and me?

The mist and chill of that drear autumn night,
 When we sat silent looking on the sea,
 I often think has never passed away
 From you and me.

PHILLIPS STEWART.

[Born 1863.]

HOPE.

In shadowy calm the boat
 Sleeps by the dreaming oar ;
 The green hills are afloat
 Beside the silver shore.

Youth hoists the white winged sail,
 Love takes the longing oar—
 The oft-told fairy tale
 Beside the silver shore.

Soft lip to lip, and heart
 To heart, and hand to hand,
 And wistful eyes, depart
 Unto another strand.

And lovely as a star
 They tremble o'er the wave,
 With eager wings afar,
 Unto the joys they crave.

In a sweet trance they fare
 Unto the wind and rain,
 With wind-tossed waves of hair,
 And ne'er return again.

And at the drifting side
 Changed faces in the deep
 They see, and changing tide,
 Like phantoms in a sleep.

Slow hands furl the torn sail
 Without one silver gleam,
 And, sad and wan and pale,
 They gaze into a dream.

ALONE.

THE fire flits on the walls
 And glitters on the pane:
 To Memory recalls
 The happy past again.
 I sit alone.

A tender dreamful light
 O'ercasts the fading green;
 Amid the leaves' sad flight
 And Autumn's golden sheen,
 I roam alone.

Alas, the wild winds sweep
 O'er Winter's bosom white,
 Like moans of restless sleep,
 Or hollow sounds of night.
 I sigh alone.

The hyacinth doth peep
 And spring-time lilies bloom
 O'er dearest ones asleep
 Within the dreamless tomb.
 I weep alone.

The distant church-bell sounds
 O'er fragrant meadows broad
 And silent sleepers' mounds;
 All pass to worship God—
 I walk alone.

Soft doth the music steal
 Out o'er the flowering sod ;
 No grief these sleepers feel
 For evermore. O God,
 I am alone.

A T S E A.

UPON the shore stood friends,
 Who gazed upon the barque and little crew
 Till all had faded in the golden west,
 And darkness settled on the lonely sea.
 Then whispered they, with voices low and sad,
 " Will they return to vine-clad Spain, their home,
 Or perish in some far-off clime alone ?"
 Far o'er the sea the little vessel passed
 Till all grew tired of the moaning waves,
 And at the dismal creaking of the masts,
 The hollow beating of the sails ; they turned
 Their longing eyes far o'er the restless sea,
 And thought of home, and friends, and vine-clad Spain.
 In dreams the tender voice of Philomel
 Their souls did soothe, and wandered 'neath the moon
 With love-lit eyes, fair maids, whose silvery laugh
 Stole o'er the slumbering sense like music sweet.

BARRY STRATON.

THE ROBIN'S MADRIGAL.

SANG a robin on a morn,
 Joying in the growing light ;
 To my soul the notes were born,
 And my soul could read them right.
 This is what the robin said
 In the elm overhead—

"Haste from southern sultry skies,
 Sweet love! Pretty love!
 Here a fairer summer lies,
 Sweet love! Pretty love!
 Wintry gloom has passed away
 Soon shall burst in bloom the May.
 Soon shall we love's summer prove,
 Bright, with happy skies above,
 Love's long holiday.

Winter tarries not for long,
 Sweet love! Pretty love!
 Hope than doubt is far more strong,
 Sweet love! Pretty love!
 Here within the scented shade
 Shall a bonnie home be made;
 Here my songs shall cherish thee,
 Here our love shall constant be,
 And not long delayed."

Thus the robin sang his lay
 On the budding bough above,
 Joyous of the coming May
 When pink blossoms wake to love
 Thus my heart the livelong day,
 Sweet love! Pretty love!
 Sings for thee this springtide gay,
 Love's long holiday.

FROM THE BUILDING OF THE BRIDGE.

I know the secrets of thy streams,
 The dusky entrances which lead
 To quiet haunts, where herons feed,
 Where daylight pauses, sleeps and dreams.
 Within this circling woodland mere
 The swollen spring-tide swamps the grass

Save where the scattered hummocks rise,
 And over fields in harvest bare
 The waters eddy everywhere,
 And little mist-puffs pause or pass
 Like cloudlets in thy mirrored skies,
 Here where the sunken weed-mesh parts,
 Wax-white lilies and golden hearts
 Sleep on the stream,—fair spirits, they,
 Of wooing beams that, on a day,
 Sighed through the maple boughs above,
 And died upon thy breast for love !

This is the utter lust of sight—
 This scene of land and water wed—
 Lit by the morning's sloping light,
 Through shifting screens of alders shed,
 And mingling boughs of arching trees,
 Which rather hush than voice the breeze.
 The lisping ripples in the reeds,
 The heron's foot-fall in the flood,
 These, only, mar the quietude,
 Save when a brown bee homeward speeds
 Or darting, gleaming fishes rise
 To feed on circling gnats and flies
 Made slumbery by the solitude.

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ARTHUR WEIR.

[Born 1864.]

L'ORDRE DE BON TEMPS.

WHEN Champlain with his faithful band
 Came o'er the stormy wave
 To dwell within this lonely land,
 Their hearts were blithe as brave ;
 And winter, by their mirth beguiled,
 Forgot his sterner mood,

As by the prattling of a child
A churl may be subdued.

Among the company there came
A dozen youths of rank,
Who in their eager search for fame
From no adventure shrank ;
But, with the lightness of their race
That hardship laughs to scorn,
Pursued the pleasures of the chase
Till night from early morn.

And soon their leader, full of mirth,
And politic withal—
Well knowing that no spot on earth
Could hold them long in thrall,
Unless into their company,
Its duties and its sport,
Were introduced the pageantry
And etiquette of court—

Enrolled them in a titled band,
L'ordre de bon Temps, named
First Knighthood's grade for which this land
Of Canada is famed.
Each one in turn Grand Master was—
At close of day released—
His duty to maintain the laws,
And furnish forth a feast.

Filled with a pardonable pride
In nobles wont to dwell,
Each with his predecessor vied
In bounty to excel,
And thus it was the festive board
With beaver, otter, deer,
And fish and fowl was richly stored,
Throughout the changing year.

At mid-day—for our Sires of old
Dined when the sun was high—

To where the cloth was spread, behold
 These merry youths draw nigh,
 Each bearing on a massy tray
 Some dainty for the feast,
 While the Grand Master leads the way,
 Festivity's high priest !

Then seated round the banquet board,
 Afar from friends and home,
 They drank from goblets freely poured
 To happier days to come.
 And once again, in story, shone
 The sun, that erst in France
 Was wont, in days long past and gone,
 Amid the vines to dance.

Still later, when the sun had set,
 And round the fire they drew
 To sing, or tell a tale ere yet
 Too old the evening grew,
 He who had ruled them for the day
 His sceptre did resign,
 And drink to his successor's sway
 A brimming cup of wine.

AT RAINBOW LAKE.

THERE is a spot, far from the world's uproar,
 Amid great mountains,
 Where softly sleeps a lake, to whose still shore
 Steal silvery fountains,
 That hide beneath the leafy underwood,
 And blend their voices with the solitude.

Save where the beaver-meadow's olive sheen
 In sunlight glimmers,
 On every side, a mass of weaving green,
 The forest shimmers
 And oft re-echoes with the black bear's tread,
 That silences the song birds overhead.

Here thickly droops the moss from patriarch trees,
And loons fly wailing.
Here king-bird's screams come hoarsely down the breeze,
And hawks are sailing
Above the trees. Here Nature dwells alone,
Of man unknowing, and to man unknown.

Smiling, she rises when the morning air,
The dawn just breaking,
Bids the still woodlands for the day prepare,
And Life, awaking,
Welcomes the sun, whose bride, the morn, is kissed
And, blushing, lays aside her veil of mist.

Here Nature with each passing hour reveals
Peculiar graces :
At noonday she grows languid, and then steals
To shady places.
And revels in their coolness, at her feet
A stream, that fills with music her retreat.

At eve she comes, and, blushing like a maid,
Unrobes in shadows,
Bathes in the lake, and wanders through the glade
And o'er the meadows.
From her dank locks, wherever she doth pass,
The diamond dew-drops dripping to the grass.

And then she sleeps ; when o'er the lake's calm tide
The moon comes stealing,
And draws from her the veil of night aside,
Her charms revealing,
While silent stars keep ceaseless watch above,
And all the earth breathes peace and rest and love.

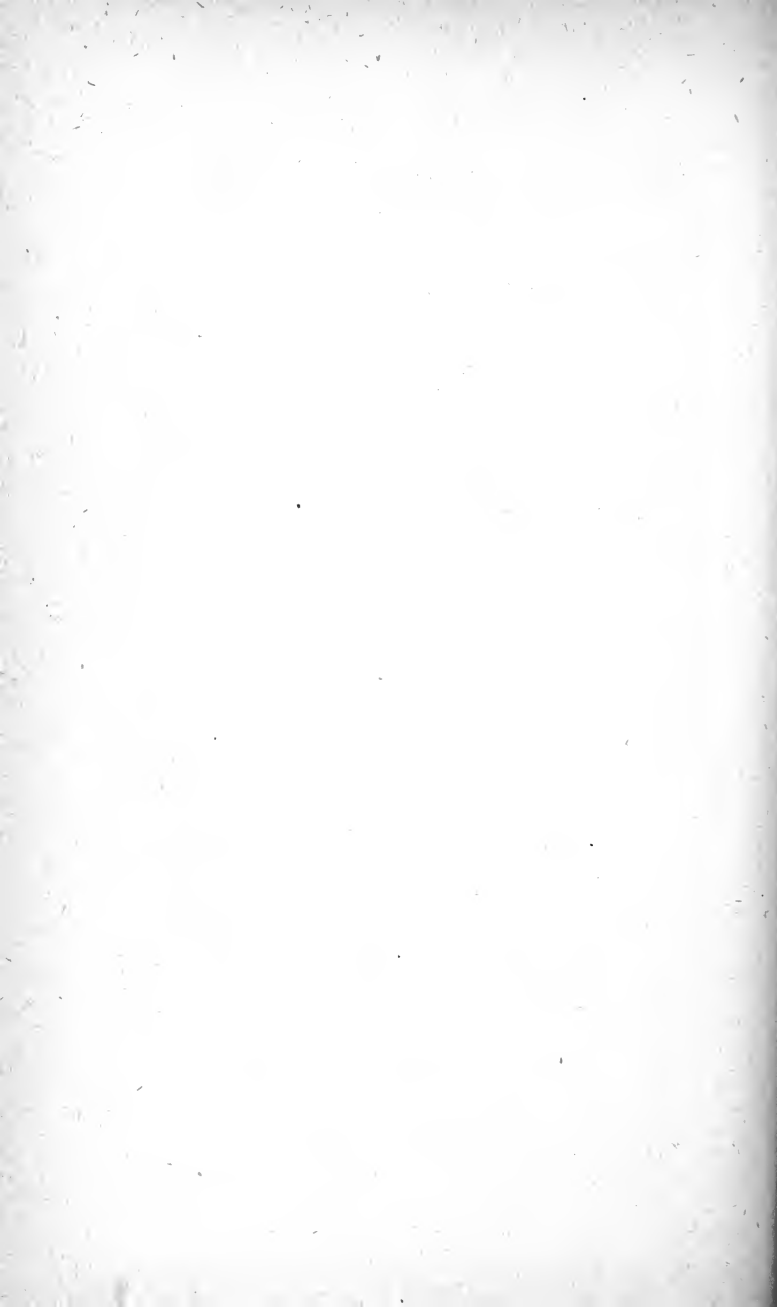
IN ABSENCE.

SLEEP, dearest, sleep beside the murmuring sea ;
Sleep, dearest, sleep, and bright dreams compass thee.

My sleepless thoughts a guard of love shall be
Around thy couch and bid thee dream of me.
Sleep, Bright Eyes, sleep.

Sleep, dearest, sleep, the slumber of the pure ;
Sleep, dearest, sleep, in angels' care secure.
Evil itself thy beauty would allure
To cease from ill and make thy joyance sure.
Sleep, Bright Eyes, sleep.

Sleep, dearest, sleep ; in slumber thou art mine ;
Sleep, dearest, sleep ; our souls still intertwine.
Yon radiant star that on thy couch doth shine
Bears from my lips a kiss to lay on thine.
Sleep, Bright Eyes, sleep.



APPENDIX I.



MRS TURNBULL'S study of Lanier will be better appreciated by the light of the following data summarised from President Gates's paper :—

Sidney Lanier was descended from a Huguenot family, whose earlier members were famous at the court of the Stuarts for their gifts of music and love of art, transplanted to Virginia in 1716. Born at Macon, Georgia, in 1842, Sidney early showed a passionate fondness for music and wonderful powers as a musician.

At fourteen he entered Oglethorpe College as a sophomore, graduated in 1860, and held the position of tutor at the college until the outbreak of the rebellion. The first call to arms, in April, 1861, found him marching toward Virginia with the first regiment that left his State. He and his dearly loved younger brother, Clifford, enlisted as privates. They were tent companions, and three times Sidney declined promotion because it would have rendered necessary their separation.

After three campaigns together they were at last separated, and each was placed in command of a privateer. Captured in an attempt to run the blockade, Sidney was for five months a prisoner at Point Lookout. His flute, his inseparable companion in his army life, he had slipped up his sleeve as he entered the prison; and with it the boy prisoner made many friends.

His prison experience is recorded in his only novel, *Tiger Lilies*, written and sent to the press within three weeks, in 1867—a story now out of print, but described as “luxuriant, unpruned, yet giving rich promise of the poet,” abounding in evidences of a fertile imagination and of high ideals of art.

Released from prison a few days before Lee surrendered,

he reached home, emaciated and feeble, only in time to witness his mother's death from consumption. Congestion of the lungs seized on him then, and he never afterward knew vigorous health. Indeed, from this time his life was a prolonged struggle with consumption.

For two years he faithfully discharged the humble duties of clerk in a shop, at Montgomery, Alabama. In 1867 he became principal of an academy at Prattville, and a few weeks later he married Miss Mary Day. The marriage was a most congenial one.

Before the first year of his married life had passed, a violent hæmorrhage from the lungs forced him to give up his position as principal of the school of Prattville. Yielding to the wishes of his father, a lawyer who still practises at Macon, Georgia, he settled at that place, and for five years studied and practised law. The spring and summer of 1870 brought an alarming decline and a distressing cough. Most pronounced symptoms of consumption, in 1872, drove him to New York for medical assistance, and later to Texas for a change of air.

In December 1873 he found in Baltimore the opportunities for broader study which he desired; and, after the fullest deliberation in that correspondence with his father of which we have seen a part, he began a life of systematic study, supporting himself meantime by filling the place of first flute for the Peabody Symphony Concerts. It was a courageous struggle, this long-continued effort to support his wife and children with pen and flute by such work as he had strength to do between frequent hæmorrhages.

At Baltimore he went in for an eager and enthusiastic course of study in Anglo-Saxon and in English literature. These might be styled his professional studies, since they were intimately connected with his own improvement in his chosen art, poetry. But he also read eagerly along lines of natural science, philology, metaphysics, and art. He sought to make himself the *full* man, whose mind should be stored with well-ordered knowledge of all that concerned his time. He saw clearly what so many poetasters seem never to suspect, that a great poet must *know* first of all. In his marsh songs there is evidence of a breadth of scientific thought that is cosmic in its far-reaching sweep and in its suggestions of orderly power and unchanging relations, alike in the natural and in the spiritual world. No poet of our time, unless it be Tennyson, has written verse which is at once so instinct with poetic beauty and fire, and so crowded

with suggestions of the scientific theories of our time. These poems demand and repay careful study. They breathe the keenest delight in Nature, and yet inanimate Nature and human life are at one in them, not because the poet's moods are mirrored in Nature, not because he has formally resolved to see human life in symbols, but because soul life is to him so emphatically the source and the support of all life that the growths and phases of Nature are not only interpreters of spiritual and æsthetic truth, but naturally and spontaneously speak that language and share in and express that life.

The years from 1873 to 1876 he spent in Baltimore, alone, his family remaining in the South. His flute and his pen supported them.

The fact that Lanier had been in the Confederate army lent an especial propriety to Bayard Taylor's suggestion that he be chosen to write the words for the cantata at the opening of the Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia, when a reunited North and South first learned to know each other in peace.

In the summer of 1876 his family joined him in West Chester, Pennsylvania, but symptoms so alarming followed a severe cold that his physicians warned him that he could not live until spring unless he sought a warmer climate. The winter of 1877 was passed in Florida.

His devoted study of English literature, continued through all these years, now bore fruit in a course of lectures upon Elizabethan verse, delivered to a parlour class of thirty ladies. The warm praise which these lectures received led to a more ambitious course upon Shakespeare. The lovers of art and letters in Baltimore rallied to the support of these lectures with something of that generous desire to aid struggling genius, mingled with a willingness to be known as the discerning early patrons of a nascent reputation, which marked Carlyle's first lecture courses in London. The undertaking was much talked of, and the lecturer received unlimited encomiums; but the course was so managed that it yielded little or no money to the needy poet.

It had one result that was most welcome to him, however. President Gilman was led by it to offer to Lanier a lectureship on English literature in Johns Hopkins University. The official notification of his appointment reached him on his birthday, in 1879, and brought with it the assurance of a fixed income, however small, for the first time since his marriage twelve years before.

This welcome recognition of his literary powers found the poet exhausted by another hæmorrhage, his body so enfeebled that it could not hold prisoner for a much longer time the rare soul that had so valiantly struggled against adversity. Still in his feebleness he did the full work of a strong man. Occasional poems were printed, beautiful and carefully finished. Within six weeks, in the summer of 1879, he wrote *The Science of English Verse*, a volume which in itself merits an essay. Beyond question the English language contains no other such suggestive, artistic, yet scientific analysis of the "formal element in poetry," of the effects of vowel and consonant sequences, and of the acoustic basis and the capabilities of the differing rhythms and measures in poetic composition.

And now, while the last clear flames of his life are burning out in song and in poetic prose so perfect that we can scarcely credit the record of the bodily weakness in which such work was done, let us turn from the history of the poet's life to note some characteristics of his poetry.

With Lanier man and personality and will are so intensely real, and so constantly underlie his thought, that his most beautiful descriptions of Nature take the form of successive personifications, and Nature, beautiful as she is, becomes only the antithesis which gives a sharper emphasis to man's power of self-direction, self-determination, personality; and personality is so supremely the all-important fact in the universe that all animate and inanimate objects come into the scope of his vision personified and related to himself.

His sense of beauty and his heart of love fill him with a passionate tenderness toward all that is beautiful in Nature. He shows again and again an overmastering love of broad, free spaces—the marshes, the sea, the night sky.

"Oh, is it not to widen man, stretches the sea?"

And he has the gift of setting all his work at times in such wide, cosmic views of Nature as flash upon the reader broad generalisations and far-reaching relations whose radiant luminousness has been compressed into a phrase or a verse.

Beyond any other poet Lanier shows a love for plant life and trees. Does he love them because they live and grow, yet never make capricious or wilful choice of evil, but grow steadily to their appointed form, breathing out a quiet beauty?

"To company with large, amiable trees"

was a delight and a necessity with him. Early and late he sought them.

"In my sleep, I was fain of their fellowship, fain
Of the live-oaks, the marsh and the main;
The little green leaves would not let me alone in my sleep.

I have come ere the dawn, O beloved, my live-oaks, to hide
In your gosselling glooms."

Again and again the praise of trees and of forests recurs in his verse, like the delicious veins of rich, penetrating forest odours that cross your pathway in mountain travel, lending an added charm to the beauty of the scenery.

"The wood-smells, that swiftly but now brought breath
From the heaven-side bank of the river of death."

Here is the secret of the charm of a sunset forest scene caught in a couplet:

"And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream."

He speaks of

"Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noonday fire,
Wildwood privacies—closets of lone desire."

"Pure with the sense of the passing of saints thro' the wood
Cool, for the dutiful weighing of ill with good—"

The presence of trees was a ministration to his soul. He sought the forest for refreshment as a lover seeks the sight of his lady's face. It is as if his soul in some pre-existent state had plighted troth with a hamadryad! Hear him as he lifts the curtain of moss and slips in among the live oaks, away from carking cares:

"So,
Affable live-oak, leaning low—
Thus, with your favour—soft, with a reverent hand,
Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the Land,
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free."

And the passionate purity of his forest thoughts is seen in such lines as these:

"To loiter down lone alleys of delight,
And hear the beating of the hearts of trees,
And think the thoughts that lilies speak in white
By green wood-pools and pleasant passages."

Here is a picture of the oak colonnades of a grove:

"Between
Old companies of oaks that inward lean
To join their radiant amplitudes of green."

But it is the soothing yet inspiring companionship of trees that is his favourite note:

"For love, the dear wood's sympathies,
For grief, the wise wood's peace."

This ministration of trees to a mind and heart "forespent with shame and grief" finds its culmination in the pathetic lines upon that olive garden near Jerusalem, which to those of us who have sat within its shade must always seem the most sacred spot on earth. The almost mystic exaltation of the power of poetic sympathy which characterizes the lines "Into the Wood my Master went" may impair their religious effect for many devout souls. But to many others this short poem will express most wonderfully that essential human-heartedness in the Son of Man, our Divine Saviour, which made Him one with us in His need of the quiet, sympathetic ministrations of Nature—perhaps the heart of the reason why this olive grove was "the place where He was wont to go" for prayer.

You have noticed the difference between the confused masses of indistinct shadow which the gaslight throws upon the city pavements from the leafy branches of intervening trees, and the crisp, photographic distinctness of the shadow pictures of leaf and twig and moving branch cast at your feet by the incandescent electric light—shadows in which each individual leaf, its shape, its transparency or opacity, and the angle which its plane makes with the rays of light and with the pavement, is exactly written? As wide as *this* difference is that between the vague, general terms in which most other poets write of trees (where they write of them at all) and the loving delineation of the minutest peculiarities of tree life and leaf life which this ardent lover of trees gives us again and again. The long list of living growths for which "the flute" speaks in the "Symphony" might almost serve as the classed catalogue of the botanist, so full is it; yet see how it breathes with the poet's love for that of which he writes:

"I speak for each no-tongued tree
That Spring by Spring doth nobler be,
And dumbly and most wistfully
His mighty prayerful arms outspreads
Above men's oft-unheeding heads,
And his big blessing downward sheds.
I speak for all shaped blooms and leaves,
Lichens on stones, and moss on eaves,
Grasses and grains in ranks and sheaves,
Broad-fronded ferns and keen-leaved canes,
And briery mazes bounding lanes,

And marsh-plants, thirsty cupped for rains,
 And milky stems and sugary veins.
 For every long-armed, woman-vine
 That round a piteous tree doth twine;
 For passionate odours, and divine
 Pistils, and petals crystalline;
 All purities of shady springs,
 All shynesses of film-winged things
 That fly from tree-trunks and bark-rings;
 All gracious curves of slender wings,
 Bark-mottlings, fibre-spiralings,
 Fern-wavings and leaf flickerings,
 Each dial-marked leaf and flower-bell
 Wherewith in every lonesome dell
 Time to himself his hours doth tell."

It is the blending of the "conception of love as the organic idea of moral order" with an austerity of purity, an intense white-heat of admiring devotion to holiness and truth, which makes Lanier the apostle of beauty and holiness in the history of American art and letters.

His conception of the function, the "mission" of the artist we need not infer from mere allusions. He distinctly formulates it in more than one of his poems, as well as in his prose writings. In *Individuality* the cloud (which, "still-eyed and shadow-browed, steals off from yon far-drifting crowd," "And comes and broods upon the marsh") is arraigned by the poet for "contempts on Mercy, Right, and Prayer," because but yesterday

"Thy lightning slew a child at play,
 And then a priest with prayers upon his lips
 For his enemies, and then a bright
 Lady that did but ope the door
 Upon the storming night
 To let a beggar in," etc.

"What myriad righteous errands high
 Thy flames *might* run on!"

To which the cloud makes answer :

"What the cloud doeth
 The Lord knoweth,
 The cloud knoweth not.
 What the artist doeth
 The Lord knoweth;
 Knoweth the artist not?"

"Awful is art, because 'tis free.
 The artist trembles o'er his plan
 Where men his self must see;
 Who made a song or picture, he
 Did it, and not another, God or man."

"Each artist, gift of terror, owns his will."

Not Arthur's *Difference between Physical and Moral Law*, not Hazard's *Man a Creative First Cause*, is more explicit in its doctrine of responsibility. This Puritan-like sense of man's accountability, "as ever in the Great Task-Master's eye," pervades his poems. And in particular upon the artist Lanier lays the heaviest responsibility for the right use of the great gifts entrusted to him. The thought of artists as

"harps that stand
In the wind, and sound the wind's command,"

breathing out, irresponsibly, a strain in praise of good or ill, is repellent to his soul. The true keynote and master-tone is the holiness of beauty. With this all a man's words and deeds should be in harmony. And neither in artists nor in common men can he tolerate that clanging, discordant *looseness* of tone which inevitably follows the surrender or the forgetting of responsibility, of personal allegiance to ethical law.

Lanier was pre-eminently a musician in his art. In his literary criticism there is abundant use of the "imagery" of music—"notes" and "tones" and "melodies" and "harmonies" and "tone-colours" are his natural language. He believed, too, that

"Music, on earth, much light upon heaven had thrown ;"

and his most helpful views of the future of men on earth, as well as his most inspiring outlooks into the heavenly distances and the vast futurities of the soul, are most frequently given in terms of music. Lanier had no sympathy with the poet-friend who objected to any *theory* of verse, and said, "As for me, I would rather continue to write verse from poetic instinct." To him Lanier quotes Ben Jonson's lines eulogising the knowledge and trained skill with which Shakespeare "shakes a lance at ignorance."

His volumes of prose are invaluable for students, because they incessantly demand of the reader and the would-be poet that he study, learn, acquire. "The trouble with Poe was, he did not *know* enough," says Lanier. "He needed to know a good many *more* things in order to be a great poet." And to young poets: "You need not dream of winning the attention of sober people with your poetry unless that poetry and your soul behind it are informed and saturated with at least the largest final conceptions of current science." "Once for all, in art, to be free is not to be independent of any form; it is to be master of many forms."

He was possessed by the deepest conviction that the beauty of the art of poetry, like all other beauty, had its foundation in law. So dominant was this conviction that, publishing but little, he held all his powers of expression in reserve until by intense study he could formulate a scientific theory of the art of verse, under which he could be free (for freedom is possible only by voluntary conformity to law)—free to work freely “for time, not for the day.” *The Science of English Verse* gives us the result of these studies. It deserves a fuller criticism than is possible in this article. Its central inspiring idea is to be inferred from that sentence of Dante’s which Lanier inscribed upon its title-page: “But the best conceptions cannot be, save where science and genius are.”

His wealth of imagination; his fine powers of poetic conception; his skill and art in the coining of happy phrases; his “deft marshalling” of vowels and consonants; his constantly increasing mastery of the forms of verse; his union of close study and broad reading with deep poetic insight, the finest flushes of poetic feeling, and the most daring freedom in the use of passionate, thought-laden outbursts of expression; his quick, full, and unvarying reliance upon intuition and the intuitive perception of great truth as the poet’s supremest gift, at the moment when

“Belief overmasters doubt, and I know
That I know:”

—all these mark him as a great poet.

We left the poet just made happy in his illness by his appointment on his thirty-eighth birthday, in 1879, to a lectureship on English literature at the Johns Hopkins University. Let us follow him hurriedly through the two years of life left to him.

It was in May 1880 that the final fever fell upon him. After that date he lived only because soul and will triumphed over a body that, but for their transcendent power, must have yielded at once to disease. A summer in the open air at West Chester prolonged his life, and the autumn time saw him again in Baltimore, his wife and children about him. In December all hope was abandoned; but he rallied, and in February he delivered his second course of lectures at the University, since published as the *Development of the English Novel*, a most delightful and thoughtful volume, already recognised as a classic.

It was in December of this winter, when too feeble to raise food to his mouth, with a fever temperature of 104 de-

grees, that he pencilled that glorious outburst of poetic life and fire, "Sunrise on the Marshes," his greatest poem. He seemed to fear that his soul might lose its feeble servant, the body, before this message from the world of beauty, where that soul already floated far above pain and suffering, could be left on record that other men might by it be uplifted.

As soon as the return of spring would allow a change, they bore the dying poet to the Carolinas, as a last hope, to try the effect of tent life in a milder climate. His brother Clifford became once more his tent companion, as in the days of their army life. Laid thus close to the bosom of mother-earth, breathed upon day and night by her soft mother-breath, he lingered yet a little while—he even seemed to rally back toward strength.

His brother, summoned suddenly by important business, left him, in hope of seeing him again, so marked had been the improvement. But in September 1881, alone with his wife, as they would have chosen to meet the inevitable, his eyes closed on this world.

A P P E N D I X II.

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SIDNEY LANIER.

A STUDY.

ALL that is strongest and truest in poetry is an inspiration ; that is, it holds within itself a thought or a teaching not consciously created, nor even mastered, in its inception by the mind that brought it forth, but susceptible of growth and further illumination even to the poet himself who was the chosen instrument of his message. Thus all true poets must have moments when they are also *seers*, as in the olden time they were denominated ; they must have visions—perchance at the time not fully comprehended—wherein somewhat is revealed to them which they must transmit.

Thus our poet cries out as he wanders at night among the thousand voices of Nature, which bring him vague promises of revelations long sought—mysterious hints bordering on knowledge,—

“ So ye have wrought me
Designs on the night of our knowledge, yea, ye have taught me
So that haply we know somewhat more than we know.”

To such moments of inspiration we owe our noblest poems. Wordsworth was surely lifted out of himself when he wrote his matchless ode. And Tennyson's *In Memoriam* unfolds new treasures to the loving seeker each time that he brings to it the perplexities bred of the thought of the age. Perchance the spirit of the gifted friend, whose threnody it is, ministered to him, and brought him from that world which knows not Time, an inspiration reaching out beyond

the time in which he wrote, and pertaining to things which his own spirit, unaided, had not attained to. For never again, when his fame had reached its height, could he mete out such strong help to the questionings that brooded over the intellectual atmosphere like an ever-increasing mist of sadness. For maturity of thought, for nobility of conduct, for insight into things spiritual, for solvents to questions scarce yet propounded, these inspirations of the years of his youth were never again reached. In them he was indeed greater than he knew.

So Browning has caught for us out of these God-given moments glimpses of duty, of human hopes and possibilities, of earthly love, of God's love, of the eternal hope, and of immortality, filled with a strength and depth greater perhaps than he himself has dreamed, and lifted purely beyond the mannerisms, didacticisms, and wilful obscurities which belittle too much that has come from his sinewy yet often roughly handled pen. Sometimes that fine spirit he so tenderly invokes may "lean from the holier blue" to inform his words with "new depths of the Divine." For it is noticeable how often the manner of the sterner poet takes on the grace and flow of the wife's method, as he apostrophises her. But all inspiration, though we may not trace the manner of its revelation, is a veritable effluence from the invisible world; and because there are *moods of reception*, as well as of *creation*, we who read or listen shall gather more if we recall this admonition of the deep and soulful singer who, recognising the Divine voice, "through all the pulses of the universe," cried, "Hearken, hearken, God speaketh in thy soul!"

How blessed are those to whom it is given, even in the least degree, to be an inspiration for others, through their words, their writings, their aims, or that noble bearing of pain, thwarting or misconception, which often crowns some life that is very lowly in the eyes of men with a dignity that is royal to the angels, who weigh our loftiness and littleness with heavenly measures. Such moods, in life or thought, are not continuous, or we should be angels and not men; but if a writer at his highest moments has uttered anything that inspires, we may well feel, not that we should blindly admire everything that comes from his pen, but that the passages which attract us less are worthy of examination in a fair and *seeking* spirit, and in the light of the artist's personality.

There are some poets whom we read for beauty alone, and whom upon moral grounds we should discard; they having the form of poetry without its soul, have neither claim to the

APPENDIX II.

name of *seer* nor to our reverent study; when they cease to attract, we may pass them by. But while *perfect* poetry, the finest and most elevating of all the arts, demands perfect art form—no form, however exquisite, may take the place of that inward beauty and meaning which alone can give any creation a real hold upon life and immortality. As Lanier himself says, in words that have been often quoted as showing the determining characteristics of his own life and work, "He, in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him—he is not yet the great artist" (the meaning of his "quiet and eternal frenzy" being well interpreted by Professor Seely's thought, "Nothing is pure that is not passionate"). And in the same paragraph he tells us, "Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral, will not accept his work."

Avowing such a purpose as the holiness of beauty and the beauty of holiness—in an age which is either over-practical or too tolerant of æstheticism without questioning its tendencies—fashioning his own ways upon the high ideal he had conceived of a poet's life (believing that he should first *be* a poet before he could sing and teach), it was said of him by a critic, when he passed away, that he was "his own best poem." With a strong and reverent faith in human nature, yet a prophet's keen denunciation of its littlenesses; with an unflinching belief in the overmastering, immortal love which shall surely right the seeming wrongs of life—this faith kept his presence radiating sunshine, even in that last winter when the shadows of death were closing about him, and the last cruel sacrifice—the surrender of an elaborately wrought scheme of literary work which was to have left his message with mankind—was kept at bay with a hope almost as *naïve* as a child's, in the face of the ceaseless, consuming fever and the pitiless, growing bodily weakness.

Coming late to the art life for which he knew himself created, he was an indomitable student and worker, a knight full of the grace and chivalry of the olden time, yet abreast of the culture and science and deepest thought of the new; while he felt the time to be so benumbed by worldly wisdom that he would neither practise nor preach it in his singularly poetic and unpractical ways, so that he suffered much where a prudent garnering of his resources, and more thought for details, would have been both nobler and wiser. Yet this is a fault more natural and more easily pardoned to

minds that are truly filled with great aims than to less gifted ones; but partly on this account his recognition was less during his lifetime than the world had already accorded to many far less richly endowed.

He left us an unconscious portrait of himself when he sketched

"The Catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge, and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain,"

traced further in "My Democrat," whose "height shall be the height of great resolution, and love, and faith, and beauty, and knowledge, and subtle meditation; his head shall be forever among the stars."

He showed us his ideal when he painted the Christ hurling the money-changers from His temple, and the next moment preaching love to them from the steps; his faith that love shall prevail, and light or knowledge shall triumph,

"Howe'er thou turn'st, wrong earth, still Love's in sight,
For we are taller than the breadth of night."

How evils vanish before Love's compassion. "I cannot find where ye have found Hell," quoth Love, in the charming fable where *Mind* and *Sense* would override the gracious Heavenly Faith.

His indignation at the Time-Spirit, in the first sonnet of the poem "Acknowledgment."

"O Age that half-believ'st thou half-believ'st,
Half doubt'st the substance of thine own half-doubt.

.
Yea, if the Christ (called thine) now paced yon street,
Thy halfness hot with His rebuke would swell;
Legions of scribes would rise and run and beat
His fair intolerable Wholeness twice to Hell!"

Of the uses of pain's discipline, we find in the poem called "Opposition,"

"The dark hath many dear avails;
The dark distils divinest dews.

.
Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill
Complain no more; for these, O heart,
Direct the random of the Will,
As rhymes direct the rage of art."

Of his reverence for Christ, in that most perfect "Ballad of Trees and the Master," and in the "Crystal"—less well understood, though in intention most full of homage.

And while he is not properly a religious poet, in the sense of making theological expression his aim, his feeling on this great question is everywhere traceable, both expressly and indirectly, and we have such strong expressions as these,—

“ God, whom my roads all reach, howe’er they run,
My Father, Friend, Beloved, dear All-One,
Thee in my soul, my soul in Thee I feel,
Self of myself.”

And for the record of his own last days those who knew him in that time may read the touching picture in this passage, conceived very early in his poetic career,—

“ Yea, standing smiling in thy future grave,
Serene and brave,
With unremitting breath
Inhaling life from death.
Thine epitaph writ fair in fruitage eloquent,
Thyself thy monument.”

To be with such a man, in whose presence one was unconsciously at one’s best, with a craving to advance in all that was good and noble, was of itself an inspiration. Is there no time in our fast flowing life to gather what we may from the poems such a dreamer has left us, thinking, as we note how few they are, “ ’Tis not what Man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do ” ?

Because of his intimate acquaintance with all that was best in the earlier sources of literature, and because, like all great word-artists, he was ever seeking to enrich his art, loth to see anything that was good fall away from remembrance, occasional quaintnesses of conceit and expression which may sound fanciful or overstrained to those who meet them first in his writings, are remembered by his friends as habits of his daily speech, entirely natural to one who was in all things true and without affectations, although his aims and methods of thought could not fail to produce originalities, or unconventionalities of manner.

For short as was his art life, in it he slightly indicated a new school of thought. Loving the beautiful and the ideal with an intensity that was never reached by the apostle of sweetness and light, holding with Puritan sternness to nobility of conduct, the sway of conscience and absolute truth, the extremes of Hebraism and Hellenism met in him. “ The time needs heart ! ” he cried. The good in each should no longer stand opposed ; the two ideas were fused by the strong forces of freedom and love, and there came forth, large-hearted and large-brained, the *spirit of*

catholicity, which might in art terms be named the *Neo Hellenic Hebraic*—nourished on all that had been of good in all the ages past, and open to all that is and shall be of noble in the new.

We trace this thought in these lines from the "Symphony,"—

"To follow Time's dying melodies through,
And never to lose the old in the new,
And ever to solve the discords true,
Love alone can do."

Keen-visioned as Carlyle for the evils which the stern Scotch prophet denounced, his hope in human nature and in God's wise lovingness kept him buoyant in the face of them; at one with Arnold in his definition of poetry, "the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect in all its sides," his ideal of perfection was broader than Arnold's. The *joy* of the spiritual, the *potency* of love, the *freedom* which makes the sacredness of art are insisted upon. "Awful is art because 'tis free." His soul pants for freedom as for recognition, and at times can find it nowhere save alone with Nature, to whom he attributes "precious qualities of silence."

"Oh, if thy soul's at latter gasp for space,
With trying to breathe no bigger than thy race,
Just to be fellowed, when that thou has found
No man with room or grace enough of bound
To entertain that New thou tell'st, thou art—
'Tis here, 'tis here thou canst unhand thy heart,
And breathe it free."

Lanier has a strong faith in the doctrine of *individuality*, strangely opposed to Arnold's jealousy of it, but the *catholic man* cannot forget that mankind is not an entity, but a vast collection of separate souls, whose sacred personality he would not efface, but encourage and elevate, that each may bear his part in the perfection of the whole—thus advancing by a common loftiness of purpose the *holiness* and *beauty* of the race.

"My Lord is large, my Lord is strong;
Giving He gave; my me is mine."

The roots of his "All-Centuries' Plant" strike deep down into Puritan and Huguenot soil, branching out in fair freedom in an atmosphere of Greek culture, of Christian civilisation, and modern thought, and reaching far up toward heaven, with its gracious perfume, to win the Father's blessing.

Does not the larger spirit of catholicity take one step in advance of the spirit of culture (if culture is to be defined

by Hellenism) in solving the problems of the age? In full sympathy with the needs of the time, not cast down by the evils which exist, because of its perfect trust that God's love shall ultimately prevail—strong through this faith to labour and to suffer, it gladly embraces *all* that is noble—not only in every system, but in all the souls of whom our Father has made one brotherhood.

Once, before creeds were fashioned, it was recorded by the All-Wise One, "her sins which are many are forgiven; *for she loved much.*" And again it is written, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Love recognises the divine germ in this human brotherhood; love is the atmosphere of catholicity.

One cannot read Lanier without perceiving that his first and deepest passion is for music; his rhythms, his choice of words, his sudden surprises of change or pause, explain themselves at once as echoing some melody through which the thought sings itself in his soul; and we know that he has simply made choice of word tone, instead of musical notation, to convey his meaning. For this reason his poems are best interpreted when read aloud.

No dryad of classic pastoral age ever lay nearer to the heart of Nature than did he.

" Yea, Nature, singing sweet and lone,
Breathes through life's strident polyphone,
The flute voice in the world of tone."

He tells us in his "Symphony," and straightway sounds for us a delicious melody of tone and image, all broidered close with quaint conceits. Through its freshness and grace and passionate Nature—love we first learned the heart of the poet, before we grew, as in later years, into his friendship; and with what a sense of gratitude we told each other that a true poet was among us! How fair and wonderful and voiceful a world lies open to the magic love-touch of one who gives thanks for

" All gracious curves of slender wings,
Bark-mottlings, fibre-spiralings,
Fern-wavings and leaf-flickerings.

Yea, all fair forms and sounds and lights,
And warmths and mysteries and mights
Of Nature's utmost depths and heights."

Yet it would be unfair to him to let this Nature passion show itself only through these faun-like passages just quoted; a deeper, holier spirit pervaded the forest steps, or awaited him by the sea marsh.

"Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the Marshes of Glynn.

"Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,
Wild-wood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves,
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good."

It is difficult not to quote too much in attempting to show this passionate and many-sided Nature—love, yet one more extract under this head may be pardoned to show his peculiar power of personification,—

"I have waked, I have come, my beloved, I might not abide;
I have come ere the dawn, O beloved, my live-oaks to hide
In your gospelling glooms—to be
As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh and the sea my sea."

"Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me."

"And there, oh, there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer."

It seems too sacred to be spoken of without intrusion, yet it should be told, the perfect, satisfying joy that gladdened the home life of this artist, the quick intellectual and emotional response that mirrored his thoughts and aims and gave them back to him with stereoscopic roundness, the upholding influence of this holy love in the dark days which taught him the uses of pain. In this, at least, he had his heart's desire, and from its fragrance was exhaled that most perfect love poem beginning

"In the heart of the Hills of Life."

He was so truly a beauty lover, so responsive to every upward influence, that what he admired in those of whom he wrote soon became a living part of his own character, his large generousities in admiration returning quickly to crown him. For this reason the tersest and most comprehensive characterisation of our poet, although it was an unconscious one, is to be drawn from his own words, which continually recur to me when I would make him known to others. Take, for instance, lines, here and there, from his poem to Beethoven, ever his "Dear Master" in music, as was Shakespeare in literature,—

"O Psalmist of the weak, the strong,
O troubadour of love and strife."

"To know all things save knowingness,
To grasp, yet loosen feeling's rein;
To waste no manhood on success."

"Though teased by small mixt social claims
To lose no large simplicity,
To hold with keen, yet loving eyes,
Art's realm from cleverness apart,
To know the clever good and wise,
Yet haunt the lonesome heights of Art."

And, finally, he sums up for us, in words how few and simple, his theory and love of art life, and his faith.

"I work in freedom wild,
But work as plays a little child,
Sure of the Father, Self and Love alone."

Perhaps some may say that here are only isolated passages, that to concede their beauty or aspiration is merely to grant the charm of the special thoughts, and does not necessarily prove the value of the poems as a *whole*; that, therefore, nothing has been said to prove the place that Sidney Lanier should occupy among the world's poets.

Be it so. Even if the limitations of this paper had not prevented the critical study of his work from an artistic standpoint, for doubtless all art work must bear the tests of art before it can be finally adjudged to its proper niche in Time's vast Walhalla, it was only the intention of this *study* to place before those who are better qualified as critics his *oneness of purpose, the peculiar correspondence between his individuality and his work, the unusual degree in which he himself was fashioned by his ideals, the unflinching loftiness of his aspirations, and the uplifting force he was invariably felt to possess by those who came near to him.* Without such knowledge of the man in his wholeness, gained from personal acquaintance, or from those who intimately knew him, it is impossible that his work should receive an adequate interpretation. With it those critics who are fitted for their office, and who feel the sacredness of their responsibility in directing the eyes of a seeking world to include all holiness and beauty in all art and nature, will surely find a niche for a man who lived for "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

Whether the Greek standard of art, as applied to the intellectual life, shall suffice for our fevered modern time?

whether new breadth of thought does not necessitate more freedom in form? whether some forms peculiar to Lanier, which were not accidental, but were wrought after his own technical *Science of Verse*, shall stand the tests of time? whether an extraordinary unity of purpose throughout work that was finished, and that which was merely sketched, may atone for some didacticism, some roughness, or carelessness? these and kindred questions are not for his friends to decide. The world must finally ask, "How does Sidney Lanier rank as a poet? How have his own words spoken for him?" and time shall answer, "Time, whose judgments are inexorably moral."

Because of our growing catholicity, of the many moods and minds to be ministered to, it is increasingly difficult to keep within the lines of criticism we have hitherto felt to be fixed; and new determining principles, allowing larger latitude, may possibly be among the changes not far distant. As works of transcendent genius in any period are a law unto themselves, having power to move the hearts of all future ages—yet the laws deducible from their being, however closely followed in minor works, lack this emotional power—so must there not be a genius for every period, who shall show forth the spirit and needs of his time after a method which shall be new for those who judge by what has gone before?

Just as now we are beginning to allow—nay, almost to crave—an expression indicative of some noble moulding emotion in the faces of our marble groups, may not the case arise where the question to be asked is, not whether the outline is severely classic, but whether the passionate emotion flows purely and harmoniously, revealing new lines of grace? whether the thought moves us in the direction of the tendency for which the artist strives? whether that tendency is upward?

"There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification. Therefore, *if I know not the meaning of the voice*, I shall be to him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me."

Would not life be richer in harmonies if we knew the meaning of these many kinds of voices?

And if a new voice, whose signification is just growing clear to us utters—not new truth, since truth is one—but widening aspects of the truth; and if in the spacious

temple of art gracious acceptance is granted to this new voice, no other voice that has ever added one least grace-note to the full psalm of life is less needed than before. In the symphony that earth breathes up to heaven there are many parts—strong chords of wondrous power, sweet choruses of lesser voices—but no discords of jealousy, for even the painful minor strain has its sequence of perfection; and the spirit of catholicity, the glad “Lark of the Dawn” shall teach us all lovingly to welcome each tone that makes for harmony and light.

FRANCESE L. TURNBULL.



INDEX TO POEMS.

— 0 —

	PAGE		PAGE
A			
ABRAHAM Lincoln's		At Last,	413
Christmas Gift,	455	At Odds with Life,	148
Accolade, The,	384	At Rainbow Lake,	631
Actæon,	615	At Sea,	627
Adonais,	11	At Tappan,	378
Advice,	511	Australia, Western,	193
Affaire d'Amour,	401	Avalanches,	421
After Death,	447	Avery,	63
After the Ball,	449	Awake in Darkness,	37
After the Storm,	409		
Afterward,	460	B	
Agatha's Song,	485	BABYLON,	239
All the Rivers,	459	Bacchus,	339
Alone,	626	Ballad of Port Royal,	570
An Afterthought,	309	Ballad of Trees and the	
An Exile,	204	Master,	142
Andromeda,	239	Banner of the Jew, The,	435
Anniversary Hymn,	277	Banner, The Conquered,	77
Answered,	507	Beach, On the,	102
Antigone,	601	Beaten,	359
Apart,	39	Beauty, The Power of,	111
Appeal to Harold, The,	314	Beauregard's Appeal,	3
Appraisals,	336	Beaver Pond Meadow,	243
Arcady, The Way to,	311	Beethoven's Third Sym-	
Arcana Sylvarum,	258	phony,	356
Ariel,	7	Belle of Præneste,	468
As I came down from		Betrothal, A,	341
Lebanon,	342	Between the Rapids,	577
At End,	445	Beyond the Branches of	
At Grandmother's,	557	the Pine,	174

	PAGE		PAGE
Beyond the Potomac, . . .	4	Conflagration, . . .	44
Blackberry Farm, The, . .	42	Content, A Song of, . . .	46
Blemished Offering, A, . .	467	Country, The Undis-	
Boat, A Shadow, . . .	284	covered, . . .	17
Bon Voyage, . . .	420	Creed of Love, The, . . .	100
British Canada to Mr		Cressid, . . .	457
Louis M. Frechette,	602	Cross of Gold, . . .	53
British War Song, . . .	624	Crowing of the Red	
Broken Promise, . . .	464	Cock, The, . . .	434
Brooklyn Bridge, The, . .	478	Cry, A, . . .	449
Brother, In Memory of, . .	74	Crystal, The, . . .	145
Brown of England's Lay,	550	C. S. A., . . .	79
Bryant, The Death of, . .	20	Cup of Death, The, . . .	448
Burden of Time, The, . . .	322		
Buried King, The, . . .	37	D	
Byron, Last Days of, . . .	378	DAINTY Fop, A, . . .	308
By the Fountain, . . .	523	Dandelions, The, . . .	389
By the Light of the		Danger, . . .	422
Moon, . . .	101	Dark Room, The, . . .	176
By the Turret Stair, . . .	346	Dawn and Dusk, . . .	337
C		Day, A Rainy, . . .	103
CALL Me not Dead, . . .	181	Dead Moon, The, . . .	399
Canada, . . .	609	Dead, . . .	62
Canada not Last, . . .	583	Dead Nymph, The, . . .	331
Canoe, The, . . .	543	Dead Summer, A, . . .	380
Carmen, . . .	351	Death, . . .	530
Celebes, The, . . .	182	Death of the White	
Celestial Passion, The, . .	178	Heron, . . .	199
Ceres, . . .	202	Death in April, . . .	535
Charity, . . .	120	Death Song of Chi-wee-	
Chattahoochee, Song of		wo, . . .	542
the, . . .	140	Debutante, The, . . .	353
Cheyenne Mountain, . . .	421	Decoration Day, . . .	165
Children, The, . . .	129	Decoration Day, . . .	221
Christmas Night in St		Dedication, . . .	426
Peter's, . . .	419	Der Drummer, . . .	157
City, The, . . .	335	Don't Feel Too Big, . . .	158
Clocks of Kenilworth,		Der Oak und der Vine, . .	152
The, . . .	84	Der Vater Mill, . . .	159
Collect for Dominion		Desire, . . .	395
Day, . . .	608	Diana, . . .	203
Colour Song, . . .	375	Dickens in Camp, . . .	83
Comfort, . . .	580	Discoverer, The, . . .	18
Comfort through a		Distance, . . .	184
Window, . . .	465	Divided, . . .	51
		Dollie, . . .	308

	PAGE
Dominion Day,	605
Dorothy,	432
Down the Bayou,	502
Drama, Song from a,	17
Dream and Deed,	573
Drifting among the Thou- sand Islands,	590
Dying in Harness,	194

E

EASTER Morning,	473
Eheu ! Fugaces,	242
El Mahdi to the Troops of the Soudan,	476
Elsinore,	392
Emelie,	390
Enchantments, The Two,	69
Epitaph on an Early Settler,	546
Errand, The,	108
Estrangement,	624
Evening Star, The,	179
Evolution,	256
Exile, An,	204
Exiles,	501

F

FAILURE, A Song of,	389
Faith's Surrender,	90
Father and Child,	180
Fiat Justitia,	222
Fires in Illinois,	47
Fire, The Light'ood,	198
First Thanksgiving Day,	471
Fir Tree and The Brook,	422
First Settler's Story, The,	209
Five Lives,	105
Flood Tide,	561
Florida Ibis, The,	88
Foe, The Only,	494
Fool's Prayer, The,	106
Forlorn,	56
Francie,	431
From "Barnaval,"	266

	PAGE
From "Christmas Night in the Quarters,"	291
From Enamorado,	548
From Far,	599
From the Building of The Bridge,	628
From the Tecumseh,	595
From "The Symphony,"	142
Frost,	501
Frost Work,	589

G

GALATEA,	164
Garden, The Lost,	509
Gettysburg,	287
Ghosts	319
Gloaming, Song of the,	251
Glynn, The Marshes of,	137
Going and Coming,	381
Gold,	223
Goldsmith's Whistle,	489
Gone,	280
Great is To-Day,	249
Grief and Faith,	481
Guilt in Solitude,	586

H

HABEAS CORPUS,	427
Hand of Lincoln, The,	25
Hansel Ring, The,	278
Harp, The,	279
Heart, Sad Heart,	445
Heartsick,	383
Heat,	575
He gets There shust the Same,	154
Hellas, The Lost,	252
Her Conquest,	295
Her Letter,	80
Heroes, The,	480
Heron, The,	353
Hic Jacet,	448
Hills, Silence of the,	318
Homer,	585

	PAGE		PAGE
Hope,	625	L	
House of Death, The,	441	LABOUR and Life,	111
House, The New,	45	La Decouverte du Missi- sippi,	566
How It Happened,	71	Lake Memory, A,	521
How Long,	442	Land,	417
How Much do you Love Me?	505	Lawrence,	92
Hugh Latimer,	247	Last Goodbye, The,	447
Hunter, The,	343	Last Prayer, A,	430
Hymn of the Marshes, A,	131	Le Drapeau Anglais,	564
I		Legend of Glossop, The,	552
IDENTITY,	56	Life,	402
Idylls,	354	Life,	514
If there were Dreams to Sell,	443	Life, The Prime of,	242
I Love Her Gentle Fore- head,	173	Life and Love,	269
Imperfection,	219	Light of the House, The,	408
Invocation,	259	Lily, The Red,	6
In Absence,	632	Little Mamma,	29
In Bohemia,	196	Lullabies,	274
In Doubt,	464	Lonely Grave, The,	486
In my Heart,	607	Looking Backward,	432
In the Studio,	593	L'Ordre de Bon Temps,	551
Isle, The,	613	Loss, The Sense of,	100
Ivy,	235	Love,	321
J		Love's Infinite made Finite,	99
JACQUENIMOTS,	181	Love's Jealousy,	178
Jem Bludso,	70	Love Letters,	561
Jim,	306	Love's of Leaves and Grasses,	251
K		Lovers, Provençal,	23
KEATS,	180	Love's Secret,	183
Keenan's Charge,	289	M	
Keziah,	519	MADRIGAL, A,	340
Khartoum,	610	Magdalen,	484
King, The,	304	Making Peace,	466
King and the Pope, The,	33	Manitou,	522
Kit Carson's Ride,	124	Man who rode to Cone- maugh, The,	329
Knee-Deep in June,	300	Marjorie's Kisses,	241
Knot of Blue, A,	309	Masque of Venice,	436
Knowledge,	581	Master Poets, The,	172
Knowledge,	622	Master and Slave,	225
		Maurice de Guerin,	361

INDEX TO POEMS.

661

	PAGE
May,	427
Meadow, Through the, . .	61
Meeting, The,	220
Midsummer,	508
Mine Moder-in-Law, . . .	156
Mine Family,	154
Mist, The,	102
Monadnoc,	362
Moon in the City, The, . .	221
Mordecai,	418
Mower in Ohio, The, . . .	39
My Lady Sleeps,	272
My Love for Thee doth march like Armed Men,	176
My Masterpiece,	357
My Queen,	48
My Ships,	512
My Tenant,	425

N

NATIONAL Hymn,	582
Nebuchadnezzar,	293

O

OAK Hill,	488
Ode,	161
Of Flowers,	360
Oh, Love is not a Summer Mood,	175
Old Song, An,	488
Old Violin, The,	360
On a Bust of Antonius, . .	347
On the Beach,	102
One Day,	579
On Some Buttercups,	339
On the Fly Leaf of a Book of Old Plays,	240
On the Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln,	177
Only Once,	175
On Life's Seas,	532
On the Bridge of Sighs, . .	460
On the Road to Chorrera, . .	284

	PAGE
Opportunity,	104
O Silver River flowing toward the Sea,	167
Our Mother,	248
Our Poets,	529
Our Two Opinions,	273
Out-going Race, The,	433
Outlook,	581

P

PAGE Implora,	123
Painted Fan, A,	440
Palabras Carmosas,	55
Pan in Wall Street,	13
Passing Song, A,	407
Passion, The Celestial, . . .	178
Pegasus,	397
People, The White Tsar's, . .	169
Persian Dancing Girl, A, . . .	341
Persephone,	470
Phœbe Bird, The,	288
Pictures of Memory,	602
Pilgrim, The Quiet,	500
Pines, The,	594
Pipes of Pan, The,	611
Poet, The,	394
Poet, The,	409
Poet's Forge, The,	427
Poet's Friends, The,	63
Pope and the King, The,	33
Power of Beauty, The,	111
Prayer, The Fool's,	106
Pre-existence,	8
Pro Mortuis,	68
Provençal Lovers,	23

Q

QUATRAIN,	325
Queen, My,	48

R

RAILWAY Station, The,	582
---------------------------------	-----

	PAGE		PAGE
Rainy Day, A,	103	Snowflakes,	250
Refrain,	424	Solitude,	506
Reform,	164	Some One Comes,	600
Regardant,	73	Sometime,	562
Relics,	534	Sonnet,	483
Rest,	53	Sonnet, The,	179
Resettlement of Acadia, The,	554	Sonnets in Shadow,	285
Rhyme of the Great River, The,	117	Song,	110
Riding Down,	456	Song,	350-1
Ride, Kit Carson's,	124	Songs,	173
Ring, The Buried,	37	Song,	495
Ring, The Handsel,	278	Song, The,	279
Rising of the Curtain, The,	245	Song,	589
Robin's Madrigal, The,	627	Song of the Sea,	336
Romance of a Rose,	481	Song from Enamorado,	549
Room, The Dark,	176	Song of Life, A,	376
Rose and Thorn, The,	6	Song of the Gloaming,	251
		Song of Failure, A,	389
S		Song of Failure, A,	573
SAILOR'S Sweetheart, The,	310	Song of the Road, A,	438
Saint Malo,	563	Song from a Drama,	17
Salt,	614	Song of Content, A,	46
Savage, A,	183	Song of the Chatta- hoochee,	140
Schumann's Sonata in A Minor,	498	Song, The Vigil,	322
Sealed Orders, The,	421	Sorceress, The,	226
Sea's Voice, The,	317	South Africa remem- bered at Niagara, Canada,	600
Secret Song, A,	621	South Wind and the Sun,	295
Seeker in the Marshes, The,	354	Sower, The,	166
Sense of Loss, The,	100	Springs,	377
Sentinel Songs,	75	Spring Song,	250
Serenade,	266	Star, The Evening,	179
Severance,	615	Still Water,	224
Shadow Boat, A,	284	Stir,	535
Shakespeare,	66	Straggler, A,	234
Shell, With a Nantucket,	32	Story, The,	511
Shelley,	526	Summer,	402
Sheridan,	168	Sunrise, a Hymn of the Marshes,	131
Ship in the Desert, The,	113	Sunset, Fantasie,	35
Silence of the Hills, The,	318	Sunset from the Train,	171
Sir Hugo's Choice,	236	Sunshine of Thine Eyes,	288
Slumber Song,	498	Surrender,	263
		Sydney Godolphin,	348
		Symphony, A Christmas, Syrinx,	410 325

T	PAGE	U	PAGE
TALE, Uncle Ned's,	184	ULF in Ireland,	260
Tapestries,	281	Uncle Ned's Tale,	184
Tarpeia,	404	Undiscovered Country, The,	17
Thanksgiving,	61		
Theocritus,	361	V	
There is no God,	572		
There is nothing New under the Sun,	165	VANITY of Vanities,	428
There was a Rose,	463	Vase, The,	238
Thought, A Woman's,	163	Venus of Burne Jones, The,	446
Three Things,	521	Vicksburg,	1
Through the Meadow,	61	Vigil, The,	322
Time,	439	Virgin, The Wayside,	349
Time,	622	Voyage of Sleep, The,	559
Time, The Burden of,	322		
To an Oriole,	220	W	
Tocsin, The,	321		
To-Day,	394	WAITING,	248
To J. H.,	50	Waiting in the Rain,	109
To My Infant Son,	281	Watch of a Swan,	464
Tornado, After the,	9	Way of the World, The,	525
Tornado, The,	264	Wayside Virgin, The,	349
To The Lion of St Mark's,	122	Way to Arcady, The,	311
Toujours Amour,	160	Weaver, The,	579
To Wilding, my Polo Pony,	328	We Lay Us Down to Sleep,	442
Transfiguration,	374	Western Australia,	193
Trees and the Master, A Ballad of,	142	We Walked among the Whispering Pines,	197
Trio for Twelfth Night, A,	94	What Matters It,	528
Triumph,	572	Whaling Town, The	560
Tristram of the Wood,	9	When Bessie Died,	303
True Love and Tried,	527	When Day was Done,	444
Two Enchantments, The,	69	When the Baby Died,	416
Twilight Song	549	When the Kings Come,	418
Two Visions,	592	When the Clover Blooms, When the Tide Comes In,	324 415
Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin,	451	When She Comes Home, While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night,	303 403
Tyrian's Memory, The,	326		
Tryst, A,	495		

	PAGE		PAGE
Whip-poor-Will, The, . . .	591	Winter Rain,	514
White Heron, Death of the,	199	Wish, The,	376
Who Knows,	110	Witch in the Glass, The,	465
Wife to Husband,	445	With a Nantucket Shell,	32
Wild Ride, The,	407	Woods that Bring the Sunset Near,	174
Will,	513	World, Liberty Enlight- ening the,	27
Windflower, A,	542	World Well Lost, The, . .	26
Wind, Stars and Sun, The,	316		

INDEX TO AUTHORS' NAMES.

—o—

ADAMS, Charles Follen.
Adams, Oscar Fay.
Alcott Louisa May.
Aldrich, Anne Reeve.
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey.
Arnold, George.

BATES, Arlo.
Bates, Charlotte Fiske.
Beers, Henry Augustin.
Bensel, James Berry.
Blake, Mary Elizabeth.
Blood, Henry Ames.
Boner, J. H.
Bowen, John Eliot.
Borjesen, Hjalmar Hjorth.
Bunner, H. C.
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Butterworth, Hezekiah.

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Campbell, William Wilfrid.
Carleton, Will.
Carman, Bliss.
Carpenter, Henry Bernard.
Cawein, Madison J.
Chandler, A. H.
Cheney, John Nance.
Cockin, Hereward K.
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Crawford, Isabella Valancy.

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Harvey, Will Wallace.
Harte, Bret.
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Hensley, Sophie M.
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Hovey, Richard.
Howells, William Dean.

JACKSON, Helen.
Johnson Rossitor.

KAY, Charles De.
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 Lamer, Sydney.
 Lathrop, George Parsons.
 Lathrop, Rose Hawthorn.
 Lazarus, Emma.
 Learned, Walter.
 Lighthall, William Doun
 Lippmann, Julie M.
 Lockhart, Arthur John.
 Lockhart, Burton.
 Lüder, Charles Henry.

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 Morgan, Mary.
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 Mulvaney, Charles Pelham.

NEILSON, Adelaide.
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O'REILLY, John Boyle.

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 Piatt, Sarah Morgan Byran.
 Preston, Margaret Jenkins.
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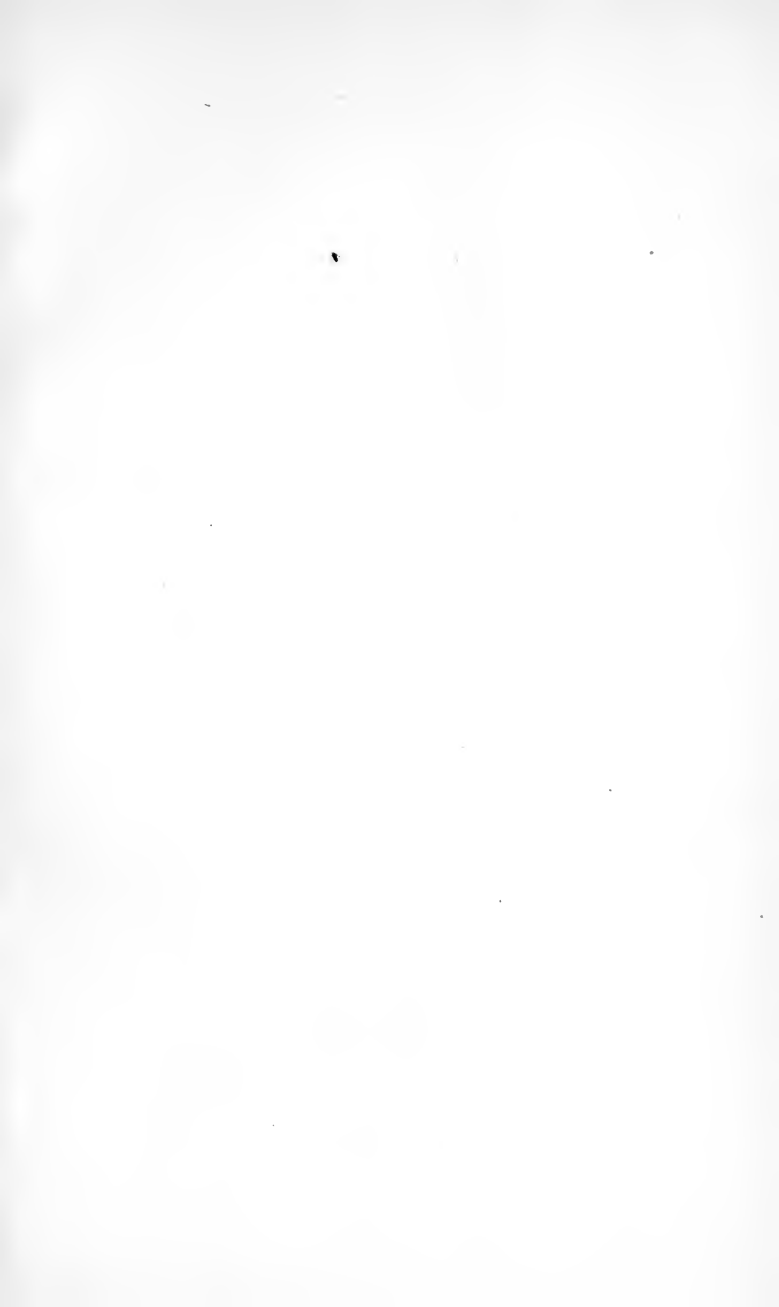
READE, John.
 Riley, James Whitcomb.
 Rives, Amelie.
 Robert, Charles George Douglas,
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 Roche, James Jeffrey.
 Russell, Irwin.
 Ryan, Father Abram Joseph.

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