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FROM DAY TO DAY
WITH LONGFELLOW



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“CRAIGIE HOUSE”
THE HOME OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

From Day to Day

With Longfellow

COMPILED BY
OLIVE VAN BUREN

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BARSE & HOPKINS
PUBLISHERS

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From Day to Day with Longfellow

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JANUARY

JANUARY FIRST

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of
Time

Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
The Spanish Student.

JANUARY SECOND

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
Enough! I will not play the Scer;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold.

To a Child.



JANUARY THIRD

O little feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
 Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
 Am weary, thinking of your road!

Weariness.

JANUARY FOURTH

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!

The Building of the Ship.

JANUARY FIFTH

Be noble in every thought
And in every deed!
Let not the illusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offences.
Be strong! be good! be pure!
The right only shall endure,
All things else are but false pretences.

The Golden Legend.



JANUARY SIXTH

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

The Song of Hiawatha.

JANUARY SEVENTH

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye
And leave no trace.
Time steals them from us,—chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Coplas de Manrique.



JANUARY EIGHTH

“When I shake my hoary tresses,”
 Said the old man, darkly frowning,
 “All the land with snow is covered;
 All the leaves from all the branches
 Fall and fade and die and wither,
 For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
 From the waters and the marshes
 Rise the wild goose and the heron,
 Fly away to distant regions,
 For I speak, and lo! they are not.”

The Song of Hiawatha.

JANUARY NINTH

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest
 thou likewise thy brethren;
 One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is
 Love also.
 Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp
 on his forehead?
 Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he
 not sailing
 Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is
 he not guided
 By the same stars that guide thee?

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



JANUARY TENTH

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come
snow,

We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Annie of Tharaw.

JANUARY ELEVENTH

How can I teach your children gentleness,

And mercy to the weak, and reverence

For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,

Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,

Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less

The selfsame light, although averted hence,

When by your laws, your actions, and your
speech,

You contradict the very things I teach?

The Birds of Killingworth.

JANUARY TWELFTH

Into the Silent Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,

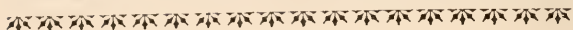
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O thither,

Into the Silent Land?

Song of the Silent Land.



JANUARY THIRTEENTH

Disenchantment! Disillusion!

Must each noble aspiration
Come at last to this conclusion,
Jarring discord, wild confusion,
Lassitude, renunciation?

Epimetheus.

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

The Song of Hiawatha.

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

The reign of violence is o'er
Or dying surely from the world;
While Love triumphant reigns instead,
And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled.
And most of all thank God for this:
The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies.

Interlude.



JANUARY SIXTEENTH

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,—
They fade and die;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally!

Coplas de Manrique.

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

Woods in Winter.

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil
over his failings,
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the
heavenly shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back
to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits
that we know it.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



JANUARY NINETEENTH

Our Lord and Master,
 When He departed, left us in His will,
 As our best legacy on earth, the poor!
 These we have always with us; had we not,
 Our hearts would grow as hard as are these
 stones.

The Golden Legend.

JANUARY TWENTIETH

Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
 Like the compass in its brazen ring,
 Ever level and ever true
 To the toil and the task we have to do,
 We shall sail securely, and safely reach
 The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
 The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
 Will be those of joy and not of fear!

The Building of the Ship.

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Thy finer sense perceives
 Celestial and perpetual harmonies!
 Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,
 Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,
 And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,
 Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,
 And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.

The Golden Legend.



JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Still let it ever be thy pride
 To linger by the laborer's side;
 With words of sympathy or song
 To cheer the dreary march along
 Of the great army of the poor,
 O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
 Nor to thyself the task shall be
 Without reward; for thou shalt learn
 The wisdom early to discern
 True beauty in utility.

To a Child.

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
 To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
 Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
 Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
 To talk of dying.

The Spanish Student.

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but
 Love among mortals
 Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures,
 and stands waiting,
 Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears
 on his eyelids.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

Happy, thrice happy every one
 Who sees his labor well begun,
 And not perplexed and multiplied,
 By idly waiting for time and tide.

The Building of the Ship.

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

I saw, as in a dream sublime,
 The balance in the hand of Time.
 O'er East and West its beam impended;
 And day, with all its hours of light,
 Was slowly sinking out of sight,
 While, opposite, the scale of night
 Silently with the stars ascended.

The Occultation of Orion.

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Sleep, sleep, O city! though within
 The circuit of your walls there lies
 No habitation free from sin,
 And all its nameless miseries;
 The aching heart, the aching head,
 Grief for the living and the dead,
 And foul corruption of the time,
 Disease, distress, and want, and woe.

The Golden Legend.



JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

Snow-Flakes.

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

The Angel of the Star of Love,
The Evening Star, that shines above
The place where lovers be,
Above all happy hearths and homes,
On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,
I give him Charity!

The Golden Legend.

JANUARY THIRTIETH

Not to one church alone, but seven,
The voice prophetic spake from heaven;
And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same;
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star!

Interlude.



JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

The Builders.



FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY FIRST

Our feelings and our thoughts
Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

The Spanish Student.

FEBRUARY SECOND

Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the mer-
ciful Father ;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from
fear, but affection ;
Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that
loveth is willing ;
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love,
and Love only.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



FEBRUARY THIRD

O great eternity
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust.

Suspiria.

FEBRUARY FOURTH

Yet why should I fear death! What is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkind-
ness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to
beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

The Spanish Student.

FEBRUARY FIFTH

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy
work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient en-
durance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the
heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered
more worthy of heaven!

Evangeline.



FEBRUARY SIXTH

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

The Goblet of Life.

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

All is but a symbol painted
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;
Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

Prometheus.

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

The Bridge.



FEBRUARY NINTH

Let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveler's foot astray
From realms of love.

Coplas de Manrique.

FEBRUARY TENTH

“Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt
see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!”
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
“To-morrow we will open,” I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
“To-morrow.”

To-morrow.

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

The Song of Hiawatha.



FEBRUARY TWELFTH

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

The Village Blacksmith.

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

The Village Blacksmith.

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

The Builders.



FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
The Building of the Ship.

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
Resignation.

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Where life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.
Coplas de Manrique.

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above.
Coplas de Manrique.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined ;

Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

Poetic Aphorisms.

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

I am weary

Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,

Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers ;

Where whispers overheard betray false hearts ;

And through the mazes of the crowd we chase

Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beckons,

And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us

A mockery and a jest ; maddened,—confused,—

Not knowing friend from foe.

The Spanish Student.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

Beloved country ! banished from thy shore,

A stranger in this prison-house of clay,

The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee !

Heavenward the bright perfections I adore

Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,

That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

The Native Land.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it
Is a proverb old and of excellent wit.

The Golden Legend.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

Alas! the world is full of peril!
The path that runs through the fairest meads,
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
Into a region bleak and sterile!
Alike in the high-born and the lowly,
The will is feeble, and passion strong.
We cannot sever right from wrong;
Some falsehood mingles with all truth;
Nor is it strange the heart of youth
Should waver and comprehend but slowly
The things that are holy and unholy!

The Golden Legend.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.
Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

Afternoon in February.



FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape.

The Song of Hiawatha.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

All through life there are way-side inns, where
man may refresh his soul with love ;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivu-
lets fed by springs from above.

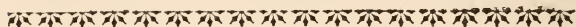
The Golden Legend.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?
I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions ;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord ;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

The Song of Hiawatha.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so
tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains
fall,—
So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and
strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through
manifold wrong.

Annie of Tharaw.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Ye voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart repose!

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

L'Envoi.



MARCH

MARCH FIRST

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè.

MARCH SECOND

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!”

The Old Clock on the Stairs.



MARCH THIRD

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment.

The Golden Legend.

MARCH FOURTH

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

The Builder.

MARCH FIFTH

Let not him that putteth his hand to the
plough look backwards;
Though the ploughshare cut through the
flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and
the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy en-
dureth forever!

The Courtship of Miles Standish.



MARCH SIXTH

So long as Time is, is Atonement.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

MARCH SEVENTH

You do not look on life and death as I do.
There are two angels, that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.

The Golden Legend.

MARCH EIGHTH

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus
sounded.
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the
meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots
of the angels.

Evangeline.



MARCH NINTH

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act,—act in the living Present!

Heart within, and God o'erhead!

A Psalm of Life.

MARCH TENTH

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,

Should be to wet the dusty soil

With the hot tears and sweat of toil—

To struggle with imperious thought,

Until the overburdened brain,

Weary with labor, faint with pain,

Like a jarred pendulum, retain

Only its motion, not its power,—

Remember, in that perilous hour,

When most afflicted and oppressed,

From labor there shall come forth rest.

To a Child.

MARCH ELEVENTH

Did we but use it as we ought,

This world would school each wandering
thought

To its high state.

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,

Up to that better world on high,

For which we wait.

Coplas de Manrique.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



MARCH TWELFTH

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

Endymion.

MARCH THIRTEENTH.

Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never ending vistas of delight.

The Spanish Student.

MARCH FOURTEENTH

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.



MARCH FIFTEENTH

Sacred heart of the Savior! O inexhaustible
fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and sub-
mission and patience!

Evangeline.

MARCH SIXTEENTH

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

Santa Filomena.

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

I have no other shield than mine own virtue,
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

The Spanish Student.

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mys-
terious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated
are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the
wall adamantine!

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



MARCH NINETEENTH

Perfect is love, and love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest
thou likewise thy brethren.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

MARCH TWENTIETH

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds,
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.

The Golden Legend.

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

The Song of Hiawatha.



MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

Coplas de Manrique.

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude to our fate.

The Spanish Student.

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.

The Wayside Inn.

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

The Goblet of Life.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

Children.

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and
loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

The Two Angels.

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

A Psalm of Life.

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

There is no Death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

Resignation.



MARCH THIRTIETH

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient
endurance is Godlike.

Evangeline.

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!

"The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise;
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings."

Prelude.



APRIL

APRIL FIRST

Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

An April Day.

APRIL SECOND

Gentle Spring!—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay,
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the
rain;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Spring.



APRIL THIRD

O life and love! O happy throng
Of thoughts whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

A Day of Sunshine.

APRIL FOURTH

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
“Life is but an empty dream!”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

A Psalm of Life.

APRIL FIFTH

Why seek to know?
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

The Spanish Student.

APRIL SIXTH

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

The Day Is Done.



APRIL SEVENTH

O Lord! that seest, from yon starry height,
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.

The Image of God.

APRIL EIGHTH

A new and better life begin!
God maketh thee forever free
From the dominion of thy sin!
Go, sin no more! He will restore
The peace that filled thy heart before,
And pardon thine iniquity!

The Golden Legend.

APRIL NINTH

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from
sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Sunrise on the Hills.



APRIL TENTH

Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

The Song of Hiawatha.

APRIL ELEVENTH

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it, till at length
The wrongs of ages are redressed,
And the justice of God made manifest.

The Golden Legend.

APRIL TWELFTH

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

A Psalm of Life.



APRIL THIRTEENTH

Patience! . . . have faith, and thy
prayer will be answered.

Evangeline.

APRIL FOURTEENTH

This life of curs is a wild æolian harp of many
a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual
wail, as of souls in pain.

The Spanish Student.

APRIL FIFTEENTH

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small,
Though with patience he stands waiting, with
exactness grinds he all.

Poetic Aphorisms.

APRIL SIXTEENTH

Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on
high,
'As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

The Image of God.



APRIL SEVENTEENTH

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil
 over his failings,
 Guide the erring aright.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
 Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
 The soul of April, unto whom are born
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!

The Brook.

APRIL NINETEENTH

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

Santa Filomena.

APRIL TWENTIETH

To One alone my thoughts arise,
 The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,—
 To Him I cry,
 Who shared on earth our common lot,
 But the world comprehended not
 His deity.

Coplas de Manrique.



APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

The will of heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

Coplas de Manrique.

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

This is the day, when from the dead
Our Lord arose; and everywhere,
Out of their darkness and despair,
Triumphant over fears and foes,
The hearts of his disciples rose;
When to the women, standing near,
The Angel in shining vesture said,
"The Lord is risen; he is not here!"

The Golden Legend.

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

Therefore love and believe; for works will fol-
low spontaneous
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the
Good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are
no more than
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the ani-
mate spring-tide.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

The green trees whispered low and mild,
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy.

Prelude.

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that
floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the
anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the
world calls illusions.

Evangeline.

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!

The Saga of King Olaf.



APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

Poetic Aphorisms.

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet to
stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is
callèd Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown
of thorns round his temples?

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended!
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

The Golden Legend.



APRIL THIRTIETH

O holy Father! pardon in me
The oscillation of a mind
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find
Its centre of rest and harmony!
For evermore before mine eyes
This ghastly phantom flits and flies,
And as a madman through a crowd,
With frantic gestures and wild cries,
It hurries onward, and aloud
Repeats its awful prophecies!
Weakness is wretchedness! To be strong
Is to be happy! I am weak,
And cannot find the good I seek,
Because I feel and fear the wrong!

The Golden Legend.



MAY

MAY FIRST

Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with
her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the
wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace!
with lips rosy-tinted.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

MAY SECOND

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like
wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

Flowers.



MAY THIRD

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored
wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves
along
The forest openings.

An April Day.

MAY FOURTH

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The Singers.

MAY FIFTH

The great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach."

The Singers.

MAY SIXTH

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we
think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred
professions of friendship.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.



MAY SEVENTH

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

It is not always May.

MAY EIGHTH

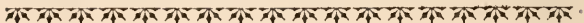
The day is drawing to its close;
And what good deeds, since first it rose,
Have I presented, Lord, to thee,
As offerings of my ministry?
What wrong repressed, what right maintained,
What struggle passed, what victory gained,
What good attempted and attained?

The Golden Legend.

MAY NINTH

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle
but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent!
Thus Truth silences the liar.

Poetic Aphorisms.



MAY TENTH

Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth
 upon us,
 Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth,
 in the graveyard,—
 Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sor-
 rowing children
 Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and
 helps and consoles them.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

MAY ELEVENTH

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
 And they change into flowers in his hands,
 Into garlands of purple and red;
 And beneath the great arch of the portal,
 Through the streets of the City Immortal
 Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

Sandalphon.

MAY TWELFTH

Yet in this age
 We need another Hildebrand, to shake
 And purify us like a mighty wind,
 The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder
 God does not lose his patience with it wholly,
 And shatter it like glass!

The Golden Legend.



MAY THIRTEENTH

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine;
Rule by love.

The Song of Hiawatha.

MAY FOURTEENTH

Our hearts are lamps for ever burning
With a steady and unwavering flame,
Pointing upward, for ever the same,
Steadily upward toward the Heaven!

The Golden Legend.

MAY FIFTEENTH

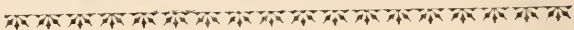
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and
illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden
in darkness.

Evangeline.

MAY SIXTEENTH

How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.

The Spanish Student.



MAY SEVENTEENTH

Alas! we are but eddies of dust,
Uplifted by the blast, and whirled
Along the highway of the world
A moment only, then to fall
Back to a common level all,
At the subsiding of the gust!

The Spanish Student.

MAY EIGHTEENTH

Be strong! be good! be pure!
The right only shall endure.

The Golden Legend.

MAY NINETEENTH

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread.
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Rain in Summer.



MAY TWENTIETH

The birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance.

The Song of Hiawatha.

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

O blessed Lord! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way!
So many hands, that, without heed,
Still touch thy wounds, and make them bleed!
So many feet, that, day by day,
Still wander from thy fold astray!
Unless thou fill me with thy light,
I cannot lead thy flock aright;
Nor, without thy support, can bear
The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway!

The Golden Legend.

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

The Spanish Student.



MAY TWENTY-THIRD

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

Santa Filomena.

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

A Psalm of Life.

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

The Wind over the Chimney.

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart
that aches and bleeds with the stigma
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and
can comprehend its dark enigma.

The Spanish Student.



MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Pray for the Dead!

Why for the dead, who are at rest?
Pray for the living, in whose breast
The struggle between right and wrong
Is raging terrible and strong,
As when good angels war with devils!

The Golden Legend.

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Better is Death than Life! Ah yes! to thou-
sands

Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings
That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still.

The Golden Legend.

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

Think of this, O Hiawatha!
Speak of it to all the people,
That hence forward and forever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

The Song of Hiawatha.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



MAY THIRTIETH

Think, every morning when the sun peeps
through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too

'T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

The Birds of Killingworth.

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,

• May glides onward into June.

Maidenhood.



JUNE

JUNE FIRST

All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage.

The Song of Hiawatha.

JUNE SECOND

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their
glee,

The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,

Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
“Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!”

The Birds of Killingworth.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



JUNE THIRD

Truth from falsehood cleansed and sifted,
Lives, like days in Summer, lengthened.

Epimetheus.

JUNE FOURTH

“Blessed be God! for he created Death”

The mourners said, “and Death is rest and
peace;”

Then added, in the certainty of faith,

“And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease.”

The Jewish Cemetery at Newport.

JUNE FIFTH

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,

And you will have another friend in heaven.

Then start not at the creaking of the door

Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

The Golden Legend.

JUNE SIXTH

’T is the heaven of flowers you see there;

All the wild-flowers of the forest,

All the lilies of the prairie,

When on earth they fade and perish,

Blossom in that heaven above us.

The Song of Hiawatha.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



JUNE SEVENTH

There is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind
blows ;

Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.

The Spirit of Poetry.

JUNE EIGHTH

Come to me, O ye children!

And whisper in my ear

What the birds and the winds are singing

In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,

And the wisdom of our books,

When compared with your caresses,

And the gladness of your looks?

Children.

JUNE NINTH

My Redeemer and my Lord,

I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,

Guide me in each act and word,

That hereafter I may meet Thee,

Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,

With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

The Golden Legend.



JUNE TENTH

Affection never was wasted ;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters,
returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill
them full of refreshment.

Evangeline.

JUNE ELEVENTH

My soul within
Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.
But now its wounds are healed again ;
Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain ;
For across that desolate land of woe,
O'er whose burning sands I was forced to go,
A wind from heaven began to blow ;
And all my being trembled and shook,
As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of the
field,
And I was healed, as the sick are healed,
When fanned by the leaves of the Holy Book !

The Golden Legend.

JUNE TWELFTH

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

The Beleaguered City.



JUNE THIRTEENTH

Love thou the merciful Father!
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from
fear but affection.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

JUNE FOURTEENTH

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Maidenhood.

JUNE FIFTEENTH

But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame.

The Spanish Student.

JUNE SIXTEENTH

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Endymion.



JUNE SEVENTEENTH

Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray.

Coplas de Manrique.

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

JUNE NINETEENTH

The night is silent, the wind is still,
The moon is looking from yonder hill
Down upon convent, and grove, and garden;
The clouds have passed away from her face,
Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,
Only the tender and quiet grace
Of one, whose heart has been healed with par-
don.

The Golden Legend.



JUNE TWENTIETH

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful
always,
Love immortal and young in the endless suc-
cession of lovers.

. *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

The Song of Hiawatha.

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

Upon purity and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

A Day of Sunshine.

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!

The Building of the Ship.

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

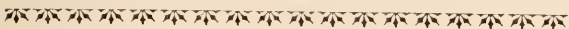
Maidenhood.

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

The Building of the Ship.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the
Puritan maiden.

Friends were assembled together ; the Elder and
Magistrate also

Graced the scene with their presence, and stood
like the Law and the Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the
blessing of Heaven.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

An odor of innocence, and of prayer,
And of love, and faith that never fails,
Such as the fresh young heart exhales.

The Golden Legend.

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world ; and, in these wayward days of
youth,

My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the
clouds

When the sun sets.

The Spirit of Poetry.



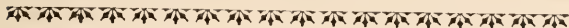
JUNE THIRTIETH

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

The Arrow and the Song.



JULY

JULY FIRST

Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
The Building of the Ship.

JULY SECOND

Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
The Building of the Ship.

JULY THIRD

Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
The Building of the Ship.



JULY FOURTH

Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.

The Building of the Ship.

JULY FIFTH

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the
skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

JULY SIXTH

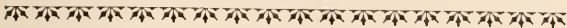
All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty!

The Slave in the Dismal Swamp.

JULY SEVENTH

God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs.

Evangeline.



JULY EIGHTH

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.
Something Left Undone.

JULY NINTH

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires ;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.
Haunted Houses.

JULY TENTH

Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry !
Patience is powerful ;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations !
The Saga of King Olaf.



JULY ELEVENTH

Thou whose heart
Is like a nest of singing birds
Rocked on the topmost bough of life,
Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,
And in the clangour of the strife
Mingle the music of thy words?

The Golden Legend.

JULY TWELFTH

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors
dense

A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Haunted Houses.

JULY THIRTEENTH

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

Then the forms of the departed

Enter at the open door;

The beloved, the true-hearted,

Come to visit me once more.

Footsteps of Angels.



JULY FOURTEENTH

Friends my soul with joy remembers!
How like quivering flames they start,
When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

To the River Charles.

JULY FIFTEENTH

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lisplings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.—*Prelude.*

JULY SIXTEENTH

Memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

A Gleam of Sunshine.

JULY SEVENTEENTH

O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

The Old Clock on the Stairs.



JULY EIGHTEENTH

Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up
to Heaven.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

JULY NINETEENTH

Feeble, at best, is my endeavor!
I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies forever in the light,
And yet forever and forever,
When seeming just within my grasp,
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
And sink discouraged into night!
For thine own purpose, thou hast sent
The strife and the discouragement!

The Golden Legend.

JULY TWENTIETH

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.



JULY TWENTY-FIRST

Clear fount of light! my native land on high
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.

The Native Land.

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to
cherish

God more than all things earthly, and every
man as a brother?

Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith
by your living,

Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to for-
give, and to suffer,

Be what it may your condition, and walk before
God in uprightness?

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now?*
Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!

The Spanish Student.



JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Hymn to the Night.

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

Have pity, Lord! let penitence
Atone for disobedience,
Nor let the fruit of man's offence
Be endless misery!

The Golden Legend.

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes!
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

Endymion.

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom, mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed
on earth.

God's Acre.



JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers
of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed
his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their
vases of crystal.

Evangeline.

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

O gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

A Day of Sunshine.

JULY THIRTIETH

For there are moments in life, when the heart is
so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its
depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its
secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be
gathered together.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.



JULY THIRTY-FIRST

Now to the sunset
Again hast thou brought us ;
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless thee,
Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!
Son, the Life-giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder!

The Golden Legend.



AUGUST

AUGUST FIRST

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Children.

AUGUST SECOND

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Children.



AUGUST THIRD

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight.

It is not always May.

AUGUST FOURTH

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Maidenhood.

AUGUST FIFTH

Tell me,—the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

Coplas de Manrique.

AUGUST SIXTH

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away
Your gentle voices will flow on for ever,
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Dedication.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



AUGUST SEVENTH

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever
round;

If they have nothing else to grind, they must
themselves be ground.

Poetic Aphorisms.

AUGUST EIGHTH

Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.
Then I am free and strong,—once more myself.

The Spanish Student.

AUGUST NINTH

The evening air grows dusk and brown;
I must go forth into the town,
To visit beds of pain and death,
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes
That see, through tears, the sun go down,
But nevermore shall see it rise.
The poor in body and estate,
The sick and the disconsolate,
Must not on man's convenience wait.

The Golden Legend.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



AUGUST TENTH

Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there
shines

A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

The Spanish Student.

AUGUST ELEVENTH

O star of strength! I see thee stand

And smile upon my pain;

Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,

And I am strong again.

The star of the unconquered will,

He rises in my breast,

Serene, and resolute, and still,

And calm, and self-possessed.

The Light of Stars.

AUGUST TWELFTH

The moon was pallid, but not faint,

And beautiful as some fair saint,

Serenely moving on her way

In hours of trial and dismay.

As if she heard the voice of God,

Unharm'd with naked feet she trod

Upon the hot and burning stars,

As on the glowing coals and bars

That were to prove her strength, and try

Her holiness and her purity.

The Occultation of Orion.



AUGUST THIRTEENTH

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Flowers.

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

Love is the Holy Ghost within;
Hate, the unpardonable sin!
Who preaches otherwise than this,
Betrays his Master with a kiss!

Christus—First Interlude.

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings!

The Song of Hiawatha.

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

Works do follow us all unto God; there stand
and bear witness
Not what they seemed,—but what they were
only.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.



AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

The Goblet of Life.

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

A Psalm of Life.

AUGUST NINETEENTH

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold
o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door?

The Two Angels.



AUGUST TWENTIETH

Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,
—Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up
to heaven, and faithful
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the
grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a
sweet play of shadows!

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

When Christ ascended
Triumphantly, from star to star,
He left the gates of heaven ajar.

The Golden Legend.

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

O my Saviour, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou ledest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live.

The Golden Legend.



AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

The Light of Stars.

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-stone,
Is the central point, from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

The Golden Mile-stone.

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.

Gaspar Becerra.

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

If any thought of mine, or sung, or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousandfold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Dedication.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent
of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his
garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on
his forehead.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering
flag,
The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at his beloved face!
O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the land-
scape o'er!

The Golden Legend.

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

Dante.



AUGUST THIRTIETH

All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air.

The Golden Legend.

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

Whither, thou turbid wave
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?

I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time.

The Wave.



SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER FIRST

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land.

Autumn.

SEPTEMBER SECOND

The morrow was a bright September morn;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.

The Falcon of Ser Federigo.



SEPTEMBER THIRD

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

The Song of Hiawatha.

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

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

The Birds of Killingworth.

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

O, had I faith, as in the days gone by,
That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery!

The Golden Legend.



SEPTEMBER SIXTH

In this false world, we do not always know
Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.

The Spanish Student.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!

Though the fields around us wither,
There are ampler realms and spaces,
Where no foot has left its traces;
Let us turn and wander thither!

Epimetheus.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

Welcome, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

To an Old Danish Song-Book.

SEPTEMBER NINTH

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

The Spanish Student.



SEPTEMBER TENTH

Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapors, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming!
I am like a happy lover
Who illumines life with dreaming!

The Golden Legend.

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives henceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again.

The Fire of Drift-wood.

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

Dedication.



SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculp-
tures,

But we cannot

Buy with gold the old associations!

The Golden Mile-stone.

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—

“Forever—never!

Never—forever!”

The Old Clock on the Stairs.

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

Down through the golden leaves the sun was
pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from
branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of
the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the
valley of Esheol.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.



SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!
The Ladder of St. Augustine.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!
A Psalm of Life.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.
The Norman Baron.

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.
The Ladder of St. Augustine.



SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

Deny

The tempter, though his power is strong,
And, inaccessible to wrong,
Still like a martyr live and die!

The Golden Legend.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the
ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Resignation.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses—the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! *The Spanish Student.*



SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

The thought of my short-comings in this life
Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

The Golden Legend.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay,—but onward speed
With loosened rein;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Coplas de Manrique.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown
of thorns round his temples?
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murder-
ers? Say, dost thou know him?
Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow like-
wise his example.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Not in the clamour of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

The Poet.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!

The Building of the Ship.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains ;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide
shalt be.

I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet a¹¹ beautiful upon the mountains.

The Good Shepherd.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Down goes the sun!
But the soul of one,
Who by repentance
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,
Shines bright below me as I look.

The Golden Legend.



SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks
in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing
of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of
love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden
vapors around him ;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet
and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glitter-
ing tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned
with mantles and jewels.

Evangeline.



OCTOBER

OCTOBER FIRST

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.

Autumn.

OCTOBER SECOND

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!

Autumn.

OCTOBER THIRD

For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teach-
ings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

Autumn.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



OCTOBER FOURTH

Over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline
heaven,

Like the protecting hand of God.

Evangeline.

OCTOBER FIFTH

Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire ;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

The Golden Legend.

OCTOBER SIXTH

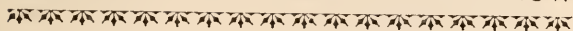
Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man,—nor fear
To meet the foe ;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

Coplas de Manrique.

OCTOBER SEVENTH

Why deck the flesh,—the sensual slave of sin,
And leave in rags the immortal guest within?

The Soul.



OCTOBER EIGHTH

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

The Rainy Day.

OCTOBER NINTH

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion
to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow
had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odor-
ous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the
air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but
to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of
her Saviour.

Evangeline.

OCTOBER TENTH

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete.

Giotto's Tower.



OCTOBER ELEVENTH

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
 Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
 The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life,
 Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crim-
 soned,
 And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
 Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
 By the wayside a-weary. *Autumn.*

OCTOBER TWELFTH

Could we new charms to age impart,
 And fashion with a cunning art
 The human face,
 As we can clothe the soul with light,
 And make the glorious spirit bright
 With heavenly grace.
 Coplas de Manrique.

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
 With its o'erhanging golden canopy
 Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,
 And shining with the argent light of dews,
 Shall for a season be our place of rest.
 To a Child.



OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a
 sound
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me
 more
Of your adversities.

The Spanish Student.

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

Now if my act be good, as I believe,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed^d up in heaven, as a good deed accom-
 plished. *The Golden Legend.*

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

But the good deed through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

The Norman Baron.

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no word be
 spoken. *Dedication.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

It was Autumn, and incessant

Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Pegasus in Pound.

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain,

Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heavens' o'erhanging eaves,
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;

Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden
leaves!

Autumn.

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

But hark! the bells are beginning to chime;
For the bells themselves are the best of preachers,

Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.

The Golden Legend.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

The clangorous hammer is the tongue,
This way, that way, beaten and swung,
And above it the great cross-beam of wood
Representeth the Holy Rood,
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung
Is the mind of man, that round and round
Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound!
And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
Of Morals, and Symbols, and History;
And the upward and downward motions show
That we touch upon matters high and low.

The Golden Legend.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song. *Prelude.*

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book.
The Spanish Student.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

A Gleam of Sunshine.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Walking here, in twilight, O my friends!
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort, and assist-
ance.

Dedication.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

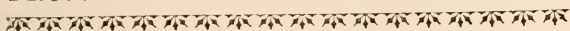
There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

The Light of Stars.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

I am the minister of Mars,
The strongest star among the stars!
My songs of power prelude
The march and battle of man's life,
And for the suffering and the strife,
I give him Fortitude!

The Golden Legend.



OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

The Song of Hiawatha.

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

My life, alas! is what thou seest!
O enviable fate! to be
Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee
With lyre and sword, with song and steel;
A hand to smite, a heart to feel!
Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy sword,
Thou givest all unto thy Lord!
While I, so mean and abject grown,
Am thinking of myself alone.

The Golden Legend.

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

Filled is Life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

The Goblet of Life.



OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

The Day is Done.



NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER FIRST

With a sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits.

Autumn.

NOVEMBER SECOND

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring
pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, in-
distinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and
prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest
on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced
neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

Evangeline.



NOVEMBER THIRD

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous.
The Song of Hiawatha.

NOVEMBER FOURTH

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

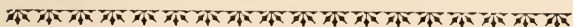
I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.
The Children's Hour.

NOVEMBER FIFTH

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.
Children.

NOVEMBER SIXTH

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst
picked up a horseshoe.
Evangeline.



NOVEMBER SEVENTH

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Maidenhood.

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?

The Spanish Student.

NOVEMBER NINTH

There is no wound Christ cannot heal!

The Golden Legend.



NOVEMBER TENTH

What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

The Spanish Student.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and
eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of
his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-
running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you
speak for yourself, John?"

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless!

The Spanish Student.



NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

All around him was calm, but within him com-
motion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with
each generous impulse.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!

The Song of Hiawatha.

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

The Spanish Student.

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

The Planet Mercury, whose place
Is nearest to the sun in space,
Is my allotted sphere!
And with celestial ardour swift
I bear upon my hands the gift
Of heavenly Prudence here!

The Golden Legend.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

The Rainy Day.

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

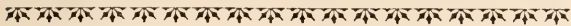
The day is done ; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver !
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts
We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river
Flows on triumphant through these lovely re-
gions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent !

The Golden Legend.

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart,
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

The Goblet of Life.



NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

Now be strong, be strong, my heart!

The Spanish Student.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,

Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;

So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,

Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,

Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,

Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Thus it is our daughters leave us,

Those we love, and those who love us!

Just when they have learned to help us,

When we are old and lean upon them,

Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,

Beckons to the fairest maiden,

And she follows where he leads her,

Leaving all things for the stranger!

The Song of Hiawatha.



NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine!

The Golden Legend.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Love is the root of creation; God's essence;
worlds without number
Lie in His bosom like children.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!
O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weakness
Are like the yielding, but irresistible air!

The Golden Legend.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

Good night! Good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

The Spanish Student.



NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

The Beleaguered City.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
They have been, and shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight ;
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers !

The Golden Legend.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfections! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and
band
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

Song of the Silent Land.



NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

The life which is, and that which is to come,
Suspended hang in such nice equipoise
A breath disturbs the balance; and that scale
In which we throw our hearts preponderates,
And the other, like an empty one, flies up,
And is accounted vanity and air!
To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life. To thee it is not
So much even as the lifting of a latch;
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent
walls.

O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust shall grow
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written
“Ave Maria” in characters of gold!

The Golden Legend.



DECEMBER

DECEMBER FIRST

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done ;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Coplas de Manrique.

DECEMBER SECOND

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how
lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.

To-morrow.



DECEMBER THIRD

With reverent feet the earth he trod,
Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

The Wayside Inn.

DECEMBER FOURTH

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments
shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow. *Snow-flakes.*

DECEMBER FIFTH

Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.
Woods in Winter.



DECEMBER SIXTH

If justice rules the universe,
From the good actions of good men
Angels of light should be begotten,
And thus the balance restored again.

The Golden Legend.

DECEMBER SEVENTH

Were half the power, that fills the world with
terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and
courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

DECEMBER EIGHTH

God is not dead; nor doth He sleep
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!

Christmas Bells.

DECEMBER NINTH

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the Winter sunset.

The Golden Mile-stone.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



DECEMBER TENTH

O my Lord!

Would I could leave behind me upon earth
Some monument to Thy glory!

The Golden Legend.

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies
crowd

Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and
bends,

Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

Haunted Houses.

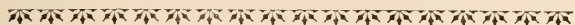
DECEMBER TWELFTH

And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

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

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

My Lost Youth.



DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.
Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapors thrown.

The Golden Legend.

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

I do not fear, I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

The Spanish Student.

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land!

Song of the Silent Land.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

Resignation.

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he,
and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips
that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in
the arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the
face of its father.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

I am the Angel of the Sun,
Whose flaming wheels began to run
When God's almighty breath
Said to the darkness and the Night,
Let there be light! and there was light!
I bring the gift of Faith.

The Golden Legend.

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



DECEMBER NINETEENTH

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

Resignation.

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall
of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a
tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened
and devious spirit.

Evangeline.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

I am the Angel of the Moon,
Darkened, to be rekindled soon
Beneath the azure cope!
Nearest to earth, it is my ray
That best illumines the midnight way,
I bring the gift of Hope!

The Golden Legend.



DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

The Planet Jupiter is mine!
The mightiest star of all that shine,
 . Except the sun alone!
He is the High Priest of the Dove,
And sends, from his great throne above,
 Justice, that shall atone!

The Golden Legend.

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

As a pilgrim to the Holy City
Walks unmolested, and with thoughts of pardon
Occupied wholly, so would I approach
The gates of Heaven, in this great jubilee,
With my petition, putting off from me
All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off my
 feet.

The Golden Legend.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire!

A Christmas Carol.



DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Hail to thee, Christ of Christendom!
O'er all the earth thy kingdom come!
The Golden Legend.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
Christmas Bells.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years:
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here.
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies. *To a Child.*

FROM DAY TO DAY WITH LONGFELLOW



DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!

The Norman Baron.

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place,
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain;
The rest we cannot reinstate;
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!

The Golden Legend.

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

Down the dark future, through long genera-
tions,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then
cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

The Arsenal at Springfield.



DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange,
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;

Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

Rain in Summer.

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